THE ST. PAUL SUNDAY GLOBE. SUNDAY MORNING, MARCH 23, 1884.

arms.'

the world was nothing to him.

THE BABY'S PRAYER.

10

She knelt with her sweet hands folded; Her fair little head bowed low; While dead vines tapped at the window And the air was thick with snow. Without, earth dumb with winter; Within, hearts dumb with care; And up through the leaden silence Rose softly the baby prayer.

"Bless all whom I love, dear father, And help me be good," she said Then, stirred by a sudden fancy, She lifted the shining bead. Bid she catch on the frozen maple Some hint of the April green, Or the breath of the woodland blossoms, The drifts of the snow between?

"The beautiful trees," she whispered, Where the orioles used to sing: They are tired of the cold, white winter, Oh, help them to grow in spring; And the flowers that I loved to gather, Lord, bring them again in May, The dear little violets, sleeping Down deep in the ground to-day."

Ah, earth may be chill with snowflakes, And hearts may be cold with shownas And hearts may be cold with care, But wastes of a frozen silence Are crossed by the buby's prayer; And lips that were dumb with sorrow In jubilant hope may sing; For when earth is wrapped in winter, In the heart of the Lord ,tis spring.

A TERRIBLE REVENGE.

It was on the eve of the battle of Solferino. The French regiments, which had arrived from Milan during the day, by long and dusty roads, under a broiling sun, exhausted by fatigue, were encamped on an immense plain, shut in by a chain of hills, on which towered the white houses of the town. Lightning, playing among the leadillumined at intervals en-colored clouds, with lurid light the battlefield of the morrow. Nothing else lit up the camp. No fires were allowed as a measure of prudence,

All were not asleep, however. Besides the outposts and pickets, many in camp were wide awake. Here and there were groups of men, lying on the grass around their tents, conversed in a low tone and discussed the probable issue of the coming battle.

In the middle of a small group of officers, who talked over the chances of the morrow, was Col. Eugene de Valmont, who commanded a regiment of light dragoons. He had the well-earned reputation of being one of the most splendid officers in his own branch of the service. Althoug a strict disciplinarian, he was beloved in the regiment by officers and men alike, and deservedly

Col. de Valmont appeared to pay but little attention to what was said. He seemed in a profound reverie, as he bit, rather than smoked, a half consumed cigar. Turning suddenly to his surgeon-major, a veteran with a well-bronzed face, he said:

"Brisac, do you believe in presentiments?"

"It depends, Colonel. One may have them, no doubt; but to admit that they are ever realized is another matter."

"You look upon them as valueless, devoid of any prophetic importance?" "Quite so."

"Ah! It is true, as is said, that all you doctors are more or less materialists." After a pause, he added: "You are right, perhaps, and so much the better. There are some thoughts which should be banished on the eve of a day like what to-morrow promises to

So saying he got up and added: "I shall turn in and get some rest and advise you all to do the same. In a few hours we shall need all the strength we can command."

One by one the group broke off and presently there was left only three officers-the major, a captain and a sub-leiutenant.

"What did the Colonel mean by presentiments?" asked the younger of them. "We know he has no fear about to-morrow; yet his manner and his last words, to say the least, are not reassuring."

"Had you been longer in the regiment, young fellow," replied the major, "you would know that the Colonel periodically gets 'the blues;' but we take no notice of them. They soon pass, and he becomes himself

away. She called his name at the top of her voice, and ran up and down the beach until exhausted. 'Bystanders who heard her cries helped her in the search; but they foundnothing."

Lieutenant.

from the

consul,

wife, whom grief had killed.

about presentiment.

oovs, and then-!"

good-night.

my's

ills.

The

leath

Peals of thunder bellowed forth and vivid

ightning played over the ghastly sight be-

It was after the delivery of the charge

ise before him about a dozen huzzars, in

white, of the Archduke Albrecht's regi-

ment. Led by a young lieutenant with fair

hair and a budding mustache, they sabred

the French dragoons with maniacal

tion. A few vards off some dismounted men

whom was an officer of Albrecht'a Hussars

killed by a bullet in the forehead.

that Col. de Valmont suddenly saw

and wreaked a terrible revenge!'

him and yet restore him. Vain delusion!

But we humor him in his hope. He has

since devoted his whole life and soul to his

regiment; but the wound at his heart has

Oh, many years ago, When husking bees and singing school: "Was Lucien drowned?" asked the Sub-Were all the fun, you know. "This was the question started, but i

seemed well-nigh impossible. The child could only toddle, and the sea was too far The singing school in Tarrytown-A quaint old town in Maineplace indicated by the nurse. Was wisely taught and grandly led this hypothesis was given up. The police By a young man named Paine, considered it a case of kidnapping, and went to work; but failed to find a clue. They A gallant gentleman was Paine, searched for weeks through all the slum Who liked the lasses well; of the city-the low quarters where the But best he liked Miss Patience White, dregs of the population congregate, the scum of the Mediterrnean—but with no success. As all his school could tell.

A description of the child was sent to every One night the singing school had met; with orders to make full inquiry. Young Paine, all carelessly, De Valmont himself obtained special leave Had turned the leaves and said, "We'll sing of absence from the war office and spent a On page one-seventy," year in trying to solve the mystery. He returned more dead than alive, to bury his

A PAINFUL STORY.

From Good Cheer.

Twas in ye pleasant olden time,

'See gentle patience smile on pain," On Paine they all then smiled, "As to the Colonel, at first he had serious But not so gently as they might; And he, confused and wild, intentions of joining the Trappists and re-tiring from the world. But hope sustains him still He believes, if his boy was not Searched quickly for another place. drowned, that Proidence will take pity on

As quickly gave it out; The merriment, suppressed before, Rose now into a shout. These were the words that met his eyes

never healed, and when it breaks out afresh (He sank down with a groan): becomes sad and sorrowful, and talks 'O give me grief for others' woes. "La Severina, I believe, has kept her word And patience for my own !"

Brisac finished his story and wished all ROSES FROM THE TALMUD, "We have six hours for sleep and then my Stories in Which Rabbis and Others Have

Rejoiced for Ages-Flowers Whose Fra-On the morrow, at the early hour of 6 grance is for all Time. o'clock, a double line of smoke extended The Talmud-that vast and comprehenfor a distance of two miles on each side of sive encyclopedia of rabbinical law and the plain. The French had brought almost all their guns into action. The Austrian legend, decision and interpretation, wit and batteries posted on the opposite hllls, replied with a well-directed fire. In this artillery wisdom, embracing the views and principles of a thousand rabbis stretching over nearly a duel, which lasted for some hours the adthousand years-can aptly be compared with vantage remained with the French. The a garden. But, although the clime is an superiority of the Austrian position was more than counterbalanced by the deadly effect of the rifled guns of the French, which eastern one, and the sky and atmosphere wholly different from our own, certain roses were first employed in warfare at the me-morable battle of Solferino. The carnage that pose in that garden appeal to the human

heart in every age. Let us cull a few of these roses—a few fresh varieties which will is to the further credit of Miss Hill—I say it was frightful and the result disastrous to the Austrians, who were obliged to retreat. probably be new to the general reader: At 3 o'clock on that day-23d June, 1859 A king had in his garden a yawning pit of the French were formed up to advance great magnitude. One day he hired a num-ber of workmen to fill it up. Some went to under a withering musketry fire te assault the Tower of Solferino, the key of the enethe sides of the pit, and as they saw its depth they exclaimed: "How is it possible to fill position. Marshal Benedeck then called on his cavalry to make a supreme efit!" And they gave up the work in despair. But the others said: "What matters it how fort, which, had it been successful, would have changed the fortunes of the day. The deep it is! We are engaged for the day and are happy to have something to do. Let us Austrian cavalry were massed behind a fringe of wood which effectually concealed be faithful in our duty and we will fill the pit their movements from the French. Sud-lenly they were seen to emerge from their as soon as we possibly can." Let not man say: "How immeasurable is the divine law, helter and to prepare for a determined it is deeper than the sea, how many statute harge, to take in flank those batallions

to perform, how can we carry them out! which had already reached the slopes of the says to man, thou art engaged by the God Gen. Niel saw the danger, and imday, do the work which thou canst, and think of naught else." mediately hurled against them the Marguerte division of cavalry, in which Valmont's A prince once distributed costly garments Light Dragoons charged in the first line. shock was terrific! The elements among his slaves. The wise one kept theirs carefully, but the foolish wore theirs even on ontinued to swell the frightful storm of war.

workdays. Suddenly the prince summoned his slaves in his presence, and said: "I wish o see again the clothes which I gave you." The garments of the wise slaves were clean, without a fold or stain; but the attire of the foolish slaves was stained and spoiled. Earnestly rang out the prince's words: "Ye wise ones, take your garments home and live in peace!" Let thy soul return to its Maker as pure as when given thee. God may summon it at any moment.

fury, making their way through them like a Rabbi Johanan went out walking with cannon-ball. With one bound of his horse ome friends, and crossing a field he stopped the Lieutenant was at the Colonel. De Valand pointing to a beautiful vineyard, said: mont saw his sabre flash as he raised it to 'This was mine, and I sold it for cut him down. He had only time to pull the trigger of his pistol and the Austrian fell, the poor, so that I might devote myself wholly to stuy." Going further, he pointed to a spacious eld: "This, too," he exclaimed, "once field: At the end of the engagement Col. De was mine; bnt I sold it, so as to have no other care than my studies." A few min-Valmont, returning to camp, passed over the scene of the conflict. The body of the Lieu-

utes' walk brought them to another field: "This was my last possession," he said, enant still lay there on its bank. A thin rickle of blood marked the spot of the bulletbut I gave it up so that I might have no wound. The face of the young officer was as calm and placid as a child asleep. De other thought than the study of the law." His friends, saddened at his words, replied: Valmont gazed at him with profound emo-'What hast thou preserved for thy old age?' 'Are ye anxious on that account?'' said he, were guarding Austrian prisoners, among smiling. "Why, I have resigned things which are given us only for a few days, Pointing to the dead body the Colonel asked: for a possession that will last much longer."

"Sir, can you tell me the name of that brave fellow?" A sage of old, who acted as judge, devoted all his time to the public service and seldom had a moment's rest. One day, as he hast-One month after the peace of Villafranca,

SONG AND GUITAR. looked long and earnestly in the little face, and then kissed the frail finger tips he held so gently in his hand. "That baby's dead," He sang of the wild winds and the tree, said the conductor. "It died this morning

The sky and flying cloud; at the bay. He couldn't bear to put it in a He touched the guitar and flung a strain a coffin, because then it would have to go without him in the baggage-car, and so he is just carrying it home to New Orleans in his From its vitals sweet and loud.

He glanced from his dark eyes blue and Stricken to the heart's core he sat deep, there quiet and unheeding, watching over And turned him half away, his dead child, kissing the tingers that would

And sang of the woods and echoing wolf,

He swept the strings and turned and went, And stopped and looked aside, And sang of the soft night and the moon.

The maiden listened and paled and looked, And listened, looked and loved;

And won her, as behoved. Oh, the wild woodsman has won his bride

Parish, not far from where the old parish 'He strums the sweet guitar; church looks out through York Gate upon the While meteors fall across the night pleasant expanse of Regent's Park, with its They're roaming on the scar! costly terraces; not far, also, from some of

the worst slums of London. For it is one of Rose HAWTHORNE LATHROP, in the Manthe characteristics of great Babylon that its hattan for April.

EASTER TOKEN.

commencement of her work, to provide a novelty for the coming Easter in one of large room where she might meet her people. the Japanese art stores, some exquisitely Miss Hill's every-day work is to teach drawcarved, others decorated with gold lacquer, ing and Latin. It is in addition to this that she and balanced in pretty papier mache stands. has found time to institute the work by which Ladies who make their own gifts are busy she is best known; to centre in herself the preparing Easter favors for friends-knitted shoes in which Easter eggs are hidden, fans with its golden egg, the nests, the straw pockets with feathered hen and brood, all reappear and make one wonder what becomes of all these expensive fancies when Easter is over. that excites always honest interest and ad-miration is the Easter cards, which maintain art. The rapid growth in these decorative souvenirs has been in the right direction and certainly tends to increase their popularity. All exaggerations and strong contrasts are avoided, the most careful studies are made by artists of acknowledged merit, and the coloring has been refined until a true feeling is expressed, and the simplest little card be comes a sort of education in harmony of tints and the preservation of tone. It is gratifying to see how far the tone has been lowered, and that delicacy and truth are the objects aimed at rather than striking display. Prang's Easter angels, carrying a long branch of palm, the eastern background lit up by a sunset sky, are exquisitely beautiful and suggestive.

> ing glory of the summer. Last year year, for several seasons past, she has man This year it is birds in a blossom summer. grace and delicacy. The color is charming, leaf greens, grays and brown, with white and yellow in the tiny blossoms and on the breasts of the birds. The strongest and most original of the Easter card is the "Resurgum," said to be from the brush of Hamil-

and died a wealthy woman. ton Gibson. The top of a card shows vivid wife's illegitimacy till after he was married. flame color and lurid effects, with scattered He then refused to accept any money from his father-in-law. These particulars will all be found related in a very scarce book, of which only seventy copies were printed, called the "Reminiscences of Benjamin Ogle Taloe." After Decatur's death his widow, at first inconsolable, designed to marry again, and set her cap for Charles Carroll, of Carrollton, who was a great landholder and a fine gentleman. He was, however too old to marry. She gave some ele-gant dinners, but finally became religious, and she made a contract with the Georg town College to transfer to it her property on condition that she should be taken care o for the rest of her life. It was hardly a good job for the college, because she lived till 1862. Her tomb in the college grounds, when I last saw it, was a mere cross or board bearing the name of Susan Decatur. Her husband lies under a granite monument sur mounted by a broad eagle in St. Peter's

TRIFLES.

A Louisville lady has sued for divorce, asserting that her husband has not done any work for fourteen years. There are some women who want a man to be on the keen jump all the time.-Courier-Journal.

NEW SPRING BONNETS.

Flowers Giving Way to Vegetables and the Poke to a Pagoda.

an aid to self-purification and ennoblement

Having made his way through sheer force of

The new spring hats look as queer and unshapely now as they always do when they appear at the beginning of each season. All

some fashionable milliners declare that vegetables are to take the place of the fruits which were so popular last season, and that instead of seeing an appetizing bunch of grapes, currants or plums on the ladies' neadgear, will be clustered turnips, carrots and even onions most ariistically ' made and with the green heads left on. It is thought, however, that very few women of taste will be found willing to appear on the streets looking like foreign market women, carrying on their heads the products of their gardens. To be sure the hats will be somewhat smaller than the enormous basket so skillfully bal-

anced by the French marchande de legumes. but they are not so very small either. Perhaps the most striking feature of the summer hats is that they all have high crowns. The high, square-crowned walking hat of this winter is being reproduced in straw with very slight differences. There are those with the rolling brim, those with the flat and those with but little brim of any kind. Some have the straw edge so arranged as to form a kind of second story at the back, to be covered, of course, by the trimming. Another noticeable fact is that all the straw goods displayed as yet are very fine, much

more so than has been the case for several years past. Some of them, too, are shaded, showing the light and dark tints. Gray is to be a fashionable and much-used color. A hat that is entirely new is the helmet the high crown of which is exactly the shape

of the head-covering of ancient warriors. has a brim, but not a very wide one, and i is said to be particularly becoming. The bonnets show some slight changes in the lit-tle capote shape so long popular. The crown is slightly higher and many of them have flattened sides. Some of them are ornamented by a row of sized straws which makes an edging. Others have scalloped pieces going around the crown and forming a neat and pretty finish. The long-popular poke-bonnet is no longer seen.

Feathers will be very little used this year One of the only children's hats shown yet is truly extraordinary, being more like the roof of a Chinese pagoda than anything else. However, they will probably look very differ-

Commodore Decatur's Wife.

Washington Letter to Cincinnati Enquirer. She was an illegitimate child, though her her father legitimatized her afterwards. Her mother was an Irishwoman at a place called Elk Ridge, near Baltimore, where her father had established iron works. The girl was remarkably beautiful, and her father sent her to school with the daughters of Charles Carroll, of Carrollton, and with Betty Patterson, who afterwards married Jerome Bonaparte. When young Bonaparte come to this country from the West Indies, with an unprincipled nature he designed to select some elegant Baltimore girl for a mistress, and to go through the forms of matrimony to that end. He selected the future Mrs. Decatur, who was, however, warned by a friend and a I dess the man that made my g'ography is Frenchman of the danger she would incur. He then paid his addresses to Betty Patterson, whose father received an anonymous

letter, stating in plain, coarse terms the young Bonaparte's intentions.

The father endeavored to prevent the match, and never fully forgave his daughter for her waywardness; but she insisted on the marriage and was deserted as every one knows. Her grandson is now a resident of Washington City. With the sharp commer-cial instincts of a Baltimore merchant's daughter, Betty Patterson paid court to Bonaparte and secured from him money reparation, and she husbanded her means

and claimed to be the proprietor of the town and the whole county, was declared to be crazy, and taken care of by the town officials. Commodore Decatur was not aware of his This furnished a precedent for locking up the railroad men who labor under the delusion that they own the earth .-- Boston Globe

merit and pogressive power, his trials served but to increase his manliness, and have been largely instrumental in producing in him that dreamy, meditative turn which gives to his acting its poetic charm .--Henry C. Pedder in the Manhattan for April. The "Sweet Singer of Michigan," has made "Oscar Wilde" rhyme with "foster

child." This is a little more creditable than her attempt to rhyme "consanguinity" with "laws a' massy," but not much-Bismarck Tribune.

In analyzing the wells used for drinking water in New Hampshire, it was found that sorts of dreadful rumors are rife, too, about ninety-five per cent. of them were polluted. the trimming of these summer hats, and We didn't suppose that there were so many desirable summer resorts in that state. Norristown Herald.

The vigilantes out in Arizona hanged a man the other day because he was a confirmed liar. Good gracious! If it gets to be the rule to hang liars, none of us-that is to say, there are a great many men who will be in danger. Texas Siftings.

An American poet has written some verses entitled "An Angel in the House." doubt he thinks so now, but let him wait three or four years, and see if he doesn't make a mental revision of that poem. Burington Free Press.

A Toronto blacksmith advertised for a helper who "must be as quick as lightning." The first man who applied for the situation carelessly picked up a hot horseshoe and the blacksmith hired him at once. Drake's Trav eler's Magazine.

"It is said that El Mahdi allows nobody to approach him who does not come on all ours." It may be inferred from this that he would treat the American hog with a little more respect than is shown by Prince Bismarck. Norristown Herald.

Mrs. O'Toole-Faith, it's wonderful what since thim dumb bastes have. It's ther chaze it skips off with as big as loife. Nixt oime I'll be afther putting the chaze inside of ther trap, where he can't get it at all! -Puck.

We learn from a reliable exchange that the the wealth of the United States is \$872 for each person. We wish the fellow who has \$871.85 belonging to us would fetch it in before we grow too old to enjoy wealth .- Middle town Transcript.

The Philadelphia Times says that Governor Robinson is not setting Massachusettes on fire. This is probably meant for sarcasm; but we would inform the Times that Massachusettes has had enough of incendiary governors-Lowell Sitizen.

Annals of a quiet watering place. Lady visitor-Oh, that is your vicar, is it? What sort of a vicar is he? Lady resident-Oh, well, middling, ! High Church during the season, you know, and Low all the rest of the year?-London Punch.

"So Mrs. Jones' brother is dead," said Gossip No. 1 to Gossip No. 2. "So I hear." 'Will she go into mourning?'' "How is that?" Why, you see it is only her half brother .--- Marathon Independent.

"I tell you Bill, no girl can fool me. If I call on a girl and she doesn't say much and acts like she wants me to leave, and don't shake hands with me when I leave, and don't ask me to call again, it's very seldom I ever call back to see her."-Kentucky State Jour-

Little Nell-"Mamma, what is color blind ?" Mamma-"'Inability to tell the one color from another, dear." Little Nell-"Then color blind."---Mamma---"And why, pet? Little Nell- "Tause he's got Greenland painted yellow.—Philadelphta Call.

"If you don't marry me," he exclaimed, "I'll take myself out of this hated world and I'llhaunt you as long as you live!" Said she: "It will be more respectable than your present haunts. Please stand a little farther off. I never could bear the smell of alcohol so soon after tea.-Boston Transcript

A woman who invaded West Bend, Wis.,

relieving work of one of the most important parishes of London, to promote the Kyrle society, of which she is treasurer; to write the considerable number of papers which in propagation of her work she has contributed hampers full of fresh eggs, the China goose to periodicals and made up into her books, as well as the annual "Letter to my Fellow-Workers," in which she makes reports of progress; and to do the thousand other good vorks for which idle women can not find time, and stronger than she have not strength, not to her compliment, but to the encourage

ment of others-that she is not and has not been a rich woman. Nor did the means for her work come to her at first unsought. She has had to earn her opportunities at every step. But when she left England a few years since for needed rest she transferred back to her fellow-workers £74,000 of property that had been put under her management.

palaces and its slums jostle each other. Miss

Hill's home is a capacious house, plain but

prettily decorated as one enters, in which an

Miss Hill was in early life a worker with Rev. Frederick Denison Maurice, one of whose sons married one of her four sisters. Here was a true apostolic succession of the spirit of Christ. It was when she was but twentyfive or thereabonts that she took in hand the dwellings of the poor. Mr. Ruskin was her first supporter; it was he in 1864--5 provided the £3,000 with which to purchase the first two

neglected courts, known by the curiously sa-tiric names of "Paradise" and "Freshwater": and it was he who, assuring her that if the money were sunk he would never regret the giving, impressed upon her, nevertheless, with wise foresight, that a working-man ought to be able to pay for his own home, and that if her plan could be proved to pay it would surely spread. It has paid; it has spread; and now Miss Hill can have all the oney and all the houses she wants, the extension of her work is only limited by the number of trained workers, and what she has accomplished can in no wise be measured by the work associated with her name. For she does not believe in hemming in

work with the circumference of an association, but in providing centres whence good work may radiate, as the light streams from the sun. Her principle is the principle of Mr. Hale's story of "Ten Times One is Ten." There is a germ theory of disease:

this is the germ theory of cure. There is a court—to illustrate Miss Hill's work by an example-which was in 1869 one of the worst places in Marylebone. Londoners who rolled by in their carriages or stopped to do their shopping along Oxford Street, would not suspect the nature of the place, which was situated not far from fashionable Regent Street. Indeed, its real nature was not seen from the court itself-a paved walk, narrow and dirty, to be sure, but not otherwise noticeable, with high

houses on either side, the ground-floors of which were mostly small shops, whence second-hand furniture and other commodities overflowed upon the pavement, as they do now. The inhabitants were mostly coster-mongers and small hawkers and others of the very poor, the lowest class who have houses, one move above the vagrants who wander at neret. night into the "common lodging-houses. The police records were full of it, and throughout the district, "Gone to live in-Court," was a phrase which expressed a fall

never again softly clasp his, looking down upon the white lids that had closed over the And dash of cataract's spray. bright eyes as the petals of a sensitive flower close at night time over its delicate heart, and Octavia Hill and Her Work. And eagle's hurling ride. I went one day to see Miss Octavia Hill, and I learned something of her work from

herself (and her books), and something of He sang of his fair love like the springherself from her friends. She is a keen, bright, pleasant, vigorous little woman, now scarcely above forty, and lives in Marylebone

elder sister and herself have their school. At BY JENNY JUNE. the back is an extension, built almost at the The gigantic eggs of the ostrich are the mounted with birds and grasses, and in the centre a tiny nest, half concealed, in which three speckled eggs are fastened; the straw

And they have lost their significance, for their cost is altogether out of proportion to their value and usefulness. The one thing their freshness and beauty by their studies of nature and the best forms of mediæval

thrown across it for perches; the frame pale olive, with a branch of palm laid upon it; the reverse a delicate pink, with clover leaf and butterflies, tell without words of the comwhite lily upon a silver background, the legend by Jermy Tailor, was one of the most admitted of the smaller cards. This year pink and white blosssoms decorate a silver cross upon pale green background the reverse showing grasses and tufted snowballs, with yellow batterfiles alight upon them. Fidelia Bridges has made us familiar with a long, panel-shaped card, in which, year after aged to express so much of the joy of the ing vine, which is treated with exceeding

The starry flowers on a dark background, with a landscape in brown and white on the reverse side, are both novel and artistic, and there are lovely triangular cards, decorated with flowers, narcissus, lily of the valley, and the like on a mulberry ground, with pale pink fringe border, that are suggestive to amateur workers in many ways. Birds upon a circular bit of blue sky, with budding twigs

ently when trimmed.

again." "But what is the cause of his recurring de-

pression ?" "The cause?" said the Captain. "Why, all the regiment know the cause."

"Except myself. I only joined three months ago."

"Well, here is Brisac back from his He can tell the story best. The Surgeon-Major being appealed to, lay down upon the grass, lit a cigar, and said:

"In 1834, De Valmont, appointed lieutenant in the Chasseurs d'Afrique, which had just been raised, landed in Algiers, where I was assistant-surgeon attached to the military hospital. Though I was older than he, we soon struck up an acquaintance that ripened into friendship, which time has not impaired. Eugene was young, good looking and a man of fascinating manners. He came of a distinguished family, and his friends kept his purse well filled : in short he could get money

as fast as he wished to spend it. 'We served three years together, when De Valmont got leave to exchange and return to France. His mother was the cause of this, for she had in view for him a mar-His mother was the cause riage with a rich heiress. Leaving Algiers ould have been all plain sailing except for bidding 'farewell' to a certain lady called La Severina, a danseuse at the theatre. In appearance she was decidedly handsome, of an blive-colored complexion and with ravenblack hair. In her large expressive eyes and in her firmly-cut mouth there was a signifi-cant indication of determination which suggested that the young lady would be more de sirable as a friend than as an enemy. She Rome; but her parents were Bohemians, who travelled through all countries-rope dancers

by profession. "'La Severina had conceived for Eugene a passion as violent as it was hopeless. When she heard of his proposed departure she was wild; when she learned the motive of it, she turned a demon. Failing in a determined attempt to baulk his plans by stabbing him with a stiletto, she assured him with her last words that she would be revenged. De Valmont laughed at the threat. I, however, determined to keep an eye on the actions of the young lady. In this resolve, how I was foiled. She left Algiers about a mo after, and I never knew what became of

her. "'Nearly four years had passed since Eugene's return. gene's return. We kept up a constant cor-respondence, and I learned of his marriage and the birth of one son, whom he called Lucien. He continually pressed me to exchange and go back to France.

"At length I got appointed to a cavalry regiment quartered in Paris, and left Algiers to take on my new duties. Landing at Mar-seilles, I put up at the Hotel Castellane, where the first names I read in the list of arrivals were those of the Count and Countess We met with joy after our de Valmont. long separation. Eugene introduced me to his wife-a lady as lovely as she was charm ing-and showed me with pride his son-a fine chubby child, with curly hair, and the splendid blue eyes of its mother. He simply worshipped this boy-poor fellow!-and his life and soul seemed wrapped up in its being and existence. And now, as to the sad sequel to my tale.

"De Valmont was on leave, and at his wife's desire they were about to visit Italy. Not to fatigue the child their route was mapped out in short stages. They were resting two days at Marseilles before going to Genoa by La Corniche, so I decided to stay and see them off

"In the afternoon of my arrival, as the weather was glorious, little Lucien was sent with his nurse down to the sea, on that magnificent beach where the splendid palace of Prado stands. Two hours after this nurse returned alone, looking like a mad woman The eyes were starting out of her head, and, sobbing and crying, she threw herself at the Countess's feet, and said she had lost the child. She and her charge were playing on the beach, where they were attracted by the performance of some acrobats. A small out finding any trace of the body. The gen-crowd had assembled, and the boy was not eral impression is that he left this evidence performance of some acrobats. A small out of her sight for half a minute. On looking round he was gone; and she sought him in vain. He seemed to have been spirited love and adventure.

Eugene de Valmont returned to Paris with the army of Italy, where he found the following letter awaiting his arrival: Milan, 6th. August, 1859.

"Karl Gottfried." was the answer.

MY DEAR OLD FRIEND: You know that I am still at the Military hospital here, where I shall remain until all our wounded are re-They brought in the other day sevmoved. eral marauders caught by our men rifling the

seills

lead, and on some of them who tried to escape, they fired. Among them was an old voman disguised as a man. A bed was found for her, as she was on the point of death. I offered my sorvices to dress her wound, and judge of my amazement when I heard her say: "You don't remember me, Dr. Brisac. I am La Severina. Under the withered features of the woman I recognized your former acquaintance in Algiers. By vhat series of misfortunes she came to be a despoiler of the dead I shall not attempt to explain. Enough to know that before dying she allowed the priest to communicate a part of her confession, and, as I have for thought, she it was who stole Lucian at Mar-

After a host of adventures which I shall tell you later on, poverty compelled her to abandon the child at Vienna. She left it to the charity of her landlord where she lodged -No. 20 Rosenstrasse-and never heard of the boy after. This address will give you some trace. Apply at once to the Austrian Embassy. Tout a toi. BRISAC. Embassy. Tout a toi. BRISAC. Mad with joy, the colonel ran to the emassy and explained the object of his mission. For a fortnight after, which seemed to him : lifetime, he lived in a fever of suspense, and was going to bed one night when his valet him an official letter, with a large said she was an Italian, having been born at red seal bearing the Austro-Hungarian arms. He read as follows: MONSIEUR LE COMTE: I am instructed by

the Minister of foreign affairs to inform you in answer to your inquiries, that the child abandoned in Vienna, at the address given, on the 20th September, 1846, was adopted by benevolent gentleman. He was educated at the Military school of Olmutz, which he left last year with the rank of sub-lieutenant. Posted to S. A. T. the Archduke Albrecht's regiment of Hussars he was killed at the battle of Solferino. He bore the name of his

adopted father, Karl Gottfried. One hour afterwards the valet entered the colonel's room, and found him sitting in his chair. His face was deadly white. His eyes dilated and immovable, were fixed upon the

fatal letter. The servant touched him lightly on the shoulder, and his master dropped motionless on the fioor. He was dead.

London Societa.

A Missing Georgia Husband.

[Athens, Ga., Telegram.] Several years ago there appeared in Sewell's ettlement in Franklin county a young man, G. W. Stafford, who represented himself to be from Knoxville. He was well educated and plausible in address. It was not long before he was installed as the beau of the settlement. Rumors began to circulate that he was passing under an assumed name. One morning people were startled by the announcement that he had eloped with Miss Mary F. Stephenson, daughter of George Stephenson, the wealthiest planter in the

county. Mr. Stephenson, who is a man of fine business judgment, met the case as he found it, and concluded that as his daughter was married beyond his power of undoing it, he would still be her protector, and would promote her happiness best by accepting the

new son-in-law into his own house and aid-ing him in business. For a while this worked well, until the young man saw that while Mr. Stephenson was willing to aid him in a business way, he was not willing to contribute to his dissipation. Last November he shouldered his gun for the purpose of hunting and as not since been seen. Several days ago his gun was found by the river and a little further on his clothes were discovered, This led to a thorough search of the stream withonly to create the idea that he had resorted to suicide, while he really left for new fields of

ened from the bath and entered the tribunal to decide questions of law, his servant gave him a glass of wine to refresh his energies. The sage was on the point of taking the wine when he was interrupted by some urgen case, and left the glass unfouched. In the meanwhile, the servant had seated himself and was fast asleep. The sage gazed round and noticed his sleeping servant. He broke off for a moment the thread of his discusto the lowest depths. The houses were unsion, and said: "How wretched, after all, is our greatness! How sweet is this poor man's sleep. Our greatness allows us neither rest nor sleep.

Once a sage met the Prophet Elijah in the crowded market place, and full of cu-riosity he asked Elijah who of all the bustling throng would be saved. "None," rejoined the prophet, slowly. "What!" replied the sage, "no one of all these people?" At this oment two men entered the street and mingled with the crowd. They seemed in numble circumstances and no one noticed them or bade them greeting. "These will be saved," said the prophet. The sage adbe saved," said the prophet. vancing reverently toward them, said: "Will you kindly tell me what is your occutoward them, said: your deeds?" "Virtues, deeds?" they eplied. "In truth you must be confusing us with somebody else We are poor people and live by the work of our hands. Our only merit is that we have merry hearts. When

away his sorrow. When we learn of two who are at enmity we step in and seek to make This is our life work." peace. When the Egyptians sank into the sea the angels prepared to sing a hymn of joy. Then God spoke in His anger: "My crea tures have sunk into the sea, and ye would sing a song!" When the hour for heathensm's fall draws nigh, so as to make room for Israel's triumph.. Heaven will exclaim :

Both are my creatures; shall I destroy one for the other?" The Lord assured Moses. 'Isrælite or heathen, man or woman, servant or freeman, all are equal in my sight, every good deed has its reward.'

Joshua ben Hananja was highly esteemed for his wisdom at the Roman court, but his personal appearance was not prepossessing, for he was small and exceedingly plain. One day the Emperor's daughter exclaimed as she saw him pass: "What a hideous covering for so much wisdom ?" Unabashed by her word's he stopped to speak to her and, after some

was preserved. "Why in earthern jars," she "Earthen jars?" he rejoined. replied. 'That is the usual way, I know, but an Emperor's wine should be preserved in golden casks." "You are right," she answered, and ran to order the wine to be placed in silver or golden vessels. But soon it turned sour. The Empror being informed of the fact, had his daughter summoned, who told him of the rabbi's advice. At once they sent for

"What peculiar advice," Joshua. Emperor. "Dost thou wish my wine to be destroyed?" "I wished to give your daughter a lesson." the rabbi rejoined. and despised me on account of my figure. Wisdom, like wine, keeps best in plain jars." "But," added the princess," I know some who are both wise and handsome." would be wiser," said the rabbi, "if they were less handsome."

The ethics of the Talmud gave the Jew such moral sturdiness and strength that Heine was perfectly justified in the remark: "I see now, the Greeks were only beautiful youth, but the Jews were always men, powerful, unbending men."-Chicago Current.

> His Dead Child. [New Orleans Times-Democrat.]

The other day a New Orleans man had ocasion to go over the lake. On his way back and when the train stopped at the bay, he noticed a man getting into the car in front of him with a little baby in his arms. After the train had got under way the conductor came and said: "Come with me, I want to show you the saddest, strangest sight you ever

saw," and he led the way into the next car. There sat the man whom he had noticed with the babe; his precious little bundle lay quiet on the seat in front of him, and as these other two men watched he leaned over and

utterably vile. The stairways were caked with inches of dirt; the dust bins crammed with rotting refuse of food, which also was spilled about the passages; water dripped through the leaky roofs, or drove in through the smashed windows: the plaster and woodwork were broken away; even the kitchens underground, with chinks for windows, were living and sleeping room for whole families; and the back wards were built over until in most cases only a space three feet by four wasleft. To this place, "truly a wild, law-less, desolate little kingdom to come to rule over," came the queen in 1869, when one lady friend bought six-roomed houses, and another lady five more, for her to manage. pation in life, what are your virtues, what The first thing was inexorably to collect the That is Miss Hill's basis principle. rents. and it is a part of her self-denial that she permits no posing, and appears to her people not as a guardian angel, but as a prosaid and hard-hearted eollector of half-crowns we meet one who is sad we strive to chase She had to go of nights, every Monday, and poke about the foul-smelling passages in the dark, because few of the tenants were in by day, and noone could trustaneighborwith th rent. More than once a ferocious woman

locked Miss Hill into the room with her, in the vain attempt to bully out of her some thing for which the fit time had not come Biding her own time, little by little she cleaned up and repaired, hiring the men tenants as far as might be to do little jobs (put aside often till they were out of work), and the older girls to scrub the passages in turn.

The line of clean hallway against the line of grimy room presently did its preaching, and the women began to scrub up for themselves. The next thing was to get the under ground tenants above-ground-against "My bits of things won't look their will. anything if you bring them to the light," plead edone woman. At last, from this business basis of rent-collecting, personal relations began to blossom; doors through whose opencasual talk, asked her how her father's wine ed crevics the rent had been thrust were now opened with invitations to "sit down a bit;" individual desires were consulted; tenants shifted about; one of the shops was set apart for a club-room, where classes were held, and on Saturday night Miss Hill or a lady substitute was always on hand to collect sayings, or to chat with any who came in. tenants got to like better things. And at ast it was possible to pull down the old buildings-not too many at once-and build new said the and now St. Christopher's Building, with the little carving of the cross-bearer which decor-ates its fine brick front(there was a festival "Your of inauguration which cost two guineas!) daughter laid stress on external beauty alone and the splendid flat and gravelled roof, with its far view, and the airy iron balconies at the back along each story, and the long cemented play-ground below, with a seesaw for the children, and the good-sized hall, where "They the other day the Macdonalds gave *The Pil-grim's*, *Progress*—St. Christopher's Building profitably houses as many happy people, who pay no more than in the old slums; and the

first child born there is called Christine .- R. R. BOWKER, in Harper's Magazine for April.

It is related of Dr. Chalmers, "the simplicity of whose character was out of accord

with the rush and torrent of his magnificent verbiage," that he was once, in addressing a primitive prayer metting, asked to keep his remarks within the intilligence of his hearers, and that, having good-naturedly assented, he began with this easy and unstudied sentence; "My friends, I have been specially asked in addressing you to-night to avoid technical nomenclature of scholastic theology."

> Dueling Decadent. New York World.

Dueling in France is going to the yellow

and disembered fragments, out of which is sue myriads of brilliantly colored butterflies which light up the backgrounds of the lower part of the picture. This is fringed in red and gold and finished for hanging as a ban-

Why Darwin Did Not Care for Poetry and Religion.

I have heard it said that the sagacious and admirable naturalist whom we lost not long ago, Mr. Darwin, once owned to a friend that for his part he did not experience the necessity for two things which most men find so necessary to them-poetry and religion, science and the domestic affections, he thought were enough. To a born naturalist, I can well understand that this should seem so. So absorbing in his occupation with nature, s strong his love for his occupation, that he goes on acquiring natural knowledge of and Churchyard, Philadelphia. and reasoning upon it, and has little time or inclination for thinking about getting it related to the desire in man for conduct, the de sire in man for beauty. He relates it to them for himself as he goes along, so far as he feels the need; and he draws from the domestic affections all the additional solace nec essary. But then Darwins are very rare, Another great and admirable master of natural knowledge. Faraday was a Sandeman-That is to say, he related his knowledge to his instinct for conduct and to his instinct for beauty, by the aid of that respectable Scottish secretary, Robert Sandeman. And so strong in general is the demand of religion and poetry to have their share in a man. o associate themselves with his knowing, and to relieve and rejoice it, that for one man amongst us with the disposition to do as Darwin did in this respect, there are fifty, probably, with the disposition to do as Fara-

Education itself lays hold upon us by satisfying this demand. Professor Huxley holds up to scorn mediæval education, with its neglect of the knowledge of nature, its poverty even of literary studies, its formal ogic devoted to 'showing how and why that which the church said was true must be true. But the great mediæval universities were not brought into being, we may be sure, by the zeal for giving a jejune and contemptible Kings have been their nursing education. fathers, and queens have been their nursing mothers, but not for this. The mediæval universities came into being because the supposed knowledge delivered by Scripture and the church so deeply engaged men's hearts. by so simply, easily, and powerfully relating itself to the desire for conduct, the desire for beauty. All other knowledge was dominated by this supposed knowledge and was subordinated to it, because of the surpassing strength of the hold which it gained upon men's affections by allying itself profoundly with their sense for conduct and their sense for beauty .-- MATTHEW ARNOLD, in The Manhattan for April.

Edwin Booth's Every-day Appearance. Of sorrow, trials and disappointments, Mr. Booth has had his share. Has his not zlements.

been a life free from the shadow of affliction nor has he been able through the aid of a cold and serene philosophy to reach.

"The lucid interspace of world and world, Where never creeps a cloud, or moves a wind, Nor ever falls the least white star of snow, Nor ever lowest roll of thunder moans. Nor sound of human sorrow mounts to mar. Their sacred everlasting calm."

Instead of this he has suffered as all fine temperaments and sensitive natures suffer. But amid all his trials he has proved himself a man, and the discipline of sorrow has so sweetened and purified his nature that ever in his daily life and social contact he seems the ideal Hamlet. A pensive air of sadness sits upon his brow, but there is no appearance of fixed and sullen gloom. Indeed it is "Upon the fullest examination of the auimpossible to speak with him five minutes without perceiving that a sad sweet music per vades his nature and fits him naturally into and offensive way as to amount to a public the character of Hamlet. In a man of such nuisance at a common law. a temperament the darkness of human life or fire destroy corpses said Lucan, matters is illuminated by the beauty of an ideal world and in this way the spiritualized intellect not; the difference between the two processrecognizes in sorrow a means of culture and es is only that one is quick, the other slow." They have no interest in the spoils of office.

Women are Honest. [Albany Journal.]

Although hundreds of women hold positions of financial trust in the country, we have yet to hear of them being guilty of embezzlement or defalcation. The evidence clearly sustains the positions of those who believe that women are qualified-morally physically and intellectually- for the handling of money in stores or in banks. Gen Spinner, who first introduced women into the United States treasury, left on record a striking testimonal to the efficiency and integrity, of the sex, and no one ever had a better opportunity to study the question than he, who at one time had 1,000 women under his direction, engaged chiefly in handling money. He testifies that they count more accurately and rapidly than men, that their ability to detect counterfeits proved to be superior in almost every test, that they were without an exception, honest and were invariably more careful and painstaking in their work. Complaints of inaccuracy and carelessness on the part of men were made frequently during Gen Spinner's administration of the United States treasury, but such complaints against

lady clerks were few. The shrewdest and quickest detectors of counterfeit currency were women, and in case of dispute as to the genuineness of money Gen. Spinner invariably took the judgment of a Miss Grandin, who was for a long time employed in his bureau. In speaking of her ability in this particular one day, Gen. Spinner said: "If I were a believer in clairvoyance I should say that she possessed that power; but I am not, so I call it in-stinct." Although there are several thousand women employed by the government as clerks, accountants, postmistresses and in other capacities, not one has ever proved unfaithful to her trust. Many have been discharged for incapacity and for other reasons, but never one for dishonesty. These points are worth the consideration of merchants and bankers, particularly now when

there seems to be an epidemic of embez-. Miss Booth of the Salvation Army is now in the south of France, Nimes being her head quariers, whence she visits the districts around. On Sunday evening a great meeting was held at Nimes by Miss Booth in a hall hired by the Salvation Army for nine years. The crowd outside made a great disturbance, and tried to break open the doors and win-

dow shutters, but the police dispersed them. and the proceedings passed off in a tolerably quiet manner. Cremation it seems is lawful in Great Brittain, notwithstanding the popular opinion to the contrary. Justice Stephen, in a ruling in the case of "The Welsh Druid," concludes

thorities, that to burn a dead body is not a misdemeanor, unless done in such a clumsy

Whether decay

If the Democratic party dodges the tariff question. Democrats might as well lay down their bundles. There will be nothing left for the rank and file of the party to struggle for.

A distinguished analyst has been making a chemical examination of the water of the holy well of Zem-Zem, at Mecca, and has discovered it to be full of the worst kind of impurities. When this fact becomes generally known certain Americans will stop drinking the waters at Srratoga and go to Meeca. They must have the worst .- Norristown Herald. Patient to doctor, who was shaking his head like Burleigh-"'Is there anything wrong Doctor?" "My friend, I really can't say til

Fun.

after the autopsy." Client to hatter-". What is the use of the little glass inside your hats?" 'To enable you to see if the hat fits you sir." Between friends--- "Just imagine, my nephew calls me an old rascal." "It was very imprudent, divulging family secrets."-French

It is said that Fredrick the Great never took more than five hours sleep. Therefore, if he retired at 10 P. M. he must have arisen at 3 A. M., and if he arose at 8 A. M. he must have retired at 3 A. M. Now if he retired at 3 every morning he must have been pretty lively boy and about the greatest Fredrick of his time. Now, then, why does not some enterprising dime museum man, armed with these facts, exhibit Fredrick the Great's favorite night key - Puck.

Dress and Undress in Japan. [Correspondence Pall Mall Gazette.]

Every one, rich and poor, in Japan takes a dip at least once a day in a caldron of hot water. The rich bathe before dinner and at bed-time. Their whole household dip in the same hot water. A bath, unless at a thermal spring, is only an immersion. Precedence is given to the elders when there are no visitors, then to the young people according to their age, next to the maid servants, and lastly to the women. Prefatory ablutions of feet and hands are performed in basins, and on getting out of the caldron each bather gargies mouth and throat with cold aroma tized water. In very hot weather they all fan each other's bodies to dry them. Modesty does not begin in Japan, where beauty ends. Human beings who are as fat and shapeless as too prosperous quails do not mind being fanned. The nobility never went naked in the streets. But in their castles or shiros and their parks they did and do-formerly to be cool in hot weather and now to economize their European and other garments. Hunchbacks and deformed persons are almost unknown. In a Japanese Eden the law of natural selection prevails. We came up country whenever there was a road in jinrinkchas, and when the ground was too rough for wheels we were carried in norimous, a sort of Chinese chair borne by two, three or four men, who are strong as horses. When the ground is flat or downhill there are two, or one before and two b hind. These bearers are mostly disbanded feudal retainers, or soldiers of the Daimios; but they are not allowed to wear their old military costumes or swords, and the au-thorities are almost glad when they see them military with a drapery of tough paper round their loins and nothing else. It was to prevent sword-wearing and its probable conse that the Mikado ordered civil servants to don the ridiculous European costume imported here by Jew agents of the Paris and

London hand-me-down stores. Afraid of 'em.

Marathon Independent.

"No," said Eskins, "I don't think I shall ever try to join the Mason's. It's too dangerous."

"Dangerous! How ?"

"Oh, you see we hear about so many murders in the first second and third de grees that I don't dare to try it.'

Don't Want the Offices.

La Crosse (Wis.) Chronicle.

dogs. A distinguished journalist has just been "out" with a fiddler.