

MERLE'S CRUSADE.

BY ROSA NAUGHTON CARLEY.

Author of "Barbara Heathcote," "The Queen's Whim," "The Duchess of Basil Lignolens."

CHAPTER VII.—THE FASHION OF THIS WORLD.

I have said that from the first moment I had felt a singular attraction toward my new mistress. As the days went on, and I became better acquainted with the rare beauty and unselfishness of her nature, my respect and affection deepened. I soon grew to love Mrs. Morton as I have loved few people in this life.

My service became literally a service of love; it was with no sense of humiliation that I owned myself her servant, obedience to so gentle a rule was simply a delight. I anticipated her wishes before they were expressed, and an ever-deepening sense of the sacredness and dignity of my charge made me impervious to small slights and moved me to fresh efforts. I was no longer tormented by my old feelings of uselessness and inefficiency. The despondent fears of my girlhood (and girlhood is often troubled by these unwholesome fancies), that there was no special work for me in the human vineyard, had ceased to trouble me. I was a bread-winner, and my foot tasted all the sweeter for that thought.

I was preaching silently day by day my new crusade. Every morning I woke cheerfully to the simple routine of the day's duties. Every night I lay down between my children's coats with a satisfied conscience and a mind at rest, while the soft breathings of the little creatures beside me seemed to lull me to sleep.

It was a strangely quiet life for a girl of two-and-twenty, but I soon grew used to it. When I felt dull I read; at other times I sang over my work, out of pure light-heartedness, and I could hear Joyce's shrill little treble joining in from her distant corner.

"I wish I could sing like you, Merle," Mrs. Morton once said to me, when she had interrupted our duet; "your voice is very sweet and true, and deserves to be cultivated. Since my baby's death my voice has wholly left me."

"It will come back with time and rest," I returned, reassuringly; but she shook her head.

"Rest; that is a word I hardly know. When I was a girl I never knew life would be such a fatiguing thing. There are too many duties for the hours; one tries to fit them in properly, but when night comes the sense of failure haunts one's dreams."

"That is surely a symptom of overwork," was my remark in answer to this.

"Perhaps you are right, but under the circumstances it cannot be helped. If only I could be more with my darlings, and enjoy their pretty ways; but at least it is a comfort to me to know they have so faithful a nurse in my absence."

She was always making these little speeches to me; it was one of her gracious ways. She could be grateful to a servant for doing her duty. She was not one of those people who take everything as a matter of course, who treat their domestics and hirelings as though they were mere machines for the day's work; on the contrary, she recognized their humanity; she would sympathize as tenderly with a sick footman or a kitchen-maid in trouble as she would with any of her richer neighbors. It was this large-mindedness and benevolence that made her so popular.

She had been a simple country girl when she married her husband, and her father's dogs had been her great interests; to ride with her father over his farms had been her chief delight. She had often risen with the lark, and was bidding her roses amid the dews.

When the young rising politician, Alick Morton, had first met her at a neighboring squire's house, her sweet bloom and unconscious beauty won him in spite of himself, and from the first hour of their meeting he vowed to himself that Violet Cheriton should be his wife.

No greater change had ever come to a woman. In spite of her great love, there must have been times when Violet Morton looked back on her innocent and happy girlhood with something like regret, if ever a true-hearted wife and mother permits herself to indulge in such a feeling.

Mr. Morton was a devoted husband, but he was an ascetic, and, in spite of many fine qualities, was not without that selfishness that leaves many a man's nature. He wanted his wife to politics; his buoyant ambition aimed high; politics was the breath of his life; unlike other men in this, that he lived to work, instead of working to live.

These natures know no fatigue; they are intolerant of difficulties; inaction means death to them. Mr. Morton was a committee man; he worked hard for his party. He was a philanthropist also, and took up warmly certain public charities. His name was becoming widely known; people spoke of him as a rising man who would be useful to his generation. If he dragged his wife at his triumphal chariot, men need not blame him; in these cases the stronger nature rules; the weaker and most loving submits.

Mrs. Morton was a submissive wife; early and late she toiled in her husband's service; their house was a rallying point for his party. On certain occasions the great drawing-rooms were flung open to thousands; meetings were held on behalf of the charities in which Mr. Morton was interested; there were speeches made, in which he largely distinguished himself, while his wife hovered on the outskirts of the crowd and listened to him.

He kept no secretary, and his correspondence was immense. Mrs. Morton had a clear, characteristic handwriting, and could write rapidly to dictation, and many an hour was spent in her husband's study.

She was at first no workaholic; she loved to be beside him and share his labors. What wife begrudges time and work for her husband? But she soon found that other labors superseded that were less congenial to her.

Mr. Morton was overworked; the demands on his time were unceasing; Violet would visit the wards of his favorite hospital, and help him in keeping the accounts. She must represent him in social life, and keep up constant intercourse with the wives of the members of the party during the season. She worked harder every

day he did. Her bloom faded under the withering influence of late hours and hot rooms. Night after night she bowed, with sweet graciousness, the weary round of pleasures that palled on her. It was a martyrdom of human love; for, amid in the busy of this unsatisfactory life, the divine voice had grown dim and far off to the weary ear of Violet Morton; the clanging metallic earth bells had drowned the heavenly harmonies.

Sometimes a sad, pathetic look would come into her eyes. Was she thinking, I lay down one's burdens for a time. It is such a rest to shut out the world for one day in the week, to forget the harass of one's work, to take up higher duties, to lift one's standard afresh, and prove one's armor. It is just like abiding in the tents for shelter and rest in the heat of battle."

I had forgotten the difference in our station, and was talking to my mistress just as though she were Aunt Agatha. Something seemed to compel me to speak, as though I saw a beautiful soul wandering out of the way. She seemed moved at my words, and it was several minutes before she spoke again.

"Your words recall the old Sundays at my own dear home," she observed, presently. "Do you not love Sundays in the country, Merle? The very birds seem to sing more sweetly, and the stillness of which you speak seems in the very air. My Sundays were very different then. We lived near the church, and we could hear the chiming of the bells as we walked through the village. I taught in the Sunday-school; I recollect some of the children's names now. Father always liked us to go to the evening service. I remember, too, we invariably sang Bishop Keble's evening hymn. One evening a little robin found its way into the church. I remember Mr. Andrews, our vicar, was just reading that verse, 'Ye, the sparrow hath found her house, and the swallow a nest for herself, where she may lay her young,' when we looked up and saw the little creature fluttering round the chancel. Oh, those sweet old Sundays!" And here she broke off and sighed.

I thought it best to say no more, and leave her to those tender memories. A word in season may do much, but I was young, and had no right to teach with an authority. I suppose she understood my reticence, for she looked at me very kindly as she rose from her seat.

"It does me good to come up here, Merle. I always have a more rested feeling when I go down to my duties. If I did not feel that they were real duties that called me, I should be very unhappy."

She bade her children good-night, and left the nursery. What made me take up my Bible, I wonder, and read the following verse? "In this thing the Lord pardon thy servant, that when my master goeth into the house of Rimmon to worship there, and he leaneth on my hand, and I bow myself in the house of Rimmon, the Lord pardon thy servant this thing."

(LOVE CONTINUED.)

Where Beauties Are Bred.

The great beauties who take the social prizes in marriage are almost all bred in the lesser towns, where a less conventional society gives women a snatch at freedom in girlhood. You don't find them growing up with calisthenics, health lifts, and a massage-utero to do their exercise for them.

You all remember the painful story of a girl in a city home, surrounded by every care, who was strangled in the cords of her "health pill," one evening little more than a year since. Scarcely more pitiful is her fate than that of girls brought up to depend on such substitutes for work and exercise if they live. A sick, anemic woman, unused, unable to care for herself and all others, is the most pitiable, repugnant object on earth. You seldom find a lasting beauty which has not had a semi-Greek education of outdoor life and exercise behind it.

Take the beautiful Gunnings, who ran wild in their Irish country home, till their calculating mamma had raked and scraped enough to take them to Dublin and thence to London. The Gunnings were unlicensed hoydens, but their races over the hills gave them matchless complexions. Later still Mrs. Langtry took her beauty course, roving the Jersey lanes with her brothers in sea air, living on peaches and coarse bread, with as little lessons as sufficed to fit her for London drawing rooms.—*Ladies' Home Journal.*

Getting a Substitute.

In China nothing is more common than for a gentleman who is in a serious trouble with the law to hire a substitute to take the punishment for him. The payment varies according to the gravity of the offense; but when it is murder, for which the penalty is death, it runs, we are told, to £12 exactly. In England these matters are seldom settled by proxy, and the last persons likely to volunteer to be hanged for one are one's relatives; they will see us hanged first. This makes the scene at the Portsmouth Police Court the other day very remarkable. A young gentleman of 19 is brought up on several charges of burglary; the evidence is, unhappily, clear, but his father comes forward and expresses his wish to act as substitute. "What do you mean?" asks the astonished magistrate. "To go to jail for him?"

"Yes, certainly!" Upon this amazing proposition being rejected the young gentleman faints; a young lady whose relations with him have been described by an adapter from Shakespeare as being "a little less than kin, and more than kind," faints also; and the self-sacrificing parent has a fit. This, probably, the most emotional family, as well as the most free from convention, that has yet been discovered.—*London News.*

Sauerkraut and Champagne.

Mme. Janauschek, who is fond of German cookery, has invented a new and remarkable dish. It has been the habit with lovers of sauerkraut to pour a bottle of Rhine wine over the pickled cabbage. Janauschek, with the inspiration of genius, has substituted champagne for the Rhine wine with great success.

The Telephone in America.

There are more than 170,000 miles of telephone wire in operation in the United States, over which 1,055,000 messages are sent daily. About 300,000 telephones are in use in this country.

A distressed look came over her face. "I seem to have no time to wish for anything."

"I could well believe that; but, Mrs. Morton, it seems to me as though we owe some duty to ourselves. If we neglect the highest part of ourselves we are committing a sort of mental suicide. How often has Aunt Agatha told me that?"

"How do you mean?" she asked, anxiously.

"We all need a quiet time for thought. It always seems to me that on Sunday one lays down one's burdens for a time. It is such a rest to shut out the world for one day in the week, to forget the harass of one's work, to take up higher duties, to lift one's standard afresh, and prove one's armor. It is just like abiding in the tents for shelter and rest in the heat of battle."

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MISSING LINKS.

Mr. Parnell's favorite diversion is said to be running a scroll-saw. Buffalo Bill recently climbed Mount Vesuvius. He was pleased with the crater.

John G. Whittier's latest poem has been more widely copied than any he ever wrote.

Ex-Queen Isabella, of Spain, boasts that she is more in debt than any woman in Europe.

The Michigan Supreme Court is adding to its reputation by administering fines for vexatious appeals.

The number of militia on the rolls of the State of Nevada is 556, which is a gain of eighty-eight from 1888.

Poet Steadman says that the gripe is a result of vapors through which our planet is passing on its way around its orbit.

At Tucamec, in Guatemala, the boys in a school recently seized the master and hanged him in the school-house.

Prince Kuananaka, of the Hawaiian royal family, is traveling in Europe. He is accompanied by Prince Kechion.

A thief stole a pair of shoes from a policeman at Sedalia, Mo., the other night. The guardian of the night was sound asleep.

An Italian colony is to be established on the Red Sea. It will be called Eritreo and will be managed by a governor and three councilors.

Sophia, Crown Princess of Greece, is astonishing and delighting the Athenians with her artistic talent, which she doubtless inherits from her accomplished mother.

Senator Stanford, of California, has given Susan B. Anthony \$500 for the benefit of the woman suffrage cause. Five thousand pamphlets will be distributed in South Dakota.

The Detroit Journal desires to receive by postal card the address of all living male and female descendants of revolutionary officers and soldiers of 1776, and, when possible, the name and state of the ancestor.

Philadelphia, according to the Record, eats in the course of the year 200,000,000 eggs, of which seven-eighths come from Iowa, Kansas, Minnesota and Nebraska, packed in refrigerator cars holding 144,000 each.

Signor Schiaparelli, the eminent Milanese astronomer, well known for his researches on the canals of Mars, says he has ascertained, after ten years' investigation, that Mercury has a rotation like that of the moon.

Justice Bradley, according to the Wilmington (Del.) News, has decided that the word "celluloid" is a trade mark, and therefore a private word, which even the dictionary-makers have no right to use except by special permission of the Celluloid Manufacturing Company. This is one of the most unique decisions on record.

A proof reader in the N. Y. World office recently wrote to Jules Verne to know the precise name of the hero of the story, "Around the World in Eighty Days." He received the following in response: "Replying to your letter, I will tell you that it is really Phileas and not Phineas that it should be written, also that the hero of 'Around the World' is named Fogg."

The thriving and enterprising town of Plymouth, Pa., has a novel society in its midst. It is known as the Young Ladies' Protective Association, and its primary object is the protection of the matrimonial interests of the young women of the place. Girls between the ages of seventeen and thirty are eligible. No woman can be admitted over the age of thirty.

Recent excavations in Rome show that the ancient plumbers of the Eternal City were obliged to be very particular with their work. There have been unearthed great quantities of lead water-pipe, each plainly stamped with the name of the owner of the house, the year of the plumbing, the name of the consulting for that year, and that of the reigning emperor.

A letter from Port Spain, Trinidad, speaks of the recently discovered curative qualities of a plant locally known as cousin mabe, whose botanic name is the triumfetta semitriloba. In cases of dyspepsia, indigestion and liver complaints the therapeutic effects of this plant have been simply wonderful. The doctors on the island prescribe it largely, knowing its valuable properties.

Dr. S. W. Sanford, Henning, Tenn., reports the case of a physician to whom a man with a cut-off finger came, bringing the finger. The doctor was drunk when he sewed the finger on. It united nicely. But the doctor sewed it on with the palm surface turned the wrong way. The doctor, after sobering up, wanted to amputate the finger and put it back right, but the patient declined.

The clergy of Beaver Falls, Pa., waxed indignant the other day at some pictorial advertisements of a traveling company, and they threatened to tear them down. Hearing of this the lessees of the Opera House immediately had every female figure in the bills covered with an apron. Thus the claims of decency were recognized, and the show got a tremendous advertisement, which resulted in packing the house.

Bob Ford, the slayer of Jesse James, comes once more to the front with a story that he has been murderously assaulted by members of the old gang, but the police do not take much stock in his statement. Ford stoutly holds to his story and says there are several men who were in sympathy with the old gang and were stanch friends of Jesse James who have been dogging his footsteps ever since he came back from Colorado.

When the Czar travels, a little vanguard is sent in advance, consisting of two locksmiths, two carpenters and two masons, all of them being married men, born in the imperial service, and devotedly attached to their august master. Their duties are to examine walls, floors, chimneys and fireplaces, locks and furniture in every room occupied by the Czar. The locksmiths in particular are the objects of special atten-



FASHIONABLE SOCIETY.

The trying ordeals which fashionable society imposes on its devotees are enough to severely test the physical strength and endurance of the most robust. Irregular and late hours, over-rich and indigestible food, late suppers, the fatigue of the ball-room, the bad air of the ill-ventilated, overcrowded theatre, are each, in themselves, sufficient to upset the system and ruin the health of the delicate and sensitive. Combined, they can hardly fail, if persisted in, to seriously impair the health of the hardiest. Ladies generally possess less powers of endurance than their male consorts, and so the sooner succumb to these deleterious influences. They become pale, haggard and debilitated, and constantly experience a sense of lassitude—that "tired feeling," as so many express it. The least exertion fatigues them. Various neuritic and other pains harass and distress the sufferer. Headache, backache, "heaving-down" sensations, and "female weaknesses" follow and sorely afflict the sufferer.

As an invigorating, restorative tonic, soothing cordial and bracing nervine, for debilitated and feeble women generally, Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription has no equal. In fact, it is the only medicine for the peculiar weaknesses and ailments incident to females, sold by druggists, under a positive guarantee from its manufacturers, that it will, in every case, give satisfaction or its price (\$1.00) will be promptly refunded. It improves digestion, invigorates the system, enriches the blood, dispels aches and pains, produces refreshing sleep, dispels melancholy and nervousness, and builds up both the flesh and strength of those reduced below a healthy standard. It is a legitimate medicine—not a beverage. Contains no alcohol to inebriate; no syrup or sugar to sour or ferment in the stomach and cause distress. It is as peculiar in its composition as it is marvelous in its remedial results. Therefore, don't be put off with some worthless compound easily, but honestly recommended to be "just as good," that the dealer may make more profit. "Favorite Prescription" is incomparable. The manufacturers' unprecedented offer to guarantee satisfaction in every case, or money refunded, ought to convince every invalid of this fact. A Book on Woman's Ailments, and their Self-cure (100 pages), sent under seal, in plain envelope, for ten cents in stamps. Address, WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, 635 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

DR. PIERCE'S PELLETS: PURELY VEGETABLE and PERFECTLY HARMLESS.

Smallest, Cheapest, Easiest to take. One tiny, Sugar-coated Pellet a dose. Cures Sick Headache, Bilious Headache, Constipation, Indigestion, Bilious Attacks, and all derangements of the Stomach and Bowels. 25 cents a vial, by druggist.

tion, in order that no infernal machine shall be concealed in them.

Several years ago a veteran compositor employed on one of the Memphis papers was held up by footpads while walking out to his home in the suburbs after his night's work was done, says the Memphis *Zeitung*. The rascals, finding nothing of value, were so enraged that they gave the old gentleman a terrible beating. Since that time he has always carried a fifty-cent piece in his pocket to appease the gentry whom Falstaff calls "squires of the night's beauty—minions of the moon."

A very useful invention, tending to lessen the possibility of accidents in factories, is now being extensively adopted in England. The breaking of glass, which is adjusted against the wall of every room in the mill, will at once stop the engine, an electric current being established between the room and the throttle valve of the engine, shutting off the steam in an instant. By this means the engine was stopped at one of the mills recently in a few seconds, and a young girl whose clothes had become entangled in an upright shaft was released uninjured.

Robert Christy, of Washington, an able lawyer, formerly of Ohio, has published a book entitled "Proverbs and Phrases of All Ages." The work is the outcome of twenty years of effort and study on the part of Mr. Christy. He is an accomplished linguist and has done a vast amount of reading. He has come to the conclusion that it is practically impossible to trace a proverb back to its origin. The birth of nearly every popular saying took place in prehistoric times, so far as scholarly research can discover. Mr. Christy's studies have given to his conversation and speeches a striking epigrammatic brilliancy.

History of the Arab Horse.

Wilfrid Blunt, a noted English breeder of Arab horses, gives it as his opinion that the Arab belongs to the original wild races of Africa rather than to Asia, and was introduced to southern Arabia by way of Abyssinia, whence it is historical that he spread northward. He was not known in Europe before the Mohammedan conquest, but since then his blood has spread through all lands visited by communication with Mecca, through the pilgrimage. The Barb of north Africa, the Andalusian horse of Spain, the Turk, the Persian and the Furcoan have been all largely infused for centuries with Arab blood. The first Arab blood in England was probably brought through Spain and France, and later from Palestine, by the crusaders.—*N. Y. Times.*

The Scramble for Office.

Uncle Sam pays his 200,000 employees, including soldiers and sailors, an average salary of \$825 apiece. The average earnings of the plain, everyday citizen, who gets pay in proportion to the work he does, are about half that much, probably. This state of affairs explains, perhaps, why about 26,000,000 male American citizens make a dead set for about 50,000 offices every four years. About 25,950,000 are disappointed every time, it is true, after wasting a great deal of money and patience, but they have had a chance at a pretty big thing.

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LIND AND GRISI.

The Italian Cantatrice's Attempt to Paralyze the Swedish Nightingale.

I have read somewhere a little ballad that tells a pretty story of the famous songstress Jenny Lind, says the Milwaukee *Wisconsin*. Many days, months, and years have quite obliterated the verses from my memory, leaving only the skeleton of the story to flutter in my brain like an autumn leaf which the summer's winds have riddled and robbed of its green. But I shall try to repair the injured leaf with the poor thread of my simple prose. Somewhere in the '40's Grisi and Jenny Lind were singing in different places in London. Those who went into ecstasies over Grisi's Norma were the next evening enraptured with Lind's "Casta Diva." Great was the rivalry between them.

Finally Queen Victoria, deeming it a shame that two such gifted women should be separated by a mean, unworthy jealousy, requested both to appear at a court concert. Of course they both came. The queen warmly welcomed them together for the first time. She gave the signal for the concert to begin. Jenny Lind was the younger and it was arranged that she should sing first. With perfect confidence in her powers she stepped forward to begin. Chancing to glance at Grisi she saw the southern woman's malignant gaze fixed on her. The fierce look all at paralyzed her. Her courage left, her voice trembled, everything grew black before her, and she almost fell. By the greatest exertion of her will, however, she managed to finish her aria. A painful silence followed its conclusion—a silence that told of her failure. She caught a triumphant expression of Grisi's face. Despite the clearness of her senses she quickly realized that failure meant lost glory, disappointed hope, the destruction of happiness, grief and mortification to her family and friends.

Suddenly a soft voice that seemed to come from heaven whispered to her: "Sing one of your old songs in your native language." She caught at the thought like an inspiration. The accompanist was striking his final chords. She stepped up to him, asked him to rise, and took the vacant seat. Softly her white fingers wandered over the keys in a loving prelude, then she sang. It was a little prayer which she had loved as a child; it belonged to her childhood's repertoire. She hadn't sung it for years. As she sang she was no longer in the presence of royalty, but singing to loving friends in her fatherland. No one present understood a word of the "prayer." Softly at first the plaintive notes floated on the air, swelling louder and richer every moment. The singer seemed to throw her whole soul into that weird, thrilling, plaintive "prayer." Gradually the song died away and ended in a soft sob. Again there was silence—the silence of admiring wonder. The audience sat spellbound. Jenny Lind lifted at last her sweet blue eyes to look into the scornful face that had so disconcerted her at first. There was no fierce expression now; instead, a tear-drop glistened on the long black lashes. After a moment, with the impulsiveness of a child of the tropics, Grisi crossed to Jenny Lind's side, placed her arm about her and kissed her warmly, utterly regardless of the admiring audience.