FALLEN FLOWERS.

From The Athenæum.

One of the workers of the world
Living toiled and toiling died;
But others worked and the world went on
And was not changed when he was gone,
A strong arm stricken, a wide sail furled;
And only a few men sighed.

One of the heroes of the world
Fought to conquer, then fought to fail,
And fell down slain in his blood-stained mail,
And over his form they stept;
His cause was lost and his banner furled;
And only a woman wept.

One of the singers among mankind
Sang healing songs from an o'erwrought heart
But ere men listened the grass and wind
Were wasting the rest unsung like a wave;
And now of his fame that will ne'er depart
He has never heard in his grave.

One of the women who only love
Loved and grieved and faded away—
Ah me! are these gone to the God above,
What more of each can I say?
They are human flowers that flower and fall,
This is the song and the end of them all.

ARTHUR O'SHAUGHNESSY.

AN ARCADIAN REVENGE.

A SKETCH OF ENGLISH SOCIETY IN 1879.

BY JAMES PAYN.

"Depend upon it, my dear sir, there is a system of compensation: I, for example, occupy a position in the country beyond my talents, while you possess talents that are considerably above what is necessary—ahem—to a person of your condition of life."

This amazing speech was addressed to me confidentially in the smoking-room of our common club one night, by Mr. Dornoway-Dicke, after we had dined together for the first time. It was late in August; the club was empty, and I had invited him to join tables, though I knew him to be an ass, rather than to dine alone. The bad man may take a solitary meal without moral damage, and even to the public advantage, since the custom is unwholesome, and tends to shorten life; but to the good man it is harmful. His thoughts, constant as the needle to the pole to what is pure and good, are naturally attracted to himself, and his benevolent actions, his excellent motives, his whole blameless career, pass in review before his eyes, and he becomes self-conscious and self-complacent. Rather than run the risk of this, having ordered my own modest repast, I looked up at Dornoway-Dicke, who, with his glass paintully fixed in his eye, was scanning the same "limited carte" for the day, in doubt (as I guessed) about the French dishes, and observed, "Shall we dine together?" and he had replied courteously, "Charmed, I am sure."

As a matter of fact Mr. Dornoway-Dicke was a man not easy to charm; it was not in Genius (though up to that date I don't think it had ever tried it) to do so; and I believe even Beauty herself would have failed in the attempt, unless she had had a title to back her.

Mr. Dicke's weakness was for a lord; a very common one, of course, but in his case unusually pronounced. His conversation was studded with titles as the firmament is with stars; and he was in respect to them what Mr. Carlyle, in relation to spiritual things, calls "terribly at ease in Zion"; that is, he was shockingly familiar with earls and viscounts, while as to baronets, he would refer to them by their Christian names. To say that his views upon all matters were common-place would have been flattering to his intelligence; they were conventional to sublimity.

"Ghost stories are absurd," argues Coleridge, "because, though men tell us they have had such an experience, if a man did really ever see what he actually believed to be a ghost, idiocy would at once supervene"; but I firmly believe that Dornoway-Dicke would have seen a ghost without the least injury to his intellectual powers; not because he was already an idiot, but (independently of that) because so unconventional a subject as the supernatural had never entered his mind. If the ghost had a title, then, indeed, an impression might have been made, but it would have been produced by his temporal not his spiritual lordship. In all matters which exercise the human mind, from theology to American bowls, he took not the faintest interest; but I had been informed—and warned—that upon the subject of the dignity and position of the Dornoway-Dicke family he could, and would, be very diffuse if you were not careful. He was a man in short to nod to, but not to speak with, unless the means of escape were handy. Still, late in August at a London club one cannot afford to be particular, and having such strong moral reasons for not dining alone, I had to dine with Dornoway-Dicke.

There was one circumstance, however, which really did attract me toward this gentleman, and made me wish for a closer acquaintance. It was a much debated question in the club whether he wore a wig or not, and I wanted to solve it. If he did so (for even after dining with him I was not sure), they were the best wigs that ever were. I say wigs, because he must have had lots of them, for his hair was sometimes short and sometimes long, and sometimes just as it ought to be in the case of a fashionable young gentleman of fifty-four. For there was this disadvantage about the distinguished position of the Dornoway-Dicke family, that, being in the peerage—though it must be confessed in a very remote and "presumptive" fashion—the man's age was known to a nicety. There was then this point (as to his wig) to be cleared up, which promised me some little excitement, and I was also curious to know whether he talked of "the Land" as though it were alive, which I was assured he did. My information upon this point, as it turned out, was correct. The one supreme effort of originality which Mr. Dornoway-Dicke had made was to personify the landed interest in this peculiar fashion.

"What the Land wants, sir," he would observe very slowly and majestically (so that you had plenty of time to suggest to yourself "top-dressing," "coprolites," and what not), "what the Land wants, sir," he always repeated this charming phrase, "is fair play."

"The Land" wanted so many things in the course of our conversation at dinner, that I had begun to think it somewhat exacting, and indeed to get a little impatient of Mr. Dornoway-Dicke himself. But I am never, or at least hardly ever, discourteous, and though bored to extremity, like a wooden ship exposed to the action of the *teredo navalis*, I endured it as though I had been made of iron. I had asked the man to dinner, and in one sense had certainly paid for it, so felt constrained by the duties of hospitality to be civil till the meal was over. When it was finished and we repaired to the smoking-room I had no such scruple. "The Vine," says the classic author, "is the Evoker of Truth," and this is even still more the case with the Cigar. Imagine then my indignation at that amazing remark of my companion, "I, for example, occupy a position in the country beyond my talents; while you possess talents that are considerably above what is necessary—ahem—to a person of your condition in life."

"Pray," said I, "Mr. Dornoway-Dicke, confine your observations to yourself, as you generally do. As to your talents, I have no reason to doubt your own modest estimation of them, but as to your position in the country I was not aware that you had any."

I hope this was not rude. I spoke in the gentlest tones of which the human voice—or at all events my voice—is capable, and in a manner that was certainly winning, for I felt that I had scored. To my astonishment Mr. Dornoway-Dicke remained quite unruffled; he carefully removed the ash from the end of his cigar with his signet ring, and answered quietly, almost humbly, "You quite mistake me. I said my position in *the country*, of which, as you tell me, you know nothing. You are not then familiar with Mangelwurzelshire?"

I was certainly not. I had heard of it of course, but I felt myself fortunate in not having to spell it.

"Ah, I thought so," he continued blandly. "You should come down to Dornoway Court and see me at home. Then you would understand why I don't oftener visit London. In town I am, comparatively speaking, nobody, but in Mangelwurzelshire—what do you say now to running down to us for the first week in September?"

Five minutes before I should have said "No" without the slightest hesitation; but the outrageous vanity of the man's manner tickled me to the core. I felt curious to see those natives of Mangelwurzelshire to whom Mr. Dornoway-Dicke appeared to be a person of importance, and moreover I had not yet discovered whether he wore a wig or not. "The worst part of a wig," says the old riddle, "as of love, is the parting"; but Mr. Dornoway-Dicke's parting was perfect, and so delicate that one would have almost said it had been effected by a female hand. Among the simpler inhabitants of Arcadia he might take less extreme precautions to deceive the public; and he certainly would not get his hair cut, if cut it ever was, so often. "I will come to Dornoway Court with pleasure," I said; and on the appointed day I went.

Important as my host's position in the country may be, it is not my intention to describe "Mr. Dornoway-Dicke at home," as though he were a public character. Suffice it to say, that he was better at home than abroad (or at least in London); and as his family were pleasant people and his house full of cheerful company, I did not regret my visit. The "Court," as he loved to call it, was however so peculiar that I must say a few words about it. It was the only edifice with which I am acquainted which gratified one's sense of humor. It was quite spick-and-span as respects newness, but built and furnished in the mediæval style. A gravel drive, rolled to perfection, led up to a frowning entrance, with a huge oaken portal in which was inserted a little hole barred with iron for purposes of espial. Through this the porter was supposed (though he never did it) to take cognizance of the approaching visitor, and if peaceful, to unbar the massive bolts of the great door to let him in. Everything in the house was apparently of the same epoch, but in reality about three years old. In the dining room was a fire-place as big as an ordinary parlor, and before which one would not have been surprised to see a pair of trunk hose airing, or a couple of jack boots. The sideboard, to the modern and inartistic eye, resembled a kitchen dresser; while in the morning room was a spinning wheel with the flax in it, as though the thrifty housewife had just been called away from that occupation to superintend the construction of a venison pasty, or to issue orders for the entertainment of the company invited to the morrow's tournament.

These ridiculous objects, as I soon discovered, were designed to persuade the public that the Dornoway-Dickes themselves were mediæval, and had resided at the "Court" for the last six hundred years. Whereas, as a matter of fact they were new comers. In the country, even though you are distantly connected with the peerage, this is a serious obstacle to "position," and the whole of my host's gigantic intellect was concentrated on attaining it. He had been "called upon" at once by everyone in the county within a circuit of twenty-five miles, except One. I write it reverentially with a capital O, for it was "The Duke." I am not of course speaking of the late Duke of Wellington; in Mangelwurzelshire, as in every other county, the duke was the duke who lived there; his Grace of Turniptops. This divinity was still a young man, unmarried, and not much given to call on anybody; and for three long years all the efforts of the Dornoway-Dickes had been unavailing to induce him to honor the "Court" with his august presence. Two months ago, however, he had sent his card by a mounted messenger, and one month ago, oh, joy of joys! he had accepted an invitation to a garden party at the house for one of the very days on which I was to remain its guest.

It was just after this gracious promise had been given that Mr. Dornoway-Dicke had made his appearance at the club, to make arrangements with Gunter; and now that I knew the circumstances, I was not only not surprised at the magnificence of his deportment on that occasion, but astonished that he should have been so affable as he was. My private impression is, that he asked me down to Dornoway Court not so much from personal affection, as to secure an additional witness to his social triumph; but that is neither here nor there. The Duke was coming, and the family were in a state of excitement rare, I should hope, in Hanwell, and not habitually exhibited even at Broadmoor.

The great subject of discussion among them for weeks had been, who was to be invited to meet the Duke? and it was not exhausted yet. Everybody—who was anybody—had been asked except the Titbats; and the knotty point that could not be settled was, whether these people should be asked or not. Captain and Mrs. Titbat were their immediate neighbors; their lawn-tennis grounds were in fact contiguous, and the two families, though not absolutely on a friendly footing, were well-known to one another. Young Titbat, when a player was wanting, had sometimes even been invited to make up the party at their favorite amusement; and when the balls went over the wire fence that separated the two domains, the juvenile Titbats did not pretend (as some young people would) that they were lost, but would honestly chuck them back again. Still the Titbats were not among the County Families, nor anything like it. Their efforts—far more desperate than those of the Dornoway-Dickes—had miserably and utterly failed in that direction. It was not so much that their mansion was too small to be reckoned as a country house; that their paddock could not by any strain of courtesy be called a park; or that their ornamental lake was an undeniable pond. There was something amiss—I never could find out what—about Mrs. Titbat.

She was a woman—I once beheld her, and under circumstances I can never forget—of large proportions and hirsute aspect (indeed, she had a very respectable beard); her complexion was rubicund, and to the uncharitable might seem to indicate that she indulged in liquor, though I never heard that she did so. Whatever was wrong with her had happened so long ago that it would have been much better and kinder of her fellow-creatures to have forgotten it. My impression is, that instead of rushing into matrimony with the imprudence of most young couples, Captain Titbat and herself had exercised an unusual prudence, and had not got themselves indissolubly united till time and trial had shown them to be suited to one another.

However that might have been, Mrs. Titbat was not "visited," nor would the Dornoway-Dickes have dreamt of asking her to their garden-party except for that contiguity, to which I have referred, of their lawn-tennis grounds. The Duke, it was known, was devoted to the game; and if the two grounds could be thrown into one, it was felt by all the family that it would have been an immense improvement. This could scarcely be done, however, without asking Mrs. Titbat's permission, and also the pleasure of her company; and upon the whole it was judged best to leave matters as they were. The wire fencing between the two lawns was so very slight that they really looked to be one and the same, and as there was plenty of ground for the Duke to play upon, he would probably never discover that both the lawns did not belong to Dornoway Court.

In the course of the intimacy that existed between the junior members of the two families, the young Dornoway-Dickes, with a frankness characteristic of their age, had told the young Titbats that the Duke was coming on Friday to play lawn-tennis, but that nobody but tip-top (not Titbat) people were to be asked to meet him; nor was even this the worst, for it had certainly been hinted by elder members of the family, in view of the suggested amalgamation of the tennis-grounds, that such good neighbors as Captain and Mrs. Titbat would certainly be included in the invitation list. To explain what follows I must add that Mrs. Titbat herself was firmly persuaded that she would be among the guests, and was transported with the idea of it; for the being asked "to meet the Duke of Turniptops" (as was stated on the cards) was in Mangelwurzelshire like being presented at Court, and at once both whitewashed and gilded the invitee. One has heard of the ire of the tigress when robbed of her young, but what is that as compared with the state of mind of a lady of blemished reputation who has persuaded herself that it will be rehabilitated, and that in the most splendid fashion, and then suddenly finds that she has been given the cold shoulder? Mrs. Titbat had actually ordered a dress from London in which to appear before his Grace of Turniptops, and the sight of it, as it hung useless in her wardrobe, envenomed her whole being, as though she had worn it, and it had been the garment of Nessus.

She clutched the skirts of Hope to the very last, but when Friday morning arrived and no invitation had come it fled from her soul, and was replaced by the desire for vengeance. If the Dornoway-Dickes could but have known what was passing in that injured lady's mind they might have been reminded of those warning lines—

Lest when our latest hope is fled ye taste of our despair,
And learn by proof in some wild hour how much the wretched dare;

or even if that quotation had not occurred to them I am quite sure they would have asked her to their garden party even at that eleventh hour.

The guests arrived, and in due course—that is to say, exceedingly late—the Duke. The meeting of his Grace and my host and hostess was positively affecting. I thought Mr. Dornoway-Dicke would never leave off shaking his hand, and that his wife would have kissed it. However, he got away at last to luncheon. About two hundred people sat down to it; a select twenty on mediæval chairs, and the rest on much more comfortable but common ones. A dozen of the last had been borrowed, days ago, by the housekeeper without her mistress's knowledge, from the Titbats. The host enjoyed himself as most people do under similar circumstances, that is to say, he was intensely miserable and anxious, but buoyed up by the thought that it would all be over presently, and he would have "his friend, the Duke of Turniptops," to talk about for the rest of his natural life. After luncheon we all repaired to the lawn-tennis ground.

"What a capital lawn you have," observed the Duke; "and what a good plan that is of dividing your ground."

He was referring of course to the iron fencing.

"It was a plan of my wife's," observed Mr. Dornoway-Dicke; for as the other lawn was vacant there was really no need to intimate that it belonged to somebody else.

A gilt youth of the county with one of its gilt young ladies was selected for one side, and his Grace and Miss Dornoway-Dicke for the other. The rest of the company stood round in attitudes of respectful admiration. They were just about to begin when the Duke observed, "Hullo, what the deuce is this?"

The exclamation was caused by the appearance of Mrs. Titbat, splendidly attired, and followed by all her maid-servants; some of them carried baskets of linen, and others lines and clothes props. In the course of a few minutes the whole of the Titbat family linen was hanging on the line; some of the articles were very pronounced in shape, and became much more so when inflated by the breeze, which also (as they were purposely hung close to the wire fencing) carried their graceful folds right over the Duke's head.

The game was begun, but presently an immense petticoat broke loose, and after eddying doubtfully for a few moments settled upon the Duke himself, who emerged from it with difficulty and with a frightful execration. He threw down his racket and said something I could not catch; indeed, I fled into a neighboring arbor and gave myself up to such paroxysms of mirth as almost threatened me with dissolution.

I was conscious of great excitement among the company without, and heard what sounded like the hurried departure of some of them, but I was positively incapable of ascertaining what was going on. The vision of all Mangelwurzelshire's noblest as they stood around that fatal place, and pretended to ignore the fact that the very firmament was darkened above them by the Titbat family linen; and then the spectacle of that petticoat descending upon his Grace's brow, and of himself emerging from it, was always too much for me. I sat in the arbor and fairly wept. Presently, after several severe relapses, I became conscious of a companion. Beside me sat a little man, bald as a knob on the centre of a front door, and swearing softly, and, as it were, thoughtfully, to himself. It was only by his voice that I recognized Mr. Dornoway-Dicke.

"My dear Dicke," I murmured, for I felt it necessary to say something, "why are you here? why are you not entertaining (I did not venture to mention the Duke) your guests?"

"He's gone," he said. It was plain he was only thinking of one of them. "It was all on account of that infernal Mrs. Titbat. It's her own petticoat; it's marked with an M and a T."

I nodded, and held out my hand as though to entreat him to spare himself the recital of the catastrophe. I felt ready to expire. "But are all the rest of the people gone?" I murmured.

"What do I care! Yes. No. What a terrible day!"

"But, my dear Dicke," I said, beginning sincerely to pity him, "it will never do for you to stop here; you must not desert your friends."

"No, that's true," he answered, rising feebly and moving toward the house.

"But you have forgotten something."

"Have I? What? Oh, yes, my wig." It lay on the floor of the arbor where he had flung it in his frenzy. He stooped and put it on mechanically and hind before. This I ventured to remedy, and he thanked me in feeling tones. "Do you think he will ever come again?" he whispered, eagerly. "He was very angry. He thought they were our-own clothes hanging out to dry. I showed him the M and the T. But he would pay no attention. It is a dreadful blow."

And it really hurt poor Dornoway-Dicke exceedingly. He had not risen the next morning when I came up to town, and all the family were very much depressed, as though there had been a death in the house. He has been to the club once since, in a more beautiful wig than ever, but of course it can never deceive *me*. I asked, "How are all at home?"

"Pretty well, I thank you," he said; "that is, as well as can be expected. He has never been near the place since."

Of course I knew that by the personal pronoun he meant "the Duke."—[The Cornhill.

JUDGE POLAND'S PRIZE COW.

Washington Letter to The Louisville Courier-Journal.

A good story is told about Judge Poland, who for many years was a Representative in Congress from Vermont. The Judge is not a strict temperance man, and cannot make as good speeches upon water or milk as he does when offered something stronger. He was invited to make a speech in Maine, where the temperance laws are stringent. The chief committeeman knew that the Judge required a little inspiration, so he placed two mugs, supposed to be filled with milk, on the table behind which the Judge stood to harangue the crowd. Slyly the committeeman intimated to the Judge which mug he should drink from. The hint was understood, and the Judge had not gotten far on in his discourse before he became thirsty; he raised the goblet, quaffed it to the bottom, and set it down with the unctuous exclamation,

"*Ye gods, what a cow!*"

A WOMAN VOTER IN BOSTON.

Boston Correspondence Milwaukee Sentinel.

Some very funny things have come to me from the late municipal election, a memorable one, since then women first cast a ballot in Massachusetts. Mrs. Henrietta T. Wolcott, who is an officer of the association and a very active worker, of fine social position and a woman who has much executive ability, was selected to see that all the registered women in Wards Eleven and Twelve voted. At 2 o'clock all but two or three had put in an appearance, and fearing that these might fail she took a carriage and drove to their residences.

At the first house, a little bit of a place in an obscure street, she was informed that the lady she was in search of had just left the house, but would be back directly, and was invited to await her return. She found the house scrupulously clean, the parlor was ornamented with the usual pieces of hair work and preserved flowers, while portraits of Moody and Sankey occupied a place of honor on the wall. Presently the object of her search entered, a tiny little morsel of a woman, so short that when she sat down on the sofa her feet did not touch the floor. She was a cheery-faced little body, but with a decision of manner that was ludicrous in one so small. Mrs. Wolcott explained her errand and asked, "Are you going to vote?"

"Yes, I be," she replied with great energy; then turning to her companion she added in an explanatory voice, "I thought I'd wait till Bill went out. Let him vote first, then I'll go." Then turning to her visitor she proceeded, "I've had all the rights I've wanted all my life—right to work, I mean. I've fetched coal and wood and done my house work and sewing, and brought up my children, and now if there's anything else to get, I'm going to have it. I didn't care much about voting on this school question, but when it comes to voting on prohibition, I'm there."

"Then you don't believe in the license law?" inquired her visitor.

"No, I didn't believe in the license law, and I'm going to vote against it the first chance I get. Now, I'm going to vote for school committee, if that's all they'll allow me to do. Talk about woman being the weaker sex," she went on with scorn ineffable in voice and manner, "talk about woman being the weaker sex—why I've seen a great big man, well as any could be, eat his full allowance three times every day without the least trouble, so weak that he couldn't get round the corner without going into the grocery to get a drink. Going to vote? Yes, I guess I be!" And she did.

REMEMBRANCE.

Cold in the earth—and the deep snow piled above thee,
Far, far, removed, cold in the dreary grave!
Have I forgot, my only Love, to love thee,
Severed at last by Time's all-severing wave?

Now when alone do my thoughts no longer hover
Over the mountains, on that northern shore,
Resting their wings where heath and fern-leaves cover
Thy noble heart for ever, ever more?

Cold in the earth—and fifteen wild Decembers,
From those brown hills, have melted into Spring.
Faithful, indeed, is the spirit that remembers
After such years of change and suffering!

Sweet Love of youth, forgive, if I forget thee,
While the world's tide is bearing me along;
Other desires and other hopes beset me,
Hopes which obscure, but cannot do thee wrong!

No later light has lightened up my heaven,
No second morn has ever shone for me;
All my life's bliss from thy dear life was given,
All my life's bliss is in the grave with thee.

But when the days of golden dreams had perished,
And even Despair was powerless to destroy,
Then did I learn how existence could be cherished,
Strengthened and fed without the aid of joy.

Then did I check the tears of useless passion—
Weaned my young soul from yearning after thine;
Sternly denied its burning wish to hasten
Down to that tomb already more than mine.

And, even yet, I dare not let it languish,
Dare not indulge in memory's rapturous pain;
Once drinking deep of that divinest anguish,
How could I seek the empty world again?

EMILY BRONTE ("ELLIS BELL.")

LINCOLN AND LORD HARTINGTON.

From The Indianapolis News.

The Hon. Schuyler Colfax, in his lecture the other night, told a new story and a good one. The Marquis of Hartington, present leader of the English Liberal party, was travelling in this country during the war, and while here made a semi-official call on President Lincoln. He was introduced to honest old Abe in the White House with some ceremony, but Mr. Lincoln grasped the hand of the Marquis with his broad hand, closed a grip on it that brought the tears to the Englishman's eyes, and said in a cheery voice: "Glad to see you, Marquis of Hartington. Shall never forget you, because your name rhymes with one of our great characters—Mrs. Partington! How are you, Marquis?" and he gave Hartington another squeeze; after which my Lord left the executive chamber nursing his hand and his temper, declaring to a friend that "your American President is a boor!"

The secret of the President's action was that the Marquis had appeared at a ball in New-York a few nights before his visit to Washington and ostentatiously wore the rebel colors in his button-hole. The incident was published, and the President, knowing the Marquis was to call at the White House, concluded to give the haughty but ill-bred Englishman a puncture that he would get through even his Bull-hide. And he did.

OLD TIME SCOTTISH MINISTERS.

From The Leisure Hour.

There were remarkable oddities in the Scottish ministry in the times of old. Mr. Kennedy, in "The Days of Our Fathers in Ross-shire," recites, with admiration, the life of Mr. Sage, the pastor of the kirk of Lochcarron. He found his parish in a state of extreme depravity, and he made friends with the strongest man in the parish. "Now, Rory," he said, "I'm the minister, and you must be my elder, and we must see to it that all the people attend church, observe the Sabbath, and conduct themselves properly." So it seems to be true that between them they dragged the idlers into the church, locked the door, and returned to catch more; then the minister mounted the pulpit. Rory stood at the door with his cudgel, and the service proceeded. Mr. Kennedy says one of the earliest sermons was blessed to the conversion of Rory; and the whole parish, beneath Mr. Sage's pastorate, became remarkable for its orthodoxy of doctrine and behavior. This is a story like that of our William Grimshaw, of Haworth, who used to go out on the Sabbath morning through his long-neglected parish, and literally compel the people to come into the church. Before long it was a new place, and the good minister was as much loved as he had been first feared and then respected.

Mr. Shanks, of Jedburgh, was greatly perplexed by a text; he could make nothing of it; so, late at night, he started off to Selkirk, a distance of fifteen miles, to take counsel upon it with his friend Dr. Lawson. He arrived at 1 in the morning; he had to knock many times at the manse before he was heard. At last a servant appeared, asking who he was, and what in the name of all disorders could have brought him at that hour of the night. The perplexed parson insisted on seeing Dr. Lawson. He had been in bed hours since. "I must see him, however," said he, "and you must hold my horse until I come down."

He knew the way to the doctor's bedroom. He knocked, and entered in the dark. He told his brother minister his errand. Lawson entered into the difficulty of the situation, and, although in a somewhat dreamy state, he commenced an exegesis upon the text in question, showed the bearing of the context, referred to the parallel passages, and cleared up the whole subject to his friend's satisfaction, who thanked Dr. Lawson, bade him good morning, and then mounting his horse, rode back through the night to Jedburgh. In the morning, at about 5, Dr. Lawson awoke.

"My dear," he said to Mrs. Lawson, "I have had a very singular and not unpleasant dream. I dreamed that Mr. Shanks, good man, came all the way up from Jedburgh to consult with me about a text that troubled him."

"It was no dream," said Mrs. Lawson; "Mr. Shanks was here, in this very room, and I had to listen to all that you and he had to say."

SIZE OF THE WATTS FAMILY.

From The Mexico (Mo.) Ledger.

A lantern-jawed young man stopped at the Post Office last Saturday, and yelled out:

"Anything for the Wattses?"

George Poteet, our polite postmaster, replied, "No, there is not."

"Anything for Jane Watts?"

"Nothing."

"Anything for Ace Watts?"

"No."

"Anything for Bill Watts?"

"No, sir."

"Anything for Tom Watts?"

"No, nothing."

"Anything for 'Fool Joe' Watts?"

"No, nor Dick Watts, nor Jim Watts, nor Sweet Watts, nor any other Watts, dead, living, unborn, native, foreign, civilized or uncivilized, savage or barbarous, male or female, white or black, franchised or disfranchised, naturalized or otherwise. No, there is positively nothing for any of the Wattses, either individually, severally, jointly, now and forever, one and inseparable."

The boy looked at the postmaster in astonishment, and said:

"Please look if there is anything for John Thomas Watts."

PIETY AMONG CONGRESSMEN.

Troy Times Washington Letter.

One meets many sceptical men in high places here. Even in Congress, whose component elements are fresh from the bosom of the people, there is work for an able-bodied missionary; and as to church-going—don't you ever ask me what proportion of them are seen in our Washington churches enjoying the means of grace on a Sabbath day. But here and there one meets a devout one; not necessarily a strong man in legislation, but a man embellished with godly attributes, and who eschews letter-writing to his constituents on the Lord's day, or preparing briefs for cases of pressing interest at home even if he is a lawyer, and has left an urgent practice.

Occasionally, also, you meet a gay-mannered and rather dashing one who will astonish you with the pride he feels in theoretical orthodoxy at least. Such a one is the Hon. Ben Butterworth, of the 1st Ohio District, a strikingly handsome man and a good legislator, who is the son of Quaker parentage and proud of sharing their unworldly beliefs—in an amateur sort of way. He has a law partner in Cincinnati, the Hon. Ferdinand Vogeler, who is a staunch Republican, but a rationalist. When the municipal election in that city resulted favorably for the Republicans to their own great surprise, some one asked Mr. Vogeler what he thought of the result. "Really, it looks as if Ben's God had something to do with it!" he said with sudden earnestness. I told this to a Congressman from one of the Mississippi States. "Has Ben got a God?" he replied almost enviously. "Well, it would be a good thing if more of us fellows had one, too."

MRS. JOHN W. MACKAY.

A CALIFORNIAN IN PARIS.

AN AMERICAN CITIZEN RATHER THAN A MARCHIONESS—A TRIBE OF INTERNATIONAL BEGGARS—FRENCH HUSBANDS AND AMERICAN HEIRESSES.

In her new novel, "Under the Tricolor," Mrs. Lucy H. Hooper describes behind the name of "Mrs. John Bryan," the wife of the enormously wealthy California miner, Mrs. John W. Mackay. The book is dedicated to Mrs. Mackay, and her personality is perfectly apparent through the thin veil of fiction. She first appears in the book thus, the description purporting to be by "Miss Anson," an American correspondent in Paris:

It was not for a year or two later that I made the acquaintance of Mrs. Bryan, the beautiful wife of the Railroad King of the West. She is much younger than am I, this gentle queen of a golden realm far wider and more gorgeous than ever a fairy called into being beneath the stroke of her wand. And yet, though her husband's wealth surpasses all ordinary methods of computation, she is as simple and unostentatious as a child. She wears her splendid destiny as she wears her splendid toilets—as an accessory to a personality that rises above all accidents of fate. I look at her sometimes when she comes smiling into my little room as at an embodiment of all the choicest gifts of Providence. Accomplished, beautiful and beloved, good and generous as she is wealthy, an idolized wife, a cherished daughter, a devoted mother, I sometimes feel like praying her to fling her sapphire locket into the Seine to conjure away the possible frown of fate against a destiny of too perfect happiness. Even the envy, hatred, malice and all uncharitableness that, like the dog-fiends of Mephistopheles, follow hard behind any conspicuously brilliant existence, have to take refuge in falsehood when snapping and snarling against her. "If you were but ugly, or vulgar, or wicked, or ignorant," I once said to her, "the world might forgive you your good fortune. If they could only say, 'Poor Mrs. Bryan! what a pity it is that with all her husband's wealth she is so—something or other!' they would do very well. But you exasperate poor, weak human nature by having everything that Heaven can bestow, and so people needs must invent ridiculous stories about your wanting to buy the Vendôme Column and hang a lantern at the top thereof, and other equally probable anecdotes." And yet she is so good, so generous, so warm-hearted! Have I not seen those great lustrous blue eyes, the loveliest sapphires that she owns in spite of her well-filled jewel casket, overflow with sympathizing tears, time and time again, when some pitiful story has been whispered into her ever-ready ear? And she puts so much delicacy and tact into all that she does that a favor from her hands is sweet as the first flowers of Spring. I sometimes feel inclined to take her soft, jewelled hands in my own and cover their gemmed ivory with kisses, reverent as those a devout Catholic imprints upon a holy relic, knowing as I do what doors they have closed against misery and reopened to hope.

* * * But to go back to the subject of our titled Americans, why cannot our country-people in general imitate the spirited good sense of Mrs. Bryan's reply to the Pope's offer through his nuncio of the title of Marchesa? "I thank His Holiness," was her answer, "but I am Mrs. John Bryan and an American citizen,—those are titles enough for me." * * *

"Madame is within" I learn when I reach the superb hotel on the Rue de Tilsitt, and presently I am ushered into the cosy boudoir that keeps warm and sacred within its precincts the hallowed idea of home, the soul of this lordly dwelling, as a splendid oak with wide-reaching boughs and luxuriant foliage may shelter in the very heart of its verdure a soft nest with its pearly eggs or warmly sheltered brood. For, of all the legends that malice, envy-hatred and all uncharitableness that the public has accepted concerning Mrs. Bryan, there is indeed one that has some foundation in truth, and that is the one that represents her as loving her home and her children somewhat too well for her perfect realization of the type of a woman of the world. Only her intimate friends are admitted to this pretty sanctum, with its large arm-chairs, inviting chat by the essence of repose and comfort, its tastefully chosen ornaments and its general air of home. Beyond the draped doorways on one side are situated the bedrooms, three in number, where the fair mother lies down to rest among her children, the young daughter of the household, Viola Bryan, occupying the room on one side with her governess, and the two noble boys with their nurse having the other. Then on the other side of the boudoir is the dining-room, the suite of apartments being complete in itself.

She comes in, flushed and sparkling, from a romp with her two boys, who esteem no privilege more highly than that of a game of play with their lovely young mother. "I am fairly worn out!" she cries merrily, as she throws herself into one of the large arm-chairs. "Just fancy—my little Harry woke me up at half-past 6 this morning to tell him stories, and of course there was no more sleep for me. Then the American Minister and his wife dine here to-day, and I wished to surprise them with a national dish, so I have been busy for the past hour in making some apple-dumplings, greatly to the horror of my chef, who evidently thought my proceeding sadly undignified. Then I have been practising a new song for my music-teacher, Signor Castelli—one of his own composition—a setting of those exquisite verses by Sully Prudhomme, 'Le Vase Brisé.' You must translate it for me some day. You see I have been far from idle this morning."

And after a while she goes to the piano and pours out the sweet and sympathetic notes of her voice in the melody that has transfused into music the pathos of those charming verses by Sully Prudhomme, "The Broken Vase," whereof she had just spoken.

Hardly had the sweet wailing melody sighed itself into silence than a servant, who was waiting at the door, came forward to present to Mrs. Bryan a letter as she rose from the piano. She took it and opened it, and after glancing over the lines she dismissed the servant with a quiet "No answer." Then, with a smile half playful and half rueful, she turned the open page toward me. The missive set forth how one Manuel Mora, a Spaniard, wished to return to his home in Cuba, but being penniless he took the liberty of requesting the wealthy Mrs. Bryan to give him the trifling sum of five thousand francs wherewith to purchase his outfit for the voyage and to pay his passage. The bearer would wait below for an answer, which he had no doubt would be favorable, from all that he had heard respecting the generosity and the riches of Mrs. Bryan.

"Rather a cool demand," I remarked, as I gave her back the letter. "Do you know anything whatever respecting the writer?"

"Nothing at all, and you see he has not even the claim upon me of being a fellow-countryman."

"And he is not modest in respect to the size of his demand," I said, glancing again at the letter. "A thousand dollars is rather a large amount. Does he fancy that even the wealthiest of American ladies can give away such a sum to a total stranger as coolly as she might a handful of pence to a beggar?"

"And just remember that these calls upon me are continuous and unceasing. Sometimes I receive as many as five and six letters of that nature in a single day. Sometimes a Frenchman will write me word that he is in desperate need of fifty thousand francs, and if it is not instantly accorded to him he will either drown himself in the Seine or else jump off of the Arc de Triomphe. Or else I get a letter in a woman's hand, declaring that she is in despair for want of five thousand dollars, and that she will be driven to a life of shame if she does not get it. I caused some two or three of these cases to be investigated by the police, but as they invariably proved to be swindles I now let them pass by unheeded. But these letters used to make me very unhappy at first. I used to cry myself to sleep at night fancying I saw my wretched correspondents struggling in the cold waters of the Seine or dashed to pieces on the pavement of the Champs Elysées. But I have found out so many attempts to impose upon me that I am getting much more hard-hearted. Of course I am very glad to subscribe to any laudable charity, or to help any deserving persons who are really in need. But it would take the purse of Fortunatus to supply all the demands that are daily made upon me."

"Do they often ask you for such large amounts as your petitioner of to-day has done?"

"Indeed, his request, as compared with those of some others, is quite reasonable. One day I went to call on the Princess of Gallicia, and she told me of a very admirable English governess who much desired a letter of introduction to me, she having formerly taught the Princess's youngest daughters. So, as I required an English teacher for my daughter, I said I would be very happy to see the lady. The next day she came; a very lady-like, middle-aged person, who seemed to be just the governess that I wanted for Viola. So after the usual greetings I began to inquire into her method of tuition, etc. 'Ah, madam,' she replied, 'I have not come to you to seek a situation; my mission is of a far different character. You must know that I and my brother are the sole survivors of a noble family. We possess a handsome estate in the north of England. Unfortunately it is heavily encumbered with mortgages, so that we derive no revenue from it. Were these mortgages paid off my brother and I could live in affluence, and hearing of your immense wealth and your great generosity, I thought I would apply to you for the necessary amount. It would be but as a drop in the ocean to you—it is only one hundred thousand dollars—twenty thousand pounds.' I told her that I could not entertain such a proposition for a single moment. 'Then you give me no hope?' she said, rising. 'I regret to say that I can give you no hope whatever.' And away she went, evidently highly indignant at my heartless penuriousness."

"That was 'a little strong,' as our French friends say."

"Then I had another adventure of the same kind a few weeks ago, which was almost as extraordinary. The card of a gentleman purporting to be the Consul of one of the South American Republics, at Rouen, was brought in to me on my reception-day. I gave orders to have him admitted, for, as I am introduced to so many of these foreign officials at the French Ministerial balls, I am never quite sure as to whether I know them or not. The gentleman entered, very handsome and elegant looking, extremely well dressed, and wearing a superb ruby as a scarf-pin. As it was a stormy day there chanced to be no other visitors present, so he plunged at once into business. As usual he began with a preamble respecting my vast wealth and my well-known generosity, and then he proceeded to state his case. He was, he said, engaged to be married to a young French lady. He had purchased some valuable jewels, which he had presented to his betrothed, and when the bill came due for these costly ornaments he was unable to pay for them. So in that dilemma he had applied to me. Would I kindly loan him for a few weeks the sum of three hundred thousand francs. I quietly refused, remarking that the best advice that I could give him would be that he should tell the true state of the case to his lady-love, and get her to give him back the jewels in question, so that he could return them to their lawful owners. With many thanks for my kind advice, and a profusion of bows and apologies, he departed. The next day I received a letter from him. He stated that, being deeply touched by my goodness in receiving and advising him, he wished to show his gratitude in some way. He understood that I had a young unmarried sister. He knew of a young gentleman who had a fortune of eight millions and was a Count into the bargain. This wealthy and titled gentleman had commissioned my South American friend to seek for a wife for him, so in gratitude for my goodness he would accord the preference to my sister, and would wait below for my answer. Which answer he got in the shape of a request to leave my house. I afterwards heard of the arrest of this accomplished gentleman for obtaining goods under false pretences, as he was no South American Consul at all, but an impostor and a swindler."

"I am glad," I remarked, "that neither of these modest applicants were Americans."

"Yet demands from my own country-people are not lacking, and though less extensive are occasionally positively insulting. One man, for instance, wrote to me from the West that if I did not instantly send him money enough to buy a farm, he would invent some story of a debt that I owed him, write it on postal cards, and send one of these cards to each of the friends that I have in Paris. Of course I took no notice of the threat, and I presume he has given up his intention of executing it, as the postal cards have not yet begun to arrive. Then, on another occasion, a very refined-looking American, who gave her name as Mrs. Greyson, came to see me, and told me a piteous tale of her sufferings; her furniture seized, her children starving, and she herself almost fainting for want of proper food. I gave her quite a large sum of money, being moved to compassion by her recital. The next day I was driving in the Bois de Boulogne, when who should I meet but Mrs. Greyson in a two-horse landau, wearing a new bonnet and the freshest possible six-button gloves in pale-yellow kid."

"Then the other day a French Countess, whom I did not know at all, walked into my drawing-room and coolly asked me to let her have my rooms to hold a fancy fair in. She was very indignant when I told her it would seriously inconvenience me to give up my salons for a week, and that consequently I could not grant her request. I sometimes feel as though I would never do a charitable action again—never!"

"My dear, you could not help it if you tried. *C'est plus forte que vous!* Only the other day did I not hear of a copy of a picture in the Louvre purchased from a starving countrywoman, and paid for with a bank-note of a thousand francs—and so delicately was the whole transaction managed that pride itself could take no offence?"

She blushed like a girl receiving her first German favor at her first ball. "I thought that the story about the picture——"

"Would never be told. But you see, even though that soft left hand of yours is never suffered to know what its right-hand comrade is doing, there are eyes to find out, ay, and tongues to denounce you, madame, as a naughty impostor—a Sister of Charity masquerading in lace and diamonds—a gentle Providence wearing the disguise of a woman of the world."

She laughed and changed the subject. For there are two forms of conversation to which Mrs. Bryan will never listen—her own praises or a word of thanks for any one of her many kindly deeds. She took from the table a very beautiful miniature of her young sister, the newly-wedded Countess Teora, and asked me if I thought it was a good likeness.

"I thought at one time," she remarked, "that Adela never would marry, she was so resolved never to listen to proposals from any man whom she could not love and who did not love her. And Count Teora (despite his title, you staunch republican you!) is as devoted a husband as though he had been born under the Stars and Stripes instead of the red, white and green banner of Italy. The match was one of strong mutual affection—that only true basis for wedded happiness, despite all charitable rumors to the contrary."

"Dear, when I have written and spoken against the union of American girls with titled foreigners, it was only against those miserable alliances wherein American gold is paid down to buy a worthless ruined libertine or gambler, merely because he is called Duke, Prince, or Marquis, and has an ounce or so of noble blood in his veins."

"And if you only knew how many such alliances were offered to Adela! The story of the proposals made to her would fill a volume, but of course honor forbids that we should speak of them."

"My dear, you have no need to open your lips upon the subject, for the gentlemen themselves have been largely communicative, and they and their relatives have not hesitated to carry their intentions from house to house through the American colony. Was not the young Duke de Dious among her suitors?"

"Yes, but how did you learn——"

"Only listen. The Dowager Duchess called one day on Mrs. Thurston Harding, and asked her if she knew Miss Wallingford. Mrs Harding responded that she knew the young lady well, and that she was in all respects a most lovely and amiable girl. 'I am charmed to hear you say so, madame,' responded the Duchess. 'My son saw her at the last ball given by the Princess of Gallicia, and immediately fell violently in love with her. May I ask, Mrs. Harding, if you are a mother?' My friend replied that she had that joy. 'Then you can appreciate a mother's feelings when the happiness of an only son is in question! Money,' she continued impressively, laying her her hand on Mrs. Harding's arm, 'is no object to us. We scorn it—all I seek for in my son's marriage is mutual affection and the highest qualities of head and heart in the bride. But I am told that Mr. Bryan has announced his intention of bestowing upon his sister-in-law a dowry of two millions of your American dollars. Now that fact has nothing whatever to do with my inclination for the match—nothing whatever. In fact, we are ready to accept a dowry of one million only!'"

Mrs. Bryan laughed heartily. "My mother had a very simple way of getting rid of these fortune-hunting suitors," she remarked. "She used merely to ask when the offer was made, 'In what manner do you intend to support my daughter?' And when the invariable answer was returned that the gentleman had come to offer his title in exchange for a comfortable income, she would reply that such was not the American fashion of contracting marriages, and that was the end of it. But one day her sense of humor got the better of her, and she could not resist the temptation of playing off a small joke on a certain Marquise who came to open negotiations for Adela's hand on behalf of her son. My mother listened gravely to all the lady's praises of my sister's charms and accomplishments, and then replied, 'It gives me great pleasure to find my daughter so highly appreciated, for in fact she has no fortune whatever; we are educating her for a governess, and hope that she will obtain a diploma in a few weeks and be in a position to support herself.' The Marquise's face grew black as night with wrath and disappointment. 'Evidently I have been grossly misinformed,' she remarked angrily, and rising she swept from the room without even going through the formality of wishing my mother good-morning."

"And your fair young sister might have been a Princess half a dozen times over had she so chosen. Mrs. Bryan, I am very much afraid that you and your family are incorrigible Americans. And yet I have heard it averred in polite society that you had purchased the title of Duchess for a large consideration."

"What nonsense!" And again her sweet, merry laugh rang out in mirthful music. "It is true that only the other day the title-deeds of an estate, bearing with it a patent of nobility, were sent me for purchase, but I returned the papers unopened. Titles are all very well when they mean something, that is to say when they are the appanage of some old and long-descended family, or have been granted by a sovereign in recognition of some great deed or genuine service. But to *buy* a title—what an absurdity! How could anybody imagine that I would be so foolish?"

"My dear, there are people who delight in attributing to you every piece of folly under the sun. It is from these, and such as these, that come the senseless tales of your wanting to buy the Arc de Triomphe, of your dresses encrusted with precious stones, and such like inventions. You are too fortunate, too prosperous, too happy to suit the ideas of an envious world. But those who know you best are best aware of how utterly without foundation all these silly stories are. I only wish that all the world knew you as I know you—for one of the sweetest, the most unselfish, the most generous——"

She softly laid her jeweled hand upon my lips, and once again changed the conversation with a smile.

As I issued from the doorway of the hotel a shabby-genteel individual, draped in a large cloak, and showing a pair of fierce black eyes and a bristling moustache under the shade of his broad felt hat, advanced from his station on the other side of the street and tripped lightly up to me.

"Madame Bryan?" he asked insinuatingly.

"I am not Mrs. Bryan," I answered curtly, and went my way, leaving the writer of the begging letter, the soi-disant Manuel Mora, to prowl up and down before the door awaiting the exit of the lady of the house.

WELL SEASONED.—Visitor; "Well, Johnny, and how do you like this weather?" Johnny—"Oh, first rate! These old-fashioned winters always do agree with me."—[Judy.

A fussy old gentleman enters a railway carriage, and, without consulting any of the other passengers, at once lets down both windows. Old gentleman, looking round complacently: "A cold morning this, but I must say I like air!" Fellow-passenger gruffly: "It seems to me, sir, that, under the circumstances, it might probably suit you better, and would certainly be more comfortable for us, if you would get out and sit on the roof!"