WHILE THE DAYS GO ON.

For us, whatever's undergone,
Thou knowest, willest, what is done.
Grief may be joy misunderstood;
Only the good discerns the good.
I trust Thee while my days go on.

Whatever's lost, it first was won!
We will not struggle nor impugn;
Perhaps the cup was broken here
That heaven's new wine might shine more clear;
I praise Thee while my days go on.

I praise Thee while my days go on,
I love Thee while my days go on!
Through dark and dearth, through fire and frost,
With empty arms and treasure lost,
I thank Thee while while my days go on!

—Mrs. Browning.

HIS ENEMY.

The train had come and gone, and brought only one passenger. Marian turned her face quickly away as she caught sight of the lithe, manly figure, and began to busy herself with the carriage robes.

Eugene Landt, for Eugene Landt it was, happened to be the one human being toward whom Miss Hanford felt a strong aversion. The taint was in her blood, no doubt, for her father and his had been sworn enemies and contestants at law, and to the final triumph of John Landt was due the change from wealth to poverty that had fallen on Hugh Hanford, and left his only and motherless child to a hard fight with fortune. Marian had always believed that sorrow and disappointment had caused her father's sudden death. She could not look at the Landt mansion, nor at anything that bore the hated name, without exceeding bitterness of spirit. She had a home in her uncle's house, and taught the district school. Every one was sorry for Hanford's pretty daughter. Mr. Hanford's pretty daughter did not seem to be sorry for herself. She kept her head up and faced the world bravely. When Eugene Landt returned from his five years' sojourn abroad he came to her apologetically one day on some trifling business connected with the school and held out to her the hand of fellowship. She comported herself with such pride and cold dignity that his first visit was his last. Nor did he venture to bow to her on the street again. He had known her since childhood, had been her playmate and classmate, but he taught himself now to pass her by like a stranger.

At the first glimpse of her enemy, as we have said, Marian became deeply occupied in the readjustment of her carriage robe, keeping her face carefully averted from the tall figure that was striding up and down the platform. She was waiting for Jake, the station hand, to pack the wagon floor behind her with some bags that had come for her uncle, Reub, by the noon express. It was snowing fast and furiously; the flakes were whirling quicker and quicker in wild gusts of wind from the northeast. An hour ago even no one could have foreseen such a storm, but here it was in all its splendid strength and fury, blotting out the far landscape, and making even the near distance wavering and indistinct. There was no other vehicle at the station besides Marian's little open carriage, and no other human being to be seen but the deliberate Jake and the one other individual whom Marian declined to see.

"Thank you, Mr. Stover, very, very much." The soft light voice was sweet as a silver bell.

"Is it all right now? Everything in? Do you think," doubtingly, "that it would be of any use to raise my umbrella?" She can scarcely see Jake's face through the hurrying flakes.

"No ma'am, not one bit," was the prompt reply. "You best jest git along quick—that's all. This storm ain't goin' to be no lighter 'fore morn-in'. It'll be heavier a blamed sight nor you think for. 'Gene Landt," leaning forward confidentially, "he's in a fix. His folks don't know he were comin'. No one ain't here to meet him. He dunno what to do."

"Oh," said Marian, coldly. She gave her robe an extra tuck and shook her veil out once more before tying it across her face; and then it appeared that Mr. Stover had been misled on the information he had just vouchsafed. Mr. Landt knew exactly what to do. He came across the platform with his quick, light step, touched his fur cap and said gayly:

"Friend, neighbor, Christian, may I beg you to give me a lift as far as you are going—that is, if it be anywhere in the direction of New Church? I am unfortunate. Ah," he said, in genuine surprise, "it is Miss Hanford," and then he paused.

"Um, why she go all the way to New Church," said Jake, obligingly. "She go past your door, Mist Gene. You air in luck."

"Yes," said Marian, in a clear voice that had more chill in it than the biting wind itself. "Certainly I pass your door, Mr. Landt."

And then, poor girl, she was constrained to make room for him and to feel in the midst of her anger and despair that she was sheltered by his strong figure from the worst violence of the storm, and must be more or less comforted despite her detestation by his near presence through the long and dreary ride that lay before them.

"Go on now! you ain't got a second to lose," said Jake, encouragingly. "This is going to be a blizzard, this is. 'Night, Miss Hanford; I'm good and glad Mist Gene's along o' ye."

But the friendly remarks of Mr. Stover were blown rudely from his lips and did not reach the ears for which they were intended, and in another moment Marian and Eugene were speeding away through the gathering twilight, meeting the tempest side by side.

Of course Mr. Landt at once offered to take the reins, but was met with a very prompt and polite refusal; and sat back, feeling decidedly snubbed; but he was amused, and smiled to himself a good deal, with an expression it was just as well Marian did not see. He knew by her upright attitude and the tension of her grasp that it demanded all her strength to hold the horse, which was fresh and swift and excited by the storm as well. He pitied her presently and pleaded again.

"Mr. Landt," she said severely, "I must drive. The horse is a new one. He does not know the way, and I should not feel safe unless my own hand was on the rein."

"He doesn't know the way," repeated Eugene, in an odd tone. "That's bad, Miss Hanford. I am very much afraid none of us will know it, if the snow continues at this rate." For, indeed, they scarcely could see the horse's back; the space before them seemed full of black particles, and they were breathing snowflakes instead of air.

When they had gone perhaps a mile in silence, Marian drew in one little stiff hand under the robe an instant; then, still smiling covertly, Mr. Landt quietly grasped the reins away from her, and she covered both hands, gladly enough. No word accompanied this proceeding. Marian's eyes were full of angry tears, and Eugene's were blinking off the crystals that stung and hurt them. It was growing so dark now that not even the nearest trees on the roadside were visible. "I really don't know where I am," Eugene murmured, peering right and left with anxious glances. "Do you, Miss Hanford?"

"So far I do. The schoolhouse is just a little beyond. I could walk there blindfold. We'll pass it in about half a minute. The road isn't very good just here. If you could drive more slowly——"

But scarcely had the words struck the air when the wagon turned over. Miss Hanford tumbled into a snowdrift that had already heaped itself on the roadside, and lay there a muffled, almost indistinguishable heap, and Mr. Landt half fell, half sprang beyond her, but was on his feet instantly again. The horse was also on his feet and going into the distance at a fine gallop, the sound of which was soon lost on the sweep of the angry wind.

"Ah, are you hurt? Are you hurt?"

He had gathered Miss Hanford up in his arms, and was holding her as easily as if she had been a child. "I don't know," said Marian, struggling promptly to regain her footing on the earth; but the instant she accomplished this a sharp cry of pain escaped her.

"My foot," she said, faintly. "Something is the matter with my foot."

"A sprain perhaps," Eugene said, compassionately. "Just try to walk a step or two."

She did try, then caught at Eugene's arm with both her hands.

"I can't," she said quietly. "The pain is terrible."

"Then, good heavens, what are we to do? I could carry you easily—but—to keep my feet in this wind."

"You can carry me to the schoolhouse, if you will. I have the key here. I am sorry, Mr. Landt, to give you this trouble——"

"The very thing," he said promptly. "Lucky it's so near. Just put your arm round my neck, please. That's right."

He took her up lightly, and began to plod his way, with bent head, against the storm.

"You will have to guide me, Miss Hanford, if you can."

"Go on straight a little way—a few steps further. Now, turn off the road—the footpath is here. Now you are all right. You'll feel the fence in a minute."

"I feel it now," said Eugene, bumping himself against it; "and here's the gate. Actually 'we are in luck,' as Mr. Stover says."

Another minute's careful plodding brought them to the door, which Eugene unlocked. Within was cimmerian darkness, but the change to a warm, dry atmosphere was a delightful sensation. Mr. Landt groped his way to a seat, deposited Miss Hanford thereon, and under her direction lit the little lamp above the desk and kindled a cheerful wood fire in the big drum stove. Then he removed her snow-powdered wraps and his own overcoat, shook them vigorously and hung them in friendly companionship near the warmth to dry.

"Now, we must see a little to the poor foot, Miss Hanford," he said, going down on his knees before her. "Let me remove your boot. Don't be afraid; I won't hurt you."

But despite his light, careful touches Marian winced with pain. The removal of the stocking was accomplished with an air of almost professional gravity, and then Eugene, having satisfied himself that no bones were broken, began to bind up the sprain. For this purpose he tore in strips his own linen handkerchief, wetted it with snow and swathed the slender ancle and instep tightly. Then he said cheerfully:

"Now we are ahead of the swelling, any way, and I'll make you as comfortable as I can. Let me lift you into this armchair. Then you can lean back—so." He caught a stool and placed it under her feet, and stood looking kindly on her pale, unsmiling face.

"It's too bad, of course," he said gently, "but accidents will happen. We must make the best of it."

"Of course," said Marian. "Thank you." She looked anywhere but at the bright and reassuring face above her. "I am very, very sorry this has occurred. If only I had kept the reins? I might have known. I did know, in fact. But—no matter. It can't be helped now."

At this overflow of base and truly feminine ingratitude Mr. Landt merely raised his eyebrows and walked over to a distant bench, whereon he settled himself in an attitude of repose. The little clock between the windows ticked sociably, and the pleasant purring of the fire suggested cosy companionship; but these two very handsome young people, whom fate had paired off in this novel and unexpected fashion, listened to the roaring of the storm gusts, the rattling of the doors and windows, in cold and formal silence. Now and then a word was uttered and answered relative to the flight of time or the condition of the fire, and again silence brooded.

Mr. Landt grew restless presently. He stirred about the room, picking up a school book here and there. Yawning undisguisedly over an old almanac he discovered and altogether betrayed the utmost weariness of soul. As for Miss Hanford, she still sat quite motionless and very pale, with an expresion of pride and subdued resentment on her clear-cut features that Eugene could not fail to see and understand.

"Your people will be alarmed about you, won't they, Miss Hanford?" he inquired at length, standing with his back to the fire and looking very bored and very handsome; "especially if the wagon goes home empty."

"I think the horse will take the road to his old home at Meadowsville," she said composedly. "He would hardly know the way to Uncle Reub's. My people will simply conclude that I was afraid to drive in this storm and that I have staid over in the village."

"Well, really, I don't see that there is any hope of better weather. I think I ought to start along and try to get to New Church and send some one to bring you home."

"Walk to New Church!" she asked in astonishment. "You never could in such a tempest."

"I could try."

"But there's no need. We are comfortable enough for the present. The wind must abate before long; and at any rate," she went on with firmness, "I couldn't stay here alone, Mr. Landt. I could not allow you to leave me helpless in this deserted place."

"But, my dear Miss Hanford, the storm may last till morning, and certainly we couldn't—I couldn't——"

He stopped, embarrassed. She was looking at him with such grave, unconscious eyes that he could not bring himself to hint at the impropriety of their remaining together, as viewed by the outside world, even for the length of time that had already passed.

"If you will not let me leave you," he said, catching at a thought, "how can I possibly procure assistance? You can't walk and you don't want to stay here all night."

"But the weather may change."

"That's the merest chance, Miss Hanford. We can't depend on that. I think I had better make a start. If I am blown into the canal," he added lightly, "or perish otherwise"——

"But I have told you I will not be left here alone," she interrupted quickly and indignantly. "It is your fault, sir, in the first place, that this accident has happened. If you had allowed me to keep the reins we would probably be safe at home by this time; instead of which——"

She threw out her hands with a gesture that finished the sentence eloquently enough.

Eugene bit his lip. He blushed angrily, but spoke with calmness.

"May I ask your reason for not wishing to stay alone?" he asked ironically, "that is, if there can be anything like reason connected with such a whim."

"I have told you that I am utterly powerless, and I am afraid."

"Of ghosts, or perhaps mice! Which is it?"

Miss Hanford did not answer. She, too, bit her lip, but it was to check back her quickly rising tears.

"I am sorry you are so unreasonable," he said quietly, "so childishly absurd. It places us both in a very ridiculous position."

"And I am sorry you are so ungentlemanly," she flashed out at him; "so rude, so unbearably impertinent—but I could expect no better! Nothing good could come from any one who bears your name!"

She ended in a passion of tears.

Mr. Landt continued to look down at her with a sort of startled, shocked expression. It was as if her delicate hand had struck him in the face and he was powerless to return the blow. He drew a deep breath and walked away, after a moment, and sat down as far from her as possible, his face averted, his head leaning on his hand.

Marian continued to sob convulsively. All the wrongs and sorrows of her father's life came surging back to her, an overwhelming tide; the flood-gates of her heart seemed bursting asunder before the pent-up bitterness of years. She was struggling with all her might to regain calmness but the very effort seemed to increase the violence of her emotion. As for Eugene—strong, hurt, wretched as he was—he only longed, with a strong man's compassion, to sooth and comfort his frank little enemy who had so bitterly spoken her mind.

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Eugene awoke with a shiver; the lamp had burned out, the fire was almost dead, and—what was this? Beyond the window panes clear moonlight and a cloudless sky! Miss Hanford was still asleep in her chair, as she had been for some time before Eugene himself succumbed. The wind had gone down, and now there was nothing to prevent him taking the road to New Church except——

He lit a match and looked at his watch. It was 2 o'clock a. m. He walked to the window and stared out hopelessly. Of what avail was the calm brightness of earth and sky? It had come too late. What now could turn aside this disgrace that had fallen on an innocent young life, and for which he perhaps had been to blame? There was only one thing that could be done. As he opened the door a little way and looked into the night a piercing wind swept by him, and the sleeper on the chair stirred and wakened.

"Who is that?" was demanded quickly. "Oh, oh! Mr. Landt, is it you? Where is the light?"

"It has burned out, Miss Hanford. We were both asleep."

"Oh!" she repeated, but now in a tone of relief. "And there isn't any more oil." She seemed to have slept away her anger and resentment. Her voice sounded sweet and friendly. "But the storm is over. I am so glad!"

"Glad?" Eugene said nothing. He closed the door and came and kneeled by the fire, blowing the half-dead embers into a flame, and laying on more wood until the room was partly lighted by the pleasant glow.

"I think it would be a good idea to watch from the window," she suggested cheerfully after a while. "Teams are sure to pass, now. How late is it—ten o'clock, eleven o'clock?"

But when Eugene informed her, in a constrained voice, she merely said, lightly: "Well, it won't be long till morning, especially if we go to sleep again."

It is perhaps needless to mention there was no more sleep that night for Mr. Landt. When morning dawned he was sitting looking thoughtfully at Miss Hanford's pretty, dark head, which rested rather uncomfortably on the desk beside her. As the day grew really bright he roused her gently.

"I am going now to bring a wagon. You will not mind being left alone?"

She lifted her bewildered face; then as full consciousness came back, she smiled and nodded.

"Yes, you can go now. Oh, how strange we have been here—all night!"

Eugene turned away quickly and began to put on his coat. Then he came back and stood beside her, strangely agitated.

"I am going to Dixon for a carriage," he said hurriedly, "and Miss Hanford, I will bring a minister with me and a witness. It is impossible for us to return to New Church until we are married."

"What?" said Marian, almost starting from her chair. "Married? You and I?"

"It must be so," he answered decisively. "I will never force my companionship on you; you will be perfectly free. Listen to me"—he spoke quite sternly—"the only way by which you can save your reputation or regain your place before the world is to let me make you my wife."

"I won't do any such thing," she answered instantly. "I am surprised you should think for a moment that I could."

"But I ask it for your sake," he said pointedly. "An adventure of this sort may be overlooked in a man, but in a woman——"

"An adventure," repeated Marian, her frank, brown eyes full of astonishment. "But could we possibly help it? Did we want to stay here? Who in the world could blame us for a matter entirely beyond our power to control?"

Eugene looked at her fixedly for a long moment. "It was in your power, Miss Hanford," he rejoined quietly. "You would not allow me to leave you. * * * I am going to Dixon," he repeated with added firmness, "to find a minister. In the mean time, try to use your reason—if that be possible,"—he could not refrain from this slight thrust. "And be assured of one thing, that it will not be my fault if your good name is sacrificed through an accident for which you tell me I was to blame in the first place."

He turned on his heels and left her helplessly watching his retreating figure.

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"Good morning, Uncle Reuben; can I see Mrs. Landt?"

"Marian," shouted Uncle Reub, putting his head in at the doorway; "come down, will you? Mr. Lan—your husband's here."

He bestowed a wink on Eugene as he substituted the word. "Her foot's all right again. She's goin' up to school to-morrow, I believe."

He nodded and passed along the veranda to the farmyard gate.

In a moment Marian came. She was blushing and breathing fast, and her brown eyes were lowered. They barely touched each other's hands.

"I heard you were about to take up school again," he said gravely. "Is it true?"

"But I must," she answered in a subdued voice, still not daring to look at him. "My term will not end——"

"Marian!" He caught her gently, turned her in his strong arm, and walked her into the little dark parlor, where the horse-hair sofa and mildew were. "Let us talk together a moment as friends, at least. You are my wife." She winced at the word, and Eugene withdrew his arm proudly. "But you are a free woman, too. Only I beg you not to pain me by persisting in this. I have settled on you an ample income—money that would have been yours by right, dear, only for the legal injustice that made it mine. I have arranged to go away. But I will go away a very wretched man unless I can think of you cared for and happy. Promise me that you will not teach any more; that you will accept your rights as my wife, as the woman I love."

"Don't dare to say you love me." She stepped back from him, looking very pale, but very piteous, too. "You are sorry for me; and you think"——

"I am not sorry for you," he interrupted, firmly. "Indeed, no. Who could be sorry for one so proud and—cold? But I am sorry for myself," he added, slowly, "because in spite of all your faults, I love you dearly."

And then Marian came slowly near, and shyly took hold of Eugene's coat button and examined it closely as she spoke.

"If you love me," she said softly—"you took a long time to tell me so."

"Marian!"

"You did. This is the first time you ever hinted such a thing was—possible."

"Dearest—but you must have known!"——

"Only tell me by what means. I might as well say that—you—must have known."

"Oh, Marian."

"Well," she said, but she laid her cheek against his arm to say it, "I didn't love you the least bit—not at all, until very, very lately. It seems I am only just beginning to know you now. And then—well, I—oh, Eugene, you are good!"

To this little outburst of coherent eloquence Mr. Landt merely said.

"My precious girl."

Presently she held up her obstinate little head again.

"But I never would have married you that morning—never—never only the minister—only dear old Mr. Earl—persuaded me. You never could have managed it for yourself.

"I'd have managed it later, though," Eugene answered, laughing.

Fear Conquered By Instinct.

An amusing illustration of the strength of involuntary impulse was recently afforded by the visit of burglars to the home of a certain well-known official of this city, who lives just outside the district limits, in the country. About three o'clock in the morning he and his wife were suddenly aroused by the appearance in their bedroom of three masked men. Two of them stood at the head of the bed and, with revolvers cocked and pointed at the temples of the bed-fellows, ordered them to lie still and save their lives by so doing. They complied with the request while the third ruffian began to explore the room. His bull's-eye lantern being awkward, he took a candle from the bureau and lighting it began to ransack closets, drawers, boxes and bureaus in the room. While so engaged he carelessly let the paraffine taper drop in swift succession hot drops all over the floor. The housewife, though bound to the pillow by the muzzle of a revolver, could not restrain her impulses despite the blood-curdling threat of the burglar at her side. She half-rose in bed and cried out:

"Shame on you; don't you see you are spoiling my carpet?"

An unintelligible grunt was the only answer.

"Now, look here, you villain," again cried out the housewife, "I want you to stop spilling grease all over my carpet."

The startled thief who could not have heard her first command, turned around and met her blazing eyes.

"Yes, m'm, I will do it, see'n' as how we can't take it with us," he gently remarked.

The scoundrels at the bedside only chuckled. At that moment an alarm clock set up its call for an early-rising servant up stairs. The thieves became suspicious at once. They snuffed out the candle and threw a big bag containing their plunder over their shoulders, closed the door behind them, and stole down the stairs, out of the front gate and decamped.

And then it was that the good housewife fainted.

Stories of Cobras.

From Longman's Magazine.

Dr. Richards came one day to see a lady patient at my house. He arrived in a palanquin, which was put down in the portico. He went to the lady's room and paid her a brief visit; and when he came out of the room he went to the palanquin and brought out a large cobra which he had brought over to show me, in order to prove by experiments in my presence that a particular kind of wood, which a native faker declared to be an antidote to snake-poison, was of no value. It is unnecessary to recapitulate the experiments, but his familiarity with the deadly snake was quite alarming. I could not help wondering what his lady patient would have said if she had known that he had brought a snake with him to the house, for she was terribly nervous about snakes.

The snake house in the Zoological gardens in the Regent's park is a most perfectly designed building for keeping the snakes in health for exhibiting them to the public. The late King of Oude had built a snakery in the gardens of his palace at Garden Reach, near Calcutta. It was an oblong pit about thirty feet long by twenty feet broad, the walls being about twelve feet high, and perfectly smooth, so that a snake could not climb up. In the center of the pit there was a large block of rough masonry, perferated so that it was as full of holes as a sponge. In this honeycombed block the snakes dwelt; and when the sun shone brightly they came out to bask or to feed. His majesty used to have live frogs put into the pit, and amused himself by seeing the hungry snakes catch the frogs. When a large snake catches a small frog, it is all over in an instant, but if a smallish snake catches a largish frog, so that he cannot swallow it at once, the frogs cries are piteous to hear. Again and again I have heard them while out shooting, and have gone to the bush or tuft of grass from which the piercing cries came—sometimes too late to save poor froggy, though the snake generally got shot. As a final story let me tell how a frog has been seen to turn the tables on the snake. Two gentlemen in Cachar some years ago saw a small snake seize a small frog and attempt to swallow it. But suddenly a large frog jumped forward, seized the snake's tail and began to swallow the snake. How the affair might have ended cannot be told, because my friends imprudently drew near to watch the combat, when the frogs and the snake took alarm, and the big frog disgorged the snake's tail, and the snake released the little frog, and they all scuttled off.

Clanders.

This disease, known also as farcy prevails among horses, asses and mules. It is highly contagious. It is characterized by a swelling and suppuration of the glands, inflammation, tending to suppuration of the mucous membrane of the nose and respiratory organs, pains in the joints, and great prostration.

There is no evidence that it ever originates in man; it seems, in every human case, to have been communicated from a diseased animal.

It is believed that it is never communicated by diseased emanations diffused in air. This in part accounts for the fact that it is comparatively rare among men, while it is frequen among horses, and has a strong tendency to spread. Horses are very sociable among themselves, and as the morbid discharges from the nostrils and lungs are profuse, they are thus easily inoculated. It is plain however, that man is not as suscep, tible to the disease as are animals but while it is rare among human beings, it is exceedingly fatal.

In most cases, the affected person has taken it by inoculation; infected matter has come in contact with a wound, a scratch, a chafed surface, or a chapped hand. The poison lies inert from three to eight days, and sometimes for several weeks. The wound may even have wholly healed; but the spot at length becomes intensely inflamed, and later ulcerates. The neighboring lymphatic vessels swell, and become hard and cord like.

The glands also enlarge, and the whole part becomes swollen, then follow, generally, abscesses and ulcerating cavities. The mucous membrane of the nose sooner or later inflames and ulcerates, as does also that of the mouth, larynx, lungs and eyes. Then follow a severe cough and profuse expectoration.

In the early stages of the disease and also when the disease is of a milder type, it is dfficult to determine its nature. It may be confounded with rheumatism, typhoid fever, or some other form of blood poisoning. The patient's relation to a horse affected with the disease is an important fact in the determination.

We have said that the mortality in man is very great. Yet if the symptoms develop slowly, and are less severe, and the disease assumes a chronic form, one-half of the patients may recover.

Of course, the attending physician must determine the treatment, which should be of a supporting, stimulating and soothing character. All who have anything to do with the patient should wear rubber gloves, and be very careful of any scratch on the face.

Holding to Old Usages.

It seems somewhat strange that the usages of a semi-barbarous people, as the English people were when the common law was evolved, are all abandoned except those that pertain to the administration of justice. An English paper, in calling attention to the circumstance that judges in that country still wear wigs in trying cases, says that it furnishes evidence that there is less progress in law than in any pursuit to which men of intelligence and learning devote themselves. A hundred years ago the members of all professions wore wigs, but they are never seen now outside a court room. Our judges do not wear wigs, but they hold fast to practices that have long been abandoned in Great Britain. Trials here are much longer than there, and many more appeals to higher courts are taken. English courts, it is said, are now not only self-sustaining, but sources of revenue, while the maintenance of our courts imposes a heavy burden on the people.—Chicago Times.

He Didn't Catch On.

There are many things in this world that look comparatively easy, but which a trial demonstrates call forth a man's most serious effort. We have always labored under the impression that a sixty pound pig could be grabbed by the hind leg and carried off with comparative ease by a man of ordinary size. This crude idea, however, has loosened its grip on us during the last few days.

Recently we ambled up to a pig like a member of the Manhattan Ball club getting on deck for a strike, and reached for his hind leg. Just then he had to take a step we had not expected him to make, and the leg was not there any more. Several more reaches were made, but all fell short, and what was the most surprising part of it, the pig, which was so absorbed in its rooting that he never looked up, always happened to move just at the right time to be missed. While regarding it as a coincidence (for the animal did not even know we were there, we stole up so quietly), it was one of those annoying coincidences that it is not easy to account for. It we were writing a treatise on coincidence we should give this a prominent place. Presently we got the animal in a corner, and, in order to be sure, fell down on it bodily. Again one of those infernal chance movements took place. The pig took two steps to gather a potato, and we fell flat on the place where the pig had just been. Then he looked round for the first time, and, perceiving us lying there, grunted his astonishment and trotted away. He was so astonished at seeing a man lying there on his stomach, spitting gravel out of his mouth, that he went off and stuck his head in a barrel to give his brain a rest.

Then we slid up quietly and by a finely calculated cryptogramus movement snatched him by the hind leg. This was probably what caused the barrel to rise up suddenly and hit us on the nose. The wrestling match seemed to begin at this point. First we got a collar and elbow hold on the barrel and stood it on its head. Then the pig got a grape vine lock and threw us over the barrel. Then we got a Cornish grip on the animal and threw him, and were in turn downed by the barrel. Then we got a half Nelson, Graeco-Roman lock on the pig's neck, but it got out with a half turn and somersault and grabbed us by the seat of the trousers. Claim of foul disallowed by female referee on the front steps, on grounds that the pig's tail had also been grabbed in the turn. Then the pig, with a new style of wrestling, heretofore unknown to us, turned us a somersault. If a pig blind-folded by a barrel could play this sort of games, it occurred to us that there was no telling what he might not do with his head loose. This idea, and the feeling that he might put his head out of the barrel, or the barrel head out, or get us out of our head, had a most demoralizing effect. Suddenly, by a coup de main act, we stood the barrel on end, with the pig's hindquarters in the air, and thought we had the match won; but the animal wiggled down in the barrel, and as we lowered it on its side to prevent his weight annoying him any further, he made an extraordinary movement. He smashed out the barrel head, and, as we had him by the leg, dragged us after him into the barrel. When we let go, to prevent the nails in the barrel from tearing our new clothes, we found ourselves in the barrel and the pig in a field about half a mile from the house.

A woman, who had been sitting on the steps to act as a referee, gave the match to the pig.—Carson (Nev.) Appeal.

Double Consciousness.

From the London Queen.

What is that strange sense that most of us have of a double consciousness—of a kind of twin self-like and yet unlike the person as we are held by the world and known to be by ourselves—of a foregone experience identical with this we are now undergoing—of previous circumstances, of which tis is only a repetition? Few of us are so unconscious, so unobservant, as not to have known both these phases of feeling—both that which redoubles and differentiates the self, and that which makes this place, this person, this conversation but a repetition of what has already been. Perhaps the former of these two states may be referred to the infinite complexity of the human mind, but with this complexity that elemental homogeneity which makes all the world akin, and which Terence crystalized in his famous aphorism: "Homo sum: humani nihil a me alienum puto." This being true, then every Jekyll has his potential Hyde, and every Hyde his possible Jekyll; and there are no heights nor depths to which we may not rise or descend, at least in imagination. Here conscience and imagination—principle and potentiality—make that confusion which creates a double consciousness through a single line of action. Say we have to deal with a man whom we have no right to offend overtly, and whom secretly we despise with a very vehemence of contempt. What a strong strain of double consciousness is here! Our manners, our speech, must of necessity be smooth and without offense. In our heart we are conscious of a scorn that loathes and repudiates the creatures of mean vices and well-veiled infamy, from whom, however, it is not our business to tear the mask. We are two people when we are in his company—one the moralist, who shakes a spiritual fist at the other, the man of the world; while the man of the world shrugs his shoulders at the moralist, and says in unheard tones: "Don't make a fool of yourself." Again this kind of double consciousness comes into play when we are in a difficulty from which a little unworthy chicaney would extricate us, and where perfect honesty will only draw the coils tighter and deepen the hole where we were already fallen. The two egos talk inside one head, and argue the case with more or less distinctness. Jekyll or Hyde? which shall it be? Being human, with that nihil alienum as the basis of our being, we are organically capable of any rascality to be compassed by the universal man. We repudiate while we picture but the ability to picture proves the ability to practice but for that other self that restraining self, born of the consciousness of higher things. Still, there it is; and the double moment goes on, though it may be so faintly as not to constitute a real temptation. It may only be a consciousness of possible escape if we would bring ourselves to fraud and dishonesty without the confessed query: "Shall I do it?" When, indeed, it comes into such distinctness and vitality as that—when Hyde is as solid as Jekyll—then we have a tougher time of it and a harder battle, and the spiritual tussle is stiffer than we would perhaps care to acknowledge. How many of us go through these temptations is known to each man's own soul only. "What's done we partly may compute, but not what is resisted," and the double consciousness which is made by principle and passion, restraint and desire, is never revealed to others and scarcely confessed to ourselves. But we all have it, even those who conquer the evil tendency with most apparent facility and most thoroughness.

Gentlemen.

What do we mean to-day by that common phrase, a gentleman? By the lights of history, from gens, gentilis, it should mean a man of family, "one of a kent house," one of a notable decent, thus embodying an ancient stupid belief and implying a modern scientific theory. The ancient and stupid belief came to the ground, with a prodigious dust and the collapse of several polities, in the latter half of the last century. There followed upon this an interregnum, during which it was believed that all men were born "free and equal," and that it really did not matter who your father was. Man has always been nobly irrational, bandaging his eyes against the facts of life, feeding himself on the wind of ambitious falsehood, counting his stock to be the children of the gods; and yet perhaps he never showed in a more touching light than when he embraced this boyish theory. Freedom we now know for a thing incompatible with corporate life and a blessing probably peculiar to the solitary robber; we know, besides that every advance in richness of existance, whether moral or material, is paid for by a loss of liberty; that liberty is man's coin in which he pays his way; the luxury, and knowledge and virtue, and love and the family affections, are all so many fresh fetters on the naked and solitary freeman. And the ancient stupid belief, having come to the ground, and the dust of its fall subsided, behold the modern scientific theory begining to rise very nearly on the old foundation; and individuals no longer (as was fondly imagined) springing into life from God knows where, incalculable, untrammeled, abstract, equal to one another—but issuing modestly from a race; with virtues and vices, fortitudes and frailties, ready made; the slaves of their inheritance of blood; eternally unequal. So that we in the present, and yet more our scientific descendants in the future, must use, when we desire to praise a character, the old expression, gentleman, in nearly the old sense—one of a happy strain of blood, one fortunate in descent from brave and self-respecting ancestors, whether clowns or counts. And yet plainly this is of but little help. The intricacy of descent defies prediction, so that even the heir of a hundred sovereigns may be born a brute or a vulgarian. We may be told that a picture is an heirloom; that does not tell us what the picture represents. All qualities are inherited, and all characters; but which are the qualities that belong to the gentleman? What is the character that earns and deserves that honorable style? And yet for all this ambiguity, for all these imperfect examples, we know clearly what we mean by the word. When we meet a gentleman of another class, though all contrariety of habits, the essentials of the matter stand confessed: I never had a doubt of Jones. More than that, we recognize the type in books; the actors of history, the characters of fiction bear the mark upon their brow; at a word, by a bare act, we discern and segregate the mass, this one a gentleman, the other not.—Robert Louis Stephenson.

The School of Patience.

My dear boy, if a man can only cultivate patience and strength, it seems to me he will be a good neighbor, a pleasant man to do business with, a safe man to trust, and the kind of a man the world loves, even though he lack wisdom, and hath no genius, and can't tell a good story or sing a note.

How much does fretful, restless, hurrying old world owe to the patient man, who finds his strength "in quietness and confidence," who can be patient with our faults, our fancies, our wickedness; who can be quiet when the sottest word would have a sting; who can wait for storms to blow over and for wrongs to right themselves; who can patiently and silently endure a slight until he has forgotten it and who can even be patient with himself? That's the fellow, my boy, who tries my patience and strength more than any man else with whom I have to deal. I could get along with the rest of the world well enough if he were only out of it. I can meet all my other cares and enemies bravely and cheerfully enough. But when myself comes to me, with his heartaches and blunders and stumblings, with his own follies and troubles and sins, somehow he takes all the tuck out of me. My strength is weakness and my patience is folly when I come to deal with him. He tires me. He is such a fool. He makes the same stupid blunders in the same stupid way so many times. Sometimes when I think I must put up with him and his ways all my life, I want to give up. And then the next time he comes to me with his cares and the same old troubles, he seems so helpless and penitent that I feel sorry for him, and try to be patient with him, and promise to help him all I can once more. Ah, my dear boy, as you grow older, that is the fellow who will try you and torment you, and draw on your sympathy, and tax your patience and strength. Be patient with him, poor old fellow, because I think he does love you, and yet, as a rule you are harder on him than any one else—Burdette.

Not as Bad as Expected.

Thomas Starr King used to tell that one of his kinsmen was much opposed to his entering the lecture field, and were inclined to belittle his abilities. So one night Dr. King invited him to hear one of his brilliant discourses, and at the close asked him what he thought of it. "Waal," was the cheering reply, "You warn't half as tejus as I thought you'd be."—Boston Transcript.