CHAPTER IX.

It was some weeks after the party above described.

They stood on the platform, Elizabeth and Dorry. Leaning out of the train beside them were Mrs. Denbigh and Nora.

"Success on your first concert tour, Nora! Don't look troubled, mother! We'll keep house splendidly."

"And you'll write to me every day?"

"Yes; never fear."

Little Dorry waved her handkerchief. Then the two girls, left alone in Ecks, turned homeward.

"Supposing, instead of on Saturdays only, we have tea-dinners all the time mother's away. What a save it would be!" suggested Dorry.

"Of course it would, and so nice, too."

"I wasn't thinking of that. We shouldn't mind about niceness, should we, Bet, if we could save a lot of money against mother comes home?"

The first two days of their being alone passed quietly enough. On the third day Elizabeth inserted an advertisement to the effect that "advertiser," who had passed the Oxford Exam. in three languages, intended starting a "Literature Course."

It must be known that, having never in her life attended any lectures, Elizabeth had not the faintest notion how a Literature Course should be conducted; but where there's a will there's a way. The will was very strong in the second Miss Denbigh. At the same time she was not prepared for the influx of pupils that immediately followed her advertisement. It was but the next day that Dorry, passing the hall door, saw a gentleman standing at it, about to ring.

She opened it before he did so.

"If you will walk into that room," pointing to the drawing room, "I will tell my sister."

The gentleman entered the room indicated, and was soon joined by Elizabeth.

"Pardon me," he said. "Your sister admitted me. I am Director Schwarz."

"Of the large boys' school?"

"The same. I wish to join your Literature Course, Miss Denbigh, with a few colleagues of mine."

"How many?" (Elizabeth's heart gave a leap.)

"Four gentlemen."

"That will just make enough for a course. Will Wednesday evening from 4 to 6 suit you?"

"Perfectly."

A few words more as to terms, etc., and Director Schwarz departed with "Auf Wiedersehn, Fraulein."

Then the two girls sat down at a little table, on which was spread the midday meal, consisting of tea and bread and butter; it being the fifth day of this menu.

"I shall take two lumps of sugar in my tea to-day," said Elizabeth.

"I was just going to say take three," said Dorry, whom the director's visit had suddenly caused to forget all bounds of economy. "Do you know, Bet," she added, "I think we might indulge in a cake to-morrow?"

But "Bet," who had swallowed half a cup of tea without eating anything, now pushed away her cup from her.

"What's the matter, Liesel?" said Dorry; one of her pet names for her sister being this German abbreviation.

"I—I don't know. I feel so heavy somehow. I don't care for anything; not even sugary tea. My head is so hot."

Dorry laid her hand on it.

"So it is! poor old girl! Lie down a bit."

Elizabeth threw herself on a sofa near. All that day and the night following it, she suffered from acute headache—brought on perhaps by the sudden excitement of the director's visit.

The next morning Dorry was up betimes, as usual, and laid a cold bandage on her head; then, to Elizabeth's amazement, herself lay down again.

"What is the matter, Dorry?"

"I—I've such a headache, too, Betty. How strange it is, to be sure!"

CHAPTER X.

So these two miserable little women lay in their beds opposite each other, with the difference only that Dorry was dressed.

"I wonder what we can be going to have," said Elizabeth, as she looked up at her. "We've had measles, and scarlet fever, and mumps and chicken pox. You haven't got any spots on your neck, have you, Dorry?"

"Dear me, no!" said Dorry, after examining herself rather anxiously. "I'm too old to have anything like that. There are lots of other illnesses; nervous fever, bronchitis, and ever so many things grown-up people have. All the same, I shouldn't think it was any illness at all that either of us has got, only that we are both so bad at once. That seems as if you had something infectious, and had given it to me."

"I don't see that," said Elizabeth, brightening up. "We might have both eaten something that disagreed with us."

Suffering though she was, a smile crossed Dorry's face at this suggestion.

"Eaten!" she said. "Why, we haven't eaten anything these five days but tea and bread and butter. I was just thinking we should learn to live on nothing were it not that pain came. Oh!"

"What's the matter?" said Elizabeth. "Dorry! Dorry!"

But this time there came no answer.

"Oh, mother!" and Elizabeth jumped out of bed. "Dorry! Dorry!"

But Dorry's lips remained silent.

She had fainted.

With trembling fingers Elizabeth deluged her with water.

Then the heavy eyelids moved, and after a while Dorry spoke again:

"Poor old Bet! To think of me fainting! How I must have frightened you. Stay, I think I know what is the matter with us now."

"What?" said Elizabeth.

"Nothing but tea dinners does not agree with us, perhaps. We are not strong, you know."

"Why, dear me, yes, of course it's that," said Elizabeth. "You've frightened away my pain, Dorry, with your swooning, you dreadful girl! I'll dress like the wind, and be off and buy us a dinner."

She was as good as her word.

A dinner? Why, yes, of course that was what they wanted.

Strange, that two little maidens should not be able to live without dinners; the save would have been "so enormous."

The next day the hall door bell rang and four gentlemen walked in.

"My colleagues, of whom I told you, Miss Denbigh," and Director Schwarz held out his hand. "Herr Gymnasiallehrer Werner; Herr Reallehrer Schultz; Herr Vicar Kummel."

All the gentlemen made deep salaams, and said, "Freut mich sehr."

Then the lecture began—

"Passing over the older poets, gentlemen, we will begin with Chaucer."

"What older poets?" asked Herr Kummel, taking out a pencil. "Be so good, miss, to give the names and the data."

Dorry gasped.

What evil genius had prompted Elizabeth to let these dreadful Germans know that there were older poets?

Elizabeth was inspired.

With eloquence extraordinary she gave an epitome of pre-Chaucerian literature, and as Dorry listened to her "declaring like anything" (to use her, Dorry's, own language) on "The Brut of Layamon,' in which the author, gentlemen, acknowledges his indebtedness to Bede in the peculiar semi-Saxon of the time;" on "Gloucester's Chronicle," "as Craik says, gentlemen, a narrative of British and English affairs from the time of Brutus to the end of the reign of Henry III." on "De Brunne's Chronicle," "belonging to a date not quite half a century later, gentlemen;" on "Laurence Minot," "the first real poet worthy of the name, subsequent to the Conquest;" then after a graphic sketch of "'Piers Plowman's Creed,' gentlemen," based on Collier and Craik, return once more to her old starting point, Chaucer, "well of English undefyled"—when Dorry heard all that, it was too much for her. She rose and left the room.

As for Elizabeth, she made a point of looking her severest at the young man who had the audaciousness to be good-looking, whilst at the others—three as plain-looking specimens of the genus homo as ever represented a country's intellect—she looked her pleasantest; and when the class broke up, shaking hands warmly with them, she almost startled the unfortunate Kummel by bestowing on him a look of unutterable disdain.

"I must read up all about Spenser for next lesson," said Elizabeth. "A pity I haven't got the 'Faery Queen.' Where's my list, Dorry? I should exceedingly like to have Spenser's 'Faery Queen.'"

They received a letter from Mrs. Denbigh the next morning, informing them that she and Nora would be home Thursday.

"Well, I must say I'm very glad," said Elizabeth. "After all, it's a great responsibility, our keeping house without mother."

"They will come by the eight o'clock train in the evening, of course," said Dorry. "We must give them a supper."

The menu of this supper was as follows: First, beefsteak—a really nice beefsteak, fried in butter; this to be served with floury potatoes, and a salad—a German salad—potatoes, beetroots, and cucumbers, arranged like a flower bed, in gradations, going up in a point (not in the style of your leaning towers, but like a dart), and surmounted by a tiny little beetroot for ornament. After that (but there let Dorry speak for herself)—"After that a confiture shape, with a branch of laurel stuck in it—as a metaphor, you know. Betty—what is, apropos of Nora's success. Along with this, apple stew; a really juicy one. Then tea, and—what Nora's so fond of—hot tea cakes, with lots of butter. What do you think of that?" and Dorry's eyes danced, as much as to say: "There's a supper for you!"

"Splendid!" said Elizabeth. "The metaphor's a lovely idea."

It would take too long to relate in full the various mishaps attending this supper and reception; how various questions were discussed, until the lamp burned out, and only the big, bright moon lit up the faces of three earnest talkers; for the mother, with her grand old head, not talking, nor it with ... said nothing.

CHAPTER XI.

She rose and dressed softly; then, taking her shoes in her hands, quitted the room in her stockings.

With quick, noiseless steps she crossed the passage, and entered a room at the other end of it, closing the door quietly behind her.

The cool morning air was blowing in at the window. A clock was striking five. Troops of workmen were trudging down the street silently.

The girl approached a piano, opened it, and took up a book of exercises. Germany is the land of music and of methods. This book contained a German musical method, according to which the author's theory is that any one essential being the desire to become a musician, the one essential being patience. Possessed of these, he need but cramp his arms into a certain position on a level with the keyboard, square his fingers into a certain position on a level with his wrists, and tighten his thumbs into a certain position which, to be understood, needs to be—felt.

The appearance of the would-be pianist, when arms, wrists, hands and thumbs are thus contracted, resembles that of a skewered fowl, perhaps, more nearly than anything else, the sensation he undergoes at first being probably not unlike that which said fowl is happily spared from undergoing.

"Bend or break," murmured the girl as she looked sadly from the music to her hands.

"Bend or break"—it is woman's watchword half the world over just now.

"Posing" herself as indicated, she began to play one of these exercises, first with one hand, then with the other—for twenty minutes. A pained look then flitted across her face, her lips twitched, her eyelids began to open and close quickly. Still she played on. Another ten minutes and her fingers trembled, her arms jerked convulsively, a look of acute suffering settled on her face.

"One, two, three, four—one, two, three, f——"

She stopped suddenly, and leaned back in her chair, a deathly pallor spreading over her face. Then she rose and went over to the window.

Troops of silent workmen were still wending their way down the street, their steady tramp mingling with the song of the birds flitting in and out of the trees that dotted the road at equal distances.

How sweetly they sung!

The girl listened with wrapt attention. The air was full of chirping, twittering voices, and far off came one—long—note.

What bird was that, she wondered.

Ah! how she loved music! Would she ever be a musician? She knew she had no talent, but the method—the method.

Again she sat down at the piano.

One, two, three, four—one, two, three, four—till the pale lips turned still paler, and the child-like face looked marble in its pitiful whiteness. So much for methods and the watchword of the day, "Bend or break."

The girl's whole body trembled. Still she played on.

"Good-by, mother!" It was the same Dorry, some hours later, dressed in hat and gloves, with her music portfolio in her hand. "I'm off to my music lesson."

And off she started, swinging her music as she went. One is blithe at fourteen.

"Good-morning, Herr Professor."

It was the same Dorry again. No, not the same Dorry. This was a monosyllabic young lady, whom Herr Professor had never seen smile, and about whose austere little face the framework of tossed black curls looked strangely out of place.

This was shy little Dorry Denbigh, as the outer world knew her; a young lady who held herself very erect and looked at you with strangely earnest brown eyes.

The professor turned round.

"Good-morning, Fraulein."

His tone was not very genial. He had already given two lessons, was tired, and Miss Denbigh was no favorite with him.

While she played her scales he walked up and down the room, as usual, and, as usual, stopped every now and then, and shook his head with a look of utter despair.

It was not to be wondered at. Scales are not in time a treat to a musical ear, and as Dorry played them they were peculiarly trying. Her hands were stiff and unwieldy; every note as she struck it jarred on the sensitive ear of her master.

He was only a man after all—and a musician.

This little "Englanderin" was too exasperating. Had she no soul, no ears?

"You play as if you were wood, and you'll never do anything else."

What was that?

With a cry, as of physical pain, Dorry leaned forward; then burst into tears.

Tearful scenes were not uncommon in the professor's experience. Germany is the land of weeping maidens, and nowhere shall we meet with better examples of what we islanders once for all choose to consider the typical German girl—consisting of one-half Schwermuth and the other half Schwarmerei—than in that German institution, a music school. But there are tears and tears. The child's whole frame shook. She had forgotten her master, forgotten herself, forgotten everything but the one word "never."

"Never," she muttered, between her sobs, "and, oh, I so love music."

The professor looked at her.

"Poor little one," he said kindly, with something like a quiver in his deep, guttural voice.

Dorry raised her eyes and tried to speak, but could not. Her utterance had become thick; her lips twitched convulsively.

Her master started.

"Poor little one," he repeated, and this time he laid his hand on the child's curly head. "It was your own wish to try the method. It has been too much for you."

"I thought it would make a musician of any one."

"So it would, almost. But some it—Child, you are ill."

That was the end of little Dorry's music. The method had proved too great a strain on the child's constitution. It makes musicians of some (query, are musicians then made?), of others it——

Sentence unfinished.

Little Dorry it half killed, that method in the land of music.

CHAPTER XII.

The girl walked home slowly. There were no tears in her eyes now.

Near her home, she was met by her friend the Scotchman.

"Eh, how do you do, Miss Daury?"

"You play as if you were wood, and you'll never do anything else."

A wiser man than Tom Thomson might have smiled at this curious reply. A wiser man than Tom Thomson might not have known what to think of the little Irish girl, with her sad eyes looking far beyond him as she spoke. But the Scotchman did not smile, as, stooping, he took the girl's portfolio from her, and silently accompanied her the rest of her way.

What had revealed her sorrow to him? What alone makes us quick to read the sorrows of others? Tom Thomson had himself been disappointed in his time, but had "put his sorrow by," to use the saying commonly applied to those who do not wear their grief as an everyday attire. Those two walked till they reached the house door did the Scotchman speak again.

"Child, it comes to all in some shape; it—it——"

He paused and colored, half sorry that he had spoken at all, feeling how little eloquent his tongue was, and not knowing how full of eloquence was his face.

"Yes," replied the girl simply; and put "her hand in his, her brave lips trembling.

It was strange to find a comforter in Tom Thomson; everything was so strange to-day.

Up the stairs she walked like one asleep; then, having reached the top of the house, sat down on the outer landing, and cried as only a child can cry.

Why do we laugh at the tears of youth? There is as much grief in the griefs of a child as in all the griefs of after life; so ill-balanced are yet heart and brain. Have you forgotten the sorrows of your childhood; that utter abandonment to grief, when you told yourself, and believed it, that in all the world was no one, no one as wretched as you, whose new kite had flown away, whose doll was broken, or who, misery of miseries! were in disgrace—that terrible thing in childhood? Who but a child thinks itself the center of humanity? thinks all the agonies of all the ages concentrated in its sorrow of the moment, and all the eyes of the world fixed upon its disgrace? And what child does not feel this?

Have you forgotten the time when you as boy or girl, felt it?

As for little Dorry, she had not passed that stage. She had hugged a child's plan, whereby two stiff, unwieldy hands were to grow as supple as those of Meister Liszt; whereby sheer industry and ambition were to make of Dorry Denbigh a second Madame Menter.

Then came those words:

"You play as if you were wood, and you'll never do anything else."

Being but a child, the blow half stunned her. Being but a child, she saw in her own disappointment an event that would make her a by-word in the town of Ecks. How should she show herself in the streets, she whom "Every one" (with a capital E, of course) would know as the girl who had failed? How should she break the terrible news to her mother? How to Nora? to Lizbeth? How should she face the daylight? How should she bear this sorrow?

Sitting on the stairs, with her hat thrown off, and resting her curly head on one hand, whilst the great tears rolled down her face, these were Dorry's thoughts.

Ah, for more sympathy with the tears of childhood!

Then she descended the stairs. She was met by her mother at the door leading into their flat.

"Well, Dorry, what is it? You stagger as if you were walking in your sleep."

Again the thick utterance, as in her music lesson, that made it impossible to understand the child's reply.

"Why, you are trembling all over! My Dorry, what does it mean? There, there, I know all."

For the girl, instead of answering, had flung her portfolio from her. The mother needed no further explanation.

But the continued twitching of hands and lips was not explained till half an hour later by a doctor. Dorry was threatened with St. Vitus' dance. Nothing could avert it but entire rest, and the doctor added, if possible, change of air and scene. She was forbidden to touch the piano.

(To be continued.)

In the Glass.

Opinions as to the origin of mirrors are numerous and contradictory. No doubt the limpid brook was the first mirror; but human ingenuity soon found an artificial substitute for the meandering brook. Some stones answer fairly well for the purpose, and, in fact, we read in ancient writers of stone mirrors. Pliny mentions the obsidian stone in this respect, and we know that the ancient Peruvians, besides mirrors of silver, copper and brass, possessed some which astonished their Spanish conquerors. These were made of a black and opaque stone, which was susceptible of a fine polish. At an early period the Greeks were possessed of small mirrors, chiefly of bronze. Roman writers, in declaiming against increasing luxury, state that it was the ambition of every foolish woman to possess a silver mirror. It is supposed that the Celtic population of England copied the form and substance of the Roman mirror. It was not, however, till the early part of the sixteenth century that they became common as articles of furniture and decoration. Previously they were carried at the girdle, being merely small circular plaques of polished material fixed in a shallow box. The outsides were often of gold, enamel, ivory, or ebony, and much ingenuity and art were expended in their decoration with relief representations of love, domestic, hunting and other interesting scenes. Even after the method of covering glass with thin sheets of metal was discovered, steel and silver mirrors were still cherished by their conservative owners. To the present day mirrors of metal are common in Oriental countries not afflicted with the malady styled progress.

Disabilities of Ex-Confederates.

The famous amnesty proclamation of President Johnson, issued May 29, 1865, really benefited only the rank and file of the Confederacy and the humbler citizens. Fourteen classes of persons were exempted from its benefits, among whom were army and naval officers who had resigned their commissions in the United States service to engage in the Confederate service, Governors of States in the Confederacy, members of the Confederate Congress and heads of the executive departments, all diplomatic agents and foreign envoys, all officers above the rank of colonel in the Confederate army or lieutenant in the navy, all members of the United States Congress who participated in the rebellion, all persons educated at the military or naval academy who aided the Confederacy and all persons who had taxable property exceeding $20,000 in value. These were the leading classes of exempts, and, in one way or another, these included nearly every prominent man in the South. Little by little, the disabilities were removed, until finally Jefferson Davis stood alone as the only person exempted from the amnesty measures.

Anti-Squirrel Convention.

An anti-squirrel convention is to be held in Spokane, Wash., on May 15, which will be attended by delegates from all county boards in Eastern Washington. The purpose of the convention is to make united and determined efforts to exterminate the ground squirrels, which annually destroy grain and other crops in that region to the value of several hundred thousand dollars.

It is a great pleasure for a man to make a proposal of marriage, but he always runs the risk of being accepted.

Strengthening Iron.

It was formerly believed that cast iron, when subjected to long-continued shocks and jarring, became "crystallized" and brittle; but Mr. A. E. Outerbridge, Jr., of Philadelphia, has recently shown, by a series of experiments, that instead of being weakened, cast iron is really strengthened by repeated blows and concussions.

A Ghostly Cat.

An invention calculated to terrify mice and rats is described in Popular Science News. It consists of a metallic cat, which, being covered with luminous paint, shines in a dark room with a mysterious radiance which, the inventor thinks, will be more effectual than traps, or even genuine cats, in ridding houses of rodent pests.

Carnivorous Plants.

That such plants as "Venus' fly-trap" actually catch and squeeze to death flies and other insects alighting on their leaves has long been known, but the discovery is comparatively recent that the plants digest the softer parts of their prey by means of a peptic ferment secreted by the leaves. These, then, are real instances of plants feeding upon animals.

Marvelious Measurement.

At the recent "conversazione" of the Royal Society in London a pendulum instrument was exhibited, intended to record the slightest tilts and pulsations of the crust of the earth. It was asserted that this instrument would render observable a tilt of less than one three-hundredth of a second of arc. In other words, if a plane surface were tipped up only so little that the rise would amount to a single inch in a thousand miles, the instrument would reveal the tilting!

A Beach of Iron Sand.

On the western coast of the northern island of New Zealand immense deposits of magnetic iron sand are found. The sand is brought down by many streams from the slopes of Mount Egmont. The cliffs consist of a mixture of ordinary silica sand and iron sand, but the waves sweeping the beach carry the lighter silica sand away, leaving an almost pure deposit of iron sand fourteen feet in depth. Furnaces have been erected by which the sand is smelted and formed into pig iron.

Killed by Light.

Dr. James Weir, Jr., who has studied strange inhabitants of the Mammoth Cave in Kentucky, says that the celebrated blind fish from that cavern, when placed in illuminated aquaria, seek out the darkest places, and he believes that light is directly fatal to them, for they soon die if kept in a brightly lighted tank. The avoidance of light seems to be a general characteristic of the sightless creatures dwelling in the great cave. Doctor Weir has seen an eyeless spider trying to avoid the light, and animalcules from the waters of the cavern hiding under a grain of sand on the stage of his microscope. He thinks the light in these cases is in some manner perceived through the sense of touch.

An Air Tester.

An instrument for measuring the amount of impurity in the air of a room or shop was shown at the Zurich Industrial Exhibition recently. It consisted of a glass bulb containing a red liquid which turns white on contact with carbonic acid gas. The liquid in the bulb was kept from the air, but once in every 100 seconds a drop, drawn automatically from the bulb through a bent tube, fell upon the upper end of a stretched cord and began slowly to descend the cord. If the air was foul with carbonic acid the drop turned white at the upper end of the cord, and the purer the air the farther the drop descended before changing color. Alongside the cord ran a scale, like that of a thermometer or barometer, indicating the degrees of impurity of the atmosphere.

Queer Facts About Colors.

According to information given by a German officer to the Horse Guards' Gazette, an experiment was recently made in Europe to determine what color in a soldier's uniform is the least conspicuous to an enemy. Of ten men two were dressed in light gray uniform, two in dark gray, two in green, two in dark blue and two in scarlet. All were then ordered to march off, while a group of officers remained watching them. The first to disappear in the landscape was the light gray, and next, surprising as it may seem, the scarlet! Then followed the dark gray, while the dark blue and the green remained visible long after all the others had disappeared. Experiments in firing at long and red targets, according to the same authority, proved that blue could be more easily seen at a distance than red.

Mausoleum in a Tree.

One of the most curious mausoleums in the world was discovered the other day in an orchard at the village of Noebdenitz, in Saxe-Altenburg. A gigantic oak tree, which a storm had robbed of its crown, was put up for public auction. Among the bidders happened to be a Baron Von Thummel, scion of a family of ancient lineage that has given the world of literature one charming poet and the Fatherland many distinguished statesmen. The Baron, who lives on a neighboring estate, had ridden to the auction place quite accidentally. Finally the tree was knocked down to him for 200 marks. Upon his arrival at the castle he told an old servant of his purchase, describing the tree and its location. The old servant said he remembered attending the funeral of a Bardon Thummel seventy or eighty years ago, and that the body had been buried in a 1,000-year-old oak, belonging to the parsonage. Investigation clearly proved that the orchard had once been the property of the village church, and that at one side of the old oak was an iron shutter, rusty and time-worn, that the people of the town had always supposed to have been placed there by some joker or mischievous boys. The iron shutter proved to be the gate to the mausoleum of Baron Hans Wilhelm Von Thummel, at one time Minister of the State of Saxe-Altenburg, who died in 1824, and wished to be buried "in the 1,000-year-old tree he loved so well." In the hollow of the tree Baron Hans caused to be built a sepulchre of solid masonry, large enough to accommodate his coffin. The coffin was placed there, as the church records show, on March 3, 1824, and the opening was closed by an iron gate. In the course of time a wall of wood grew over the opening, which had been enlarged to admit the workmen and the coffin, and for many years it has been completely shut, thus removing the last vestige of the odd use to which the old tree had been put.

Chinese Treatment of Children.

However little liked the Chinaman may be by his white neighbors, I have at all times found that the Chinese had at least one good and praiseworthy quality—the kindness shown by all of them toward their children. The poorest parents always seem able to save enough money to array their little ones in gay garments on New Year's day or other holidays. The children in turn seem to be remarkably well-behaved and respectful toward their elders, and rarely, if ever, receive corporal punishment. They seem very happy, and apparently enjoy their childhood more than most American children. On almost any sunny day the fond and proud father may be seen at every turn in Chinatown carrying his brightly attired youngster in his arms. Other little tots, hardly old enough to feel quite steady on their legs, toddle about with infants strapped on their backs. They do not appear to mind this, and it does not seem to interfere with their childish pastimes. About the time of the Chinese New Year Chinese children are particularly favored, and the fond fathers deny them nothing. The little ones always appear to be well provided with pocket-money to buy toys and candies.—St. Nicholas.

Victor Hugo's Youthful Work.

Victor Hugo, the great French poet and novelist, is famous everywhere. He began his literary career at the age of 13. At 16 he drew up his first novel in two weeks! The Academy at Toulouse crowned two of his odes that he wrote at 17. At 20 his first volume of poems was so good that he received a pension of $200 from the French Government; and you are all aware how he came to be one of the greatest, as well as one of the most popular, of the French poets. His patriotism was as great as his literary gifts. His life is one of the most interesting in the literary annals of France. I saw his funeral in Paris, in May, 1885, when he was followed to the grave by a concourse of sorrowful people. The procession was miles in length. Few emperors or successful generals have had a more imposing burial, nor was ever man laid to rest who was more deeply, truly mourned than this brave and gifted Frenchman.—St. Nicholas.

"The Woods of Shorne."

Leaving the highway by a pretty lane, we are presently in a most magnificent wood, a vast cathedral of nature. Its columns are tall dark trunks of elm trees, supporting leafy, intersecting arches of golden green; its nave and transepts are carpeted with the softest moss, in which a footfall is silent; its screens are of hawthorn and honeysuckle; its chancel is strewn with the growing violets; and its chapels are adorned with rhododendrons and ivy. Through and upon it all floods the softened sunlight; over our heads sings a vast choir of birds; and around us the melodious hum of the bees sounds like soft organ notes. Here and there in the woods we come upon handsome, russet-plumaged pheasants strutting about, rabbits hopping fearlessly across the clearings, and squirrels scampering from tree to tree.—St. Nicholas.

Cushing's Heroic Deed.

In 1861, at the very beginning of our civil war, a young lad named William Barker Cushing entered the navy as a volunteer officer, though he had previously been through the Naval Academy at Annapolis. He was only 19 years old, but a braver or more reckless sailor never grasped a cutlass or stood by a gun. Never a fight but he was in the thick of it, never a battle but Cushing's name was mentioned in orders. He dared do anything that man dared. One dark night, at Plymouth, N. C., he took a boat's crew and, stealing quietly away, he sought out the Confederate ram "Albemarle" and, taking the chances of almost certain death, he sank her by a torpedo fired from his steam launch. Then he fought at Fort Fisher with great bravery, and, what is ever rarer, he used sound judgment, securing for his command all the fruits of the victory.—St. Nicholas.

A woman never seems to have any good times until her husband dies, and she gets his life insurance.

Every man is more or less of a fool about some things.