

IN TENERIS.

I heard her song
Low in the night
From out her casement steal away.

NERVE.

While Murat was in Madrid he was anxious to communicate with Junot in Portugal, but all the roads to Lisbon swarmed with guerrillas and with the troops composing Castanos' army.

Murat was moved at seeing so young a man court so imminent a danger, for if he were detected his doom was sealed.

"Let your imperial highness give me my instructions," answered he respectfully, "and I will give a good account of the mission I have been honored with."

The young prince answered favorably from the young man's modest resolution. The Russian ambassador gave him his dispatches; he put on a Russian uniform and set out for Portugal.

The first two days passed over quietly, but on the afternoon of the third Leckinski was surrounded by a body of Spaniards, who disarmed him and dragged him before their commanding officer, Luckily for the gallant youth it was Castanos himself.

Leckinski was aware that he was lost if he were discovered to be a Frenchman; consequently he determined on the instant not to let a single word of French escape him, and to speak but Russian and German, which he spoke with equal fluency.

"Who are you?" said Castanos in French, which language he spoke perfectly well, having been educated in France.

Leckinski looked at the questioner, made a sign and answered in German, "I do not understand you."

Castanos spoke German, but he did not wish to appear personally in the matter and summoned one of the officers of his staff, who went on with the examination.

"Look at this man, and then say if it is true that he is a German or a Russian. He is a spy, I swear by my soul!"

"No," said the officer, "but let us try this man."

Leckinski understood all, for he was acquainted with Spanish. He was removed and thrown into a room worthy to have been one of the dungeons of the inquisition in its best days.

When the Spaniards took him prisoner he had eaten nothing since the previous evening, and when his dungeon door was closed on him he had fasted for eighteen hours. No wonder then what with exhaustion, fatigue, anxiety, and the agony of a dreadful situation, that the unhappy prisoner fell almost senseless on his hard couch.

He had slept perhaps two hours when the door of his dungeon opened slowly and some one entered with cautious steps, hiding with his hand the light of a lamp. The visitor bent over the pris-

oner's couch, the hand that shaded the lamp touched him on the shoulder, and a sweet and silvery voice—a woman's voice—asked him, "Do you want eat?"

The young Pole, awakened suddenly by the glare of the lamp, by the touch and words of the female, rose up on his couch and with eyes only half opened said in German, "What do you want?"

"Give the man something to eat at once," said Castanos, when he heard the result of the first experiment, "and let him go. He is not a Frenchman. How could he have been so far master of himself? The thing is impossible."

But though Leckinski was supplied with food he was detained a prisoner. The next morning he was taken to a spot where he could see the mutilated corpse of the Frenchman, who had been cruelly massacred by the peasantry of Truxillo, and he was threatened with the same death. But the noble youth had promised not to fall, and not a word, not an accent, not a gesture or look betrayed him.

Leckinski, when taken back to his prison, hailed it with a sort of joy. For twelve hours he had had nothing but giblets and death in its most horrid forms before his eyes—exhibited to him by men with the looks and the passions of demons. He slept, however, after the harassing excitement of the day, and soundly, too, when in the midst of his deep and deathlike slumbers the door opened gently, some one drew near his couch, and the same voice whispered in his ear:

"Arise and come with me. We wish to save your life. Your horse is ready."

And the brave young man, hastily awakened by the words, "We wish to save your life; come," answered still in German, "What do you want?"

Castanos, when he heard of this experiment and its result, said the Russian was a noble young man; he saw the true state of the case.

The next morning early four men came to take him before a sort of court martial, composed of officers of Castanos' staff. During the walk they uttered the most horrible threats against him, but true to his determination he pretended not to understand them.

When he came before his judges he seemed to gather what was going on from the arrangements of the tribunal and not from what he heard said around him, and he asked in German where his interpreter was? He was sent for, and the examination commenced.

It turned at first upon the motive of his journey from Madrid to Lisbon. He answered by showing his dispatches to Admiral Sinavin and his passport. Spite of the presence and the vehement assertions of the peasant, he persisted in the same story and did not contradict himself once.

"Certainly," said Leckinski, "I like the Spanish nation, and I esteem it for its noble character. I wish our two nations were friends."

"Colonel," said the interpreter to the president, "the prisoner says that he hates us because we make war like banditti; that he despises us, and that his only regret is that he cannot unite the whole nation in one man, to end this odious war at a single blow."

While he was saying this, the eyes of the whole tribunal were attentively watching the slightest movement of the prisoner's countenance, in order to see what effect the interpreter's treachery would have upon him. But Leckinski had expected to be put to the test in some way, and was determined to baffle their attempts.

WILL ALL CLUBS BE OPEN TO WOMEN?

The New Millionaires' Club, of New York City, will have an Annex. The new and very swell Metropolitan club, which is to be elegantly housed on Fifth avenue, will have a restaurant and other apartments for ladies.

The new and very swell Metropolitan club, which is to be elegantly housed on Fifth avenue, will have a restaurant and other apartments for ladies. The breach of ancient custom, which had its most notable beginning in the "ladies' days" at the Lotus club, is rapidly widening and extending into a general fashion.

An old New York clubman, while speaking of the innovation at the Metropolitan club, made a prediction which astonished his hearers at a great Republican club up town. "I believe," said he, "that all the leading clubs will soon provide restaurants and parlors for ladies, and I prophesy that in a few years the women will go to the clubs to lounge at night just as the men do now."

As they stand in all their bravery amid the hundred other furnishings of the fortunate one's own room they glitter as brightly as though coat after coat of black lead had not been administered before it was safe to dip them in the silver fluid.

There is a good reason for this change. It may happen that if I call at your house you are going out, or you are entertaining others, or you are not in the mood for my call.

Mrs. Blaine has been a most devoted mother to her children, receiving from them the most extravagant devotion in return for her years of unselfish care. She is a most brilliant and charming hostess and delightful conversationalist, with fine command of words and graphic power of description.

The growing interest among women for legal knowledge enough to protect themselves is a step in the progress of the sex. A woman's club—doubtless there are more than this one—will have several legal meetings during the winter to be addressed by representative women in the profession on practical, everyday legal points.

The reason why women have done so little good work in the field of musical composition is found in their lack of mental discipline. Such work requires thinking powers of no ordinary degree.

Yet in spite of hereditary impediments and social prejudices the amount of work done by women in the field of musical composition has been considerable. What it will be when a sound intellectual training and other indispensable conditions will enable her to compete with man qualitatively the future will show.

The greatest feat in riding ever performed by a woman has recently been accomplished by an English girl, Miss Thomasson, who rode on an untrained horse over 251 miles in 62½ hours through the mountains of the Tyrol.

Surely if Shakespeare could have looked forward a few centuries he would never have asked, "What's in a name?" The daughter of the Archduke Stephen was baptized in the Lemberg cathedral a few days ago, and there was considerable in her name. She was christened Marie Immaculata Caroline Margarethe Blanca Leopoldine Beatrix Anna Josefine Rafaela Michaela Stanislaus Ignaz Hieronymus Camiro Catherina Petra Cecilia—eighteen names in all.

Men seem to be very much alike the world over. Whenever the czar has a spasm of economy he always begins to cut down expenses first in his wife's allowance. The last time his majesty had an attack of thriftiness he reduced the amount of his wife's spending money. This time it is a journey she proposed to take in the Caucasus that has been abandoned on account of the expense attendant upon her traveling with her suite.

Mme. Patti's will is said to contain a clause providing for a monster aviary, full of nightingales and other song birds, to be placed near her tomb, and to pay for a person to feed and care for them.

Mrs. George M. Pullman.

Mrs. Pullman is well supplied with every luxury that life can give and is the happy mother of two beautiful daughters—Florence, a tall, graceful and dignified brunette about twenty-two years old, and Harriet, a bright, vivacious belle about twenty. Both daughters were educated in New York and Paris and made their appearance in society two years ago.

The daughters as well as the mother are continually engaged in charitable work. Mrs. Pullman is vice president of the Hospital for Women and Children and is a member of the executive board of both the Old Ladies' home and Woman's hospital. Florence has lately furnished a large ward in St. Luke's hospital, which is popularly known as the "Florence ward."

Modern Cinderellas do not lose their slippers coming down castle staircases. Instead they give them away, delivering them into the hands of him who takes the place of the prince or sending them to his rooms by messenger boy.

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GEMS IN VERSE.

Two Pictures from Life. Great God, when I look round me and survey The homeless shivering millions that encroach and crowd.

But turn ye from such sights to that blest place Where nestles all that's holiest; turn to where Thy young eye cherubs wait thee on the stair, Counting each flying moment till thy face Burst in upon them and thy fond embrace Rewards their loving vigils. Gaunt despair Flings here no habitations; love keeps pace With joyous mirth and gladness, making fair The little world around thee. And when sleep Enfold's thy darlings in his sheltering arms, Haply thy grateful heart asks him to keep Their pure young souls from sin's alluring charms.

Work! Work! Work! With brain, with heart and hand. Work! Work! Work! Till plenty fills the land. For every stroke which labor gives Increases that whereon it lives. All wealth is made by labor's power. Labor's the root and wealth the flower.

Work! Work! Work! On that which yields return. Work! Work! Work! No honest labor spurn. It matters not what you may do— To make a nation or a shoe— For he who works an honest thing In God's pure sight ranks as a king.

Work! Work! Work! The planets in their spheres Work! Work! Work! Through days and months and years. They never stop, but onward go— A lesson of steady work they show. The hand that made them never tires Replenishing their inward fires.

Her Name. "I'm losted! Could you find me, please?" "Poor little frightened baby! The wind had tossed her golden fleece; The stone had scratched her dimpled knees. I stooped and lifted her with ease And softly whispered, "Maybe,"

Friendship. One day my bookish zeal led me to look Through the rough pages of a dog's eared book That lay with many others on a stand Where misty volumes posed as secondhand. A friend, a fellow of the nicest taste, Was with me and entreated me to haste. Yet ere he snatched me from the tome I caught From its stained leaves the kernel of a thought.

Faith. I will not learn to doubt my kind. If bread is poison, what is food? If man is evil, what is good? I'll cultivate a friendly mind.

When Love Goes By. When love goes by what can woman do? Is there no prayer to pray, no suit to sue? Though he be fed beyond the wintry sea, Will he not fling some stray come back to me? Will he not answer to my heart's low cry, Though he goes by?

True Valor. He's truly valiant that can suffer The worst that man breathe, and make his wrongs His outcries—to wear them like his raiment carelessly. And ne'er prefer his injuries to his heart, To bring it into danger. —Shakespeare.

True Friendship. His is the truest friendship whose high calm Hath reined his first fierce pity and upborne By his strong presence thine own weariness. Then after silence and the soothing balm Of blessed tears, he best with thee may mourn Who hath well learned how only tears can bless. —Frank Wolcott Hunt.



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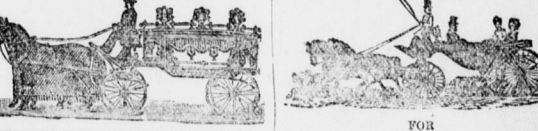
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EMBALMER. "I wish I had one."



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