FRANK ELSIE.

A Common Occurrence.

In all our lives there are episodes which we would be glad to forget; of which we are so much ashamed, that we scarcely dare to think of them, and when we do, find ourselves hurriedly muttering the words we imagine we ought to have said, or making audible apologies for our conduct to the air; and yet these are not always episodes which necessarily involve a tangible sense of wrong either to ourselves or others. Some such episode in a common-place life, such as must have fallen to the lot of many men, we would here reveal.

Once upon a time—to commence in an orthodox fashion—a man and a maid lived and loved. On the woman's part the affection was as pure and generous as ever filled the breast of a maiden; on the man's, as warm as his nature permitted. His love did not absorb his whole soul, it rather permeated his mind and colored his being. Like most men of this not uncommon stamp, his affection once given is given forever. His was not a jubilant nature, nor did his feelings lie near the surface, and his manner was undemonstrative. The girl was clear-sighted enough to see what love there was, was pure and true, and she made up for its scarcity with the overflowing of her sympathetic nature. She idealized rather than condoned. She gave in such measure that she could not perceive how little she was receiving in return; or if she noticed it, her consciousness of its worth seemed to her a full equivalent. He was an artist; and circumstances compelled the lovers to wait, and at the same time kept them apart. A couple of days, once a month, and a week now and again, was a limit of the time they could spend together. This, of course, prevented them getting that intimate knowledge of each other's personality which both recognized as an essential adjunct to the happiness of married life, though they did their best to obviate it by long letters, giving full details of daily events and of the society in which they moved. The remedy was an imperfect one. Strive as they might, the sketches were crude, and the letters had a tendency to become stereotyped. We only mention these details to show that they tried to be perfectly honest with each other.

While the girl's life, in her quiet country home, was one that held little variety in it, it was a part of the man's stock-in-trade to mix with society and to observe closely. Whether he liked it or not, he was compelled to make friends to such an extent as to afford him an opportunity of guaging character. Unfortunately for the purposes of my study, he had no sympathy with pessimism or pessimists. He loved the good and the beautiful for their own sakes, and in his art loved to dwell on the bright side of nature, a side which the writer has found so much easier to meet with than the more sombre-coloring we are constantly told is the more predominating one in life. Like most artists, he was somewhat susceptible, but his susceptibility was on the surface; the inward depths of his soul had never been stirred save by the gentle girl who held his heart, and she was such as to inspire a constant and growing affection rather than a demonstrative passion.

At one of the many houses at which he was a welcome guest, the lover found a young girl bright, sensuous, beautiful. Unwittingly, he compared her with the one whose heart he held, and the comparison was unsatisfactory to him; do what he would, the honesty of his nature compelled him to allow that this beautiful girl was the superior, in a number of ways, to her to whom he had pledged his life. He was caught in the Circe's chains of golden hair, and fancied—almost hoped—yet feared lest, like bonds of cobwebs in the fairy tale, the toils were too strong for him to break.

He could see, too, that the girl regarded him with a feeling so warm, that a chance spark would rouse it into a flame of love, and this gave her an interest as dangerous as it was fascinating. His fancy swerved. Day after day he strove with himself, and by efforts too violent to be wise, he kept away from the siren till his inflamed fancy forced him back to her side.

To the maiden in the country he was partially honest. In his letters he faithfully told her of his visits, and as far as he could, recorded his opinion of the girl who had captivated his fancy. Too keen an artist to be blind to her faults, he dwelt on them in his frequent letters at unnecessary length. When the lovers met, the girl questioned him closely about her rival, but only from the interest she felt in all his friends, known and unknown, for her love for him was too pure and strong to admit of jealousy, and he with what honesty he could answered her questions unreservedly.

Little by little he began to examine himself. Which girl did he really love? Should he not be doing a wrong to both by not deciding? The examination was dangerous, because it was not thorough. The premises were true, but incomplete. Yet we should wrong him if we implied that he for a moment thought seriously about breaking off his engagement. Even had he wished, his almost mistaken feelings of honor would have forbidden it. This constant surface introspection—a kind of examination which had not the subject been himself, he would have despised and avoided—could have but one result—an obliquity of mental vision. He had a horror of being untrue—untrue to himself as untrue to his lass, and yet he dreaded causing pain to a bosom so tender and innocent. When he sat down to write the periodical letters to the girl to whom he was engaged he found his phrases becoming more and more general and guarded. He took pains not to let her know what he felt must wound her, and the letters grew as unnatural as they had been the reverse: they were descriptive of the man rather than the reflex of his personality.

The country girl was quick of perception. The letters were more full of endearing terms than ever; they were longer and told more of his life; yet between the lines she could see that they were by one whose heart was not at rest, and that a sense of duty and not of pleasure prompted the ample
de
pe
wa
of
the
wa
off
her
him
to
hav
wel
bla

W
him
don
fond
acct
spol
ly a
answ
Yet
man
a tir
sorbi
little
no lo
and
she n

She
strug
she d
a pa
hersel
feared
ed to
unselfi
longer
be fre

Whe
had t
must
and t
best ti

"Dea
of a p
to ask
This w
other
what I
your vis
dear, t
part for
love
as we
we do n
would b
and I da
that the
me. Do
ing you;
above re
feel is th
we had b
Frank; I
ly I have

Frank w
receipt of
re-read it
burned in
love for hi
lieve; he c
fection in
the studie
blame on
jealous wa
years of e
that this w
trustful na
conclusion
him up bec
piness invo
to be free;
to refuse to

Free! Th
tion in the
ever so plea
to liberty it
irresistably
bondage wil
a delight in
will be your
Frank was
when he rea
a free agent
erty, poor F
sight, and th
place. Now
follow his in
ed to write t
what to say,
morrow.

There could
the house of
pleasant to t
speak, think,
tal reservatio
er any need to
force back the
her that she e
over him. Th
a winning smi
her hand, he
throb or his bl
his veins as he
his part throu
and owned th
still, the flavor
expected. He
when he was al
he had been s
dish, which he
longed for wher
several years, l
cafe and ordere
same cook prep
waiter served it
the same; expec
the flavor, and
to the ideal.

So it was with
the siren had
he had luxuriate
mired her grace
elled in her wit
might call these
to detect deficier
his critical attitu
calmness of his k
Where was the
used to read in
his indifference,
irritable, and wh
well, both were c
had been shatter

He buttoned h
pared for a long
chambers where the usual careless, comfortless life of a bachelor whose purse is limited. All the way home he submitted himself to a deep and critical examination. He felt as if he was sitting by the ashes of a failing fire which he had no means of replenishing; the night was coming, and he must sit in the cold. If passion died out, where was he to look for the sympathy, the respect, the true friendliness which alone can supply its place in married life? Then he thought of Elsie. He had made a mistake, but a very common mistake. He had thought that the excitement of his interest, the enchaining of his fancy, and the enthrallment of his senses, was love, and lo! it was only passion. He analyzed his feelings more deeply yet, and getting below

his grip in Russia. Charles XII. was the greatest king of his age. He had the most of Europe at his feet, yet he found his doom in Russia a century before Napoleon did. Napoleon studied the campaign of the fiery Sweedish king and saw its mistakes, which he avoided, or thought he did, when he himself went to Moscow. Nevertheless he was ruined in Russia. Might not Colonel Bismarck learn a lesson from this bit of history?

HOW TO KISS.

The First Caress Must be Quick, Crisp and Elastic.

From the Chicago Times.

A kiss is the seal of affection. Byron valued a kiss by its strength, and measured its strength by its length,

the route a little, and turn down a by-street. The drummer, unaware of this movement kept on his accustomed way drumming as hard as ever he could. By-and-by after finishing his part and not hearing the others, he stopped, and pushing his drum to one side, he looked to see what was the matter. His astonishment may be imagined when he found that he was alone. "Hae!" he cried to some bystanders, "has ony o' ye seen a band hereaboot?"

Gigantic Fossils.

Dr. Lorenzo G. Yates, an associate of the London Philisophical Society, has this to say about the oldest remains of man and fossils found in California: The first authenticated record of the original occupants was
ntain region
is of an age
ic outburst.
inoceros and
found un-
forming the
hich are
700 wide,
feet high,
been wash-
vered again
0 to 4,000
f the lava.
of detritus,
unning tun-
and stone
formations
habitants
nce. There
ds, a pipe
ps of rock,
op; an im-
mbling an
f which is
njectured;
es at the
charm
found.
found dif-
al work-
existence
and pos-
and me-
known

foreign
ound in
n Placer,
fossils
s locali-
ght to
todons,
pachyd-
numer-
the cal-
as flats,
phants,
rnitas,
historic
and in
oofs of
nce of

n size
limes;
besides
merica
larger
beside
and
are
ounty,

p lay-
car-
into
They
show
he re-
now
desti-
nifer-
rding
nam-
man

riod
s of
und
here
t a
had
ues-
the
een
the
lso
ap-

es
re-
in
ng
he
ic
i-
s,
's
he
in
e
s'

give a verdict for the boy that died; two of 'em was for Brown's grandfather, and the rest was goin' in for damages to the witnesses who ought to get something for having' their character ruined, and so they was discharged."

Princess Potatoes: Form cold mashed potatoes into balls, brush them with melted butter, then with beaten egg, and place them in a baking pan. Bake in a very hot oven until a golden brown.

Merry Moments.

"I will and devise," says the millionaire, and when he is dead his heirs devise ways to circumvent his will. It is almost enough to discourage a man from trying to be a millionaire.—Texas Siftings.

Bronson Alcott, the Concord School Philosopher, has left fifty-seven large bound volumes of diary. He is probably the only man in one hundred thousand who didn't abandon his diary when the year was only six weeks old.—Norristown Herald.

Lord Erskine, when Chief Justice of England, presided once at the Chelmsford assizes, when a case of breach of promise of marriage was tried before him, in which Miss Tickell was plaintiff. The counsel was a pompous young man named Stanton, who opened the case with solemn emphasis, thus: "Tickell, the plaintiff, my lord—" when Erskine dryly interrupted him with: "Oh, tickle her yourself, Mr. Stanton, it would be unbecoming in my position."

"John," said Mrs. Brown to B., who was absorbed in his newspaper, 'you're forever buried in that old paper. Ah! you used to have plenty to say before we were married." "Yes," retorted Brown, "and then you had very little to say; but, by Jove, you've made up for it ever since."—New York Sun.

At the Philadelphia station. She—"I don't see why they're always poking fun at Philadelphia. See all these people. There is lots going on."—He—"Going on—yes, to New York and Washington."—Life.

"I know it," said the bereaved widower, gloomily, to the friend who was trying to console him, "no amount of grievin' will ever bring her back. Nancy wuz allus turribly set in her ways."

If typewriting machines could only spell correctly they would be in more general demand in good society.—Picayune.

Crœsus—How much did you say Mr. Newgold was down for? The minister—Five hundred dollars, sir. Crœsus—Put me down for $600 then. In a matter of Christian charity I can't stand on a level with an upstart like him.—Puck.

Country man (at dessert) What d'ye call this stuff, waiter? Waiter—Blanc mange, sir. Countryman—I should say it was blank mange; it's blankety blank mange. Take away your mange and gimme pie.—Life.

"My grandfather was so near-sighted that he couldn't read circus posters." "That's nothing. Mine was so near-sighted that he lost his life trying to milk a mule."

A Chicago journal used to rhyme Goethe with teeth, until the Renaissance set in, since when it rhymes it with dirty.

"Always pay as you go," said an old man to his nephew "But, uncle, suppose I have nothing to pay with?" "Then don't go."

The Coffin trust is a grave undertaking, but it ought to flourish long enough to provide all the other "trusts" with burial cases.—Phila. Press.

When a woman loves it's because she can't help it; that's all.—Phila. Call.

"How was your son when you heard from him last?" "He wrote me that he was so ill he could neither sit nor stand." "Then if he tells the truth he must lie."

Police Sergeant: "Is the man dangerously wounded?" Irish police-surgeon: "Two of the wounds are mortal; but the third can be cured provided the man keeps perfectly quiet for at least six weeks."

"Just think," said Mrs. Walkin to her maid, "the very next day after my new black dress was sent home I was callled to go out of town to a funeral." "Wasn't that nice?" was the absent-minded reply.

There is a story told in the French war office, to the effect that for ten years a soldier was stationed in the passage leading to the minister's private apartments, with orders not to let the peole touch the walls. But no one seemed to understand why this was done. Now, a new minister of an inquisitive turn of mind determined to find out the explanation of a circumstance that his fifty predecessors had never remarked. But no one could give him any light, not even the chief clerks, nor subordinates who had been in service half a century. But a certain doorkeeper, an old fellow with a good memory, recollected that on a certain occasion a soldier was placed there because the walls had been painted, and the minister's wife had got a spot on her dress. The paint had dried, but the sentinel had been left.

The Duke and the Bishop.

The Duke de Roquelaire when traveling used a very mean equipage and dressed in a very shabby manner. Passing through Lyons in this guise he was observed by the bishop of the diocese, who was afflicted with an insatiable appetite for news. The Bishop, seeing a stranger traveler of mean appearance, thought he had only a plebian to deal with, and wishing to gratify his ruling passion, cried out "Hi! hi!" Roquelaire immediately desired his postillion to stop, and the curious prelate, advancing to the carriage, demanded. "Where have you come from?" "Paris," was the curt reply. "What is there fresh in Paris?" "Green peas." "But what were the people saying when you came away?" "Vespers." "Goodness, man! who are you? What are you called?' "Ignorant persons call me 'Hi! hi!" but gentlemen term me the Duke de Roquelaire. Drive on, postillion." The Duke passed on, leaving the astonished Bishop staring after the carriage.