

Goose versus Gander.

That Mrs. Spelthorne was a determined young woman everybody knew, and her husband knew it best of all, as it was quite right he should. Yet, because he loved her, he was always ready to make excuses for her to those who had any right to listen to them.

"You see," he would say, "she was an only child and motherless, and ran wild about her father's place while he was at his business all day. Then, later, she was constituted the mistress of his house, and ruled it with great firmness. She was also considered pretty by many people—I consider her so myself, although I am her husband—and she had other offers before mine."

"Yet she remained heart free until you came along. You ought to feel proud of yourself," the individual who was privileged to hear these observations remarked.

"Well, yes! perhaps so. Though I don't know about her being heart free. She had a lot of attention when she was, as you might say, running about wild at home, and, which was perhaps the worst of it, the attentive ones were not always desirable ones."

"Dear, dear," the listener said.

"Quite so, that has always been my view of it. There was one—it's truly dreadful to narrate—who was a clerk to a brewer in the neighborhood; then there was a doctor's assistant"

"Good heavens!"

"Then there was a curate"

"This is awful!"

"And a host of others. But, all the same, she was reserved for me, and I have got her; and if she is wilful, she is winsome, and I love her. Oh! I do."

Now Mrs. Spelthorne and her husband really did dwell in a very pleasant state of connubial amity—in spite of the revelations Mr. Spelthorne had just seen fit to make to his cousin (first) home from India—owing partly to the fact that they suited each other, and also did not interfere with each others' habits and customs, while, as becomes a modern model couple, each went their own way without bothering the other. Spelthorne, of course, had a club or so—what self-respecting husband hasn't?—and a club covereth a multitude of things. So, also, had Mrs. Spelthorne—the "Advanced Women's" it was called—and here it was her habit to regale some of her friends whom, as she used to say, "Charlie did not like, because he was so funny."

"But whatever made you marry such a funny man?" Lady D'Hautenbas (for this ancient Norman title see the "Peerages") would ask. "As a matter of fact," that aristocratic dame would continue, "I shouldn't think you wanted a husband at all."

"Shouldn't you! What did I see you waltzing with Sir George Ternham for last night, pray?"

"My dear child! a woman can't waltz alone in a crowded ballroom."

"Just so! Well, another woman takes a husband as you take a partner for a waltz. Women can't waltz alone, and they can't go through life alone. See! Let's have another cigarette."

All the same, the Spelthorne ménage ran well and smoothly. Charlie went to the City and played at being a stockbroker, and Jessie sat in her flat telling the cook of her past life and experiences, and talking about her father's place in Sussex, till it was time to go to the "Advanced Women's." But, one night, when Charlie came home to dinner, which he did regularly—sometimes—his wife said, "Lady D'Hautenbas wants me to go down to her little place at Molesey to-morrow to help her to choose the new wallpaper. We shall be quite alone, and just dine there, sleep there, and come back early next morning. So she is not asking you"

"Shouldn't go if she did," Charlie said. "Very busy myself. Great Taraxacum Gold Mines being floated. Late night in City. Go and enjoy yourself God bless you!"

"Dear old Charlie. Oh! by the by, give me some money, will you?"

"I can't. Check book is in the City."

"I know. But I tore two or three out the other day, so as to always have them in the flat if wanted. I'll just go and fill one up while you are smoking your after-dinner cigarette, and you can sign it. I won't be a minute."

"Thanks. You are a wonder at saving me trouble, Jessie!"

"I always was. Father used to say just the same thing. Ten pounds will do for the present. Back in a moment."

Twenty-four hours later than this not uncommon domestic episode took place, viz., at 9 o'clock at night, Charlie Spelthorne stood in the bedroom of the flat (the dressing room was sacred to his wife) and cast a fearful eye around it while taking the precaution immediately afterward of turning the key. Also he had taken the precaution of telling the housemaid (the cook and boy slept out) that she might go and see her invalid mother, which, unless the afflicted lady wore the uniform of the Irish Guards, it is possible Mary did not do.

Then, when all was at peace in the flat, as well as in the one above and the other beneath, Charlie opened a huge kit bag and drew out a polichinelle costume, white shoes, stockings, and all, and commenced to array his comely form in it. Then he powdered his face, went to his wife's dressing room, and, obtaining some weird unguent, dabbed two round spots on his cheeks, and next drew over his own fair curly hair the clown's wig.

"What a good job it was," he muttered, as he went through the mysteries of this toilet, "that Jessie went out of town with Lady D'Hautenbas to-day. Otherwise Algy and I—or I, at least—

could never have gone to the 'Chorus Girls' Ball.' They say half London, of sorts, will be there. We ought to have a ripping old time. I hope Jessie won't ever hear of it, though."

After which he pulled on a long rainproof coat down to his heels, clapped a sort of South African Yeomanry hat on his head, and stole down the stairs of Beauregard Mansions in Hammersmith, yept Kensington, while sneezing and coughing violently, and being, in consequence, obliged to hold an enormous white handkerchief over his face.

Half an hour later his fourwheeler drew up at some chambers in Bury-st., and a tall gentleman, also enveloped in a long coat, but disguised underneath as Henri IV (he didn't look a bit like him), got into it, and away they went to a well known tavern in the neighborhood of Cavendish Square, where a vast ballroom can be hired for similar and other functions.

There was a sound of revelry by night! And bright the lamps shone o'er fair women and brave men (Byron's copyright has expired by "efflux of time"—for this phrase vide the legal reporters). Likewise the soothing sound of the popping of festive champagne corks was to be heard, cigarette smoke perfumed the air, so did

But Charlie was always a hero, and he proved himself one at this time. While other men nervously stood still, he snatched the cloak off his Henri IV friend's shoulders, rushed at the burning lady, threw her down on the floor, fell alongside of her, extinguished the flames, and, amid a roar of applause from the company, got her, unharmed and untouched by the flames, to her feet.

But as she staggered up her mask fell off, and Charlie also staggered back, gasping and mumbling.

"You traitress!" he said. "You—you—choosing the wall paper, indeed! I knew it."

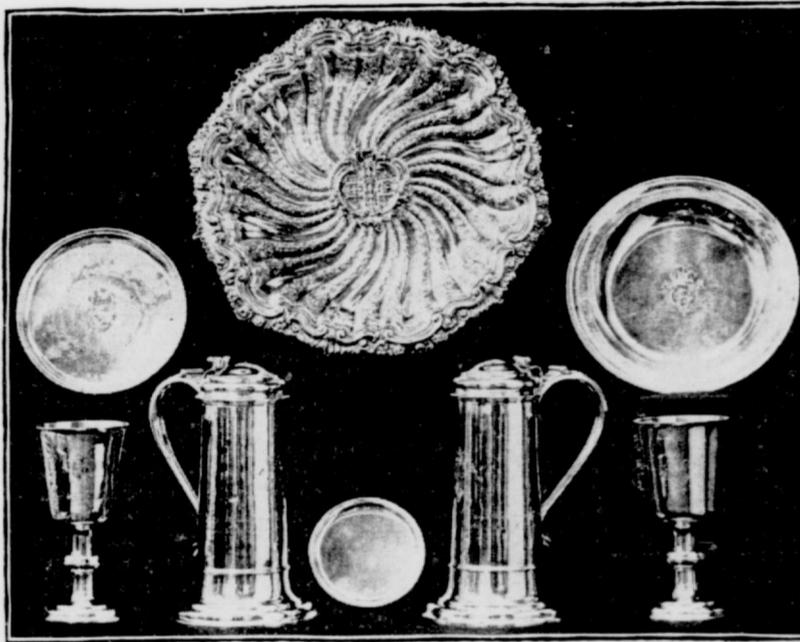
"You wretch! What about your old Podophyllin—I mean Taraxacum—Gold Mines. I'll have a divorce."

But all the same she didn't, because, you see, this was a case of "sauce for the goose," or "tit for tat," or "Ruse contre Ruse," or whatever it pleases you to call it.—(The King.)

OLD COMMUNION SILVER.

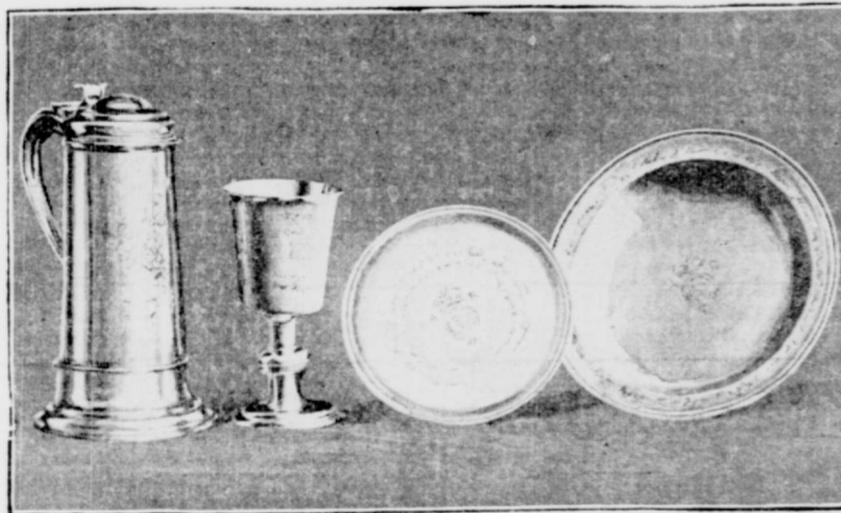
Sent from England by Queen Anne for Use of Indians.

The Tribune some time ago called attention to the liking shown by many New-York women



ONONDAGA COMMUNION SET.

In possession of St. Peter's Church, Albany, since 1715.



MOHAWK COMMUNION SET.

Queen Anne silver in possession of the Mohawks of Canada.

Patchouli and Opoponax and other things. "On went the dance and joy was unconfined." The floors shook beneath the concussion of hundreds of feet, and suddenly, in the middle of it all, Charlie reeled heavily against his friend Algy Smith, and exclaimed, "I've had a vision."

"Better have a drink, old chap. What's the vision, all the same?"

"You know this Lady D'Hautenbas by sight—I don't. Tell me, I implore, does she squint?"

"Like a fiend. Well!"

"Look at that woman in the black mask, close by. Weighs about sixteen stone; dressed as Juliet. Oh! do look, Algy."

"I am looking. It's about the bulk. She's a fine figure of a woman. But the eyes, especially the left one, don't look just like hers."

"The wall paper! The wall paper!" Charlie moaned. "The writing on the wall—I mean the wall paper!"

"This won't do, old boy," Algy exclaimed. "What did you have to drink at dinner?" But before he could receive an answer to this dietary question an awful thing occurred.

The chandelier—probably jumped out of its fastenings by the herculean efforts of the dancers—fell to the floor with a crash, and in doing so ignited the dresses of some of the dancers, especially those of the ladies. And one of these latter, dressed as La Pompadour, appeared now to be in pretty bad case, since she seemed well alight in a moment.

for taking communion from the old silver communion services that are in the possession of some of the churches of this city. St. Peter's Church, Albany, has a similar attraction for persons of like tastes.

In 1708 five Iroquois sachems were taken to England by Peter Schuyler, and to them was given an audience by good Queen Anne. Among the requests made by the Indian "kings," as they were called by the people of London, was a desire for churches to be erected in the Mohawk and Onondaga countries. This was agreed to by the Queen, and Governor Hunter, who arrived in 1710, built a chapel for the Mohawks at Ticonderoga, in 1712, which was enclosed by a stockade and named Fort Hunter. The chapel was named Queen Anne's Chapel, and in the same year a parsonage was erected. This little chapel in the wilderness should be of interest to the people of the parish of Trinity Church, New-York City, from the fact that two of the missionaries who were sent out by the venerable "Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts" became rectors of Trinity Church, the Rev. Dr. Henry Barclay and his successor, the Rev. John Ogilvie. Trinity Church subsequently became the custodian of funds arising from the sale of the lands belonging to the Queen Anne's Chapel parish.

Queen Anne also sent over all of the paraphernalia necessary for two chapels, but the Onondaga Church was never built.

Among the many articles of church furniture were two sets of solid silver communion service, one of which was used by the Mohawks in their chapel, which is still in existence in Canada, and the other (the Onondaga set) was left in charge of St. Peter's Church, Albany. This plate is used at every communion service there, and is prized highly by the people of St. Peter's, not only on account of its antiquity, but also for its intrinsic value.

Among the five "kings" who went to the Queen Anne Court in 1708 were "King" Hendrick (as he was afterward called by the whites) and the grandfather of the noted Joseph Brant. The Mohawk silver service, although carefully guarded by the family of "King Brant" for nearly two centuries, met with many vicissitudes, and the chapel itself was allowed to decay and was finally demolished in 1820.

During the Revolution the Mohawk communion service was buried on the old reservation at Fort Hunter, west of Schoharie Creek, on what is now the farm of Boyd R. Hudson. There it remained until the Mohawks became settled in the reservation near Brantford and on the Bay of Quinte, Canada, in 1785; then a party of Indians was sent back, who dug up the plate and took it to Canada. For a period of twenty-two years prior to 1807, the plate was kept by Mrs. J. M. Hill, the granddaughter of Captain Joseph Brant, whose mother was the original custodian, having kept it from the time of its arrival in Canada till her death. Of course the custodian was required to take the communion plate to the church on communion days. Later, to the Mohawks was presented another communion set, after which the Queen Anne plate was used only on state occasions.

In 1785 some of the Mohawks settled at the Bay of Quinte and the larger body on Grand River, at Brantford. The Rev. John Stewart, who had been their missionary at Fort Hunter, and fled to Canada with Sir John Johnson and the Mohawks, was appointed to take charge of both bands, and a church was built at both places by King George III. The plate was then divided; it consisted of seven pieces, two flagons, two chalices, two patens and one alms basin.

To the Grand River band was given the alms basin and one each of the other pieces, also a large Bible. The Mohawks at the Bay of Quinte have a flagon, a paten and a chalice in the hands of Mrs. John Hill, at Deseronto, Canada. The chalice at Grand River is much bent, the other pieces are in good order, as is also the Bible. Each piece of plate is inscribed: "The gift of Her Majesty Anne, by the grace of God, of Great Britain, France and Ireland and her plantations in North America, Queen, to her Indian Chapel of the Mohawks."

SPRING IN MANHATTAN.

Continued from page nine.

suppose you will have to be unmade soon, that underwear factories may replace you. Then I shall move back to Boston. Underwear is a very necessary adjunct to civilization, but it does not satisfy the soul hungry for a sight of some structures of beauty in its view, some architecture mellowed by time and older than the day before yesterday."

And as he passed up the avenue the words of Ruskin came to him, and he wished that he could preach from the housetops that "the only influence which can in any wise there [in the cities] take the place of that of the woods and fields, is the power of ancient Architecture. Do not part with it for the sake of the formal square or the fenced and planted walk, nor of the goodly street nor opened quay. The pride of a city is not in these. Leave them to the crowd; but remember that there will surely be some within the circuit of the disquieted walls who would ask for some other spots than these wherein to walk; for some other forms to meet their sight familiarly."

Everything on lower Fifth-ave.—or almost everything, for one towering new apartment house jarred on the vision—met his sight familiarly on this warm afternoon of spring. If a city can ever look beautiful it is in spring—in spring or in a soft snowstorm. If the vista of a street can ever look inviting, jovial, made for pleasure rather than for business, it is in spring. There is some magic in the air that winter and fall and dusty summer lack, a fact which is not properly appreciated by the real estate agents. But Lowell was not a real estate agent, and he thought the vista of lower Fifth-ave. had never looked so clean and bright and pleasantly suggestive of social life and intercourse in some town not so large but that all respectable people are neighbors. He could hardly believe that Fifth-ave., after it crosses Fourteenth-st., becomes a canyon between giant business buildings for half a mile, and then the riverway for the mighty torrent of uptown life. Down here one could cross from side to side with perfect safety. Beautiful red brick houses faced the walks, the pedestrians strolled along singly or in groups, as if they had leisure to enjoy the spring. The old Brevoort, jauntily flying the tricolors of France and flaunting its straw colored bricks and dove-blue shutters, laughed in the sun. The two brown churches, with their Norman towers, thrust themselves with grave and reverend dignity into the perspective of the west face of the street. An avenue omnibus jogged by. In one of the old square houses on a corner the small window panes were a faint purple, promising, with a few more generations of careful inmates, to become as deep a shade as the famous "Eas-