

A Story of Artist Life in Munich.

that nothing you might know could make her do it. Lilli informed me when I last saw her, two days ago, that she had been asked in marriage by the Baron Volrath.

"And her answer to him?"

"She had not given him an answer yet."

"That should not," he cried, "I will force her to what my love is worth to her."

He made for the door.

"Stop!" his mother said, ringingly.

She took off her bonnet and reseated herself. Her son looked at her.

"You have something else to do before that," she said with an effort. "I was about to try to assist you in its performance; now I regret it. You have yet to rectify the mistake you have made. Every minute I neglect for a minute what devolves upon you to do in this matter and see if the Fraulein Lilli will listen to the suit of the most effectually ruined man in Munich."

She picked up her book.

At that moment her son realized to the fullest his own weakness and her strength. She had always governed him with her love until she had destroyed him in the will to oppose her.

He felt the strongest feeling of his life swayed him—his love for Lilli. He knew his actress other than his mother knew her delicate sensitiveness which contact with the world had not blunted. It was this delicate sensitiveness which gained for her the character of a girl of genius, which often made her impersonations on the stage too refined for the general taste.

His mother's last blow was the hardest. Lilli would blame him for an instant's delay in the adjustment of the terrible mistake he had made. He could not blame himself for it! No, he must not go to her until he had done what he could to shield the woman he waited on in the shop.

He hastened to the station. Here he notified the police as to what had occurred. The police took no notice. From the most morbid condition into which he had plunged these last few days, a horror of the outcome of it. All that night there were vain attempts to discover the elderly woman in a black cloak and veil who had asked for a suit of mourning to her. Every minute Clark became more anxious. The finding of the woman seemed to be the pivot upon which hung his future happiness or unhappiness—it seemed almost as though Lilli said: "Find her, and I am yours; find her not, and take her, and I will break with you. I will run about the streets, proclaiming the incident."

All night long Clark did what he could to rectify his mistake. At day break, haggard and worn, he left the station and went home. His mother met him. She had heard of all that had happened, and she told him that what he had done was undertaken for love of the actress—it had not been mere infatuation with him. She knew that she herself was placed aside forever; that henceforth he was removed from her control. And she had loved him as the only thing that she had ever loved, and from her native land for his sake. If she had only thought that more than infatuation for the actress had been the source of his admiration! But no, she could not have known that. She said, "Your son's wife should be his Lilli, and Lilli had asked me coldly to her, had smiled with an ennuied air and mentioned the Baron Volrath! O, her poor boy!"

When he came in she dared not sympathize with him; she dared not say a word to him. She could only question him with stricken eyes.

"I am doing what I can," he said to her, and passed on to his own chamber where he locked himself in and where she feared to go to him.

That day red placards were placed on the bill boards; "Extras" were thrown about the city with sensational headings—"A Life Endangered," "a case of poisoning," "Wanted all women who bought bismuth last evening," "The police are hunting for the actress and everybody was hunting for the elderly woman in a black cloak who had purchased a small quantity of bismuth. The station was crowded with people who wished to have their medicines examined; women became hysterical and declared themselves poisoned, and were dissatisfied when it was proved that they were mistaken. It would have taken a barrel of bismuth to have given even the smallest quantity to each of those who claimed that he or she might be the unfortunate victim. The day went on, and in the evening came and the elderly woman in the black cloak remained undiscovered."

The Fraulein Lilli naturally heard of the commotion. Her maid spoke much of it when she carried the chocolate to her bed side.

Greta thought that her mistress looked poorly these two or three days, and that her acting last night showed a perceptible falling off. So with the chocolate she carried fresh news of the strange excitement in the theatre to her mistress, and with a cheerful smile. Instead, the fraulein looked at her silent and read the items in the morning paper.

Greta set the tray and the chocolate jug on the stand in reach of her mistress and picked up the paper. She had little more than unfolded the sheet when she uttered an exclamation.

"Fraulein," cried she, "what do you think? The mistake took place in the shop of your American friend, Herr Clark."

Lilli gazed blankly at her. Greta went on to read the paper's account of the affair in all its minutia.

When she had done Lilli arose and slipped on a peignoir of rosy silk. She crossed the room to a box on the table at the further end; she raised the lid of the box, only to let it fall.

There is the letter I wrote to the Baron Volrath," she declared.

"I posted it while you were at the theatre last night—when I came home after taking you there," answered Greta. "Did you not tell me, fraulein, always to post the letter I found in that box?"

Lilli turned her back to the maid.

Her acceptance of the baron, then, had gone to him and she had made to recall it.

Why?

The story which convulsed the town told her more than it told the town, and she owed to herself and to the one man and to that was not the one whom she had accepted as her husband, but who he had made a deadly mistake through thought of her. If that letter she had placed in the box was posted there was another to be read, the piece, she fumbled at the pocket of her peignoir.

"Greta," she said, "the letter that was here?"

"I found it when I hung up the dress last evening," answered Greta. "It was stamped, as you saw, along with the other." Lilli laughed. The second letter went to Clark; in it she told him she had accepted the Baron Volrath. Well, it was right that it should go after the other letter; and yet she would have been glad to have had them both in her hand at this moment.

"Greta," she said, "Why do sit there reading nonsense? Do you not know that we leave Munich after the performance to-night?"

She threw down the paper.

"But, Fraulein," she cried, "I thought we should wait until to-morrow, when the Baron Volrath would come to Munich and go to Berlin with us."

"We leave Munich to-night."

"You may say the baron will not be here till to-morrow."

"We leave to-night."

"Greta could not understand her mistress that day; she was tyrannical, nothing pleased her, and she started at the slightest noise, reproaching any caller, and grew more unbearable each moment. She was glad enough when it was time to go to the theatre. Even here her mistress brought that day's mood with her; nothing was right, her costume was complained of, she was curt to the manager and delayed the rising of the curtain much beyond the usual time. The house was packed from pit to dome on the occasion of her farewell to Munich. Moreover it was an especially jolly house for the affairs of the drugist had assumed ludicrous proportions and people were accusing one another of wishing to ruin the small quantity of bismuth.

The menins of the city were already using the name of the drug as a catch word. Many wise heads declared that it was all

A gentleman confronted him. "You are speaking of my betrothed wife, sir," he said. Clark with clenched fist looked at him.

"You lie!" he thundered. The baron strode up to him. At this moment the door of the dressing room opened and the actress with a face like marble stood on the threshold.

"Lill, my loved one," said the baron, and went to her and saluted her.

For a moment Clark gazed stupidly at the pair, and then without having said a word to her went from the room, from the house, reeling like a drunken man.

"Come!" said Lill. "We shall be late for the train."

"But that man?" queried the baron.

"The American druggist who has made Munich laugh to-day," answered she. "I have frequently met him; he came presuming to bid me adieu!"

"I am glad," soberly returned the baron, "that public life will soon be over for you."

"Come she said.

In the train she shivered as though from cold. The baron wrapped a rug around her.

"Then she drew away."

"Lean thy head upon my shoulder," he said.

She would have refused to do so, but he drew her pretty head down to his arm.

"You have worked too hard," he said leaning tenderly over her. "But now you will soon be at home and at rest."

"Yes," she returned, and closed her eyes. "Yes."

He drew her closely to him and she did not resist. He held his arm around her. After a while he thought he slept was very peaceful and looked smilingly down upon her upturned face. Then he cried out. He tried to wake her and could not. The powder she had taken in her dressing room had given her a sleep from which she would never awake in this world.

Thrift And Waste in Married Life.

Writing in the Quiver, the author of "How to Be Happy Though Married" says: I quite believe in marrying for gold and working for silver; but there should be a reasonable chance of getting work to do, for it is nothing less than criminal folly to marry on nothing a week, and that uncertain—very! On the other hand, there is some truth in the saying that what will keep one will keep two. Show me one couple unhappy merely on account of their limited circumstances, and I will show you ten who are wretched from other circumstances. There are bachelors who are so ultra-prudent, and who hold such absurd opinions as to the expense of matrimony, that, although they have enough money, they have not enough courage to enter the state. Pitt used to say that he could not afford to marry, yet his butcher's bill was so enormous that some one has calculated it as affording his servants about fourteen pounds of meat a day each man and woman! For the more economical regulation of his household, if for no other reason, he should have taken to himself a wife. Of course a young man with a small income cannot afford to marry if he smokes big cigars and gives expensive drinks to every fool who claps him on the back and calls him "old man." He must be particular, too, in choosing a wife to select one who is economical and who can keep house with the least amount of waste. Swift's saying about nets and cages is well known. He thought that one reason why many marriages are unhappy is because women spend their time in making nets to catch husbands rather than in making cages to keep them in when caught. True, a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush, and we see no reason why a girl should not do all that is consistent with self-respect and modesty to obtain a husband. She should remember, that conquests have to be kept as well as made, and that for a woman to fail to make and keep her home happy is to be a "failure" in a more real sense than to have failed in getting a husband. "Why don't the men propose, mamma?" One reason is because they are afraid that the girls of the period will make extravagant wives. The other day a girl was talking with a middle-aged bachelor; the girl was of a by no means shy disposition, so she began to "chaff" him about his wretched, unmarried condition. "Why don't you marry? Can't you afford to keep a wife?" "My innocent young friend," was the reply, "I can afford to support half a dozen wives, but I can't afford to pay the milliner's bills of one." And you mothers think not always about getting good husbands for your daughters, but think sometimes how to make your daughters, fit to be good wives.

A Point of Etiquette.

The "point of etiquette," in regard to not sealing letters sent by the hand of a friend, is to be considered, undoubtedly, as settled by the usage of polite society. And yet there are two sides to the question. To intrust to a friend an unsealed letter to a third person is a compliment to a friend; but why should it be thought necessarily uncomplimentary if the letter be sealed? On the other hand, the sealing of a letter may be deemed always advisable, for one good reason at least. The contents of an unsealed letter are never safe. They are safe so far as the honorable friend is concerned, but not safe in any other sense. They may be lost from the envelope easily and innocently. They may be abstracted and read by the servant to whom the note is delivered at the door, or by any prying individual who may find the missive lying on the hall table awaiting the owner's arrival. Especially unsafe it is to place an unsealed package articles of money value. Would any sane man send a \$50 bill in an unsealed envelope by the hand of a friend or anybody whomsoever? The friend himself if he knew the nature of the inclosure, would be very apt to protest against this sacrifice of common sense at the shrine of etiquette.

Joe Bunker, with his family, joined a wagon

Then Buster received some information that staggered him. He was more than a hundred miles from the trail he had lost so long before. This train was en route for Oregon, and rather than run the risk of getting lost a second time in searching for the other trail, he cast his lot among them, and found a happy, and in time, a prosperous home in that state.—Daughters of America.

Without the Middleman's Aid.

Every morning there comes to the house in which I live a fine hale, old man, with the fresh scent of country lanes about him, who brings an abundant supply of vegetables, of a quality one can only find in the most expensive green groceries and fruit stores. He makes a business of serving the products of his little market garden across the North river to a choice list of customers in certain apartment houses of the better order. He sells all that he can deliver, and the prices he gets, while reasonable enough to satisfy his patrons, are sufficiently liberal to compensate him handsomely. There are other men, I notice, who make a specialty of milk, eggs and other fresh table commodities, which they deliver after the same fashion, directly from their farms or poultry yards. They pay no tribute to a middleman, nor are they under any expense for a city shop. They begin by drumming up custom in good houses, and, as they serve the best of material, are not long in establishing a profitable connection. After this it is plain sailing with them.

The business of putting up preserves and jellies seems also to be extensively followed by rural housewives who seek their industry in much the same way. Some of them advertise in the family papers. The majority employ a drummer to beat up custom in town. The fact that they can afford the expense of advertisement or the salary of an agent, and still make a greater profit than if they sold their products to the shops, may serve as a slight hint of the proportions of gain that fall to the middleman or retailer. A man in Fordham who has quite an extensive fruit farm which, thanks to his passion for improving varieties, produces some of the finest fruit in the country, informs me that he now gets nearly three times as much for the product of his orchard, which he retails himself, than he did when he sold it to a fruiterer. And still his customers get it cheaper than they did from the fruit shop.—Alfred Trumble in New York News.

The Flight of a Cannon Ball.

To untutored hearers a formula set down in algebra would convey less idea of a hindered though not vanquished cannon ball than would the simple speech of a savage who, after tracing its course (as only savages can), has called it "a demon let loose." For not only does it seem to be aimed with a mighty will, but somehow to govern its action with ever-ready intelligence, and even to have a "policy." The demon is cruel and firm; not stupidly obstinate. Against things that are hard and directly confronting him he indeed frankly tries his strength, and does his utmost to shatter them and send them in splinters and fragments to widen the havoc he brings; but with objects that are smooth and face him obliquely he always compounds, being ready on even a slight challenge to come, as men say, to "fair terms" by varying his line of advance, and even, if need be, resorting to crooked, to sinuous, paths. By dint of simple friction with metal, with earth, with even the soft, yielding air, he adds varied rotatory movements to those first enjoined by his mission; he improves his fell skill as he goes; he acquires a strange nimbleness; can do more than simply strike—can wrench, can lift, can toss, can almost grasp; can gather from each conquered hindrance a new and baneful power; can be rushing, for instance, straight on in a horizontal direction, and then, because of some contact, spring up all at once like a tiger intent on the throat of a camel.—Kinglake's "Crimea."

A Black Hills Dramatic Critique.

From the Custer City Chronicle.

Her voice was a cross between the hum of a cyclone and the screech of a locomotive under full steam. It trembled away in cat-like cadences and rose again like the wail of a mellow in distress. Again it rose in hollow tones not unlike the wind dallying over the mouth of an empty gully. Stopping only long enough to take wind, she rose slowly to her tip toes, and with gyrating arms' and heavy chest gave a fair imitation of the road that fortells a Dakota blizzard. Old Jim Baker's pet panther, chained to a post in the lot back of the opera house, heard some of her high notes and they skinned the poor beast out of a year's growth. It was the first time our town was ever visited by a genuine female callopie, and we hope she'll come again."

The Treatment of Wine.

There is probably no greater delusion in the modern gastronomic art than the notion that age enriches wine illicitably. If a three or five year wine is better than the crude juice, the process must go on forever, and the wine of 500 years must be the veritable nectar of the gods. It is a myth of the poets. Wine is an organic product, and to everything organic there is the immutable law of growth and decay, life and death. There is no exemption. Dosing with foreign substances, fortification with brandies and alcohol, care of temperature and other devices may stave off the fatal decline, but for only a little.—Home Journal.