Two Dollars per Annum.

VOLUME III.

RIDGWAY, PA., THURSDAY, MARCH 6, 1873.

JOHN REED'S THOUGHTS. There's a mist on the meadow below; the her-ring-frogs chirp and cry; It's chill when the sun is down, and the sod is not

Yet dry;
The world is a lonely place, it seems, and I don't know why.

Is ending at twelve like a clock, and beginning again at one.

It's the hankering after a life that you never have

My life is lucky enough, I fancy, to most men's For the more a family grows, the oftener some

I couldn't change if I would; I've lost the how and the when; One day my time will be up, and Jane will be the mistress then. For single women are tough, and live down the

She kept me so to herself, she was always the stronger hand, And my lot showed well enough, when I looked around in the land; But Im tired and sore at heart, and I don't quite

I wonder how it had been if I'd taken what others need,
The plague, they say, of a wife, the care of a
younger breed?
If Edith Pleasanton now were near me as Edith

Suppose that a son well-grown were there in the place of Dan,
And I felt myself in him, as I was when my work

the first."

"And what is it you suspected and fore-saw from the first, may I ask?" said Wal-I should feel no older, sure, and certainly more

A daughter, besides, in the house; nay, let there be two or three! We never can overso the luck that can never be, And what has come to the most might also have

I've thought, when a neighbor's wife or his child was carried away, That to have no loss was a gain, but now—I can hardly say; He seems to possess them still, under the ridges of clay.

And share and share in a life is, somehow, a different thing.

From property held by deed, and the riches that oft take wing;

I feel so close in the breast!—I think it must be the Spring.

I'm drying up like a brook when the woods have been cleared around; You're sure it must always run, you are used to the sight and sound. But it shrinks until there's onlyleft a stony rut in

There's nothing to do but to take the days as they For people so seldom talk of the things they want to know.

ith Jane. -Bayard Taylor in Atlantic for March.

MADAME DUFOUR.

"I WONDER who she is!" said Walter Drummond, looking back as he left the churchyard. "Who?" asked Kate Hyslop with a dis-

"That lady in the blue and gold shawl, who sat opposite to us in church," he anhe answered.
"Oh! that red-headed woman?" indif-

ferently. "Why she was a stranger, of course; what else should she be?" "But I wonder who she is, and where she comes from," repeated Walter with

"Really, Walter, you are very odd! What concern can it be of yours, and why should you wonder about her at all?" reyou wonder about her at all?" re-Kate with idest manner; and her

betrothed, taking the hint, let the matter drop.
Hinton, where they all lived, was just a dull English village without a history.

and Walter's curiosity was only natural. under the circumstances. Soon the whole place was astir with the news that a Madame Dufour, the pretty

woman who had sat on Sunday in the chancel just opposite the vicarage pew, had taken Elm Cottage where old Miss Donne had lived; and that she was busy furnishing it in a manner so costly as to be next door to wicked.

The stranger came regularly to church, which counted for something in her favor: and she was reported kind to the poor, and charitable beyond the common run of even generous folks. Not that Hinton quite endorsed this last trait. It had and excess of virtue fared no better at its hands than if it had been a vice. Little however, her pleasant smile

of his personality, he was a man to self in the passion and power of his love. But, now, what was he to do? Brought the by little, however, her pleasant smile and genial manner broke down some of and genial manner broke down some of suspicion and not unrighteous wrath, he must take a step as decided and the must take a step as decided as life had created; and after a sufficient time had elapsed to forbid the appearance of injudicious haste, the Vicar and his wife called on her-rather solemnly, it must be confessed, but with a good meaning at bottom.

The next step was to ask her to tea.

Kate Hyslop was by no means well pleased when she heard of this arrangement; and in general, Kate Hyslop's wishes ruled the vicarage. But Mr. Drummond had certain notions on priest-ly duties which not even his heiress-ward could touch; and this was one of them. So now Madame Dufour was marked with the right brand, and the whole parish gathered round her and bleated her a welcome to their pastures. From having been a kind of exile among them, she became the most popular plaything of the day; Kate Hysiop alone refusing to bleat with the rest, or to burn incense at her

From the first there was a distinct antagonism between these two women; and from the first Kate hated Madame Dufour, and Madame Dufour feared Kate. She fatigues me with her vivacity;

she sickens me with her theatrical sentiment, and her affectation of grace is too transparent for anything but contempt,"
Kate said scornfully, when asked if Madame Dufour was not charming.
While she on her side said, with a pret-

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Miscellare Selections, Selections, Selection she had with her hands, was Kate Hyslop? She is the lee-maiden bound in chains! she makes me shudder

as if she was a ghost."
"Or a detective," said Kate with emphasis; when some good-natured friend reported to her wha: the new-comer had said. The word struck. It was bitter and

I see, as I lean on the fence, how wearily trudges
With the foel of the Spring in his bones, like a
I're had it many a time, but we must work when
But day after day to toll, and ever from sun to
Sun,
Though up to the season's front and nothing be left undone,
Is ending at twelve like a clock, and beginning again at one.

The word struck. It was bitter and cruel; but then bitter things and cruel always do strike; and Miss Hyslop's sharp surmise made the round of the parish underhand, folks whispering among themselves, "She is not so far out, isn't our Vicar's young lady; and maybe the detective will light on our fine Madame some day, at last." But no one said this to herself, and the pretty stranger still lived in the sunshine and nourished herself on incense.

The frogs make a sorrowiul noise, and yet it's the time they mate;
There's something comes with the Spring, a lightness or else a weight:
There's something comes with the Spring, and it seems to me it's fate.

On Incense.

Walter Drummond's habits were changing. From a docile, steady, methodical young man, in to time, proverbially goodnatured if not very 'bright, and as innocently candid as a child, he was fast becoming irregular uncertain. coming irregular, uncertain, and reticent. He was always out, and no one knew where; nor would be explain when he came It's the hankering after a life that you never have learned to know;
It's the discontent with a life that is always thus and so;
It's the wondering what we are, and where we lever seen him before. Neither his mother's business nor his flancee's pleasures touch-

ed him. Kate looked on at this change, and said nothing. She had evidently her own mind on the matter; and Mrs. Drummond one dies,
And now it's run on so long, it couldn't be otherwise.

And sister Jane and myself, we have learned to claim and yield;
She rules in the house at will, and I in the barn and field;
So, night upon thirty years!—as if written and signed and sealed.

So, the battle had come, had it? Bien!
So, the battle had come, had it? Bien!
She was ready.
She naver raised herself from her loung-time them, knowing that the struggle had to come, if not about one thing then about voice more caressing, the creeping touch another; and Kate had to be crowned gigned and sealed.

"Walter, I want you to ride with me to-day," said Kate one morning.
"I am very sorry," he answered hurriedly; "I cannot to-day."
"No! Why?"

"I have the boat to look to," he said. She fixed her cold eyes on him steadily, and her look brought the blood into his

face.

"Are you going to visit Madame Dufour again?" she said scornfully. "You need not speak, Walter, your looks are answer enough," she added. "Pray don't add falsehood to the list of your lately acquired accomplishments. It is what I have long suppected; what, knowing you, have long suspected; what, knowing you, and how weak*you are, I foresaw from the first."

ter angrily.

"Why should I say it? You know as well as I; and I don't care to dig in plowed ground," she answered slowly.

"I will not allow your insinuations!" said Walter with vehemence.

"Will you not? But if I choose to make them?" "Then I will not listen to them," he "Your friend shall, Walter," said Kate

deliberately.
"Kate, you are trying me too far!" he cried. "What folly is this you have taken

"No folly at all, Walter—on my side.
I will forbear to characterize what you have taken up, on yours. I only know the fact, that all these long absences of yours—these mysterious affairs which occupy you from morning to night—mea 1 simply that you are spending the time you deny to us with this Madame Dufour.

I am engaged, said water, I can "But after all, miss, you have been the cleverer of the two," as they turned up the lane to the Vicarage, to dress for dinner—and Madame Dufour.

Exactly at the half-hour she came; more enticing than eyer, thought Walter, as he flew into the hall to receive her. He brought way on the proposition of the lane to the Vicarage, to dress for dinner—and Madame Dufour.

Exactly at the half-hour she came; more enticing than eyer, thought Walter, as he flew into the hall to receive her. He brought her into the room, leaning on his arm, his poor foolish heart bounding with pride and loy. Kate and his as yet un-

And not worry with thoughts that nobody likes Oes."

to show,

And if I do see Madame Dufour at

"And if I do see Madame Dufour at

"Thanks," she enswered, her monoto-nous voice as calm as ever. "You meant that for magnanimity, I daresay; but I shall not accept it. I always have been. and always mean to be my own mistress under all circumstances; you know that. Walter. But we have wandered from our point-will you ride with me to-day?

"I told you before, I cannot, Walter sullenly, "Very well," she answered; but neither shall Madame Dufour." She rose on this and walked steadily and quietly out of the room, leaving Wal-

ter with the sensation that a thunderbolt had fallen at his feet. Kate had seen clearly and spoken truly. Walter had carried to the beautiful stranger the inner wealth of a nature which, until now, had been given to no one. He had engaged himseif to Kate Hyslop two years ago, it is true; but it was a thing that had been done for him, more than one which he had voluntarily chosen for himself. His parents wished it; Kate's father had wished it; and Kate herself wished it—which clenched the matter. At the best, however, Kate was only to him like a sister; not always so nice, and

not always so dear.

When Madame Dufour came, the chained fountain leaped into life and melo-dy. To say that he loved her is to say little. It was adoration more than com-mon love. He loved her as he had never loved before, as he had no prevision he could have ever loved at all. And she-

well! she first played, and then she learnt.
He was "her boy," she used to say with
those sweet lips of hers that looked as if
they had not been in existence more than twenty years at most—Kate Hyslop al-ways said she was long past thirty, and "made up;" and the youth—just two years older than she looked—longed to tell her that, if he was a boy to her in the it would be final. He must choose which to do; abandon Madame Dufour, or break with his betrothed; cease to visit the one he loved better than his life-and if so, what reason to give her, she who was so far above him he dared not even hint at his love?—or he must disappoint his parents, break his plighted word, and distress one whose only fault was her love for him and her claim to be loved in return.

At luncheon-time he rushed off to Elm Cottage, thinking only that, come what would, he should see her once again.

Was he expected? Half lying, half sitting on the sofa, was Madame Dufour, dressed, as she always did dress, in the most exquisite, the most seductive man-ner; indeed, she did not dress, she draped On a small table, covered with ruby-colored velvet, stood wine, fruit, and flowers. and a large bowl of old Venetian glass of ice. It was ethereal food for lun-eon; but Madame Dufour was ethereal in her food, and often spoke with laugh-ing scorn of the materialistic English miss who ate and drank like a man. Kate Hyslop had what is called a wholesome

appetite, and liked cheese and beer.
"Ab, my boy!" she said with her ca

"By not assuming that I have been kind at, all," she said; "or," lightly touching his shoulder with her fan, "by putting it the other way, Mr. Walter, and

counting me grateful to you."

The young man flung back his head;
Madame Dufour's fair face flushed, and her eyes drooped at the love that was in

He took her hand and carried it to his lips. "Better than the wealth of the world!" he murmured in a low voice; but she, playfully pulling one of his brown curls, said in a pretended anger that was more bewitching than even her kindness, "That is what you deserve, naughty boy! You presume too much, mon ami."

Just then a ring came to the front door.
"Tiens! who can that be?" she cried, with surprised eyebrows.
Walter first crimsoried like a schoolboy caught, and then turned pale like a man before whom is a struggle unto death. He knew who it was, clearly enough; and Madame Dufour read his knowledge

in his face. So, the battle had come, had it? Bien!

voice more caressing, the creeping touch of her long white hand more velvety; as it first pushed back the golden fringe that shadowed her forhead, then rested on Walter's chestnut head; the tremulous face no longer dimpled with smiles or quivered with sympathy, but took on itself a mask half mocking, half impassive, and wholly irritating to an antagonist; and then Miss Hyslop was ushered into the room, to find the siren in her most dangerous mood surrounded by her most gerous mood, surrounded by her most bewitching accessories, with her own lover, who was also her rival's, sitting at

you are wanted at home."
"Poor Walter! I hope he is not to be scolded very severely at home," said Madame Dufour, with a mocking accent.
"Who wants me?" asked Walter indifferently. "Your pleasure?" was Walter's reply,

not looking up.
"I prefer not to discuss my affairs in public," said Kate. "I want you; that is enough; so, if you please, Walter, come; and et ence."
"I am engaged," said Walter; "I can-

occupy you from morning to night—mea 1 simply that you are spending the time you deny to us with this Madame Dufour. I say no more, and insinuate no more—no more at least, 'she added with a slight—sineer, "than your own conscience echoes."

What do you take he flew into the hall to receive her. He police-cell, that same winter, they found no her, too, wrapped in a worn bit of param, his poor foolish heart bounding with pride and joy. Kate and his as yet unanulled engagement with her were alike forgotten, as he led his as yet unanulled engagement with her were alike forgotten, as he led his queen, his of sidely the time for many things arm, his poor foolish heart bounding with pride and joy. Kate and his as yet unanulled engagement with her were alike forgotten, as he led his queen, his of sidely the latter of the value of the

more at least," she added with a slight sneer, "than your own conscience echoes."

"Well, I might take you for many things annulled engagement with a slight some actions, say; or an adventuress; alike forgotten, as he led his queen, his saint, his idol, to his mother; and it was of evidently later days, had scrawled in south difficulty that he prevented himself from saying out before them all, "Mothtions?" said Walter.

"Under of my own thoughts," she re"Under of my own adventuress; alike forgotten, as he led his queen, his saint, his idol, to his mother; and it was of evidently later days, had scrawled in saint, his idol, to his mother; and it was of evidently later days, had scrawled in saint, his idol, to his mother; and it was of evidently later days. Had scrawled in saint, his idol, to his mother; and it was of evidently later days. Had scrawled in saint, his idol, to his mother; and it was of evidently later days. Had scrawled in saint, his idol, to his mother; and it was of evidently later days. Had scrawled in saint, his idol, to his mother; and it was of evidently later days. Had scrawled in saint, his idol, to his mother; and it was of evidently later days. Had scrawled in saint, his idol, to his mother; and it was of evidently later days. Had scrawled in saint, his idol, to his mother; and it was of evidently later days. Had scrawled in saint, his idol, to his mother; and it was of evidently later days. Had scrawled in saint, his idol, to his mother; and it was of evidently later days. Had scrawled in saint, his idol, to his mother; and it was of evidently later days. Had scrawled in saint, his idol, to his mother; and it was of evidently later days. Had scrawled in saint, his There's times when the way is plain, and everything nearly right,
And then of a sudden you stand like a man with a clouded sight;
A bush seems often a beast, in the dusk of a falling night.

"You are free to be your own mistress for all time, and in all ways, so far as I am concerned," said Walter indignantly, a great hope irradiating his face as he spoke.

"Banks." she snswered, her monotomic four's face had not changed a muscle, save the faintest quivering of her upper lip, and on her brow.

upper lip, and the sudden starting of big drops both on it and on her brow. "You have a fertile fancy, Miss Hyslop," she drawled out with a little laugh, "Really your roll-call of possibil-ities is so crowded, I cannot remember

half my probable characters.' "Have you taken leave of your senses. Kate?" demanded Walter sternly.
"No; but you have," she replied, as sternly. "Again I ask, Walter, will you

sternly. "Again I ask, Walter, will you leave Madame Dufour and come with "And again I answer, I will not," said

"And again I answer, I will not," said Walter, taking the long white hand in his. "You have made it necessary, Kate, that some one should protect Madame from in-sult; and I will be the one to do so." "Poor simpleton!" said Kate with dis-in. "You are a greater fool, Walter, than I took you for; and I never thought you very wise. However, your wisdom or your folly is no business of mine. I

have done my duty; and you must act as you choose." Without another word she turned round, and went out; and as she shut the street-door after her Madame Dufour sank into Walter's arms in a violent fit of sob-bing and weeping; and Walter, holding her to his heart, kissed away her tears, and told her that he loved her better than

life itself, and that he would devote his life to her service, now and for ever. "Dear boy!" she said, at length, smiling through the disorder of her passion. "It was worth the anguish of enduring her insolence to know that I have such a preux chevalier-that I have such a gal-

lant soul from so ungenial a fate!" And while this scene was taking Kate was walking homeward through the lane, muttering, half aloud. "I wonder if that shaft struck true! I could not read her face. I wonder if it is she, after all! That foolish fellow! I will not let him go, all the same. He suits me; and he will soon forget that wicked woman when he finds out what she is, if she is as I believe her to be. If she

But this thought displeased her, and she put it from her to indulge the dream that she was what a certain letter-received that morning from London in answer to one of inquiry from her touching a suspicion she had entert-ined from the first-gave great cause to suppose.

Kate was so far wise in her generation that she could hold her peace. Having shot her bolt, she could afford to wait the result. Accordingly, when Walter re-turned home late in the evening, she re-ceived him with the quiet stolidity common to her; and neither by word or look made the faintest reference to the stormy scene that had taken place at Elm Cottage that morning. She prevented, too, the re-proaches with which his father and mother were charged; and gained golden opinions for her own part for the gener-rous affection they said she displayed towards one so unsatisfactory.

"Oh! I know him. He will come back to his better self as soon as this horrid creature has gone; and go she shall," she said, smiling, while Mrs. Drummond kissed her tearfully, and Vicar called her

blessed among women."
"Madame," she said to Mrs. Drummond ressing accent and young-motherly manner, and holding out both her hands to him as he came in, but not rising to receive him. "Toujours le bienvenu!"

How kind you are to let me come,"

Tatalace, sine said of all structures and said of all structures are this, during which they had scarcely seen Walter; nor had she came in, but not rising to receive him. "Toujours le bienvenu!"

How kind you are to let me come,"

Tatalace, sine said of all structures are this mercy.

"Loosen his cravat, throw water in his face, and keep him quiet when he recovers; and don't fret, madam." to the poor mother back her freedom, and breaking off the proposed marriage; "I want you to other side, said the detective, as he pre-

"I wish it."

"Well; my dear, of course you know we all study your wishes in everything," said Mrs. Drummond humbly. "I am sure, if you like it, I have no objection; and I sup-

pose papa will have none."
"Thanks. A gentleman is coming from London," then said Kate indifferently. "What is the meaning of this, my boy?" asked pretty Madame Dufour, when the servant brought in a note from the Vicarage, requesting the pleasure of her company at dinner to-morrow at half past six o'clock.

Walter was startled, too. What did it mean? Had his father and mother taken to heart how things stood with him : and

were they prepared to receive her he loved as their own?

"Shall I go?" then asked Madame.

"Oh, yes! yes!" exclaimed Walter.

"You wish it, my boy?"

"Wish it! Do I wish to live in heaven!" he cried. "Don't you know it is heaven to me where you are?"

"But this terrible Miss Kate; will she like to see me?" like to see me?

"Oh! don't you know that my mother would not have asked you else?" answered Walter innocently. "Kate is the mistress of the Vicarage, not my mother." "And she will not insult me again? She will not punish me, Walter, for what I cannot help—your love for me; and"—in

cannot help—your love for me; and"—in a lower veice, a shy, sweet, tremulous voice—"mine for you?"

On his knees before her, his fresh, young, fervid face turned upward to hers as she bent so gracefully, so tenderly towards him, his glad eyes dark and moist, with the passionate love which at last had found its home, Walter poured forth his thanks, his adoration his representation. his adoration, his protestations there was nothing to fear, and his assurance of de-

to show him the one local lien, namely, the church, with its old monuments, its fine Norman arch, its quaint carvings, and the like. Their talk was interesting meanwhile; but it was not on the things they went to see; and a listener might have heard, "Madame Dufonr," "Clara Bell," "forgery," "actress," "clever es cape," "known bad character," uttered more than once. But it came at last to a conclusion, the gentleman saying warmly,

only Kate read him clearly, and shrugged her shoulders over the words. Graceful and soft were the few sentences said, in lisping voice, by stranger to Mrs. in her slow, half-by the fair faced received them awkwardly, half-timidly as if conscious of the storm that was brewing. And then she turned to the Vicar, and sparkle with the caressing charm she threw into such an ordinary salutation as that of a guest to her host on entering To Kate she bowed with a pretty little air of triumph, and glanced hastily at the back of the gentleman from London,

standing slightly apart and in the "I think there is some one here who knows you," then said Kate Light knows you," then said Kate Light knows you who will know this slowly. "Mr. Plumstead, you know this then said Kate Hyslop,

slowly. "Mr. Plumstead, Jady, I think?"

The gentleman from London turned
The gentleman from London turned "An unexpected meeting, Miss Clara Bell," he said with a cruel laugh, and tapped her expressively on her shoulder. One fleeting spasm of fear and agony transfigured her loveliness to horror as

he spoke, and then the candid blue eyes oked up straight into his, the sweet small mouth quivered into its usual half-shy, half-plaintive smile, the graceful body swept a long, low courtesy, and the silvery voice said smoothly, "You are under some mistake, sir. My name is Madame Dufour—Caroline Dufour—and I

have not the honor to know you." "Game to the last, I see!" laughed Mr. Plumstead coarsely. "But the day of reckoning is come, my lady, and your fine airs go for nothing. You have been wanted for some time, you know, for that little mistake you made about young Charlie Lawson's name to that check you presented. By the look of things, I'm afraid we shan't get much out of the fire there," he added, in a kind of aside; "and now I've found you I don't mean to let you go again, I promise you. You have no right to complain; you have had a pretty long innings, all things con-sidered."

"Walter! kill bim!" shrieked Madame Dufour, turning wildly to her young lover. She had no need to urge him Already his hands were twisted in neckcloth of the detective, when, quick as thought, Mr. Plumstead drew a truncheon from his pocket, and gave the boy a blow that rendered further interference from him impossible.

"My boy! my boy! You have killed m!" cried the miserable woman, fling g herself on her knees beside him. ing herself on her knees beside him "Walter! look up! speak to me! Brave good, innocent boy, speak to me once again!" she kept on repeating, while sobs without tears—those terrible sobs of fear mingled with anguish—shook her whole frame, as she crouched close to the pale

Madame Dufour, with unconscious pathos. "Whatever I may be, I loved him!"

"Take her away," said Kate, sternly, "She has stood between us long enough."
"They shall not take me!" she screamed; but Mr. Plumstead bent over her quickly; and, before she well knew that he had taken her hands in his, he had slipped on a pair of handcuffs, and had her at his mercy.
"Loosen his cravat, threw water in his

same sere Walter, flinging himself on a footstool by her side. He was pale and agitated, but his eyes told the old story as eloquently as they had always told it. "My love!" said the Vicar's wife in a tone of astonishment; "why have that odinous woman here?" "Do not ask me, pray," she answered. It was all in the way of his profession—merely a unit in the way of his p way of his profession—merely a unit in his averages—and he knew he had not killed him.

" Now, then, niy beauty," he laughed, turning to the poor wretch alternately cowering and raving in his grasp, "to your house, if you please; and then we will get our little business settled."

So he passed out through the village, so far consenting to appearances as to cover with a shawl the golden head that had so lately borne itself in triumph, and which was now so bitterly abased, and to conceal the cruel handcuffs that shone among the bracelets on her wrists, was a prize worth taking, and he She

was a prize worth taking, and he was pleased with his day's work.

* * * * * * * * *

Years passed, and Kate Hyslop, for all her money and unrelaxing determination to marry Walter, was Kate Hyslop still, and Walter Drummond, a sad, grave man, prematurely old, and always bearing that heartbreak of his about with him was living in London, in an isolated him, was living in London, in an isolated miscrable fashion enough, seeming to have little to do with life any way, and to have parted forever with happiness and hope. His father and mother were dead, and he had made no new friends. The only interest he took in anything was in prisons and reformatories. These he yisited constantly; constantly, too, wander-ed about the lower haunts of poverty and vice; or, suddenly changing his method, he would roam about the park and the fashionable squares, always searching, always hoping, and ever pursuing what he never overtook. His search became a kind of monomania with him; but he never saw again the woman he sought, though day by day he said to sought, though day by tay he said to himself—now the moment had surely come, he would find her to-day; and when he had found her, he would take her to his heart lovingly, reverently, as of old, and in his byte he would cleanse her of her stains. He never thought how time would have treated her. He looked gerous mood, surrounded by her most bewitching accessories, with her own lover, who was also her rival's, sitting at her fee', worshipping.

"Miss Hyslop! how very kind!" said Madame Dufour, in a pretty, languid voice. "A rare pleasure, but none the less welcome," she added, offering her hand.

"I came for Mr. Drummond, Madame Dufour; not to pay you a visit," said Kate, in her stoniest manner. "Walter, you are wanted at home."

"Poor Walter! I hope he is not to be mothing to fear, and his assurance of defense, in a breath; and Madame Dufour, turned to her writing-table and wrote her acceptance of the invitation on pink scented paper with a golden monogram and coronet on the top.

"You see," she said with a pretty laugh, pointing it out to Walter, "I am really a countess; but this is the only sign of my state in which I indulge myself. A countess will age!"

The gentleman from London came, true

The gentleman from London came, true died. He had wandered restlessly all the to his time; and Kate took it on herself to show him the one local lion, namely, her form was walking with him side by side, step for step, as he paced the long streets for hours; but he could not see he face, nor touch her hand, nor hear her When the night fell he crept back to his miserable home, once more disappointed and his mission unfulfilled. His

As they laid the poor worn body straight and fair for its last rest, they found suspended round his neck a locket in which was a long tress of golden hair, a date, a monogram, and "For ever," underneath. And when a wretched beggarwoman died of drink and privation in a

Every one in the East by this time knows that a sugar is obtained from the sugar maple. This tree abounds in the Eastern States. As soon as the sap begins to move, in the spring, holes are bored into the trees, wooden spigots inserted, and the sap flows out into the lit-tle buckets provided for the purpose. This sap is then subjected to evaporation, and the sediment becomes maple sugar.

In the West, the common silver maple of our Eastern cities has been experimented with and f und to yield a tolera-bly good article. Another maple, the box elder, or negundo, as it is called, also yields considerable. As these two maples grow very rapidly, they are often planted as much for sugar-making purposes as for the timber they yield or the shelter from the keen prairie winds which they

It has been found, however, that sugarproducing trees are not confined to the maples. The poplars yield an article lit-tle inferior to the true sugar maple of the East; and the annual product made by the settlers in the cotton-wood districts of the West is by no means inconsidera-

The cotton wood poplar is one of the best friends to the far Western settler. In many districts there is no timber except along the river banks and water courses. and it is then often confined solely to the cotton-wood. It forms his firewood, his fence-posts, and his cattle-corrals; now it appears, as well as boiling his cof-fee, it furnishes the sweetening to make it palatable. Although found naturally in damp places it seems to grow as naturally on dry laud; and it is used for shel-ter belts on farms and street trees for the towns. It grows with immense rapidity. The writer has seen branches which have made ten feet in length in a single season while some stumps of trees cut down have indicated by their annual rings a diameter of two feet in twenty years. timber is soft and not very enduring; but, take it all in all, the cotton-wood, to Western man, is by no means a de spised blessing .- Forney's Press.

A Railway Nuisance.

The English Railway system has at least one advantage over ours-the traveler is not pestered, every five minutes during his journey, by venders of small wares. There, in each station, the handsome and well-supplied book-stall gives the traveler an opportunity to furnish himself with the books or papers he may desire; and then, once seated in the railway-carriage, he is secured from interruption. But here the railway companies sell the privileges of the cars to vender, and deliberately subject passengers to a systematized annoyance, that, with proverbial American meekness, is submitted to without a mur-"Insolent! abandoned!" said Kate, in deep tones, striking her hands from Walter's face. "Your place is not there."

"Ah! but I loved him!" pleaded Madame Dufour, with unconscious natios. Bearcely has the train left the station, ere a boy appears with an armful of papers. He is not content to walk through the train, quietly affording those who wish to purchase an opportunity to do so; but he thrusts his wares into everybody's lap, mur. Scarcely has the train left the sta and then immediately proceeds to gather them up. No sooner is the car canvassed for the newspapers, than the vender reappears with a supply of candy-parcels, and these are similarly forced upon every one's attention; then comes pop-corn gum-drops, comic newspapers, almanacs pamphlets of all sorts, doughnuts and sandwiches, prize-parcels in which the lucky purchaser will find a ring—the list is almost interminable, the industry of the small boy worthy of a better cause, and the tax upon the traveler's patience and endurance rendered almost intolera-

The "Three-Bottle" Times.

In those days Scotland would have been a rich field for Father Mathew's la-bors. Habits of drunkenness was a bors. Habits of drunkenness were common alike to rich and poor. They were associated with goodfellowship, and were tenderly dealt with, even by the church. The orgies of Osbaldistone Hall, graphically described in Rob Roy, found their counterpart in many a Scottish manor. The old bacchanalian rhyme,

"He was ones to be despite the solver."

"He was discussed whether a was discussed whether than the discussion was worth while, from a monetary point was worth was worth while, from a

"He who goes to bed, goes to bed sober,
Falls as the leaves do, and dies in October;
But he that goes to bed, goes to bed mellow,
Lives a long, jolly life, and dies an honest feilow,"
was quoted, half in earnest, as apology for the excesses which wealthy and respectable hosts, under the guise of hospiality, literally forced upon their guests,

when the cloth was drawn and the ladles had shandoned the dinner-table to their riotous lords and masters. riotous lords and masters.

I have heard my father, more than once, relate what happened on such an occasion, when he was one of the actors. He had been dining, with a party of eight or ten gentlemen and a few ladies, at the luxurious country-seat of a friend who had shown him much kindness. When the ladies withdrew, the host, having caused the hulles to set out on the table two dozens. the butler to set out on the table two dozen bottles of port, sherry, and claret, locked the door, put the key in his pocket, and said to his guests, "Gentlemen, no shirking to-night! Not a man leaves this room till these bottles are emptied."

No remark was made in reply, and the wine passed round. My father drank three glasses—the titmost limit to which I have ever known him to go, though he habitually took a glass or two of sherry after dinner. At the fourth round he passed the bottles without filling. His host re-monstrated, at first in jest, then in a halfmonstrated, at first in jest, then in a halfangry tone, when the recusant persisted.
Thereupon my father, approaching a
front window which opened on the lawn,
only a few feet below it, threw up the
sash, and leaped out, followed by three or
four other guests.

This enraged their host. As the fugitives looked back, they saw him upset the
dinner-table with a vlolent kick, smashing
bottles and glasses, and declaring, with
an oath, that, if they didn't choose to

an oath, that, if they didn't choose to drink that wine, nobody else should. The deserters joined the ladies in the drawing-room, but the host did not reappear; and my father, as leading conspira-tor, lost. and never regained, his friend-ship.—Robert Date Owen in Atlantic for March.

Proportion of Cream.

Few persons are aware, probably, of the extent to which the percentage of cream influenced by the conditions of the cow. It is a curious fact that any excitement to everything is kept up in nice style, will which the animal is subjected causes a bring double that of one in which misery pointed and his mission unfulfilled. His heart broke at last; and when they came to rouse him in the morning, he was dead.

Which the ammat is subjected causes a subjected causes a wind ruin rules complete. It is to be noted, however, that these pretty places are seltended.

Board, Dr. Sturtevant of South Framingham, said "Under the same feed, and unstantial the subject of the missery and ruin rules complete. It is to be noted, however, that these pretty places are seltended. ham, said "Under the same feed, and under the same circumstances, the same cow gave, one day nine and half per cent. of cream and another day eighteen per cent. of cream." Thereupon, Mr. Lewis, an old experienced dairyman said: "I can tell a bigger story than that. I have taken a good deal of pains to test the value of my milk that I have worked into chees."

Takeful habits with the view of selling their places in consequence of improving thei known a cow abused by a furious, brutal milker, and the percentage of her cream went down one-half. It is astonishing what an effect excitement has on the percentage of cream in the milk that a cow produces. You will be astonished if you will make the test, and make it carefully. I have known a cow, excited from natural suses, to drop her percentage of cream in her milk from fourteen to six per cent. in

twelve hours. So I would again repeat, whoever abuses his cow knocks out of his alik a large percentage of the cream."

It will readily be seen how important it is to keep the cow quiet and from fright and all excitement. The worry by dogs, he hurrying and halloing of boys, when lriving the cows home from pasture, the kicking and pounding of an angry milker, or any similar cause of excitement will be sure to reduce the quality of the milk to the extent of several per cent. of cream. This fact is too well attested by many careful and experienced dairymen to ad-mit of a doubt, and the first object of concern with the butter dairyman, especially should be to see that his cows are treated with the utmost gentleness all the time. The boys who drive the cows home will make a note of this, and when the spring comes and cows go out, just mark what we say .- Mass. Ploughman.

A Newspaper Office on Exhibition.

ever, in a letter from Vienna, that at the International Exhibition now being organized in that city one of the great sights is to be the interior of a newspaper office, with editor, writers, reporters, printers and publishers at work, just as in ordinary life. The indstrious journal-ists are to be shown in a huge glass building, like bees in a transparent hive. The editor will be seen giving out subjects, revising articles, and exemplifying, with waste-paper basket at hand the wellknown rule in respect to rejected communications. Writers will be on view at work of the most varied kind-some at leaders, others at reviews and a few even (if the character of Austrian journalism is to be rigorously maintained) at the incu-bation of canards. To complete the picture, a certain number of important visit-ors, anxious to obtain "favorable notices" or to reply to just but unpalatable criti-cisms, should be allowed to appear. It is to be hoped that the literary performers will be well up in their parts, that the editors will wear a becomingly grave aspect, and that the writers will not be seen pausing for lack of inspiration or refreshing their memories too frequently by turning to books of reference. Cobbett once ex-pressed a desire to bring all the journal-ists of London together on Kennington Common, that newspaper readers might see by what sort of men they allowed themselves to be influenced. The writers never heard of Corbett's amusing but not very intelligent sneer. They, at all events, are the heroic gentlemen who, with a love of publicity which proves that their hearts are in their profession, pro-pose during the forthcoming Vienna Exlibition to do their literary and journalistic work in presence of as many thous-ands of sight-seers as can be got together from all parts of the world.—N. Y. Inde-

WE may as well throw our money into the gutter, or go fighting wind-mills, as to try to make our fellow-creatures better while we neglect their physical condi-

The Value of Beauty.

At a recent agricultural meeting in Pennsylvania it was discussed whether it was worth while, from a monetary point of things discussed, no question seemed so very interesting. One would think that such a subject needed no discussion; but when we drive through the country and see so many farmhouses not only without beauty, but absolutely without comfort—and even in defiance of all beauty, as if cheerless, miserable condition were actually preferable—it is clear that the question was not at all a pointless

One speaker at that meeting put the matter in a practical light in this way: If, he asked, we are buying apples in the If, he asked, we are buying apples in the market, and have two samples before us—both large, both of equally excellent flavor, both, in fact, precisely the same in every respect, except that one is of a green, uninviting tint, and the other red and rosy—which do we take? Indeed, there is in every breast a love of beauty, and in many respects it is all we live for. We like this world because it is beautiful; because the flowers bloom, the trees grow, and the birds sing; because our eyes, ears and the birds sing; because our eyes, cars and all our senses are pleased; and be-cause it is beauty that lends more than any other element those charms of life which so delight us; and, whether we are conscious of it or not, it enters largely

are conscious of it or not, it enters largely in all our calculations as to what we shall buy and what we will own.

To make our homes beautiful should be the one object of our lives. The mere making money is all very well. It is inded one of the virtues. He who is willing to work, and is anxions to make and to save money by his hard labor, may have vices; but he is seldom so coarsely bad as the shiftless spendthrift who, while ridiculing the saving habits of parents or ridiculing the saving habits of parents or friends, is yet willing to borrow from or spend money for them. But too often these praiseworthy, frugal, and saving habits degenerate into a rule of life, and very little happiness or good in any shape results from the money made. A very results from the money made. A very little of these savings—a very little time spent on beautifying one's home—put a new phase on existence; and we really believe men would live an average of ten years more than they do if they were to say once in a while "begone dull care" in the mere matter of money-making, and devote a little time each day or so to making a sort of Eden of their home and the surroundings. But it is not so much of the mere pleasure that we would speak. There is actual money in beauty. As the speaker above said of a beautiful apple, so it is of a beautiful farm. As a general rule a place in which taste is exhibited, and

Romance of a Hair.

To hear a French woman glorify France and vilify its enemies is to feel your own blood tingle. I heard, only the other day, her table. Notwithstanding her marriage she had remained French at heart. In the course of conversation the Prussians began to bewail Paris, poor Paris, which was no longer Paris, and to predict that in ten years Berlin would be the capital of the world. She listened angrily, until no longer being able to withhold her indig-nation she freed her mind to the effect that Paris was Paris yet, would always be Paris, the most brilliant, most attractive, most civilized and artistic city in the Moreover, she would lay a wager that her Prussian friends might select the most ugly and the most insignificant thing they might find and Paris would make of it an object of beauty, such as Berlin would not dare to attempt. The wager was accepted, and the next day the lady received a small box, which upon op ming she found to contain a single white hair. What could be made of one white hair? She did not know; but, concealing her embarrassment, she sent the hair to Paris accompanied by a letter giving an account of the wager, the circumstances, &c. In due course of time she received the box back from Paris And what think you Paris had made of the white hair? Ithad been enclosed in an open trench of gold, which crossed a medallion surrounded with brilliants. At the top of the medallion the Prussian eagle in black enamel, with wings extended, held the white hair in its claws. Then suspended from the hair was a little escutcheon in white en-There are some things too sacred for public display, and among them may be amel bearing this inscription: "Alsace and Lorraine. You hold them only by a classed the art and mystery of "getting hair." It is not very probable that the Prussians were eager for another bet. up" a newspaper. It is announced, how-Paris Cor. N. Y. World.

Divorce Laws.

We are glad to observe that the State of Indiana shows sigus of reform in regard to her divorce laws. It has hitherto had the unenviable reputation, and that, too, not without reason, of running a great divorce mill, attractive to all customers who want this sort of grist ground at the shortest notice. The Legislature has just passed a bill reducing the number of leral causes for divorce, requiring that petioners shall have a continuous reside n the State for at least two years before they shall be entitled to commence proceedings in a divorce suit, and also viding that where the petition has granted without adequate notice, the case may be re-opened and the decree set The purpose of the bill is make the law more stringent, and there by lessen the facility with which divorces can be procured. The direct effect will be a decrease in the number of such suits and an increasing public sense of the sanc-tity and perpetuity of the marriage cove-nant. Indiana will be less likely herc-after to invite the temporary residence of persons who want to find the shortest way to break the legal bonds of unhap-py marriages. If all the States would adopt a uniform divorce code, and then each State would recognize the validity of a divorce decree in every other State. our American jurisprudence in respect to this subject would be very materially improved. There is no good reason why such should not be the fact. It would proved. correct many of the evils which grow out of the present diversity of legal prac-tice.—N. Y. Independent.

There is no outward sign of politeness which has not a deep moral reason. True education teaches both the sign and the reason. Behavior is a mirror in which every one shows his own image. There is a politeness of the heart akin to love, from which springs the easiest politeness of outward behavior.