THE SILENT RULER.

We only know he walks with noiseless tread,
Unresting ever—voiceless as the dead.

We only know he brings us loss or gain,
The rose of pleasure, or the rue of pain—

All changes manifold of life or death,
From a leaf's promise to a dying breath.

We only know when this old earth and sky
Pass into nothingness, he cannot die—

The silent ruler with his scythe and glass,
Our Father Time, who sees the nations pass—

Yet gives no token over land or sea
Of his new reign—the veiled eternity.
—W. H. Hayne, in Youth's Companion.

POOR ELIZABETH.

BY A. JEWELL.

JOE was aware how darkly the eyes of Elizabeth could frown; he knew also that the same eyes could smile a summer of delight into a man's heart. Like England's Elizabeth, she was a born coquette and tyrant. No lover in her beat needed to complain he was taken unawares, for was not her path strewn with victims? And did she not carry her scalps conspicuously at her belt? She used to think it a defense to protest,—

"Well, I'm not, a cold, heartless flirt; I am really interested for the time being."

Joe's sister, who adored him, would say,—

"What a mean-spirited boy you are to keep on dangling after that girl!"

Joe would interject,—

"She's angling—I'm dangling!"

Said Mary, ignoring his wit,—

"She'll serve you as she did Philip Scudder, the young American she met last summer in Ogdensburg, and lured over here in the winter."

"Why, I'm sure she did not tell him to come; the town was free to all; is it her fault if she is magnetic?"

"Oh, my saucy sailor boy, don't deceive yourself! Will Marshall, in the postoffice another of her cast-offs—"

"Well, he has found consolation," slyly interrupted Joe.

Mary ignoringly proceeded,—

"He knows her writing, and I don't suppose all those letters were written to ward Philip off!"

"Well, well, Mollie darling, she can't help being fascinating; you know how it is yourself."

"None of your blarney, Mr. Joseph Stewart Crerar! I am not going to be won over to smile on this midsummer madness! If she cared for you in the least I'd help you to woo her. Even as it is, your woe-begone face tempts me to set my woman's wits to work in your behalf."

"Yes," he replied drearily, "she would step on me as readily as the greater Elizabeth stepped on Raleigh's cloak. Still, as you have discovered, 'Her very frowns are sweeter far, than smiles of other maidens are' to me. What can you do for a poor old bachelor?"

"I have a dim and distant idea," replied Mary, "of getting up a picnic to Thousand Islands."

"Oh, not distant, Moll, sweet Moll! You know how short my time is now."

"Must you go off on that wild expedition?" said loving Mary.

"Would you have me sit at home at ease and bewail our fallen fortunes, when there is wealth and perhaps fame to be won abroad?"

Mary's only reply was a sisterly pat and kiss. She went off with a pucker on her white brow, to think out her picnic campaign.

In Brockville, town of many cliques, it was not by any means plain sailing to get such an affair safely launched, and properly manned and womaned. Joe betook himself to his den, to put some finishing touches on a little poem for his scornful fair; for though he followed the sea and "sought out many inventions" while on land, it was a poet's heart that he had laid at the feet of Elizabeth Dare.

Mary and Joe were both wrong. They saw Elizabeth only when on guard. The frown she had ever ready for her true love, Joe, was intended as much to discourage rising throbs within her own breast as advances on his part. One fact that fanned the flame in poor Joe's heart was that she really never wholly discarded him. He was her boy lover, the first who had made her "cheek to change tempestuously," though even for Brockville "he had a rustic woodland air," having been brought up on a farm, to which his father had retired after his failure in business.

Elizabeth did not scruple to call him "backwoodsy" when in lofty mood, and she vowed that his sailor swing, since he had gone to sea, was no improvement. Therefore he stood little chance in a crowd. But alone, under the greenwood tree, or rowing her about among the fairy isles, he resumed his sway. So he listened hopefully to Mary's picnic project.

Always, between her various flirtations, Joe Crerar had his innings. There was a take-it-for-granted devotion permitted which she had no hesitation in "snuffing out," as she expressively, if not elegantly put it, when a more eligible suitor struck her fancy. To-day, at the picnic, she actually smiled upon him.

"Joe, you haven't written me any poetry for a long time."

"Oh, yes, I have Bess, but I've had no encouragement to send it."

"Well, never mind. Take me to the little throne you made for me long ago, and let us hear the latest from your muse."

Joe only too gladly led her to the rustic seat by the water, and throwing himself at her feet, produced his notebook. It was filled with a medley of knowledge, for Joe was a lad of parts.

"Do you remember the day you admitted there was a probability of your getting to care for me by degrees?" he asked.

"Did I? What a memory you have! Well?"

"The words suggested a little song. Shall I read it to you?"

"Proceed!"

"Love!
At first he dreams of love,
And half in scorn demands,
What is this little god
With arrows in his hands?

Love!
Right speedily responds
Dan Cupid with a dart;
The answer home has come
Into our lover's heart.

Lovest? say eyes to eyes,
More tenderly than speech,
Hand clasping hand replies.
Sweet Cupid aimed at each!

Our lover swears by warlike Harold,
His godship's bow is double-barrelled!"

"That's 'real cute,' as the Yankees say. However do you think of such things?"

But Joe's mind, even while reading, had been wandering.

"Now is my chance," said his hopeful heart. "Bess was never so dear and sweet to me before." Aloud. "Bess, I'm going away to win fame and fortune: will you keep this little hand for me till I come back?"

"Can you trust me, Joe? You don't while you are near me; how will it be when you are far away?"

"I hope you will give me more cause to trust you," said Joe. "You will be on honor then you know."

"It seems to me there's a good deal of taking things for granted going on," said wilful Bess, trying to summon a frown and pull her hand away.

But the hour was Joe's; he held on masterfully, saying at the same time—:

"Oh, yes, let me take it for granted?"

And he slipped an emerald ring on her finger which she knew was about his only heirloom. There was a bewitchment perhaps in the green gleam of the jewel which completed the charm; be that as it may, she did let him take her hand—for granted—and something else besides. Ah, picture too fair to be realized! Locks of gold and bronze intermingled! Eyes of blue saying to eyes of brown, "Lovest?"

As they walked back slowly to realities Joe said tenderly:

"I do not ask you, dear one, to call this an engagement. I love you too well to bind you with promises till I can offer you a home and position worthy of you. My father's debts are nearly paid: I am in honor bound to devote my energies first to clearing them off."

And Bess, all softness, replied:

"You are a dear, honorable, old boy. I am afraid I shall never be worthy of you."

"Dear heart, you are my guiding star! It is the thought of your smile, the hope of winning you for my very own, that nerves me for life's battle."

As they drew near the boats, one look at her brother's face was enough to tell his faithful little sister that it was well with the lad; her picnic was a success. She found a chance to whisper, ere they embarked:

"Has she accepted you?"

"She has accepted my love."

Elizabeth and Joe corresponded fitfully during the first year of his absence. It could not be otherwise, his movements were so uncertain; and for other and less good reasons, so were Elizabeth's.

The expedition had been so far successful, and already a firm foundation was laid for the fame and fortune Joe's soul craved. As the second year drew to a close Elizabeth's letters ceased altogether, and Mary (she was Mrs. Marshall now) wrote:

"Do not build your hopes too high. Elizabeth is in Montreal, gayer than ever. She will look at nothing now but an officer, and almost cuts her old friends, so dazzled is she by the red coats. A Major Shaw is her chief cavalier at present."

Joe, knowing his lady love of old, was not so overcome as he might have been by this report. He determined to see how matters were for himself.

He was intrusted with letters to the Government, and though his modesty had kept the fact so far from being generally known, he was a made man.

Upon reaching Montreal, he found his way without delay to the stately home of Elizabeth's uncle.

Elijah Dare's position in the Government gave his niece the entree to the best houses in the town. At that period no city in the world was more full of enjoyments in which the young delight. Though Europeans picture Canadians as frost bound all winter, that is really their gayest season; enlivened by skating, snow-shoeing, curling, sleigh-driving, with dancing worked in on every possible occasion.

Three or four of the finest English regiments made things lively that winter; the "red coats" flirted briskly into all the sports and festivities.

Elizabeth thought not overmuch of her sailor love as she danced with Captain Blennerhasset, her dress that he held her arm against his orders so awkwardly as to scratch it with his decorations. Who would not be wounded in such a cause?

Her softest thought for Joe was gratitude that he had left her free. She put his grandmother's ring away in a box, ready to return it to him on the first opportunity. His letters she destroyed as soon as they were read, and felt no fear as to her own, knowing how honorable he was.

And every day Joe looked out over the lonely waters, dreaming high dreams, and planning another worthy throne for his queen, saying softly to himself:

"The sweetest woman that e'er drew breath, Elizabeth, Elizabeth!"

When Joe was ushered into the reception-room of the Honorable Elijah Dare he was told that Miss Dare was at home, and would see him. Presently she entered the apartment, a very queen. He would have clasped the radiant maiden to his heart but the frown of old was in possession. His bronzed cheek blanched.

"What! Is this my welcome?" he cried.

She smiled coldly.

"I'm glad you have come, Mr. Crerar, for we can at once come to an understanding that this nonsense must end right here."

And she handed him the emerald ring.

"But why! What have I done?" said Joe.

"I have nothing to say against you. It is your position that will not do. You are little more than a simple sailor. I wonder you do not yourself see the absurdity of your pretensions."

"But," eagerly began Joe, "have you not heard—do you not know——"

He stopped abruptly; this girl must accept him for his own sake, if at all.

Elizabeth held out her hand.

"Let us still be friends, Joe," she said, almost pleadingly.

He stepped back and folded his arms. Something in his manner startled the coquette. She looked at him questioningly.

"Then you reject me, Elizabeth? You mean it?"

"Yes, fully. Now you must go," she hurriedly added. "Major Shaw is waiting to escort me to the governor's reception."

He bowed low, almost mockingly, though he could not hide the anguish which the dying love in his heart threw up to his eyes.

He simply said, as they parted:

"I think you will live to be sorry for this."

Why, when she found herself alone, did Elizabeth tear from her corsage the roses Major Shaw had sent her, and cast them from her as though their thorns had stung her? Sorry she began to be from that hour, for she had a heart which seemed to turn and rend her for keeping it from its rights. Sorrier she grew as the months went by, and Joe was talked of in every drawing-room as the wonderful young inventor whose energy and skill had made him rich and famous.

But her "sorrow's crown of sorrow" was worn on the day when Miss Elizabeth Dare received cards inviting her to the cathedral to witness the joining together in holy matrimony of Captain Joseph Stewart Crerar to Madeline, only daughter of Sir Angus Cameron, commander of Her Majesty's forces in Canada. Poor Elizabeth!

ANTIPATHY AMONG ANIMALS.

Different Species of Beasts Dislike Each Other.

The likes and dislikes of animals are unaccountable. Some horses take a violent prejudice against certain men, even though they are treated kindly and though the man's moral character is fair. Between the cat and dog there is a violent antipathy, which, however, is not frequently displayed by mutual respect, and even affection in exceptional cases. The elephant hates dogs and rats. Cows dislike dogs, and so do sheep, and, what seems stranger, are particularly partial to bears. On the other hand, horses loathe and detest camels and refuse to be decently civil to them after long acquaintance. They even hate the place where camels have been, which seems to be carrying race prejudice to an extreme.

Evolutionists are accustomed to explain these instinctive feelings as survivals of ancestral enmities dating from the days when one race preyed on the other. This would account for the natural enmity of cows to dogs, for when cows were wild they were obliged to defend their calves from bands of predatory wild dogs. But why should the horse like dogs? It is but the other day that the wild horses organized to defend their colts from wolves in our Western prairies. What could the ancestral horse have had against the ancestral camel of a million years ago? Above all, why should the horse approve of the bear? It must be that the horse has a dormant sense of beauty and of humor. The ideal of the horse is grace, combined with strength. He disapproves from the bottom of his nature of the hopelessly vulgar, awkward and unaesthetical camel. The bear, he sees at once, though clumsy, is unpretentious, truthful and not devoid of a sense of humor. The dog he recognizes as a good fellow, companionable not unselfish. He therefore forgets his ancestral predacious habits. A strong bond between the dog and the horse is that they are both fond of sport, whereas a camel would not go an inch to see the best race that was ever run.

The horse does seem a little prejudiced in the case of the camel, but it is a fine, aristocratic, unreasonable prejudice he has. And we like him for himself and for showing that the evolutionists cannot explain all the sentiments of a refined and highly organized animal. Man, of course, they can account for in every particular.—Hartford Courant.

Newspaper Schools.

An interesting and meritorious new feature of the daily newspaper known as the "Home Study Circle" is now finding a permanent footing in a number of papers, each in a different city, the same matter appearing simultaneously in all. During the past summer the scheme was developed by a series of signed articles by experts in various lines, under the head of "Summer School at Home." Now under the "Home Study Circle" regular courses are to appear in the pursuit of which the readers are encouraged to form clubs.

The largest number of tracks in any German railway passenger station is at Frankfort—21—Munich coming next with eighteen.