CHAPTER IX. The morning of Marie's funeral was sumpy, but bitterly cold; it was one of those days when autumn finally passes into winter and the last memory of the summer warmth van-thes from the sir. It had been the saddest, ishes from the air. It had been the suddest, dreariest laying to rest. The widowed sister, of whom Marie had spoken in her last hours, had been unable to come, and the two men had gone through it all alone, helped only by the tearful, impulsive sympathy and the practical energy of the maid who had been with Marie ever since her marriage, and was as yet hardly capable of realizing her mistrees doath.

yet hardly capable of realizing her mistress' doath.

It was she who, while they were away, had done her best to throw a little air of comfort over the forsaken salon. She had kindled the fire, watered the plants and thrown open the windows to the sunshine, finding in her toil and movement some little relief from her own heartache and oppression. When Paul came back, and with numb, trembling fingers had stripped himself of his searf and his great-coat, he stepped over the threshold into the salon and it seemed to him as though the sunlight and the open windows and the crackling blaze of the fire dealt him a sudden blow. He walked up to the windows, and shuddering, drow them down and closed the blinds, Felicie watching him anxiously from the landing through the half open door. Then he had thrown himself into a chair; and Kendal, coming softly up stairs after him, had gently closed the door from the outside, said a kind word to Felicie, and himself slipped noiselessly down again and out into the Champs Elysees. There he had paced up and down for an hour or more under the trees, from which a few frosty leaves were still hanging in the December air.

He himself had been so stunged and be-

trees, from which a few frosty leaves were still hanging in the December air.

He himself had been so stunned and bewildered by the loss which had fallen upon him, that, when he found himself alone and out of doors again, he was for a while scarcely able to think consecutively about it. He walked along conscious for some time of nothing but a sort of dumb physical congeniality in the sunshine, in the clear blue and white of the sky, in the cheerful distinctness and sharpness of every outline. And ness and sharpness of every outline. And then, little by little, the cheated grief reasserted itself, the numbed senses woke into painful life, and he fell into broken musings on the past, or into a bitter wonder over the precarious tenure by which men hold those good things whereon, so long as they are still their own, they are so quick to rear an edifice of optimist philosophy. A week before, his sister's affection had been to him the one suffisister's affection had been to him the one suffi-cient screen between his own consciousness and the desolate threatening immensities of thought and of existence. The screen had fallen, and the darkness seemed to be rush-ing in upon him. And still, life had to be lived, work to be got through, duties to be faced. How is it done! he kept vaguely won-dering. How is it that men live on to old age and see bond after bond broken, and pos-session after possession swept away, and still seession after possession swept away, and still session after possession swept away, and still find the years tolerable and the sun pleasant, still cherish in themselves that inexhaustible faith in an ideal something which supplica from century to century the invincible mo-

Presently—by virtue of long critical and hilosophical habit—his mind brought itself to bear more and more steadily upon his own position; he stepped back, as it were, from himself and became his own spectator. The introspective temper was not common with him; his mind was naturally turned outward -towards other people, towards books, to-ward intellectual interests. But self study had had its charm for him of late, and, among other things, it was now plain to him that up to the moment of his first meeting with Isabel Bretherton his life had been mostly that of an onlooker—a bystander. Society, old and new, men and women of the past and of the present, the speculative achievements of other times and of his own these had constituted a sort of vast drama before his eyes, which he had watebed and studied with an ever living curiosity. But his interest in his particular role had been comparatively weak, and in analyzing other individualities he had run some risk of losing

Then love came by, and the half dormant personality within him had been seized upon and roused, little by little, into a glowing, although a repressed and hidden energy. had learned in his own person what it means to crave, to thirst, to want. And now, grief had followed and had pinned him more closely than over to his special little part in the human spectacle. The old loftiness, the old placidity of mood, were gone. He had loved, and lost, and despaired. Beside those great experiences how trivial and evanescent seemed all the interest of the life that went before them! He looked back over his intercourse with Isabel Bretherton, and the points upon which it had turned seemed so remote from him, so insignificant, that for the moment he could hardly realize them. The artistic and resthetic questions which had seemed to him so vital six months before had faded almost out of view in the force arithment of the country o fierce neighborhood of sorrow and passion. His first relation to her had been that of one who knows to one who is ignorant; but that puny link had dropped, and he was going to meet her now, fresh from the presence of death, loving her as a man loves a woman, and claiming from her nothing but pity for his grief, balm for his wound—the answer of

human tenderness to human need.

How strange and sad that she should be still in ignorance of his loss and hers! In the early morning after Marie's death, when he woke upfrom a few heavy hours of sleep, his mind had been full of her. How was the news to be broken to her! He himself did not feel that he could leave his brother-in not feel that he could leave his prother-in-law. There was a strong regard and sym-pathy between them; and his presence in the house of mourning would undoubtedly be useful to Paul for a while; besides, there were Marie's words, "Will you stay with him a few days—after?" which were binding on m. He must write, then; but it was only to be hoped that no newspaper would bring he the news before his letter could reach.

However, as the day wore on, Paul came saly out of the quiet room where the white shrouded form seemed still to spread a tender presence round it, and said to Eustace, with dry, piteous lips:
"I have remembered Miss Bretherton; you

must go to her to-morrow, after - the "I can't bear the thought of leaving you,"

said Kendal, laying a brotherly hand on

shoulder.
"Let me write today."
Paul shook his head. "She has been ill.
Any way, it will be a great shock, but if you Kendal resisted a little more, but it seemed

as if Marie's motherly carefulness over the as if Marie's motherly carefulness over the bright creature who had charmed her had passed into Paul. He was saying what Marie would have said, taking thought as she would have taken it for one she loved, and it was

when his long pacing in the Champs Elysses was over Kendal went back to find Paul busy with his wife's letters and trinkets, turning them over with a look of shivering forlornness, as though the thought of the un-companioned lifetime to come were already closing upon him like some deadly chill in the air. Beside him lay two miniature cases open; one of them was the case which Eustace had received from his sister's hand on the afternoon before her death, and both of them

contained identical portraits of Marie in her first brilliant womanhood. "Do you remember them?" Paul said in his husky voice, pointing them out to him. "They were done when you were at college and she was 23. Your mother had two taken -one for herself and one for your old Aunt Marion. Your mother left me hers when she died, and your aunt's copy of it came back to us last year. Teli Miss Bretherton

its history. She will prize it. It is the best Kendal made a sign of assent and took the case. Paul rose and stood beside him, me chanically spreading out his hands to the

To-morrow, as soon as you are gone, I shall go off to Italy. There are some little places in the south near Naples that she was very fond of. I shall stay about there for a while. As soon as I feel I can, I shall come back to the senate and my work. It is the only thing left me—she was so keen about it." His voice sunk into a whisper, and a long allence fell upon them. Women in moments of sorrow have the outlet of team and me

The afternoon light was fading, and Kendal was about to rise and make some necessary preparations for his journey, when Paul detained him, looking up at him with sunken eye which seemed to carry in them all the history of the two nights just past. "Will you ever ask her what Marie wished?" The tone was the even and pamionies tone of one who for the moment feels none of the ordinary embarrasments of intercourse; Kendal met it with the same directness.

"Some day I shall sak her, or at least I shall let her know; but it will be no use," Paul shock his bead, but whether in protest or agreement Kendal could hardly tell. Then he went back to his task of sorting the letters, and let the matter drop. It seemed as if he were scarcely capable of taking an interest in it for its own sake, but simply as a wish, a charge of Marie.

Kendal parted from him in the evening with an aching heart, and was haunted for hours by the memory of the deceint of gure returning slowly into the empty house, and by a sharp prevision of all the lonely nights and the uncomforted morrows which lay before the stricken man.

But, as Paris receded further and further behind him, and the sea drow mearer, and the shores of the country which held Isabel Bretherton, it was but natural that even the grip upon him of this terrible and startling calamity should relax a little, and that he should realize himself as a man seeking the adored woman, his view still beating with the currents of youth and the great unguessed future still before him. He had left Marie in the grave, and his life would bear the scar of that loss forever. But Isabel Bretherton was still among the living, the warm, the beautiful, and every mile brought him nearer to the electric joy of her presence. He took a sad strange pleasure in making the contrast between the one picture and the other as vivid as possible. Death and silence on the one side—oh, how true and how irreparable! But on the other, he forced on his imagination till it drew for him an image of youth and beauty so glowi

He reached London in the midst of a rainy

He reached London in the midst of a rainy fog. The endless black streets stretched before him in the dreary December morning like so many reads into the nether regions; the gas lamps scattered an unseasonable light through the rain and fog. It was the quint-resence of murky, cheerless winter.

He reached his own rooms, and found his man up and waiting for him, and a meal ready. It was but three days since he had been last there; the open telegram was still lying on the table. One of his first acts was to put it hastily out of sight. Over his breakfast he planned his embassy to Miss Bretherton. The best time to find her alone, he imagined, would be about midday, and in the interval he would put his books and papers to rights. They lay scattered aboutbooks, proofs and manuscript. As his orderly hands went to work upon them, he was conscious that he had never been so remote from all that they represented. But his nature was faithful and tenacious, and under the outward sense of detachment there was an inward promise of return. "I will come back to you," seemed to be the cry of his thought. "You shall be my only friends. But first I must see her, and all my heart is hers!"

The morning dragged away, and at half

hers!"
The morning dragged away, and at half past 11 he went out, carrying the little case with him. As he stood outside the Baye-water house, in which he had settled for the winter, he realized that he had never yet been under her roof, never yet seen her at home.

It was his own fault. She had asked him in her gracious way, on the first night of "Elvira," to come and see her. But instead of doing so he had buried himself in his Surrey lodging, striving to bring the sober and aus-tere influences of the country to bear upon the feverish indecision of his mood. Perhaps his disappearance and silence had nded her; after all, he knew that he had

some place in her thoughts.

The servant who opened the door demurred to his request to see Miss Bretherton. "The doctor says, sir, that at home she must keep quiet; she has not seen any visitors just lately." But Kendal persisted, and his card was taken in, while he waited the result. The servant hurried along the ground floor pas-sage, knocked at the door at the further end, went in for a moment, and came out beckon-ing to him. He obeyed with a beating heart,

ing to him. He obeyed with a beating heart, and she threw open the door for him.

Inside stood Isabel Bretherton, with eager surprise and pleasure in her whole attitude. She had just risen from her chair, and was coming forward; a soft white cashmero alawl hung around her; her dress, of some dark, rich stuff, fell with the flowing, stately lines paculiar to it; her face was slightly sushed, and the brilliancy of her color, of her hair, of her white, outstretched hand, seemed to Kendal to take all the chill and gloom out of the winter air. She held some proof sheets of a new play in her hand, and the rest lay piled beside her on a little table. "How kind of you, Mr. Kendal," she said,

advancing with her quick, impulsive step towards him. "I thought you had forgotten us, and I have been wanting your advice so badly! I have just been complaining of you a little in a letter to Mme. de Chateauvieux!

Then she suddenly stopped, checked and startled by his face. He was always color-less and thin, but the two nights he had just passed through had given him an expression of haggard exhaustion. His black eyer seemed to have lost the keenness which was so remarkable in them, and his prematurely gray hair gave him almost a look of age in spite of the lightness and pliancy of the fig-

re. He came forward and took her hand nervously and closely in his own.
"I have come to bring you sad news," he

said, gently, and seeking anxiously word by word how he might soften what, after all, could not be softened. "M. de Chateauvieux sent me to you at once, that you should not hear in any other way. But it must be a shock to you—for you loved her."
"Oh!" she cried, interrupting him, speak-

ing in short, gasping words, and answering not so much his words as his look. "She is ill—she is in danger—something has happened?"
"I was summoned on Wednesday," said

Kendal, helpless, after all, in the grip of the truth, which would not be managed or con-

"When I got there say no hope."
ill, and there was no hope."
He paused; her eyes of agonized questionresident him to go on. "I was with her ing implored him to go on. "I was with her six hours—after I came she had no pain—it was quite peaceful, and—she died in the even-

ing."
She had been watching him open eyed. every vestige of color fading from cheek and lip; when he stopped, she gave a little cry. He let go her hand, and she sunk into a chair near, so white and breathless that he was

"Shall I get you water?" he asked after a moment or two, bending over her.
"No," she whispered with difficulty; "let

-just for a minute." He left her side and stood leaning against the mantelpiece, waiting anxiously. struggled against the physical oppression struggled against the physical oppression which had seized upon her, and fought it down bravely. But he noticed with a pang, now that the flush was gone, that she looked fragile and worn, and, as his thought went back for a moment to the Surrey Sunday and her young rounded beauty among the spring green, he could have cried out in useless rebellion against the unyielding physical conditions which press upon and imprison the flame of life.

the flame of life.

At last the faintness passed off, and she sat up, her hands clasped round her knees, and the tears running fast over her cheeks. Her grief was like herself—frank, simple, ex-

ive. Fill you tell me more about it! Ob. I

common source it: way, only inst week, when I was ill, she talked of coming to me! I have just been writing to her—there is my letter. I feel as if I could not bear it; she was like a mother to me in Paris. Oh, if I could have seen her!"

"You were one of her chief thoughts at the last," and Kendal, much moved. And he went on to tell her the story of Marie's dying hours, describing that gentle withdrawal from life with a manly tenderness of feeling and a quick memory for all that could soften the impression of it to the listener. And then he brought out the miniature and gave it to her, and she accepted it with a fresh burst of sorrow, putting it to with a fresh burst of sorrow, putting it to her lips, studying it, and weeping over it with an absolute spontaneity and self aban-domnent, which was lovely because it was so

"Oh, poor M. de Chateanvieux!" she cried, after a long pause, looking up to him. "How will be live without her? He will feel himself

"Yes," said Kendal huskily, "he will be very louely, but—one must learn to bear it."

She gased at him with quick, startical sympathy, and all her womanly nature seemed to rise into her upturned face and yearning eyes. It was as though her attention had been specially recalled to him; as though his particular loss and sorrow were brusquely brought home to her. And then she was struck by the strangeness and unexpectedness of such a meeting between them. He had been to her a judge, an authority, an embodied standard. His high minhedness had won ber confidence; his affection for his sister had touched and charmed her. But she had never been conscious of any intimacy with him. Still less had she ever dreamed of sharing a common grief, with him, of weeping at his side. And the contrast between her old relation with him and this new solution may woke again in her—of the shock between her nature and his, of her overwhelming sense of the intellectual difference between them, and then of the thrill which his verdict upon "Elvira" had stirred in her. The relation which she had regarded as a mere intellectual and friendly one, but which had been far more real and important to her than even she herself had ever guessed, seemed to have transformed itself since he had entered the room into something close and personal. His last words had called up in her a sharp impression of the man's immost nature as it was, beneath the polished scholarly surface. They had appealed to her on the simplest, commonest human ground; she felt them impulsively as a call from him to her, and her own heart overflowed.

Sho rose, and went near to him, bending "Yes," said Kendal buskily, "he will be

pulsively as a call from him to her, and her own heart overflowed.

She rose, and went near to him, bending towards him like a spirit of healing, her whole soul in her eyes. "Oh, I am so sorry for you!" she exclaimed, and again the quick tears dropped. "I know it is no common loss to you. You were so much more to each other than brother and sister often are. It is terrible for you."

His whole man was stirred by her pity, by the eager expansiveness of her sympathy.

the eager expansiveness of her sympathy.

"Say it again!" he murmured, as their eyes
met; "say it again! It is so sweet—from you?

There was a long pause: she stood as if fascinated, her hands falling slowly beside her. Her gaze wavered till the cyclids fell and she stood absolutely motionless, the tear. still on her cheek. The strange intoxicating force of feeling, set in motion by sorrow and pity and the unsuspected influence of his love, was sweeping them out into deep waters. She could hardly breathe, but as he watched her all the manhood in him rose, and from the midst of grief put forward an imperious claim to the beloved and beautiful woman before him. He came forward a step, took the cold, unresisting hands, and bending before her pressed them to his lips, while her bewildered eyes looked down upon him. still on her cheek. The strange intoxical

him.
"Your pity is heavenly," he said, brokenly, "but give me more, give me more! I wa

She gave a little start and cry, and, drawing away her hands from him, sank back on her chair. Her thoughts went flying back to the past—to the stretches of Surrey common,

to the Nuncham woods, and all she had ever seen or imagined of his feelings toward her. She had never, never suspected him of loving her. She had sent him her friendly messages from Venice in the simplest good faith; she had joined in his sister's praises of him without a moment's self consciousness. His approval of her play in "Elvira" had given her the same frank pleasure that a master's good word gives to a pupil—and all the time he had loved here loved here. how incredible!

Kendal followed, bent over her, lister

Kendal followed, bent over her, listened, but no word came. She was, indeed, too be-wildered and overwhelmed to speak. The old bitter fear and certainty began to assert itself against the overmastering impulse which had led him on.

"I have startled you—shocked you," he cried. "I ought not to have spoken—and at such a time. It was your pity overcame me—your sweet womanly kindness. I have loved you, I think, ever since that first evening after the 'White Lady.' At least, when I look back upon my feeling, I see that it was love from the beginning. After that day at Nuneham I knew it was love; but I would not acknowledge it; I fought against it. It seemed to me that you would never forget that I had been harsh, that I had behaved rather like an enemy than a friend. But you did forget—you showed me how noble a woman could be, and overy day after we parted in July I loved you more. I thought of you all the summer when I was buried in the country—my days and nights were full of you. Then when your great success came—it was base of me—but all the time while I was sending my congratulations to you through my stream of the country—we have a transfer or the country—my days and nights were full of you. was sending my congratulations to you through my sister at Venice, I was really ng that there was no more hope for me and that some cruel force was carrying yo away from me. Then came 'Elvira'-and

eemed to give you up forever."

Her hands dropped from her face, and her great hazel eyes were fixed upon him with that intent look he remembered long ago when she had asked him for the "truth" bout herself and her position. But there was no pain in it now; nothing but wonder

and a sweet moved questioning. "Why?" The word was just breathed through her parted lips. Kendal heard it with a start—the little sound loosed his speech and made him elo-

quent.
"Wny! Because I thought you must inevitably be absorbed, swallowed up by the great new future before you; because my own life looked so gray and dull beside yours. I felt it impossible you should stoop from your height to love me, to yield your bright self to me, to give me beart for heart. went away that I might not trouble you. And then"—his voice sunk lower still—"came the summons to Paris, and Marie on her deathbed tried to make me hope. And just now your pity drew the heart out of my lips.

Let me hear you forgive me."

Every word had reached its mark. She had realized at last something of the depth, the tenacity, the rich, illimitable promise of the passion which she had roused. The tenderness of Marie seemed to encompass them, and a sacred, pathetic sense of her death and loss drew them together. Her respect, her reverence, her interest had been yielded long ago; did this troubled yearning within mean something more, something infinitely greater? She raised herself suddenly, and, as he



As he knelt beside her ek, and a tear dropped on to his hands her own were blindly and timidi;

"Oh!" she whispered, or rather sobbed, "I never dreamed of it. I never thought of anything like this. But—do not leave me again. I could not bear it."

Kendal bowed his bend upon the hands meeting in his, and it seemed to him as if life and time were suspended, as if he and she were standing within the "wind warm space" of love, while death and corrow and parting —three grave and tender angels of benediction—kept watch and ward without.

THE EMD.

BAD FOR BLONDE HAIR.

Effect of Natural Gas on Golden Tresses Does It Cause Deafness?

Natural gas has made enemies among adies. Blonde hair has had much to do with it. When burning gas is introduced into the same apartment with blonde hair and allowed to remain there, the peculiar action of one upon the other will develop. Some ladies are not at-tached to their hair; this is unnatural. Most of the fair sex glory in their hair; that is natural. But, whether natural or not, in either case, hair of golden hue always suffers from association with natural gas. Notwithstanding this effect, there is an

affinity which draws the two together, and blonde hair cannot escape the influence of its ardent plague when the two come into intimate relations. The effect is imperceptible at first, and it is only after a certain period of close association that the pernicious and utterly demoral-izing influence upon blonde hair is ap-parent and the hitherto unknown chareter of the deceptive gas is discovered. The insidious influence seems to be exertive at first contact of gas with blonde hair, although not immediately notice-able upon the latter, and lays hold upon every fiber of its nature, growing more powerful and assertive until the victim imperceptibly gives way and the work of ruin has so far progressed that any effort to free blonde hair is futile, and

the end is accomplished in the utterly

blackened character of the beautiful To be more specific, the vapor, imperceptible to the naked eye, generated by the gas, attacks the golden tresses, whether wig or in a state of luxuriant growth, and gradually darkens the hue of blonde hair as long as the influence continues. The vapor is ammonia, which can be seen on the glass in a room where it rises. It combines with the sulphur in the hair chemically, which produces a sulphuret of ammonia. Where the chemical action is strong enough, the hair would become black. This is plausible. A Penn avenue physician, in speaking of some of the effects of heat from natura

gas, yesterday said: "The use of natural gas has been a general topic of complaint with a large number of my patients. I am not prepared to say that deafness is on the increase, but natural gas, as it is now used in dwellings, has a decided tendency in that direction. The great trouble is this: The gas is turned on to such an extent that a very high temperature is obtained and maintained throughout the day and night. This at all times is unhealthy. The heat is entirely without moisture, that will naturally dry up the delicate membranes, produce a dry catarrhal dis-ease which very materially affects the ear and throat, producing both hoarse-

ness and deafness. "With coal it is different. There is a certain amount of moisture given out in the combustion along with the various degrees of heat obtained. Of course, any heat is dry in the abstract, but when combined with steam or any moist sub-stance the effects are very different. A number of my patients declare that the gas has made them deaf. That can only be, as I have said, because the excessive heat dries up the membranes in the head."—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Napoleou's Memory.

gentleman once said, in Wellin ton's presence, that great memories are generally the sign of great talents, and instanced Napoleon, who could single out soldiers in reviews and call them by name to step out of the ranks.

"That is a great mistake," replied th duke. "I'll tell you how he managed it. One of his generals, Lobau, used to get ready for him a list of soldiers to be called out from each regiment. When Napoleon rode up opposite to a regiment he would call out the name of the soldie to be honored, and the man would ster

forward—that was all. "I also doubt the goodness of his mem ory," continued the duke, "from the looseness and inaccuracy of his state ments. In his works-I mean all that he has ever written—you never find a thing related precisely as it happened He seems to have no clear nor distinct recollection; scarcely once has he ever tripped into truth!"

In another conversation Wellington said that Napoleon's genius made him so pre-eminent that all of his marshale seemed inferior to him. "He suited a French army exactly, and at their head there never was anything like him. I used to say of him that his presence on the field made the difference of forty thousand men."

The devotion of the French army Napoleon is illustrated by the fact that several of the French prisoners wounded at Waterloo shouted during the agony of amputation, "Vive l'Empereur!" Youth's Companion.

English Novelists and Their Earnings. With regard, writes a well informed correspondent, to a paragraph in your 'Literary Notes" of Saturday, on the subject of the gains of novelists, I believe you are right in stating that the highest price ever paid for an English work of fiction was the £12,000 which Lord Beaconsfield received from Messrs. Longman for "Endy mion," and, by the way, they mad a very bad bargain. He also ob tained from the same firm nearly as big a price for "Lothair." George Eliot, who received £7,000 for "Romola, made, from first to last, quite £10,000 by at least one of her novels, in which sh retained a large share of the copyright. Including American and foreign rights, Dickens was to have received £9,000 for "Edwin Drood." Wilkie Collins received £5,250 for "Armadale."

Of Sir Walter Scott's novels, "Woodstock" produced about £8,200, and as he was writing at the same time the "Life of Napoleon," the first and second editions of which realized £18,000, he made (including sums received for reviews and other minor works) £28,000 in the course of eighteen months! Thackeray was to have treceived a very high price for "Denis Duval," the story he was writing when he died; but the largest sum he ever was paid was, I believe, a trifle under £5,000, which he obtained for "The Newcomes." Going back a hundred years, we find Miss Burney obtaining 2,000 guineas for "Cecilia," work, and this was probably the highest price paid until the Waverley era .- St James' Gazette.

A Brave Little Boy.

The Mobile Register tells of a 10-year-old colored boy who deserves to be enrolled among the heroes. His father's house caught fire, and a 3-year-old brother was left inside The 10-year-old got into a barrel and entered the flames. He almost succeeded in saving his little brother, but the barrel caught fire and he had to retreat. The young hero was hadly burned, and the baby brother perished in the flames. MEN WHO DILLY DALLY.

"Do I believe in women learning to use tools, to drive a nail, turn a screw, and, perhaps, build a platform, as the girls did at the normal school not long since?"

"Indeed I do," was my emphatic response. My bachelor friend, who clings pertinaciously to old ideas, as the hair on his crown departs, twirled one corner of his beloved mustache and said in a despondent tone:

"Well, I don't know what we are coming to. Fretty soon, a man won't have any

"Well, I don't know what we are coming to. Pretty soon, a man won't have any chance in the world, for the women are crowding in everywhere, and they will work for wages which a bealthy man would starve on."

I smiled. "Did you not tell me once that the actual experience of the average indi-vidual was more interesting than all the novels ever written, and worth a million theories!"

"Well, probably I did, it is my fate to make remarks of that sort to some woman who will store them away in her memory while a man would never think of them

again."
"But you believe that experience is valuable as a help to others?"
"Undoubtedly."
"Permit me to relate mine in only one par-

"Without embellishments of any sort?"
"Utterly destitute of trimmings; real
hard, Gradgrindian facts, and my companion in misery will attest the truth of my
statement."

statement."

"I shall be quite content with your account, and shall prepare myself for annihilation."

My bachelor friend settles himself comfortably in an arm chair, gives my companion a mock heroic glance and closed his eyes, but never for one moment paused from caressing his mustache. I began:

"On the 10th day of August, 1888, a mischievous boy threw a stone directly through a pane of glass in a window of the third story—the bedroom of my maid. The boy took to his heels, and I sent for a glazier at once.

"He will be here to-morrow, ma'am,' was

the bedroom of my maid. The boy took to his heels, and I sent for a glazier at once.

"He will be here to-morrow, ma'am,' was the report. A week passed and no glazier; two weeks; I sent again.

"He says he is awful sorry, but he can't leave his job, but he will send a man up some evening, if that will do, and would you please write a card to easy? The postal was written, expressing thanks and pleasure at the prospect of showing a complete window on the street side of our home. I gave up two lectures, one concert and three 'teas,' lest the matter should not be attended to in my absence, and whatever come, the maid must not lose her 'evening out.' The man never came. I tried again. I wrote order after order, request after request, and finally went in person from paint shop to paint shop in search of a workman. One said in person: 'I will attend to it at once.' Ten days passed and he did not. Another wrote:

"We will be pleased to attend to your order on some morning early next week; regret that we cannot do better, but are much driven.

"Respectfully yours, Bannan Lingar."

"Was that his real name?" asked the bachelor in a cynical tone.

"Of course not. You cannot expect me to

"Was that his real name?" asked the bachelor in a cynical tone.

"Of course not. You cannot expect me to punish the poor man by giving real names; no, that is my name for him because he is a shining light in a church where he never breaks engagements, and doubtless prays on Sunday to be forgiven all the business fibs he has told for six days. Meantime we had three hard storms, and, do what we would, the rain drove in upon the carpet and cozed down to the ceiling below. I grew desparate. I said:

I said:

"Esther, bring me the city directory."

"She brought it. I had no idea how many painters and glaziers one city could hold until I commenced at A and went down to Z.

"Eather,' I said, 'that light of glass must be put in before another rain storm. Do you put on your things and go to each one in turn until you find a man who will come with you. Don't take a promise, don't listen to excuses, get your man and bring him home."

"I'll do it,' said Esther, showing all her white teeth and rosy dimples.

"She left the house at 9:15; she returned at 9:30 alone.

"She left the house at 9:15; she returned at 3:30 alone.

"Esther,' I said, repreachfully.

"It is all right,' she replied quickly. You see I found Mr. Bland himself, after traveling all over the city from house to house, where he had been working, or some one guessed he was working, and Mr. Bland said: 'Why, it is a shame she has been bothered so; let me see, what's the size? Oh, yes, 9 by 12, all right. I will be over almost as soon as you are; I must tell my foreman what I want done first.

"Tell Mrs. — if she had sent for me first, it would have been done long ago. What You did write an order on my slate! Well, the boys are so full of mischief. The orders

the boys are so full of mischief. The orders are often rubbed out."

"I felt somewhat cheered, and took up my pen to crass a line in an editorial which seemed a little too severe when illuminated by Mr. Bland's promises. He never came. I saw him once after that, and he crossed over and went down a side street.

"The entire month of September passed and yet the picture back which had been doing duty in our window showed in its ugly grimness every time we came toward the

grimness every time we came toward th

"We renewed our efforts. At last I came in one day radiant. "Esther.' I said, 'we have a glazier,' and if I had said we have just had a glazier,' and if I had said we have just had \$1,000 per year left us, the girl could not have shown more pleasure. She threw down the book she was reading, Lord Lytton's 'Com-ing Race,' and dropped he. hands. 'Good, good,' she cried, 'and may the coming man prove true; I declare I could almost hug him out of gratitude.'

out of gratitude."

"'Don't my dear,' I said, 'he chews tobacco. My bachelor friend actually smiled.
He had frowned just before. I think the
idea of my beautiful cousin Esther hugging
any one was not agreeable to him.

I went on: "Mr. Killjoy never came, and
so we struggled with fate, rain and elect until November was half gone. At last we
hoped once more; a young friend was coming to us for one day. He could do almost
anything, and, being a man, could of course
put in a window pane. Filled with our new
born hope, we started out. At a hardware
store we paid eight cents for a pane of glass
and a generous piece of putty. It was bitand a generous piece of putty. It was bit-terly chid now, and we were obliged to keep our fingers out of our muffs and take turns in carrying the precious burden. It was im-possible to ride in a crowled car, lest our treasure should be broken; so we walked more than ten blocks to our own door. You more than ten blocks to our own door. You would be surprised to find how troublesome such a small thing could be. Our friend was expected the next day, and we were afraid that a mouse or the kitten or some unheard of accident might befall that puor, undersized, old fashioned light of glass. To make it absolutely safe we put it carefully in a closet under the stairs and closed the door securely.

securely.
"Our male relative arrived. After due expressions of regard and some chatter we asked in our most insinuating tones if he could, and if he would, and did he ever, etc., and then we led him to the kitchen, where our sash had been placed, with the putty beside it."

putty beside it."

"Good heavers!' he said, 'you might as well ask me to storm the city of Boston. I couldn't do it.'

"But I thought of it," I said meekly. "Only the old putty is so hard and my right wrist is so weak"—— "Nonsense; you could never do it in the world. Why, what tools have year"

"See," I said triumphantly as I opened m housekeeper's trunk in the kitchen, where it stands in all its upholstered glory; "see, here are tools." "'By jove, you are methodical,' he said,

by jove, you are methodical, he said, 'but where is your chisel?'

"Alas, alack! a carpenter had borrowed it long before, and it had not been returned."

"'You see,' said our tall relative, with considerable masculine contempt in his tone, 'you women always expect a man to work without cole." without tools. There is no one in the universe who could get out that broken glass and clear out that putty without a good

and clear out that putty without a good sharp chisel."

"Esther and I were silenced for a time. After dinner our six feet of relative left us, and then in a mood compounded of desperation, necessity and indignation in equal parts, I rolled up my sleeves, put on a large apron, sharpened an old pruning knife and two jackknives and set to work.

"The T. It, had said we would break the

"The T. R. had said 'we would break the other five lights getting the old pieces out and smash the new one getting it in."

"Esther," said I with a do-or-die air, "I have not lived all over the United States, eaten garlis in France, black bread in Germany, and mastered an Amsterdam hack-driver to be conquered by this small affair, I have tried every trade in town at one time

or another, and those miserable delinquent workmen shall not make us miserable any

onger,"
"Oh, but your poor sprained wrist,' said is I know it, and if it gives out utterly and I have to use a type writer for the rest of my natural life, I will write a volume on the modern Ananias that will make every blessed artisan wish he had been born a G. Wash-

ington."

"Did you ever attack putty which had been laid on for fifty-six odd years and painted over until it could not remember the original coat? That was the kind I had to deal with. The acrewdriver, knives and oil, with persuasion and downright forceful aboves, and punches, and pushes, at last conquered. It was the hardest task I ever undertook but in one hour the plans was set, the shoves, and punches, and pushes, at last con-quered. It was the hardest task I ever under-took, but in one hour the glass was set, the putty neatly smoothed down, the paint matched from my color box, and I sank into a chair convinced that I had found one task more disagreeable than writing obituary poems, and that was setting glass in windows. Esther and the maid applauded, while they hunted up some salve for my blistered fin-gers and brushed up the debris."

"And now!" asked the bachelor calmly.

"The next day a regular blizzard set in and continued for three days, and the greatest satisfaction I have, next to a feeling of security from pneumonia for my maid and

security from pneumonia for my maid and broked ceilings in the old homestead, is the contemplation of the workmen who one by one go away after being told it was too late. From the 10th day of August to the 24th day of November is too long 'a wait' in my home theatre."

"I wouldn't have done it for a \$5 bill," said the bachelor.
"When our artisans persist in telling such

"When our artisans persist in telling such elephantine fibs about small business matters, it is quite time for women to learn how to handle a chisel or a plane."

Then the bachelor, who knows something of surgery, insisted on examining my bandaged hand, and his only remark was:

"As neat little blisters as I over saw."

I am thankful I was born a woman.—Detroit Free Press.

An Elephant's Memory.

A circus traveling through the country parts of England stopped one day at a little town called Hythe. That night when everything was quiet in the tent, animals and employes all being sound asleep, Clytie, one of the cophants, deliberately and without any uproar, broke the chain that fastened her foot, and leaving the tent started toward the center of the town. Nobody was astir, and so she had the way all to herself.

She proceeded without delay or hesitation to a little shep that stood on the main street of the village, and finding it closed, of course, she immediately forced an entrance with her enormous head and was soon as busy an algorithm. elephant as you ever saw cramming candy and cakes down her capacious throat. The man who owned the shop came running in from the back room, but Clytie did not pause in her lunch on that account, nor did she pay any more attention when he ran out again crying. "Ow! Ow!" In fact, she totally disregarded the entire neighborhood when they took up that cry of "Ow! Ow!" But pretty soon a little man came up,

who cried out in a sharp voice:
"Hi, there, Clytie! What d'ye mean?

Come out o' that now, d'ye hear! And Clytic did come out, and in a great hurry, too, for the little man was her keeper, and she not only had a great deal of respect for him, but she was afraid of him, as well. But, after all, she didn't care much about it, for she had filled herself with candy and cakes,

and that was all she was after.

The most puzzling question was—how did she distinguish a candy shop from any other shop in the village? The shopman gave the answer to this himself—he had fed an elephant candy at that very hon trades. shop twelve years before, and inquiry developed the fact that Clytic was that elephant. She had remembered the shop that was all .- St. Nicholas.

The Old Indian Fighter's Story. In the northern part of this state lives old farmer, honest and upright in business matters, but notorious for the incredible stories of his own prowess, which he relates upon every occasion. A short time since, in company with a few personal friends who thoroughly under stood his weakness, he began the rela tion of a thrilling Indian story, which was alleged to have taken place while

crossing the plains in 1851. "You see, them Injuns had been follerin' me and my partner for four days," he continued, "an' our cattle wuz nigh

give out." "Now, Bob!" said one of his hearers by way of a warning not to presume too much upon their credulity.

"An' thar they come," he continued ignoring the interruption, "jest over a little raise bout two miles off. We li out afoot for all we wuz worth, an' ther right after us a horseback."

"Now, Bob!" "We come to the river, but it was a roarin' rapids, an' would have dashed us to pieces agin the rocks in no time. An' thar they come, closer an' closer."
"Now, Bob!"

"We run along the river for a ways, an' right ahead of us wuz a precipice that a goat couldn't climb, and on the other side wuz a bluff straight up an' down. The Injuns was right onto us, an' had us penned up like rats, an' thar wuz fifty of em, all carryin' rifles."

"Now, Bob!" "We didn't even have a jackknife with us, but grabbed clubs an' decided to fight her out thar. They rode up within fifty yards of us an' commenced

firin', an"-"Now, Bob! No lying." "An' the d-d Injuns killed us both. -San Francisco Examiner.

The Ideal America.

It seems to us that there is much which is arbitrary in the ascription of this or that quality or function to this or that nation. It is like dividing the mind into faculties: the imaginative faculty, the reflective faculty, the critical faculty; as if either of these were something that could act alone.

No one has had greater influence in forming the citizens of this republic to their faith in themselves and in one another than Jefferson; yet Mr. Bryce in his new book says that Jefferson was one with Rousseau in supposing a natural elevation in average human nature and

As Rousseau was the first one, he was probably the one, and through his foster son was the father of American democracy, of that in us which more distinctively than anything else we can call Americanism-our faith in humanity, our love of equality.

One cannot claim that Americans of English origin are alone the depositaries of this belief, this passion; and we rather doubt if either would perish though all Americans of English stock perished. The ideal America, which is the only real America, is not in the keeping of any one race; her destinies are too large for that custody; the English race is only one of many races with which her future rests.-W. D. Howells in Harper's Magazine.

Last year we produced 2,000,000,000 bushels of corn, valued at \$700,000,000.

Human imagination shrinks from the conconplation of these figures. The value of that single crop is greater than all the wealth Spain expended in the eight years' war, resulting in the independence of the United Netherlands. Verily the victories of peace surpass those of war!-Louis-ville Times.

HOW TO BAVE LIPE.

what is a crugh? It is an irritation of the troat and lungs. What causes it? Occarionation, stop the congestion, the irritation of any toon, Stop the congestion, the irritation of any the cause and the congestion, the irritation of any the congestion? An there is just where physicians have always been purished. But it is to checked, or pneumonia, guide consumption or some tarrible pulmonary trouble will follow. Some doctors give god laws of the cought syraps, but the most sevenced prescribe stimulants, Rature was be seen to the cought syraps, but the most sevenced prescribe stimulants, Rature was be seen seed. Pure whickey will do it resewant physicians say:

Frof Austin Flint, of Believus (New York) to long, says. "The judicions use of also helle stimulants is one of the striking characteristics of progress in the preduce of accidence during the last haif or niury."

Professor ilenny a. Mott, of New York, eave in the cause of the purity of Dudy's Pure Bail which has implemented in the highest public flavor."

Buffy's Pure Mail which is a certain care and preventive of congestion and absorbed be lept in every family. It is sold by all droggetter and dealers. Be sure and secure the greatine.

WINES AND LIQUORS

PHILADELPHIA, February 21, 1889.

HUNGARIAN

MEERIAL AND ROYAL AUSTRO. HUNGARIAN CONSULATE.

According to the instructions of the Royal Hungarian Ministry for Agriculture, Industry and Commerce in Buck-Pest to this Imperial and Royal consulate it is hereby attested to that the Royal Hungarian Government wine cellars at Buda-Pest were established by the Hungarian Government, February 1, 1882, and that the establishment is since under

control of said ministry. The aim of these wine cellars is to sup-ply the world's markets with the best wines produced in Hungary, free from any adulteration.

Mr. H. E. Staymaker, agent of Lancaster, Pa., has by the Government's general agents of North America been appointed agent for Lancaster, for the sale of these wines, which are bottled to Buda-Pest, under the supervision of the Hungarian Government, and bear the original protective label of the Royal Hungarian Ministry for Agriculture of the bottles.

LOUIS WESTERGAARD, Imperial and Royal Consul of Austria-Hungary.

SEAL. T. & R. HUNG. CONSULATE, PHIL'A., PA.

AHBNDMENE

A MENDMENT TO THE CONSTITU
A tion proposed to the citizens of this
commonweal hey the General Assembly of
the Commonwealth of Pennsylvants, for their
approval or rejection at a special election to
the held June 18 1899 Published by greer at
the Fennelsry of the Commonwealth, in pursuance of XVIII of the Constitution.

Joint resolution proposing an amendment
to the Constitution of this commonwealth;
SECTION L. He it resolves by the Senate and
flouse of Representatives of the Commonvosith of Pennsylvania in General Assembly
user, That the following amendment is proposed to the Constitution of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, in accordance with
the Eighteenth Article thereof:

AMENDMENT.

There shall be an additional article to said Constitution to be designated as article III, as follows:

ARTICLE XIX.

The manufacture, sale, or because the sale of the sale o

The manufacture, sale, or keeping for sale of introdealing liquor, to be used as a newsrape, is hereby probibited, and any violates of this probib ton shall be a medemeanor, punishable as ahall be provided by law.

The manufacture, sale, or keeping for mis of intextenting liquor for they pur oses than as a boverage may be allowed in such manner only as may be prescribed by law. The General Assembly shall, at the first season such a direction of the straight of the e-eding the adoption of this article of a Cristitation, enact laws with adequate pen-ties for its enforcement.

A true copy of the Joint Resolution.

CHARLES W. STINE.

Feoretary of the Commonwealth
mic 3mds

mis 3md5

A MENDMENT TO THE CONSTITU
A TION proposed to the citizens of this

Crimican wealth by the General Assembly at
the Common wealth of Penrsylvania for their
is proval or rejection at a special election to
the heid June is, 1822. Published by order of
he secretary of the Common wealth in purnance of Article X VIII / the Constitution.

Joint resolution proposing an amendment
to the constitution of the commonwealth:
Recrion I He it resolved by the Benetic and
House of Sepresentatives of the Commonwealth
/ Pennsylvania in General Assembly—me
hat the following is proposed as an amendrent to the constitution of the Commonwealth
wealth of Pennsylvania in accordance with
the provisions of the eighte-nih sittle
thereof:

AMENDMENT. firike out from section one, of article eight

First out from section one, of article seat, the four qualifications for voters which sead as follows:

"It is wonty-two years of age or upwards, he shall have beid, within two years, a state or county tax, which shall have been assessed at least two months, and paid at least one mental before the election," so that the section which reads as follows:

"Every mule citizen, twenty-one years of age possessing the following qualification; shall be entitled to vote at all elections:

First He shall have been a citizen of the United States at least one month.

Second. He shall have resided in the state of a very for if, having previously been a qualified elector or native born cit sea of the state, he shall have removed therefrom and returned, then a x months) immediately preceding the election.

Third. He shall have resided in the election district where he shall offer to vote at least two months; immediately preceding the election.

Fourth, If twenty-two years of age or up-

cading the election.

Third, I he shall have resided in the election district where he shall offer to vote at least rwo months immediately preceding the election.

Fourth. If twenty-two years of age or speare, he shall have p-id, within two years as state or craftily tax, which shall have been accessed at least two months and yelf at least one month before the election," shall be amined to, to as to read as follows:

Every maje citizen twe sty-one years of age possessing the following qualifications, shall be entitled to vote at the politing place of the election district of which he shall at the time be a re-ide nt and not election. It is shall have been a citizen of the Onited States at least thirty days.

Second, He shall have resided in the state one year (or if, having previously been aqualified election; and the removed therefrom and returned then els months) immediately preceding the election.

Third, He shall have resided in the election district where he shall offer to vote at least thirty days immediately preceding the election.

The legislature, at the session thereof year star the ad piton of this sec los, shall, and from time to time thereafter may, ease laws to properly enforce this provisios.

Fourth. Every usia citizen of the age of twesty one years, who shall have been a citizen for thirty days and an inhabitant of this sate one year, who shall have been a citizen for thirty days and an inhabitant of this ate one year, who shall have been a citizen for thirty days a resident of the election district of which he shall at the time be a resident and not cleawhere for all differential which he mail at the time be a resident and not cleawhere for all differential the heart of the large in the large of voting shall be d

NOTICE TO TRESPASSERS AND GUNNERS.—All persons are benefit for bidden to trespass on any of the lands of the cornwall and speedwell estates in Lebanous Lancaster counties, whether indicased or unit closed, either for the purpose of shooting of shing, as the law will be rigidly ensured; a time and the will be rigidly ensured; a time all trespassing on said lands of the unit of the county of t