

SOLITUDE.

Laugh, and the world laughs with you, Weep, and you weep alone, For the sad old earth must borrow its mirth,

A FINE MATCH.

My story begins where all others end. I have been married since yesterday. Love is necessary in a story, and perhaps with many immoral writers you may think that marriage is the grave of love.

I was born an orphan, I believe. I never knew anything about my father and mother. They must have existed, there can be no doubt of it, but that is all I can impart concerning them.

An uncle adopted me, gave me a frock, a cent every Sunday, and every other day blows to inculcate virtue, this being continued until I was 12 years old and had partaken of my first communion.

"Study hard now, so that you will soon get through, Willem, for you must always bear in mind that you have not the slightest claim to all I am giving you, but have to thank my kindness alone for it all."

So my uncle wrote me every month. Whenever I passed a good examination he was: "That is all right, but it cost me enough." And on every possible occasion and to everybody my good uncle said, "This is my nephew; I have brought him up, and let him study at my expense; every year he costs me two thousand francs, of which I shall never see a single centime again."

My uncle treated me very well indeed, and I was certainly grateful for it; he upbraided me so often, however, for what he had done for me that at last I could not endure him in spite of all my gratitude.

However, I finished my studies, and the head of the examining board announced Willem van den Bergh as a doctor of medicine. I lived with my uncle, who in a fit of magnanimity allowed me to put my shingle on his door, and now indeed nothing was wanting to my happiness but patients.

I waited patiently for one, two three months, took rapid walks through the town to make believe that I had been sent for, strained every nerve to succeed. I was young, and I waited patiently four or five months; but patience is not the virtue of all of us mortals.

It was the first time in my life I had heard that any one with two hundred thousand francs must be considered beautiful. When we reached home again, my uncle said: "Willem, you have been a bachelor long enough; now it is time for you to marry."

"Yes, uncle," I replied; "but to be married one must find the woman, just as patients are necessary to make a doctor."

"Well, what about Miss Boedaart?" spoke up my uncle with a smile meant to be sly. "There is something for you. I think she is inclined to like you, and then your fortune would be made at one stroke, my boy."

"Yes, but she is a little too ugly," I objected rather timidly, for I was not accustomed to contradicting.

"Too ugly?" snarled my uncle at me. "She has two hundred thousand francs, and I am tired of supporting you. You have cost me money enough already, and you are not worth your money yet."

There was nothing to be said to that; I had to give way, and yesterday I spoke the final yes.

"Your fortune is made, young man," said to me this morning a man of forty years and much experience.

In truth I have a wife, a house, two dogs, a cat, (my wife had to bring it with her, she was so attached to it) and expectations of two hundred thousand francs.

A year later Mother Boedaart said of her son-in-law. "He has become quite another man; I said long ago that he would change."

His uncle, who makes him a visit from time to time, although madame cannot endure too many strangers in the house, slaps him on the shoulder and says, "You see now, young man, that your uncle wasn't a fool, after all, and don't you have a happy life? To have nothing to do, to find your bread already earned as soon as you get up in the morning—indeed, my young friend, that is such a match as one would gladly look for with a lantern. You were surely born to be lucky."

In truth, Willem has a wife, a mother-in-law, a house, two dogs, two cats (his wife has got another one—she has no children) and expectations of two hundred thousand francs. The happy young man!

Sensible Women.

A sensible woman take life philosophically, which is by no means the same as tepidly or unfeelingly. What she can conquer by calm, strong resistance she does; what she cannot conquer she submits to patiently and quietly. Where a shriek would free her from danger she would scream as loudly as her neighbors; but where it would do nothing for her own safety and much for the distraction of those who heard her, she keeps a calm sough, and betrays nothing even to the reads.

If fond of the country and her fate lands her at Bermuda, she makes the best of what she has, and refuses to shape the wood of her house into a cross she can never forget. Certainly, Bermuda is not inviting, and her father's place down in Somersetshire was a very heaven of rural beauty. But if she cannot have it? What is the use of crying over the inevitable, of desiring the impossible, of trying to churn the split milk into butter? When she married her Janus she married into the contingencies of a clergyman's life, among which is counted the necessity of taking that which will give a sufficient amount of family bread.

Again, if, on the other hand, she has been used to the intellectual life and vivacity of London, she does not moon away her life in unavailing regrets when she is sent down to that desolate, companionless living on the edge of the fens, but sets herself to make the garden trim and the house pretty and homelike within, and when she is forced to look out she speaks of the sense of expanse in the sky and not of the ugly dreariness of the landscape, nor yet of the desolate solitude of her surroundings.

She is far too sensible to spend her strength in regrets, and she thinks the best way of bearing burdens of all kinds is to pad them with cheerfulness, and not to cut her shoulders sore with unavailing irritation. Things which have to be done at any price, she does not bear with the wise courage of common sense, by which she avoids the pains courted by fretfulness, and, in making the best of things, has always something in her hand which at least is relatively good.

Cheerful and fond of children, as all sensible women are and must be to deserve the style and name, she is the life of the small brood when they gather in little groups or isolated units, stiff, strange and shy, in the drawing-room, where they are the guests of the hour. If the hostess is inapt, the sensible woman supplies her deficiencies and takes her place naturally, as of right and by orderly arrangement of things. No one knows how she does it, but in a short time she has put all in train, when the ball is set rolling, and the fun of the fair has begun.

The children look to her as their leader, and she knows how to smooth away all the difficulties which may arise. She encourages the timid, helps the awkward, gently reminds the rude, tames into due subordination, without extinguishing, the rampant spirits of the boisterous. She makes herself the center and the soul, but always with moderation; and what, without her, would have been a fiasco for dullness or a riot for rudeness, she makes into an evening of which the little creatures talk for weeks after, and remember for years as a glimpse into fairyland. So in any home where she may be with young people long past mere childhood. If a wet day comes she sets everything in motion, and turns what else would have been gloom and ennui into pleasure and brisk amusement. And all this without any kind of self-assertion, though, being a sensible woman, she is rationally fond of amusement for her own share. Still, it is as much or rather more for others than for herself that she works at "making things go," and her desire to amuse others is stronger than even her own wish to be amused. The sensible woman takes a healthy interest in her neighbors, but she is by no means a gossip, still less a scandal-monger.

At no time will she be brought into the folly of discussing motives, or judging of things by the seamy side of appearances. And if persistently bored by those who find a pleasure in seeing all things a travers and all people more or less scoundrels undetected, she does her best to mitigate what she can not prevent. She has strong principles, but she is not an active proselyter. She lets others think for themselves, and, only when called on to testify, raises her own private flag aloft. She knows the difference between constancy and aggression, and, with the courage of her opinions, has also the modesty of reticence. She treats her servants as, in a certain sense, her friends, her children, while still keeping the reins of home government in her own hands. But they all know that when they do their duty, she will reward them, or at least recognize by kind words and hearty acknowledgment that they have done well, and that when they neglect it she will rebuke them. She will be neither indifferent on the one side nor remiss on the other; and thus her household always feels and knows that her eyes are open and her heart is warm.

The Countess Euphemia Ballestrem has translated the queen's book into German, and Victoria herself has revised and corrected this edition, which shortly will be published at Stuttgart. Baron Tauchnitz will also bring it out in English at Leipzig.

JUPITER'S INFLUENCE. This Beautiful Star Creates the Greatest Happiness in This World.

The planet Jupiter is known among astrologers as the Great Fortune and is, under Providence, the author of most of the prosperity and happiness which the people of this world enjoy. It is a large and very beautiful star, so prominent that it cannot be mistaken, as there is something very peculiarly brilliant and benign in the rays of light which it sheds. Jupiter is south now about 9-15 o'clock.

It is a strong point in favor of astrological doctrine that a system of reading the stars has existed among all the people of earth from the remotest times—peoples so widely apart that it does not seem there could ever have been any communication between them. But notwithstanding this the principles of faith are the same. Jupiter is always, under whatever name known, the good planet; and Saturn the planet of evil; Venus fortunate, and Mars the reverse. Nowhere in hieroglyphics, writings or traditions do we find that Jupiter brought down unpropitious conditions, or that Saturn was considered friendly or beneficent. This shows again what has already been demonstrated, that the art was founded on demonstration, or, as some believe, had a divine origin. The nature of Jupiter is benevolent, and he produces honest, kindly, frank, and high-minded natures. From this fact we obtain our word jovial. He rules over the fifth day of the week—Thor's day, or Thursday—a most ancient belief. He produces clear and warm weather, and if the reader will take the trouble to watch the almanac he will find that whenever Jupiter forms a major aspect with the sun the temperature always moderates and generally stays pleasant for several days. The number five in Hebrew, affixed to the fifth day of the week, Chemash, is composed of chem, warmth, and ash, a star. Now, another curious thing is that Jupiter was the star of religion, ruling priests and holy things, and if we reverse the first letters in Chemash we have meschach, to anoint with oil, the root being cognate with mech, fat. Meshach means anointed, and from it we get Messiah, and the relation between anointing and the investiture of priests is thus at once seen. The old Hebrew name of Jupiter was Gad, and it is referred to in the Bible. Pisces is his house, and in Genesis xxx., 12 and 13, we read: "And bore Zilpah, servant to Leah, to Jacob, a son; and said Leah, 'cometh Gad,' and she called the name of him Gad." This is the old Vulgate translation, and Abarbanel says: "This Gad is the star Jupiter." In the analogy between the twelve signs of the Zodiac and the twelve sons of Jacob, we read that the eleventh was Gad, "a troops or army," and reversing it we get Dag, which means a fish, and alludes, of course, to Pisces and the planet Jupiter.

To be successful in life it is absolutely necessary that this planet, Jupiter, should be strongly situated at the nativity. If rising, or in the midheaven, and aspecting at the same time either of the luminaries, the prosperity will be unbounded. For wealth, the best position he can have is in the second house, but he must not be in square or opposition to Mars or Saturn. He is also favorably situated when in the western angle, particularly with people who have to deal much with the world.

The general character of Jupiter when ascending is to produce a person of noble, honest, generous, and humane sentiments; but a good deal depends on what sign the planet is in and with what other bodies he is configured. In the fiery triplicity (Sagittary, Aries and Leo) the native or subject is bold, good-natured, sincere, hearty in his manner and to be depended upon. In the earthy (Taurus, Virgo and Capricorn) the person is not so true, more selfish and politic, reserved and unreliable. In the watery (Pisces, Scorpio and Cancer) a careless and jolly temperament, fond of conviviality, free and even reckless with money, and as a rule extremely lucky. In the airy there is a magnanimous, just and faithful disposition, a kind heart and liberal mind. They also are singularly fortunate.

Some writers on astrology say that Jupiter in evil aspect to the sun or moon is a bad position that will prevent success; but this is an error. It is not propitious in one respect inasmuch as it wastes the means or causes losses and expenses; but any aspect of Jupiter to the luminaries is better than none because there is certain to be ultimate success.

Mars appears to be the most injurious planet to Jupiter, as when configured by the square or opposition, or when in conjunction, he causes extravagance and a foolish indulgence in hazard, betting and speculation. The evil rays of Saturn will frequently bring about bankruptcy, but the trine or sextil is excellent for dealing in real estate or engaging in agriculture. Venus and Jupiter, when together, give much good taste. It is curious that these two planets, rising at the same time, will produce remarkably pretty blue eyes. Jupiter in aspect to Mercury exercises great influence upon the mind, causing not only unusual ability, but honesty, candor and a strong sense of justice.

In judging the prospects of fortune in a nativity it is customary for the astrologer first to note if there are many planets in angles, and then if there are many above the earth and oriental, for all these are good indications. Next he will see whether the sun and moon have any configuration with Jupiter. It must be likewise observed whether the planets are for the most part signified, that is, in signs with which they have sympathy. Jupiter, for instance, is signified in Sagittary and Pisces, because they are his houses; but the reverse in Gemini and Virgo, because those two cast the opposition ray to him when he is idiomatized. It is propitious to find the planets, particularly the moon, moving rapidly. Neither she nor the sun are ever retrograde, but the others frequently are, and it delays success.

The sun and moon in trine form angles, and either of them exalted is certain to give rank and power. The sun in good aspect to Mars from fiery signs will give high military position. The sun in conjunction with Jupiter in the sign Cancer, and the moon at the same time in Scorpio, or if Jupiter be in trine with both from Pisces, it is an absolute assurance of wealth and prosperity. These are some few of the rules, and give an idea of the nice judgment and discretion that must be employed in studying the testimonies.

On the other hand, those who have the planets in cadent houses, occidental or under the earth, or whose luminaries have no ray from Jupiter, lead poor and insignificant lives. If Saturn should be prominent they know little but trouble. The signs themselves as they occupy the angles and contain the planets have likewise an appreciable influence over the fortune. Not many people born under Capricorn and Pisces are, as a general rule, lucky. Taurus, Scorpio, Cancer and Virgo are fair; but better than these are Sagittary, Aries, Gemini, Libra and Aquaries. A majority of the planets in the cardinal signs authority and fame usually follow; next in this matter come the fixed signs; but those which are known as the common signs have much less influence.

There are sound philosophic reasons for these definitions, and they are not mere arbitrary arrangements, as they may appear.

Drank in a Plug Hat. Bill Nye in Puck. This world is filled with woe everywhere you go. Sorrow is piled up in the fence corners on every road. Unavailing regret and red-nosed remorse inhabit the cot of the tie-chopper as well as the cut-glass cage of the millionaire. The woods are full of disappointment. The earth is convulsed with the universal sob, and the roads are muddy with tears. But I do not call to mind a more touching picture of unavailing misery and ruin and hopeless chaos than the plug hat that has endeavored to keep sober and maintain its self-respect while its owner is drunk. A plug hat can stand prosperity, and shine forth joyously while nature smiles. That's the place where it seems to thrive. A tall silk hat looks well on a thrifty man with a clean collar, but it cannot stand dissipation.

I once knew a plug hat that had been respected by every one, and had won its way upward by steady endeavor. No one knew aught against it till one evening, in an evil hour, it consented to attend a banquet, and all at once its joyous career ended. It met nothing but distrust and cool neglect everywhere after that.

Drink seems to make a man temporarily, unnaturally exhilarated. During the temporary exhilaration he desires to attract attention by eating lobster salad out of his own hat, and sitting down on his neighbor's.

The demon rum is bad enough on the coatings of the stomach, but it is even more disastrous to the tall hat. A man may mix up in a crowd and carry off an overdose of valley tan in a soft hat or cap, but the silk hat will proclaim it upon the housetops and advertise it to the gaping, wondering world. It has a way of getting back on the rear elevation of the head, or over the bridge of the nose, or of hanging coquetically on one ear that says to the eagle-eyed public, "I am check-full."

I cannot call to mind a more powerful lecture on temperance than the silent pantomime of a man trying to hang his plug hat on an invisible peg in his own hall after he had been watching the returns three years ago. I saw that he was excited and nervously unstrung when he came in, but I did not fully recognize it until he began to hang his hat on the smooth wall.

At first he laughed in a good-natured way at his own awkwardness and hung it up again carefully; but at last he became irritated about it, and almost forgot himself enough to swear, but controlled himself. Finding, however, that it refused to hang up, and that it seemed rather restless, anyhow, he put it in the corner of the hall with the crown up, pinned it to the floor with his umbrella, and heaved a sigh of relief. Then he took off his overcoat, and, through clerical error, pulled off his dress coat also. I showed him his mistake and offered to assist him back into his apparel, but he said he hadn't got so old and feeble yet that he could not dress himself.

Later on he came into the parlor wearing a linen ulster, with the belt drooping behind him like the broken harness hanging to a shipwrecked and stranded mule. His wife looked at him in a way that froze his blood. This startled him so that he stepped back a pace or two, tangled his feet in the circling, clutched wildly at the empty gas-light, but missed it, and sat down in a tall majolica cuspidor.

There were three games of whist going on when he fell, and there was a good deal of excitement over the playing; but, after he had been pulled out of the American tear-jug and led away, every one of the twelve whist-players had forgotten what the trump was.

They say that he has abandoned politics since then, and that now he doesn't care whether we have any more November elections or not. I asked him once if he would be active during the 1884 campaign, as usual, and he said he thought not. He said a man couldn't afford to be too active in a political campaign. His constitution wouldn't stand it.

At that time he didn't care much whether the American people had a president or not. If every public-spirited voter had got to work himself up into a state of nervous excitability and prostration where reason tottered on its throne, he thought that we needed a reform.

Those who wished to furnish reasons to totter on their thrones for the national central committee at so much per tot, could do so; he, for one, didn't propose to farm out his immortal soul and plug hat to the party if 60,000,000 people had to stand four years under the administration of a setting hen.

Guiteau's Ghost. Washington Republican. A weird and remarkable scene occurred in the rotunda of the jail yesterday afternoon. Holy communion was administered to Frank Miner, the colored wife murderer, in the presence of a large congregation of colored persons, by members of Roberts' Colored Young Men's Christian association and the pastor of St. Paul's colored Baptist church. During the unusual ceremony of administering the last Lord's supper to a condemned murderer several strange incidents occurred. In the midst of a solemn prayer the loud squealing of a rat echoed through the building, and the next instant one of those uncanny animals rushed out into the rotunda from the direction of the cell formerly occupied by Guiteau. After a hasty survey of the situation the rat rushed through the congregation, and upon reaching Miner, who with bowed head was listening to the prayer, proceeded to climb up the leg of his trousers. The murderer was strangely affected by the event, and after he had struck the animal and driven it off he trembled visibly.

The Western Wool Growers. The Western wool growers, in convention at Denver, adopted the following memorial to congress:

Whereas, The wool growers of Colorado, Kansas, Utah, Wyoming, Nebraska, Idaho, New Mexico and Minnesota assembled in convention in the city of Denver, representing 7,500,000 sheep and \$50,000,000 invested capital, and an annual yield of 35,000,000 pounds of wool; and

Whereas, Said industry has been greatly injured by the reduction of the tariff bill of May, 1883, and now threatened with total destruction by the Morrison tariff bill, just reported to the house of representatives by the committee of ways and means; be it, therefore,

Resolved, That we, the wool growers in convention assembled, are opposed to the provisions of the Morrison tariff bill now before congress, which aims to make a further reduction of five per cent on all foreign wools and woollens, and that we ask a reduction of the tariff of 1867 in its entirety as far as it relates to wools and woollens, by which, for the first time in the industrial history of the country, equitable relations were established between the duties on wool and those on woolen goods.

Resolved, That we pledge ourselves to work for and to aid in the restoration of the tariff of 1867 on wools and woollens, and request all persons engaged in or interested in the wool-growing industry to co-operate with us.

Resolved, That we, as wool-growers and citizens, pledge ourselves to stand by all committees and associations in giving full and complete protection to all American industries in need of the same, and cordially invite their co-operation in this matter.

The memorial concludes with an appeal to the western senators and representatives in congress to do all in their power to restore the tariff of 1867. The Hon. E. M. Morrill, of Kansas, was selected to present the memorial to congress.

A Bride's Modesty Overcome. Christian Journal.

"No, George, I am not going to take my shoes off." "You'd better, dearest." "No, I shan't. Just like as not the train will run off the track. What a place for a lady to sleep in. Catch me taking off my shoes, nor anything else this night. Why, anybody can come along here and pull these curtains right back." "Why, dear, it is just as private as in your own room. No one disturbs any one else on a sleeper. You know I traveled a great deal before we were married. Now, come, pet, let me untie your shoes for you." "You shan't, George. I tell you I won't take my shoes off, and I won't; so there. I am going to sit up here and lean against this pillow and look out of this window all night, and I'm ready dressed for breakfast in the morning. You can sleep down there, if you want to." He argued, reasoned, entreated and commanded, but the six-hour bride remained firm, and it was evident that a dark cloud was on the face of the young honeymoon. The last thing we heard before going to sleep was the beginning of what he said was his last appeal. We didn't hear the end of it, but awoke the next morning and found all quiet in the next berth. All the other passengers were soon up, and the porter had their beds metamorphosed into seats, but still the bridal couple slept. Finally they were aroused by the conductor, and after forty minutes floundering in the lower bunk, and frequent whispered inquiries for missing articles, conspicuous among which was "my other shoe," there appeared a plump little woman with frowsy hair and a pair of pretty blouses which deepened and widened surprisingly as she met the gaze of her fellow-passengers. It was apparent that she had relented.

Climbed Him at Last. Through Mail.

"Ever in California?" asked a long, lank, lean, lantern-jawed tramp of a man on Center street the other day.

"No." "Wasn't in the boom o' '49, eh?" "No." "Never war in the mines in Colorado or New Mexico, eh?" "No." "Don't you know nothin' 'bout minin' a tall?" "No." "Well, I be darned!" said the tramp. "Never was in the war, was ye?" "Never."

"Knock every button off my pants if this don't beat all! Ain't a member of the melish?" "I am not a member of the melish."

"Wall, blast my hat, if you ain't the hardest man to work for a drink I ever struck. Say, pard, ain't yer never been in the penitentiary?" "Never have."

"Well, try me for a boss thief if I ever see the like. Yer the fust man I ever struck that hadn't done suthin' mean or been to California, or in the war, one or t'other. Say, pard, what's yer bizness?" "I am a bank cashier from New Jersey."

"Jewhillekens! I knowd I'd climb yer yit. An' yer never been in quad? Wall, by jinks, yer orter set 'em up!" and he did.