AT VANITY FAIR.

At Vanity Fair, as we bow and smile,
As we talk of the opera (after the weather),
As we chat of fashion and tint and style,
We know we are playing a part together.
You know that the mirth I wear I borrow;
I know your smile is a mask to sorrow.
We know that under the silks and laces
And back of beautiful, laughing faces,
Lie secret trouble and dark despair
At Vanity Fair.

At Vanity Fair, on dress parade,
Our colors are bright and our sabres gleaming,
But you know my uniform's worn and frayed,
And I know your weapons, despite their seeming,
Are dull and worthless and badly battered,
That close inspection will show how tattered
And stained are the banners that flaunt above us;
That comrades hate, while they swear they love us:
That robed like pleasure, walks gaunt-eyed care,
At Vanity Fair.

At Vanity Fair, as we strive for place,
As we push and jostle and crowd and hurry,
We know the result is not worth the race,
We know the prize is not worth the worry;
That in fighting for self we must wound each other,
That much of our gain means loss for another;
That the crown of bay leaves fades while it presses
The brow of the victor, with thorns not caresses;
That honors are empty and worthless to wear
At Vanity Fair.

Yet, at Vanity Fair, as we pass along,
We meet brave hearts that are worth the knowing;
'Mong poor paste jewels that deck the throng
We see a solitaire somewhere glowing;
We find grand souls under robes of fashion;
'Neath light demeanors lurk strength and passion;
And fair, fine Honor, and god-like Resistance
In halls of pleasure may have existence,
And we find pure altars and shrines of prayer
At Vanity Fair.

ELLA WHEELER.

THE TRUE FRIEND LOST.

I had been foolish and weak, but not wicked, in my innocent coquetry with Leing Lake. I say innocent because I had imagined it sport to him as well as to myself. He had the reputation of being not only the handsomest man in his regiment, but the greatest flirt, and I laughed when he had been presented to me, and said to myself, "It should in this case be diamond cut diamond."

Somehow my eyes had fallen under his first admiring glance, but I fortified myself with the thought:

"So he always looks. It is the first move in his attack."

I met glance with glance, smile with smile, and pretty speech with saucy retort, or sentimental repartee, according as one or the other could be delivered with more telling effect.

"Are you sincere?" he questioned, one evening. "Answer me frankly. If you are, tell me so now."

"In other words," I answered, "throw down my weapon, acknowledge my unarmed condition, and smilingly invite you to advance to victory."

"No," he said. "At your hand I prefer defeat. You acknowledge, however, that you hold weapons—in other words, that you wear a mask."

"No," I replied, "I wear no mask. I carry no weapon. Be meriful Colonel Lake."

He grew pale, and opened his lips as if to speak, then hastily rising, and making a brief adieu, he left me.

For the first time I was a little frightened, a little in doubt as to its being wholly a matter of amusement to him—a little dubious as to how Roger would regard my conduct in the matter, for Roger played a very important part in my life, even then, since—though 500 miles away—he had my promise that on his return I would become his wife, and I determined on the colonel's next visit I would turn the conversation into other channels.

But I had no opportunity to carry my good intentions into effect. The first act when he entered the room next evening, where I sat alone, was to cross directly in front of me, then stoop and take both my hands in his.

"You asked me last night to be merciful," he began. "God help you if you do not mean those words. They have been ringing in my ears ever since. Child, do you know—do you dream—how I love you? You have raised in me the first passion of my life, though I am to-day thirty-three years of age. What a little, frail thing you are, and yet you hold in these little hands a strong man's destiny. Speak to me, love! Tell me that my wife is before me?"

In that moment my coquetry took wings and fled away, and in its stead came a dull realization of what I had done.

I strove to draw my hands from his. As well might I have tried to dislodge a stone embedded for centuries in the mountain side. My self-possession forsook me. In my fright I blundered out the worst possible thing I could have said.

"I cannot do that. I cannot be the wife of two men! I thought you knew I was engaged."

A look of steely, icy contempt flashed into his eyes. He wrung my fingers an instant untill I cried out with pain, then threw them from me and folded his arms across his breast.

"You dare tell me this," he said in low, concentrated tones. "Answer me one question. What mean, pitiful motive has made you do this thing?"

"I did not know you were in earnest,' I replied, remembering as I spoke how hard I had tried to make him think so—though never in my innermost thoughts to this extent—as the Great Father is my judge, to blast his future, or to bring about his mouth the white lines of agony now drawn there.

"I thought a moment ago," he answered then, very slowly, "that in my life I had no other prayer to make to heaven. I make it now, and that is that I may live to see you suffer through your love as you have dealt suffering to me through life."

His words seemed like a curse. They filled the room, and oppressed my very soul with a nameless dread and haunting prescience of the future.

Shivering, I buried my face in my hands. When I lifted it I was alone. Col. Lake had left me.

"When Roger comes home I will tell him about it." I whispered to myself.

But somehow, when three months later Roger came home I had so much else to think of in the busy preparations for my marriage, and my sky was so blue that I could not bear to risk upon it a single cloud.

The colonel's words were idle now. As though any misery could grow out of the deep heart-love Roger and I felt for each other. How small, how unworthy of him and of myself had been my idle coquetries of the past. Never mind, I had all my future to atone.

Then came my wedding day, when the outer world gave me its smiling benison, in bright sunshine and balmy breezes.

I was Roger's now—his very own—and could have defied the universe in my exquisite happiness.

Six months later my husband entered our little sitting room, one morning, bearing in his hand a letter stamped with and official seal.

"Be," he said—my name was Beatrice, but I was too dignified for its possession, and so they shortened it to Be—and his voice trembeled a little—"it is very soon, darling, to remind you that you are a soldier's wife; but I am ordered to report at once at Fort D——, under Colonel Lake's command. They anticipate trouble with the Indians. God knows how I hate to leave you, my precious little wife, but there is no alternative. I must start within twenty-four hours."

"Leave me?" I cried, starting to my feet and throwing myself sobbing upon his breast. "You shall not leave me! Take me with you or you will break my heart."

"Child, it will be madness for you to undertake the hardships of frontier life. I cannot consent."

But I pleaded so pitifully that at last he reluctantly yet gladly promised we should start on the evening of the next day.

When I had time to think it over I remembered he said the post was under Colonel Lake's command. I shuddered. He it was, doubtless, whose influence had ordered my husband from my side since he had not dreamed of my accompanying him. Or what further evil might he not work him. Was it not my duty to tell Roger all, and warn him? My courage failed me—I would wait and watch. At least he could only strike at him through me.

Our journey lasted three weeks. I was worn and exhausted at its close. The colonel himself met our ambulance on its arrival.

"You have brought your wife?" I heard him say in amazed tones, in answer to some remarks of Roger's after the first greeting. We will do all we can to makher comfortable, but it is very little. Besides—"

He added something in a voice so low that I failed to catch it.

A moment later I caught sight of his face, as Roger lifted me down in his arms. I almost cried out in my surprise. His hair, which had been black as a raven's wing one short year ago, was almost white. He looked fully fifty years of age. The sight caused my fear and resentment to vanish, and I held out my hand.

"Won't you welcome me, colonel?" I asked.

He bowed without seeming to notice my outstretched hand, murmured some courteous words of greeting and then turned away to give a command to an orderly standing near.

I saw very little of him in the weeks that followed. They were weeks of excitement, for the Indians were constantly molesting us, and fears were entertained that they meditated an attack. Indeed, they expected one on the night of our arrival, and this was what the colonel had confided to my husband.

Still, in spite of all, I was glad to be here. Away from Roger I should have sickened of suspense. Now I was by his side to meet and know the worst.

"Why are not you and Lake better friends?" he said to me one day. "I can't understand it."

Nor could I explain, now that I kept silence so long; besides, the distrust was wearing away. Although distant and reserved, quietly repulsing all my advances, I felt that Colonel Lake would work Roger no wrong.

Until one morning my sophistries fled. The Indians had made a sortie. No one knew their numbers or their strength. It was necessary to send out an advance guard from our little garrison, though each man who went well knew that he might never return.

At 11 o'clock, my husband, to my amazement entered the room in full uniform.

"Good-by, little Be!" he said. "Pray for my safe return, dear. I am ordered to command the advance."

"You shall not go!" I cried wildly. "It is his revenge! Fool that I have been to have trusted him."

"My darling, calm yourself. What do you mean?"

"Wait here a moment," I exclaimed.

Leaving him transfixed with astonishment, I flew across to the colonel's room.

He was buckling on his sword as I entered.

"You have done this thing," I began; "you have seen how happy I am, and you must convert it into agony. Rescind your orders—leave me to my husband! I throw myself at your feet, at your mercy."

"I would have spared him if I could. He is the only officer at the post capable of just this attack, I accompany him, Mrs. Lee. The danger is divided, and equal for both."

"Go, if it must be, to your death!" I answered cruelly. "You have no right to drag my husband with you. He shall not go!"

Words were useless, though I fancied, as he turned away, I saw a tear glimmering in his eye.

Still I pleaded, clinging to Roger's neck, when he crossed in search of me.

At last they tore him from my senseless form, and when I recovered consciousness they were far beyond the reach of my entreaties, but not my prayers sent to a higher throne.

"Punish him, Oh God!" I cried in my agony, "but spare my husband and bring him back to me. He said I should suffer. Ah, what was his suffering to this intolerable torture and suspense?"

The day wore slowly on. At nightfall, when my brain was bursting, we heard the note of a distant bugle. Some, at least, of the little band had returned.

Like a white statue I went forth to meet them. They came slowly, bringing with them some shrouded forms. Among the latter I knew that I should find my husband, even as finding him, I knew I should go mad.

But no! Leading the van he came sitting on his horse, though in his eyes there smiled no welcome, and on his face there was a ghastly pallor, but I was not a widowed wife.

I threw myself on the neck of the horse; I kissed his mane, his forehead. I clung to Roger in my wild joy at seeing him again.

"You are alive—You are alive!" I said over and over again.

"Yes," he answered, "but at what a cost! A man to-day has given up his life for me."

He sprang from his horse then and led me to the litter in the rear. The white dead face of Colonel Lake looked up at us both.

"We have killed him, Be—you and I," my husband said. "He was the noblest man that ever lived."

And then he told me all the story. He had ridden on a little in advance of the command, when he suddenly had been surrounded by the foe. Fight desperately as he would, he would soon have been overpowered, but the colonel had seen his danger.

Spurring his horse ahead of his men he had flown to his rescue, charging down in the very midst of a shower of arrows.

"It was a deed worthy of a god," my husband continued. "Though we were both unhurt, almost miraculously so. We were beating a retreat to our command, when one of the wily savages launched his tomakawk at my breast. The colonel saw it glittering in the air, and throwing himself before me, caught the blow. The next minute we were in safety, but safety gained too late. 'Don't regret it,' he said, pressing my hand. 'Tell her I did it for her sake. I loved her, Roger, my boy. I have not cared much for living since; and now—now that I have spared her the suffering I would once have wished her—I am glad to die. Ask her to forgive me those rash words—I never meant them—and let her future happiness buy my atonement."

I have been Roger's wife many happy years now. He was too noble to reproach me, though I told him all; but through my happiness mingles ever my heart's self-reproach, and the wonder if, at the judgment bar of God Cain's brand will not be upon my brow.

PECULIAR NUMBERS.

Singular Facts About Figures—Remarkable Properties of Three, Seven and Nine.

The Brahmins are said to have invented the numerals—1 to 10—some time before the Christian era, and the Arabians to have introduced them into Spain, whence they spread all over Europe. They did not come into general use in England until the beginning of the seventeenth century. In olden times there was a belief in the occult power of numbers, which were thought to express the harmonies of nature. Divination by numbers came from this belief. In a well known song Rory O'More declared that "there's luck in odd numbers"—bad luck for some. In the numeral Hebrew cabala 2 was said to be the most imperfect, Cornelius Agrippa wrote that, therefore, on the second day of the creation the Almighty did not pronounce the very work of his hands to be good, and Rabbi Akkivi asserted that hell was made on the evening of the second day.

In modern times a great many princes, second of their name, have been unfortunate. For example, in English history, William II., commonly called Rufus, from his red hair, who was accidentally killed by an arrow shot by Sir Walter Tyrel while hunting in the New Forest; Henry II., who was humilated as never was monarch before, on account of the murder of Thomas A. Becket, and was peculiarly unfortunate in his family; Edward II., brutally murdered in Berkely castle; Richard II., dethroned imprisoned and murdered in Pontefract castle; James II., dethroned and exiled, and a number of foreigners.

It is also noticeable that princes who have been the second of their name, eyen when fortunate in worldly matters, have almost always been immoral and irreligious. Take, for example, Henry II., Charles II., and George II., of England, not to mention, before the Conquest, Edward the Martyr, Ethelred the Unready and Edmund Ironsides, To these may be added Peter II., of Russia, Charles II., of Navarre, and Isabella II. of Spain.

The number 3: When the world was created we find land, water and sky, sun, moon and star; Noah had but three sons. Jonah was three days in the whale's belly. Christ was three days in the tomb. Peter denied thrice. There were three patriarchs. Abraham entertained three angels. Samuel was called three times. Daniel was thrown into a den with three lions for praying three times a day. Shadrach, Meshech and Abednego were rescued from the flames of the oven. The Ten Commandments were delivered on the third day. Job had three friends. St. Paul speaks on faith, hope and charity, these three. Those famous dreams of the baker and butler were to come to pass in three days, and Elijah prostrated himself three times on the body of the dead child. Samsons deceived Delilah three times before she discovered the source of his strength. The sacred letters on the cross are I. H. S.; so also the Roman motto was composed of three words, "In hoc signo." There are three conditions for man: the earth, heaven and hell; there is also the Holy Trinity. In mythology there are three graces; Cerberus with his three heads; Neptune holding his three toothed staff; the Oracle of Delphi cherished with veneration the tripod, and the nine muses sprang from three. In nature we have male, female and offspring; morning, noon and night. Trees group their leaves in three; there is the three leafed clover. We have fish flesh an fowl. What could be done in mathematices without the aid of the triangle? Witness the power of the wedge, and in logic three premises are indispensable. It it is a common phrase that "three is a lucky number."

The number 9 possesses some remarkable properties. If the nine digits, 1. 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, be added together the sum will be 45, which is equal to 5 times 9, and the sum of the digits of their sum, 4 and 5, is nine. If any number subtracted from another having the same digits in a different order, the remainder will be divisible by 9, and the sum of the digits of the remainder will also be divisible by 9. Subtracting 2,967,634 from 7,364,429 there remains 4,416,765, which is equal to 9 times 490,955. The sum of the digits 4, 4, 1, 6, 7, 9, 5 is 39, which is divisible by 9. If any number be multiplied by 9 the sum of the digits or figures of the product will be divisible by 9. Nine times 43,780,135 is 394,021,215; the sum of the digits of this product is 27, a multiple of 9. If a number be subtracted from another having the same digits in a different order, and one of the digits of the remainder erased, it can be found in the following manner: Add together the figures of the remainder that are left, divide the sum by nine, subtract the figures that remain after dividing by 9, from 9, and the last remainder will be the digit or figure sought. If there is no remainder, 0 or 9 was erased.

Ask some one to write down a number and subtract from it another composed of the same digits in a different order, without letting you see either of them. Tell him you want all the figures of the remainder but one. By the above rule you can soon find the figure you have not seen. The feat will appear quite mysterious to the uninitiated. Here is an example: Subtracting 156,324 from 231,456, the remainder is 75,132. The sum of the figures 7, 5, 3, 1 is 16. Divide 16 by 9 we have a remainder of 7. Seven from 9 leaves 2, the other figure.

The having twelve men on a jury, established by King Alfred in England, is said to have been borrowed by him from an old Brehon law in Ireland, which referred all disputes about land to the decision of twelve men. At that time all personal disputes were decided by wager of battle, or personal combat, a barbarism which was abolished in England within the last fifty years. Alfred was partly educated in Ireland, where he observed the system of jurisprudence which worked well there. When safe on the English throne he introduced trial by jury, only extending it to questions relating to persons as well as property. It is amusing, therefore, to find the old writers, with Cornelius Agrippa in the van, declaring that there are twelve men in a jury, "because twelve is a mystical though not a magical number," and trying to prove this, counting up that there are twelve hours in the day, twelve months in the year, twelve signs in the zodiac, twelve chief joints in the human body, twelve tribes of Israel, twelve apostles, twelve gates to the heavenly Jerusalem and twelve labors of Hercules.

In the same way and with great minuteness the associations of other mystical numbers are severely dealt with in the "Book of Occult Science," by Agrippa. Take the number seven, for instance. It is composed of unity and six, or two and five, of three and four, or less than eight; as the seven ages, "and absorbs in itself the dignity of its components." There are seven days of the week, seven wonders of the world, seven kings of Rome, seven planets, seven wise men, seven openings in a man's head, seven main parts of the body; beyond seven hours life cannot go without breath, beyond seven days life cannot go on without food, the seventh day in diseases is always critical; the seventh day of the planets, the moon, always observes this number in her courses; among the Hebrews "to seven" meant to swear; the leper had to wash seven times in the Jordan; the seventh year was set aside for penitence and remission of sin; the Creator rested from His work on the seventh day and declared it holy; seven is the number of petitions in the Lord's prayer, and the prophet said: "seven times a day I will praise Thee," and there are seven angels standing before the throne, their names being Zaphkiel, Radkiel, Raphael, Camael, Homiel, Michael and Gabriel.

Such are the follies of science as delivered to the world some three or four centuries ago. In olden times every seventh year there was a release from all this, and bondsmen were set free. From this custom originated the binding of young men to seven years' apprenticeship.

There is a prejudice, generally, on the pretended danger of being the thirteenth at the table. If the probability be required, that out of thirteen persons, of different ages, one of them, at least, shall die within a year, it will be found that the chances are about one to one that one death, at least, will occur. This calculation, by means of a false interpretation, has given rise to the prejudice, no less ridiculous, that the danger will be avoided by inviting a greater number of guests, which can only have the effect of augmenting the probability of the event so much apprehended.

What conception can we form of a billion? We can say that a billion is a million of millions, and can easily represent it thus: 1,000,000,000,000. But how entirely the mind is incapable of conceiving such numbers. If a person were able to count at the rate of 200 a minute, and to work without intermission twelve hours a day, he would take to count a billion, 6,944,444 days, or 19,325 years and 319 days. A billion of billions—a quadrillion—can be easily represented thus: 1,000,000,000,000,000,000,000; but to count a quadrillion, at the rate of 200 in the minute, would require all the inhabitants of the globe, supposing them to be a thousand millions, to count incessantly for 19,025,875 years, or more than 3,000 times the period during which the human race has been supposed to be in existence.—*Troy Times.*

A Queer English Gentleman.

St. James Gazette.

The Prince of Wales, as Duke of Cornwall, has just been granted letters of administration of the personal estate of a gentleman who lately died in the county of Cornwall, and is pithily described in the record as a "bachelor, bastard, and intestate." Legal phraseology is not always so curt and unadorned; but then English law has never smiled on bachelors. The legislature has even sought to make celibacy quasi-penal; a tax having actually been laid upon the members of this hapless class in the reigns of William III. and Anne. Bachelor dukes, being 25 years of age, had to pay £12 10s. per annum; "common persons" a shilling, and others in proportion. Again, in 1785, bachelors were compelled to pay a heavier tax on their servants than married folk. These things, it is true, were done before Malthus wrote.

English charity, of course, has been catholic enough to include bachelors in the sphere of its benevolence. At Bowes, in Yorkshire, for instance, there is, or was quite recently, a fund for the payment of a small yearly sum of money "to two or one of the oldest bachelors in the township." The fund, originally the bequest of some person whose name has long since been forgotten, was gradually reduced by mismanagement from £60 to £15, which, at 3 per cent. would give 9s. a year. So that even at Bowes a man has no excessive temptation to shirk what Bacon calls the "discipline of humanity."

Solid For Protection.

A man has been heard from who solemnly, but none the less earnestly, protests against the introduction of incubators for bringing chickens into the world. He says it is a mean attempt to drive our American hens out of an honest business which belongs to them by Divine right.—*Boston Post.*

UNDER AN UMBRELLA.

[The Current.]

Where I gained it, you may seek it
Where I told it, you may speak it—
Love that dares both wind and weather
Draws the maid and man together,
Reconciles to April showers
Hastening May and orange flowers—
Love and I and Annabella
All were under an umbrella!

Little hands that held fast to me,
Eyes whose glances shot straight through me,
Lips that murmured thanks for kindness,
Cheeks that mocked my feigned resignedness,
Dainty feet that, when they stumbled,
Touched my heart (which never grumbled)—
Love and I and Annabella
All were under an umbrella!

Walked we, talked, till Cupid weary,
Made her answer thus my querry:
"Why I liked the rainy season?
Oh, *because!*" She gave the reason.
Then a blush her dimples hollowed!—
Love and I and Annabella
All were under an umbrella!

WALTER L. SAWYER.

JUDGE NOT.

In the ante-room of Meredith & Son's great cotton factory in Philadelphia a group of girls were standing, engaged in an animated discussion. They were all young, some pretty, all dressed neatly, though all wore ill-chosen and unbecoming finery. One of these, who had a mock gold chain and bracelets and a cheap silk dress, spoke very emphatically—"It is the stingiest proceeding I ever heard of!"

"What are you all so excited about?" asked a pretty little blonde, coming in from the loom room.

"Ellen Churchill?"

"Dear me! What has she been doing now? You are always discussing some dreadful deed of Ellen's. I like her myself."

"Yes, we all know that," said the first speaker; "you will defend anything Ellen does."

"But what has she done?"

"Refused to sign the subscription list for the tankard to be presented to Mr. Rodman."

"And Mr. Rodman has been such a good friend to her!" said a third voice.

The little blonde, Susy Whiting by name, looked rather staggered at the new accusation against her friend. Mr. Rodman, manager for Meredith & Son for nearly fifty years, was about to retire on account of infirmities of age, and the persons engaged in the great factory were collecting money to buy a silver tankard to present to him.

He was a kindly old man, and always ready to lend a helping hand to the small army of work people under his control; so that the presentation was really a gift of love.

Ellen Churchill had come to the great factory two years previous to the date of the indignation meeting in the ante-room, and had risen to the position of forewoman in one of the loom rooms. She was a handsome girl of about 20 when she applied for work, and by every action and word betrayed that she had stepped from a life of refinement to the drudgery of a factory hand. Her low even tone betrayed the lady in its well-chosen words; and her slim, white hands bore no trace of toil upon their smooth skin. She was courteous to all who came into intercourse with her, but intimate with none. She had nursed Susy Whiting through a long period of contagious fever, winning the devotion of that little maiden, and the manager soon put her into positions of trust till she became forewoman. Here her education enabled her to keep the books required in the room, thus doubling her salary.

And here was the great ground of complaint by her companions. It was well known that the salary of Ellen Churchill was sufficient to warrant a good style of living and dressing. In the great boarding house, where 70 of the girls had rooms, she could well afford to pay for the best, to contribute to the amusement of the house, and dress well. Instead of all this, she lived in the attic poorly furnished, with a tiny stove, where she cooked the cheapest of food. Her dress was of the coarsest description, made by her own hands, and no ornament broke its severe simplicity. She never spent money in any pleasure seeking, nor joined in any of the quiet merriment in the house. But the crowning enormity was the refusal to contribute to the silver tankard. The excited group in the ante-room dispersed for the day, walking home in the twilight of a September evening, and still they talked of the young forewoman.

"The question is," said Mary Leigh, who had been foremost in the ante-room discussion, "what does she do with her money? She never puts and in the savings bank; she certainly spends nothing on her dress. Where is it all, then?"

"Perhaps she supports her parents."

"Both dead! I have heard her say so."

"Well, I dare say Mr. Rodman won't think her such a paragon as he has done, when he misses her name from the subscription list."

"And Walter Rodman will probably resent the insult to his father."

There was an exultation in the tone of the last remark, but ill-concealed. Walter Rodman, the only child of the elder manager, was in the counting room of the factory, with every prospect of becoming a partner. A man past thirty, he had risen in the employ of Meredith & Son from a lad of fourteen, and had saved money from a handsome salary, with the avowed purpose of pur chasing a place in the firm, upon the anticipated ratirement of old Mr. Meredith, who was known to favor the intention. Among the clerks and workmen in the great factory there was none so handsome as Walter Rodman, none so quietly refined in manner, none so great a favorite with all. But he had gone through thirty years of life fancy free, until Ellen Churchill came to the factory.

There was something in the noble, refined face of the young girl that attracted Walter Rodman from the first. That there was some heavy trouble brooding in the sadness of her dark eyes he never doubted; but if ever purity and goodness was pictured in human countenance they were in Ellen's.

From his father he learned much of the newcomer, of the quick adaptability she showed for her work, evidently new to her, of the almost masculine brain that fitted her so soon to take control of the loom room, where over a hundred girls were at work.

Of her antecedents he knew only that she brought a letter from the clergyman of her parish, in a small town of New York state. That she was a woman of culture and refinement they could see for themselves.

But Walter Rodman, by nature frank and true, as his heart more and more acknowledged Ellen for its queen, grieved over the evident mystery in her life. While in her conversation she advanced noble and generous views, her whole style of living was penurious to an extent rarely seen in a woman of her age, when living upon a much smaller salary than she commanded. It was not merely economy, but saving pushed to extremity,

There was a struggle between his love and his fear of repentance, if he urged his suit. It was revolting to him to think of his wife conducting his household upon parsimonious principles, refusing to bestow of his abundance in charity, dressing meanly, and perhaps influencing him to the same miserly habits. And yet, one hour with Ellen drove away all such thoughts.

The low, soft voice, always tinged by her habitual sadness, covered such a mirror of a pure, tender heart, a cultivated mind, a noble soul, that Walter forgot the coarse, mean dress, the many stories rife in the factory of Ellen's stinginess, and knew he loved her as he had never before loved any woman.

But when the silver tankard was presented to Mr. Rodman, and Ellen's name was not upon the list of contributors to the gift, Walter experienced a sharp pang of disappointment. He knew that his father's recommendation had gained Ellen her place in the factory, and that she had found a firm friend in him, and owed her rapid advancement to his interest and influence.

And yet she had refused her mite to the gift that testified the good feeling of the fellow-workers in the factory!

Father and son had long been confidential friends; and on the evening following the presentation the latter opened his heart and told all his doubts and fears. Mr. Rodman listened quietly.

"Yet you love Ellen?" he said.

"I love her," replied Walter, "but I could never be happy with a miserly wife."

"Poor Ellen, how little she deserves that reproach!" said Mr. Rodman. "I shall violate a confidence reposed in me, Walter, when I tell you how you misjudge her, but I think I can trust you."

"Has she told you her secret?"

"No: I heard the story from the clergyman of Lenwood, her native village, who wrote to me before she came here. He is an old friend of mine, and knew he could confide in me. Six years ago Ellen's mother died, leaving in he care a sickly step-brother, then about eleven years old. Her own father had left Ellen a pretty cottage, and she had a small income from the fruit and poultry on the place, while she made a sufficient living by teaching music and playing the organ in the church. When her mother died, leaving Stephen Grady, her step brother, an orphan and penniless, (for her step-father before his death squandered all her mother's fortune). Ellen promised to care for the boy. Remember, she was but sixteen, though early care had matured her far beyond her years.

"The boy grew up like his father, reckless of expenditure, loose in principle, yet tender to his sister-mother, and one of those loving scapegraces who always win some good woman's devotion. He won Ellen's. She thought herself bound by her promise to her mother to make every sacrifice for Stephen, and she faithfully tried to lead him away from the companions and evil influences that were ruining his life.

Three years ago a friend of Mrs. Grady's took Stephen into his counting house. Here he was to learn book-keeping, and for a time he worked steadily. Then the bad company that had ruined his boyhood again exerted an evil influence, and he learned to gamble.

"One of his accomplishments was the power to imitate any hand writing, and by persuasion of some older heads he forged a check of $2,000 from the firm he was with. The check passed the bank undetected, for the cashier was in the habit of paying over large sums to Grady. But when it was returned to the firm the forgery was discovered and traced to Stephen. Then the truth came out that he had gambled away the entire amount, and the two men who had urged the crime and pocketed the money had fled, leaving the lad to bear the consequences. He was arrested, and repentance came when he saw the full consequence of his acts.

"It was then that Ellen proved herself the noble woman I believe her to be. She was suffering already for her brother's crime, having lost her place as organist, and most of her pupils having left her. Despite all this, she went to the firm and pleaded for the lad. Her eloquence gained him something. They agreed not to prosecute, but allow the boy to leave the town and go to an uncle who was willing to give him another trial in a western city, if Ellen would pay the $2,000 and interest within two years.

"She undertook the task. Stephen was released and sent to his father's brother, where he is doing well, and Ellen left her home and came here, hoping for higher wages than she could earn in her own town. I, knowing all, advanced her interest in every way. Month after month, denying herself everything but the barest necessaries of life, she has sent her earnings to wipe off her brother's debt. With the rent of the house and what she saves here she has paid it all, the last installment being acknowledged in a letter I handed to her yesterday. You can understand why she could not even take a few dollars to subscribe for a present to me when I tell you the two years expired on the very day when the last hundred dollars was received. Now, Walter, you know Ellen's secret. Judge for yourself if she is a miser."

"She is as noble and self-sacrificing as my heart always told me she was, in spite of appearance!" said Walter warmly. "To-morrow I will see if she can ever return my love."

"Not to-morrow," said Mr. Rodman.

"Ellen went home this afternoon, her task finished. Out of the sum I paid for the last week of her toil here, she begged my acceptance of the copy of Longfellow upon the table beside you, asking me to believe she was grateful for all my kindness to her. Let her rest a little from her long strain of self-sacrifice and toil. I will gladly give her a daughter's place in my heart."

Winter had come and gone, and spring sunshine was making all nature glad, when one cheery morning, the train through Lenwood left a single passenger at the village station. He was a tall, handsome man, dressed well, without foppishness, and he inquired of a man at the station for the residence of Miss Churchill.

"The first white cottage as you turn the second street from here," was the reply. It was soon found, and at the gate the traveler halted. The windows shaded by a wide veranda, were open, and he could see the tasteful parlor. Near the window stood a handsome woman, trailing a vine over a network of string. His face was partly averted; but the stranger could see that all the pallor and sadness of the past were gone.

Upon the graceful figure was a dress of fleecy muslin, tastefully made, and trimmed with soft lace ruffles at throat and wrist, and a few well chosen ornaments. Suddenly some inner sense seemed to tell Ellen she was watched. She turned and saw Walter Rodman looking earnestly, wistfully at her. A quick flush swept across her cheek, and her eyes lighted gladly as she came forward to meet him.

"May I come in?" he asked, opening the little gate.

"I am very glad to welcome you," she answered, and then extended her hands as he sprang lightly up the steps.

It is not fair to repeat lover's talk. Suffice it that before Walter left the little cottage to take the return train, he had won the dearest wish of his heart; and when the summer roses bloomed, Ellen became the bride of the junior partner of Meredith & Co., the new firm of the factory where she had worked so faithfully.

Commodore Vanderbilt's Grandson.

Vanderbilt Allen, a grandson of Commodore Vanderbilt, and a partner in the firm of Bunker, Allen & Co., stock brokers, New York was married on Dec. 16, 1880, to Edith De Silver, then a school-girl, daughter of the late Frank De Silver. They lived together until Feb. 25, 1883. On that day he left her, saying that he would not return until she had apologized for making certain accusations against him. Now she is suing him for a limited divorce. Ira Shafer, on her behalf, moved before Judge Lawrence that Mr. Allen be ordered to pay his wife an allowance for her support pending the litigation. Mrs. Allen's complaint accuses her husband of marital unfaithfulness, and of habits of intoxication, carried so far that it was unsafe for her to live with him, and that he so poisoned the atmosphere of her room as to affect her health. She also asserted that he had been on terms of improper intimacy with Mrs. Edith De Belleville, the Australian wife of De Belleville, the actor, whose divorce case was before the courts last fall. It was also asserted that the defendant had disposed of a number of his wife's wedding presents and that when he left her he took with him $3,000 which belonged to her.

PYÆMIA

Is the most virulent form of blood-poisoning. Less speedily fatal, but not less certainly so, is the vitiation of the blood of which the first symptoms are **Pimples, Sties, Boils, and Cutaneous Eruptions.** When the taint of **Scrofula** gives warning of its presence by such indications, no time should be lost in using AYER'S SARSAPARILLA, the only perfect and reliable medicine for the purification of the blood.

SCROFULA

Is a foul corruption in the blood that rots out all the machinery of life. Nothing will eradicate it from the system and prevent its transmission to offspring but AYER'S SARSAPARILLA. This preparation is also the only one that will cleanse the blood of Mercurial poison and the taint of Contagious Diseases. Impoverished blood is productive of

ANÆMIA,

A wretched condition indicated by **Pallid Skin, Flaccid Muscles, Shattered Nerves,** and **Melancholy.** Its first symptoms are **Weakness, Languor, Loss of Nerve Force,** and **Mental Dejection.** Its course, unchecked, leads inevitably to insanity or death. Women frequently suffer from it. The only medicine that, while purifying the blood, enriches it with new vitality, and invigorates the whole system, is

Ayer's Sarsaparilla,

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Sold by all druggists: Price $1; six bottles for $5.

NOTICE TO Contractors

WARDEN'S OFFICE, MINNESOTA STATE PRISON,
J. A. REED, Warden,
STILLWATER, Minn., March, 1884.

Sealed bids directed to the Warden of the Minnesota State Prison will be received at this office, until 12 M, on the 31st day of March, 1884, for furnishing the material and putting on an Iron Roof on the Cell Room Building, and that portion of the Main Building between the Cell Room and Office, in accordance with plans and specifications to be seen at the office of A. M. Radcliffe, in St. Paul, and at this office.

Bids will be for so much per square. A certified check for $500 must accompany the bids as a guarantee of good faith.

The committee reserve the right to reject any or all bids.

By order of the Building Committee-
70-91 J. A. REED, Chairman.

FUEL DEALERS.

Full Weight and Measure Guaranteed by

GRIGGS & FOSTER,

41 East Third Street.
Established in 1864.

Coal & Wood

Dry body Maple, $6.50 per cord. An excellent quality of White Oak, $5 per cord, equal to maple. Dry Pine Slabs, $3.

☞Orders can be left with Jellett & Co., corner Seventh and Wacouta.

COSTUMES.

Theatrical and Masquerade EMPORIUM,

10 West Third street, St. Paul.

I respectfully invite the attention of ladies and gentlemen to my large, most complete and elegant stock of new Masquerade Costumes, for balls, parties, theatrical performances, old folks' concerts, tableaus, &c.
Masks at wholesale.
Country parties, send for list and prices.

P. J. GIESEN.

EDUCATIONAL.

Mount Saint Joseph's ACADEMY

For the Education of Young Ladies

DUBUQUE, IOWA.

Parents desirous of placing their daughters in a first class school, will do well to investigate the claims of tnis institution. To the present building, which is both spacious and beautiful, a large addition is being erected, which will contain music, exhibition and recreation halls. The course of studies in the different departments is thorough, nothing being omitted that is necessary to impart a finished education. The musical department comprises a thorough course for graduation in Theory and Practice. Every advantage is afforded to those who wish to pursue a special course in painting; general instructions in drawing are given in class-rooms. For particular apply to SISTER SUPERIOR. 3544

TAILORING.

McGrath Fine Tailoring,

146 EAST THIRD STREET.

Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway.

THE FAST MAIL LINE!

The finest Dining Cars in the world are run on all through trains to and from Chicago.

DEPARTING TRAINS.	Leave Minneapolis	Leave St. Paul.
River Division.		
Milwaukee & Chicago Ex..	A 12 noon.	A 12:45 p m
Milwaukee & Chicago Ex..	A 7:00 p m	A 7:45 p m
La Crosse, Dubuque, Rock Island & St. Louis Ex	C 4:50 a m	C 5:25 a m
Iowa & Minn. Division.		
Sou. Minn., Ia. & Dav'pt Ex.	C 8:00 a m	C 8:10 a m
Owatonna Accommodation.	C 4:30 p m	C 4:30 p m
Mason City, Sou. & West. Ex	E 6 00 p m	E 7:10 p m
Hastings & Dakota Div.		
Milbank Ex	C 8:40 a m	C 8:00 a m
Ellendale & Aberdeen Ex...	A 3:20 p m	A 2:40 a m

ARRIVING TRAINS.	Arrive St. Paul.	Arrive Minneapolis
River Division.		
Chicago & Milwaukee Ex..	A 7:20 a m	A 8:10 a m
Chicago & Milwaukee Ex..	A 2:25 p m	A 3:10 p m
La Crosse, Dubuque, Rock Island & St. Louis Ex....	C 9:35 p m	C 10:10 p m
Iowa & Minn. Division.		
Owatonna Accommodation.	C 10:28 a m	C 10:35 a m
Sou. Minn. & Ia. Ex	C 6:55 p m	C 7:05 p m
Mason City, Sou. & West. Ex	F 7:45 a m	F 8:30 a m
Hastings & Dakota Div.		
Milbank Ex	C 6:30 p m	C 5:40 p m
Ellendale & Aberdeen Ex	A 12:15 p m	A 11:35 a m

A. means daily; C. except Sundays; E, except Saturdays; F, except Monday.

Additional trains between St. Paul and Minneapolis via "Short Line," leave both cities hourly. For particulars see short Line time table.

St. Paul—Chas. Thompson, City Ticket Agent, 151 East Third street. Brown & Knebel, Ticket Agents, Union Depot.

Minneapolis—G. L. Scott, City Ticket Agent, No. 7 Nicollet House. A. B. Chamberlain, Ticket Agent, Depot.

MINNEAPOLIS & ST. LOUIS RAILWAY.

ALBERT LEA ROUTE.

	Le. St. Paul	Ar. St. Paul
Chicago Express	*7:00 a m	*8:05 a m
Des Moines & Kansas City Ex.	*7:00 a m	*8:05 a m
St. Louis "Through" Express	†2:50 p m	‡12:20 p m
Des Moines & Kansas City Ex.	†2:50 p m	‡12:20 p m
Excelsior and Winthrop	*3:30 p m	*12:20 p m
Chicago "Fast" Express	d6:20 m	d7:45 a m

d daily, * daily except Sundays, † daily except Saturday, ‡ daily except Monday. Ticket office St. Paul, corner third and Sibley streets, E. A. Whitaker, City Ticket and Passenger Agent, and Union Depot.

S. F. BOYD,
General Ticket and Passenger Agent, Minneapolis.

LEADING BUSINESS MEN

—OF—

ST. PAUL, - - MINN.

ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELLORS AT LAW.

THOMAS G. EATON, Room 50, Gilfillan block, St. Paul, Minn.

ARCHITECTS.

E. P. BASSFORD, Room 28, Gilfillan block.
H. S. TREHERNE, C. E., 19 Gilfillan block.
A. D. HINSDALE, Presley block.
A. M. RADCLIFF, Mannheimer block.
J. WALTER STEVENSON, Davidson block, Room 25 & 26.

ARTISTS' MATERIALS.

SHERWOOD HOUGH, corner Third and Wabashaw.
STEVENS & ROBERTS, 71 East Third street, St. Paul

BOOKS AND STATIONERY.

SHERWOOD HOUGH, corner Third and Wabashaw.
ST. PAUL BOOK & STATIONERY CO., 127 East Third St

CARRIAGES AND SLEIGHS.

A. NIPPOLT, East Sixth street, between Jackson and Sibley streets.

CARPETS AND WALL PAPER.

JOHN MATHEIS, 17 East Third street.
W. L. ANDERSON, 122 East Third street.

DRY GOODS—Wholesale.

AUERBACH, FINCH & VAN SLYCK, Sibley street, between Fourth and Fifth.

DRY GOODS—Retail.

LINDEKE, LADD & CO., 13 East Third street.

GROCERIES—Wholesale.

P. H. KELLY & CO., 142 to 148 East Third street.

HARDWARE AND TOOLS.

F. G. DRAPER & CO., 53 East Third Street.

JEWELERS AND WATCHMAKERS.

EMIL GEIST, 85 East Third street.

LOOKING GLASSES.

STEVENS & ROBERTSON, 71 East Third street, St. Paul.

PICTURES AND FRAMES.

STEVENS & ROBERTSON, 71 East Third street, St. Paul.

TRUNK MAKERS.

CRIPPEN & UPSON, 74 East Third street.
W. H. GARLAND, 41 East Third street.

WINES AND LIQUORS—Wholesale.

B. KUHL & CO., Wholesale dealers in liquors and wines, 194 East Third street, St. Paul.

WHOLESALE NOTIONS.

ARTHUR, WARREN & ABBOTT, 186 and 188 East Third street.

WHOLESALE HARDWARE.

STRONG, HACKETT & CO., 213 to 219 East Fourth street.

GAS FIXTURES.

KENNEY & HUDNER

103 and 105 West Third Street

Opposite Metropolitan Hotel.

TRAVELERS' GUIDE

St. Paul Railway Time Tables.

Chicago, St. Paul, Minneapolis AND OMAHA RAILWAY.

THE ROYAL ROUTE, EAST, SOUTH AND WEST.

NO CHANGE OF CARS TO CHICAGO, Des Moines or Kansas City.

DEPARTING TRAINS.	Leave Minneapolis	Leave St. Paul.
Des Moines fast Express	†7:55 a m	†7:20 a m
Chicago Day Express	*12:00 m	*12:45 p m
Chicago & Milwaukee Ex.	*7:00 p m	*7:45 p m
Sioux City & Sioux Falls	†7:55 a m	7:20 a m
Shakopee and Merriam Jct.		7:20 a m
Omaha and Kansas City	*4:35 p m	*3:50 p m
Green Bay and Appleton		†6:00 a m
Shakopee and Merriam Jct.	*2:30 p m	*3:50 p m
North Wisconsin & Superior	†7:40 a m	†8:15 a m
River Falls	†4:30 p m	†5:05 p m

Dining Cars the finest in the world and luxurious Smoking Room Sleepers on all Chicago trains.

ARRIVING TRAINS.	Arrive St. Paul.	Arrive Minneapolis
Chicago & Milwaukee Ex.	†7:20 a m	‡8:10 a m
Merriam Jct. and Shakopee.	*12:15 p m	*1:00 p m
Chicago Night Express	*2:25 p m	*3:10 p m
Sioux City & Sioux Falls	†11:40 p m	†11:10 p m
Omaha and Kansas City	*12:10 p m	*11:40 a m
North Wisconsin & Superior	†3:30 p m	†4:15 p m
Merriam Jct. and Shakopee	*11:25 p m	*8:40 p m
Green Bay and Appleton	†7:50 p m	†8:55 p m
River Falls	9:25 a m	†10:00 a m
Des Moines Fast Express	†11:40 p m	†11:10 p m

LAKE ELMO AND STILLWATER TRAINS

LEAVE MINNEAPOLIS.
†7:40 a m, †8:30 a m, *12:00 m, †1:30 p m, †4:30 p m, *7:00 p m.

LEAVE ST. PAUL.
†6:00 a m, †8:15 a m, †9:05 a m, 10:05 a m, *12:45 a m, *2:05 p m, †5:05 p m, and *7:45 p m.

LEAVE STILLWATER FOR ST. PAUL AND MINNEAPOLIS.
6:05 a m, 7:30 a m, †8:28 a m, †12:00 m, *1:13 p m, †8:30 p m, 4:30 p m, †6:50 p m.

* Daily. † Except Sundays. ‡ Except Mondays.

☞Tickets, sleeping car accommodations, and all information can be secured at
No. 13 Nicollet House block, Minneapolis,
J. CHARBONNEAU, Ticket Agent.
Minneapolis depot, corner Washington and Fourth avenue north, H. L. MARTIN, Ticket Agent.
Corner Third and Jackson streets, St. Paul,
CHAS. H. PETSCH, City Ticket Agent.
New Union Depot, foot of Sibley street,
KNEBEL & BROWN, Ticket Agents.
H. E. HAYDN, Ticket Agent, Stillwater.

NORTHERN PACIFIC R. R.,

THE NEW

"Overland Route!"

THE ONLY LINE TO

Portland, Ore., and the Pacific Northwest.

The "Pioneer Line" between St. Paul, Minneapolis, Moorhead and Fargo, and the ONLY Line running Dining Cars and Pullman Sleepers between these points.

Departing Trains.	Leave St. Paul.	Leave Minneapolis.
Pacific express	*8:00 p m	*8:45 p m
Fargo day express	†8:35 a m	†9:15 a m
Fargo night express	*8:00 p m	*8:45 p m

Dining cars, Pullman sleepers, elegant day coaches, second-class coaches, and emigrant sleeping cars between St. Paul, Minneapolis, Fargo, Dak.; and Portland, Ore., without change.

Arriving Trains,	Arrive Minneapolis.	Arrive St. Paul.
Atlantic express	*7:25 a m	*7:40 a m
Fargo day express	†7:05 p m	†7:20 p m
Fargo night express	*7:25 a m	*7:40 a m

*Daily. †Except Sunday.
City office, St. Paul, 823 (old No. 43) Jackson street.
City office, Minneapolis, No. 10 Nicollet house.
CHAS. S. FEE,
General Passenger Agent.

ST. PAUL, MINNEAPOLIS & MANITOBA RAILWAY.

FARGO SHORT LINE.

ONLY ALL RAIL LINE TO WINNIPEG AND THE BRITISH NORTHWEST.

TIME TABLE.

	Leave St. Paul.	Leave Minneapolis.	Arrival St. Paul.	Arrival Minneapolis.
Willmar, Morris and Brown's Valley	*7:30 a m	8:05 a m	*6:00 p m	5:25 pm
Fergus Falls, Moorhead, Fargo, Crookston, St. Vincent and Winnipeg	*8:00 a m	8:50 a m	*6:20 p m	5:45 p m
St. Cloud Accommodation, via Monticello and Clearwater	*2:30 p m	3:05 p m	*12:00 m	11:20 p m
St. Cloud Accommodation, via Anoka and Elk River	*4:00 p m	4:35 p m	*10:15 a m	11:00 a m
Breckenridge, Moorhead, Fargo, Wahpeton, Casselton, Hope, Portland and Mayville	†7:00 p m	7:40 p m	†7:30 a m	7:00 a m
Fergus Falls, Moorhead, Fargo, Grand Forks, Devil's Lake, Larimore, Neche and Winnipeg	†8:30 p m	9:15 p m	†7:00 a m	6:80 a m

† Daily. * Except Sundays.

ST. PAUL & MINNEAPOLIS SHORT LINE.

Leave St Paul—†*7:20 a m, 7:35 a m, †*8:00 a m, 8:30 am, 8:35 am, 9:30 am, 10:30 am, 11:30 am, *12:30 pm, 1:20 pm, 2:30 pm, 2:35 p m, 3:30 p m, 3:50 p m, †4:00 p m, 4:30 p m, 5:30 p m, †5:40 p m, 6:20 p m, 6:30 p m, †7:00 p m, 8:00 p m, 8:30 p m.

Leave Minneapolis—6:30 a m, 7:00 a m, 7,10 a m, 7:30 a m, †7:40 a m, 8:30 a m, 9:30 a m, 10:30 a m, 11:20 a m, 11:30 a m, †12:05 m, 12:30 p m, 1:30 p m, 2:30 p m, 3:30 p m, 4:30 p m, 5:30 p m, †5:45 p m, 6:30 p m, 7:00 p m, †11:10 p m. ☞Elegant sleepers on all through trains.

ST. PAUL—W. A. Turner, City Ticket Agent, cor. Third and Sibley streets; Brown & Kenebel, Agents, Union depot.

MINNEAPOLIS—J. E. Smith, General Agent, and H. L. Martin, Ticket Agent cor. Washington and Fourth Ave. North; W. H. Wisner, Agent, Nicollet house.