WHO KNOWS?

I grant her fair—aye, passing fair,
As lovely as a budding rose;
But is there soul behind that face,
A beauty 'neath that outward grace?
Who knows—who knows?

Does light of love beam from those eyes?
The love that in her bosom glows?
Or is the light that lingers there
Delusive, though it shines so fair?
Who knows—who knows?

Does that fair form a fairer charm,
A tender, loving heart inclose?
A heart whose tendrils, like the vine,
Would round the heart that loved it twine?
Who knows—who knows?

And should life's sky be overcast,
And gathering clouds around thee close,
Should fortune frown and false friends flee,
Would that heart still cling close to thee?
Who knows—who knows?

Or is she, can she ever be,
As fickle as the wind that blows
And veers, as if it were at play,
Trifling with all who own her sway?
Who knows—who knows?

But why a prey to doubt remain?
Why halt 'twixt hope and fear?—propose.
She may be waiting till you dare
To crown with love that beauty rare,
Who knows—who knows?

—*Chambers's Journal.* JOHN NAPIER.

WITH JUDGE LYNCH.

It was a few minutes past 5, on a sultry evening in July, when the jury in the little courthouse of Toros City, New Mexico, adjourned to a private room in the saloon hard by to consider their verdict. They had been busy all day trying a criminal case that excited considerable interest in the settlement of which Toros was the centre, and they were very tired and thirsty. It had been no joke to sit in a hot room for ten hours at a stretch, listening to sharp-tongued attorneys cross-examining witnesses, and perorating by the hour; but the ordeal was over at last, and the jury had now only to make up their minds as to their verdict, and go their ways rejoicing.

Ten minutes passed. Easily and swiftly sped half that number of whisky cocktails down the throats of the weary twelve. Then they looked at the foreman questioningly.

"Gentlemen," said that worthy, tossing down a sixth tumbler with a sigh of satisfaction, "are we all agreed on this little matter?"

"It is possible, boss!" was the ironical reply from two or three jurors, while the rest drummed their glasses in acquiescence.

The foreman cleared his throat sonorously, and frowned. "Then, gentlemen, I understand you to be unanimously of opinion that Sam Cobbett and Jim Grobe, accused by Tom Hanson of the murder of his brother Ed'ard, are—"

"Not guilty." All twelve joined in this response, unceremoniously interrupting the smooth flow of their foreman's words. He looked somewhat taken aback at this extreme unanimity, and twirled a heavy mustache uneasily.

"Well," he continued in a slightly sulky manner, "if this is our idea we'd better say so, I s'pose."

They trooped back to the court-house. A considerable number of people were gathered there. Throughout the day these folk had come and gone, but now every inch of space was taken up, except a small half-circle below the raised platform, where the judge was enthroned in a large cane-bottomed chair. This gentleman was thoughtfully stirring a savory compound of beaten egg, brandy, and milk, known as egg-nog, which he swallowed at a draught upon the reappearance of the jury.

If the foreman's manner was nervous in the jury's retiring-room, it was painfully so as he took his seat in the court-house and became the cynosure of all eyes. But as the judge asked the usual question, the man gathered himself together, faced the people boldly, and gave the verdict in a loud and emphatic tone—"Not guilty."

It was received in dead silence. The judge smiled and nodded, and filled himself another tumbler of egg-nog. The spectators of the trial looked at each other with a reflection of the foreman's uneasiness on their faces, and walked slowly out, discussing in no measured terms the various aspects of the events of the day.

Toros City was at this time in that primitive stage of development expressed by the title of "Railway Town," that is to say, the railway depot was the most important establishment in it. Three months before the "city" had been a "station," and consisted of two buildings only—one, combining the four qualities of hotel, post office, restaurant, and saloon, the other a general shop or store, from which everything necessary to the comfort and well-being of a Western man could be procured. Between these two mansions the stage coach, running from Santa Fe to Trinidad, stopped once a week, and for many years was the only medium of communication between Toros and the East. But at length the railway, creeping steadily westward, reached this station, and in a few days it was transformed into a "city," as only a village on the American frontier can be. The rude railway station and telegraph office were scarcely in working order ere a whole street of small shops was created, dubbed Grand avenue, and crowded daily by the most extraordinary mixture of nationalities ever beheld in the world. Englishmen, Germans, Dutchmen, Frenchmen, Spaniards, Italians, Mexicans, Indians, Chinese, and negroes, all were to be seen there, besides every grade of American, from the lanky New-Englander to the swarthy West Virginian. Such was Toros at the time of which I write, some eight years ago. Our friends, the jurymen, were the owners of the aforesaid small shops; the judge, landlord of the "Railway Hotel," the most pretentious wooden structure of three stories, which had been built four weeks.

There was one fact about this trial worth noting here, as it formed the subject of much comment among the gossips of the place. The oldest inhabitant of the town, Joseph Cartright, owner of the old store—which had stood opposite the saloon for ten years past—a man much respected in the settlement, had not taken any part in the business. It was known that he was a personal friend of Tom Hanson, the prosecutor, and it was said that he had refused to become a juryman on that ground. Nevertheless, people shook their heads and raised their eyebrows significantly when he came into court, a mere spectator. Be this as it may, Josh Cartright's grim face did not betray the least emotion as the verdict was given.

I was sitting opposite to him, with a feeling of indignation in my heart at the acquittal of the prisoners, which could only be realized by my readers had they heard the strong evidence brought forward by the prosecutor's attorney, and the scurrilous abuse of Hanson's character, as false as it was bitter, with which it was met by the defense. I knew Cartright well. He had been very kind to me a year before, when I reached Toros, a raw "tenderfoot," sorely in need of wise advice and sympathy. When the court rose I walked with him to the door, and then, obeying a sudden impulse, gave vent to my indignation at the verdict.

"Mr. Cartright, what on earth does this mean? These men are guilty. The jury must be mad!"

"I guess not, Pat. They've the reputation of being a level-headed lot."

"And they call this justice?"

"It is the law."

Cartright's manner and my own were in strange contrast. He was cold as an iceberg. I was in a heated state of intense perplexity and irritation. I knew many of the settlers about Toros, and had always found them fair and just in their dealings with each other. A man might fail in business, and owe money right and left, but as long as he stayed in the neighborhood and did his best to work himself back into a state of solvency no one dreamt of touching any of his property. They would all wait patiently for their money, and I may say, perhaps, rarely failed to get it. Again, if a poor ranchman was robbed of his horses, his neighbors would form a *posse* in a twinkling, and chase the thief night and day till they secured him, and then, short shrift for the poor wretch. For horse-stealing of that description was a capital crime. And yet, in the very midst of such a community as this, a glaring piece of injustice was allowed to pass with the off-hand remark that "it was the law." Greater surprises than this, however, were in store for me. Cartright had only just delivered himself of the above reply, when he shook hands with a man who had followed us from the court-house. I knew him well. He was the wildest character in the settlement, Mike Alison, the desperado.

I have not space to mention, in the way the subject merits, the exact meaning of this rather ambiguous title, "desperado." In the present instance it signified that this Mike Alison was famed for extreme recklessness in a country where the primitiveness of society requires every man to carry loaded firearms habitually, and at certain times of the year to treat his personal safety as a thing of no account whatever. To record the risks to life and limb this man voluntarily encountered in one calendar month would fill a volume equal in excitement to any of Capt. Mayne Reid's stories. He was a horse-breaker of extraordinary skill and success. His shooting was marvelous. I have seen him split the stalk of a sunflower at twenty yards distance with a revolver, and put four holes through an old tomato-can which I had thrown into the air before it touched the ground. As for his courage, the Sheriff of Toros, who knew Mike Alison well, expressed the strength of the man's nerve in a sufficiently graphic manner when he said, in answer to a query from a curious stranger; "Courage—pshaw! Why, that cuss would walk up to the mouth of a cannon, when they were applying the match, as cool as you'd eat your dinner."

Such was Mike Alison. I am sorry to say that he was something more—and it was this fact which caused me to open my eyes wide when Cartright shook hands with him. Mike Alison was a horse-stealer, and at the very top of his profession. To be sure, he never robbed the struggling stockman—never even pounced upon the property of the rich man, unless he had made himself obnoxious by some act of meanness or injustice; but none the less, this Robin Hood of the prairies was considered a sheep of the blackest dye by the respectable citizens of Toros.

Yet wonders were not to cease, for behind Cartright was Tom Hanson, brother of the man lately deceased, and himself one of the substantial settlers, and he also shook hands with the horse-thief, their hands meeting with such a warm, close grip that it was difficult not to believe them to be old and tried friends. The climax of my perplexity came, however, when Cartright observed in his dry, quiet tone: "Gentlemen, it's almost 6 o'clock. Supper will be ready in ten minutes. Will you come through and have a wash?" And when he added carelessly to me, "Say, Pat, you'll join us this evening, won't you? The folk at your ranche can do without you until to-morrow," I simply nodded in reply, and followed him "in a maze."

This confusion of mind lasted until I found myself sitting beside Mike Alison at a long deal table in Cartright's parlor. There were present the desperado, myself, Mr. and Mrs. Cartright, Tom Hanson, and three other guests, ranchmen of the neighborhood and settlers of long standing and considerable property. I began to wake up a little now, helped materially to keenness of mental vision by a plentiful meal of antelope steak and mutton cutlets, succeeded by canned peaches and cream, which Mrs. Cartright had provided for us. I felt that oppressive consciousness of something being about to happen called presentiment. I could not have put my conjectures into words to save my life; but the subsequent scenes and incidents which followed each other in quick succession ceased to awake the least surprise in my breast. The men around me took all as a matter of course—and so did I.

Mrs. Cartright had left the table, and the company, with one exception, were regaling themselves with whisky and cigars. The exception was Tom Hanson; and do as I would I could not help looking at him—a man I had known intimately—and remarking the expression of his face as he sat apart from the rest, his head resting on his great muscular hand. His mouth was set in a line as hard and straight as a crack on the face of a granite boulder, and his eyes—those brown eyes which used to beam and dance and twinkle all day long, as only the eyes of a humorous, tender-hearted Yankee can—were fixed now in a dull stare of such misery and despair that I felt a pang of absolute physical pain as I glanced at them. It was not necessary to be told in words that Tom and Edward Hanson had been all in all to each other. One look at the face of the surviving brother was enough.

My reflections upon this subject, however, were not of long duration; for the cigars of the company were scarcely half smoked when Hanson turned his haggard face fully toward us, and slowly rising from his chair made the following speech. His words were clearly pronounced, and came without apparent effort:

"Gentlemen, what I have to say now ain't much news to any of you. A week ago my brother Edward was shot. To-day two men have been tried for the murder—and acquitted. Now, some say this is justice; some say not. There are folk who believe Cobbett and Grobe should be hung. Gentlemen, I want you to fix this as you think right. You represent this settlement better than the jury who sat to-day, and it'll be your place this evening to say whether the verdict given a few hours ago was right or wrong. One thing more. By coming here you have tacitly agreed already to try this matter in the usual way; therefore, I've another duty—to propose a judge. Gentlemen, I propose that Josh Cartright, as the oldest citizen of Toros, be chosen. It is in your hands."

Hanson sat down amid a low murmur of approval. There was a pause. We looked at each other in doubt for a moment, uncertain who should take the initiative. Then Mike Alison stood up, his great keen eyes roving from face to face while he spoke.

"Gentlemen, I second this proposal. Mr. Cartright is the straightest man I know, and is therefore far away the best man for the business of judge. Hold up your hands, those who agree."

Every hand was raised.

At this expression of opinion Cartright discarded his whisky and laid aside his cigar. Though a little man, there was true dignity and power in his tone and manner as he delivered his reply in a deep, musical voice.

"I am gratified, friends, at this honor. I will accept the responsibility, and do all in my power to see justice done. Now to business. The issue before us is a simple one. You were all present at the trial to-day and heard the evidence. The case for the prosecution hung principally upon the evidence of the paper found in the pocket of Tulcher, the murderer, whom Edward Hanson shot before he was plugged himself. This paper was an agreement on the part of two men to help Tulcher in the business he had in hand on the 15th instant, for which assistance they were to receive a thousand dollars. The names signed below were Cobbett and Grobe. There was further evidence, you will remember, proving that Tulcher was the only man who knew that Edward would have cash by him on the 15th instant, and be alone at his ranche. The defense was an alibi, sworn to by three men, and an attempt to prove that the paper referred to had nothing to do with Edward Hanson. The prisoner's attorney, however, refused to say what the agreement did mean. Such was the case, gentlemen, and the verdict was, Not guilty. Now, do you confirm this? Do you believe in your hearts that Cobbett and Grobe are innocent, or do you not? The question is before you. Let me hear what you have to say."

The judge stopped speaking, and there was a dead silence for more than a minute. Every man's mind was made up, but no one liked to be the first to speak. At last Mike Alison rose with the grimmest look on his face that I ever saw worn by mortal man. His tone was now abrupt and his style unceremonious to a degree, sure sign that he was in earnest and meant his words to carry weight.

"Boys, I can see that there is no difference of opinion among us about this thing. It is not likely. You knew what was coming; your minds must have been made up since the verdict. Now, p'raps you'd like to hear my notion of the case, as Cobbett and Grobe have been members of my gang. The judge here asked me to come without any questions, and knowing that Edward Hanson and I nearly pulled on one another a year ago. Well, I came; and I say, as one who was a friend to Grobe once, that these men are guilty. The judge and jury who acquitted them were bribed to do it. I could get wind of the amount given now if I wanted. There, that's all. You know what I am! What I have been for eight years and I'reaps you'll say, why does he think Cobbett and Grobe should be hung when he is as bad as they? I'll tell you. I've done most things, but I never put a hole through an old man to get hold of his money; and I think it's the meanest crime in the whole world."

As the horse-stealer stopped speaking he was greeted with a cheer; but this was hushed in an instant, as Cartright, suddenly addressing the man on his right, said curtly, "Are they guilty or not guilty?"

"Guilty!" was the emphatic answer, and the word was repeated with grim earnestness by every man as his turn came.

"And now," said the judge slowly, as the last vote was given, "it is my duty to pass sentence."

Cartright paused at this point. He was very pale, and though his voice was perfectly steady and his face set with inflexible determination, it was quite evident that he felt this duty to be no light one.

"I do hereby decree that Sam Cobbett and Jim Grobe, being guilty of the murder of Edward Hanson, on the 15th day of July, shall die, by hanging, at 3 o'clock to-morrow morning; and I call upon all men here present to assist me, at whatever risk to themselves, in seeing that justice be done. I do this in virtue of my authority as Judge Lynch; and swear that I have given judgment without malice toward any one. So help me God!"

Cartright paused again. We drew a long breath. Then we all rose, as the judge, taking from his coat pocket a small Bible, said quietly: "Gentlemen, will you please just step up and take your oath on this thing?"

There was a general creaking of chairs and a shuffling of feet as we came forward. Mike Alison was the first to act; with his right hand he grasped Cartright's, with his left he held the Bible. "I swear that, at whatever risk to my own life, I will see justice done this night upon Cobbett and Grobe. So help me God!" He pressed the hand of the judge as he spoke, kissed the book, and handed it to Tom Hanson, who repeated the same formula, and was followed by the rest of us in turn.

This ceremony, rude though it was, was inexpressibly solemn. There was no passion or bitterness in the tones of the Lynchers, as they took the oath; but this very quietness of manner, when you knew the men, was in itself the best guarantee of the reality and significance of their vow.

Shortly after this we were ushered by the storekeeper into another room, where there were piles of blankets and heaps of sheepskins. With these we speedily constructed most comfortable beds, and, with the exception of Hanson and Cartright, who had the arrangements to make for the carrying out of the sentence, and did not sleep that night, we were soon buried in sound slumber.

Thanks to a good digestion and a hard day's ride, I dropped off to sleep pretty quickly, in spite of thoughts of the work that was to be done before dawn. A light touch on the shoulder from Tom Hanson, however, brought me back to vivid consciousness of my surroundings. It was two o'clock in the morning, and time to make our last preparations. A weird and gruesome sight met my eyes as I jumped up. On a table in the middle of the room was a small kerosene lamp, the only lamp in the place. Close by the lamp was a heap of black calico, steadily diminishing in size as each man took a piece and secured it round the upper part of his face. This was the badge or uniform of the Lyncher. It was not used as a mask; indeed the persons of all the members of the party (with the exception of myself) were so well known that anything of the kind would have been absurd. For the part we had to play, however, a conspicuous badge was most important, as will soon appear. When I awoke most of the men had already donned their uniform, and were filling their belts with cartridges, sharpening long knives, and examining their revolvers, an example of necessary forethought that I speedily followed.

These preliminary arrangements concluded, the judge curtly gave us the usual orders.

"Boys, everything is fixed. The gibbet has been put up near Holt's ranch, and my wagon and mules are behind the depot, ready to receive the prisoners. They have been watched since the trial, and, having had a big drink, are asleep on the floor of the hotel. I have now to pass the word. From this moment your six-shooters and rifles must be kept at full cock; every man we meet, or who puts his head out of a window, must be covered by not less than two of you, and, if he refuses to come along, plugged instantly. As members of the Lynching party, you will be held blameless for any lives taken in this way, or in any other that I may direct. Remember that the town is in our hands until Cobbett and Grobe are hung. One thing more, as there will be no time for orders when we've nailed the cusses: Tom Hanson, Mike Alison, and myself will bring out the prisoners. When they appear three of you must stand by 'em with your knives, the rest holding revolvers (cocked) at their breasts, and if there's a shot fired by their friends *go through them!* Now, boys, *remember.*"

We passed out into the street. It was a bright, still, moonlight night; not a sound to be heard but the steady tramp of our feet, as we made our way up Grand avenue to the new Railway Hotel. As we neared the place figures were discernible, clustered in loose order round a large lumber wagon behind the station. Most of these men were employed in various capacities by Hanson and others of our party, and all wore the ominous black badge. No word of greeting passed between us, however, and we marched steadily on to the door of the hotel. Cartright knocked smartly three times, and as he did so we covered every window in the place with our firearms, the judge pointing his weapon at the door, so that the first thing seen by the man who opened it was the muzzle of a revolver. He looked intensely scared, this unfortunate man, as he saw this grim array. I could scarcely recognize the complacent judge of the afternoon, in the trembling creature who tried to assure his Lynch-law brother that Cobbett and Grobe had gone East by the midnight train. Cartright's rough answer, however, of "Show us up to their room, Mr. Standard," followed by the brief order, "Plug him, Mike, if he says another word!" brought the apologies to a sudden conclusion; and with a despairing shrug of the shoulders, as he recognized the desperado, the man slowly led the way upstairs; Judge Lynch, Hanson, Mike Alison, and two of Hanson's men followed him closely.

The rest of us remained outside, and watched the wagon brought round to the door. Presently there was a stir in the houses round about, and faces appeared at windows. They were promptly covered; upon which their owners hastily dressed themselves, and joined the crowd stationed near the wagon. A little later quickly-stepping figures began to come up in twos and three from the outskirts of the town, as the news of what was on hand spread abroad, and it was not long before unmasked folk formed a large majority of the assembly. But close around the wagon, in a compact ring, stood the Lynching party, shoulder to shoulder, with gleaming firearms, in grim defiance of any protest or interference.

We were all silent as we waited for those inside to reappear, but it was impossible not to be conscious of the fact that there was a section of the crowd, armed like ourselves and now considerably outnumbering us, that was silently opposed to what was going on. At first only a few muttered curses were to be heard, which died away as new men came up whose feelings were not known. But gradually these imprecations developed into a continuous and angry murmur, which it seemed only too probable would become an organized assault upon the appearance of the prisoners.

The prospect was not cheerful. There were twenty of us, all told, and fifty people stood apparently ready for a charge the moment there was a favorable opportunity. I cannot remember, however, feeling nervous or frightened. We were there for a purpose, and until that purpose was accomplished our lives were of no importance. That was our one thought. As the murmur rose higher and became more menacing, a burly fellow standing next to me answered it by an order to our men, short and to the point: "Boys, mark your men, now, and fire when I give the word." Every revolver was instantly pointed at some individual member of the unmasked. The effect was magical. The angry murmurs ceased, and there was a quick retrograde movement, causing a space of several yards to be made between the persons of the prisoners' friends and the revolvers of the Lynching party.

A light was now seen flickering in the hall of the hotel, and we could hear heavy steps descending the stairs. The two men stationed in the wagon to receive the prisoners stood up, placing their knives between their teeth to have their hands quite free. The crowd remained silent, straining their eyes to see Cobbett and Grobe brought out. Now four men, followed by the judge, came slowly along the passage, kept clear by our revolvers, with two forms bound hand and foot, which they hoisted into the wagon. At this sight the murmur of the crowd rose to a shriek, and we thought our time had come. Obeying the order of the judge, four of us turned our backs upon the crowd and stood over the prisoners, waiting for the first shot to be fired. But, as our fingers tightened round the locks of our pistols and the handles of our knives the voice of Mike Alison, deep and sonorous, rang out above the tumult, and silenced it.

"Boys shut down on this. D'ye think I'd take a share in the business if there weren't good reason for it? If any man of ye can stand out and say Cobbett and Grobe ain't the blamedest curs in this country and didn't kill Ed. Hanson let him do it and I'll put as many holes through him as there are balls in my six-shooters. There! Do you understand?"

As he spoke the desperado had sprung into the wagon, and stood in the full light of the moon, glaring defiantly at the crowd, a cocked revolver in either hand. This action had an immediate result of a most wholesome kind. At least half our foes admired Mike Alison personally more than any other man living, and the rest would as soon have thought of accepting his challenge as of driving knives between their own ribs. So the opposition to our movements collapsed as suddenly as it had begun. From this moment the crowd which surged around us was of a perfectly peaceful character.

The wagon was now put into motion, and we moved down Grand avenue at a foot's pace toward Holt's ranch, a deserted homestead on the outskirts of the town. The place was reached in fifteen minutes, and another detachment of masked men, who had just completed the construction of the gibbet—a rough framework of poles—joined the main body. The crowd now came to a standstill, as the wagon passed slowly on a few paces, and then stopped exactly under the cross-bar of the gibbet, from which hung two pieces of rope.

The end was close at hand. For the first time my flesh began to creep, and the hand that held my revolver trembled violently, in spite of every effort to keep it still. Disposed in a huge circle there the crowd stood round us—calm, stolid, inactive—waiting to see the end. I looked in vain for a face that expressed any of the horror of which I knew my own was full. In the centre of a space of some twenty square yards, kept clear around the gibbet, stood the judge, Tom Hanson, and Mike Alison, watching the men in the wagon who were making the prisoners ready for their fate. So much for the poor wretches had uttered no kind of protest or prayers for mercy. No one knew better than they the hopelessness of such a thing. But at this moment I heard the voice of one raised in urgent entreaty to the man adjusting the ropes, in response to which he was loosed for a moment. Leaping from the wagon, he threw himself at the feet of the judge, and gasped out some inaudible prayer in a hoarse whisper.

Cartright stood like a pillar of stone. "Mercy!" he said sternly. "You ask for mercy? What mercy did you show to Edward Hanson? What—"

"I don't want mercy," interrupted the prisoner. "I deserve death—I wish for it. But, judge! for God's sake shoot me, or cut me in pieces—I don't care which: don't let me hang like a dog. I've a mother alive in Illinois; she will hear of it, and the disgrace will break her heart." He stopped, choked by heavy convulsive sobs.

Cartright paused before he answered. "Jim Grobe, I have passed sentence upon you, and I could not commute it if I would. But in these cases an appeal may be made to the person most injured by the crime. Tom Hanson," turning to his friend, "it is in your hands. Shall Grobe's wish be granted?"

There was another pause. Hanson made a step forward, and laid his hand heavily on the shoulder of his brother's murderer, saying huskily: "Is this true about your mother?"

Before the man could reply Mike Alison interposed in his quick, decided way—"Yes, I can vouch for it."

"Then," said the ranchman slowly and heavily, while the silence of the crowd might be almost felt, "you—may—be—shot."

"God bless you! God bless you!" cried Grobe joyfully, leaping to his feet, and grasping Hanson's hand. Then he stood erect and turned to the desperado with a smile. "Good-bye, Mike. You've been a good friend to me. If I had taken your advice—but it's too late now. Judge, set your men. Steady there, boys, with your revolvers; don't aim too high. Now, I'm ready. *Fire!*"

When the sun rose, half an hour later, all was over. The murderers of Edward Hanson had gone before a higher tribunal than ours, and the work of Judge Lynch and his Court of Appeal was done.—*A. H. Paterson in Macmillan's Magazine.*

The True Lady.

[Youths' Companion.]

A story is told of a woman who contrived during several hours to occupy with her satchels and shawls two seats in a crowded car of a train on a Western railroad. Old women and ladies with children in turn stood looking appealingly at her, unable to find a seat. But her stately manner and haughty stare daunted them. The conductor, without remonstrance, found places for them in another car. At last a huge, slovenly ranch woman, carrying a lunch-basket redolent of onions and garlic, came in.

"There is a place for you. Take it," said the conductor.

She took it, amidst the covert smiles of the passengers, and occupied it during the rest of the long journey.

It is true that such women as these in our mixed social life frequently assume authority on the strength of their rich clothes and money. They succeed in imposing upon their fellow-passengers, their trades-people, and servants, who are puzzled by them, and treat them by turns with insolence or subserviency. But nobody is ever puzzled by the true gentlewoman; the woman, whatever be her rank, who meets us with self-respect, kindness, and gentleness, does not wear armor of proof against insult. She carries rather the magic wand of hazel which finds the fountain of good in every heart, and changes rudeness from the coarsest and most vulgar into deference and respect.

Exactly!

[Grip.]

Inexperienced member (to venerable skip)—Mr. MacFergus, what's a pat-lid?

Skip—Weel, div ye see, ye gowk! ye ding ter stane cannille, but nae sae feckly as tae hoggit. Nae haeflins fleg, nor jiukin turn, ye ken, but teutiely, that it ave gars snoovin an' straught as an eldder's walk, hoggouthein among the guards, till ye land on the verra tee. When ye've dun that, laddie, ye've med a pat-lid, and ye may bear the gree."

Inexperienced member (somewhat piqued)—Thank you, Mr. MacFergus; no doubt the explanation is very accurate, but I think its lucidity would have been very much heightened if you had made it in English.

Skip—Tut, man, an' ye'll be a curler ye maun faumeeyerise yersel' wi' the vernauckular.

Of the Earth Earthly.

[Puck.]

Bob—I wish I was one of those cherubim with wings.

Mamma—So that you could fly around heaven?

Bob—Not much! So that I could fly up to that top shelf and hook the cake.

"WITH AN AMETHYST."

SUGGESTED BY A PERSIAN FABLE.

White lie the February snows,
By wooing sunbeams softly kissed,
And at thy white breast, lady, glows
My amethyst.

The magic hues that lurk beneath
The surface of the purple wine,
Fall on the snowdrift's rippling breath,
And upon thine.

Then as an emblem wear my gift,
As Sun to snow, dear, let it be;
So may this radiant mystery lift
Thine heart to me.

Not mine the parable, fair child;
'Twas whispered to the air along
The ages, in the music wild
Of Persian song.

Of all the months whose jeweled round
The circling year doth diadem,
Each one, the poet fabled, found
Its special gem.

The wealth of shifting hues that lies
In Eastern Earth's unfathomed heart,
For every season's change supplies
A counterpart.

The red heat of the torrid zone,—
The frozen arctic's iron cold,
In strange symbolic meaning known,
These gems enfold.

Read by this light, our birthdays tell
A lesson of his own to each;
An Autumn's wane, or Summer's spell,
Their moral teach.

To thee, the February days,
That lengthen out to herald Spring,
The amethyst's imprisoned rays
For token bring.

Then let Spring's diamond light thine hair,
And Summer's pearl entwine thy wrist;
But on thy snow-white bosom wear
My amethyst.

—*The Spectator.* HERMAN MERIVALE.

ENCORES.

The editor of the *Era*, (London,) in an article on encores, says: "We feel that there is something almost Quixotic in attacking the encore system. Encores are an abuse of such long standing that it would seem useless to hope that they will ever be done away with altogether; but this idea is not so Utopian as it at first sight appears. Every innovation is certain to be received with disfavor at first; and, if its advocacy be not persevered in, the *vis inertia* which pervades all the departments of human life becomes victorious over the reforming spirit. But when any reform in matters theatrical has found a supporter sufficiently vigorous to fight its battles persistently the public has in the end acquiesced in the innovation. The abolition of fees in theatres, the prohibition by Mr. Cave of calls before the curtain at his theatre, the purging of the 'lobbies' of the old London houses of their disreputable frequenters, and the successful resistance of Mr. Sims Reeves to the 'encore nuisance,' are (to take a few instances at random) cases in point. The common-sense argument against an encore is that it is absurd to expect more for one's money than one has paid for. A baker will not 'encore' his delivery of a loaf of bread, nor a butcher cut off two chops for the same amount of money in answer to a cry of *bis*. This is a perfectly logical and uncontrovertible contention. But it is not all that is to be said against encores. Not only are they attempts to obtain more value than has been purchased, but they exhaust the energies of the audience. It is quite a common thing for persons to visit a theatre where an opera is being performed time after time, on each fresh hearing discovering new beauties in the music.

"Even upon the most enthusiastic patrons of these theatres encores have an effect unfavorable to the interests of the management. A person hears an air for the first time, and straightway is struck by its melodious beauty. If it is not repeated at the time he rises from his musical banquet with an appetite, so far as that particular number is concerned, and so with respect to others in the opera. But if each of the so-called popular airs is repeated, or, perhaps, repeated twice, his longing to hear again that particular opera is very likely quenched. Whatever may be the other factors of the success of the entertainment of the Moore and Burgess Minstrels, one cause is certainly likely to have contributed to the popularity of their concerts. Encores, if not absolutely forbidden, are earnestly discouraged, and the different details of the performance accordingly follow each other without break or hindrance, the result being that there is no chance of a minority of the audience being forced to listen to repetitions against their will at the request of a greedy majority. Novelty and freshness are important factors of the enjoyment we derive from a work of art. It is, indeed, a moot point whether the issue of the score of an opera during its performance, profitable as the publication may be, does not injure the receipts at the theatre where the opera is being performed, and whether the proprietors of piano and barrel organs ought to be allowed to do to death every successful musical composition soon after it appears. We can all call to mind airs, delightful in themselves, which have come positively to nauseate us through our having heard them over and over again wherever we may have gone, and the same is the case with the strumming of the music on every piano in the kingdom which takes place when the pianoforte edition of a new opera is issued. But the composer derives a profit from the sale of the copyright in his work, while he gets nothing in return for the repetitions of portions of it gratis, which are caused by encores.

"The principal difficulty in getting rid of this abuse is the natural rivalry of singers in this respect. An encore, even if it be only half genuine, is frequently recorded in the notices of the performance, and passes as a tribute to the talent of the singer, whose performance had to be repeated. The immodesty, almost amounting to impertinence, with which a very moderate amount of applause is sometimes taken as a demand for a repetition is notorious. It is hopeless to expect, except in the case of an artist like Mr. Sims Reeves, whose reputation is founded on a rock that cannot be shaken, that individual singers will resist the temptation of an encore. The only way in which the nuisance can be removed is by a fixed and unalterable regulation made by the management, and stated in the programmes. In the case of every reform a section of the public is certain to wax resentful; but perseverance on the part of those in authority would have the desired effect, and their patrons would soon come to acknowledge the wisdom of the rule and the desirability of its application.

"It does indeed seem hopeless to expect any immediate improvement in the state of things as regards encores. But that should not prevent our urging the gradual abolition of an undesirable practice. The few attempts that have been made in the direction of reform have been only partially successful, but if the example thus set, and the ventilation of the subject in our columns and elsewhere only encourage those who are endeavoring to abolish the encore system, we all not have written, and Mr. Sims Reeves and others will not have taken action, altogether in vain."

The Spell that Draws.

[London Quarterly.]

When we say a book, a painting, a man attracts us, we use the term with only a very vague notion of what really constitutes the attraction. We are attracted by men and women and things that have only the slightest claim upon our regard. Value and virtue seem to have little to do with the matter. A man may be a good husband and father, clever in his profession, successful, benevolent, useful in his day and generation—and profoundly uninteresting. A woman may be beautiful, affectionate, intelligent, and yet dull. On the other hand, a very slight study of humanity is enough to convince us that moral obliquity is not in itself by any means interesting. If the commonplace good man bores you, the commonplace bad or unprincipled man repels you. When vice makes friends with wit, and surrounds herself with all the refinements that wealth can bestow, she is seductive enough; but strip her of these advantages and she is dull as lead. Becky Sharpe said that she could make Amelia a very good woman with two or three thousand a year. Probably she was mistaken; but in any case she would have been interesting. Amelia, on the other hand, could never have been otherwise than stupid under any circumstances.

A vivacious person is never entirely uninteresting, and probably that which makes one man attract our attention more than his fellows is that he has in him more of that mysterious something which we call life. He is more alive than others. The fire within him is burning more quickly than in others; he sees things more rapidly; his thoughts move more swiftly, and in a wider range; he feels more keenly; he will do more, dare more, suffer more than others. Yet there are people who are passively interesting. If a novelist leaves the well-worn track, and (following that which is now nearly as well worn as the other) tells you that his heroine is not a beauty, he is certain to add that she had an interesting face. The reader accepts it as a fair equivalent for beauty, and so it is in every-day life. A woman may be without beauty, or grace, or wit; she may be wanting in vivacity; she may be no more unselfish or warm-hearted than her neighbors, and yet she may possess something which makes it a pleasure to talk to her, which makes her an acquisition to any gathering.

The Major's Wife.

[Boston Courier.]

Civilians are never quite able to understand the grounds upon which the wives of army officers gives themselves airs of social superiority, but they are keenly alive to the fact. A lady who had been repeatedly snubbed by an old school friend who has married a major aroused herself to vengeance the other day. At a luncheon party, where the subject of the removal of civil service officials chanced to come up for discussion, she leaned across the table toward her friend, and remarked with an air of much solicitude:

"I hope these political changes do not affect Maj. A's position."

"Affect Maj. A's position," the other repeated in amazement, "of course not. What do you mean?"

"Oh, I didn't know," the other observed sweetly. "But the wife of a postmaster wrote me the other day in a dreadfully doleful strain, and I thought of you at once. It must be so trying to be in the Government service, where to-day you may be all right and to-morrow be nobody."

The major's wife glared at her friend in a rage so great that she could think of nothing whatever to say, and the victory for that day at least was not with the army.

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