The Second Love.

"Isn't she lovely?"

Tom Charlesworth spoke out enthusiastically with a vivid flush of his dark gray eye and a singular softness to his voice. His was a nature not often stirred but very deep and earnest; and Fernand Wallace looked into his face and wondered with a half smile how it would seem to feel things below the mere surface depth.

He was very handsome, this Fernand Wallace, with soft, treacherous eyes, features like the Apollo Belvidere and a lute sweet voice; and Tom Charlesworth, who read every one according to the keynote of his own neb'e nature, love i him as if they had been brothers.

"She is well enough. Nose just a trifle too short and the lips too full, but o herwise what the world calls beautiful. So you are hard hit my boy, eh?" said Wallace debonairely.

"I love her dearly, and God willing I will be a good husband to her, and you had better remain to be my best man. It is hardly worth while to return to Exeter for three weeks," said Tom.in the quiet unimpassioned voice that meant so much.

"Well, perhaps you are right, old fellow," said Fernand Wallace, but any one a trifle more observant than you?" said he, stroking the jetty hair. Tom would have noticed that the handsome, restless eyes evaded his gaze with strange subtlety.

"Do you hear, Elise? Fernand will stay to the wedding. I knew we should persuade him!" said Charlesworth exultantly.

Elsie Mordaunt looked suddenly up from the fancy work with which she was idling mechanically, and something wild and piteous in her gaze attracted even Tom Charlesworth's attention.

"E'ise, darling, are you ill?" He was at her side in an instant with both hands in his.

Elsie laughed a little bysterically. She was a dark-eyed, brilliant little brunette, with blue-black silky hair growing low on her forehead, and a small, sensitive mouth like a crimson woodberry.

"No! What nonsense, Tom. I am well enough. Do not get any absurd notions in your head.

The night before the wedding was frosty and star springled, with a deliclous air full of the arema of withered ferns and fallen leaves; and fom Charlesworth strode over the fields whistling as he went, his heart brimming with the strange sweet sense of bliss that most lovers have felt once in

The little room where Elise was wont to sit of an evening was dark, and the window looking on a border of gay colored dahlias was opened. Tom leaned his elbow on the casement

and looked in. But there was no aniwer. Elise was

not there. He went round to the orthodox entrance feeling a little disappointed, he scarcely knew why. Mrs. Mordaunt met him in the hall with a white,

scared face. "Oh! Mr. Charlesworth, we were just going to send for you!" she cried. "To send for me? What has happened? Is-is Elise ill!" Tom felt himself blanched to the very roots of

his hair. Mrs. Mordaunt's lips trembled but gave forth no sound, as she placed in Charlesworth's hands a note stained with her own tears -a brief note written by Elise:

"Do not blame me, mamma, nor let him blame me because I could not help loving Fernand the best. Tell him not to feel bad; for indeed-indeed I was not worthy of his love, and he will be happier without me-poor Tom!"

Aud it was signed by one word, "Elise."

Charlesworth quietly gave her back the note, and parting, walked forth into the starry silence of the night No eyes but those of the All Seeing should witness the secret anguish of his heart.

"Mother thought you would come, sir, 1 :-- if you knew how poor she was and that father was dead and-"

A burst of tears checked the child's voice as she stood with a drooping head and hands tightly clasped together in Mr. Charlesworth's library, the snow melting on her garments. and the crimson touch of the cold winter air glowing feverishly on her cheek.

"But, my child, you have not yet told me who your mother is nor who you are," and he looked at her with a puzzled face.

"I am Margaret and mamma is called Elise Walince," Mr. Charlesworth rose and took the

little child's hand in his.

child," was all that he said.

It was Eilst-pale, sallow and wan, the ghost of her former self, her voice but even the most esteemed of his opinterrupted by a hacking cough and ponents had to confess that one of the her hands transparent and ferverishyet, Elise still.

Tom I could not have died without eloquent expression in the fact that your words of pardon !"

Elise."

most bitter alter of repentance. Oh!

fire in the grate and the child who stood shivering in her rags at the foot of the bed.

"It is not for myself. Heaven knows I have not long to suffer, and I Margaret, what is to become of her?" she faltered.

"Shall I take her, Elise?"

"For your own?"

" For my own, I have neith r wife child and be kind to her."

relief, as her fevered fingers closed on Charlesworth's haud.

"I can die in peace now!" spoke to her.

all the meney and mamma could never send me."

school you shall go," said Mr. Charles-

Three years afterward Margaret came

"My little girl, how lovely you are," he said, fairly confounded and taken by surprise.

"Am I? I am so giad !" she said. "Little vanity!

"No! I do not think it is altogether vanity; but you know I wanted you to love me," said Margaret.

"You are a foolish child and you have no idea what you are saying," said Mr. Charlesworth a little sharply. Margaret wondered what she had said to annoy her guardian but she let the matter drop; and the weeks and months went by, and the young girl became the very light and sunshine of Tom's eyes.

"Margaret I have found a husband for you. What do you say ?" said Mr. Charles worth one evening.

"That I will take him if he is the right one!" laughed the girl. Tom felt a keen, strange pang at his heart but kept up a brave counte-

"Well, it is Harry Montague!" he said, striving to speak cheerfully.

"Tell him no!" "You do not like him ?"

"No, Mr. Charlesworth."

"But he is young and handsome." "And the man I love is not young and particularly handsome," "Are you in love, Margaret?"

"Yes, and so are you, Mr. Charlesworth," she said a little saucily.

"Margaret, you have no right to look into the sanctuary of my heart," She came up to him and putting both hands on his shoulder gazed with half smiling, half tearful eyes into his

"Mr. Charlesworth, but suppose I look into my heart and see yours enthroned and enshadowed there?"

"What do you mean, Margaret?" "Ah! you are not so accomplished a dissembler as you might suppose. I have discovered that you love me but you are too modest to fancy until I tell you so that-"

"That what, Margaret?" Pale and eager he listened for an

"That I love you! Ob! Mr. Charlesworth my mother's treachery blighted your youth; let my love and affection atone in the golden prime of your day- !"

Mr. Charlesworth felt like one in dream. "Margaret, are you to be my wife?"

"If you will have me." And thus Fernand Wallace's child gave back to Mr. Charlesworth the gift of love which her father's hand had so ruthlessly plucked from his grasp twenty years before.

A German Estimate of Darwin.

When, seven months ago, the sad intelligence reached us by telegraph from England that on April 19 Charles Darwin had concluded his life of rich activity, there thrilled with rare unanimity through the whole scientific world the feeling of an irreparable loss. Not only did the innumerable "Come, take me to your home, adherents and scholars of the great naturalist lament the decease of the head master who had guided them, most significant and influential spirits of the century had departed. This "You have forgiven me, Tom? Oh! universal sentiment found its most immediately after his death the Enge swered, "No." "Well, then," re- to speak to you, sir!"

"I forgave you freely long ago, lish newspapers of all parties, and preeminently his Conservative opponents "I have explated my folly on the demanded that the buria'-place of the deceased should be in the Valhalla o' Tom, he was attend in human shape Great Britain, the national Temple o -but now," she dded shudderingly. Fame, Westminster Abbey; and there She mutely motioned toward the in point of fact, he found his last rest scantily furnished room, the dying ing place by the side of the kindred minded Newton. In no country o the world, however, England not ex cepted, has the reforming doctrine of Darwin met with so much living interest or evoked such a storm of writam well inured to it, but my poor little ings, for and against, as in Germany It is therefore only a debt of honor we pay if at this year's assembly of German naturalists and physicians we gratefully call to remembrance the mighty genius who has departed, and nor child, and for the sake of what bring home to our minds the loftiness you once were to me I will take the of the theory of Nature to which he has elevated us. And what place Elise drew a long sigh of ineffable in the world could be more appropriate for rendering this service of thanks than Eisenach, with its Wartburg. this stronghold of free inquiry and When the sods had been laid on free opinion? As in this sacred spot poor Elise's coffin Margaret came to 360 years ago Martin Luther, by his Mr. Charlesworth's luxurious home, reform of the Church in its head and a shy, timid, shrinking child, with members, introduced a new era in the big, hare-like eyes, brown skin and a history of civilization, so in our days nervous way of staring when one has Charles Darwin, by his reform of the doctrine of development, con-" Margaret, what shall I do with strained the whole perception, thought and volition of mankind into new and "I should like to go to school and higher courses. It is true that personbe like other girls. Papa always spent ally, both in his character and inflience, Darwin has more affinity to the meek and mlid Melancthon than to "Well, that is a very sensible idea the powerful and inspired Luther. In of yours, do you know, little girl? To the scope and importance, however, of their great work of reformation the two cases were entirely parallel, and in both the success marks a new epoch back royally beautiful as Cleopatra. in the development of the human Mr. Charlesworth had sent a little mind. Consider, first, the irrefragable girl to school, and to his surprise a fact of the unexampled success which radiant butterfly floated into his pres- Darwin's reform of science has achieved in the short space of twenty-three years! for never before since the beginning of human science has any new theory penetrated so deeply to the foundation of the whole demain of knowledge or so deeply affected the most cherished personal convictions of individual students; never before has a new theory called forth such vehement opposition and so completely overcome it in such short time. The depicture of the astounding revolution which Darwin has accomplished in the minds of men in their entire view of Nature and conception of the world will form an interesting chapter in the future history of the doctrine of development.-Professor Hoeckel ..

Chinese Traditions.

The Chinese preserve a tradition that on a certain night centuries ago one of the three souls of a renowned Mongolian visited the moon and found the inhabitants diverting themselves with thea rical performances. Upon his return to earth he established the terrestrial thearr, an event which is still celebrated on September 25th, the fifteenth day of the Chinese eighth month, with various singular ceremonies called "Congratulating the moon." On the appoir ted night the Chinatown of San Francisco was in a blaze of cheap glery. Stops and lodging-houses were illumined, the dragon flag floated everywhers, lanterns bung from windows and balconies, and a mult trde of many colored candles shed light and grease around. Numberless sheets of mock paper money were burned, firecrackers were surreptitiously set off wherever a policeman was not in signt and the air was vocal with the jabbering of a thousand glib tongues.

The Church Temporal.

The Christian Union says that the American Board of Missions at its recent meeting took steps to settle peaceably a controversy which has, for with the bird !" several years, interfered with the efficiency of Christian missions in Turkey. The Evangelical Armenian churches complain that the Armenians have been treated as inferiors by the missionaries, and devied all right to sit with them and to deliberate with them on the Christian work which is going on among their own people, and in which they are actively co-operating. It is alleged, on the other side, that the Armenians want to direct how the moneys shall be expended which are raised in America, and this because they are not willing to do what they can for their own self-support. The quarrel has been a long one, at times a bitter one, and at one time in the recent session threatened to introduce serious discord in the meeting of the Board.

There is an old Eastern story that ought to be read by those of the clergy whose sermons are never anything more than the statement of the baldest platitudes, which everyone knew before. It is to the effect that one day a venerable sage named Moola Museerodeen ascended the desk of a mosque and thus addressed his audience: "O children of the faithful, do you know what I am going to say?" They an- of here, sir, no one would condescend

pited he, "it's of no use wasting my time on such a stupid set ;" and, saying this, he came down and dismissed them. Next day he again mounted the desk and asked, "O, true Mussulmans, do ye know what I am going to say ?" "We do," say they. "Then," replied he, "there is no need for me to tell you;" and again he let them go. The third time his audience thought they should catch him; and on his putting the usual question, they answered, "Some of us do, and some of "let those who know tell those who

THE TRACTARIAN MOVEMENT .- In the current number of Macmillan's Magazine there appears a noteworthy little extra expense makes a brick article by Archbishop Tait, entitled 'Thoughts suggested by Mr. Mozley's Oxford Reminiscences." The London the day, and thinks that the Archbishop's judgment comes near to ex pressing the true value of the so-called Anglo Cathelic movement. In this article he points out the influence of | British "Wreck Register" for the last Keble's poetry, which did for Angli- year, just published, reveals the conism all that Cowper and Charles Wesley had ever done for Evangelical fifteen to twenty vessels wrecked religion. At glo-Catholicism made way, through obloquy and bitter struggle, and is now what we all see. Its with the Tractarians still stand where, but for them, they never would have stood. It has done good; it has done harm; and who can tell whether the good or the harm will in the end prevail? It has, as the Archbishop admits, made the parish church much more attractive and useful than it was of yore. On the other hand it has done much to alienate the lay mind, the mind which loves open inquiry from accepting the church formularies. The Archbishop's account of the religious wants of the ordinary man may well be accepted; and they are wants which the Church, as understood by the extreme followers of the Tractarians, can never supply. "The best men of the time," he says, "desire a religion which shall serve them in life and in death, without tying them up to unnatural phrases, or locking up their feet, whether they will or no, in the stocks of some antiquated system of discipline."

Just a Little.

It is related that a Buffalo man who had been in the coffee business for several years was led to believe that was a sinner, and to come out on the side of religion. The morning after he had taken this step he reached his factory to find business suspended. and.upon demanding an explanation his son replied: "Well, father, I didn't know what to do, I didn't suppose after what you said la t night that you would mix any more beans with the coffee. I presumed it will make a difference." "Yes, it will make just a little difference," calmly observed the old man; "we have heretofore been mixing one barrel of beans to four of coffee, haven't we?" "Yes." 'Well, take out a few of the beans-about two quarts, I guess,"

The fashionable hour for dinner in New York is 6 P. M , but of late years so many men have joined the Moderation scelety and pledged themselves not to drink before dinner, that the 12 o'clock dinner hour of our grandfathers is again becoming popular.

Paris: The inexpert huntsman, having missed five partridges in suc cession, blazes away at the sixth, and cries exultingly to the gamekeeper: "There! I bit him! I saw the feathers fly! Didn't they?" The Gamekeeper -"Yes, sir, they flew-they flew off

Lunacies.

Do you believe in the Bible?" asked Brown at the dinner table. 'Yes," replied Fogg, "in the main, but is it not altogether true. It says, for instance, to everything there is a season. This is correct as far as it goes, but to be perfectly true there should have been a proviso excepting Mrs. Scrimpem's cooking."

Paris: In the crowded railway carriage : First Traveler-"I say, do open that window there or I'll suffocate!" Second Travelor-"Don't you open that window there, or it'll give me an attack of pneumonia." First Traveler -"That makes no difference! If you have pneumonia you wont have it for a week, whereas, if I am suffocated, I'll be suffocated now. Open that

window there," Paris: In a gambling hall: "There you go-turning the king again!" exclaims one player, dashing down his cards. "Confound it, I might as well be halted in a lonely woods at midnight!" His opponent (flercely) "You would not say those words to me outside of here, sir." The player "I wound not, sir, because outside of

Fire and Wreck

There is an unconceivable amount of waste in our imperfect civilization The Firemen's Journal of New York reports that, during the last three months, there has been an average of two twenty thousand dollar fires every d y in the Uni ed States and Canada, amounting to more than twelve millions. Of this loss forty per cent. was covered by insurance, but the whole many individuals, instead of its crushing a few.

Much, and probably most, of this loss might have been prevented. A house absolutely incombustible, and can much diminish the incombustibleness of a worden one. A mere coating Times regards it as an important con- of plaster of Paris under each floor, in tribution to the religious thought of the Italian method, will almost always confine fire to the story in which it breaks out.

Water, it appears, is more hostile to man and his work than fire. The astounding fact that there are from every day throughout the world.

The number of vessels wrecked on the British coast last year was 3000; spirit has prevaded the Church of which was a decided decrease from England, and thousands of those who the average of the last few years. shrink from going the whole length Two years ago the number was 4164. We should remember, however, that Great Britain has now about 600,000 vessels affoat, manned by nearly four millions of persons. That is to say, about four millions of human beings are at all times aff at upon salt water in vessels bearing the British flag. The wreck statistics show that, during the last twenty-five years, the whole number of wrecks near British shores is 49 322, causing the death of

18.319 persons. The facts published by the "Wreck-Register" justify the conclusion that one-half of these disasters might have been prevented. For one item, there were 701 collisions near the British coasts last year; for another, four hundred vessels are still in use which are more than thirty years old. On the other hand, it is reported that the British Life-Saving Service rescued last year 8302 persons from wrecked vessels. The waste from this wreckage in mere property is very great; but the waste from anxiety and terror is beyond computation.

The Woman Who Rules Rus-

counselor of the Czar. She is young, beautiful and ambitious. She married Mr. Pobedonostzeff but a few years ago. Her husband, a very old gentleman, is in love with her. It is said of him that the knightly motto, "God and My Lady." he changed into "God and My Wife," and upholds it as devoutly as a knight of old. He rises early, and prays to God, adores his wife, and then gies to see the Czar, or everywhere he tries his best to carry out the commands of his goddess. Meanwhile she herself is not idle. She receives hosts of fair visitors of high rank who, while offering their homage, seize the chance of commending their husbands, brothers or cousing. Sometimes this or that Minister of State does himself the honor of paying his respects to her. Occasionally she visits her Majesty the Czaritza, to cheer her soul in her golden cage. And the Czar himself is there always at hand. Thus it has come about that, while the Czar keeps away from the capital of his Empire, Mme Pobedonostzeff has somehow found herself to be the center of the Russian political world. Instead of the Czar's policy, or the Chancellor's or the Minister's policy, we hear of the Madame's policy. With the modesty of an ascending star she does not reveal her projects, but it is very doubtful whether any liberal reforms will find favor with her.

How an Alligator Dines.

An alligator's throat is an animated

sewer. Everything that lodges in his open mouth goes down. He is a lazy dog, and instead of hunting for something to est, he lets his victims hunt for him. That is, he lies with his great mouth open, apparently dead, like the 'possum. Soon a bug crawls into it, then a fly, then several gnats and a colony of mosquitoes. The alligator doesn't close his mouth yet. He is waiting for a whole drove of things. He does his eating by wholesale. A little later a lizard will cool himself Then a few frogs will hop up to catch the mosquitoes. Then more mosquitoes and gnats will light on the frogs. Finally a whole village of insects and reptiles settle down for an afternoon picnic. Then all at once there is an earthquake. The big jaw falls, the alligator blinks one eye, gulps down the whole menagerie, and opens his great front door again for more,

Venus-Facts and Speculations.

The transit of Verus in December next is naturally directing attention to the brilliant planet which then as a small round black spot passes acrosss the sun's face. Mr. Richard A. Proctor gives in Knowledge some interesting facts concerning the cordition of Venus and some speculations as towhether the planet is inhabited, Venus, he says, has been measured, of it was a loss to man. Insurance and we find that she is a globe nearly us do not," "Well, then," replied he, merely divides the loss among a great as large as the ear h. Like the earth, she travels round and round the sun continually, but not in the same timeas the earth. The earth goes round the sun once in twelve months, while Venus goes round once in about. seven and a half month; so that I eryear, the time in which the seasons run through their changes, is four audit a half months less than ours. If Veous has four seasons like ours-spring, summer, autumn, and winter-each of these seasons lasts eight weeks. Venusalso, like our earth, turns on her axis. and so has night and day as we have... Her day is not quite so long as ours, but the difference-about twenty five minutes-is not very important.

But when we consider some other points, we see that Venus, beautiful though she looks, would not be a comfortable home for us, Venus is much nearer to the sun-the great fire of the solar system-than our earth is. She receives, then, much more heat from him. In fact, it is easily calculated that if our earth were set traveling on the path of Venus, we should receive almost exactly twice as much heat from the sun as we do at present... This would be unbearable, except, perhaps, in the Polar regions; and even there the summer, with that tremendous sun above the horizon all through the twenty-four hours, would be scarcely bearable. Besides, what a contrast between the hot Polar summer and the cold Polar winter, when for weeks together the sun would not be seen at all. But Venua has her axis much more slanted than the earth's, so that her seasons must be very marked indeed. Thus the heat of her summer weather must be even more terrible than if her globe were inclined like the earth's. Again, the air of Venus is denser

than ours. And it seems also to be a moist air, which is just the kind of air that keeps the heat in most. The airof Venus is, in fact, so dense and moist that the planet would be very uncomfortable, quite apart from the intense heat, for creatures like ourselves. There cannot be moisture in the air of a planet unless there are seas and oceans Mme. Pobedonos'z ff, the leading on the planet's surface. No doubt, spirit of the Russian Gevernment- then, Venus has her continents and to-day, is the chief Procureur of the oceans, her islands and promontories, Holy Synod and the most confidential and inland seas and lakes, very much as our earth has. Then there must be rivers on the land and currents in the ocean; there must be clouds and rain, wind and storm, thunder and lightning, and perhaps snow and haii. Whether the planet is an inhabited world or not, it would be difficult to say. Perhaps it is a world getting ready for use as a home for livin ; creatures. Most physicists believe that the sun is gradually parting with his the Ministers, or the Holy Synod, and heat. If, millions of years hence, the sun should only give out half as much heat as he does, Venus would be as comfortable a place to live in as our earth is now. But at present it may safely be said that if Venus is inhabited it must be by creatures very differ-e. t from those inhabiting the earth...

French Treatment of Hydrephobia.

Amor gihe ficial instructions issued by the Conseil d'Hygiene, Paris, asnecessary to be observed in case a person is bitten by an animal, either mad or supposed to be so, are the following: First by a sufficient amount of pressure the bites, whether deep seated or superficial, should be caused to bleed as abundantly as possible, and then washed in water with a jet, if possible, or in any other liquid (even arine). until caustics can be applied. Second, cauterization can be made of Vienna paste, butter of antimony... chloride of zinc, and by red hot iron, the latter being the best of all; any piece of iron-the end of a rod, a nail. a key, etc .- msy be used for the cauterization, which should penetrate toevery part of the wound. Third, assa the success of the cauterization depends upon the promptitude with which it's executed, any one is ableto I rat ce it at once, before a doctor's arrival. Fourth, cauterization made with ammonia or different forms of alcohol are inefficacious.

Paper is made in Belgium which very closely resembles ratin. Common paper is covered with a suitable size. and while the surface is moist asbestes dyed to any desired shade is sprinkled. under the shade of his upper jaw. over it. Any superfluous matter its easily shaken off when the size is dry. Fine effects are sometimes produced with aniline colors.

A builet invented by a German chemist is made of a powerful anesthetic, which breaks on striking a person, who is made unconscious for twelve hours, and while in that condition can be taken prisoner. The inventor puts forth his device in all