

# BRIGITTE'S WEDDING.



NE evening, in the neighborhood of—well, no matter how many years ago, four German officers were eating pate de foie-gras and drinking champagne in the common hall of the Maison Rouge at Strasbourg. Eight or ten bottles were empty; the drinkers were rapidly becoming intoxicated. A silent, solemn intoxication, no turbulence of gesture, no pell mell of words, only a dull torpor that ruminated and benumbed.

Suddenly one of the drinkers, who was running a wandering eye over a morning journal spread out before him, uttered a great shout of laughter. His companions turned their heads slowly, with a gesture of automatons moved by a single spring.

"Seel see!" cried the laughter, pointing with his finger to the top of a column. And bending forward they read the following sufficiently singular advertisement, as you may see for yourselves:

The Prussian or Bavarian soldier who has reason to believe himself the father of a child born Wednesday, August 3, 18—, at the chateau of M. R. Z. (France), is requested to return to this chateau without delay.

Such a shaking of stomachs and such a gust of tempestuous hilarity as went up then from those maudlin tippers! But the youngest of the officers, fresh and rosy under his pale blonde curls, and though well into his thirties seeming scarcely five and twenty, had uttered a cry and no longer laughed with the others. He seized the paper and read the advertisement again, read it eagerly, with something like fright in his eyes; then he hastily sprang up and was gone without a word or even a nod.

One month later, the comte de Montrozay, his elbows on his chair arms, his head on his hands, regarded dancing and leaping in the wide chimney the flickering flame of the vine twigs. The autumn was cold and the fire was already needed. But the clear sunlight, through the wide opened windows projected itself into the austere hall, brightened the somber tapestries and furniture, and illuminated the panoplies of arms upon the walls like great steel roses, whilst the winds brought in from the grounds without the moist perfume of the last flowers and the soft gurgle of the neighboring river.

Presently there was a rap on the door and a servant entered to announce that a stranger with a German accent demanded to be received.

The comte sprang up hastily. He was very pale in the full light, and a sort of restrained shudder seemed to quiver through the muscles of his face and his close-shut lips. He did not speak, either—fearing, perhaps, to betray his emotion by the trembling of his voice. He merely nodded his head, but the servant understood—he was to admit the visitor.

When he entered, his manner uneasy, his step uncertain, his whole appearance that of a man who knows that he is taking a terrible risk, the comte, smiling benevolently, advanced to meet him.

"Monsieur," said he courteously, "to what do I owe the honor of your visit?"

"I—I read in a paper, monsieur—" began the stranger stammering.

The comte still smiled.

"Ah, I see, I know," said he. "And you think that it is you whom the advertisement concerns? You have, then, I presume, some reason for believing so?"

"Before answering monsieur, may I ask to whom I speak?" returned the other.

"The Comte Gaston de Montrozay, the master of this house, and the only relative and brother of the young girl."

The stranger extended his hands to the comte, as if beseeching him to spare him.

"I am a wretch, monsieur," he cried, "a scoundrel, and if you kill me you would be right. But believe me, I beseech you, believe me, I have had in my heart for ten long months a remorse that has torn and rent me like a wild beast. Of that night, that execrable, accursed night, monsieur, I shall drag the memory to the tomb.

"But you must know, monsieur, you must know everything, and to atone such a crime, to recant it, is of itself a sufficient punishment. We had been fighting all day long in bands, from wood to wood and village, to village, firing into thickets and open doors at random, without seeing or knowing whom we had killed till we heard the groans or saw the blood running at our feet.

"One long continual battle, in a thick night of blinding smoke, the stench of powder and fresh blood and a raging, consuming thirst that would make one drink blood itself if I caught else where at hand. By evening I was drunk, drunk with carnage and also with wine, caked with a red mud on face, hands and uniform, and rabid and brutal as a maddened beast.

"It was then that I came upon your house. I recognized it instantly, this hall which I traversed then in a moonlight shadow, and hear still in my ears the cries of frightened women fleeing before me white as phantoms. One of them fell. I seized her, clasped her in my arms; I bore her away into another apartment.

"Drunk, drunk and maddened, I repeat, like a beast!"

"You know all my crime now, monsieur; dispose of me as you will. When I read that paper, the paper that told me everything, I asked and obtained a conge. I am here. All that you command shall be done—I swear it!"

As the German officer stammered out these last words, a young girl entered the room hurriedly, like a child that has been running, and stopped short, blushing and dismayed by this unexpected presence. Comte Montrozay approached her smiling always, that slight, imperturbable smile.

"My sister," said he, "allow me to present—your name, monsieur, please?"

"Otho Immerman," returned the officer, turning his head abashed and trembling.

"Then, Brigitte, allow me, I repeat, to present to you M. Otho Immerman, who has the honor to demand your hand in marriage, which I have accorded him."

Three days later Otho was still unable to believe in his happiness. The comte, with the smiling courtesy of a good-humored host had offered hospitality.

"Consider yourself in your own house, my guest," said he, adding genially: "Before two weeks have gone you will be my brother, as well, and this chateau, I should tell you, forms part of my sister's dot. Not a word, however, not a word to her of what is past. I command it."

As for Brigitte, she smiled, too, and when the comte had shut himself in his library—his custom every evening—she had remained alone with Otho at the window in the soft half-light of the fading day, listening, responding, element and almost tender.

Ah, but she was pretty and charming! Otho began to love her deeply. He had forgotten everything. No, it was not true that he had forced those doors and windows and entered one night, all bloody and besotted, into that peaceful dwelling and carried away in his arms that swooning girl! It was a lie, a hideous dream! He was betrothed as other young men were betrothed, and he loved her, this beautiful French girl who was soon to be his wife, and the lightest touch of whose little finger filled him with tremulous ecstasy.

He talked to her and told her all about his own country and of the soft myosotis blooms that they called "vergisse-min-nicht," and of the



YOU HAVE FIRST TO SETTLE WITH ME— young girls that met their lovers in cemeteries in order to gather from the tombs the eternal flowers of death to guard against human forgetfulness.

He read and sang to her from the poets of his country, and she listened dreamily and sadly and the hours that brought nearer and nearer the longed-for wedding day passed for both of them, apparently in a mutual blossoming of tenderness.

At last it came, that wedding night, and the marriage at the Mairie was over; also the brief ceremony that followed it at the church, and Brigitte de Montrozay had become Mme. Immerman.

Otho, his heart throbbing with joy, was hurrying to the nuptial chamber, when suddenly on the staircase above him a lame flashed out, a figure stepped from the shadow and a hard voice cried harshly:

"Where are you going sir?"

It was the comte de Montrozay. Otho looked at him smilingly.

"Where?" he repeated, "to the chamber of my wife, of course, monsieur."

"No, sir, not yet," comte de Montrozay returned coldly, "you have first to settle with me. A debt postponed, my friend, is not a debt paid."

And he struck Otho a blow full in the face.

At daybreak there was a duel behind the chateau and Otho fell, a ball in his brain.

There was none to ask questions and no one to find fault. The marriage and the quarrel had been equally quiet. An alleged quarrel over the wine cups was certainly reason enough for the disappearance of a single German officer in the enemy's country. Now the peasants who labor on the Montrozay grounds and the vagabonds of the roads often see through the bars of the gate Mme. Otho Immerman, a young widow whose mourning garments are still new, smiling and dancing in the sunlight a white and rosy, babe whose hair is yellow as spun gold and whose eyes are blue as the myosotis blooms that they call the vergisse-mein-nicht in Germany.

The debt was paid, but the babe was fatherless, and the young widow smiles only when the babe—her little Otho she calls it, in spite of her brother's frowning protest—is in her arms.

**A Commission.**  
Pipkin—How much ought I to pay the clergyman?

Prof.—That lies entirely with the bride.

"How lies with her?"

"It all depends on how much you are to get with her."—Truth.

## LYNCH LAW IN OLDEN DAYS.

Originated by a soldier of Virginia for Protective Purposes.  
Lynch law had its origin in Virginia, according to a gentleman who has been investigating the early history of that state. It was not mob law, as it is now understood. It was orderly, methodical and fair in its processes, and was strongly opposed to violence or mob rule. Its distinctive feature, according to the New York Herald, was simply that its decrees and findings were executed sternly and swiftly upon the spot of their delivery.

Charles Lynch, whose name is associated with the summary proceedings now known as acts of "lynch law," was a revolutionary soldier, and after the war ended took up his residence in Pennsylvania county.

The region in which he lived became at one period of the revolution infested by bands of Tories and outlaws, whose depredations upon the defenseless people extended from the lower parts of North Carolina and Virginia to the passes of the Blue Ridge and headwaters of the James and other mountain streams. Deserters from both armies added strength and a semblance of organization to their operations. Whenever they appeared the terror-stricken inhabitants were plundered, harassed and mercilessly subjected to every variety of insult and outrage.

A remedy was needed for this insufferable state of things, a remedy that should at once strike such terror to those miscreants as would relieve a community already suffering from the effects of hostile invasion. Colonel Lynch was the man to take the lead in such an emergency. He succeeded in organizing a body of patriotic citizens, men of known character and standing. Having laid his plans for them, and securing their approval, he at once proceeded to put them into execution. At the head of his followers he promptly got upon the track of the unsuspecting enemy, captured many and caused the others to leave the country. When any of these outlaws fell into his hands they were not taken at once to a tree and hanged or tied to a stake and shot, as is now done under the perverted system of the present day. This was not according to the code of Colonel Lynch and his followers. So far from such a lawless procedure a jury was selected from Lynch's men, over which he presided as judge; the captives were tried separately, the accused allowed to make his own defense, and to show cause, if he could, why he should not be punished. If found guilty the punishment was inflicted on the spot. The general impression was that in all cases of Lynch law the penalty was death. This is a mistake. A writer who knew Colonel Lynch well was assured by him that he never willingly condemned a criminal to capital punishment; that prisoners were frequently let off with a severe flogging and then liberated on condition that they would leave the country.

**Caves of New Mexico and Arizona.**  
Whenever a cave is newly discovered in New Mexico or Arizona the finder's first hope is that he has unearthed an old Spanish or Mexican mine, but this seldom or never has proved to be the case. Generally these holes in the mountains are natural caves in limestone or sandstone formations, but sometimes they lie between walls of hard rock, which perhaps contain mineral deposits, indicating that the primitive civilized Indians may have dug their way in following a soft streak in search of talc to use in pottery making, with no thought for precious metals. Stalactites, snowy white, hang from their roofs, and where mineral water has percolated these crystallizations take on gorgeous metallic hues. Human bones are sometimes found in these caves and other evidences of human work or former occupancy. The Coffee cave and Robinson's cave in the Black range, in Southern New Mexico, have been explored for several hundred feet, and other large caves in that region remain to be explored.

**Felling Trees by Electricity.**  
Trees are felled by electricity in the great forests of Galicia. For cutting comparatively soft wood the tool is in the form of an auger, which is mounted on a carriage and is moved to and fro and revolved at the same time by a small electric motor. As the cut deepens wedges are inserted to prevent the rift from closing, and when the tree is nearly cut through an ax or hand saw is used to finish the work. In this way trees are felled very rapidly and with very little labor.

**Wanted to See He in Jump.**  
Bobby, who has been sitting patiently half an hour—Mr. Boomer, I wish you would put the question to Bella.  
Bella—Robert, you naughty boy, what possessed you to make so preposterous a remark?  
Bobby, sulkily—Well, anyway, ma said if he did you'd jump at the chance, and I want to see you jump.—Texas Siftings.

**His Compensation.**  
Wandering Willie—There's something in that doctrine 'bout castin' your bread on the waters.  
Tottering Tom—Proceed!  
Wandering Willie—Why, a cove asked me to hold his coat while he fixed his horse's hoofs, and I held the coat. Now the coat holds me. See?  
—Boston Transcript.

**The Rivals.**  
Mr. Richfello—Miss Beautie's shoe-lace came unfastened, and she let me tie it.  
Miss Pretty—She wears such tight corsets she can't stoop.

## THE FARM AND HOME.

### ROTATION FOR FRUITS AS WELL AS GENERAL CROPS.

May Become a Necessity for Old Orchards in the Fight Against Disease and Insects—Sour Slop—Farm Notes and Home Hints.

#### Fruit Rotation.

Crop rotation has become quite essential to agriculture in order to keep up the fertility of the soil, but very few seem to consider it necessary to extend this same plan to the fruit trees, vines and shrubs. Nevertheless, it is pretty well known now that the continuous growing of any one crop of fruits in one place tends to concentrate all of the blights, diseases and fungi that injure our plants. Often the only way to destroy these diseases is to kill off all of the plants and trees, and to burn root and branch. By transferring the orchard to another part of the farm we can often obtain better results than if we devoted all our time to spraying and picking off infested leaves.

We generally select the best soil for potatoes and wish to grow them there continually, but in time blight and rot make it impossible, and we have to move the potato field. The same is true with onions, sweet potatoes, cabbages and other vegetables. Now the same holds exactly true with raspberries, blackberries, currants and other plants. We can in some instances keep down the diseases by continuous spraying, but in time the diseases become so general that an extra wet season is sure to make the fungi get the better of us.

Our strawberry beds should be changed every few years and placed in new localities where diseases will not make their life precarious, says the American Cultivator. Raspberry vines, currants and gooseberry bushes cannot be moved so easily, but new orchards have to be planted every year or so, and these new ones should be planted as far from the old ones as possible. Even in the apple and pear orchard something in this line can be done. Old orchards as a rule suffer more from blight than young ones, and grubs and insects increase rapidly in numbers. If the new orchards are planted right alongside of them they are infested with the insects and diseases early in their life. Grape vines require a change probably more than any other fruit, and every new vineyard planted should be separated from the old ones. If the land is planted with other crops for a couple of seasons the germs of diseases will get out of the soil.

We can ward off disease fairly well with spraying, and it is right that this should be kept up persistently, but with the present increase of insects and diseases in old orchards the future must bring about such changes that it will be absolutely necessary to adopt a system of rotation in our fruit crops the same as now practiced with other crops. It is also a question to be considered whether such a change would make a vast difference in the soil productivity. We know the rotation for field crops makes the soil richer, and improves it so that the crops are larger and better. Do not all fruit trees, plants and vines draw from the soil certain elements which must be supplied in the cheapest way by a rotation?

#### Sour Slop.

I have never yet been able to get any of the sour slop advocates to tell me why the sour, fermented, rotten stuff they recommend as the food for swine is better than pure and sweet food. It is just an old-fashioned idea handed down from father to son from time immemorial, and has no more foundation than the jail out of which the prisoners used to dig with the ace of spades.

The principal elements of nutrition in corn is contained in the sugar and starch found, and when we soak this corn until it sours we change these two elements into a new one (acetic acid) and lose the greater part of the feeding value of the corn by the change, for certainly no one will attempt to maintain that acetic acid (vinegar) has any value as a food. Soaked corn, if fed before souring, is preferable as a food to dry, hard corn. It softens it and the juices of digestion act upon it more readily, digestion is hastened and at the same time more perfect. But let it remain in soak until it sours and we ruin all the good we have done had we fed it at the proper time.

A brood sow requires a specially arranged pen for the safety of the young pigs. It should be at least eight feet square, and have safeguards around the sides so that the little pigs may escape under them when the old sow lies down, and escape being crushed, as many are, for want of this guard. It consists of a board fitted to the side of the pen at right angles thereto, and eight inches from the floor, supported by upright pieces at distances of two or three feet.

The feed trough should be built close to the floor so that no spaces may be left for the pigs to crawl in and get fat. The trough should be shallow, so that the pigs may not get in and be drowned. A second apartment should be provided, so that one of them may be kept clean, which the sow will be careful to observe, for a pig is a cleanly animal when the facilities for cleanliness are afforded.

#### Wind Breaks Sometimes Injurious.

A free circulation of air, especially on a low ground, is often a better guarantee against injury from freezing than is a wind break. It is in cold still weather, rather than when

winds are blowing, the frost settles down into valleys, and there does great damage to vegetation, while that on higher land exposed to wind escapes. Animals feel cold most in the wind. They are giving off warmth from consumption of air and food, and the wind brings cold air to the surface of the skin as fast as that in contact with it can be heated. The most intense cold very rarely is carried by winds along the earth's surface. It comes from the upper regions of the atmosphere in times when the air is still except for cold air setting down and the warmer air rising. Hence it often happens that tender fruits like peaches often escape winter killing when planted on side hills, while their buds will be blasted when the trees grow in the sheltering lower lands in the valley. Yet for a residence the valley might well be the warmest.—American Cultivator.

#### Keeping Up the Standard.

If every farmer would head his poultry each year by birds not related to the fowls on his place he could make enough out of 100 hens to supply his family with all the groceries needed and still have enough left to pay for the feed. This is probably true even when all the eggs and chickens used on the place are counted in if the flock is given good care. The purchase of cockerels from a known breeder each year is best as long as one is using graded stock, but the proper way to do on the farm is to run a good yard of pure breeds and buy or exchange for a good hen or pullet, and keep her eggs separate, mark her chicks with a pinch in their feet and keep only cockerels from these and pullets from your own stock. The half blood outcross is enough each year, but this need's care and judgment to keep the breeding distinct.

#### Farm Notes.

Don't neglect salting the cows.  
Clover should be cut very fine when fed to the hens.  
The dairyman must not begrudge the cow all she will eat.  
Rye furnishes good pasture and is a good green manure crop.  
In England considerable attention is paid to raising pheasants.  
Turkeys picked dry command better prices than when scalded.  
The ducks intended for spring laying should not be made too fat.  
Common stock on the markets always have to stand back till the better classes are sold.  
The temperature of the cream has more to do with the butter coming than most people think.  
If you have never tried dehorning, or preventing the growth of horns, try it. We prefer prevention.  
It takes an active man to succeed in dairying. The lazy man better look somewhere else for a soft snap.  
The mare is more profitable on the farm than the gelding, because she will do about as much work and raise a colt each year.  
If an animal is once allowed to become very poor, it will require so much feed to bring it back that it will not be very profitable.  
The American Sheep Breeder says that exercise makes wool; quiet and sleep make fat. Sheep in prime stock order yield the strongest staple; but the fiber of a fat sheep is stronger than that of a poor one.  
There is no reason why a man or woman who has been milking cows and making butter for years, with plenty of dairy literature at hand, should not be as competent as any man employed in the creamery is.

#### Home Hints.

Cream boiled makes the coffee richer and does not chill it.  
In beating whites of eggs for meringue or frosting do not add the sugar until the egg is stiff.  
Flatirons should be kept as far removed from the steam of cooking as possible, as this is what causes them to rust.  
Canned tomatoes are nice stewed and baked in alternate layers of rice or macaroni, seasoning the layers with butter, pepper, and salt.  
In making coffee remember that the broader the bottom and the smaller the top of the vessel in which you prepare it the better the coffee will be.  
If tea be ground like coffee or crushed immediately before hot water is poured upon it, it will yield nearly double the amount of its exhilarating qualities.  
To cut fresh bread so that it may be presentable when served, heat the blade of the breadknife by laying first one side and then the other across the hot stove.  
Always keep a jar of cracker dust on hand for bread, or else save up all pieces of bread and once a month dry them in an open oven, then place them in a bag and pound until fine.  
Mix fine sawdust with glue to a stiff paste for filling nail holes or cracks, and the patch will hardly be discernable, especially if the sawdust is of the same wood that is mended.  
Almost anything made with baking powder can be raised quite as well with sour milk or buttermilk and soda, allowing one even teaspoonful of soda to each pint of milk.  
In preparing frogs for the table use only the hind quarters. Wash in warm water, then soak in vinegar and salt for an hour. Scald them and then remove the skin, wipe dry and fry in butter.

## WAITING WAS USELESS.

Old Grimshaw Saw no Use in Spooning About for Three Years.  
"Mr. Grimshaw!"  
"Well, what is it?"

It was Henri Spoondrift, only son and heir of old Spoondrift, the flour merchant, who spoke first, according to the Chicago Times. He had left Maude Grimshaw in the parlor and entered the library to ask her father's consent.

"Mr. Grimshaw, I—I—"  
"Yes, I know. You are young Mr. Spoondrift, son of your daddy and all that, but don't spring any old chestnuts on me! If you have anything to say out with it."  
"Mr. Grimshaw, for the last three years I have—I have—"  
"Yes, I've seen you spooning around here for the last three or four years. You must know the house pretty well by this time. Is there anything you wish to say to me before we part?"

"Sir! I love—love—that is I love—"  
"Pudding, probably? So do I, it's the right sort. Young man, do you think I care two continental cocked hats whether you love pudding or not?"

"Mr. Grimshaw, can I speak to you?" pleadingly inquired the young man.  
"Speak to me! Why, blame your eyebrows, I've been trying my best to get you to talk! What in thunder ails you, anyhow? If you want a nickel for car fare, why don't you ask for it like a man instead of a chest protector?"

"For three years I have loved your daughter Maude!" desperately announced Henri.  
"You have! Then you are an idiot! A man who will spoon around for three long years hasn't the sense of a chickadee! Does Maude suspect that you love her, as you call it?"

"She does. I am sure that she likewise returns my love."

"Yes, she's just flatheaded enough. She could have her pick of a dozen football chaps, and yet she wants to marry a young man who couldn't pull a turnip up by the roots!"  
"Mr. Grimshaw, I am not an athlete, but I will—"  
"Shut up! You mean you will learn to ride a bike or become a champion runner, but I don't care two cents about that! How quick can you marry Maude?"

"Why, in two or three months, if the dear angel is willing."  
"Two or three months! Young man, you skate back to the parlor and tell her it's got to come off within two weeks! Not a blamed day longer! I've been ready to give my consent for the last two years and a half, and now the spooning must come to an end. Go—hop—skate—get ready to marry or die."

#### The Passing of the Whale.

The whale is destined to disappear from the North Pacific much more speedily than he was driven from the eastern approaches to the Arctic. The white fleet sailing out of the port of San Francisco has this year caught in the Arctic regions no less than 353 whales. The product of this season's catch would have been represented by about \$2,000,000 had prices remained as they were about three years ago. When one small steamer takes sixty-two whales in a single season, and a still smaller one kills sixty-four, there is a striking illustration of what steam is doing for the extermination of the whale in the Pacific. There will be no restriction. The whale fishery by sailing vessels has for some time been unprofitable. What the sailing craft could not do in a lifetime of years the steam whaler will pretty effectually accomplish in a very few years.

#### Why Dogs Wag Their Tails.

All dogs wag their tails when pleased, and the movement is generally understood by their human associates as an intimation that they are very happy. The chief delight of wild dogs, as with modern hounds and sporting dogs, is in the chase and its accompanying excitement and consequences. When the presence of game is first detected is invariably the time when tails are wagged for the common good. The wagging is almost an invariable accompaniment of this form of pleasure, which is one of the chiefest among the agreeable emotions when in a wild state. Owing to some insensibility of the nervous mechanism the association of pleasure and wagging has become so inseparable that the movement of the tail follows this emotion, whatever may call it forth.

#### Doubt's Portion of Bad Air.

A scientific man says that he has made a discovery. It is that the worst air is found in two strata, one near the ground—everybody knows that—and the other at a height of about ninety feet. This height represents the average altitude of the discharge of gas, smoke, and offensive fumes given off by factories and other industrial appendages of a city. It has also been found within a few years that one is just as apt to get malaria if he lives on a dry, well-drained slope above a marsh or stagnant water as if he lived in the marsh.

#### Eating Fruit.

In Southern Europe the peasants always eat fruit in its natural shape and never think of treating it to a dose of sugar, salt or other seasoning. Around Naples and in Malaga the people bite a hole in the orange, suck out the juice and then throw the orange away. Small American people often do the same, but the American must try his hand at improving nature, so he puts a lump of sugar in it. An orange planter thinks such a thing desecration.