The Two Villages.

Over the river on the hill
Lieth a village white and still;
All around it the forest trees
Shiver and whisper in the breeze;
Over it sailing shadows go
Of soaring hawk and screaming crow,
And mountain grasses, low and sweet,
Grow in the middle of every street.

Over the river under the hill
Another village lieth still;
There I see in the cloudy night
Twinkling stars of household light,
Fires that gleam from the smithy's door,
Mists that curl on the river's shore;
And in the roads no grasses grow,
For the wheels that hasten to and fro.

In that village on the hill
Never a sound of smithy or mill,
The houses are thatched with grass and flowers;
Never a clock to tell the hours;
The marble doors are always shut;
You may not enter at hall or hut;
All the village lie asleep;
Never a grain to sow or reap;
Never in dreams to moan or sigh,
Silent, and idle, and low they lie.

In that village under the hill,
When the night is starry and still,
Many a weary soul in prayer
Looks at the other village there,
And weeping and sighing, longs to go
Up to that home, from this below;
Longs to sleep by the forest wild,
Whither have vanished wife and child,
And heareth, praying, this answer fall—
"Patience! that village shall hold ye all!"
—Rose Terry Cooke.

A NOVEL EXPERIMENT.

Mrs. Parker, the blacksmith's wife, was hurrying along the street toward her husband's shop.

It had been her daily custom for years to carry him his noonday meal, as Parker declared too much time was consumed in going to and from his shop.

He was a big, burly fellow with a scowling countenance and a right arm strong enough to fell an ox, and as his disposition was none of the best people were careful not to provoke him to anger.

His wife was his opposite in every particular, she being a tiny, timid creature of a mild nature and, like "Alice" of "Ben Bolt" fame, "trembled with fear at his frown.

Why she ever chose Parker for a husband or why he selected her for his wife was a matter of comment, as there seemed to be no love between them. Yet Mrs. Parker was a faithful spouse, and strove to administer to her husband's comfort, though she never received anything but harsh words and surly looks for her pains.

Glancing at a clock in a shop window, she perceived it was past the dinner hour and her heart sunk within her in anticipation of the scolding she was sure to receive, as the blacksmith set punctuality above all things.

On reaching the shop she was greatly relieved at not seeing her husband within. The place, however, bore evidence of his recent presence, and everything indicated that he had taken a hasty departure. A fire blazed in the forge and a horseshoe, which still retained its warmth, lay upon an anvil. Mrs. Parker glanced around in hope of finding a suitable spot on which to place the dinner pail, but, seeing nothing more convenient than the anvil, deposited the pail beside the horseshoe and took her departure.

Upon arriving home, she busied herself with household affairs, as she was a thrifty housewife, despite any other shortcomings.

That evening, when Parker returned from his work, he was in a worse humor than usual, and his habitually scowling countenance was more forbidding than ever. He hung his dinner pail upon the table with a crash which startled his wife into a cry of terror. She fully expected the vials of his wrath to be poured upon her, as railing at his wife was Parker's chief occupation when at home. But, strange to say, on this occasion he never even glanced toward her, but strode across the room and, taking a basin of water, began removing the traces of toil from his hands and face. After which he made his way into an adjoining room for the purpose of substituting fresh garments for his grimy ones.

Mrs. Parker breathed more freely as the door closed sharply behind him, and she picked up the pail and examined it. A sigh escaped her as she discovered a deep dent in the side which had come in contact with the table. On removing the lid she perceived that the nice meal she had prepared had been scarcely tasted. Another sigh escaped her as she emptied the contents of the pail into a receptacle near by.

Presently a rat-tat-tat sounded upon the door, and Mr. Cobb stood without. Mr. Cobb was a short, stout individual, with a bald head and rubicund countenance. A coroner by occupation, yet, notwithstanding the gloomy nature of his business, he was a jolly chap, and frequently dropped in to enjoy a chat with the Parkers, with whom he had struck up a sort of friendship. In his younger days he had been something of a ventriloquist, but this fact was unknown to many of his later acquaintances.

"Oh, good evening, Mr. Cobb," Mrs. Parker said, as she perceived her visitor. "Walk right in. James will be here directly. He has gone to get cleaned up a bit."

Cobb entered the kitchen and took a seat. Mrs. Parker continued her work.

"You are as industrious as ever," he remarked, glancing at the pail she was rubbing. "I don't believe Satan ever finds any mischief for your hands to do."

"Well, I always find plenty to keep me busy," she replied, smiling at the implied compliment.

The blacksmith's wife was invariably pleased at a tribute to her industry. "I believe it," answered Cobb, "as I never yet have seen you idle. Oh, hello, Parker"—as the blacksmith appeared. "How are you? I suppose you have heard of the murder?"

"I—no," replied Parker, confusedly. "What murder?" And as he spoke he turned toward the mantel shelf and began filling a pipe with tobacco.

"I supposed every one in town had heard of it by this time," said Cobb. "News travels so fast."

"I have no time for gossip," said Parker with a frown.

"Certainly not. But one cannot always avoid hearing of certain happenings. Well, old man Jenkins was found dead in his barn this afternoon."

Mrs. Parker clasped her hands together in speechless horror.

"How do you know it was murder?" queried the blacksmith, sitting down near his visitor but not looking at him.

"It seems like it," answered Cobb, crossing one leg over the other, as he seated himself more comfortably in his chair. "And there are several wounds on his head, any one of which was sufficient to cause death."

"Poor, poor man!" wailed Mrs. Parker, rolling her eyes heavenward. "Why did any one do such a cruel thing?"

"Robbery could not have been the motive, as Jenkins always boasted that he never carried money on his person. But some one might have had a grudge against him."

"Yes" assented the blacksmith, applying a match to his pipe and taking a few preliminary puffs. "Will you smoke, Cobb? There is an extra pipe here."

"No thanks, I never indulge," answered Cobb, surprised at the blacksmith's unusual hospitality. "Oh, by the way, Parker, I came to summon you."

The pipe fell from the blacksmith's mouth and the tobacco was scattered far and near, while a perceptible tremor ran through his massive frame.

"What do you mean?" he asked, hoarsely, and his face grew ashy white.

Cobb stared in amazement at the effect his words produced.

"I mean you must appear at the inquest which takes place tomorrow at 9 o'clock sharp."

"Oh, yes, of course," said Parker, with an unnatural laugh, as he reached for his pipe. "But, you know, Cobb, I never could look at a corpse."

"Nonsense," laughed Cobb, derisively. "The idea of a big fellow like you afraid of a dead man!"

"I am not afraid," protested the other, "but I cannot do what you ask."

"But you must. There is nothing more to be said about it," answered Cobb, decidedly.

"A fool made such a custom as that," muttered the blacksmith, rising to refill his pipe.

"Of course," assented Cobb, pleasantly. "Every one is a fool who dares to differ with ourselves." Parker construed the remark as a thrust at himself and his face grew dark with rage. He clinched his fist as though he would deal his visitor a blow. The instant Cobb's eyes fell upon the hand he cried out:

"Why, how did you hurt your hand?"

Parker, with a half-muttered curse, quickly drew the member out of sight, but the next instant thrust it forward again.

A dark purple bruise extended across the knuckles.

"I struck it," he explained, sullenly. "It amounts to nothing."

"It must have been quite a hard crack," said Cobb, lightly. "Well, I must be going. Good-by, Mrs. Parker, good-by, Parker; don't forget tomorrow morning at 9 o'clock," and, with this parting injunction, he left the house.

His face wore a thoughtful expression as he wended his way along. There was that in the blacksmith's manner which set him to thinking and there dawned in his mind a suspicion that Parker knew more about the murder than he cared to tell; and he (Cobb) cudgeled his brains for a plan to force a confession from him. At last he hit upon one he deemed expedient, and, forgetting where he was, he fairly shouted out:

"I'll do it, by Jove! I'll do it. The experiment is worth trying!"

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The next morning the coroner and his jury assembled in the barn where lay all that remained of Samuel Jenkins. It was a ghastly looking corpse, with eyes wide open and numerous cuts and bruises about the head and face. The blacksmith avoided facing the dead man, as he fancied the latter was looking at him, so he kept near the door, which was out of the range of those wild, staring eyes. He trembled like a person with the ague. But only one man present observed his uneasiness, and that was Mr. Cobb. He watched every movement. As the men drew near to examine the body they all fell back in consternation as a voice proceeded from the dead man saying: "Yonder stands my murderer! Seize him!"

Horror was depicted upon every countenance as each individual stared at his neighbor.

But the blacksmith with a wild shriek of terror fell back against the wall. Instantly all eyes were riveted upon him.

Then, as though something impelled him forward, he staggered to the feet of the corpse.

"Yes, I killed you!" he screamed, his eyes fastened on the dead man. "But you struck the first blow. You did!" as though his victim had denied the charge. "You would not pay me, so I followed you here. We had words, and you aimed a heavy blow at my head with your whip handle. But I warded it off and received it on my hand instead. You were no match for me," with a horrible laugh. "I had no weapon, but my fists served me well, and I gave you many blows even after you were down. Oh, take your eyes from my face!" he cried, with renewed frenzy. "Take them away, I say! You will not? Then there is but one way to get rid of them," and before the awe-struck assembly could interfere he quickly drew a knife from his coat and stabbed himself to the heart. Then, with a low, gasping moan, James Parker, the blacksmith, sunk dead upon the floor.

FOREIGN NAMES.

How We Should Use Names of Countries and Cities.

It is useless perhaps to rehearse remarks that we have already made once or twice; that the names of certain foreign cities and countries have with us an English form that has by long use and acceptance become English, and the only English. To use its foreign form for the name of some foreign city that has what we may call a second, or simplified name in English, is to be guilty of affectation. The Richmond Dispatch to be consistent must never say Vienna, but will have to write "Wien." Munich must give place to Muenchen. The Rhine will become the Rhein, and Germany itself Deutschland. Henceforth the Virginians should not read Nippon for Japan and Choong Kweh for China. That will be very nice. It will look so much more knowing. The Hague should be written S'Gravenhaag and Antwerp be lengthened to Antwerpen. The thing runs right along on that same principle. The Richmond Dispatch and the few other papers in the country that have similar bees in their bonnets will really be supplying a university extension course in modern languages to their readers. The papers will be cheap at any price.

There is one little thing that we should like to say, however, and that is that when a paper starts out on a tack like that it is sailing pretty close to the wind and ought to keep its sails trimmed flat and know what it is about. It has to be right, and if it is not right it merely makes itself ridiculous. Now about the Richmond Dispatch and "Habana." Habana is not the full, correct Spanish name of the city that we American call Havana. Its name is "La Habana," just as the name of the French city that we know as Havre is Le Havre. In fact, the whole unabbreviated Spanish name of the capital of Cuba is "San Cristobal de la Habana." The full name is not often used, but if the Richmond Dispatch is thirsting for accuracy it must not only pronounce the "b" as a "v", but it must also leave the "H" unsounded. That may come hard at first, but in such a cause no trouble should cause the ambitious to faint by the wayside.

But why do people ever start out on any such performance? We have a very good language of our own, and we might as well stick to it. Why is not "Havana" a good enough spelling for anybody? It is English, just as "Porto Rico" is English, and all the decisions of all the government boards in the country cannot make it anything else, nor can "Habana" ever be made English. It is nothing but an affectation to adopt foreign spellings. If it is to be done in one case it ought to be done in all, but we hope and believe that good American English will continue to serve the uses of the greater number of our people.—Hartford Courant.

Queer Magazines.

Did you ever come across a monthly publication devoted solely to the condemnation of the tall hat? No? Well, such a journal is really edited and published by an elderly Englishman, who a few years ago was bequeathed the sum of 400 pounds sterling per annum on condition that he ran a monthly in which the conventional "topper" should be held up to derision as "an ugly abomination." The Anti-Tall Hat has a circulation of three copies—one each for the editor and the testator's two executors.

Highly significant were the conditions imposed upon a legatee in the will of an immensely wealthy stockbroker.

He left everything to his young wife on condition that she should never set foot in the city of London; should never invest a shilling in anything but consols; and should do everything in her power to deter others from speculating in stocks and shares.

In Jerusalem.

There is great distress in Jerusalem at the moment, owing to the enhanced price of flour, and, on behalf of the Jewish population there, a curious circular has been issued in Hebrew and English and sent broadcast into England and America. It is signed by the chief rabbi of the German and Polish Jews, who can hardly be less than 90 years of age, and is of very venerable presence. He has long white hair and beard, and looks every inch a patriarch; he is nearly blind with age, and has quite an army of children, grandchildren and great-grandchildren. Wages are very low in Jerusalem, employment is very hard to get, and, though you can buy a chicken for 10 cents, such a sum is not easily obtained. Thousands of dollars flow into the holy city during the year, collected by the charitable for the poor of all faiths, but the distribution is said to be unwise, and the proportion of money properly expended is small.

Rapid Photograpic Work.

A marvel in the line of rapid photography was performed in New York when biograph pictures of the parade of Astor's battery, taken in the afternoon, were shown the same night at Keith's theater. The pictures, one thousand in number, were taken in twenty-five seconds, ten minutes after four o'clock. They were sent to Hoboken for development, and were back at the theater at 9:10 o'clock. This is said to be the fastest work of the kind on record, the best previous record of seven hours having been made in London on the occasion of the return of General Kitchener from Egypt.—L. A. W. Bulletin.

Henry James Comes Home.

The home of the famous novelist near Rye, England, was recently destroyed by fire. While it is being rebuilt Mr. James intends to come back home to the United States, from which he has been absent so many years.

He Was Logical.

'Wot say, guv'nor? Wot do I mean by walking over your ground? Well, I must walk over somebody's—I ain't got none o' my own."—Ally Sloper.