

Poetic Answers.
WHAT IS YOUR CHARACTER?
 A rare compound of joy, frolic and fun,
 To relish a joke and rejoice in a pun.
 —Goldsmith.

That of the epicure, who, serenely full, may say,
 Fate cannot harm me; I have dined to-day.
 —Swift.

Luxurious, avaricious, false, deceitful,
 Sullen, malicious, smacking of every sin that
 has a name.
 —Shakespeare.

WHAT IS YOUR CHIEF ATTRACTION?
 Thou hast the sweetest face I ever looked on.
 —Shakespeare.

Good sense which only is the gift of Heaven,
 And though no science, fairly worth the seven
 —Pope.

A form so fair, that like the air
 'Tis less of earth than heaven.
 —E. E. Pinkney.

He is so full of pleasant anecdotes,
 So rich, so gay, so poignant in his wit:
 Time vanishes before him as he speaks,
 And ruddy morning through the lattice peeps
 —Joanna Baillie.

WHAT DO YOU LIKE BEST?
 That all-sweetening, overpowering knell,
 The tocsin of the soul—the dinner bell.
 —Byron.

A slight flirtation by the light of a chandelier.
 With music to play in the pauses
 And nobody very near.
 —Willis.

Gold! Gold! Gold! Gold!
 Bright and yellow, hard and cold.
 —Hood.

Give me kisses! all is waste save the luxury of
 the taste,
 And for kissing—kisses live only when we take
 or give,
 Kiss me, then,
 Every moment—and again. —J. G. Saxe.

WHAT DO YOU DISLIKE MOST?
 Of every bore,
 If to the list you add a score,
 Are not so bad, upon my life,
 As that one scourge, a scolding wife.
 —Berni.

Coarse speech, bad grammar, swearing,
 Drinking, vice.
 —Holmes.

Drunkenness, whose vile incontinence
 Take both away, the reason and the sense,
 It draws the better parts, making the name
 To foes a laughter, to friends a shame.
 —Randolph.

Home-made physic that sickens the sick,
 Thick for thin and thin for thick.
 —Hood.

WHO IS YOUR INTENDED?
 A perfect woman nobly planned,
 To warn, to comfort and command,
 And yet a spirit still and bright,
 With something of an angel's light.
 —Wordsworth.

A judge, a man so learned,
 So full of equity, so noble—envy
 Itself cannot accuse, or malice vitiate.
 —Chapman and Shirley.

A hungry, lean-faced villain,
 A mere anatomy, a mountebank,
 A thread-bare juggler, and fortune-teller,
 A needy, hollow-eyed, sharp-looking wretch.
 —Shakespeare.

A rosebud set with willful thorns
 As sweet as English air can make her.
 —Tennyson.

WHAT IS YOUR HIGHEST AMBITION?
 To go to church to-day,
 To look devout and seem to pray,
 And ere to-morrow's sun goes down
 Be dealing slander through the town.
 —Mrs. Sigourney.

To dress as the nobles dress,
 In cloth of silver and gold,
 With silk and satin and costly furs
 In many an ample fold.
 —Hood.

Oh, grant me, Heaven, a middle state,
 Neither too humble, nor too great,
 More than enough for nature's ends,
 With something left to treat my friends.
 —Mallet.

Oh, give me the lass that has acres of charms;
 Oh, give me the lass with the wool stockist farm!
 —Burns.

Then let me get money as bees lay up honey;
 I'll build new hives and store each cell,
 The sight of my treasure will yield me great
 pleasure,
 I'll count it, and think it, and jingle it well.
 —Dr. Franklin.

WHAT IS YOUR FAVORITE FLOWER?
 Magnificent calla, in mantle of milk.
 —Mrs. Sigourney.

The chaste carnation's pure and spotless bloom,
 That boasts no fragrance and conceals no
 thorn.
 —William Roscoe.

And faith that a thousand ills can brave
 Speaks in thy blue leaves, "forget-me-not."
 —Percival.

Rose, thou art the sweetest flower.
 —Burns.

WHAT IS THE CHARACTER OF YOUR INTENDED?
 She takes the most delight
 In music, instruments and poetry.
 —Shakespeare.

The solemn top, significant and budge,
 A fool with judges, and among folk a judge,
 —Cowper.

She has read her father's well-filled library
 with profit,
 And can talk charmingly: she can sing
 And play, too, passably, and dance with spirit.
 She is knowing in all needle-work;
 And shines in kitchen as well as parlor.
 —J. N. Barker.

He is a scholar, and a ripe and good one,
 Exceedingly wise, fair spoken and persuading.
 —Shakespeare.

WHAT IS YOUR DESTINY?
 Never wedding, never wooing,
 Still a loveless heart pursuing.
 —Campbell.

To be a man of rank and of capacious soul,
 To riches have, and fame beyond desire,
 And heir to flattery, to titles born
 And reputation and luxurious life.
 —Robert Pollock.

Single as a stray glove, minus its mate.
 —Fanny Kemble.

WHERE WILL YOUR HOME BE?
 Where beasts with man divided empire claim,
 And the brown Indian marks with murderous
 aim.
 —Goldsmith.

Where from the rise of morn to set of sun
 The mighty Mohawk runs,

And the dark woods of pine
 Along his mirror darkly shine.
 —Moore.

In some enchanted isle,
 Where heaven and love their Sabbath hold.
 —Campbell.

DEMETER'S DAUGHTER.
 Mrs. De Lettante had invited a crowd
 of people to her white-haired man
 of lofty artistic pedigree. She was
 fond of patronizing talent. She was
 Kemple had given Sir Anthony Ab-
 bott and Sir Peter Teazle, Mrs. De
 Lettante went about among her guests
 and explained that she had still another
 pleasure in store for them: Miss Hilda
 Wiese would now recite. Miss Wiese
 was a *debutante*, but they would see
 she had great possibilities. Mr. Kem-
 ple had spoken to her of the young
 lady, who intended to become a pro-
 fessional reader; he was enthusiastic in
 her praise.

So, after a brief interval, a young
 girl was led forward, who recited por-
 tions of Elaine's beautiful and touching
 story with native ease and grace. She
 stood in the third of the suite of rooms
 that opened one into another. Behind
 her was a background of white flowers
 arranged on graduated steps, a mass of
 hincynths chiefly and daffodils (it was
 spring). She was a flower of spring
 herself, with the ineffable glory and
 charm of youth about her; serene, wide
 brow, from which heavy dark hair was
 swept to one side; the outlines of her
 face pure and harmonious, and strong
 rather than delicate; in her cheeks the
 fresh, steady color that rarely outlasts
 girlhood. She wore a quaintly simple
 black silk gown, the sleeves cut to the
 elbows and fleecily ruffled with white;
 the same white effect at her throat.
 Her voice was rich and soft and full,
 Her recitation charming; there was a
 murmur of pleased surprise. When she
 had done she simply fell back a step or
 two against the tiers of flowers. She
 helped herself to a daffodil, and stood
 carelessly swinging it, listening to some-
 thing kind which the elocutionist said
 to her.

Presently Mrs. De Lettante came up
 with a tall, fair young man of a studious
 aspect, whom she made known to
 Miss Wiese as Dr. Douglass. As this
 young man bowed in acknowledgement
 of the introduction, he said to himself,
 "Demeter's daughter, fair and free,"
 out of a sweet rhyme-book of his sister's.

"You gave me a great deal of pleasure,"
 she said, with a touch of the self-con-
 fidence of youth in the worth of its
 own praise.

"Did I? I am very glad."
 "As for Mrs. De Lettante, she is
 fairly ruffled with complacency at hav-
 ing sponsored you."
 "Mrs. De Lettante has been very good
 to me."
 "You have repaid her. She is the
 woman in search of a mission. Look
 at her now, magnetizing that little dark
 man with those restless hazel eyes of
 hers."
 "She is very gracious and handsome."
 "Extremely so in her sweeping satin
 robes—Nile green? you ladies call that
 color, do you not?—stately, dark-haired,
 fair-skinned. I wonder who the ugly
 little man is?"
 "Mr. Kemple told me. He is a
 Frenchman, a duke. His father was
 a duke by the emperor at Solfer-
 no. He inherits the title."
 "Pastebord nobility."
 "There has to be a beginning to every-
 thing. Bravery is its own pedigree.
 Did you ever hear what Nadir replied
 when 'Delhi's throne inquired the an-
 cestry' of his son?"
 "My child is noble, for, though lowly born,
 He is the son and grandson of the sword."
 Her simple enthusiasm was contagious.
 "No doubt you and Nadir—is that
 his name?—are right. Here comes Mrs.
 De Lettante with her duke. He is like
 Jacob—he halts on his thigh."
 The Duke de Bonne Fortune was pre-
 sented in his turn. He was not an at-
 tractive personage, upon the whole; as
 you have gathered, little and dark, and
 very lame. He was a man who had
 lived in the world and for the world, and
 his life had left no impress of any lofty
 impulse upon his face; on the contrary,
 there were lines of craft and guile around
 his mouth and eyes. He was no longer
 young, but he looked older than his
 actual age. Still he showed traces of
 the old-world civilization he had sprung
 from; there was a gay sparkle and
 vivacity about his conversation which
 disposed Hilda in his favor. All women
 like to be amused. Besides, in her up-
 right vigor she felt a "divine compas-
 sion" for his infirmity.

Dr. Douglass drifted away with Mrs.
 De Lettante, who said, going: "Do you
 know Mrs. Wiese? There she is, all by
 herself in that corner. Of course she is
 almost a stranger here. I asked her for
 the daughter's sake. I wish you would
 talk to her."

Douglass agreed readily. Douglass
 was not singular in his alacrity to be
 civil to the mother of a beautiful daugh-
 ter. And Mrs. Wiese proved to be
 charming on her own account—literally
 charming, with the unacknowledged
 and fresh cheerfulness of a child. She had
 a "primrose face"—a phrase I like to bor-
 row from Owen Meredith to describe a
 certain type of face that never entirely
 loses its youth—with ready smiles, and
 changing color, and clear eyes, and, in
 her case, sunny chestnut hair (the color
 should be bright). An electric
 spark was struck between Douglass and
 herself. She liked young men in a de-
 lightful, motherly way, that always
 bore in mind her own half-grown boys.
 And young men invariably liked her.
 She talked frankly to Douglass; among
 other things, about her husband's deli-
 cate health and failing sight. Douglass
 had made a specialty of diseases of the
 eye, and lent an intelligent interest. He
 said he should be honored if Mrs. Wiese
 would permit him to call upon herself
 and her husband; he did not add, "and
 your daughter," although at that very
 moment his gaze was resting on the
 young Persephone in the next
 room, who still idly twirling her snow
 daffodil, was talking to the pastebord
 duke.

Later in the evening Douglass fell in
 again with Mrs. De Lettante. "They
 tell me," he said, indicating Hilda,
 "that that beautiful child is destined for
 the stage. I confess I am sorry to hear
 it."
 "She has a gift. To my thinking, it
 belongs to the world."
 "And so she will dim her loveliness
 behind the footlights, and lose the bloom
 of her reticence and modesty."
 "Not necessarily. An ordinary woman
 might. An artist is *im personal*; her
 own identity is completely merged.
 Happy she! Most women's lives stagnate
 for want of an outlet."
 Douglass carried out his intention of
 calling upon the Wieses, and found them
 living in a house very small, very shabby

and forlorn, in the suburbs of the town.
 However, Mrs. Wiese and Hilda were
 more cheerful than ever, and Douglass
 sat on a stiff cane-bottomed chair on a
 carpetless floor, and his heart sung with-
 in him. It was all so unconstrained and
 bright and pleasant. The father was a
 musician, a composer, an organist; now,
 in his feeble condition of body, very
 querulous and irritable. But Douglass
 conceived a hope that he should be able
 to do something for his eyes. Mr. Wiese
 was a German by birth; he had never
 learned to master his wife's mother-
 tongue. But he was exceedingly voluble
 in his own broken guttural. He never
 wearied of pouring his complaints into
 Douglass' ears. And Douglass
 listened with exemplary patience—nay,
 interest—for Hilda's sake.

Yes, for Hilda's sake. It had come to
 that. He had yielded to a sentimental
 fancy at first sight; now, at second and
 third sight, he had fallen in love desper-
 ately, with an absorbing energy
 which colored his whole nature, imparting
 sinew and muscle to his ambition.
 It seemed to him now that he had never
 known before what was genuine ambi-
 tion. He grew feverish with impatience.
 He was a poor man; he could barely
 support himself. If he should sup-
 port a wife, it must be in the simplest,
 plainest way. Would Hilda be willing?
 In marrying, Hilda would be called upon
 to make more special sacrifices than most
 women make when they marry. He al-
 most feared that she would never like
 him well enough to make these sacrifices
 for him.

He knew that Hilda was meanwhile
 studying hard, preparing for her arduous
 profession. Besides, she was giving les-
 sons in elocution. Poor little thing!
 How he longed to work for them both!

He was with her constantly; after a
 while, every evening. Those delicious
 spring days suggested country rambles,
 boating—anything which furnished an
 excuse for being together. And for Hilda,
 she dared not stop to realize how happy
 she was in this constant companionship.
 She dared not realize that she
 simply delighted in life because it
 brought Douglass to her at the end of the
 long days.

Those days were shared almost as in-
 variably with M. De Bonne Fortune.
 He had followed up his acquaintance
 vigorously as had Douglass, appearing
 at the Wieses' dingy little house behind
 a pair of superb black steeds in gold-
 mounted harness. He whirled Hilda off
 in this showy equipage one fine day.
 Her father stood in the little doorway
 looking after her, shading his inflamed
 eyes with his hand. "He is in love with
 Hilda, I can see that," he said to his wife.
 "It will be a good thing for us all."
 "Mrs. Wiese's bright face clouded. Her
 own choice for her daughter would be a
 different one. Nor had she failed to notice
 the lighting up of Hilda's face when
 Douglass came and went."
 "Mr. Wiese was right. M. De Bonne
 Fortune had fallen in love with Hilda.
 It was nothing to him who she was,
 who her people were. She would be
 above criticism as the Duchess de Bonne
 Fortune. He determined to marry her
 from the outset. He considered it hardly
 probable that the facts that he was yellow
 and wizened and lame, and Hilda's
 senior by certainly fifteen or twenty
 years, would weigh in the balance
 against the advantages of his title and
 his wealth."
 "Nor did they when it came to the
 point. It seemed to her that it was her
 duty to accept him. Her father had said
 as much to her from time to time during
 the weeks that the duke's black chargers
 swept his glittering chariot to and from
 town. Moreover, the duke made his
 offer to the father in the first place, and
 the father in repeating it urged the suit
 in every way."
 "He has promise to settle an indeben-
 tent fortune on you," Mr. Wiese urged.
 "Mit dat you can do vat you choose.
 And he will set Oscar up in business ven
 he has finish school next year. It will
 be a great deal for us all."
 "Yes," Hilda said. "I suppose it will.
 I will marry him, father; and having
 given her consent, she felt as though she
 had locked herself into a prison."
 That evening Douglass came. M. De
 Bonne Fortune, who dined late in the
 city, rarely spent an evening at the
 Wieses', and it so happened that he and
 Douglass had never met. Hilda felt like
 a traitor as she followed the young man
 down to the boat—they had an engage-
 ment to go rowing. The language of
 love is easy of interpretation; she had
 read it in his looks and in his voice a
 hundred times. Besides, she could inter-
 pret it by the key of her own feelings.
 But she made up her mind that he should
 learn of her engagement from her own
 lips. If he was pained, no one but her-
 self should see his pain.

When she had told him, Douglass
 rowed on in silence for a while. Then he
 said, "I have no doubt you have decided
 wisely. The children of this world are
 in their generation wiser than the chil-
 dren of light. You have my good wishes,
 of course; you resign some things—your
 art."
 "Yes," she replied, wretchedly. "But
 a woman cannot always think of her-
 self." They rowed on in silence for
 another while. Presently she shivered
 and suggested that they should return
 home. "It is so cold on the water to-
 night." Poor girl! She was cold to the
 heart.

The tears stood in Mrs. Wiese's moth-
 erly eyes, and there was a weight on her
 heart, as heart and eyes both followed
 the young man as he strode down the
 road, having said farewell that night.
 He was the mate she would have chosen
 for Hilda, in spite of waiting, in spite of
 poverty. Alas! she believed, she feared,
 that Hilda did not care for M. De Bonne
 Fortune. She was taking up the unutter-
 able cross of a loveless life. She went
 to her daughter on the spur of that convic-
 tion, but Hilda put her away with a cold
 kiss. "Dear mamma, let it be as I have
 decided. It is best. I am not like you;
 I have not the same necessity for loving."
 The golden chariot with its coal-black
 steeds drew up in front of the Wieses'
 little cottage for the last time and whirled
 Hilda away, after the marriage cere-
 mony had been performed in the carpet-
 less little parlor—whirled her off to a life
 as different from that of her girlhood as
 though she had indeed died to her former
 self.

Once on their voyage out her husband
 found her crying, her face bowed on
 her folded arms, as she gazed out upon
 the lonesome waste of waters. "Home-
 sick?" he asked, half friendly, half re-
 provingly. Then, taking the fact for
 granted, he went on: "My child, never
 look backward; it does no good."
 To the outward seeming she lived a
 golden life in Paris of ease and luxury
 and grandeur, steeped in all the extra-
 vagant and display of the second empire.
 Nor did she fail to carry out her inten-
 tions toward her parents in America.
 She sent them, year by year, out of her
 superabundance, enough to keep the
 wolf from the door. Nor was the duke's

promise to Oscar forgotten. The boy
 was established in a well-known banking
 house after a year or so of additional
 schooling.

But there were times when, in spite
 of all this, Hilda De Bonne Fortune asked
 herself whether her grand marriage had
 been worth while! To be sure, she had
 not been guilty of the baseness of marry-
 ing for her own mere meat and raiment,
 but all the same she had learned by a
 wearisome experience how infinitely less
 were these than the demands of the soul.
 It bored her to death to be a fine lady.
 It seemed to her that she was a sorry
 ghost of her former self; that that had
 died long ago, when she had closed the
 door upon the real things of life—the
 art she had surrendered, the mutual
 love she might have won like a crown.
 She grew quiet and pale, and her hus-
 band noticed it, and reproached her for
 it fretfully. Had he not married her
 for her youth and freshness? She must
 exert herself; she must go into the
 world; she must dress in a manner be-
 fitting her station. He did not choose
 his wife to be a dowdy. When he re-
 proached her he dropped the mask of
 his smooth gallantry. He was as out-
 spoken as rough and coarse as though
 he had not been educated in the foremost
 of modern civilizations.

The poor little duchess was in despair.
 Whom was there to turn to? She
 against the hard, cold world! There
 was a church not far off. A fancy
 seized her to go there. She had seen her
 mother come out of a church sometimes
 with a wonderful look of peace on her
 face. She might might find peace too.
 She took her maid with her—since she
 never more went quite free now—and
 strayed into the great, quiet cathedral.
 She dropped down on her knees. She
 thought of a storm, and of a voice that
 came in the storm, and of the calm that
 followed. And presently there was a
 calm with her too.

A calm, and a strength that is only
 born of calm. She went about her ways
 serenely; she ruled her kingdom beauti-
 fully. If she had made a grave mistake,
 she did not sit down with folded hands
 in its shadow. Poor little soul! she had
 strayed into hades; but she became the
 light, the tranquil moonlight, of the
 place.

In a day of unfaith and of materialism
 and of mammon worship, she was true
 to her own ideals of goodness and love-
 liness. She never lost her childlike na-
 ture, her innocence, her simplicity.
 The worldly men and women about her
 treated her with a certain half-pitying
 reverence.

So she made her peace with life, with
 nature, as the pagans would have said,
 and as we Christians still may phrase it,
 with a devotee and more filial signifi-
 cance.

But in so making her reconciliation
 she must also find her way back to her
 old place in the heart of the bright-faced
 little woman across the ocean who had
 sent her forth so reluctantly to her mar-
 ried life. She had written to her mother
 and studied letters during the first
 months of her married life; it was not
 until she had conquered her disappoint-
 ment and her loneliness that she could
 write to her as she used to talk to her,
 with the outpouring of her heart.

One evening at a crowded reception at
 her hotel, a tall, fair man, with the
 slightly stooped shoulders of the student,
 made his way through the throng, and,
 hesitating slightly, bowed presently over
 her hand.

"I was by no means sure it was you,
 Madame De Bonne Fortune," Dr.
 Douglass said. And in truth she was
 sufficiently altered to have made recog-
 nition difficult. She had lost her fresh
 color; the mild rose bloom had given
 place to the pallor of the lily. There
 was an outlook of patience now in her
 eyes, and there were shadows under them
 that told of sleepless nights and restless
 days. But if the luster of her youthful
 beauty was dimmed, perhaps the splen-
 dor of the setting sufficed to make
 amends. Her palace was very splendid;
 her toilette was a triumph in its way;
 her fair head was diademed with dia-
 monds. She looked the queen that she
 was in the world of fashion.

"I seem to be in a dream," Dr. Dou-
 glass went on; "or rather it seems to me
 that it must have been in a dream that
 we once took country rambles together
 down shady lanes, and gathered wild
 flowers, and rowed about in a boat, and
 did various other rustic things. Part of
 the dream was that you wore a white
 straw hat trimmed with scarlet poppies.
 Your dress was trimmed with scarlet
 poppies—right, I see."
 "Poppies are said to be the flowers of
 dreams. As far as that goes, this scene
 to-night is the dream for me. I am not
 accustomed to my grandeur yet; it is still
 unreal. Oh, Dr. Douglass—dropping
 her voice—"how is my mother? When
 did you see her?"

"Poor little queen! there were tears in
 her eyes. Looking into her earnest face,
 and so into the soul behind it, it did
 indeed appear as though her fine clothes
 and her jewels were a mask, and as
 though she were holding court in a verita-
 ble place of shades. Dr. Douglass had
 thought hard things of her; he had called
 her a mercenary worldling. He took it
 all back now; he forgave her; he pitied
 her."

After that, Hilda never rested until
 she had seen her mother face to face.
 Her conversation with Dr. Douglass
 brought up the past so vividly that she
 could not be satisfied without. So in the
 spring she crossed the Atlantic, with her
 little retinue of man and maid, two years
 after her marriage.

She knocked at the door of the shabby
 little house she used to call home, late
 one evening. It was May. In the twilight
 gloom she could distinguish famil-
 iar flowers in the small garden—heart's-
 ease and daffodils. She stooped and
 plucked a daffodil, her favorite flower,
 as she waited for them to open the door.
 Its fragrance carried her straight back to
 her happy, hopeful girlhood. It brought
 up such a look to her face that when her
 mother caught her to her arms present-
 ly, it seemed to her that her Hilda had
 never been away at all.

Since then many years have rolled slowly on.
 But every spring has brought Hilda
 across the highway of the ocean. She
 and her mother have been one in heart
 ever since. They have lived chiefly in
 the time of their reunion and in the look-
 ing forward to it and the remembering
 it. Always when the daffodils bloom
 Mrs. Wiese gathers great bunches of
 them, and fills with them the vases in
 Hilda's room, and makes ready for her
 darling. And the pale little duchess re-
 joices in the beauty of the spring flowers,
 and goes back to Paris with all the more
 heart to the wearing of her dark-hearted
 poppies in winter.

Sedan comes and goes, "bowling
 down" the Second Empire, and sweep-
 ing away the fortunes of many of its nobles;
 but M. De Bonne Fortune weathers
 the crisis, and Madame De Bonne Fortu-
 ne still holds her shifting court.
 The child of nature, gifted as she the

favored children of our great mother;
 the ill-favored lord; the coal-black
 steed; the daffodil, such as grew on
 Eden; the poppies that brought forgot-
 tfulness; the yearly visit to a purer air;
 the Hades throne—all these features in
 an old-world story have come into my
 mind as I have written of a Persephone
 of to-day. —Harper's Bazar.

A Battle in a Printing Office.
 A letter from St. Petersburg to the
 New York Herald gives details of the
 desecration of the printing office of a
 secret Nihilist printing office at that place
 and the fearful struggle which followed.
 The letter says: "The policemen went in
 by the way indicated for the use of the in-
 mates of the house, but were fired at the
 moment they made their appearance. Seeing
 themselves in the midst of some dozen
 resolute and armed youths the police-
 men thought it prudent to retire, and
 went to the nearest police station for re-
 inforcements. The Nihilists had no time
 to remove anything and did not choose
 to give them over to the police cheaply.
 They lost no time in getting up a plan of
 action and of defence against the ex-
 pected attack. Thirty-four policemen
 returned to the scene and the rest went
 directly in by the gates of the yard,
 which had a two-storied house on the
 right hand and one on the left. All the
 windows of the second floors, as well as
 the roofs of the two houses, were occu-
 pied by armed students, who welcomed
 the police with a sweeping volley of
 bullets. Three policemen fell dead on
 the spot; the rest retired for consulta-
 tion. They determined to enter the
 house, intending to fall upon the Nihil-
 ists who remained down stairs in charge
 of the books and the presses. And here,
 in a large room, was enacted a fearful
 scene. The fight became general,
 and the result was as follows: On the
 side of the police four men received
 light wounds, three were seriously in-
 jured and four killed on the spot. The
 losses on the side of the Nihilists were,
 it seems, still greater—four young girls,
 students of the university, and three
 students killed, while all the others
 were wounded and finally arrested by
 the police. The police seized the print-
 ing press and a great number of inter-
 dicted books of foreign publication.
 How many people were arrested in all
 I do not know, as the number of po-
 litical prisoners is not fully given by
 the official reports.

But the affair did not end here. Simul-
 taneously two other girls and several
 men were arrested in the neighborhood
 of the printing office. Then a Mr.
 Herzfeld was arrested—a daughter of a
 General Herzfeld, who occupies a high
 position in St. Petersburg, being a
 member of the State Council. The
 young and renowned Countess Panin,
 belonging to one of the oldest Russian
 families, was also taken. Her step-
 mother is reported to be still one of
 the *dames d'honneur* of the empress,
 and her great-grandfather was the
 second Chancellor of State in the time
 of Catherine the Great. I am told that
 both young ladies were taken in the
 act of firing at the police with their re-
 volvers. It is not to be wondered at
 that girls of high families are found in-
 volved in such disturbances. The gov-
 ernment of Russia have repeatedly taken
 part in the manifestations of national
 aspirations, as for instance, Martha
 Possadnino, of Novgorod; the Princess
 Sophia, Peter the Great's enterprising
 sister, and others. Russian ladies in
 the olden times of domestic seclusion
 could not be kept wholly from taking
 an active part in popular movements,
 and nowadays they take a lively share
 in all that concerns their husbands and
 brothers, and are quite ready to sup-
 port them when the occasion comes.

About Editors.
 Every editor loves to have his friends,
 and particularly his readers, call on him
 when they belong to the same family, as it were.
 But when you call to see the editor, don't
 stay too long. Editors are generally very
 busy in business hours. If you have a sug-
 gestion to make, or news to communicate
 state it in the fewest words possible. Don't
 offer any excuses, or indulge in a long
 preface to what you have to say. Blurt it
 right out; tell the editor you know him
 well, and bid him good-day. Editors dote
 on such men as that; they love to receive
 calls from them. Don't argue with them
 —don't try to do it. They have no time for
 argument while at work.

When you write to an editor for publica-
 tion, make it short—boil it down. Pitch
 right into the middle of your subject, and
 be sure to stop when you are through. Ed-
 itors always like something fresh and origi-
 nal in the way of communications, and are
 especially fond of news. But the editor
 must always be the judge of what is worthy
 of publication. Of course, every writer
 thinks his own publication the best, just
 as every mother thinks her baby the prettiest
 that was ever born. But the editor may be so
 stupid as to have a different opinion. If so,
 it can't be helped. Don't try to argue him
 out of his notion, if he is too stupid to
 remedy his dullness. You may think you
 are a great deal smarter than the editor
 and this may be true; but the editor may
 be responsible, and you are not. There is
 no class of people who are so anxious to
 please a majority of people as editors are.
 There is no class so covetous of the good
 opinion of others. It is well to remember
 that fact. —Eschony.

The Friends.
 A New York paper says: The Quakers,
 or Friends, are said to have been dimi-
 nishing slowly though steadily during the
 last twenty years, in consequence of the
 secularization of many of the younger
 people born in the society. Their faith
 and life are simple, and their ways so
 gentle and honest, as to be in sharp
 contrast to much of the complicated and
 artificial wants and manners of the latter
 half of the nineteenth century. Many
 members of the society in Philadelphia,
 where they are far more numerous than
 in any other city in the Union, are anx-
 ious to correct the decreasing tendency
 of the body, and are zealously engaged in
 movement for the formation of settle-
 ments in the West. The Friends have
 been so scattered and isolated in that
 section as to gradually lose interest in
 their habits and principles. The intention
 is to organize an association which
 shall purchase tracts of land, and sell
 farms and lots on easy terms, either to
 Friends or those in sympathy with
 them, and to aid such persons as have
 limited means with money to erect
 dwellings and develop their scanty re-
 sources. The association proposes to
 lay out roads, put up school and meet-
 ing-houses, and push forward all need-
 ful and worthy enterprises. The West
 can have no better or more useful or more
 desirable citizens, for the name of
 Quaker has become everywhere a sym-
 bol of purity, order, thrift, and benevo-
 lence. The whole number of Friends is
 estimated at present at 130,000, of whom
 90,000 belong to the United States.

The Two Lights.
 "When I'm a man," the stripping oriole,
 And strives the coming years to see
 "Ah, then I shall be strong and wise,
 When I'm a man!"

"When I was young," the old man sighs
 "Bravely the lark and linnets sang
 Their carol under sunny skies,
 When I was young!"

"When I'm a man, I shall be proud
 To guard the right, the truth uphold."
 "When I was young I bent no knee
 To power or gold."

"Then shall I satisfy my soul
 With vnder prize, when I'm a man."
 "Too late I found how vain the goal
 To which I ran."

"When I'm a man these idle toys
 Aside forever shall be flung."
 "There was no poison in my joys
 When I was young."

The boy's bright dream is all before,
 The man's romance lies far behind.
 Had we the present and no more,
 Fate were unkind.

But, brother, toiling in the night,
 Still count yourself not all unblest
 If in the east there gleams a light,
 Or in the west.

—Blackwood's Magazine.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.
 A tub race—Washerwomen.
 Son-shine—That made by a bootblack.
 There are in Texas 175,594,560 acres of
 land.

The peanut crop this year is estimated at
 1,250,000 bushels.

There are fourteen ex-governors in the
 United States Senate.

Pipes two feet long are smoked in the
 street in Colton, Cal.

Missouri has sixteen counties in which
 there is not a single liquor saloon.

The taking of the United States cen-
 sus next year will cost about \$4,000,000.

There is a population in the French colo-
 nies, and possessions abroad, including Al-
 geria, of 5,498,410.

It is very dangerous to make up your
 judgment concerning a young lady's weight
 by measuring her girth.

A schoolhouse is to be built at Lead-
 ville, Col., which shows that the Lead-
 vilians desire to improve their minds.

"Father, is that a goose—that big white
 bird?" "No, my boy, that bird is the
 swan—that immaculate giraffe of the
 wawe!"

Philadelphia, which eight years ago
 had only sixteen shoe factories, has now
 over 140. Their annual production is
 estimated at 48,000,000 pairs.

There was a young man in Old City,
 Who considered himself very witty,
 He got off a pun, pater, pater,
 To furnish the crowd fun,
 The way they lauded him was a pity.
 —Derriek.

A factory in Hanover, Germany, makes
 glass in close imitation of marble, and
 the tables, floor, tiles, etc., which it
 turns out, are preferable to marble
 on account of superior hardness.

The German government has prohibited
 lectures on emigration, lest the alluring
 pictures of an easier and happier life in
 other lands should encourage young men in
 escaping the detested years of barrack life.

According to the annual report of the
 Bank Department, the amount due to the
 depositors of the twenty-nine savings
 banks that have failed in eight years
 was \$14,910,107; of which they have re-
 ceived \$8,137,591; leaving \$6,772,516 yet
 due, of which they stand a chance of get-
 ting \$1,436,421.

Now the noisy woods are still;
 April's coming up the hill!
 All the spring is in her train,
 Led by shining ranks of rain: