

## A HIGH HYMENEAL HYMN.

The soft marriage bells have announced the glad fact  
That the bright golden tie has been tied.  
And the lovers have entered a solemn compact  
In the same boat in future to ride.  
The gleam of love's sunshine in brilliancy falls,  
And illumines each fond, loving heart,  
And together they'll feed off the same cod-fish balls  
Until death or divorce do them part.

The solemn words of the minister fell  
With a chill on each listening ear,  
As if sounding in dear intonations the knell  
Of their freedom, which lay on the bier  
Of marital life; and feeling of awe  
Seemed to sink like a pall o'er the scene,  
And even the crack of the minister's jaw  
Was as dry as the hide of a bean.

The wild glad notes of the organ pealed,  
And flooded the church with sound,  
As the happy pair came forward and kneeled  
And the bridesmaids circled around.  
Then the preacher said what he had to say,  
The ring on her finger slid  
And joined their hands in the usual way,  
And the heavenly deed was did.

May posies of the brightest hue  
Their pathways ever cheer,  
And may their love, so warm and true,  
Ne'er Wobble out of gear.  
May heaven's blessings crown the pair  
And the life they've just begun,  
And may their love-fire ever glare  
Like a bald head in the sun.

—[Evansville Argus.]

## TWO PLAYERS' LOVES.

A man is seated on a worn horsehair sofa, head bent on his hands, sobbing as only strong men whose best and dearest feelings have received a death blow can sob.

At his feet lies a crumpled letter, where he had thrown it in the first pang of the great agony it had inflicted upon him.

There is no need to enter minutely into the details. It is the old, old story of man's love and woman's inconstancy.

Hardly two years before Richard Hamilton had stood before the altar by the side of the woman he loved so well, and she had vowed before heaven to "love, honor and obey" him, to be faithful to him through evil and through good report until death, and now she had broken those vows, and, tempted by money, had left her husband, who was only a struggling actor, and fled with a rich man who had been attracted by her pretty face.

For hours Hamilton sat there in his great desolation; then he arose and put his sorrows from him by a mighty effort. No matter how great his grief, the public must be amused—his engagement fulfilled. He was what is called "utility man" in a touring company, and that night he had to play a rather good low comedy part. He remembered he had been pleased when he first saw the cast, feeling that he was rising at last in his profession; but now what did it matter? Let him rise or fall, who would care?

He played that night as if he were in a dream. His senses seemed dazed, but the dark phantom of his grief seemed to overshadow him. He had studied the part well, however, and he never missed a cue, so the audience were good humored, and remained silent at what they certainly could not applaud.

The other members of the troupe had heard of his trouble, and rallied round him with that unselfish kindness found in the theatrical profession. He had only to play the first scene of his part, another gentleman insisted on playing it for him, which he did fairly well.

The "heavy man" (that is, the villain of all the pieces), who was, by-the-by, a thoroughly good fellow, walked home with Hamilton that night.

"Don't grieve for her," he said. "She's not worth it; no woman is."

Hamilton rested his aching head on his arm as he leaned against the doorpost. He was completely crushed, and made no reply.

"Of course you'll get a divorce," went on his friend, after a pause. "Look here, old fellow! Lawyers won't do the thing for nothing, you know. Cheap justice is out of the question; and so you see, we—the company, I mean—will raise enough to begin with at any rate, and Wiggins is going to let you have a benefit, and, of course, what little you owe us you can pay out of the damages you recover whenever you like."

"No," said Hamilton, rousing himself. "I will get no divorce. Do you think I know so little of the world as to believe he would marry her if she were free?"

"Perhaps not; but then, if divorced, you would be free yourself."

Hamilton laughed bitterly.

"I would waste no money on myself," he replied. "I don't care whether I am free or not."

"But still she bears your name—the name of your family. Don't let her disgrace them further. Sever the legal tie that binds you, as she has severed all others."

"You are right," said Hamilton. "Yes, I will try for a divorce."

Hamilton had no difficulty in obtaining a divorce; indeed the case was undefended, and he might have been awarded heavy damages, but he would not accept the money, which seemed to him the price of his wife's guilt.

Ten years had passed away, in which Richard Hamilton had raised high in his profession. He had studied incessantly—more to drown his regret than

from love of his art, but fame and money had rewarded his efforts; and when we see him again he was touring with his own company, and playing to large audiences.

All this time he had heard little or nothing of his wife, and could only look back upon his short married life as upon some brief, bright dream that had ended in a hideous nightmare.

Lately, however, the gloom that had become habitual to him had in some measure vanished, and this was particularly the case when he was in the society of Muriel Mervyn, the leading lady.

Muriel was a beauty, tall, fair and graceful, with curling, bright brown hair, a sweet, firm mouth, and dark, violet-blue eyes; and, better still, she was—as fairly tails say of their princesses—as good as she was beautiful.

She lived with her mother, a somewhat bad tempered old lady, if all accounts were true; but Muriel kept her home troubles to herself, and went about with a bright smile, giving a helping hand to all who needed it.

Sweet, courageous, gentle, unselfish, all that is most pure and womanly, as she was, who can wonder that Richard Hamilton, weary of brooding over the dead past, turned to her for comfort?

She was a clever actress, too. Always graceful and ladylike, sympathetic and tender, there were times when the sweet voice would be raised in pleading or in mortal agony, when the expressive face would become changed, her whole being absorbed in the character she was playing. It was at such times as these that the depths of her heart were revealed, and the firmness and passion that lay as yet dormant therein were disclosed.

The company was playing in a town in the North of Scotland, and the rain was pouring down heavily, so Muriel was forced to find occupation and amusement in her somewhat "stuffy" lodgings.

In a cupboard in her sitting room she found some old volumes of an illustrated paper some nine or ten years old, and as she sat idly turning the leaves, her eyes fell on the name of Hamilton.

It was headed:  
"Theatrical Divorce Suit—Hamilton vs. Hamilton and Disney."

And then she read the story of Richard Hamilton's great trouble.

By the time self-made men rise in the world, the unpleasant stories of their early lives are forgotten, and Muriel had never heard of this before. She knew he had been married, but she always believed his wife to be dead.

With a white face she laid down the book and walked calmly to her own room. Once there, she locked the door and fell on the bed with an exceedingly bitter cry. Even while she had read the lines the truth had dawned on her, and for the first time she realized that she loved Richard Hamilton.

When at last she left her room all trace of emotion had disappeared. She had locked the secret in the depths of her own heart, and vowed that none should ever know of her suffering.

How often has the Spartan boy been quoted as a model of courage and endurance by those who would seem to forget the heroes and heroines of every day life?

Muriel Mervyn had taken up her cross bravely and gone out to fill her accustomed place in the world, with a smile on her lips that just before had uttered such passionate prayers for help.

That night she avoided Hamilton, and certainly gave him no opportunity of speaking to her alone; but on the following morning when she was out in the town, they met, and he took his place beside her.

For some time he talked of indifferent subjects (things theatrical, of course; actors always talk "shop"); and then he brought the conversation round to himself—told her that he loved her, and asked her to be his wife.

"Oh, stop!" she said, in a low, startled voice. "Remember your wife!"

"But the law has—"

"Freed you, you would say. Mr. Hamilton, you both vowed once to remain true to each other till death parted you. If she broke her promise it is no reason why you should."

"In the eyes of the law, of society, I am a single man."

"Yes; but in the eyes of heaven you cannot be free. Leave me, Mr. Hamilton; you have my answer."

"Is my life to be one long disappointment?" he asked sadly. "I loved my wife passionately, but not with the strong, deep love I have given you, Muriel. That was the romantic passion of a boy; this is the love of my manhood. Oh, my darling, the world has been so cold to me; don't let your hand be against me, too! Think of my lonely, wretched life! Will you not come to cheer me, and help me to be a better man?"

"Don't tempt me?" cried Muriel, with a break in her voice, which he was quick to notice.

"Tell me, Muriel, will you not relent?" Perhaps I have been too hasty. Take time, dear; consider your answer."

"It would be useless," she replied, with gentle firmness, "for until you can come to me with proofs of your wife's death we must be strangers."

"And then?" he asked.

"It is ungenerous to ask me now."

"You love me, Muriel—you love me. I will wait, since you must have it so—wait for my freedom?"

"Oh, no!" she cried with a shudder; "I could not bear to think that for my sake you were wishing for her death."

"I cannot help it; I must hope until I am assured that you do not love me."

"Such, then, is the case," she said, quickly.

"What, Muriel!—are you mad? You love me, do you not?"

"No!" she said.

And then, turning away with averted face, she fled homeward, leaving him stunned by her words and unable to understand them.

It was a falsehood, and she knew it, but she had spoken for the best.

"I will go away from him," she thought, "and then as he thinks I do not love him perhaps he will learn to forget me."

The next week the following paragraph appeared among the provincial items of a theatrical paper:

"We understand that Miss Mervyn has seceded from the Hamilton Shakespearean company, an amicable arrangement having been come to, and intends resting for a short time to recover her health, before accepting another engagement."

Another year has passed. Hamilton is still on his prolonged tour, and Muriel is playing at a London theatre.

On a wet, cold night in early spring, as she was leaving the theatre, her quick eye saw a woman's form leaning, as it were, against the door.

Thinking she might be the bearer of some message, possibly for her, Muriel asked:

"Are you waiting for any one?"

The woman looked up helplessly, shook her head in reply, and attempted to move on; but as she did so she staggered and would most likely have fallen had not Muriel caught her.

"You are ill," she said. "Can I do anything for you?"

"No," said the woman in a weak, hollow voice, "I am very ill I know, but I wanted to purchase some things, so I had to come out to-night."

"I hope you do not live far from here."

"No; in John street."

"That is my way," said Muriel. "You will let me see you home?"

The woman consented—in fact, she seemed too weak and ill to resist—and Muriel left her at what she said was the door of her home.

It was evidently a very poor place, in which she rented but one back room, but it seemed respectable, and Miss Mervyn, whose pity was aroused, said at parting, "Let me call to-morrow to inquire if you are better."

After this she often called, and was soon very much interested in Mrs. Smith, as the woman called herself. She had only been in her present lodgings a few weeks, and was evidently miserably poor, very ill and quite alone. She would never talk of the past, except that once she told Muriel that she had been an actress.

"Miss Mervyn, we may be sure, did not go empty handed to that poor lodging, and she even persuaded Mrs. Smith to have a doctor."

But all was of no avail; and one day, in the middle of May, when Muriel called, she saw a terrible change in the worn, pale face.

"Miss Mervyn," she said, as Muriel entered, "the doctor has told me I shall not see another day dawn. Do you believe it?"

"Yes; I fear it is true," Muriel said, gently.

"Well, I am glad of it. I have taken the doctor at his word, and sent for one I should never date to meet if I were not dying. He may, perhaps, be here soon, for I telegraphed last night; but I feel my strength is ebbing fast, and before he comes (I may have no time afterward) I should like to tell you the story of my life. Will you listen?"

"Certainly," said Muriel, gently; "tell me anything if you think it will make you happier."

"Mine is a tale of sin too bad, perhaps, for your ears," went on the woman, "but I must tell it. I married, when very young, a man who loved me far better than I deserved, for after we had been married two years I listened to the sophistries of a man who tempted me with his wealth, and I fled with him. There was the usual result. After a time he grew tired of me, and a year after the divorce was decreed I found myself alone and penniless in London. What my life has been since I must leave you to guess; and at last I found myself ill, dying with a small sum of money in my possession. I came here, and by your kindness my path to the grave has been smoothed. Miss Mervyn, I have repented, but I cannot die until I have had my husband's forgiveness. I have telegraphed for him, and—Ah! that it is his step on the stairs."

The door opened and a man entered. Muriel suddenly drew back into the shadow.

"Alice," he said, coming forward, "you see I have come; but why did you send for me?"

"I ask with my dying breath for your forgiveness."

"Impossible!" he said, shortly. "You wrecked my life, Alice, betrayed my love, dishonored my name! I cannot forgive!"

"But with my dying breath I ask it!" cried the woman. "Oh, grant it to me, Richard Hamilton, as you hope for mercy!"

"I cannot," he said, shortly.

Muriel came out from the shadow and knelt by the bed before him like a fair angel in that humble home.

"Muriel!" he exclaimed, "you here? This is no place for you!"

"It is," she said, still kneeling there. "Death makes us all equal, and Richard, for my sake, forgive your wife."

He hesitated for a moment, and then, crossing to the bed, took one of his wife's wasted hands.

"I forgive," he said, simply.

"Forgiven—all forgiven!"

And Alice Hamilton sank back upon the pillow exhausted.

Presently she sank into a deep sleep. Other watchers joined those two, and just as night began to fall she passed away.

With a sigh, Hamilton went to Muriel's side.

"Dearest," he said, "you told me once that when I could bring you the proofs of my wife's death I might speak to you again. She lies there dead. What do you say?"

Muriel rose and laid her hand in his with a look of unspeakable love. Thus, in that chamber of death, these two, so long parted, were united at last.

Richard Hamilton and Muriel Mervyn were married and lived very happily together. They have a theatre of their own, and are doing very well in every sense of the term.

"By-the-by, dear," said Hamilton, one day, not long after their marriage, "do you know you once told me that you did not love me?"

"That was the only falsehood I will ever tell you," she rejoined. "I said so to prevent your thinking too much of me."

"And all the time you liked me?"

"You know I did."

"So, then, Muriel, I suppose I must take this as another instance of the worthlessness of 'A Woman's No.'"

## The Rose-Colored Sunsets.

Manist's Planetary Signal.

The rose-colored sunsets and sunrises that have occurred during the last few months have been caused by the relative positions of our earth to that of the other planets. The effect produced in the earth's atmosphere has been just the same as that produced on the moon's atmosphere at times of the eclipse of the sun, or when the moon comes between the sun and earth—the moon's atmosphere is made to shoot out, or rather the absorption of the electricity by the moon's volatile atmosphere from the sun and earth's column of electricity when in this lineal position between them, causes the moon's atmosphere to dart or radiate out from the edge of the moon. The moon's volatile elements not being able to withstand the flood of electricity that undulates between the sun and earth, through which the moon passes at times of eclipse, this column or shaft of electricity causes the moon to exercise these darting and fantastic forms, from the side or edge—these protuberances or such as the halo of corona, and other shapes—these appear in colors varying from white, purple, crimson or red. This is the kind of a position that the earth has been in during the past months, or near to lineal or transit lines with the other planets and moon—and on the occasion of the earth's nearest positions to these partial lineal lines there has occurred the maximum displays of these sets of sunset and sunrise glows. Those the most prominent are those that commenced about the 25th and reached their finest brilliancy on the 28th of November, and fading somewhat by the 30th of the month—these commenced and developed until the earth passed near in line of opposition with Saturn on the maximum day of the glow, the 28th. The slowness of the earth through these near transits gives more time for these fantastic displays than the moon does—the earth moves over about thirteen degrees of space a day, and the earth over about one degree in the same time.

## "Would I Were a Boy Again."

Norristown Herald.

Old Mr. Wardles was watching the boys coasting on one of the streets, and as the cutters were tearing down at the rate of thirty miles an hour, his memory traveled back forty years, and he impulsively remarked to a young man that he would "give \$20,000 if he were a boy again."

A juvenile with a red sled and a red nose heard the remark, and asked Mr. Wardles if he didn't want to ride down. Wardles said he believed he would try one trip. He weighs 200 pounds, and when he got on the clipper his joints creaked ominously and his eyes sparkled with fun. The boys gave him a good send-off, and pretty soon the sled veered sideways, there was a crash, and Wardles went end over end for about twenty yards, and then a double clipper containing six boys struck him amidstships and turned him over some more in a most ridiculous and painful manner, and just as he regained his feet another jumper dashed into his legs, and he sat down on his head so emphatically that the top of his bootlegs protruded above the margin of his shirt collar. He returned home with a broken rib, a sprained ankle, his coat split from Dan to Beersheba, a handful of bark peeled off his head, and all the fun banished from his eyes. He will be nearly as good as new in about six weeks, but he says he had rather be 2,000 years old than to be a boy again.

## Twilight Phenomena at the Equator.

Twilight phenomena of a similar character to the appearances lately so prevalent were, according to letters just received, observed in the island of Manritius. This is especially remarkable, as in that island, situated twenty degrees above the equator, night, as a rule, follows the day without any noticeable transition. On several evenings of October, however, there was a splendid glow in the west quite half an hour after sunset, and when night had fairly set in this glow soon extended over the whole sky, being reflected on the clouds and covering the island with a purple tint. The sea is described as apparently on fire, the vessels and their masts looking black and standing out in bold relief. The same phenomenon was observed before sunrise.

They make paper barrels at Akron, Ohio.

## The Folly of Being Funny.

New York Hour.

The inclination to be funny should be repressed. Ridicule and humor are easy and natural to many people, but if any one hopes to have a high career he must so conduct himself that the idea of seeing him in an elevated position will not make people laugh. A man had better be dishonest than funny, so far as the attainment of high position is concerned. It is the same in private life. People who are funny are not those whom we generally respect most. We come to think of them with contempt. They are likely to be sought for as diners-out or to make after-dinner speeches. When they appear, or when their names are mentioned, people are wont to grin. Now, grins never signify any great esteem or admiration. Let every reader of the Hour think over the list of after-dinner speakers who generally talk at all the public banquets. Some of the same men are always on the list. That is because they do the "funny business" and set the table in a roar. There are always, or almost always, speeches at these banquets which make a lasting impression. Actual contributions are even sometimes made to the fund of thought or general information by addresses delivered on state occasions; but the accepted funny man never makes one of these. He never says anything worth remembering. The list of jokes soon grow stale and tiresome. Yorick will never be forgotten; yet that will not be due to any of the good things he said, but what Hamlet said.

The truth is real and earnest, and he will succeed best in it who recognizes this fact. Men of intelligence and right sentiment appreciate it.

The great minds of the world have never been in the heads of the world's jesters. There is enough in life to make any one serious.

There is the problem of making an honest living, of maintaining a good reputation, of establishing a pure character and of leading a respectable life. Jest does not help us on in any of these things. It is serious thoughts which aid us and so gain our admiration, love and esteem. There are times when anything amusing grates upon our nerves, and then the perpetrator of a joke is hateful unto us. But even in our gayest moods we do not score a thought or sentiment of real worth, although we may not heed it: Its utterance, at least, never excites our scorn.

The moral of it is—do not cultivate any fatal facility of jesting which you may have. Strike out in life with a serious purpose and make a serious business of pursuing it. This does not mean sanctimonious facial expression; but it does mean intense earnestness, and where that exists there will be little temptation to be funny. A young man who has the gift of speaking should be particularly careful. Many times when he rises to talk his impulse will be to make his auditors laugh. It would be easy, and he would instantly catch their attention. But he should be careful not to do it too often. Let him say something worth saying, or let him keep quiet. It is better to be respected as a stupid grave man even than to be laughed at as a clown. The jesting lawyer, the punning judge; the fun making clergyman; the writer of humorous books or paragraphs—who ever has any high regard for them? Herein lies one of the drawbacks which actors have to contend with, and one of the reasons why they so generally occupy inferior social positions. Their main object is to amuse and entertain. Any one of their number, therefore, who hopes to be recognized as a man of worth and prominence must have extraordinary talents which will induce men to respect him and give him a place in their esteem, despite the fact that merely to amuse is his business. So hard is it for us to place a high value on people who only entertain us! But life is not a circus; and clowns and jesters will not succeed.

## A Bullet in His Brain.

New Orleans Times Democrat.

An article in last Sunday's Times-Democrat gives an account of an unusual surgical operation performed in Bellevue hospital, New York, upon a young German named Knorr, who shot himself on Jan. 24. The bullet entered the forehead, and, passing through the brain, lodged in the back of the head. A hole was cut in the back of the skull, and the bullet was taken out in that way. A perforated rubber tube was passed through to drain the brain of all extraneous matter. On Thursday last the rubber tube was withdrawn, and two strands of catgut were passed through the hole, and the operation was finished. As the brain closes together the catgut will be gradually absorbed, and the holes in the skull will be closed by a fibrous tissue. During the withdrawal of the tube Knorr was perfectly conscious, laughing and talking with the medical attendants, and evidently much interested in the opening up of a tunnel in his head. He says he doesn't want to die now; he is too curious as to the result of the operation. He has become quite a hero in the eyes of the young woman on whose account he attempted suicide, and she visits him at the hospital every day. The attendant physicians say there is no doubt that Knorr will recover, and that he will suffer no evil effects from it other than a slight mental trouble, which will manifest itself in occasional eccentric freaks. Dr. William F. Fluhrer, who performed the operation, will explain it before the New York Surgical Society.

No principle can underlie a false proposition.