Gallant Ride of his Aid-de-Camp. We were fighting for Don Carlos-the cause of God and Spain;
As in days of Pon Pelaya, the mountain 'gainst the republic sat triumphant on Don Pelaya's And, brave among the bravest old La Concha led Ye held our proud position on Monte Muro's height; Yed all around Abarzuza their movements were in Be climbed the village steeple, and bade th' assault And they rushed up like a tempest, our vantage post to win; Cavalry and foot-men, up the rugged mountain

Or, if shot, they were averted by our Lady. Heaven's

Queen. But men are men, and press on, like hounds upon

And on we spucred, and ever o'ertook him in the

But the three or four that followed him turn dround;

we stood at bay: And along the broken path still Montero held his

Now and then he stambled, but, firm with word and

fie cheered up the brown charger, and all was speed

He knew the good steed knew it the race was for

Of his dear and noble master, sore wounded in the

f. No gflarter, was our watchword. Give quarter,

Few men were we, and despirate, but we never

They drew rein in Abarzuza, and from the panting

Tenderly they lowered him-was it life still, or

He breath'd but a few seconds, he press d Montero's

A priest quick did his office, his sins were all for-

St. Manuel, pass him quickly through purgatory to

day was won.

But the glory not with us, but Montero must re.

We are brothers, we are brothers; or when will dis

St. Michael, give us vict'ry St. Mary, give us peace | Blackwood for August.

THE LAST LESSON.

TOLD BY A YOUNG ALSACIEN

VTransialed from the French of Adolphe Dande!

for The Evening Star.]

On that particular morning I was very late

going to school, and was in great fear of be-

ing scolded, more especially as M. Hamel

had told us that he would examine us on the

participles, and I did not know the first word

about them. For a single moment the idea oc-

curred to me to miss school, and take my way

zeross the fields. The weather was so warm

and pleasant! The blackbirds were whistling

their songs in the wood, and in the Rippert

meadows behind the hedges the Prussian sol-

diers were drilling. All this tempted me far

In passing by the Mayor's I saw a crowd

standing near the little but etin board. For

two years this was who we had come for

all the bad news of lost battles, requisi-

tions, and minitary commands, and l

thought, wi nout stopping: "What more have they there?" As I ran past the spo: Wact ter, the blacksmith, who was there

with his apprentice to read the placard, cried

Sut to me: "Do not run away so quickly

youngster, you will get to school just as soon.

I thought he mocked at me, and I entered the

a great noise that could be heard in the street

Ordinarily at the epening of school he made

opening and closing the doors, repeating the

the ears that they might learn better. Then

he would strike the desks with his great

fated upon all this to gain my seat without

being seen, but on this day all was quiet, a

if it had been Sunday morning. Through the

open windows I saw my comrades ranged in

their places, and M. Hamel passing and re-

passing with that terrible iron ruler under

his arm. It was necessary to open the door

You may imagine whether i was blushing and afraid. Perhaps not! M. Hamel re-

gardedone without anger, and said to me very

softly: "Go quickly to thy place, Franz, w

stepped over my bench and seated myse

immediately at my desk. Then only, having

recovered from my fright, I noticed that our

master had on his beautiful green redinggote

his finely plaited shirt besom, and his skul

can of embroidered black silk, which he only

wore on days of inspection, or of distribution

of prizes. The rest of the class had some-thing about them extrao dinary and solemn.

But that which surprised me most was to see

at the lower end of the hall, upon the benches

which were usually unoccupied, the men of the

village silently sitting, as we were. There

was old Hauser, with his three-cornered hat

the mayor, the postman, and some others. Everybody seemed sad. Hauser had brought

which he held wide open on his knees, with

his great spectacles gravely laid across the

Before I had recovered from my astonish

ment at all this, M. Harnet arose at his place and in the same soft, grave tone with which he had received me, he said to us:

"My children, this is the last time that

shall teach this school. The order has com-

from Berlin that nothing but German shall

be hereafter taught in the schools of Al-

sace and Lorraine. The new master will arrive to-morrow. To-day is your last lesson

in French. I pray you to be very atten-

These words upset me. Ah! the misera-

bles! That was what had been placarded at

My last lesson in French! and! I harrly knew how to write! Fow, I should never learn! It would be necessary to remain thus

ignorant. How I regretted now the time lost.

the neglected lessons to hunt bird's nests or to slide upon the Saar! My books, which so

recently I had found wearisome, so heavy to

carry; my grammar, my sacred history, now

seemed like old friends whom it would be

reference to M. Hamel. The idea that he

must leave, that I should see him no more,

made me forget all the punishments-all the

Poor man! It was in honor of this last les

son that he had put on his Sunday clothes.

and now I understood why the old people of

the village were seated at the lower end of

the hall. It was as if they were saying that

they regretted not having come more frequently to the school. It was also a sort of

thanking our teacher for his forty years of

faithful services, and to show their respect

These were my reflections when I heard

My name called. It was my same to recite.

What would I not have given for the ability

to say all of that famous long rule of the par-

tierples in a loud, clear voice, without an

error? But I became confused at the very

first words, and remained standing, balanc-

ing myself at my desk, with a full heart.

without being able to raise my head. I heard

thou hast been punished enough. This is how it is; every day they say to thouselves: bah! I have plenty of time, I will learn to-

morrow,' and now you see what has come. Ah! it has been the greatest unhappiness of

our Alsace, to be always putting off instruc-tion until to-morrow. Now those men have a right to say to us: 'How! you pretend to be French, and can neither speak nor write your

not thou who art the most culpable. We all

studies. They preferred to send you to work in the field or in the factory that they might gain more money. Have I nothing to reproach myself with? Have I not often made

you water my garden in place of studying? And when I wished to go trout-fishing, I took

Then from one thing to another M. Hamel

began to speak to us of the French language.

saying that it was the most beautiful lan-

guage in the world, the clearest, and the most

"Your parents have not held you to your

language!' In all this, my poor France.

have our own share of reproaches.

the trouble to give you leave."

"I will not scold thee, my little Frantz;

strokes of the ruler.

M. Hamel say:

very painful to give up. It was so also in

old spelling-book with chewed edges,

were going to commence without thee.

and enter in the midst of the great calm.

court yard of M. Hamel out of breath.

ruler, and cry "A little silence!"

towards the school-house.

And every eye was moisten d. for our hearts were all

entirely new copies, which were written in beantiful round hand: "France, Alsace, France, Alsace." Little flags were made which floated all about the school, hanging from the They kept their stendy progress, and not a man looked back. rods of our desks. You should have seen how silently each one applied himself. No-Then we poured from our intrenchments, like a rain thing was heard but the grating of the pens swelled river course; And they stood against the torrent like the dam that upon the paper. For a moment some giddy boys were entering, but no one noticed them; stems its force. That living dam was yielding, their strength was every scholar applied himself to his task Then be harried down, exclaiming, "I die or win towith heart and conscience, as if it was more of France. Upon the roof of the school-house the pigeons were cooing softly, and I said to myself as I heard them: "Will they not also My herse, my horse, Montero " and drew his trusty

His feet was in the stirrup, but the sword fell from oblige them to sing in German?" From time to time, when I raised my eyes from the page, I saw M. Hamel immovable in his chair and gazing at the objects about him, as if he would have carried all that lit-A shot of ours had struck him right on his gallant breast; Metrack as strikes the lightning an old oak shon-■ fell; his bright eye darkened, as the sun's light in

the school room in his memory. Remember! for forty years he had been in the same place with the court-yard in front of him, and a With " Death from the guerrillas and God s mercy: on his lips. But time was none for thinking; our advance was class like this around him. Only the benches and the desks had become polished by use; the walnut trees in the yard had grown, and Aml. quick as light, Montero placed the old map on the hop vines now twined about the window And leaping up behind him, and clasping him round up to the roof. What a heartreading thing it was for the poor man to leave all that, and to spurs up to the rowels and darted off in overhear his sister who came into the room overhead to lock their trunks, because they Oh ' glorious more than vict'ry that flight, when, as were to leave to morrow, to go away from the allant young Montero bore his chieftain from Bis back a mark for bullets, but none were shot. I

mar and read our lesson. I was astonished to see how I understood it. All that he said seemed easy, easy! I believe that I had never listened so well, and that he had never

taken so much patience with his explana-

poor dear man would give us all his know-ledge, putting it into the head at a single

The lesson finished, we passed to our writ-

ing. For this day M. Hamel had prepared

They said that before going away the

Notwithstanding all this, he had the cour age to make us finish the lesson. After the writing we had the lesson in history, followed by the little ones singing all together, "Ba-be-bi-bo-bu!" Over there at the bottom of Over there at the bottom of the hall old Hauser had put on his spectacles and spelled the letters with the little ones, It was seen that he also exerted himself, his voice trembled with emotion, and it was so droll that we all had a desire to laugh and to ery. Ah! I will always remember that last

All at once the church clock struck the hour of noon, then the Angelus. At the same moment the trumpets of the Prussians re-turning from their drill sounded under our windows. M. Hamel arose, pale, in his chair. Never had he seemed to me so grand. "My friends," said he, "My friends, I -,

But something stiffed him. He was unable Then he turned towards the blackboard ook a piece of chalk, and supporting himself with all his strength, he wrote as large as he could: "VIVE LA FRANCE!" stopped, his head resting against the wall, and without speaking he motioned with his hand as if to say "It is finished! You may go."

## Your Nose and Larynx.

Heaven! Slowly we retreated; but while this was going on. Their rout had been accomplished, and the bloody DR. JOHNSON TELLS WHAT HE KNOWS ABOUT THE BREATHING APPARATUS. Dr. H. A. Johnson, of Chicago recently de ivered a lecture on "The Organs of Respira-And we grudge it not our formen-they, too, are sons of Spain;
For never since the Cid's days, Ruy Diaz of Bivar,
bid knight or squire win honor by a nobler deel of ion; Their Use and Abuse." The Professor said his subject covered the whole field o anatomy, physiology, and pathology. Respiration consisted in the exchange of the blood or the oxygen of the air. The carbonic acid must be removed from the blood or we die There is a process carried on in the body simil ar to that of combustion in the air. As the wood in burning takes up oxygen, and me ! carbon is changed into carbonic acid, so in the human body carbonic acid was constantly being produced and thrown off through the and oxygen as constantly consumed The animal body is indeed a furnace. "No must feed with air or we perish.

The organs of respiration are those that perform this work of exchanging carbonic acid for the oxygen of the air. Naming them in order, they are the nose, the mouth arynx, the trachea, and the tubes and air cells of the lungs. By reference to a manikin, the speaker explained one shape and character of the air passar of the nose. There is a large extent of surface in the nasal cavity the use of whie a is to warm and moisten the air as we dr wit into the lungs, so that it will not irrite them. It also had the power to .and retain the little particles of dust · Otherwise might reach the air cells and

o serious harm. It was for these reasons that it was not healthful to breathe through more than the rules of the participles; bu'. I the mouth. The nose was grossly abused by had the strength to resist, and ran replicy not using it as nature intended, as an organ of respiration. The doctor pointed out on the manikin the nerves of the smell. These nerves are not only productive of great pleasures. but they often warn of danger. What is the meaning of a sneeze? It tells us we are liable to take cold. The upper air passages are exceedingly sensitive, and irritation to these causes great pain, whereas but little pain is experienced when the vital membranes be ow are diseased. The delicate membrane of the throat may be injured by the use o tobacco and alcohol and serious pulmonary

diseases may result. The larynx performs the double function of an organ of respiration and of speech, it is a delicate two-stringed mesical instrument. which, in speaking or singing we play upon as the musician does upon his harp. He explained the expansion and contraction of the chords by which the various notes were produced. Children, he said, were liable to have these chords strained by over-use when young, especially where they were severely drilled in the high notes. Open-air speakers also were liable to injure or even less their

He then explained, by reference to a plaster east and two skeletons, the anatomy of the lungs and their position with reference to other organs, and showed how the muscular ection of the disphragm aids respiration. He referred to the difference in shape between the male and female chest. This difference was not owing entirely to dress, but was natural. He advocated freedom of dress. The chest should neither be compressed below nor above by drawing the shoulders forward. He did not believe in drawing the shoulders back forcibly by means of shoulder-braces; the defect sheald rather be corrected by voluntary effort.

We never breathe with absolute regularity If we watch ourselves we will find that about every sixth breath will be longer than the others. When we exhalt we never expel all the air from the lungs. When we get tired and seepy at the close of the day we do not keep up so steadily the muscular action of breathing, and we make up the lack of air in the hings by a yawn. Unpleasant as gaping may be in company, it helps to wake us up.

The blood is made up of a liquid on which float little globules 1-3000 of an inch in diameter. There are about 66,000,000,000 of these in a man's blood. Each one comes back to the heart freighted with carbonic acid, and puraped to the lungs to discharge its little oad, and take another of oxygen and carry it to the farthest part of the body. The process goes on from life's dawn to its close. He could not see how any one could study this wonderful mechanism of the human heart and not feel that there is One whose thoughts are higher than ours.

A Famous Chop-House. John Green, aged seventy-three, late landord at Evans' Covent garden, London, leaves memory that merits something beyond ; mere obituary notice. If not a very remarkable man himself—indeed he did not claim to be anything more than an affable Boniface who was eager to welcome the coming and speed the parting guest, and whose smile. whose salutation of "Dear boy." and whose snuff-box, were at everybody's service-Mr John Green had certainly succeeded in making the famous cellar in Covent garden piazza, over whose nocturnal and strictly corous revels he presided, the favorite place of resert, not only of two generations of remarkable Englishmen, but of distinguished foreigners from all parts of the civilized world. We have not the slightest doubt that the late Emperor Napoleon III. had often partaken of a pinch from Mr. Green's box, and it is on literary record that Mr. Charles Summer went, at least on one occasion to Evans' with Mr. Thackeray, with whom he had been dining at the Garrick Club, then situated in King street, Covent Garden. Who indeed, has not been to the convivial souterrain? So widely was its fame known that there is little reason to regard as apocryphal the story of a Russian gentleman who arrived in this country with a solitary letter of introduction, which he said had been given to him by a Moldo-Wallachain friend on board a Danubian steamer. It was only a scrap of paper on which were scrawied the words: "Evansechopsingsmokroom, Kovent.

Gard. A FIRELESS STOVE FOR STREET CARS .- A fireless stove, as it is called, is now being tried by a street car company in Columbus, Ohio. It is described as a small iron box placed under the ear-seat. The box contains the necessary pipes and valves, and is filled with water. The heat is supplied at the depot-A small upright boiler, not higher than a man of ordinary stature, and consuming not more coal than a large heating-stove, supplies the steam. By means of rubber hose the steam is introduced into the stove through a pipe which projects from the outside of the car. In a short time the condensed steam heats the water to 212 degrees, and the car is heated and ready for travet. In a trip of one mile and return, occupying about forty minutes, the stove only loses 30 degrees of heat. Then another charge of steam is given, and the temperature of the car is kept pleasant constantly.

\*The clumsy style of dancing now in vogue in which people merely shuffle about the floor, pushing one foot after the other, seems to have come from Paris; for they have it there, and they call these ambitious young substantial; that it was necessary to preserve I gentlemen "floor polishers."

JOHN WELCH'S WIFE.

Mrs. Welch's firm step flagged as she left the horse-car, and walked up Green street. Green street is none of the prettiest unfash-ionable quarters of Philadelphia, and her house was the most attractive in it. There were trees and a fountain in front, and a wisteria trailing its purple blossoms up over the white marble and brick; and through the open windows you caught a glimpse of lace curtains, pictures, and flowers. "And there's not a better kept house in the city," she thought, with a sigh, as she neared the gate. It was always in neat, delicate order, and the table was daintily set forth whenever John chose to bring a friend home. John's income was large enough for them to live in easy comfort, and it needed but three or four hours of work a day for him to earn it. His wife eyes grew still more troubled as she the gate of the front yard. "He ought to be satisfied," she said to herself, as Jeany came toddling down the path to meet her, all white embroidery and blue ribbo is. Her mother held her tightly by the hand, gave her a spasmodic kiss, ran up to her own room, and walked straight to the glass, looking at the neat partridge-like figure and good-tempered

"There is no reason why he should not be satisfied," she said tartly, nodding to herself in the glass. The tears stood in her eyes, but she took off her bonnet and gloves, folded them up carefully, and began to dress for dinner. The neat black silk showed every curve of her pretty figure. The lace ruffles at her wrists and throat were yellow with age and quality (Mrs. Winifred was a cou-noiseur in lace). Her shining hair lay in satiny folds. She had been down to see that the soup, the roast towl, the pudding, each was perfect in its way. In the library she turned the gas down, and cut and folded the evening paper in an oblong shape, ready for Mr. Welch, beside his easy chair. The whole world, she thought, did not hold a more complete home to welcome any man, and John knew the love waiting for him there. If he chose to be discontented with either love or home, it was sheer rebellion against Provi-

She sat down to wait; got up, took out a eather duster, hidden for her own use in a oset, whisked at the bronze candelabra, put it away, and seated herself again.

There was Mr. Welch's step in the vestibule, his latch-key turning in the lock. She waited inside the library door, her cheeks red, panting a little. It was so man, evenings since he had come home in time for dinner-sometimes had not come at all. Could it be that the happy old times were coming back? But she did not run out to meet him; she always waited for him just a foot or two inside the library door.

John Welch was coming home in time, with something of the feeling of the prodigal son. He had stopped outside, strongly tempted to go back to his "riotous living or swine," as his wife would have dubbed his temptation. It was a sore tug of virtue that brought him in; and now he wanted a little excitementapplause, stimulant of some sort—as a reward. If Winny had even scolded viciously or cried, it would have given relish to the dinner. But she kissed him on either cheek with the same decorous little peck which she had given him since their wedding day. "You are quite chilly, dear," she said. "It really feels like frost. Any news to-day for

your little wney? Mr. Welch replied no, that there was no news, and that it did feel like frost very much indeed. He was a grave corteous man, mindful of the feelings of others habitually; the vagabond blood within that drove him to riotous living or swine" had needed strong temptation to bring it out it ran through depth watch Winfred had never sounded. He too' up the paper and began to read. She and laid the paper there for him to read; yet her heart wrenched her with a sharp pang as he did it. He must know how bitter his negleet had been to her. If he loved her, he would have some word of apology-some liftle sign that he did know, and was sorry; bu she made no sign-took out her tatting (she always tatted in the parlor; it was such a nice feminine sort of work.) and gave little chirping answers to the bits of information about the Ross case or church scandals which

"I am so thankful," she said at last, "that my childhood was passed in a village where those new-fashioned ideas of 'affinities' and divorce were never heard of. Almost every woman in Springville was a member of the church. You remember, dear?" "Oh, yes, I remember them," drily. "They

were insured to dwell in decencies forever

e read aloud.

undoubtedly Little Mrs. Weich's heart was full. It was in Springville that John had courted and married her. Had he forgotten? "The way of living there was so orderly and pious," she chattered on. "When two young people were engaged they were looke upon as almost married. I never knew an engagement broken in Springville; and as for a marriage! husbands and wives grew old together without a jarring word. The only couple who ever disagreed was Sims, the drunken cobbler, and his wife." "A veritable Acadla," said Mr. Welch

It had been his habit when they were firs married to fondly require an account from her at night of every minute of the day. The poor little woman, in her anxiety to entertain him, began to give it now as usual.

gravely. "Come; dinner is served, my

"You don't ask what your little busy bee has done to-day to improve the shining hours,' dear?" "I shall be very glad to hear. But. Win fred, could you not rid yourself of that habit of making trite quotations? A quotation should have novelty and wit to give it edge, and really you have worn Watts' hymns

There was a sudden choking in his wife's throat. She half rose to her feet; the flood of passionate reproaches which had filled be heart so long trembled on her lips. If she had uttered them. John Welch would at least have known the woman who was his wife and this history need never have been writ en. But Springville discipline was on her vet; her old Sunday-school rules of behavior rose immediately to her mind. She satdown again, and broke a bit of bread with shaking

smile. "I was going, however, to tell you about the day. I went to market by dawn." wanted to be sure of the butter. That is very good butter, I think. After breakfast I canne bushel of peaches; at 12 I sat down to rea Grote's 'History of Greece.' (I still give an hour to this poor little mind of mine, you see.) Then I sewed until 3, and went out shopping until 5.

You must be conscious of an approving onscience and a smiling heaven after such record. How do you propose to end the I thought as you are at home I am so

dad you came home, John." laying her hand finidly on his arm Yes, yes. All right. What are you going odo with the evening? Now Mrs. Winifred was dull, and he

nerves lay deep under the firm, well-regulated flesh. But she began to feel, with a sudden weak sense of insecurity in the world, and even in God, that her hold on her husband was gone; that her efforts at entertainment were tedious to him. She must give him society-something more stimulating than he home gossip. Shall we go down to Mrs. Jackson's?"s he

entured. The church sewing-society meets there, and several of the gentlemen will drop n after tea. Mr. Welch did not reply for a minute or two, then he said, kindly

"I shall take you down to meet your riends, Winifred, and call for you when it is ime to come home. "You will not come? You do not think the people there congenial?" with a quickened

"I did not say so," calmly. " I thought a little gayety would round the There is no reason why every day should not be complete for us. There is no reason why our lives should not be complete and happy." Little Mrs. Welch stood up, her coffee cup in her hand. For the first time in his life, her husband saw her chubby face utterly pallid; her hand shook so that the fragile cup fell, and was shattered into pieces. John saw that she did not even glance down on it. Her Minton ware, too-her china idol! Winifred's nature must be pierced to the core, he thought. Now that the crisis kad come he flinched from it.

"I know no reason why we should not be happy. I do not think I fail in any duty, Winifred, and I am quite sure you do not.' Mrs. Welch did not answer. When they passed out into the hall she went up stairs. leaving him to go into the library alone. He heard her go into her own room and lock the door, and stopped appalled; this quiet action was as tragic an outbreak from her as shricks or hysterical cries would have been

from any other woman. But what was to be done? He paced up and down the library floor, an unlighted eigar in his mouth. What could be tell her? She had failed in no single point. She was the same pretty, neat, plous little woman whom he had loved so fondly two years, one year ago. He had been reared is as strict conventional habits as she: love and marriage with her were a natural groove for his life to run into. How could be explain to her the sudden dis gust which had grown upon him with the small decencies, the terrible decorous monotony by which their lives were hedged and barred? A man must have vent for his vagabond impulses, must "sow his wild oats" early or late in life, he thought, crumbling his cigar, and flinging it in the fire. But he was sowing no wild oats! There was no crime in his finding a companion,—a friend who could share his tastes, go with him outside of the narrow little bounds with which his wife's ideas held him as in a cage. He hesitated, then put on his hat, and with a quick glance at the mirror in the hat-rack.

Meanwhile Mrs. Welch, while other heroines would have been bathed in tears, was ooking at the matter quietly. After all,

John had done nothing but absent himself from home more and more each week; he had simply grown cold to her. It might have been caused by a tight place in business, a fit of indigestion. There was no other woman in the case. If there had been another woman! She got up and stood quite still in the middle of the room. "A note ma'am," said the chambermaid.

The note was from her friend, Mrs. Mace,

vice-president and "cutter-out" with herself in the sewing society.

Mrs. Mace wanted the pattern of a new overshirt. She had "seen one on Mrs. Versey, who was staying at the Hoopers', and thought, as Mr. Welch was so particular a friend of hers, you might be intimate enough with her to borrow it. By the way, what a good unselfish creature you are to allow Mr. W--- to be so faithful a friend to her. I saw them going out on one of their excursions for autumn leaves in the woods this morning, and thought, Why is not dear Winny of that party? Surely she enjoys fresh a'r and autumn leaves as well as th But you, busy little housekeeper, were pick. ling or preserving, no doubt! Dont carry your self-denial too far, though dear. Go with them to the opera to-morrow-night. Winified let the paper fall. "John! My husband! To the woods-and opera-with a

She picked up the letter, and tore it into pieces in her white heat of rage. Then she sat lown, according to her habit, to "think When John Welch came home about midright he found his wife in Jenny's room, leaning over her crib with medicines and bathubs in readiness. "She has been threatened with croup," she said. without looking up. She had thought it over enough to know that The explanation was enough to account for

woman! It's a lie! a lie!"

blue lips and hollow eyes. He took up the baby's hand and kissed it. "Call me if I am needed," he said, going sleepily to bed. But when he was there he could not sleep. Miss Voysey had gone with him to hunt minerals. "So different from Winny, who called even my specimens of corundum and beryl They might as well be bits of a MacAdam turnpike for her!" Laura Voysey was keen-eyed as a lynx looking for minerals, and simple, frank as a child in her manner and talk. "She has genuine humor, too, which women always lack," he thought But it certainly was not the quartz she had found, nor her jokes, which made him toss sleeplessly over poor Winny's braided pillow covers half of the night. It was a word or

two in a ballad she had sung, a piteous little thing in a minor key; it was a burning heat that rose to her face as he took her hand to help her into the car this morning, and the terrified glance at him lest he had seen it. She is just like a child," he muttered, quite unable to conceal her emotions, yet doubtless with the emotions of a ... out in CHAPTER II.

Mr. Welch breakfasted alone the next mora-Mr. Welch breakfasted alone the next mora-ing. His wife, the servant reported, had allow the servant reported, had his wife. "Thave lend the country and taken lodging in a country inn," she said. "Will came home in the evening he found a note from her, saying that as the child seemed ailing, she had determined to take it up to Bethlehem for purer air, and might remain there a day or two. The nurse was with her, and they would board at the old San Hotel, and be very comfortable; and she was very hastily, Winny,

John Welch changed color. "Gone without consulting me, without saying good-by! Why, but a little while ago she would not go out for an hour without kissing him and whispering, "God bless you, dear." She was such a loving, devout little thing! him a wrench in some part of his nature, which Miss Voysey had not reached, for her to neglect him.

Yet it was convenient for her to be out of town to-night. In that case nobody could take exception to his joining the Hooper party at the opera. He went to dress in a neryous flutter. The opera, and even the evening dress, was a novelty to the staid church-going business man. He was going to study this young girl's nature, too, as a mere intellectual enjoyment: she was alone. unappreciated by her family, he knew from chance words she had dropped; he could give her at least a silent ten white gloves and delicate necktie were adjusted at last, and he took his way to the Hoopers'. After he had crossed the street a little black figure, wrapped in a water-proof, darted out of the door and followed him in the shadow. Jenny and the nurse were asleep in the old Dutch church at Bethlehem. but Jenny's mother had been hidden all day in the garret, "riello! Just in time, Welch," cried Major

Hooper, as he came into the brilliantly-lighted parlor. "Mrs. Welch not coming? Out of town? Too bad. Well, you and Laura can discuss your rocks undisturbed. Laura has the headache too. poor child."

The windows, contrary to Philadelphia sage, were open, and Winny could see the tall, rounded figure half-reclining on the sofa, the white furred cloak suffering the soft neck and shoulders to gleam into the light. Miss Voysey was not a beautiful woman, but her eyes, tender and liquid, looked into every man's face as though he were the only living being she could trust, and after that a thick nose or heavy jaw mattered little. John Welch, drawing closer to her and meeting this look with the hazy effect of half-bared bosom, showy silk, and warm hand outstretched, fell as though he were about to drink seme unknown wine, whose fames had already intoxicated him. A couple of policemen going by brushed

against a small cloaked figure on the Seier | ners. side of the way. One of them touched her on the back. "You'd best move on, Molly," he "You're mistaken. Joe," said the other.

that's a decent woman. Curious, like her sex, to look at the quality. Winifred Welch had thought nothing could hurt her after last night; but the touch of the policeman's finger seemed to burn into her flesh. Since she was born she was in the very grain respectable. She who sat in the front rank of devout Sunday school teachers, dodging in disguise about alleys at night! looked at the alluring, loose-limbed Mis-Voysey with the intense hate which only narrow goodness can feel. "It is she that has brought me to this," she muttered, and determined she should pay the debt of shame with interest. She meant to follow her husband o the Academy of Music, watch him, prove his guilt, if guilt there was, and, guilty or not, bring him back. Winny looked at her rival with the eyes of jealousy; she seemed irresistible to her as Cleopatra; she knew herself to be little, formal, stiff, even prigish. But I am not altogether a Sunday-school You do not know the woman you machine! married:" her eyes fixed on her husband. Miss Voysey did not go the opera, however. The window behind her was open, and the moon shone into the garden. She looked out dreamily as John talked to her, and interrupted him suddenly: "Is not this moonlight better than the red and blue blazes from behind the scenes? Do you really want to see Don Juan dragged down through a trap-door into hell? The wind through these trees is sweeter than any music," in a half whisper "Now, Laura," cried Mrs. Hooper. "After ell the trouble the Major had to get a good box! To want to stay and look at the back yard! The back yard will be there to-mor-

Would you really prefer to stay." asked Mr. Welch, gently. "Oh, no!" rising with a resigned sigh. shall go if aunt insists on it "Now, Laura, if your head aches, child, stay at home," said the Major, positively. "Come, Elizabeth." He swept his wife out of the room, while Mr. Welch, forgotten in the excitement, dropped into a chair beside Laura. She sank back with a slow, contented smile.

"I have stayed," he said anxiously, "and perhaps you—you would rather be alone?"
"I am alone when you are with me. That is, I am not conscious of anything different to myself. When I talk to you I only think aloud," lifting her eyes and resting them on

Mr. Welch moved on his seat uneasily This was a delicious, strange experience. Why had he never had a friend before? In his courtship with Winny, what with her shy blushes and modesty, there had been none of this frank communion of soul with soul, this instinct of oneness. There was a long stience. Her languor, her quiet, had a strange charm after the brilliant madcap moods of fun in which he knew her best. She drew a long breath at last. "The air is stifling to-night, and the trees have no scent of forest in them. I wish ---," she

paused. I know what you wish! You have the woods home-sickness upon you. We can at least go out where the air is pure, and Nature is left undisturbed. Come, wrap yourself more warmly. We are but a few steps from a se-cluded spot in the park, and, if you will, I will take you out on the river-if you will trust yourself with me." She stood a moment bending forward and looking at him. Certainly never was a smile

more innocent or sweeter han Laura's. "Yes," she whispered, pasing between each word, "I will trust myself with you." To Mrs. Welch the smile did not appear so intoxicating, perhaps, as to her husband. She saw, too, that the black lace about the mantle which she put on threw into stronger relief the tender eyes, the white throat. "But it is not her art that attracts him; it is her trankness," she said bitterly.

She followed them up the street into the park, down one dusky alley of trees after another. John Weich walked as in a dream, we had reason aponch left to compare this

yet he had reason enough left to compare this girl with his wife. She had not Winny's beauty nor even intelligence; but she was so transparent, so guileless. It was the original quality in every look and word that entranced him. Her absolute innocence made her perhaps too often in her words walk boldly where angels would fear to tread. They came at last to an utterly deserted spot, where the heavily-wooded bank sloped down to the broad river. The moon shone on

the further bank. Laura sat down upon a bench under a tree, and John stood leaning

on the trunk looking down at her.

"It is as lonely as Paradise must have been," said she, "when there was but the water and the wood, and the man and the woman together." How could she suggest such thoughts except in the very recklessness of her child-

"I Adam and you Eve," he said, with an

uneasy smile, drawing his breath quicker. She nodded gayly. "They were the first friends, and you-"Am I your first friend?" eagerly. "Young girls have so many intimaces—flirtations Oh, is it possible? I cannot hope for that. "Yes," she said, with a sweet gravity. "You are the first-the only one that I ever had. I

have lived such a lonely life; I have been kept a child by my mother, in utter seclusion. She is a widow, you know.
"No, I did not know. I knew nothing of your past life, or of you, except that-that-." He stopped, swallowing once or twice as if choking. Then he gently moved her mantle aside, and sat down at her side. "I am

anaid." he said at last. "that when you see more of the world I will appear too-too old to be your friend." "You do not seem old to me. How could ou." she murmured. "We live so solitary a life in the country, that I really have seen no men except the old clergyman and Major Hooper, and then-you. It seemed

will be my friend?" looking with a start of alarm. The moon shone on her face. He did not speak; her warm breath reached his cheek. He found her soft hand, which was hid under the mantle. "Laura," he

natural that you should be my friend.

They were both silent. Then his head slowly bent closer, her breath came hot and quick, and their lips met.

There was a sudden crash behind them of a broken bough. Miss Voysey gave a little shrink. "It is a squirrel, doubtless," said John Welch, rising quickly. "But it's growing late. Shall we go home?" She rose more slowly, and walked beside him. He was strangely silent, and did not offer her his arm. Was the first taste of the wine bitter or too sweet? He parted from her almost without a word, at Maj. Hooper's door,

CHAPTER III. John Welch rose haggard and pale the next morning. All day a mad intoxication came upon him at times as a drunkard who must drain the just tasted cup or die. Then there were times when he raged at Winifred's absence, and felt that if she were at home he would awaken into day-light out of a bad dream. Maj. Hooper met him just at nightfall, and

told him Miss Voysey had gone home, suddenly summoned by her mother. Then he painted her in his feverish visions. framed in a lonely cottage, a very hermitage, overgrown by roses, in a deep forest, with no companion but her mother, a pure, sain ly woman.

you not come up and spend Sunday with Jenny and me?" giving minute directions how to find her. Sunday, and his little girl, and his wife

John Welch's face suddenly lightened, and he drove the clerks about energetically to make time for him to go. Early Saturday morning he got out of a Jersey wagon at the door of a tawdry-looking house on the roadside—a wagon stand, before which a cart, one or two buggies, driven by jaunty young fellows, had stopped. "It is a very depot for heat, and flies, and vulgarity, he said to himself, making his way through the bar, where a red-faced young man was pouring out applejack, to a 6 by 12 parlor, gay with red and green carpets, and striped paper, and a dozen colored photographs suspended by window-cord. "What can have possessed Winifred to come to such a place? Is Mrs. Weich here?" he asked aloud, of a blowsy old woman in a black dress, much the worse for gravy-drippings and snuff.
"Yes. She has walked out to the woods. You are Mr. Welch, I suppose?" John bowed. There was something famil-

iar in her face; familiar as though a lovely dream had been converted into a frightful up the stairs. "My daughter and you are old friends, Mrs. Welch tells me." "Your daughter! Laura!"

For it was Laura who, crossing the porchin one of those trailing, beltless, dirty calico gowns affected by chambermaids; her hairwhy had he never seen how coarse and greasy it was?-uncombed and tumbling down her One of the young men from the buggy was

chasing her up the stairs. I say, Laury, you've got to do it, now! I'll pay double for the drink, Mrs. Voysey, if Loll will sweeten it with a kiss." "Get away with you, Bill Rowe! These young people are full of their fun, Mr. Welch," said Mrs. Voysey, "Why, Laura, what ails you!' Bill Rowe had gained his kiss with but slight resistance and plenty of giggling from Laura, when she turned and saw Mr. Welch. She hesitated a moment, but could not fall

into her old role expertly enough, and, with a half sob and a barmaid toss of the head, she left the room. "I'm so glad," the old woman said, hur iedly, "that Laury has made such agreeable friends in town as you and Mrs. Welch. always had a good deal of capacity. Laury had, but since her misfortune the young me made free with her, and it's splitting her man-

"What was her misfortune?" said John Welch. He leaned, sick and cold, against the wail. "Why, since her husband left her. There he goes now, drunken scamp, down the road Always prowling about to annoy her and

"I did not know that Miss Voysey had nusband," with a laugh unnaturally loud.

Mrs. Voysey raised her hands. "Bless my soul, I forgot! Maj. Hooper-he's my first cousin, you know-said he'd just introduce Laury in town as Miss Voysey. It might keep off unpleasant remarks. —I understand. Where is my wife?" H

hurried down the road and found Winny, in a soft white wrapper, somewhere under the trees with Jennie. He thought he never had een a picture so pure, and tender and Mrs. Welch meant it should be; she had "set the stage" for herself, if not for "I have come to bring you home," he said

clasping her in his arms.
"Won't you go into the Voysey House "Iv'e had enough of the Voysey House," he said with an oath, and then laughed a hearty

genuine laugh.
"Come, Winny, let's go home to decent ways and decent women. You too, baby, tossing Jenny in the air. "God bless you two little women. John Welch found a curious change in one

of the little women after that. Her stiff, neat habits and ideas had dropped from her as too tight a garment, and below was a different creature from his wife, more wilful, more passionate, and much more lovable. He ound her a difficult companion for a while, and had to woo her all over again. He never knew what had changed her temper on ways of thought. It could not be the grace of God; according to orthodox doctrines, it was more like the work of the devil. But it certainly was a change very much for the better. - Gal axy, for February. THE FANCY STONE FOR CAMEOS has largely

increased, and there is nothing that is in

greater demand. For sets, studs, rings and

sleeve buttons it is much worn, and connois-

seurs are as much fastidious about the cary ing of their cameos as they are about the painting of a picture, or the rhythmical perection of a poem. In looking over the best of the modern cameos, one is struck with the searcity of the ancient subjects, and the modern style of the heads. The importers say, as an explanation of this, that most of the stone cameo carvers have gone from Rome to Paris, finding a better field and better remunera-tion for their labors, and that they have, naturally enough, become Parisianized in their ideas, and this shows in their work. So now, instead of the goddesses of mythology they give us divinities of the Jardin Main place of Minerva with her and chaste Diana crescent helmet. crowned, there are piquant grisettes that lure from wisdom's ways and flout Jupiter's daughter to her face, and saucy interpreters of opera bouffe with nothing of Diana except her relentness. Now and then, one a trifle less susceptible than the rest gives to the world an exquisitely carved head of Mary Stuart, or an ideal Marguerite, fairer even than Goethe dreamed her, and sometimes a flower-garlanded Flora with a French face. With all these new subjects to attract the workers, it is not strange that the veritable antiques should increase in value in proportion to their rarity, and that even the ugly. Ethlopian-featured face of Socrates should be more attractive to the erudite purchaser of cameos than the most graceful head of the prettiest French girl of them all. It is like meeting an old friend in a strange country, to find the beautiful young Augustus, the winged Mercury, grapegarlanded Apollo, wise Minerva, cold Diana, even Venus herself, in this modern company, Yet now and then one happens to find them, though they are the rarest and most costly of any in the jeweler's show-case. The setting of stone cameos is plain and solid, and there is a very noticeable absence of anything like filigree work. Pearls are used largely in connection with cameos, but these are in sets for middle-aged ladies and matrons. Young ladies are supposed to wear the gold settings exclusively. Rings for la-dies and gentlemen are made from stone cameos; for ladies they are mostly in the "Marquise" shape, with a small full-length figure of Terpsichore or Psyche engraved on them; gentlemen's rings are larger and usually have a head of some famous person carved on them. Among the heads most in favor are those of Shakespeare, Byron and Mozart. Some of the Byron heads are sin-

gularly perfect .- Boston Advertiser.

A SCENE AT THE BEECHER TRIAL. Special Correspondence of the Chicago Tribune.

BROOKLYN, January 14 .- The ninth day dawned upon Brooklyn exquisitely with a rare abundance of sunshine and a sky unflecked by a single cloud. The entrance to the court-house was thronged, as usual, by the hopeful multitude which never obtains a right of entrance, but which none the less diligently seeks the asphyxiating privileges of the trial-chamber.

Eleven o'clock was the hour at which, with customary punctuality, the stitches of the motley fabric, dropped the night before, were again picked up by the nimble fingers of Mr. Fullerton. Mr. Moulton elbowed his way to the stand, and sat for at least a minute, the target of a THOUSAND CURIOUS AND PENETRATING

EYES. Every now and then he ran his slender fingers through his rufous hair, which seems to enter enthusiastically into the proceedings. and to bristle with interest as its owner proceeds to unfold his singular relation to the

Fuilerton had stowed a comfortable breakfast under his ample vest. It was easy to detect its benign influences in the moist poi ish of his lips, the stately manner of his eye and the self-conscious dignity of his carriage. He projected the firm bemisphere in which those influences mingled, well in front of him, squared his shoulders, rolled a combat ive glance at the spare visage of Mr. Evarts. and straight from his mouth there flew the first of a shining series of questions The play was again excellent. Moulton's

answers were PAT. AND CAREFULLY DELIVERED with a degree of placid self-control which more than one of his hearers must have surely envied him. The moraing was spent in identifying and putting in as evidence the numerous letters which belong to the plain tiff's cause. All of these Mr. Fullerton recited with a gravity of manner, and in tones so rich and so solemn that one forgave the repetition which thus duplicated them for the ake of the elucidation of minor shades of meaning hitherto undeveloped. Judge Ful lerton's voice closely resembles that of Mr. Beecher, rivaling it in mellowness and excelling it in depth. Closing one's eyes, one might have supposed it to have been the voice of the preacher himself, confessing, with a tremendous tragic force, the emotions which were rolling like waves across his soul. Especially powerful did this agency become when Mr. Fullerton, in proper time. recited Mr. Tilton's poem.

"SIR MARMADUKE'S MUSINGS." When he reached the three final stanza-the lawyer's ringing voice trembled and be came mostrifully profound. A hush, as of awe and sympathy, filled the room:

I am now all bereft .-As when some tower doth fall. With battlements and wall.

And gate, and bridge, and all And nothing left. But I account it worth

All loves and honors lost-To gain the heavens at cost So, lest I be inclined

To render ill for ill. Henceforth in me instill ) God, a sweet good will To all mankind. The last words vibrated a moment, and hen there was a buzz of eager comment During this painful recitation, Mrs. Tilton blanched fearfully and looked with a tearful

eye at Mr. Beecher, all the while biting her finger-nails. The defendant, for a while bore himself with customary indifference. but, as the reading proceeded, BECAME TERRIBLY SCARLET, his ears shining like red patches through the silver meshes of his hair. His wife preserved the same almost comatose expression which she has worn during the whole trial. She

has evidently made up her mind to look contemptuously, without very well knowing Tilton's grave and melancholy face, which is wistful and pathetic all day long, undergoes no change. He listens to his counsel; he listens to the opposition; he listens to the evidence; he listens to the judges-always with the same sad interest and attention.

When recess was announced, both Tilton and Moulton were surrounded by knots of friends; while, as a curious reverse, Mr Beecher, his son, and his wife, stood all alone in a small and silent groupe. All traces of merriment have LONG SINCE VANISHED

from the preacher's face, and he looked careworn, as indeed he might. Mrs. Beecher mumbled something between her lips, inaudible even to her husband, who paid no attention to her. After a moment's hesitation, he darted across the room to Mr. Evarts. who sat, with an angry frown, at the lawyers' table. The two plunged into conversaion,-Mr. Beecher speaking at random, and evidently thinking of other things than cerebro-spinal-meningitis, upon which inviting topic their discussion finally alighted. Al of a sudden Mr. Beecher rose to his feet, and strode three or four steps toward Mrs. Tilton. who sprang up to meet him. The two shook each other's hands more than cordially, he ctaining hers a moment, and she looking into his eyes with a bashful tenderness which, I am sorry to say, was not altogether nconsistent with the Tiltonian theories. That one look seemed rife with

A GOOD DEAL OF MEANING. Nay, it told all it meant. Am I soothsayer enough to tell exactly what it said? I trow

After dinner, everybody was promptly in h is place by 2-Mr. Moulton wiping his mustache as if he had just dined, and dined well. Mr. Tilton did not return until quite late, but Mr. Beecher and his phalanx of friends were at their posts several moments before Mr. Maileson, the clerk, shouted for "Frank

The afternoon's ression began with a mere identification of the long and melancholy letter in which Mr. Beecher depicted the horrors of his situation. As Mr. Fullerton read it in weirdly solemn tones, phrasing it de-liberately, uttering it slowly, and tolling its funeral sentences abroad like the lingering echoes of a death-bell, a great silence occupied the court.

Tilton looked into Moulton's eyes as Fulerton pealed out that fateful letter, and Moulton fixed his own with a kindly smile upon his mournful friend. Mrs. Moulton kept on biting her flagers and grew paler and paler as the counsel re-

peated, in Beecher's own tones, Beecher's escription of his awful sufferings and the terrible strain upon his nervous system. Mrs. Beecher glared as usual at the reader. But Mr. Beecher's was the face to study When Mr. Fullerton reached the paragraphs in which he spoke of his difficulties at home.

his sleepless nights, his Sunday exhaustion. and "THE TORTURES OF THE DAMNED." Mr. Beecher's right hand involuntarily clinched the back of his head, as if to dead some torture writhing in his brain eyes contracted, and his lips grow dry.

mouth opened without making a ound, his haps that dreadful picture, painted by his own master-hand, and exhibited by the appreciative genius by Judge Fullerton in a manner scarcely less appalling, plagued him with its resuscitated horrors almost as much as they did briginally. He really shrunk into his clothes, and, whatever the cause was writhed in his chair. The new dinner glove, lately introduced

or dinner parties, is made of soft, flexible anglazed kid, fastened with one button at

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