barrass Herr Martersteig!"

Home Cracking,

A man purchased groceries to the ame cents. When he came to pay for the three-cent piece and a two-cent pie grocer, on his side, had only a fifty or grocer, on his side, had only a fifty cent processed a quarter. They appealed to a bystander for change; but he, although willing to oblige them, had only two dimes, a five-cent piece, a two-cent piece and a one-cent piece. After some perplexity, however, change was made to the satisfaction of every one concerned. What was the simplest way of accomplishing this?

J. H. FERANDIA

> 743-CHARADE. Sometimes descent By first is meant, Or consanguinity;
> Temper of mind,
> You'll also find,
> Is what the jirst may be

And torpidness
Will last express;
A weight will it attest,
And meaning more
Than half a score
By last may be express

One day, while walking through the street, A foreign-looking man I spied; My Yankee breeding made me ask: "Pray tell me, where do you abide?" He started, raised his coal-black eyes In silent wonder to my face, And then, in broken English, said: "Live I at home in Notion's Place."

745-CURTAILMENT.

746-DIAMOND

And one there was who came alway, But had but little there to say, Who, when they parted, pressed her hand, and smiled on her child-like and bland;

A plant as stimulant is used,
When to a prickling dust reduced.
Of gold, with precious stones inlaid,
Or common tin its case is made.
Some take it oft, their nose to please
But don't it shake you, yex and tease

AUGUST PRIZE WINNERS J. Bosch, Salem, O. 2. Daniel M. Holland, taburg. S. T. C. McMahon, Pittsburg.

ANSWERS.

733-A boy threw a ball over a house into

Lives of great men all remind us. We can make our lives sublime."

THE ONE THING IN DEMAND.

lines Near Santa Pe Turning Out Lucro to the Mills' Limit.

prospectors and miners are at work. New discoveries and sales are of almost daily occurrence. The mills and smelters are running with full force, and cannot begin

Heinrich has told me. Kissing the servant and, sitting behind a foaming glass of the woman in black and silver. He goes peer- it had been his habit girls, eh, before you'd been in America long enough to eat dinner!" "Unclei" exclaimed Minna. "You em-This was not so. The young man looked a triffe puzzled but not in the least embarrassed. "Servant girls?" he said, with an air of mystification whose honesty was too natural to be questioned, "I kissing the

Bervant girls? I was not aware—"
"Heinrich," roared the wine merchant.
Minna's cousin had risen from the corner where he had been sitting at his father's first reference to the servants, and was slipping out at the door when Herr Wachsmuth plained with considerable awkwardness that his story about Martersteig had been mere playful fiction, concocted with no more serious intention than to amuse Minns and his father, and exercise his own faculty of imagination. An idea flashed into Martersteig's mind as Heinrich made his contession, and he looked searchingly at Minna. The idea was rewarded. He bestow upon her cousin a glance calculated to make that young romancer wince, and then he himself caught from her a soft look of unmistakable apology and Herr Wachsmuth seemed inclined to regard the confession of Heinrich as a fiction, rather than the original story. He chuckled and nodded and said "Yes, yes!-to be sure, to be sure!" in a way to indicate with some plainness his understanding that boys would be boys and that the son of Nicholas Martersteig was a chip of the old block. But Herr Wachsmuth's jovial insinuations were lost upon the others -upon Minna because she did not even hear them, upon Martersteig because he saw

IV. Irving Place is streaming with humanity. A great multitude of English speaking people is pouring into the Academy to hear the Yankee fun of "The Old Homestead," and a great multitude of German speakers is pouring into the Amberg Theater to laugh at the rare comedian Junkermann from over the sea. Martersteig and Minna. with Heinrich to play propriety, sit in the Amberg, in orchestra chairs, well in front. Heinrich's face is the only solemn one in the house. A droll youth is Heinrich. He is almost ill with jealousy of the young doctor of philology from Goettingen, and at the same time Heinrich has paid at least half a dozen visits to the pretty chambermaid, Louisa Niemeyer, since that delirious encounter which followed the scattering of the clean towels in the hallway of the Hotel Bruckbane. He and Louisa have been in the Hobok n beer gardens together, and an attachment a considerable warmth has sprung up between the pair-so much of an attachment on Heinrich's part that for several days now he has been wonder ing if it will be possible for him ever to live without Louisa. Of course, it is highly unreasonwithout able in him in the circumstances to be jeal-ous on account of his cousin; but then it is the nature of jealousy to be highly un-reasonable, as we are all aware. It is some satisfaction to know, considering its absurdity, that neither Martersteig nor Minna pays the least attention to the jealousy of Heinrich, and that the uncomfortableness which arises from it is entirely his own.

the osculating rascal really was.

But it must be admitted that to anybody in love with Minna, except Martersteig Minna's treatment of the young Philolog is calculated to be extremely annoying. He has evidently come very far along in the graces of the wine merchant's niece in the ew days since Heinrich's contession of the diaphanousness of his story about the chambermaid. What eyes she makes at him!-not bold, grimacing demonstrations, such as flirting girls make, but eyes very soit and full of mysterious fire and wound-ing very deep. Hardly a quarter of the conv drive fun of Junkermann is apparent to her at all, and even the shafts which do succeed in reaching her sensibilities provoke only the faintest evidence of recogni-Time and sgain when the house mann, as though wondering what it is ail about. I think I should hate to be a merry-maker playing for an audience of Minnas; sunshine amid the delirious plaudits of a but I do not know that it is reasonable to ask girls in love to put themselves out to e jokes and encourage comedy.

Something in one of the boxes makes

itself telt to the senses of Minna. A comedian may not attract a woman in love. but another woman may. There is a woman in one of the boxes, a slender woman sitting well back in the shadows so that she is not to be seen plainly. She is dressed in black; a cloud of black lace envelops her head and seems to cover a good part of her face. It is a curious sort of arrangement for indoors it has a sort of Spanish look; perhaps she has neuralgia or some ailing akin to that which makes such muffling necessary or comforting; still sh. does not have the air of a person that is ailing. She is calmly fanning herself. She sits with her shoulder presented to Martersteig and Minna; her face is turned away from them; she appears to be wholly interested in the proceedings on the stage. And yet it seemed to Minna that a sign-a pantomimic communication of some sori-just now passed between Martersteig and this woman in the box. It was a foolish impression, Minna thinks to herself, and yet it was very strong. She watches the woman for a quarter of an hour; not a movement that she makes escapes her but she nover turns her eyes from the stage apparently she is as oblivious of Marter steig as of the Sphinx; and yet-when the act is over she withdraws from the box, and Martersteig excuses himself and goes out

Heinrich, go after Herr Martersteig, and-and see if he speaks to anybody-to

The words are out of fore she thinks. Per haps she wishes now that she could recal them: but I suspect not. It was not exactly a nice thing to send a youth like Heinrich to play the spy on ber lover. She had no assurance that he would not bring back lie to her, as he has done before; and yet the act is explicable on the theory that jealousy is ready to do anything, as it is ready to sus-

grinning back. 'He spoke to a woman," says Heinrich. "I was hid behind-" 'Never mind where you were hid," cries

his cousin. "Was it a woman in black? 'Yes," says Heinrich. "With lace about her head?" over her head and face.

"I heard her speak to him just as she was going away."
"Go on, Heinrich, go on!" cries his cousin.
"What did you hear?" She has turned her
head and seen Martersteig coming back

and I heard her say to him: 'At the Arion at 12. Black and silver and three red Herr Martersteig is back in his seat; the orchestra quits playing; the curtain goes up;

Herr Junkermann enters upon the last act of "Ut die Franzosen Tid," and Minna laughs at the funny man until the tears run down her cheeks.

The theater makes one very thirsty. It is possible that Martersteig and Minns would have accompanied Heinrich to Goerwitz's if Junkermann had not been so funny in the last act of "Ut die Franzosen Tid." but he was so exceedingly droll that Minna declared her unwillingness to interrupt the memory of him by going to a beer saloon-not withstanding the beer saloon was an accurate reproduction of a noble baronial hall, with boars' heads and stags' antlers protruding from the wall, with huge tankards of antique mold lining its scores of oaken shelves, with a frieze chuck full of old German bacchanalian poetry, and with huge logs burning in home, and Heinrich went to Goerwitz's alone.

Munich royal brew, was casting up in his mind whether he would have boiled sausing into the boxes, threads the corridors, sage from Frankfort or smoked sprats from the waters of Keel, when his thought was distracted by a sudden frou-frou of much cheapness and its common aspect to the restarchiness, a pretty face presented itself just over his shoulder, a soft touch fell upon his arm, and a voice whose sincerity was unmistakable exclaimed: "Oh, Heinrich, I Gambrinus, remote though it be, am so glad to find you here!"

am so glad to find you here!"

"How came you here, Louisa?" Heinrich demanded, pering darkly around.

"I came with my cousin, Heinrich—my real cousin, you know. He is 60 years old of sable with a broad silver border, and and his wife is with us." Heinrich was not the man to be jealous of such company as that. The girl was easily persuaded to sit down with him for a little while, although the mature cousin and his wite regarded the visit somewhat doubtfully, and eyed Heinrich with cold suspicion while he and Louisa ate a double portion of sprats together. Before the sprats were finished an idea entered the head of Heinrich that seemed to him very promising. "Louiss," he said, "the Arion ball is to-morrow night. Would you like to go with me

"On!" cried Louisa, "would I?" The tone of this repeated inquiry was un mistakable. Heinrich was satisfied that Louisa would be very much pleased indeed to go to the ball with him. In extending the invitation to her he had not forgotten that Martersteig would be at the ball, and that in all human probability his cousin would be there also, but he thought that he could easily conceal his identity. He would have a good look at the woman in black and silver with the three red roses, he said to himself, and have a nice time with the pretty chambermaid, and nobody would be any the wiser. Heinrich had lighted a cigar and was looking complacently through the smoke at Louisa as he thought this. She light which he had seen there never before, and upon Heinrich because he knew who was all smiles, and her glances at Heinrich were very grateful and very distracting in-deed. She had finished her sprats, and was beating the bread crumbs out of her lap preparatory to rejoining her relations, when a good-looking young gentleman sauntered up behind Heinrich and surveyed him somewhat quizzically through a single eye-glass. She had a vague remembrance of having seen him before; he knew that he had seen her before, and remembered

"Herr Wachsmuth," said Martersteig, as he laid a hand on Heinrich's shoulder. will you confer upon me the honor of a

It was hard for Heinrich; he would have gone without sprats and beer and Louisa into the bargain for a month rather than it should have happened; but happened it had, and it only remained for him to make the best of it. He hemmed and hawed, his face was ablaze, and every sprat that he had eaten seemed to be in his throat as he pre-sented "his friend, Herr Martersteig, the son of an old friend of his father's, to the Fraulein Niemeyer, of-of-that is to say,

to the Fraulein Niemeyer."
Poor Heinrich! He might just as well have said Hoboken and saved himselt some stammering. The face of Louisa Niemeyer was remembered perfectly well by the young Philolog. He had seen her once or twice at the Hotel Bruckbauer, and her face was much too pretty to be forgotten within a month, even by a man who had looked at it only casually. Martersteig smiled as he recalled the story that Heinrich in his jealousy had invented. Heinrich! Heinrich! even the villains who are shrewd are pretty sure to be brought up with a round turn; what chance is there, then, for a foolish one who tries with his little legs to run in advance of Fate?

VI. This is the Arion. It is amazing what people in the pursuit of enjoyment will put up with. How they crowd you and snub you!-and yet would you miss it? Oh, no! Once they got up a ticket of admission on which the meaning of this wonderful anbrinus shrine. She has to go at 3, or at the latest at 3:30, and he suspects that there will nual revel was very vividly expressed. There, in a blazing lithograph, was represented Prodery trotting away in high siarm behind her fan. Sorrow taking flight beneath a brood of ominous rayens, the coat tails of an orthodox

throwing scented water; imagine companies

of mountebanks turning somersaults or wan-dering about in the guise of colossal geese

imagine bright eves and distractingly car-

there you have the Arion while the vigor is

I see a Prussian Uhlan, plainly nothing

more than a boy, with dapper waist and a mustache that looks like a bit of raveled

sewing silk above a Cupid's bow stained red. The holes in his half mask show a

pair of blue eyes looking eagerly about as he walks up and down within a certain lim-

ited space by one of the boxes. I watch to

see who it is for whom he is waiting, and

flutter and a glimpse, for a single instant, of a vision of exceeding loveliness held in

his arms. They converse together for a

up finally with one foot in the air, just as is

always done at the close of a pas de deux.

here, and you may smoke if you like and

watch very comfortably the dominoes at the other tables. But you can't sit long. The roar and crash of the music draws you

all the glory and brilliancy of the world

VII.

A little man wanders back and forth smid

irresistibly back into the ball room, who

nent; then he puts both hands about her

presently I am rewarded by a flash and a

minister disappearing in one corner, a couple of the municipal police propicouple of the municipal police propitiously asleep, and garlanded Harlequin before, at 11 o'clock, Herr Martersteig left to each other."

The had said to her not a word about the wine mer parti-colored company. It is called a ball, but it is a carnival. It is the annual outropping of the Teutonic instinct of violent masquerade, caricature and gallantry. Everything that happens in the three days carnival in Leipsic—the most notable per-haps of the carnivals celebrated in the Fatherland—when the plaza in front of the Prossian Hotel is called the Corso, and all the men and women of the city pelt one another with sugar plums, is here crowded into eight hours' time and the space comprised within the four walls of the Metropolitan Opera House. The Germans of New York there are more Germans in Father Knick-erbocker's town, I believe, than there are in the city of Leipsic-enter upon the occasion with an enthusiasm just as great as any evinced by their kindred over the water niece stands watching the woman with the three roses and detaining Heinrich, who is Young America, too, of late years, has struck hands with them, and capers just as nimbly. The Arion is the embodiment of

> away up on the top floor; but the truth is the demon of jealousy has entered very suddenly into her imagination, and she has been unable to keep herself in the nook near the shrine of Gambrinus as she did an hour previously. She has come down to see rich may be as bad as the rest. When the being his cousin; but what if it was? Cousins could be in love with cousins. When she had paraded a cousin before Heinrich it had been a settled man of 60 years, with a did not look to be any such age as that. So Louisa is grieved and jealous as she comes back into the ballroom, looking for a little

> physical task of supporting his coustn is a strain upon him. But Louisa does not un-derstand. As she looks she feels her own tears coming, and hastening to Heinrich, throws her arms about him, and weeps upon

pathize either with the brigand or the weep ing women whom he precariously supports. A tall gentleman with an English eyeglass. sitting in box 31 with a woman in black and consolation to the afflicted group. He is it gentleman in whose arms she lies—he is not masked—then tears herselt away from him the pair. He regards the brigand for a mo ment, sighs, and returns with grave face to the lady in the domino of black and silver,

After the ball there is need of the supper. Herr Wachsmuth was strenuous on that

devote scrupulously stares through the glass panes in the box | self. She doors and mounts even to the shrine of person and mauled him in feeling, and had taken him from a place and condition of de-light to a place and condition of appalling Gambrinus, exalted on account of its discomfort. The usually amiable and agreeable wine merchant had grumbled at a mote quarter of the top floor. But the disciples of Arion always find the shrine of midnight ride in a cab in a February fog, had grumbled at being dressed like a friar —a man of his years and plain nineteenth and Heinrich in time finds the mysterious object of his search. She is enshrouded in a domino century tastes and habits-in a calico gown with a hood, and a cord around his waist. If he should chance to be revealed to an acquaintance he was sure he would perish with shame. The air of the Opera House was intolerable; heavy with mephitic vapors; stale with the products of combustion, human and tobacco; abominable with the fumes of beer and spirits and wine. Purveyor of artfully modified alcohol though he was, there was a degree and kind of hu-manly assisted fume at which he drew the line of his approbation. The crash of the band fairly rattled his brain; the haze and the shuffling and shifting multitude gave him vertigo; it was hot as Tartarus; he hated the sight of a certain kind of tipsy women who are bound to be called out in appreciable numbers by any great public rout-and so on with a persistence and acerbity which four hours earlier in the day would have been no more discoverable in this patient and amiable citizen than in the lambs of the Thuringen or the uncomplaining saints and angels on cathedral towers.

To supper Minna had to go. If the worthy wine merchant had suffered, his tribulations had not interfered with the production of a fine appetite. When Minns came back to him in the box where he sat, after her de-parture in quest of Herr Martersteig and he woman with the three roses, and after her humiliating discovery of that pair, and the singular and highly painful incident that followed it, she had regained her outward composure; but she was, as anybody with the least insight of the emotions of woman may suspect, utterly without appe-tite. She pleaded and protested against supper; she had headache, she was highly nervous, she needed rest, she was over powered with sleep, but her uncle was ob durate. He had needed rest, he had been overpowered with sleep, and she had not respected his condition in the least; now he was hungry, and to supper Mistress Minna would have to go. They got into another cab, and were driven over to a restaurant on the East Side—an easeful, delightful place, kept by an artist from the German side of the Alps, and held open to-night on account of the great ball—and here the wine merchant breathed a sigh of relief as he stretched his legs under the white cloth and

ook the generous Speisekarte in hand. Minna would eat nothing; Herr Wachsmuth was in a mood for cold roast goose and champagne. Rhine wine, he said, was he proper drink for the reasonable hours of the day, and for a man in normal condition, but in the loss of sleep, and as a spur to rouse one out of a despondent condition, there was nothing like the sparkling vintage of the people who were whipped at Sedan. Perhaps it was the last virtue attributed by Herr Wachsmuth to the opera bouffe king of wines which appealed to Minna; at any rate she accepted a glass of the foaming beverage from her uncle, drank it eagerly, and felt a great deal better for it.

After a period of devotion to the goose and the champagne Herr Wachsmuth made he has not. Has he seen the woman in black and silver?—he has; he knows the box what he called a digestive pause. Leaning back in his chair, with his hands clasped cosely above the swell of his waistcoat, h beamed upon his niece with much amiabil-

ity, and presently addressed her.
"Minna," he said, "Heinrich is a boy with a number of good points."
"Yes," Minna assented languidly; she had a vague feeling that, if the whole truth were told, it would have to be added that her cousin possessed a number of bad points also, and still another number of points whose recommendations were only moderate, but she did not feel called upon to grieve her uncle by any such gratuitous sugges-tion. She sipped at her champagne, and waited with moderate interest for him to

continue. "I had hoped," said Herr Wachsmuth, adjusting his spectacles and speaking with much deliberation, as though aware that time should be given to the choosing of anguage in the expression of some thoughts, that you and Heinrich would be married

ply; but, receiving none, continued:
"It does not seem to me now that you two are likely to be married. You do not appear him last night at the ball." 'You saw Heinrich at the ball!" Minna

exclaimed, in some surprise.
"Yes," returned Herr Wachsmuth; "he was walking with a girl with very pretty white shoulders and a red dress and a crown, and he acted as if he could eat her up." "But, uncle, how did you know Hein-rich?" cried Minna.

"By his size, and by his slippers. He was dressed as a brigand, but I suppose no shoes went with the suit, for he wore the green slippers with red and yellow roses which he won at Otto Kleinseidel's raffle last Christmas. Herr Wachsmith shifted

his spectacles again and resumed: "When I was in the office to-day, just after lunch, Alex Martersteig—"
"Do not speak of him, Uncle Friedrich!" cried Minna. "I cannot bear Herr Martersteig!"

The wine merchant's eyes opened behind his spectacles until they were perfectly round.
"Not speak of Alex! Not bear Alex!" he feebly ejaculated.
"No!" cried Minna. "I never wish to

hear his name again! I will have Hein-rich, if he wants me, but as for Herr Martersteig, I—I—I despise him!"

Poor Minna! The end of her speech died away foolishly in a choking sob, and her eyes flushed with tears. At this moment a couple entered the room. One was a lady, richly dressed in black, heavily veiled, wearing three red roses on her bosom; the other was Herr Martersteig. They seated themselves at a table next to the wine merchant and his niece. Minna's back was turned to them, and Herr Wachsmuth wa so astonished and disturbed by the girl's outbreak that for a moment he did not notice the newcomers. For a moment, too, Martersteig was oblivious of the presence of Minna and her uncle; he was busying him-self with the disposal of his companion's wraps and satchel, and had not yet glanced about him. In another moment, however, he and the wine merchant looked up and saw each other. Herr Wachsmuth's eyes were still rounded to their full extent, and filled with sympathetic pain. Martersteig saw that Minna held her head down, as though shunning public observation, and had her handkerchief in hand. He crossed

over to her at once, and stood in some perplexity beside her chair. "Alex," blurted out Herr Wachsmuth, "what is the matter between you and Minna?" "I trust nothing," returned Martersteig,

bending upon Minna a look full of most tender solicitude.

But Minna had started instantly into self-possession on hearing the exclamation of her uncle, and she said in a low voice, quite calmly and very decidedly: "I beg you to leave us, Herr Martersteig; and I have no wish ever to see you again."
"Do you wish me to leave you if I have

done you no wrong?"
"You have done me a wrong." "May I present you to a friend?"
"Herr Martersteig!"
"You will not be so unreasonable as to

ondemn a man unheard. You will permit me to tell a brief story before you make your judgment final." Martersteig glanced at his companion. Still veiled, she sat slowly fanning herself. He seated himself at the table with Minna and her uncle, and told his story: "In Gottingen I had a most intimate friend, a Russian named Garcinski! He was 19 when he came to the uni versity, slender and girlish in figure, but of strong mind and indomitable spirit. Sev-eral of his fellow-students undertook to guy him. He challenged one after another, punished them all with such severity punished them all with such severity that he was never guyed atterward. He was the best swordsman I ever saw. In the three years of our companionship in Gottingen he fought 70 duels with the schlager and never received as cratch. It was a saying that the stripling had a wrist of iron and feared no man. One feature of his physical make-up was in singular contrast to all the rest. He had a dark beard of strong fiber and thick and rapid growth. He shaved twice a day, and his chin bore always that blue-black color which marks the shaven faces of heavily-bearded men. He fretted a great deal about his strong beard. For three years there was nothing in Garzinski different from what I have outlined. He left Gottingen a year before I did. I was grieved to part with him; he was a brave man, a rare scholar, a fascinating companion, a true friend. I next saw Garzinski on the Trave, the ship which brought us both to America. A woman—
the woman you see sitting at that table—introduced herself to me as my old friend, my
amiable companion, the stripling with the
wrist of iron who feared no man! You smile?
No, you wonder; so did I. He would give me but one point of information regarding himself; he was a Russian spy. I have met him twice since our arrival, once at the Amberg Theater, once to-night at the Arion. Why he is in woman's clothes I do not know; he may be wise, he may be mad; the fact is amazing—out of gear with the reason of our surroundings—a violence to the order and the common sense of the nineteenth century outside of Russis. Louis!"

The name was so softly pronounced as to be audible only to the wine merchant and his niece, and to the person to whom it was addressed—the woman with the three roses. addressed—the woman with the three roses. She folded her fan and, rising, approached Martersteig and stood beside him. "Permit me," said Martersteig, "to "Permit me," said Martersteig, "to pre-sent you to my friends—the Herr Wach-smuth, the Fraulein Wachsmuth, his

The woman with the three roses seated herself, and for five minutes conversed vivaciously and brilliantly with the wine merchant and his niece; then excused herself and rose to go. Her voice was low and gentle; as far as that went it might have been the voice of man or woman; but in parting she accepted a glass of champagne, and raising her vail slightly to drink it— perhaps the revelation was purposed—ex-posed for a moment a heavily-bearded,

newly-razored, blue-black chin, For some time after the departure of Garzinski the wine merchant and his niece and Martersteig sat in silent meditation. They were aroused from it by the entrance of an interesting pair of revelers-none other than Heinrich and the pretty chambermaid. If Louisa had suffered when she beheld Heinrich precariously supporting his cousin in front of the box occupied by the woman with the three red roses, she had now apparently forgotten her sorrow. She looked very peaceful, very smiling, very happy as she came into the restaurant leaning on Heinrich's arm. Her crown was off and a waterproof concealed her white shoulders and her brilliant hosiery, and still she was so pretty that everybody turned and looked at her. But her eyes were only for Heinrich. Why she liked Heinrich nobody may know absolutely unless the chooses to tell. Possibly it was owing to the whole-souled way in which he dropped the large silver dollar into her apron after helping her to pick up the towels; possibly to the rather unexciting fact that they were about of a height. As they came in they were so absorbed in each other that they did not notice Heinrich's father and cousin and Herr Martersteig. Louisa would have noticed Herr Wachsmuth and his cousin only casually anyway, for she was not acquainted with them; but Martersteig was known to her, and she might have noticed him if the fascinating Heinrich had absorbed her attention less. As for Heinrich himself, he noticed his relations and Herr Martersteig after awhile. As he and Louisa seated themselves at a those with him that Heinrich was a trifle flushed and bold, as though Bacchus had entered into a competition with Louisa for his possession and had been beaten somewhat narrowly. Heinrich swept all the spoons and knives and forks within his reach together into a pile, and shielded them with his arms as though he seared

those with him. Rising, Heinrich went over to his relations. He rested his finger tips upon their table and smiled amiably though somewhat vacuously. He was stifl dressed as a brigand, and still wore the green slippers with red and yellow roses won at Herr Otto Kleinseidel's raffle. Presently the smiles on Heinrich's face gave way to an expression of the most profound and impressive gravity. When this had endured for a moment he spoke:

"Father," he said, "the lady over at that table-the beautiful lady-the unexception-

able lady-the-the very nice lady-is Herr Wachsmuth did not appear to be very much enlightened.
"Louisa," continued Heinrich, "is the girl that I said Alex. Martersteig kissed; but he didn't. Alex. never kissed her. I kissed Louisa myself. Louisa is a very nice girl; she is a very beautiful girl. Father," Heinrich went on, with a solemnity which promised at any moment to merge into tears, "Louisa comes from Stettin. Her family knew our family very well. She is a Niemeyer, father. You know them. Nobody ever whispered a word against the Niemeyers. Louisa is the

best of them all; she is the most perfect of the Niemeyers. Father, I am going to marry Louisa." Herr Wachsmuth was a man whose good sense served him at one time as well as an-other, and whose democracy was broad and

"Heinrich," he said, "if you are of the same mind in the morning, come and tell Heinrich was of the same mind in the morning; and the following month of June beheld two weddings in the worthy wine merchant's familia.

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NOT MARINER WHITNEY'S WAY. The Ex-Chief of the Navy Not After Tammany With a Dinner Hors. New York Telegram.1

Don't believe all you hear about ex-Naval Brother Whitney gathering four Tammany leaders under his wing at a Hoffman House dinner. It smells fishy-the story, not the dinner. What has Tammany

in its grab bag that Brother Whitney in its grab bag that Brother Whitney would like to have in his pocket? And then, too, that doesn't sound like Mariner Whitney's way of doing business.

He would never waste his time calling Tammany sachems with a Hoffman dinner horn. If he had any seductive proposal to make to Tammany, it's dollars to doughnuts that Dan Lament, would have an index that Dan Lamont would have an index finger in the pie. Mariner Whitney, they say, never goes far from port unless Daniel is in the pilot house. He wouldn't start on a Tammany cruise unless Daniel was aboard, that's sure, and Daniel's plate was not set at the alleged Hoffman barbecue.



Mr. Wm. G .- Say, Nana, will you take uncheon with me? I know where there's Miss Nana G.—Thank you, Billy; but I've just eaten half of Mrs. Mooney's wash, and I couldn't hold another mouthful.—

SOCIALISTS. Mrs. Ashton Dilke Writes Entertain-

There is a curious family resemblance between the Frbian ladies; they mostly affect asthetic garments; they cut their hair short, and at their meetings they all take their hats off. I always remember my first impression of Charlotte Wilson, one of the most advanced of the Fabiana, an enthusiastic Anarchist, friend of Prince Kropotkin and of Mrs. Parsons, of Chicago fame. Mrs. Wilson walked into the hall dressed in a long, straight ulster coat; she sat down in front of me, flung her large floppy hat on the seat, ran her fingers through her short, black hair, and settled down to the debate with rapt attention. In spite of the manliness of her movements, there was something distinctly attractive in the pale delicate face and large brown eyes with their absorbed intense expression. On a latter occasion I heard her condemn the sentence on the Chicago Anarchists in a speech full of fire and enthusiasm, and not without distinct oratorical power. Charlotte Wilson is a splendid worker, the ready champion of every neglected cause, and one of the few AWAITING A PROPER TIME TO STRIKE

of the society that all work should be voluntary; payment is not even accepted for lecturing. It is the only way to keep up the level of the work done, and the only way, too, to escape an accusation from which the Social Democratic Federation have never been able to clear themselves, that of accepting Tory money. The Fabians, as a body, are above reproach in such matters. So far, however, they have only played their waiting game; whether, when the time comes to strike, they will in truth strike to some purpose, or whether, indeed, as far as they are concerned, such a time will ever come at all, the future alone will prove.

M. M. DILKE.

OLD CROCKETT'S GROST. A Weird Tale of the Supernatural Told by

It was a merry party of young folks who were chatting and laughing on old Farmer Brown's wide veranda out south of Atlanta a few nights since. Gay exchanges of wit and many a good story went the rounds.

dense skirt of woods appeared a strange, fitful light. It moved over the tops of the dark trees, disappearing and returning as suddenly, and soon it had the attention of the entire party. "I don't suppose," said old man Brown,

"you folks have ever seen the stone down near whar you see that light, that marks the spot whar Crockett was murdered in 48 "

"Well, it's mighty nigh covered up in the leaves now, but it's thar just as it was the day we set it up after he was killed. You all don't believe in ghosts either, do you? Well, I've seen 'that' so much said he (pointing to the flickering light), till I'm used to it, though it does kinter make my hair rise to hear it. Old Crockett was a my hair rise to hear it. Old Crockett was a good friend of mine in the long days gone, before you young folks were thought of, and many's the time he's sot on this same porch and talked with me as you are talkin'. I went down thar to follow that light one dark night and the pale shiverin' thing would come toward me a bit and stand still and tremble; then it would dodge back and away up it would go and dance among the tops of the big oak trees. I kept it in sight, with my mind made up to see what it was, come what might. So, after crossin' and recrossin' the road, it stook me down to the stone we set up for my murdered friend, and settling on the top of it blazed and burned till the woods around were as light as day,

old man ceased speaking a faint echo came across the orchard and fields and the light

A RUSTIC BRIDAL COUPLE

Furnishes a Georgia Editor With Mate for a Neat Prose-Poem. Thomasville (Ga.) Enterprise.) "I pronounce you man and wife," said Judge Mitchell in his office Wednesday morning to Miss Sallie Stephens and Mr. Dellie Myrick, a couple who had stepped into the Judge's office to be made one. And they walked downstairs, up the street and out into the broad and glorious country, where the birds were singing, the golder harvest being gathered, and the little rills singing on their way to the sea; where the sky was blue and the air pure; where the wild flowers were blooming; where the gentle breezes were whispering through the pines; where the aroma of new-mown-hav permeated the surroundings; where the song of the reaper was heard; where the grazing herds were seen; where the sunlight danced through the overhanging boughs; where the green grass-nature's carpet-was spread out; where field and forest and hill and dale

Happy rural couple! Happier they than many who go from Hymen's altar to gilded halls, where wealth giitters and fashion sways; happier they than many who start on the untried journey of matrimony from flower-bedecked chancels; happier they, in their rural simplicity, than many bridal couples who tread on Brussels carpets; happier they in their rustic country home than many who dwell in stately managers. many who dwell in stately mansions. Their wants are few and simple. A glittering diamond would have no special attracnot ofr a swallow-tail coat. They are satisfied with their lot, and in this lies the secret of their happiness. Better tis 'tis so

"I see," said a well-known actor last night, in the Girard House cafe, "that the Chinese theater was closed last week, because the leading actor had lost his cat and couldn't stop his search for it long enough to appear on the boards. That reminds me of the early days in San Francisco, when Walt Gosnell, a local favorite in heroic roles, lost his magnificent water spaniel. The animal was his only companion, and he lavished his affection upon it. One day the dog disappeared, and no one could find a trace of it. Gosnell was then in high favor, trace of it. Gosnell was then in high favor, and he drew crowded houses, although he never had any reputation outside ef that city. He started out in the afternoon to find the animal and finding a clew followed it up and by 8 o'clock, when he should have been ready to go on the stage, he was nine miles from the theater, and the manager was tearing his nair in desperation at his non-appearance.

"A substitute was put on, but he was hissed off the stage and the theater was closed at the end of the second act. Meanwhile Walt had found his dog dend at a cabin outside the city limits, where it had been taken by its captor and killed because it showed a vicious disposition. Walt never appeared on the stage and the stage and since the contract of the second act.

is a splendid worker, the ready champion of every neglected cause, and one of the few people who really practice what they preach in every day life. She and her husband live in a workman's cottage out at Hammstead, keeping no servant and indulging in no luxuries; all the remainder of their income is devoted to the cause.

There is one taunt which can never be thrown at the head of a Fabian—that of "paid agitator." It is a fundamental rule of the society that all work should be voluntary; payment is not even accepted for

as Old Settler.

While the merriment was at its height, away across the shawdowy fields near a

and suddenly a shriek rang through the woods and I stood alone in the darkness. "Now watch it, it's headin' for the rock; listen close—did you hear that?" and as the

alternated; where the husbandman tilled his fields; where flower bordered paths meandered through wooded lawns, and where Dame Nature opened wide her arms to receive her children.

Happy rural couple! Happier they than

BECAUSE HIS DOG WAS KILLED. A San Francisco Actor Quit the Stage Nove to Return Agnin. Philadelphia Inquirer.1

the Saxon idea of a carnival. It is as though, after a year of noiseless and phleg-matic fermentation, a Titanic beer cask had But hear the fiddles and the trumpets! It is 12 o'clock. Now we are in for it. Now begins the madness, while Prudery and Sorrow fly away. Imagine a broad field choked with moving figures from border to border; imagine tiers of faces rising from floor to ceiling; imagine boxes made dusky by overhangings of greenery and flowers and voices and low laughter and the popping of champagne corks coming from the boxes; imag-ine a grotto walled with roses, a Cupid shooting an arrow of fire, and a fountain

and turkeys; imagine a space cleared here and there so that you can see the waxed floor glisten, and hired dancers performing

mine lips, shining and alluring under pen-dules of soft light; imagine the crisp rustle of silk, the flirt of fans, the flash of devils, pect anything and to believe anything.
"Well?" says Minna, as Heinrich comes the flutter of dominoes and the movement and talk and laughter of everybody-and in it and before it has got heavy-eyed from the wine and from the passage of the hours.

"Yes; there was a queer lot of stuff all What did he say to her?" "I couldn't hear. "Did you hear nothing?"

"They shook hands when she was going,

waist, she rests both hands upon his arms, and, leaning far apart, and looking int each other's eyes, they melt into the sea of waltzers and are lost. There is Rebecca, the Patriarch's wife, walked arm in arm with Julius Cæsar; and there is Semiramis, very plainly recognizable as a premier danscuse at Niblo's; she is joined presently by a nimble devil in red, who will dance with her all around the place, and set her

Let us go into the supper room for a bit of boned turkey and a glass of champagne. It costs enough, and the waiter is not over thankful for a twice-fat fee. It is cooler seem to have resolved themselves into 10,000 delirious bobbins that go up and down, up and down, up and down until your head the throngs on the floor and among the

three tull blown Jacqueminot roses are pinned upon her breast. She wears a black silk half mask, with a deep fringe of heavy lace, and the hood of her domino is turned over her head. Heinrich follows her all about, and finally to the corridor of the grand tier, to the door of box 31, into which she disappears; whereupon the wine mer-chant's son feels that he has her "located," and considers himself at liberty to rejoin Lousia, who is patiently waiting for him in Lousia, who is patiently waiting for him in a nook near the shrine of Gambriaus, at which, in his absence, she has twice surreptitiously refreshed herself. Arm in arm Heinrich and the pretty chambermaid go sailing on the ball room floor, tacking in and out very skillfully, pushing there and yielding here, bearing themselves with great self-possession and circumspection, and seeing about as much as any four eyes in the house. Once a tall, athletic man. in the house. Once a tall, athletic man. with the shoulders of a prize fighter and the strut of an actor, puts Heinrich in a fearful rage by shoving him up against the wall of a box as rudely as if he were drygoods,

merely observing, "Sorry, sir; extremely sorry," in the most offensive tone imagina-ble, as he passed on, but Heinrich is too small to be able to do anything except stowach it. Louisa turns many heads. She is dressed presumably as a princess, of a kind pertain ing to an epoch somewhere between those of the "Mascotte" and the "Pirates of Penzance," in a brass crown with large glass jewels, a short red decollete frock loaded with gold lace, old gold stockings, and the prettiest slippers in the world. The lace of a diminutive mask falls jrst to the tip of her little nose, revealing a delightful mouth with small white teeth, and her plump white neck and arms are bare and altogether distracting. Heinrich is dressed as a brigand and believes that he is disguised quite be yond the possibility of recognition; con-sequently he is both astonished and chagrined, as he is wandering in the crowd with the buxom Louisa, her arm through his and his hand upon her hand quite affec-tionately, to be accosted by the Fraulein

his cousin, whom he wishes to marry, and on whose account he hates Herr Martersteig with great bitterness.

"How in the world did you know me, Minna?" cries the brigand, blushing violently under his disguise, and dropping

Louisa's hand.

"By your size," says Minna. "Come with me at once, Heinrich;" and Heinrich is obliged to excuse himself to Louisa, begging her to go again to the nook near the shrine of Gambrinus and await him there. Minns is enveloped from head to foot in a gray domino of the most inconspicuous kind. Her face is entirely covered by a funereal cambric mask. Not even a lock of her hair is exposed. She inquires breathlessly of Heinrich if he has seen Herr Martersteig;

where she is; he will conduct his cousin to a place where she may observe her. Minna stands leaning upon Heinrich's arm and gazing into box 31. The woman is there—alone. Is it possible that Martersteig is indifferent to her? She said at 12, and i is now nearly 1. She is sitting well back in the box, fanning herself, just as she sat and fanned in the theater. For ten minutes nothing happens. Heinrich would like ex-ceedingly to get back to Louisa, but he does not know how. He suspects that she must be very tired waiting for him near the Gam-

not be very much time for supper.

Minna begins to wonder if she is to be disappointed of a sight the most painful to her imagination. She has come to the Arion for the first time. She never cared to the ball, not a word about the woman in black and silver, with Jacqueminot roses. When he went away she astonished her old uncle beyond measure by pulling him off the sofa where he lay blissfully snoring and insisting upon his escort to the Arion ball. I was useless to protest. The wine merchant was compelled to souse his head with water to flush away the cobwebs of sleep, and to ac-cimpany his niece. She had a mask and domino already provided for him, and a mask and domino already provided for her-self. Two tickets for the ball she also had. The wine merchant wondered at it, but he believed he would be just as wise if he asked no questions. She brought him to the Opera House and ensconced him in a box; and there he is now, mildly wondering what time he will get to bed, while his

fretting and fuming about the neglected chambermaid away off among the philistines on the top floor. Heinrich thinks, at least, that Louisa is what Heinrich is about. She has heard of the perfidy of men, and she fears that Heinwoman in the gray domino came and stole Heinrich, he whispered something about its The woman in the gray domino

brigand, slightly bowed in the legs, in com-pany with a tall, closely masked woman in After a brief search Louisa discovers the pair. Heinrich has his arms about the woman and is tenderly supporting her. Her head is on Heinrich's shoulder; she is giv-ing way to hysterical emotion. Her body is acked by the violence of her sobbing. Heinrich is also very strongly agitated. The reason is that he is a small man, and that the

The spectacle of a small brigand thus lugubriously beset affects other people differ-ently. Some laugh, and others seem to symsilver who wears three conspicuous red roses in her bosom, hastens to proffer assistance or the nick of time. The little brigand is on the puts his arm with much delicacy about the waist of the lady in the gray domino and gently relieves the exhausted outlaw of the burden of her support. She seems to be-come subtly informed of the change. She lifts her eyes for a moment to the face of the with the utmost violence, and seemingly under stress of the deepest abhorrence; throws her hands wildly in the air, and runs laughing and screaming from the spot. Herr Martersteig looks after her wonderingly and very thoughtfully. The little brigand shakes in his boots. Louisa is still weeping copiously upon his shoulder. Herr Martersteig presently turns his gaze upon

point. His niece had possessed him abso-Heinrich found a place in a snug corner, tables in the supper rooms watching for a lutely for several hours at a time which

ingly of the Members of

THE FAMOUS FABIAN SOCIETY.

Art, Poetry, Literature and the Church Represented.

[CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCH.] LONDON, September 12 .- "For the right noment you must wait," as Fabius did most patiently when warring against Hannibal, though many censured his delays; but when the time comes you must strike hard, as Fabius did, or your waiting will be in vain and fruitless."

Such is the motto, and such the aim of the Fabian Society. They are a select and cultivated body, the Fabians, and infinitely the most respectable of the English Socialist societies. Even in the eyes of the socially and politically orthodox, the Fabians are regarded as hovering on an admissible border line between social propriety and those uttermost depths of Bohemia to which all advanced reformers are relegated by the

A true Fabian in no sense feels bound to declare war a l'outrance against modern society. On the contrary, he expressly condemns force as a remedy, and disbelieves in revolutionary upheavals. He is, as a rule, distinctly literary in his tastes and occupations, and his primary aim as a Fabian is of an educational character. Fabians 'are elected on their personal merits, and are not allowed to be idle. The serious study of Socialist doctrines is enjoined upon all, and each is bound to contribute something toward the public good, either as lecturer or writer. Fabians are convinced, and rightly so, that ignorance is at the bottom of much of the political listlessness of the people and they do their best to remedy the evil. Men who are scared by the possible dynamite of the Anarchist and the belief in force arguments of the Social Democrats take kindly to Socialistic doctrines under Fabiat tuition. The pill is pleasantly sugared and the strong ingredients are swallowed unper-

powers that be.

ceived. In a word, to borrow a phrase from the Pall Mall Gazette, Socialism under Fabian auspices is made as rose-pink as the depressing facts of English pauperism will admit. SOME CLEVER PEOPLE. When we come to numbers, there are but When we come to numbers, there are but 100 Fabians, all told, but the proportion of clever and rising men among them, who are making their reputation in the political and literary world, is very considerable. Such, for instance, is Bernard Shaw, writer and journalist, who was spoken of the other day as a possible Radical candidate for Chelsea. His particular metier is art-criticism, and at every Press View a tatl forms pencil in every Press View, a tail figure, pencil in hand, with a fair beard, regular features, and a general appearance of smoothness about him, may be seen making the round of the pictures with his brother critics. His dress, too, is peculiar; it is all-wool, of a light-brownish tinge, neither linen collar nor silk tie being tolerated. This is but one of Mr. Shaw's little feats; their name is legion. I believe he is a member of every 'anti"-society in London: an Anti-Vaccin Tobacconist, an Anti-Vivisectionist, an Anti-Tobacconist, besides being a vegetarian, a teetotaler, and a secularist. With all this, Bernard Shaw is a man of very decided literary promise; he has lately made him-self conspicuous by his enthusiastic cham-pionship of Hendrick Ibsen in general, and of his drama "Nora," as recently interpreted by Mrs. James Ackwith, in particular.

The rose pinkners of the Fabian Social-

them with his arms as though he feared that some of them would stray if not properly herded; then waved the bill of fare conspicuously and said "Waiter!" in one syllable; then discovered his father and takes the special form of art for the people, eousness of the poor man's life, and he shows his sympathy in a practical way by drawing (gratis) exquisite designs for Socialist publications, and great decorative cartoons for popular demonstrations. In this respect he sets an example to his fellow artist, the great William Morris, whose beautiful wall papers and hangings, in spite of all the Democratic proclivities of

their creator, still remain a luxury unat-tainable by all but the privileged few. AN INTELLECTUAL COUPLE. Passing from art to literature, there is charming little Socialist and literary household down at Lee, in Kent, tenanted by Mr. and Mrs. Hubert Bland, both of them original members of the society. This prim sub urb, mostly given over to British Philistin ism in its most bourgeois manifestation, was terribly seandalized at first by the pleasant sans-gene of its Socialist neighbors. Mrs. Bland was observed personally instructing her domestic in the mysteries of coloring the doorstep with red chalk, and the merry little Bland children in æsthetic pinafores were seen daily running about the garden with bare feet! The gossips of Lee were deeply agitated, but the Bland household went peacefully on its way. Both husband and wife write articles, reviews and stories, the latter often in part-nership; but Mrs. Bland, under her maiden name of E. Nesbitt, has published more over a great deal of very charming verse. The Fabian umbrella is a very capacious one, and shelters every imaginable development of modern thought under its protecting silk. Catholics and Atheists, Russian

Anarchists and English State Socialists, may all be found in the ranks of the society; it is, therefore, not at all surprising to discover no less than four clergymen of the Church of England among the members. First, there is the Rev. H. C. Shuttleworth the eloquent incumbent of St. Nicholas Cole Abbey in the city, whose stirring addresses to workingmen, and whose spirited denun-ciations from the pulpit of the sins of the rich have attracted considerable attention. Canon Shuttteworth, with his round red face, dark eyes, and friendly, somewhat jovial manner, satisfactorily solves the pro-blem of being at once a bona fide Socialist and an orthodox Anglican. As a rule, it is the Anglicanism which suffers, as in the case of the well-known East End parson,

of the most doubtful description. Mrs. Shuttleworth, too, always dressed in exquisite taste, enthusiastically supports her husband in his propaganda. THE BALLET GIRL'S CHAMPION.

the Rev. Samuel Barnett, whose doctrine is

A far less orthodox person is the Rev. Stewart Headlam, the founder of the Church and Stage Guild, and the special friend of the ballet girls, who, in point of fact, has been inhibited from holding a living by the Bishop of London, owing chiefly to his somewhat peculiar views regarding the drama. His wife apparently shares his lordship's distrust of the ballet girl, and has left her husband's house and the Church and Stage Guild, that fantastic attempt to combine two utterly incongruous elements has fallen into considerable disrepute. Stewart Headlam, a small, slim man with a cynical expression and an eye-glass, is a special friend of Mrs. Besant's, who, in order to show conclusively that her atheism is not the result of prejudice, goes out of her way to be polite to wearers of the cloth; they are now colleagues on the school board, and both do much good work in the cause of free education, free dinners and fair wages to all employes of the board.

wages to all employes of the board.
Of other energetic Fabians, two, oddly enough, Sydney Olivier and Sydney Webb, hail from the Colonial Office, whence, after being immersed all day in the intricacies being immersed all day in the intricacies of red tape, they emerge into the more congenial sphere of Radical reform and Socialist doctrine. Sydney Webb is a man of quite unbounded energy, who thrives on hard work; he is a great authority on taxation of ground rents, that hard nut which as yet the economists have failed to crack satisfactorily. Then there is Ernest Radford, a rising litterateur, and latest editor of W. Savage Landor; and finally there is

the sprightly Graham Wallers, a youth who manages to look quite ten years younger than he really is, and who is credited with a capacity for rendering Fabian teaching specially attractive to his feminine hearers.

A Collection of Enigmatical Nuts for

Would serve me well as golden bands Could I but make them mine."

The burning sands drank in the stream
fits pining all was stilled;
Its waters gave one dying gleam,
Thus was its wish fulfilled.

A fallen wretch comes here to mourn;
O, brooklets hear him all?
"Had I your backward spell forsworn
I had been spared my fall."
Sn

744-TRANSPOSITION.

Curtail a fish I have in mind,
And the same flony beauty find;
Because it matters not at all
If it be large or it be small.
Curtail again, and bring to aid
A relative well known to you,
Though Webster does not give a place
To this dear and familiar face;
Strange, too, if a real slight was meant,
For he contains the complement.

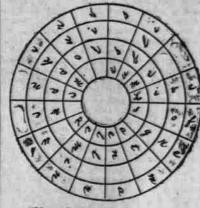
L A letter. 2 A carriage for running on rails. 3. Was anxious or solicitous. 4 Made of coral. 5. Cases for visiting cards. 6. Deviation from circularity. 7. Landing again. 8. To crdain. 9. To hide (Seqs.). 10. Wrine. II. A letter.

who, when her parted, pressed and a And smiled on her child-like and a One who, in after years—not long Thereafter—led by passion atrong Sought and obtained her for his m Became her partner, we may state And, by fair dealing in their trade Drew friends about them, and a made.

wagon box.

734—The alphabet was interviewed, gin g-a-lu; D twice in ale gave a-dd-le; gave a-b-le; C in wine made is win-c-e; in beer gave be-tt-er; wine made Sas-made cider c-b-ider, wine w-b-ine, and a and, lastly, I made water a wa-t-ter.

755—



It is said that the mining of quartz and placer gold, silver ore, carbonates, lead, opper and coal adjacent to Santa Fe was never so prosperous as now, and the boom which began with the finding of the first carbonates three months ago seems to have come to stay.

At Cerrillos, Dolores and San Pedro 2,000