

A PENITENT.

Arrah, Noelle, don't look like a thunder cloud, darling! What harm if I did stole a kiss from your lips? No sensible man needs a smiling young rose.

Merry Vale;

The Blue-Eyed Mystery.

CHAPTER I. Clarence Mayo returned the volume on law to the library and looked at the gray-haired man who occupied one corner of the office.

"Good morning, miss," he said, with a bow. "Will I have the pleasure of finding Mr. Webb at home?"

"You will," she replied, as she opened the door. "He is not well to-day, but will see you. Are you not the lawyer?"

"My name is Mayo. I belong to the law house of Truce, Mayo and Scott."

"I thought so. Please walk in, Mr. Mayo."

The speaker opened the door quite wide and stood against it while Clarence Mayo crossed the threshold, and passed into the house.

Her eyes seemed to be riveted on his handsome figure, and she appeared to look upon him as a superior mortal.

In a cosy room the young lawyer found a portly old man reclining in a large arm-chair. His gray hairs were brushed back from his florid face, and he held out a fevered hand to his visitor, whom the girl introduced as "the lawyer from the city—Mr. Mayo."

"Draw a chair close to me, Mr. Mayo," the old man said in a voice singularly weak for a person of his physique.

But the wind howled on, and the rain continued to come madly down. All at once the lawyer was startled by a rapping at his door. Fearful that his ears had deceived him, he did not stir until it was repeated. Then he hurried across the room and laid his hand on the knob.

"Who is there?" he inquired, and held his breath for the response.

"Aldine," came the reply in accents which he recognized at once. "Mr. Mayo, if you are dressed, open at once, for I want to see you. Something terrible is happening in our house, I fear."

A moment later the door was opened, and Clarence Mayo stood before the white face he had ever seen.

It was Aldine's. "For heaven's sake, girl—"

"Hush! not so loud!" she said, in a warning tone. "That man has got into the house again, and is with papa now. He is a bold, bad fellow, and somehow or other has a control over my dear parent. I listened a moment; they are talking about me. Oh, Mr. Mayo, I dare not tell you what he said. Will you not go down, so that you can be near papa if he needs help? I fear that bad man will do something; he always comes when it storms."

The girl talked rapidly and with fear. "I will go down," the lawyer said, happy to assist her and indignantly at the midnight visitor. "Stay here, Aldine. It may not be a place for tender women where they are."

"I thank you," she said. "I pray he may never come here again."

to the man, who was recovering from his blow. "I will not," was the response, and the speaker rose. "But I do not intend renewing the combat. Look to Gerald Webb, and tell me if he is dead."

With much difficulty Clarence Webb lifted the singular man into his chair and held the light near his face.

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The old "dead-head system" on the railroads, not entirely done away with now, was only a branch of pauperism, and it is astonishing to see how many people there are to-day who are willing to part with self-respect in order to get a free pass on a railroad or steamboat.

To enjoy a ride, the expense of which comes out of somebody else, is to the ordinary human soul, exceedingly sweet. If the willing and rejoicing dead-head is to be found plentifully scattered through good society, it must not be wondered at that among the humbler classes his equivalent is met with at every turn.

This whole matter of "tipping" waiters, and of waiters expecting a "tip," is a very marked manifestation of the poison of pauperism. A man steps into a restaurant to purchase and consume a meal.

He finds a waiter at his side whose business it is to wait upon him. It was for this service that he was hired by the proprietor, and he is paid for it what his labor is worth. At any rate, his service is reckoned into the bill of the customer, and when that bill is paid, the customer's obligations are all discharged.

Nevertheless, there stands the expectant waiter, who hopes to be twice paid for his work, or, rather, hopes to receive something for nothing. The whole army of waiters have become, in their souls, beggars. Their little arts of extra attentiveness are the arts of beggary and nothing else.

Their practical and obtrusive pauperism is a nuisance to the community, as well as a curse to them. Manhood goes out as the man, named, comes in. Manhood stays out of one whose expectation is always hankering for a tip.

We have said that the waiter is paid for his service by his employer, but this is not always so. The proprietor himself is often a pauper. He tries to get something for nothing, and he charges full price for his food, and cheats the waiter out of his wages, and he may compel him to collect them for his customers. He not only practices the arts of a pauper himself, but he actually forces his waiters into practical pauperism.

The spoils doctrine, as it has been held and practiced in party politics for the last thirty years, is a pauper doctrine. It has grown out of the almost universal wish to get a living, or to get rich, at the public expense. To get a chance at the public money, men have been willing to sell their independence, to do the "dirty work" of ambitious politicians, and to become morally debased to an utterly hopeless extent.

all sides. Fanciful forms, resembling in their main things, or results, only in the gnomes kingdom, rise from the ground or hang pendant from the roof. The "Trone de Pluton," "Boudoir de Prosperine," "Galerie de la Grenouille," are some of the names given to these curious formations. But when, after many windings through innumerable passages, we came to the "Salle du Dome," our wonder and admiration came to a climax. This magnificent chamber rises to a height of sixty feet. Its vast proportions were brought out to great advantage by the guides, who, torch in hand, ascended by various steps nearly to the summit, while others lit up the scene from below.

At this moment the fantastic weirdness of the *fontaine* was perfect. One extraordinary feature of these caverns is the continuous sound of rushing waters heard from the River Lesse, which runs completely through the caverns, forming for itself an underground passage through the hills. The water, when reached, looks cold and dark indeed, and reminds one forcibly of Dante's "Inferno." Charon's boat is ready and we step on board. Gradually a pale light begins to steal in; the lamps are extinguished. One can scarcely believe that it is daylight when we see creeping in, so still it is to the pale moonlight. Suddenly a fearful noise is heard louder than any thunder, which dies away again in low rumblings. It is the gun fired by the guides to awaken the echoes of the cavern. The noise is simply appalling. Nearer and nearer we approach the light, and again, after four hours' darkness, we see, framed like a picture by the cavern's mouth, the bright sunlight and the green fields.

Have we been in another world? One might almost fancy so; but the stern reality of seeing the guides soon dispels the illusion. *Tulle d'Isle* followed, to which we did ample justice.

Let me, in conclusion, urge any who may find themselves at *Jemelle* or *Rochefort* to make a point of seeing the *Grotto de Han*.—*London Society*.

Magie Virtue in Gems. About the seventh century the superstitions regard precious stones reached its height. The number of properties attributed to them at this time is wonderful. They were said to bestow the power of conferring health, beauty, riches, honor, good fortune and influence. Men and women carried them about their persons and called them amulets. They were thought also to have some connection with the planets and seasons. A special gem was worn for each month, thus:

- Jan. The Hyacinth. In July The Opal. Feb. The Garnet. In Aug. The Ruby. March The Jasper. In Sept. The Sapphire. April The Sapphire. In Oct. The Emerald. May The Emerald. In Nov. The Ruby. June The Ruby. In Dec. The Ruby.

- The Twelve apostles also were represented by gems, called *Apostle-stones*, viz.: 1. The hand and solid Jesus, representing the rock of the Church, was the emblem of Peter. 2. The bright blue Sapphire was emblematic of the heavenly faith of Andrew. 3. The Emerald of the pure and gentle John. 4. The white Chalcedony of the living James. 5. The fiery Ruby of Philip. 6. The red Carnelian of the martyr Bartholomew. 7. The Chrysolite, pure as sunlight, of Matthew. 8. The Indefinite Beryl of the outgoing Thomas. 9. The Topaz of the delicate James the younger. 10. The Crystal, of the serene and trustful Thaddeus. 11. The Amethyst, of Mattew the Apostle. 12. The pale Hyacinth, or the sweet-tempered Simon of Cana.

In later times an alphabet was formed of precious stones and half-precious stones.

The original significance of this word was anything that may be eaten, or, in general, food; but as now used it signifies a preparation of some of the cereal grains. Since the day that "Abraham hastened into the tent unto Sarah, and said: Make ready three measures of fine meal, knead it, and make cakes upon the hearth," bread has been among all civilized nations a staple article of food. The various processes used by the ancient Egyptians in making bread are distinctly represented to-day in the paintings on their tombs. The primitive mode of making bread was to stir the cereal ground fine, with water until a thin dough was formed. This was made into cakes, laid on hot coals and covered with ashes and cooked, then eaten warm. The Arabs of the desert still employ this method. Later, ovens were invented. These were round vessels of brass or earthenware, which were heated by a fire kindled around them. When hot the dough was spread upon their sides in thin flakes. During the war with Persia, King Macedon, about 200 years before the Christian era, the Romans learned the art of fermenting bread, and on their return from Macedonia brought bakers with them. These bakers and their successors held very high place in the public estimation; they had the care of the public granaries and enjoyed many privileges. From Rome the art of bread-making with fermentation found its way into France; but not until near the close of the seventeenth century was yeast in general use in the north of Europe for bread-making. In 1688 the college of physicians in Paris, France, declared bread made with yeast to be injurious to health, whereupon the government prohibited bakers from using it under a severe penalty, but the superiority of yeast bread became so apparent that the prohibitory laws were enforced, and soon became a dead letter. Before yeast was used in raising bread, heaven was employed for this purpose. This was made by mixing flour and water into dough, and keeping it in a temperature of from 70 deg. to 80 deg. until it fermented, which would be in three or four days. This leaven was then mixed with a quantity of fresh dough, and when the whole mass was fermented it was ready for the oven, and all baked, save a pound or more, which was reserved for the next batch of bread. If buried in a sack of flour, the leaven would keep many days without spoiling. As wheaten flour contains more gluten than the flour of any other of the cereals, it is very difficult to make wheaten bread spongy and porous without the use of some kind of fermentation. In the South hampered biscuit are in request on account of their freedom from yeast and yeast powders. They are made of flour, water or milk, and salt, hammered with the rolling-pin for an hour or so, made into thin shapes and baked in a quick oven. The hampering introduces air between the particles of dough, and thus makes it light. Oatmeal, cornmeal and barley-meal contain much less gluten than wheat flour, and can therefore be readily made into light cakes without any fermenting agent. Barley and oatmeal were for a long time the dependence of our Saxon ancestors for bread. It was probably barley bannocks the great King Alfred was set to watch when he took refuge in the *salve-herd's* cottage. With the facilities which reach of all but every housekeeper, there is no good reason why every household should not have a perpetual peacemaker in the family in the shape of well-combined, nutritious and palatable bread.

Characteristics of a Regular Dutch Town. A writer in the *Argosy* says, in speaking of Utrecht:

You cannot be long in Utrecht without discovering that you are in a new element. It is different from any other town in Holland. In Amsterdam you have all the hurry of commerce; of men jostling each other to grow rich—that race for wealth that has become so fierce a battle and so perpetual a motion. Rotterdam is equally commercial, but here the shipping element more loudly declares itself and throws over its bustle and work a charm very nearly allied to the romantic; the freedom of the broad ocean, the good-natured carelessness of those who go down to her in ships, influence her very atmosphere. The Hague possesses fashion and pleasure to its heart's content. Vulgar commerce must not run a race beside its dashing equipages and fair occupants. The tone of society is here, though much less observable than in Mayfair and the new Boulevards of Paris; that wonderful tone which will not allow its votaries to be natural, and is only to be described by the odious and artificial assumed as much as the patient and padding which compose these brilliant complexions and Venus-like figures. Leyden, in spite of a past history of absorbing interest, is dull in this day. You almost feel that its atmosphere has become impregnated with some of the dryness of its University tomes; lifeless and stagnant as the numbers stuffed birds, beasts and fishes contained in its extensive museum. Haarlem, dear Haarlem, lives in its past; its town hall and wonderful old room, its cathedral, and sense-touching organ. You wander about its streets in a dream of bygone days, and there is no unusual noise or confusion rudely to awaken you. Hand in hand you walk with ghostly phantoms, and go through the horrors and excitement of that terrible scene as vividly as if 300 years had not rolled on since then and passed into eternity. But Utrecht is apart from one and all these characteristics. There is no element of commerce about its streets; royalty throws no refined flavor into the air; it has simply and peculiarly the calm, grave, sedate dignity of a cathedral town. It knows how to respect itself and how to make itself by the world respected—though the one fact, you will say, is a natural consequence of the other. Its heavy and alarming canons, which thunder through Rotterdam and its sister city like heavy pieces of artillery, would set on edge the teeth of Utrecht. There is nothing to annoy you, or to grate upon you. Its streets are quiet, wonderfully clean, well built; it has groves of trees which are called the boulevards, and form pleasant walks in the summer. It has a mint where all the money is coined that passes in the pockets and stocking-tees of this thrifty people, and travels even as far as the Dutch East Indian possessions. It has a royal observatory where the sage old astronomer can keep sympathetic watch with the lovers in those shady groves of the Mall—only another proof how closely allied are the sublime and the ridiculous.

The Importance of a Passport in Italy. A recent case illustrated in a very forcible way the ill-treatment to which incautious Englishmen may be subjected in Italy. Dr. Giles, the Vice-Rector of the English College in Rome, got out at a roadside in search of new scenes to draw or paint. He was strong in the innocence of an artist and a priest, but he was insufficiently provided with papers of identification. He slept at a village inn, and at midnight was awakened by a brigadier of carabinieri, who requested to be at once informed who the strange visitor might be. As it happened, Dr. Giles had a passport, but it bore the date of 1870, and this would not do for the brigadier. Dr. Giles also produced his priest's permission to celebrate mass. But the brigadier was as illiterate as a brigadier could be. He could make nothing of the passport or the priestly document, and he got hopelessly confused between the William of the passport and the Guglielmo which Dr. Giles said was his name, and between the Cardinal who issued the permission and the priest who produced it. The Englishman suggested blandly that the brigadier's superior officer might understand the documents, but the brigadier proudly replied that he was the superior officer; so there was no help in that direction. Dr. Giles was locked up for the night in the guard-house, and when morning came he was asked to be allowed to telegraph to his friends; the brigadier simply pocketed the telegram. In the afternoon he was taken to Sorà, where a sub-prefect resided, and after a short time of further detention he was released with a simple message of regret from the sub-prefect that a mistake had been made. But this was not all. After spending a week at Sorà, Dr. Giles made a further tour, and at another little village was asked by another brigadier for his papers. Again the ancient date of the passport puzzled the official, who told him that he must stay where he was until the prefect of the district had examined his papers. Dr. Giles insisted on going with his papers and the brigadier to the town where the prefect lived. The prefect saw him, and immediately released him, but said that the brigadier had only done his duty, and pointed out that it was very imprudent to travel without proper papers. It was in vain that Dr. Giles urged as an Englishman he did not need a passport. The prefect was insisting on a distinction which seemed to him so natural and obvious that no one could fail to understand it or need to have it explained to him. A passport in the sense of a permission to visit the outside of Italian Italy in the best sense of the word is not necessary; but every stranger intruding into the inner Italian life of country districts where tourists are unknown must have his papers of identification. All the officials understood the duties of administration in this sense. The two brigadiers acted as in the course of their duty. They had no notion that they could take any course but detain a stranger who had not his papers in order. The sub-prefect and the prefect thought that Dr. Giles's passport should have been so detained. They were heartily sorry that Dr. Giles had been subjected to inconvenience, but they did not for one moment allow that anything had been done, so far as the injury he had sustained was one of provisional detention until his identity had been established.—*Saturday Review*.

Civility and Ceremony. Nothing is more honorable and pleasant than civility, and nothing more ridiculous and burdensome than ceremony. Civility teaches us to behave with proportionate respect to every one, according as their rank requires and their merit demands. In other words, civility is the science of men of the world. A person of good address, who conducts herself with due circumspection, conciliates the love and esteem of society, because every one finds herself at ease in her company; but a ceremonious woman is the plague of her acquaintances. Such a one requires too much attention to be a pleasant associate; it is too seldom satisfied with what is paid her, and every moment feels her pride hurt by the want of some frivolous etiquette. You cannot be too formal to her, nor can she dispense with her formalities to others. In short, ceremony was invented by pride to harass us with puerile solicitudes, which we should blush to be conversant with.

A Land of Wonders. Romania is a great table mountain on the borders of British Guiana whose steep and inaccessible sides rise from the height of 5,000 ft.—above the level of the sea, 20,000 feet sheer into the sapphire tropical sky. This wonderful place is in other respects a marvel of the world. The highest waterfall known tumbles from its summit at one leap of 2,000 feet, and then rushes impetuously 3,000 feet more on a slope of forty-five degrees down to the bottom of the valley, broad enough to be seen thirty miles away. Only two explorers have yet even reached the base of the table, which, it is estimated, is from eight to twelve miles long.

The tied of travel—the stay-at-homes.