

**A Song of Constasy.**  
Blue eyes and golden hair,  
Brown eyes and auburn tresses;  
Queenly or debonnaire,  
Or coaxing with caresses;  
Black eyes that deeply burn,  
Or gray that coldly glister,  
A tongue that love will spin,  
O rears that kindly listen—  
Ah! What are all of these to me,  
If I love thee, if I love thee?  
Lithe hands and tapering feet,  
Ripe lips that part for kisses,  
Greek head, a form complete  
That naught of classic misses,  
Round bust and rosy cheeks,  
Chaste silence, saucy laughter,  
A glance my own that seeks  
Or one that woe me after—  
Nay, what are all of these to me,  
Since I love thee, since I love thee?  
Pale innocence that fears,  
Flushed knowledge that is daring,  
Soft tenderness in tears  
Or repartee unsparring;  
Old phrases out of books,  
New fancies wildly gushing,  
Disdain that proudly looks,  
Or pride that falls like dust,  
Or all of these are naught to me,  
For I love thee, for I love thee.

**THE COUNTRY DOCTOR.**

The radiantly colored leaves of the October morning were drifting down on the walk; the distant woods were glowing like a giant kaleidoscope, and the sweet, pine-scented air was blue with the intense blueness of an American autumn, as Doctor Dulany sauntered down the village street.

"My lines have fallen in very pleasant places," said he, to himself. "When old Doctor Holden asked me to come here and take charge of his practice three months while he went to Europe, I had no idea that I was stepping into an earthly paradise like this, and—"

But at this moment a tall, square-shouldered young man stopped directly in front of him, holding out a welcoming hand.

"Not!" cried he, "surely my senses can't be playing me false! It is Frank Dulany! And what in the name of all the heathen gods has brought you here?"

Dulany laughed.

"I knew you lived somewhere in this vicinity," said he; "I am here in charge of old Holden's patients for three months, before I go South for the rest of my life. Tell me something about Mossbridge and the Mossbridgians."

Mr. Kirke linked his arm in that of his friend, and together they walked down toward the little hospital on the shore of the river, where incurable diseases, gratis-patients and out-door relief were lumped together, as they often are in country towns; and as they walked they talked, with the careless abandon of college friends.

"But you haven't told me anything about the ladies," said Dulany, carelessly.

"I'm coming to that," said Kirke. "We have a dozen pretty girls, at the very least, but only one beauty. And I tell you what, Dulany, you had better beware of Geraldine Granger."

"And why?" Dulany asked.

"Because," Kirke laughingly made answer, "she is a merciless beauty—a slaughterer of human hearts—in fine, a first-class coquette."

"And you think I shall become one of her victims?" said Doctor Dulany.

"Think?" echoed Kirke, "I don't think at all—I'm quite sure of it!"

"But I'm only a poor, young country doctor. Why should she trouble her head about me, if she is, as you say, such a peerless beauty?"

"Because," said Kirke, "she'd flirt with a chimney-sweep, if there was no one else on hand upon whom she might whet her powers. It's in her. She's born to rule human hearts, and trample on them afterwards."

"And how have you escaped this common doom of all mankind?" asked Dulany.

"I haven't," Kirke answered, with a somical grimace. "My scalp hangs at her belt with a hundred others. She refused me a year ago. She don't mean to marry in Mossbridge. She has announced her determination to become the bride of some city millionaire; and I think she'll do it, too—for, by George, she's handsome enough to be a crown princess!"

Doctor Dulany thought over all these things afterward, when he was by himself in his little office.

"I don't mean to become the prey of this rural Calypso," he said to himself; and I rather think that my obscurity is my security."

"The young doctor who has taken old Holden's practice, eh?" said Miss Granger, a little disdainfully. "He is to be at Miss Mix's to night, is he? Very well—I shall soon dispose of him!"

Geraldine Granger was a tall, imperious beauty, with dark, long-lashed eyes, a complexion like cream-and-roses, and a soft, languid voice; and, at Miss Mix's social gathering that night, she looked as lovely as a dream of Circe. But so her infinite dismay and amazement, Doctor Dulany took no more notice of her than he did of old Mrs. Percy, who wore a wig and blue spectacles. He was soolly polite—that was all; and Miss Granger did not know what to make of him.

"But he's rather handsome," she unwillingly admitted to herself.

Miss Granger put on her prettiest tresses and decorated her hair with the sweetest flowers out of her aunt's little conservatory, and really devoted herself that autumn to the business of captivating Doctor Dulany.

"The man must be made of cast-iron," she said to herself. "And only an insignificant country doctor at that! It's perfectly ridiculous! The idea of his visiting Miss Herbert just because she has a mania for charity and poor people! And he took Lucy Villars down into the woods to botanize after autumn flowers—the hateful school miss! And she's going to join Mrs. Gracy's Shakespeare Society. I never was a blue-stocking and never will be. Let him go!"

But Geraldine couldn't content herself with this system of philosophy. Doctor Dulany was the first man who had ever resisted her fascinations, and she was determined that he should be the last.

And she tossed her head, and froze up like a fair icicle, in his presence, and the flinty-hearted fellow never even seemed to know it.

"A charming young man," said Mrs.

**THE MARRIAGE BOND.**

**Conjugal Customs of All Ages and Nations.—Romantic American Marriages.**

The evolution of marriage is curious. The custom is so different in different countries, and has varied so much with time, that its retrospect is not without attractiveness. Having its origin in nature, it is said that in some regions the terms "law" and "marriage" are interchangeable, which is remarkable evidence of the absolute dependence of any approach to society upon conjugal conditions. Even barbarism is obliged to recognize at least a loose kind of right of certain men to certain women. And as soon as a crude civilization begins this sexual right needs to be defined, along with the obligations of united couples to their children.

While marriage exists everywhere, and seems always to have existed, its form has varied from age to age, and is to-day singularly unlike in different parts of the globe. Polygyny has been the custom in the Orient time out of mind, having been sanctioned by all its religions; Mahometanism, the latest of them, allowing a man to have four wives.

The Mahometans, however, usually consider themselves to one wife, not having the means to support more, but those who are rich allow themselves the questionable luxury of several. The Hindus wed numerous and without limit, if they are so minded. In the tropical zone polygyny is induced by the fact that girls mature early and fade soon, so that their husbands are inclined to have more wives, even though the first wife may retain her position and exercise the principal influence on his life. Another reason is that children are not weaned generally until they have reached their third or fourth year, because in that region there are no domesticated animals to furnish milk; and thus a man who had not divers partners would often be practically a bachelor or widower.

The old Greeks were not addicted to polygyny, nor were the early Romans; but from the time of Augustus divorce was so readily procured that monogamy was little more than nominal. In Great Britain and America, bigamy, as it is commonly named (hardly any member of the English-speaking race has the audacity to venture beyond two wives), is punishable by statute. Many advocates of polygyny are yet found at home and abroad, various treatises having been published in its support. Persons who look to the Scriptures for guidance think that they discover authority for uxorial plurality in Paul's declaration that a bishop should be the husband of one wife, deducing thence that men, not bishops, may disobey such restriction.

The existence of the other form of polygamy, polyandry, has been denied; but it exists in Cashmere, Thibet, Ceylon, New Zealand, Liberia, and parts of Africa; the cause being the numerous preponderance of men, and the necessity of economy in domestic arrangements. To us, the idea of a woman having several husbands at the same time is far more abhorrent than the idea of a man having several wives; but the two things are much the same. The former is rarer, and may, therefore, seem more repulsive. It is not regarded by those who have studied it as arising from immorality, but rather from a desire to prevent immorality, likely to occur where men are in the minority.

Divorce has had a remarkable influence on wedlock, the law on the subject differing even more than the form of marriage. In the old Hebrews the husband could put away his wife by giving her a bill of divorce, and she was permitted to wed again; but there were exceptions to this privilege. The ancient Greeks bought and sold their wives at first; but subsequently either the man or woman could obtain a divorce at will after certain legal preliminaries. In Rome divorce did not for a long while meet with approval in the community; but as manners softened and morals relaxed, it could be got on any pretext or caprice.

The most eminent Romans divorced their wives and thought nothing of it. Julius Caesar, who was the legal husband of four women (the trite simile, like Cæsar's wife, above suspicion is a trifle indefinite), put away two of them, and Cæsar Pompey did the same. Under the Empire an endeavor was made to modify the freedom of the law, but to little purpose, and the nominal introduction of Christianity did not mend matters. Theodosius II permitted the wife to leave her husband if he were guilty of murder, adultery, treason, profanity, or personal assault on her, and permitted him to leave her for the same causes, adding absence from his house all night and attendance at places of amusement without his consent.

During the last three centuries divorce has been growing more and more easy of attainment in Protestant lands. The Roman Church, as the embodiment of conservatism and unchangeableness, still maintaining that marriage is a sacrament, and refusing in all cases to allow anything beyond separation to wedded couples, whatever their disharmonies or transgressions. That Church declares absolutely: "As you make your conjugal bed, so shall you lie forevermore." The ecclesiastical law of the Episcopal Church, so closely resembling the Roman Church in many respects, does not, I believe, recognize the right of either man or woman once divorced to re-wed. But the law is frequently disobeyed, and with entire impunity.

The Protestant Churches generally regard matrimony as a civil contract, though the wedding ceremony is commonly performed in a religious way. The laws of the Protestant countries of Europe and the United States differ materially as to valid reasons for divorce. Our marriage laws also differ materially in different states, so that no American couple can travel very far in the republic without occupying, on some of the territory through which they pass, an illegal relation to one another.

In no civilized land is wedlock considered so lightly, or so rashly perpetrated, as it is in this.

Marriage nowadays, especially in big cities, depends for its comfort and well-

**A ONE-ARMED PIANIST.**

**The Astonishing Musical Genius of Count Geza Zichy.**

Count Zichy has only one arm, and is the greatest living pianist, with the sole exception, perhaps, of his countryman and teacher, Abbe Franz Liszt. The count was born in Hungary in 1840, and from childhood evinced marked taste for music and poetry. When a boy he made verses and played on the violin. He imagined that he saw visions, and even composed serenades for them. His father placed him under the care of a music teacher, but he did not make much progress. At last the teacher visited the father and sadly remarked: "That boy of yours has an excellent right hand, but his left will never amount to anything." Never was a prophecy more strikingly falsified. When fourteen years of age the Count lost his right arm by an accident while hunting. His physicians forbade him pursuing any physical or intellectual work for some time after the amputation. The Count chafed under this enforced inactivity for a time, and finally one day he handed his tutor a sealed note with instructions not to open it for a year. The note when opened read as follows: "If within a year from this date I cannot do with my left hand everything that other people do with both hands I will blow my brains out."

The young Count set to work resolutely to carry out his resolve. He refused to eat any meat unless it were cut with his own hand, or any fruits unless he peeled them himself, and he even let his nails grow until he could pare them. At the end of three months he was able to drive his horses, handle the car, fence like an athlete and hunt like a Nimrod. He soon resumed his musical exercises, but was compelled to substitute the piano for the violin. Meantime he studied law and devoted a portion of his spare hours to light literature. He was fond of the theatre, and wrote four comedies, which were played at a theatre in Buda-Pesth, and published several romances and two small volumes of lyric poems.

One day the famous Abbe Liszt heard the one-armed youth practicing on the piano alone in his room. The master listened for a time with rapt attention, and then stealing on tiptoe to the boy's presence, stooped down and kissed him on the forehead, exclaiming: "Young man, you will be without a rival! Tu Marcellus eris." Zichy at once became Liszt's pupil and remained under instruction of the great master for six years. Liszt taught his pupil to substitute his thumb for the right hand in playing the piano. But the master afterwards declared that "he did not dream his pupil would ever succeed in executing the chromatic scale, or making tiger bounds of five and six octaves by the use of his thumb." After his six years' practice under Liszt, Count Zichy entered on his public career. His first appearance was at Vienna, where the celebrated critic Handlschick exclaimed, after hearing him: "Many people play the piano; some delight us with it, but Zichy enchants." The Count has never received any remuneration from his performances. They are given in the cause of charity, and he has traveled over all Europe in his philanthropic mission. He has realized hundreds of thousands of dollars for the poor of all countries. A lady, referring to Count Zichy's infirmity, exclaimed one day in the hearing of Liszt: "The poor man! How I pity him!" "Pity him!" replied the master; "not at all, madame; but his piano is to be pitied, and the people who never heard him play it still more so." The Count is a capital shot, and has been the victor in three duels.

**THE LINEMAN'S LIFE.**

**The Lineman's Life.**

On all telegraph lines there is necessarily a repair corps whose duty it is to maintain the wires and batteries in working order. The system of each telegraph company is divided into divisions, and these divisions are sub-divided into districts. To each district, one or more linemen are allotted according to the extent and number of the wires under his care, and he is responsible for the maintenance of an uninterrupted current over every wire at all hours of the day and night. Now as trouble on wires is nearly always caused by storms it will be seen that, like the crew of a life-saving station, the telegraph linemen do most of his work amid the raging of the elements. In summer this is not so bad, but in the winter, when the thermometer falls below zero, and the poles, wires and insulators are covered thick with ice, while a hurricane throws drifts of blinding snow all over him, the life of a lineman is not to be envied. Within the past two months four of these gallant fellows have been found frozen at their posts, but the public will not tolerate the delay of their despatches, and the linemen who refuse to take every risk when his time comes will find his place promptly filled. Our New London contemporary adds: There is only one lineman attached to the office in this city, Benjamin Wilde, and he covers many miles and many wires east, west and north. When the trouble is serious and requires much labor he is allowed to call assistance from Norwich or other stations on the obstructed line and when any of the linemen attached to the adjacent districts require his assistance he is obliged to give it. It was on one of these occasions that Mr. Wilde was called Tuesday morning to assist Nathan Weed, the Norwich lineman, to repair some damages on the wires north of Tatfville. He left by the next train and accompanied Mr. Weed to where they had located the trouble. They found the wires heavy with accumulated ice, the insulators enclosed in ice cases and the poles enveloped in a crust of ice several inches thick, into which they had to stick their climbers to reach the top of the poles, where they worked for hours cutting away the ice around the wires and insulators. All this work had to be done with a temperature at zero, and when the connection was completed, Mr. Wilde was obliged to support his comrade and lift him into a wagon, both of his feet having been badly frozen. Mr. Weed is still suffering from the hardships of that terrible time. In reply to a question from the reporter Mr. Wilde said: "No I didn't feel it much. There wasn't room for frost and feet in my boots."

**TAMING FEROCIOUS HORSES.**

**An Interesting New York Performance.**

The Cosmopolitan theatre was crowded recently with people anxious to see Prof. O. R. Gleason, the horse trainer, handle the vicious Canadian stallion that killed his groom a week ago. When people entered the house they saw a big brown horse standing inside an enclosure of board fence, painted green. Prof. Gleason appeared a few minutes after 8 and spoke briefly to the audience. He intimated that most horses had more intelligence than their drivers, and, after a few encouraging remarks, entered the pen with the stallion, carrying a whip and a cocked revolver loaded with blank cartridges. He spoke to the animal in a loud tone, and then walked toward him. The stallion moved into a corner of the pen and turned his heels toward the professor. Instantly he received several stinging blows around the hind legs. Then he turned his head toward the professor, who cautiously reached out his hand and patted the beast on the shoulder. Two or three times this was repeated, each time the trainer going closer to the horse.

Suddenly there was a cry from the audience. Like a flash the stallion had turned and seized the professor by the right forearm with his gleaming white teeth. The instructor dropped his whip and with a violent effort wrenched his arm free. Then he fired the revolver several times in front of the brute's nose. The animal sprang wildly around the ring and nearly knocked down the fence. In a few moments he ran into a corner again. Then the professor resumed his former tactics. He made the horse stop at the word "whoa" a number of times. Then he began to pat him on the near shoulder again. Once more the angry beast whirled and snapped at the professor's breast, hitting him a powerful blow with his strong teeth. The revolver came into play again. Then the animal's hind legs were lashed. Once more the professor patted him. The animal's coat was wet and he was blowing like a racer. He made no more attempts to bite.

In just 25 minutes after entering the pen Prof. Gleason put a halter on the stallion, and had the fence taken down. Then he called for a small rope, and put a double Buonaparte on the horse. He passed the rope around his neck, through his mouth, over the top of his head, under his upper lip, and through the circle around his neck. He made the stallion follow him wherever he went. Then he put a bridle on him and took off the Buonaparte. Next he put on a big surcingle with a ring underneath. Two straps were put around the animal's fore fetlocks. A rope was fastened to the near one, passed through the ring in the surcingle, down through the ring in the other fetlock strap, and back through the surcingle ring. Then a pair of reins were put on and the professor drove the animal around the ring, using the rope to hoist the near fore foot whenever the brute tried to kick. In a short time he put harness on him, hitched him to a buggy, jumped in and drove him, finally starting him and stopping him by verbal command. Then he had a big brass drum hammered near his head, and tin pans and sleigh bells rattled. The stallion went straight up to them and was not annoyed by them after a few trials. The professor laid down the lines, put his feet on the dashboard, and fired the revolver. The stallion stood like a statue. A horse afraid of paper was next brought in. The professor soon had paper all around his head, threw it at him, made him walk over it and act as if there was nothing in the world he liked better than paper. A kicker was put into double harness with this horse, and both acted beautifully.

**TALK ABOUT MAUD S.**

**What Robert Bonner Says About the Great Trotter—Can She Lower the Record?**

Maud S, the pride of the American trotting turf, is daily being joggled by John Murphy, the trainer. After achieving the great feat of trotting in 2:04 last year, she was brought to her owner's city stable, and almost an afternoon later she was taken a spin behind her coach at the Park and along Seventh avenue, as far as McComb's Dam Bridge. The last time he drove her was on December 23. From then until February 22 she had only walking exercise. On that day, however, Mr. Bonner concluded to have Murphy drive her, and he has been giving her good road work every fine day. As soon as Mr. Bonner's private track at his farm in Westchester is fit to drive upon she will be sent there, though Murphy will still train her. To a reporter who called at the Ledger office Mr. Bonner said: "Just what I will do to my own satisfaction. She will be but in as good condition as possible, but whether she will ever trot more public trials I cannot say. Do I think she can lower her record? Well, it has never been my policy to make predictions about my own horses, but I will say that all the good judges that saw her trot in 2:04 have told me that it was not the full measure of her speed. One of the most difficult things to do is to drive a horse against time, especially a high-mettled one like Maud, that trots on her courage. If the driver hasn't an exceedingly fine sense of the pace at which he is traveling he is likely to over-do it before he reaches the critical part of the mile. The horse's chance is often ruined before the homestretch is reached. In many instances horses have been pumped out in the early part of the journey. Now if two horses equally fast start out to race, one horse proves a gauge for the other. Just a little injudiciousness spoils all. So far as Maud S's present condition is concerned, I think she was never better—in fact, couldn't be. As a road horse I never had one that pleased me more."

Murphy being such a fine judge of pace, a great many believe that Maud S. will do better under his tuition than she has ever done before. In her fast trials under Bair's management her quarters were a trifle irregular. Once he let her trot the first quarter of a mile in 30 seconds—a 2:01 gait—and this in the face of the fact that she would have to breast a head wind coming down the homestretch.

**AN EDITOR'S SUBSTITUTE.**

**The editor of an Albuquerque (New Mexico) newspaper, who has been in several rough-and-tumble fights and received several wounds from knives and pistols, has recently hit upon a plan for settling his quarrels viciously. He has partially domesticated a huge grizzly and keeps it in a cellar immediately below the only room in a log cabin which serves him for his bachelor home. Having heard recently that a number of the enterprising citizens of that village, who had taken offense at some of his strictures, intended to pay him a night visit at his cabin for the laudable purpose of hanging him, he retired to the cellar and turned the bear loose upstairs.**

About midnight a dozen of the indignant citizens battered down the door and rushed in, in the dark, with a rope, to take summary vengeance on the editor. They encountered the grizzly, which so vigorously took the offensive that in a few minutes he was left undisputed master of the field. Early the next morning three of the intended assailants, who had been violently assaulted, appeared in the town, each with a missing eye. Another called on the doctor with three missing fingers chewed off, and minus half a foot, and the remaining fellows went swearing around in a more or less mutilated condition. The facts having been ascertained, the editor as well as his paper has grown very popular, and the grizzly is kept ready for a future emergency, should any arise.

**Integrity.**  
One breach of faith will always be remembered, no matter how loyal your subsequent life may be. People may imagine that they trust you, yet all the time they have an eye to the former break.

M. Parize, director of the agricultural station of North Fintore, in Spain, reports a curious phenomenon resulting from the explosion of a tempered glass crucible. He heard one day a violent explosion, and hastening into the room, saw on the table and floor, in a circle, a layer of debris resembling crystals of soda. The explosion was caused neither by a blow nor disturbance of the air. The grains varied in size from the head of a pin to a pea, with a few as large as a nut; but these were divided by cracks, which would break them into analogous grains. An inkstand of pressed glass exploded in a similar manner, not long ago, in Boston.