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"Cold!"

They say that she is cold, but they say what
they do not, cannot know,
The very flowers that hang from the girdle of
spring were growing under the snow.

Is the violet cold that it shrinks from the gaze
and the touch of the herd?
Is the song of the thrush, though it is not
permitted to fondle the bird?

They often love fondest, love surest, who
never betray the emotion.
I could tell you of one whom she loves with a
passion as deep as the ocean.

It is true that, in words, she has never confessed to the feeling;
Love chooses a daintier way for its choicest
and sweetest revealing.

Never once has he touched her lips with his
own, never once caressed her hand—
He might kiss and caress to his heart's content would he only ...
"Cold! Cold!" Did he know all her heart
as they flippantly say it,
He would leap with his might at the falsehood
to throttle and stifle and slay it.

Some time he will know what to-day what he
would barter his life to be knowing—
Not, perhaps, till the roses and daisies above
her are budding and blowing.

She may die with the weight of her delicate
secret upon her;
Then may God charge His angels to crown
her with Heavenly blessing and honor!

So they who were made to be lovers, alas!
they are nothing but friends;
He dare not, she will not—behold, for the
want of a word how it ends!

Well, the case is, at least no marvel, the story
is common and old;
Mourn over it, sneer at it, which you will,
but you shall not say she is cold!

—*Anson G. Chester, in Our Continent.*

HIS TRUST

When Mr. Tom Rainger, who described himself as a traveling photographic artist, was not on the road, he lived absolutely alone in an humble cottage on a wide patch of land adjoining Thornton Common, a high, wide stretch of grassy ground, and a place much resorted to in the summer.

The village of Thornton, from which the common took its name, was seven miles from the nearest country town. It was a meek little village with an old-fashioned parsonage, an unpretending church, a school-house, a forge and a public house, called the Three Jolly Boys.

To return to Mr. Rainger—when he was not at home he lived on wheels; that is to say he journeyed round the country in a kind of cart-house. He traveled mostly in the winter, finding through the warm weather no stint of people in Thornton willing to pay from a sixpence to a shilling to see their face, reproduced by the artist's glass. Besides being an artist, our friend was a musician. He really played the violin skillfully, and between fiddling and photographing he got on quite well.

At the time of which I am writing he was a middle-aged man, strongly built and rather short of stature. His weather-face had on it a look of weariness, and also of resolution. Other things than the sun and the wind had had their will with that face. A life's tragedy had scarred it deeper than ever the elements could. His scant hair was iron gray. Tom Rainger was not popular in the village. He would sit for hours at the Three Jolly Boys, smoking and speaking to no one. When he did talk there was something overbearing and aggressive in his manner. He never went to church, but he might often be seen coming out of the churchyard, where, under the grass and flowers, lay what had once been "the desire of his eyes"—his friend, his companion, his good angel, his wife.

"It was the loss of her," said the landlady of the Three Jolly Boys, "that turned him sour, as thunder turns milk sour."

After five years of happiness her fresh gay voice, the blue light of her eyes and the light gold of her hair and all the dear caressing ways, she had gone out of his life and left him, as we have seen, a soured man.

One midsummer's eve, a time to become memorable henceforth in Mr. Rainger's life, that gentleman sat in the bar-parlor of the Three Jolly Boys. It was a club night, and having for the benefit of the Jolly Boys performed twice on his violin, he put the instrument away, and shouldering his case, and with his pipe set fast between his teeth, passed from the mixed fumes of tobacco and spirits into the clear, moonlit night. The Jolly Boys were hard at it when he left them, but the sound of their jollity was soon behind him; the common was about a mile from the village.

It was a warm, luminous night. Every leaf and every twig of every tree was distinctly visible, such a power of moonlight was on everything. A note faltered through the warm, compassionate stillness. Then from a clump of trees a nightingale began singing.

There were hot tears in Rainger's eyes as he walked along. It seemed to him as if the moonlight, the warm air, the singing bird, had some message from his dead wife—a message which he could not interpret. Ah, with what a passion of worship he thought of her!

When he reached the cottage, instead of entering it, he passed on to the common, where moonlight and unbroken stillness reigned. Standing there, it came to him to take out his violin and to begin playing with all the expression of which he was capable, and he had no small measure, "The Last Rose of Summer." It was one of the airs his wife liked best to hear him play. Under his hand, which then seemed to acquire the very master' touch, the music rose and quivered and floated far away. He wondered if beyond the moonlight she heard it. All his heart was intent on this when he heard a sound which made him start. It was the sound of feet hurrying as if one were running a race for life. In another second or two, with a low cry, something caught his hand and dropped at his feet; then a girl's voice said, in a whisper of terror:

"Save me! hide me! they will find me if you don't! They are following me, I know!"

Rainger raised the girl, and, acting on impulse, led her to his cottage. As they walked along she said:

"As I was running I heard you calling me. That was you, wasn't it?"

"It was my music you heard," he answered.

"Your music?" she repeated, simply. "I don't know what that is."

[illegible] reached the humble cottage, with its wholesome garden of sweet-smelling flowers. Rainger struck a light, then he turned and looked at his companion. He started back with an involuntary cry; for, in the girl fronting him, he seemed to see his wife again—the same shape of face, the same light of gold hair, the same soft, blue eyes, only in these there was a strange pleading, questioning look—a look which seemed to say: "Where am I? Oh, save me!"

He came near and his hand fell on her shoulder. He started again, for the shoulder he touched felt warm and wet. He looked down and saw that blood was soaking through her thin dress.

"They beat me so," she said, "that I ran away to-night."

"Who beat you?" he asked.

"I don't know; but they did beat me, and made the blood come."

Then the whole truth flashed upon Rainger. About five miles off was an asylum and the girl to whom he was talking was an escaped patient.

"You won't let them take me from you, will you?" said the poor thing, grasping his hand with painful earnestness.

Again his wife seemed to be looking at him out of those eyes. His wife's voice seemed to whisper through the room: "You must keep her and be a father to her for my sake."

"What is your name?" he asked.

"Kate."

"I will never let them take you from me, Kate; but you must always do what I tell you; if you don't they will find you and take you away."

"And beat me again?"

"Yes, worse than ever."

Then he looked at the poor mangled body and dressed the wounds. I am writing of a time, happily past now, when the unfortunate inmate of lunatic asylums underwent horrors which it now sickens one to think of.

He made Kate lie down upon his bed and then casting himself on the floor fell into a broken, uneasy sleep. Finally when the dawn had well come, and birds were talkative, he rose and went to look at his charge; she was sleeping as peacefully as a child, one hand half hidden in her long gold hair.

Mr. Rainger felt that something very precious and very beautiful had come to him, but what was he to do with it? Fortunately there was one person in the village who loved and trusted him, and whom he in return also loved and trusted. This person was not beautiful to look at, and also she was old. Her name was Martha. He resolved to take her into his confidence. She had nursed his wife through her long and fatal illness, and had been his friend ever since. Unwilling himself to leave the house, as soon as it was light he sent out one of the boys of the village to Martha, asking her to come to him at once. She complied with his request, and, while Kate continued to sleep, Rainger and Mrs. Wakefield talked of what was to be done. One thing was clear, that, if possible, Kate's presence in the cottage must be kept a secret. Mrs. Wakefield would send in some fresh clothes for the poor girl, and when night came Rainger would take those she now wore, and which seemed to him a badge of the asylum, and bury them in some wonderful caves close at hand, holding in their depths miles of night and darkness. When Kate awoke Martha went to her, washed and dressed her, and shuddered over her poor, wounded body. When she was dressed she was brought to see Rainger. She bade him good-morning and put up her face to be kissed.

As a rule Rainger prepared his own breakfast; to-day Mrs. Wakefield saved him that trouble. Kate's was taken to her in an inner room, lest any of the neighbors should catch sight of her in their passing by.

It was little work that Rainger got through that day, so occupied was he in studying his charge. Mrs. Wakefield had lent her a picture book, which seemed to delight her. Once in the course of that day, when she was alone with Mrs. Wakefield, she said, fixing her eyes intently on that good woman, and speaking in a tone which, in its intensity, corresponded to the look in her eyes: "Where's Tom?"

She had heard Mrs. Wakefield call him by his Christian name.

"Do you want Tom, my pretty?" answered the widow.

"Yes, I want Tom," replied the girl, dreamily. Then she fell to looking at her hands, as if they had suddenly grown strange to her.

Mrs. Wakefield went for Rainger, who was not far off. The girl threw her arms about his neck, buried her face on his shoulder and sobbed and laughed by turns. Then she asked for the music, so he got his violin and played to her. As he played it seemed as if her poor spirit, wandering in lands lit by dubious lights, echoing with unjoyful laughter and sad singing, haunted by shapes terrible and indescribable, was striving desperately and vainly to grope its way back to the land of reason and reality. What could there be to apprehend in her? She seemed strangely gentle. Her voice was very low and had in it a subtle inner music which went right to the hearer's heart.

I cannot set forth in words the passion of tenderness with which Rainger thought of his new charge. When he went on the common he left her locked up in the house with doll or picture-book. So passed a couple of months.

One cold, wet, windy August night, a night when nature seemed shudderingly to realize the impending desolation of the end, Rainger lay asleep in the room adjoining the one occupied by Kate. He was a sound sleeper. Suddenly, however, he was awakened by some one shaking him violently. He started up to see Kate standing by his side. She carried a light in her hand, and her gold hair was all unbound. There was a look in her keen eyes that he [illegible] there before—a look of protest and infinite horror—the look of an animal about to undergo some torture from which it knows there is no escape.

"What are you doing, Kate?" he asked; "has anything frightened you?"

She placed the light on the table and her fingers began working in one another. Then she said, in a tone of voice scarcely louder than a whisper:

"I am going to scream."

She had scarcely uttered the words when she flung back her head and stretched out her hands, while from her lips there broke a shriek so terrible, so unearthly, as to make the blood of any one who heard it turn cold. It was a cry which seemed to rend the sense of hearing. It was so wild, so unlike anything ever heard before, that it suggested some new agony of body and soul—a fresh discovery in the realms of torture.

Fortunately, there was no cottage within a mile of Rainger's. He came near her, but she sprang at him like a wild thing, her eyes flashing, her lips drawn back and showing her gleaming teeth. At length breath failing, she fell to the ground, where she lay cowering as if she expected every moment to feel the stroke of a rod. It was clear that she was liable to these terrible and dangerous outbreaks of insanity. Before morning she was taken with another wild fit of screaming, after which she grew strangely quiet, and then fell asleep.

When she awoke she was again the gentle, trusting, childlike Kate.

"What if such a fit should take her in the daytime?" thought Rainger, and he shuddered.

Every day she seemed to cling more and more to her protector, whom only she and the old woman loved.

Often, for hours together, he would hold her slight form clasped against his heart, as if she had been his child, her bright head leaning upon his shoulder. He told her fairy tales and simple rhymes, of which she liked the sound; but most of all she delighted in hearing him play. He was seen less and less at the Three Jolly Boys, and became still more unpopular. Then people grew curious to know how and where he spent his evenings.

One evening a man stole to his cottage door. It was closed, but the man thought he could hear Rainger talking to himself; he was telling Kate a story.

For four months the patient search had been made for the escaped mad girl, but with no good result. It often happens that when we have searched long and diligently for some object, and have at last given it up as lost for ever, we come upon it by accident when there is no thought of it in our minds.

So chanced it with Dr. Prince, a shrewd, hard, implacable-looking man. He had quite given up the hope of finding his escaped patient, when fate led him to the very place where she was. The doctor, who enjoyed bodily exercise, was returning on foot one evening to the asylum. His way lay over the common. He had counted on a moonlight walk, but instead of moonlight a fog fell over everything—a fog, too, that wetted one like rain. Dr. Prince was perplexed to know what course he should take when to the left of him he spied a gleam of light, which proceeded from Rainger's cottage. The doctor gave thanks for it, and, pushing open the gate, stood in the little garden, which, because of the season, smelt then only of decay. "A pest on these November fogs," thought the doctor, before rapping at the door. Then he stood there arrested by what he heard from within, though what he heard was simply a man's voice saying:

"Well, when the good fairy saw how sad little Alice was, with no books, no pretty pictures, no nice dresses, and no dolls—"

Then a girl's voice, questioningly: "Didn't she have any dolls?"

Then the man again: "No; no dolls at all, not one."

Then the girl: "Did she have any music?"

"No; no music, either."

"Then she must have been a very sad little girl!"

"So she was; but let me tell you what the good fairy did."

"It must be she!" ejaculated Dr. Prince. "I should know that voice anywhere. Run to earth at last, my dear."

Without more delay he knocked on the cottage door. The man left off talking, and said "Hush!" in a low tone of voice; then feet moved across the floor and a door shut. Then the door that led from the garden into the sitting-room was opened by Rainger.

"I have lost my way most hopelessly in this horrible fog," began the doctor; "and, catching sight of your friendly light, I thought you might be able to oblige me with the loan of a lantern."

The unsuspecting photograpner replied that he should be happy to supply the desired object; and, while he was getting it ready, the doctor came in and made himself at home. There was something in him that Rainger mistrusted and disliked.

"You live here alone?" questioned the new-comer.

No answer.

"I say, you live here alone."

"Yes, I live here alone."

"I thought when I came to the door I heard voices."

Mr. Rainger stopped in preparing the lantern, raised his eyes, fixed them on the stranger's face, and said, insolently, it must be owned:

"Perhaps you did and perhaps you didn't. What business is it of yours whether I speak the truth or not?"

"As it happens," answered the doctor, "it is my very special business. I believe—nay, I am almost certain—that you have concealed a dangerous and escaped lunatic, for whom the closest search has been made."

"That's nonsense!" returned the other, brusquely, hurrying himself with the lantern. "There is no escaped lunatic here."

"I am sorry to doubt your word," replied the doctor, "but, really—" and as quick as lightning he darted to the door of the adjoining room and opened it. At the same time a shape sprang from it, rushed passed him, and falling at Rainger's feet, implored him wildly to take care of her and not to give her up.

Dr. Prince looked on with a satisfied smile—he had recaptured his victim.

"It's too late to remove the patient to-night," he said. "I will send for her in the morning. I assure you, my friend, she will be well punished for this." And his cruel eyes gleamed.

"I'll keep her against the whole gang of you," answered Rainger, sullenly. "Have no fear, my darling; they shall not touch you."

"She will be removed as early as possible in the course of to-morrow," said Dr. Prince, quietly. "I shall pass to-night at Thornton;" and, taking up the lantern, he walked out into the night.

Rainger closed the door after him and locked it. Then he sat down and considered what he could do, and Kate crouched beside him, crying from time to time, "Oh, Tom, save me!"

"Yes, my love, yes," he answered, "I will save you still;" but he asked himself, "How?"

At one time he thought of getting out his wandering house and driving her away in it; but what good would that be? They would be followed and soon found. What was there to be done? He had always prided himself on being a man of resources, yet now he seemed resourceless. Presently he got up and went into the garden. A strong, keen wind had sprung up, and had wholly scattered the fog. The cold air was radiant with moonlight.

He walked up and down, sorely distracted as to what he should do. Suddenly he stopped in his walk and exclaimed, "Yes, better even that than to give her up to them." He took another turn to and fro; then he went on. Kate was sitting just where he had left her, her face buried in her hands.

"Kate," he said, "I can save you if you will do just what I tell you."

"I will be good," she answered.

Shortly after this a man, powerfully built, though somewhat low in stature, and a slightly-made girl might have been seen walking together in the direction of the noted Thornton caves, in which once Druid priests had performed their dread sacrificial rites. The girl carried a violin case, the man carried a lantern and a spade. The two soon reached the mouth of the caves.

"Where are we going?" asked Kate.

"In here, dear," he answered.

She sprang back, saying, "It looks so dark in there, I'm frightened."

"It won't be dark with this," he said, turning up his lantern to the full. "In here you are safe. Here they will never find you."

"Are you quite sure they won't find me?"

"Quite sure; bend your head very low. There, that's it; you can stand up now."

They were in the everlasting night and winter of the Thornton caves. Indeed in that mighty darkness the rays of the lantern seemed just a faint protest of light.

The ground was thickly covered with sand, which rendered their steps noiseless. In parts this sand collected in drifts, forming regular hills.

"I am frightened," she said, beginning to cry. "I want the music."

Giving her the lantern to carry, he took the violin from its case and began playing, and so he drew her on as Orpheus drew his Euridice. The caves are cold and the caves are dark. They stretch for miles, and wind as snakes wind.

At length they reach a remote part. Rainger leaves off playing and restores the violin to its case.

"Kate, my own darling," he says, drawing her close to him, "I love you as I should have loved her child and mine."

"What are you crying for?" she asks, putting her hands to his eyes, from which, indeed, the tears are falling fast. "I'll be good; don't cry, Tom," and she lays her face caressingly against his.

He draws one arm away and feels for something in his coat—a flash, a sharp report, a whizz of something through the air, a puff of smoke, a cry, a thud on the sand—then absolute silence.

Rainger stood for several minutes without moving; then he took the lantern from the ledge of rocks where he had placed it, and kneeling down by the fallen form looked closely at the face and felt the pulse and heart. Yes, she was passed all earthly detection, all earthly dread. He replaced the heavy old-fashioned pistol in his coat, and using the spade he had brought with him dug under a projecting slab of rock a rough grave, wherein he reverently laid the fair body.

"God bless you," he said, as he turned away from her he had loved so well. He was at home in these caves, as very few people were, so that he had no trouble in retracing his way to the entrance. Oh! the deserted little cottage to which he returned! Kate's empty bed; Kate's empty chair! Still he said to himself that it had been the only way. He had loved her too well to let her live for suffering worse than many deaths could be.

The next day, with a force of keepers, Dr. Prince presented himself at Rainger's cottage.

"I have come to remove my patient," he said.

To which answered Rainger: "She has removed herself; the bird has flown out of the cage. Look long enough and perhaps you will find her."

[illegible] years ago; but after all what evidence could be alleged against Rainger, unpopular as the man was? I, however, think that his trust was well kept.—*Philip Bourke Marston.*

The Rising of the Nile.

Measuring from the cataracts of Sayene, where the Nile enters Upper Egypt from Nubia, to the most northernly points of the Delta, or Lower Egypt, there are about six hundred miles of country, the settled population of which is peculiarly dependent upon the great river for very existence, and every year swayed by hopes or fears as the waters of the stream are sufficient or scarce or too abundant. The welfare of the Egyptians is, in truth, intimately bound up with the annual recurrence of a natural phenomenon known as the "Rising of the Nile." The river, issuing from a valley a few miles north of Cairo, enters the low, wide plain, which, from its resemblance to the fourth letter of the Greek alphabet, received from that people the name of the Delta. The stream divides itself into two branches, that of Rosetta, or old Canopic, and that of Damiat, or Phatnitic. The river at Rosetta is about 1,800 feet wide, and at Damiat nearly 800 feet. The rise of the Nile, occasioned by the periodical rains of Central Africa, begins in June, about the summer solstice, and continues to increase until September, overflowing the lowlands along its course. The Delta then looks like an immense marsh, interspersed with numerous islands, with villages, towns and trees just above the water. Should the Nile rise a few feet above its customary elevation, the inundation sweeps away the mud-built cottages of the fellaheen, drowns the cattle, and involves the whole population in ruin. Again, should it fall short of the ordinary height, bad crops and dearth are the consequences. The inundations having remained stationary for a few days, begin to subside, and about the end of November most of the fields are left dry and covered with a fresh layer of rich brown slime; this is the time that the lands are put under cultivation. During the winter in England, which is the spring in Egypt, the Delta, as well as the valley of the Nile, looks like a delightful garden smiling with verdure and blossom.

Garibaldi's Character.

The battle of the Volturno, the flight of the king and the siege of Capua followed in rapid succession. During the whole of that stirring time I was at Naples. I saw the dictator of the Two Sicilies at the summit of his power and popularity, and I saw how he used both. It was commonly said that for a fortnight after he entered Naples no crimes were committed. I stayed long enough to see the place become a sink of iniquity once more. After the battle of the Volturno there was little to do except to get into mischief, and plenty of mischief there was—duels, assassinations, gambling and worse. But what a spell seemed to fall upon the city whenever Garibaldi was in it! The nights were as a rule noisy and uproarious. One night he sent out word that he could not sleep, and you might have heard a pin drop on the pavement all through that night.

The women brought him their children to bless, he stroked their heads—he rebuked their superstition—but he could never say an unkind word to them. His care for the wounded was unwearied. He went daily through the military hospitals at Caserta. The doctors said his visits did more for the men than all the physic. They declared his touch and very look were full of healing; the dying heads were lifted to see him pass, and wounded men leaped from their couches to seize his hand.

He was just the same on the battlefield—he always went over it himself to be sure that all the living had been taken up and all the wounded cared for. This is how he won the great and simple love of his soldiers. His own soul was great and simple.

I remember his life at Naples—the talk of the town. He would live in no palace—he would not even be called your excellency, although supreme ruler of both Sicilies. He was lodged up in a little attic at the top of the Toledo. He said he liked to be high up to breathe the air.

At Palermo the costliest wines and viands were prepared for him—he lived on beans, potatoes and the common wine of the country; he spent on an average eight francs a day, and never had anything in his pocket; any one who asked him for money got it. He had a simple method. He borrowed of whoever happened to be near him, and gave it away. The people whom he borrowed from generally got paid; but he never spent anything upon, or asked anything for, himself. One week he was the irresponsible controller of millions, and the next weeek hset sail for Caprera with half a sack of potatoes—his only wealth!—*Rev. R. R Haweis, in Good Words.*

The Chairs of Noted Senators.

Daniel Webster resigned his seat in the United States Senate on July 20, 1850, says a Washington letter. His desk is still in the senate chamber, but which one, where its sits, and who is the lucky Senator that has it, are secrets to all the world except Captain Bassett whom Mr. Webster brought here when a mere boy, and put him in position as a page eighteen years before he resigned. Captain Bassett has held a place in the Senate from that day until the present, being acting assistant sergeant-at-arms now. But to the story of the desk: As above stated the possessor of or its number is as profound a secret to the Senator who sits in it as it is to an Egyptian mummy. Captain Bassett's reason for keeping all knowledge of the numbers of Mr. Webeter's, Mr. Clay's, Mr. Calhoun's seats a secret is that, knowing and understanding the desire of the average American citizen, both male and female, for relics, he fears to give the secret away lest the desk would be chipped away by piecemeal by the curious who throng the capital every day. There has been no change in these desks from the day they were brought into the capitol until now, other than the annual coat of varnish. Captain Bassett has a memorandum record of their numbers and places, which he keeps under lock and key, and will, when he comes to shuffle off this mortal coil, furnish to the proper person all the information relative to these desks, in order that their history may be carefully preserved and handed down to future generations as mementos of Webster and his associates in the Senate. There are three other desks in the Senate chamber which curiosity hunters would like to be able to see and know that they were the right ones. These are the desks of Jefferon Davis, of Mississippi; Stephen A. Douglas, of Illinois, and Charles Sumner, of Massachusetts. Mr. Davis' desk occupied the same position in the chamber that Mr. Beck's does now, but it is not known to any one except Captain Bassett whether or not it is the same one. Mr. Douglas was in the same place as that occupied by Mr. Pendleton, and Mr. Sumner was in the place now occupied by Mr. Dawes. In 1862, when the New York Zouaves were in the city, about twenty of them went into the Senate chamber early in the morning to destroy the chair and desk that had been occupied by Jefferson Davis. Just as they were in the act Captain Bassett put in his appearance, and asked them what they were about. They quickly told him that they were going to destroy the seat and desk because they were the one used by Jeff Davis. Captain Bassett suggested to them that their mission in Washington was to protect public property, and not destroy it. They saw the point, and Captain Bassett proceeded so to change the number of the desks as to be able to say to all who might inquire that the desks that were used by the Senators were not now in the same places, as they had been changed around for the express purpose of preventing them from being mutilated by relic and curiosity-hunters.

Her Eyes Unsealed.

Those who have read Wilkie Collins' "Poor Miss Finch," says the Rochester (N. Y.) *Post*, will readily recall Lucilla's misfortune—blindness from birth, caused by cataracts. Dr. Grosse's fallacies regarding the struggles of sight to assert itself in persons who have been blind for life, the illusions of the patient regarding distance, color, forms, etc., will be remembered. Lucilla could not, from restored sight, tell whether an object held before her was a cube or a globe; whether a handkerchief was white or colored. She had a great horror of anything dark; that is, when she was blind. In her imagination Lucilla's answers to questions were pat to the theories of "Surgeon Optic Grosse," and he was pleased at the result of his skill. There is in Rochester, at the city hospital at the present time, the counterpart of Lucilla in all the realities, but not in the "surgeon optic," his fallacies and theories. The subject is Emma Waterstraath, twelve years of age. She was born in Loets, Pomerania, Germany. On the 8th of April, this year, she came to Rochester and resided with her aunt on Hoelzer street, her father and mother being dead. Two or three months of this time she passed in the blind asylum at Batavia, where she learned to read raised letters by the touch. Her trouble was congenital cataract, and from birth she could only see so as to distinguish between day and night. When taken to the city hospital, the eminent oculist of the institution, after an examination, said her sight could be restored, and three weeks ago he operated on the left eye, producing a "rift in the cloud" which had shut out her sight for so many years. The writer, interested in seeing her when the first test was made, visited the hospital, and when the bandage was removed by the surgeon she told him she could see his fingers. A vase of flowers was held before her, and she said they were flowers and one of them red. She told what other objects were, and their form. "Dr. Grosse's" confirmed theories, "Poor Miss Finch's" verification of the "surgeon optics" fallacies, were disproved, dispelled by this practical illustration, this fact. Emma's sight continues to improve, as the "rift in the cloud" widens from absorption. No further operation may be necessary, and there is no question that in the good time she may see "as others see." The patient sees and learns so gradually, the same as a child learning to read, that the mind is educated to forms and distances easily. Cataract patients never see instantly after the operation.

Why a Duel was not Fought.

Opposite the city resides Mr. J. M. Harvey, a gentleman who has lived a very adventurous life. Emigrating from a Northern or Western State more than thirty years ago, he came to New Orleans, where he settled, marrying into a very wealthy and prominent creole family. Previous to his settlement in Louisiana Harvey was engaged in the merchant service and had sailed on several whaling voyages. Having married a creole, Harvey strove to conform to the creole ideas and usages, which were quite opposite and repugnant to his old notions and feelings. The transition was certainly a very violent one, from an old skipper, whose tastes had been acquired aboard a Nantucket whaler, to the highly refined rules and customs which govern creole society in Louisiana.

At a gay party at a creole neighbor's one evening, where Harvey was present, a game of cards was proposed, and the game proceeded quite pleasantly when an altercation arose between Harvey and a creole gentleman of high position and for many years an editor, Albert Fabre. The dispute finally became very hot, winding up in words of insult from Fabre to Harvey and in a knock-down from the heavy fist of the latter, the blow inflicting a very dark "black eye" upon the unfortunate creole. The next day Harvey was waited upon by a friend of Fabre with a demand for satisfaction and a request to be referred to his seconds, with whom the terms of an early meeting might be arranged. Harvey asked what all this meant. The second replied that he wanted him to meet Mr. Fabre in an honorable combat and thus atone for the blow he had given him.

"But," replied Harvey, "he grossly insulted me and I returned the insult with a blow. I think that makes us even, or, if we ain't even, I'll pay up the balance."

The second was surprised to hear such a response from a gentleman who had married into a creole family, and, as a mutual friend, he warned Harvey that if he persisted in this view of the affair he would be tabooed by all his wife's relatives. The suggestion somewhat alarmed Harvey, and he asked his visitor what would be the terms of the proposed combat.

The second, brightening up at the success of his appeal to "the better feelings" of Harvey, and at the prospect of a lively affair, quickly responded: "Oh, of course, being the challenged party you have the choice of weapons."

This announcement was a great relief to Harvey, who knew Fabre to be an experienced duelist, skilled with the pistol and rapier. He, therefore, asked, with an air of great simplicity, what were the weapons usually employed by gentlemen on such occasions.

"Pistols, swords, rifles, shotguns or any dangerous weapon in which you may be skilled."

"I understand you," Harvey replied, "and my weapons are harpoons—hickory handles, ten feet in length; distance twenty feet apart. I have a brace of them, from which your friend can take his choice.

The creole was astounded, shocked and puzzled; still more horrified was he when Harvey showed him one of these weapons, which had seen good service on the Pacific.

"Why," he exclaimed, "do you think my friend is a fish to be struck by such a tool as this?"

"Fish or no fish," Harvey replied, "that is my weapon. Your friend is quite as skillful in handling sword or pistol as I am with the harpoon. When I challenge him, he will have the choice of weapons, and now I claim the right, as the challenged party, to use the only one which I feel I can use with skill and effect."

"But, sir, your proposition is bizarre and ridiculous and will bring contempt on all who are engaged in it. This is a serious affair, sir, and I expect you to treat it seriously."

"You'll find harpoons serious enough," replied Harvey, at the same time going through the harpoon exercise as practiced on whaling ships.

The indignant creole retired in extreme disgust. And the next day everybody in the city knew of this spoiled duel. It may indicate the radical difference of ideas of the two races that while Fabre's creole friends reported the incident as one which reflected great disgrace on Harvey, the Americans laughed over it most heartily as a rich joke and a fair commentary upon the absurdity of the duello. —*New Orleans Letter.*

The Cravat.

An English trade journal gives this account of the early days of the cravat: In 1636 a foreign regiment arrived in Paris, in the dress of which one characteristic was much admired by the people—a neck-wrapper or scarf of muslin or silk for the officers, or common stuff for the men, alike tied in a bow with pendant ends, and used by them, it is said, to support an amulet worn as a charm against sword cuts. Parisians speedily adopted the novelty, styling them first Croats, from the nationality of the regiment, and afterward cravats. The rich then used embroidered and richly-laced cravats, such as we find shortly after used by Charles II., who is charged £20 12s. in the last year of his reign for "a new cravat to be worn on the birthday of his dear brother." James II. paid £36 10s. for a cravat of Venice lace to wear on the day of his coronation. Toward the end of the last century the cravat was revived, and worn of such extravagant size that whole pieces were sometimes used, and even shoulder cushions, over which folds of stuff were draped so that it was as impossible for a man to turn his head without wheeling bodily round as for an early coach to turn within its own length.