AN ARCHITECT'S WIFE.

A Spanish Tale.

If it were lawful to add another to the eight Beatitudes given in the catechism, I would add the following: "Blessed are they that marry a sensible woman, for theirs shall be domestic felicity." And if it were lawful to illustrate the Beatitudes with historical notes, I would append to the aforesaid ninth the following explanation:

In the middle of the fourteenth century the Bastard, Don Enrique de Trastamara, was besieging Toledo, which offered a brave and tenacious defense, being loyal to that king called by some "The Just" and by others "The Cruel." Many a time and oft had the faithful and courageous Toledanos crossed the magnificent bridge of San Martin, one of the handsomest and most useful architectural treasures of that monumental city, and hurling themselves upon the camp of Don Enrique, established in the Cigarrales, they had wrought bloody havoc amid the besieging host. To prevent the repetition of such sallies Don Enrique determined to destroy the bridge of San Martin, which, as has already been said, was the noblest of the many that from the girdle of the city of martyrs, of councils, and of cavaliers. But what value have artistic or historic monuments in the eyes of the ambitious politicians whose dream is to bury a dagger in the breast of a brother, that they may seat themselves in the throne he occupies? Well known it is that the Cigarrales of Toledo, to whose fame so much has been contributed by Tirso and other great Spanish poets, consist of multitudes of villas and country-houses, with their lovely gardens and fruitful orchards, all shut in by hedges.

One night the leafy branches of these trees were lopped off by the soldiers of Don Enrique, and piled upon the bridge of San Martin. The dawn was beginning to open, when a glow of wondrous brilliance lit up the devastated gardens, the waves of the Tajo, the ruins of the palace of Don Rodrigo, and the little Arabian tower reflected in the waters of the river, at whose foot, so history hath it, the daughter of Don Julian was bathing when the ill-fated king set eyes upon her fateful beauty. An immense fire blazed on the bridge on San Martin, and the cracking of the massive carven beams, wrought with all the skill of the chisel which created the marvels of the Alhambra, seemed the pitiful plaint of art crushed by brute force. Toledanos, awakened by the sinister glow, ran to save their beloved bridge from the imminent ruin which menaced it, but they ran futilely, for a frightful crash that resounded lugubriously through the hollows of the Tajo told them that the bridge stood no longer. When the rising sun gilded the domes of the imperial city the girls who went to fill their jars with the cool and crystalline water of the river turned homeward again with the vessels empty and their hearts full of sorrow and indignation, for the current of the Tajo ran turbid and boiling, carrying on its whirling waves the ruins of the bridge of San Martin, which still were smoking.

This act of vandalism roused to fury the indignation of the Toledanos, who saw thus cut off their only direct passage to the paradise-like Cigarrales, which they had inherited from the Moors, together with the Moorish passion for groves and gardens. The valor of the citizens, which had grown feeble, gained unexpected vigor, and ere many days they had blotted out the camp of Trastamara, the blood of whose soldiery ran in torrents over the Cigarrales.

Many years had passed since the fratricide of Montiel destroyed the bridge of San Martin. Kings and archbishops had exerted all their powers to have it replaced by another which should be its equal in strength and beauty. But the genius and endeavor of the best architects Christain and Moorish, had not been able to gratify the ardent wishes of the Toledanos, for the rapid current of the river always swept away foundations, piles, and stagings before the placing of the gigantic arches. Don Pedro Tenorio, one of the great archbishops to whom Toledo owes almost as much as to her kings, sent proclamations to almost every city and village of Spain, calling for architects to rebuild the bridge of San Martin.

One day a man and a woman, entirely unknown, entered Toledo by the Cambron gate, and, after inspecting the ruins of the bridge, they hired a house close by, and shortly thereafter the man betook himself to the archiepiscopal palace. The archbishop, surrounded at the moment by cavaliers and prelates, was overjoyed at the arrival of an architect, immediately gave him audience, and welcomed the stranger kindly.

"My lord," said the new arrival, "my name, no doubt unknown to you, is Juan de Arevalo. I am an architect, and I am brought here by your proclamantion summoning such."

"Do you understand the difficulties comprised in rebuilding the bridge of San Martin, friend?"

"I do, but I believe myself capable of overcoming them."

"Where have you studied architecture?"

"At Salamanca."

"And what works testify to your skill?"

"None whatever." Noting the frown on the face of the archbishop, the stranger hastened to add: "I was a soldier in my youth, my lord; but leaving the profession of arms I devoted myself to architecture, and if on firm and well-proportioned pile attests my knowledge, it is that for the sake of bread I have relinquished to others the credit of more than one edifice of my construction across the Tormes and the Duero. And for the rest, I offer you my life in pledge of my competency."

"How so? you speak in riddles. You must know that men are no longer put to death for failure to perform the conditions of a promise."

"Aye, true, my lord; but when the main arch of the bridge should be completed the place of its architect is on the keystone, and if the arch prove false and fall, its builder would fall with it."

"That offer is surely fair," said the archbishop, "as a proof of your earnestness and sincerity. Let the work be begun to-morrow."

Juan de Arevalo hastened to the humble dwelling, in whose embrasured window sat watching the woman who had accompanied him to Toledo; a woman still young and beautiful, notwithstanding her face bore the traces of vigils and privations.

"Catalina! my Catalina!" exclaimed the architect, embracing his wife fondly, "among these monuments that glorify Toledo there will be one that will transmit to posterity the name of Juan de Arevalo."

No longer could the Toledanos, approaching the Tajo over escarped rocks and masses of ruins, exclaim, "Here was the bridge of San Martin!" for already the new bridge reared itself in shapely proportions upon the rent foundations, now made solid, of the ancient structure. The archbishop and other wealthy Toledanos were showering rich gifts upon the fortunate and skillful architect who had succeeded in throwing the three great arches of the bridge, in spite of the gigantic daring of the work and the furious currents of the river.

On the eve of the day of San Yldefonso, patron saint of the city, Juan de Arevalo informed the archbishop that his task was completed, saving only the removing of the scaffolding from the three arches. It was a perilous test—the taking down of the complicated system of heavy iron scaffolding which braced the enormous mass of delicately carved timbers; but the calmness with which the architect awaited the issue, which he promised to meet standing on the central keystone, filled those about him with confidence. With proclamations and pealing of bells was announced for the following day the solemn benediction and dedication of the bridge, and the Toledanos, from the heights commanding the vale of the Tajo, contemplated with joyous emotion the beloved Cigarralels that for years had been sad, lonely, almost deserted, and which were now to recover their old-time beauty and animation.

Toward nightfall Juan de Arevalo climbed upon the scaffolding of the central arch to see that all was in readiness for the morrow's ceremony. Meanwhile, he was gayly singing. All at once the song died on his lips, the light faded from his face, and sorrowfully he descended, and slowly took his way homeward. His wife Catalina came forth to meet him, full of love and contentment; but a frightful pallor overspread her face at the sight of the despairing countenance of her husband.

"Oh, Father in Heaven!" she cried; "what is it, then, my dear one? Art thou ill?"

"Ill—no! dead—yes—in hope, in power, in honor! Aye! in life itself! for I will not survive the dishonor of to-morrow. Nay, the only shred of honor I can wrest from fate will be mine but in dying!"

"No! no!" cried Catalina; "Juan, thou dreamest! Thy great excess of labor has deranged thy thought, my dear one. Come hither, let me call the leech and heal thee!"

"Not so it is the truth I tell thee. When I was the most sure of success, most confident of triumph, now on the eve of the test, I have discovered an error in my calculation that to-morrow will bury in the Tajo the bridge and the unfortunate that unsuccessfully planned it."

The bridge may fall, beloved, but thou shalt not go with it. On my knees I will entreat the archbishop to exempt thee from that horrible promise."

"And if he yield, then will I not accept the absolution. I care not for life without honor."

"Now I swear that thou shalt lose nor life nor honor!" murmured Catalina, softly, yet with infinite resolution.

It was already almost dawn. The cocks were crowing. Catalina seemed to sleep, and her husband, soothed in spite of himself by her calm demeanor, at last fell into a fitful, feverish slumber, that was full of nightmare horrors. Catalina arose, as silent in her motions as the passing of a shadow, and, opening a window looked out on the vale of the Tajo. No sound was heard but the murmuring current of the river and the wind that whistled through the timbers of the scaffolding at the bridge. A dense and sombre pall of cloud overhung the city, and from its gloomy bosom darted, now and then, lightning rays of terrible brilliance that blinded the beholder. As yet no rain was falling; and the terror of the impending storm seemed concentrated in the thick palpable darkness, the ominous brooding silence, and the sultry, breathless thickness of the close atmosphere.

Closing the window the wife of the architect caught up an unextinguished brand that smoldered still on the hearthstone. Out into the night she went, and, for all the pitchy blackness that marked that last black hour before the day should quicken she sought not to guide her steps by the light of the fire-brand, but rather to conceal its gleam with the folds of her raiment, as she hurried over the broken and littered way to the river, and with pain and peril climbed upon the planks of the staging. Below her the wind shrieked among the timbers, and the river roared and bellowed as it hurled itself upon the opposition of the piles, and Catalian shuddered. Was it for the solitude and the darkness? for the danger of losing her footing and tumbling headlong? or because she realized that those about her, overlooking the sacrifice of affection, would see in her movements only the odious deed of a criminal?

She recovered her calmness with an effort, shook until it burst into a blaze in the blast the torch that until now she had hidden, and applied it to the lighter braces of the staging. The resinous wood caught with a vigorous flame, and, fanned by the wind, leaped abroad, and climbed with terrible rapidity up the scaffolding.

Not less swiftly, by the light of the spreading fire, Catalina recrossed the dangerous path she had trodden, and reached her home and her chamber while her husband was still sleeping.

By this time the massive sleepers of the bridge of San Martin were cracking. A little latter a dull and prolonged murmur was heard throughout the city, and from a hundred belfries tolled the ominous fire-alarm, to which lugubrious signal ensued a crash that called from the Toledanos the same cry of distress that they had uttered when the bridge succumbed to the vandal attack of Don Enrique the Bastard.

Juan de Arevalo awoke with a species of spasm. Catalina was at his side, apparently sleeping. Juan clothed himself hurriedly, and, as he reached the street, his heart leaped with joy as he realized that the fire had obliterated the proof of his faulty judgment.

The archbishop and the Toledanos attributed the fire to a bolt from heaven, and the sorrow they felt for their own loss was tempered by the sympathy felt for the architect, whom they deemed to have seen the results of his labor destroyed even in the hour of triumph; and the architect himself, who was a pious soul, of a profound faith in the protection of heaven, was devout in the same conviction.

As for Catalina she assured her husband that she was entirely of the same opinion, and, as women are rarely guilty of falsehood, surely so venial a lie may be forgiven to one who had saved the honor and the life of her husband.

The conflagration only retarded for a year the triumph of Juan de Arevalo, for a twelvemonth later, to a day, on the fete of San Yldefonso, the Toledanos crossed the bridge of San Martin to their beloved Gigarrales, and the successful builder of the structure was the boast of the occasion, and the honored guest at the banquet spread in joyous celebration.

The Age of Speculation.

This is an ageof speculation. Thousands crowd around the stock-ticker every day; thousands more watch the grain gambling; all the pool rooms are filled with men and youths whose faces show how often the right horses do not win. All the lotteries, all the policy shops, all the gambling dens have their victims, and the supply is undiminishingly large. The poor sheep are sheared, and are sent, poverty-stricken, to do the best they can; but other sheep come tumbling into the pitfalls, and the gamblers roll up their bank accounts and drive their fast horses, and wonder why anybody complains of hard times. The mania of speculation is ruinous to correct business methods. It unsettles a man, makes him inconsitent and vacilitating, injures his usefulness as a straightforward worker and destroys his steady principles and honest purposes. Young men starting out in life should avoid it as they would a curse.—Baltimore American.

Embroidery in Men's Dress.

It is probable that embroidery will soon play a promient part in men's dress. Thus far it has only shown itself in connection with dress vests, which are embroidered with a degree of elaboration depending upon the taste and the pocketbook of the wearer. The coming fall will, however, witness the introduction of embroidery coats, vests and trousers. Thus far none of these garments have been made up in America, but the materal has been made for them, and considerable quantities of West of England cloths have been sent to Paris to be embroidered to the order of leading New York tailors, in patterns for vest, coat and trousers.—Pittsburg Bulletin.

The Fear of the Lord Shown in Shakespeare.

This "fear of the Lord" is incorporated by Shakespeare in the impression left upon us by his great tragedies in a way far more effectual than if he were invariably to apportion rewards and punishments in the fifth act with a neat and ready hand to his good and evil characters. It is enough for him to engage our loyalty and love for human worth, wherever and however we meet with it, and to make us rejoice in its presence whether it find in this world conditions favorable to its action or the reverse. This we might name the principle of faith in the province of ethics, and there at all events we are saved by faith. The innocent suffer in Shakespeare's plays as they do in real life; but all our hearts go with them. Which of us would not choose to be Duncan lying in his blood rather than Macbeth upon the throne? Which of us would not choose rather to suffer wrong with Desdemona than rejoice in accomplished villainy with Iago? But Macbeth, Iago, Edmund, Richard III., King Claudius, and the other malefactors of Shakespeare's plays do not indeed triumph in the final issue. "The conscience of mankind refuses to believe in the ultimate impunity of guilt, and looks upon the flying criminal as only taking a circuit to his doom." Shakespeare here rightly exhibits things foreshortened in the tract of time. Though the innocent and the righteous may indeed, if judged from a merely external point of view, appear as losers in the game of life, the guilty can never in the long run be the winners. The baser types, which for a time seem to flourish in violation of the laws of health or the spiritual laws of the inner life, inevitably tend toward sterility and extinction. The righteous have not set their hearts on worldly success or prosperity, and they do not attain it; a dramatic poet may courageously exhibit the fact; but what is dearer they attain—a serene conscience and a tranquil assurance that all must be well with those supported by the eternal laws. But the guilty ones, whose aim has been external success, and who have challenged the divine laws or hoped to evade them, are represented as failing in the end to achieve that poor success on which their hearts have been set. "I have seen the wicked in great power * * * but I went by, and lo, he was not." Follow a malefactor far enough, Shakespeare says, and you will find that his feet must needs be caught in the toils spread for those who strive against the moral order of the world. Nor can pleasure evade those inexorable laws any more than can crime. A golden mist with magic inhalations and strange glamour, pleasure may rise for an hour; but these are the transitory glories of sunset vapors, which night presently strikes into sullen quietude with her leaden mace. This is what Shakespeare has exhibited in his "Antony and Cleopatra." All the sensuous witchery of the East is there displayed; but behind the gold and the music, the spicery and the eager amorous faces rise the dread forms of actors on whom the players in that stupendous farce-tragedy had not reckoned, the forms of the calm avenging laws.—Dowden, in the Fortnightly Review.

Ways of the Manatee.

As a reporter of the New York Telegram was walking along South street a young fellow with a loud voice called attention to some sea cows—the first ever exhibited in New York, he said. A pleasant looking man said he had brought the beasts from their native haunts after a great deal of trouble. There were three of them, weighing respectively 610, 650 and 815 pounds.

The proprietor told the reporter that he would show him their resemblance to the cow, and, leaning over the edge of the tank in which the two smallest ones were confined, caught one by the jaw and told it to lift its head up, which it did. Then the man opened the beast's mouth, which is exactly like the cow in shape and appearance. The animal's head is very much like a cow's head but for the large, overhanging eyebrows and the absence of horns.

"The manatee, or cow," said the man, "is found in all tropical waters, but chiefly in the Caribbean sea. It subsisted entirely on vegetable matter and is never known to touch fish or animal food; consequently its flesh is much sought after by natives and sailors near where it abounds, and in consequence the manatee has become nearly extinct. It is one of the most harmless animals of the sea; yet it has an enemy in the shark, who follows it hours at a time hoping to get a taste of its flesh. The cow has no weapon of defense, but is a wonderful swimmer and is able to outswim the shark with great ease.

"The manatee eats all kinds of vegetables and grasses, and in captivity it eats common meadow grass. The three I have here," said the proprietor, "were caught by me off the southern coast of Florida. They are very hard to catch alive. They have such great power in their tails, which sometimes measure 5 feet in length, that they often break the strongest nets. They can't stay under water longer than seven minutes, consequently we have to bring them to the surface in that time to get air, otherwise they would drown, and then let them drop in the water until we can get them aboard ship, but when once there they will live for two weeks out of water.

"There's a grass called sea grass that grows in the ocean to a height of about 6 or 7 feet, and when we see it floating on the water it is a sign that the manatees are about, and we lay our nets for them accordingly. They are mostly found in pairs, but if attacked by sharks they will form in battle array, surrounding their young to protect them. The three that I have here I expect to keep.

Frank James in the East.

"There goes Frank James. I wonder what he is going to do in New York?" The speaker and his companion halted and gazed at a man crossing Broadway at twenty-eight street, New York city.

There was nothing extraordinary about the individual who thus attracted attention. As a matter of fact he seemed a very commonplace personage. He was between five feet eight and five feet nine inches in height, attired in a badly fitting suit of dark coarse material. The sack coat and trousers were evidently the handiwork of some other tailor. On his head he wore a black slouch hat after the manner of the west. He was homely—a very long, bony nose, with a very decided inclination to a hook, was the prominent feature of a face scarcely indicating average intelligence. He carried his head in a drooping attitude, but beneath the rim of his broad brimmed hat peered forth two dark, small, but restless eyes. His hands were in his pockets.

"And who is Frank James?" queried his companion to the speaker.

"A poor man who might today be worth $100,000. In fact he is the last of the bandit kings. He is a man with a history—the retired and respectable train and bank robber."

It was indeed none other than the ex-outlaw of Missouri, a man upon whose head a price had been set by the governor of his state, who was thus parading so unconcernedly down Broadway one afternoon. A business trip to Connecticut had caused Frank James' appearance for two days in New York city and a short absence from his quiet little home at Independence, a village 14 miles east of Kansas City.

Frank James is, indeed, the last of the race of outlaws and bandits. The train robbers of the present day are mere tyros to this famous criminal, who, after 15 years of crime and after being hunted year in and year out for his life, lives quietly and peacefully in the bosom of his family in a Missouri village.

Frank James is a very reserved and almost taciturn. He never speaks of his robber exploits and nothing about him indicates the shrewdness and cool daring of the man. He has one weakness. He believes he can act. He is a great reader of Shakespeare and can quote page after page of the bard of Aron.

But he is a man of strong common sense and even conquers his pet failing of "spouting." He is a poor man; does not probably earn $30 a week. Yet he might to-day have been rich. After his trial responsible parties wanted to put him upon the stage in a drama written to order on his own career. He was offered $100,000 for a three year's contract, and finally $125,000 and all expenses. He refused. He said he wanted to withdraw from the public gaze; he wanted to end his days quietly with his family. He presisted, and now nothing distinguishes him from the ordinary western village storekeeper. He is about 45 years of age, and although not very robust has probably a long least of life.

Is not this one of the strangest careers of the present day?—New York Press.

The Minister's Wife.

"And are we to expect nothing from a minister's wife?" said Miss Lane in a very subdued voice.

"Nothing more than her duty as a woman. If she has qualities that will give her a leading social influence, and has time to spare from her home duties, which are always first, she ought to let these qualities become active for good. But no more can, with justice, be required of any other woman in the congregation. Your contract for service is with her husband, and not with her; and you have no more claim upon her time, nor right to control her freedom, than you have over the wife of your lawyer, doctor or school-master.

"If you think my services absolutely essential to the prosperity of the church, just state the amount of salary you can afford to give, and if, for the sum, I can procure any person in every way as competent as myself to assume the charge of my children and household, I will take into serious cosideration your proposition. Beyond this, ladies, I can promise nothing.

"I could wish," she continued, in a lower voice," to number you all as my friends. I have come among you only as a stranger, seeking no preeminence, but desiring to do my duty as a woman. The fact that my husband is your Minister gives me of right no position among you, and gives you no right to demand of me any public service. If my husband fails in his duty, admonish him; but in the name of justice and humanity do not establish any supervision over me. Let my private life be as sacred from intrusion as that of any other woman. This I have a right to demand, and I will be satisfied with nothing less."—Woman's Magazine.

Kissing the Bible.

The medical journals are agitating the danger which lurk in the greasy and worn backs of the Court Bibles. The practice of "kissing the book" comes down from the days of colonial custom, but it is at no time compulsory, although the uninitiated know no better, and even some of the most intelligent people, who know that it is optional with them, seem to lose their self-possession and at the command of the court bailiff, "kiss the book" they do so.

A New Jersey physician is reported to have refused to "kiss the book," but was compelled to comply with the requirements. Jersey law must be very old fashioned and rigid, or no such ruling would have followed the refusal. In the courts of several States anyone may refuse to do so, but in many of the States the Bible is not used in the courts. The witness has only to hold up his right hand and solemnly swear that he "will tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth," and even then if he has any conscientious scruples against this form he may "affirm."

The practice of kissing the book is rapidly falling into disrepute everywhere. First, because the same book that is kissed by diseased lips is offerered to the cleanly and self-respecting, and often the witness whose stomach turns against the osculatory ordeal merely goes through the motion of putting the book towards the lips without actual contact. The man with the moustache apparently submits, but the book only touches the capillary substance and is passed on to the next witness or juror. In some instances, if the Bible is not by elastic bands, it is not uncommon for the one taking the oath to open the book and kiss some printed page. This is the Presidential custom, and lynx-eyed reporters watch closely and report that passage of Scripture which the Presidential lips have kissed.

The origin of the oath upon the Bible has been traced to the old Roman law, and the kissing of the book is said to be an imitation of the priest's kissing the ritual as a sign of reverence before he reads it to the people. Bouvier's law dictionary says: "The commencement of an oath is made by the party taking hold of the book, after being required by the officer to do so, and ends generally with the words 'So help you God,' and kissing the book, when the form is that of swearing on the evangelists."

The Mohammedans are sworn on the Koran and the Greeks and Romans swore by the souls of the dead, the ashes of their fathers, by their own lives or the lives of their friends, by their heads and by their right hands, while among Scandinavians and Germans it was customary to rest the hand upon some object while repeating an oath.

When it is considered that the lowest classes, diseased and dirty, kiss the Bible in our lower and higher court with a resounding smack, and that by this contact disease may be disseminated to the very sensitive organs, the lips, there is good reason for the medical journals to open war on the custom of "kissing the book."

The Medical Register of a recent date says: "The kissing of the Bible in any case is a form which might easily, without the sacrifice of solemnity or of the stricture of an oath, be set aside in favor of simply touching of the book with the hand or recognition of it in the averration. The lips ate most sensitive receptacles for the germs of disease, and, from the motley throng of dirty and diseased persons who are summoned in a court of justice, what infectious germs may not be disseminated? The person who kisses a Bible in court has not the least surety that his lips do not come into direct contact with the pollution left by a predecessor who was suffering from some foul skin disease or taint, not to speak of the germs of eruptive fevers and the like."

Keeping a Good Conscience.

The moonlight drifted brokenly through a rift in the roof of a negro cabin in the Hanover slashes, and fell on Gabriel Jones' grey-bearded face. He was smoking and mediating. "Hannah!" he called, presently; "Hannah!" Silence. "Hannah I say, Hannah!" a trifle louder. There was a rustling of straw in the bed in the corner, and a sleepy answer: "Huh?" "Hannah, did you put dat watermillion I foun' in Marse Ben Scott's, patch yistidy in de cool spring?" "Yes, I put dot watermillon in de cool spring," she answered, deliberatley, 'Dat was right." A moment's pause. "Hannah' did you hang dat coat dat Mister Hedley 'sisted on my takin,' 'hind de hay-rack, like I tole you?" I did dat." "Did you scall and pick dem chickens I borrowed f'om de man down on de river de udr day?" "Yes, I scall dem chickens." Well, fry me one de fust t'ing in de mornin', case I'se got t' go over t' Mister Chinky Claptin's t'-orrowm t' lead a prar-meetin' an' keep dem triflin' niggers in de right road." Then he leaned his grizzled head on the chair-back and snored the snore of the just, and the bull frogs in the marshes echoed it over the Chickahominy low grounds.—Richmond Baton.

To clean pie plates that have long been used for baking: Put them in a large kettle of cold water and throw on them a few hot ashes or cinders, and let them boil for an hour.