

LIKE CURES LIKE.

"How have I offended you, Alice?" The question was asked with just a touch of hauteur in the low flexible tone; yet, in spite of his wounded pride, Dean Radnor's eyes were full of passionate anxiety as he looked down into Alice Wier's disdainful, half-averted face. They were standing together in the curtained recess of a deep bay-window in her father's drawing room. A pleasant murmur of voices—the low informal gusts there—ascended unengaged in there after dinner conversation, fell dreamily on Radnor's ear, but he was conscious of nothing but his own anxious suspense. Miss Wier recently lifted to his gaze a fair, proud face, every feature of which seemed to have frozen into unutterable contempt. Her blue eyes flashed a little too ominously, perhaps, to bear out the impression of cold indifference which her answering words were designed to convey; but Dean Radnor, blind as his eyes were, heard the words and believed in them, without perceiving the subtle contradiction that eyes and voice, in spite of her, contained. "That you should need to ask this, Mr. Radnor," she said haughtily, "is even worse than your offense. I can not condescend to point out the special act of discourtesy which has reversed my former good opinion of you. The simple fact that you are unconscious of it is a sufficient proof that you are not the perfect gentleman I once believed you to be. Let this explain my request that we meet no more as acquaintances." Dean Radnor stared at the speaker now in dumb and stupefied amazement. To any ordinary observer it would have been perfectly plain from Miss Wier's whole speech and manner that she was thoroughly, uncontrollably angry, and uttering words that did cruel violence to her own feelings, as well as the feelings of the one whom she was addressing; but Radnor, although unquestionably lacking in cool wisdom where Alice Wier was concerned, had not the penetration of an ordinary observer, and therefore failed to make what most otherwise have been a most gratifying discovery. Stung by the contempt in her tone and words, angered by a criticism which he felt to be preposterously unreasonable and unjust, he answered with a manner quite as haughty as her own, while his eyes met hers with a look as cold as steel. "Very well, Miss Wier, since you regard it as an impossible concession to explain the sudden coldness and disdain with which you have treated me to-day, after the flattering cordiality and friendship of the past few months, I must consider it equally a concession on my part to ask further for this explanation. As to your request that we meet no more as acquaintances, I shall cheerfully accede to it. Believe me, I can take no pleasure in the acquaintance of a lady who, while dwelling with such emphasis upon the courtesy due to herself, quite ignores the fact that there is an equal courtesy due from her to others. I have the honor of bidding you good-bye."

And her first intimation of Radnor's presence was when she came face to face with him in the hall, whether her partner in the last valse had taken her for a quiet promenade. If there was a throb of insane joy in Dean Radnor's heart at this sudden sight of Alice, no one but himself was ever the wiser for it. In an instant the scornful words flashed before his mind, as distinctly as though the rosy lips now quivering and paling before him had just uttered them. "It is my wish that we meet no more as acquaintances." Had he not returned from his cowardly retreat to prove to her that he could grant this request with no effort nor pain to himself? Verily, her wish should be respected! And so, with a cold pride before which Alice's painfully throbbing heart sunk in utter and helpless despair, Dean Radnor stepped aside with the graceful bow that he would have given to the merest stranger, and allowed Miss Wier and Col. Shepperson to pass on; then, making his way to the call-room, he sought out the beautiful Miss Temple, and throughout the remainder of the evening devoted himself to her with a consciousness that no one failed to observe. There was no deliberate trifling on Dean Radnor's part. He was a consistent believer in the principles of homoeopathy; and in affairs of the heart as well as in the more tangible fields of flesh is heir to, he held the truth to be self-evident that "like cures like." He was determined to cure himself of his useless love for Alice Wier, and how was this to be done? Why, by opposing it with a stronger, manly, sensible love for some worthy girl; and there was no young lady in all his wide social acquaintance (next to Alice Wier) whom he esteemed so highly as Miss Temple. Hence, his deliberate determination to fall in love with Miss Temple, marry her and live happily forever after. And Alice? Well, she observed the assiduity of Radnor's attentions to Miss Temple, and soon became convinced that their motive was sincere admiration and affection, their object matrimony. Very good; she had been quite mistaken, then, in imputing that he had ever loved her; what she had foolishly believed to be love was but the hypocritical pretension of a selfish, mercenary, insincere trifler, who could easily console himself when he found that she was not to be won by his professions of devotion. Oh, how thankful she was that she had had the pride, the spirit to send him away from her before he had won her whole heart by his empty words and his deceitful tenderness of tone and glance! Glad—why, all that she reproached herself for now, was that she had not been ten times more angry with him than she was, and that she had ever dreamed of such a thing afterward as admitting herself in the wrong. And, at this point, Alice herself became a convert to homoeopathy; to this extent—she resolved upon the same cure for her wounded feeling; that Dean Radnor had prescribed for his own. Why should she not love Col. Shepperson, who for long months had been fluttering around her in silent but unmistakable admiration? He was wealthy, he was fine looking, he wasn't so very old, and minor had it that he would some day be in congress. Surely any girl in her senses would be thankful and proud to encourage such a lover; and Alice Wier, disheartened admitting that she had been herself out of her senses in not returning herself to think so much of Dean Radnor, resolved now, with a thrill of new life running through all her nerves, that she would conquer her foolish fancy for Radnor by a sensible love for Col. Shepperson; and, marrying him—as of course he would soon ask her to do—live happily for ever after. And now the grand work of cure began. The gayest season that Hastings had ever known drew toward its close, and society, looking on with amiable approval up to the four most conspicuous "eligibles" whose unusual prominence in all social affairs had contributed so largely to the brilliant success of the season, was waiting with bated breath for the announcement of the engagements which every one had so long been predicting. Radnor, having danced attendance upon Miss Temple until nothing was left him in ordinary reason and honor, had to make a formal offer of his hand and heart, found himself patting away the tears of the decisive words "I am little understood. Did he fear his fate too much, or were his deserts small?" Or why did he hesitate about pronouncing the final "Will you?"—taking, as it were, the last sagged pellet that remained before his cure could be effected. Perhaps there was something in Miss Temple's manner which warned him that, although willing enough to be wooed, she yet did not care to be won. At all events, he faltered and hesitated on the brink of a proposal. And Col. Shepperson, gallant and gay and devoted swain—what aided him that the sentiments of the heart, whenever they forced themselves into speech, melted away into "airy nothings," that made very delightful small talk for flirtation, but bound him no more firmly to the one to whom they were uttered than the wisest threads of gossamer would have done? Had Alice Wier been impatient to accomplish her ambitious scheme of marrying this prospective member of congress, she would have been ill-pleased with his tardiness in declaring himself; but, for some reason, she was strangely content to wait; and every time the dangerous tenderness that showed itself for an instant in Col. Shepperson's eyes when they met hers, in his voice when he spoke to her, in the pressure of his hand as it held hers, resolved itself into the gray ardor of jest, and the threatened crisis thus passed away, she breathed a sigh of relief and thankfulness. Verily, homoeopathy may be sure; but in these two cases it was unquestionably slow. But affairs could not go on thus forever. With wonder and impatience at

strange faint-heartedness, Dean Radnor resolved at last to make the fatal leap and give Miss Temple the long-deferred opportunity to accept his hand and fortune. And by an odd coincidence, he chose the very time and place for making this declaration that Col. Shepperson, likewise goaded to desperate resolution, had chosen for a similar duty. They were again the guests of Mrs. Chalmers; the occasion a lawn party, just previous to the breaking up of society for the summer exodus to seashore and mountains. It was evening, and the elegant grounds were illuminated with Japanese lanterns, making an effective picture with the auxiliaries of flowers, shrubbery, fountains, statuary and the beautiful costumes of the ladies who were all in fancy dress. Dean Radnor, possibly with a view to preparing himself for his meditated coup d'etat, had wandered off alone to a quiet portion of the grounds, where the moonlight, undisturbed by the brilliant glare of the Japanese lanterns, was doing its best to turn night into day; and there, pacing to and fro behind the cover of the tall shrubbery, he was communing with himself, when suddenly he heard voices just at hand; two voices—one a man's deep baritone, the other a woman's sweet, clear treble—both softened into the most gentle, tender tones. Could it be—could it be that one of them was Col. Shepperson's voice, and the other Miss Temple's? Yes, even so; and this is what they said, and what Dean Radnor, unconsciously eavesdropping, overheard: He—Oh, my darling, you can not imagine how happy this renewal of our engagement has made me! And only last night—to-day—this very evening, I was so near despair! How could you flirt with Dean Radnor as you have been doing, when all the time you loved only me? She (sweetly)—Oh, Philip, could you ever have been so blind as to imagine that I cared anything for Dean Radnor? We were excellent friends—nothing more. I confess that I tried to like him, just at first, for I was determined to make myself forget how much I cared for you; but that was— He (emphatically)—Impossible, darling! Oh, how happy you make me! She (shrilling)—Yes—I don't mind telling you now, Philip—it was impossible. But I did [with sudden emotion that seems to threaten tears] how could you flirt with Alice Wier as you have been doing, if all the time you loved only me? He (laughing)—You dear little goose, did you really believe that I was in love with Miss Wier? A cruel little flirt, with no more heart than an icicle! I'll admit to you that I did think of making serious love to her just at first, for I was so stung by the way you had thrown me over; but bless your dearest and sweetest of little hearts do you think I could ever care for Alice Wier, after loving you? Why, the idea, you know— And here followed some inarticulate but distinctly audible demonstrations on Col. Shepperson's part at which Miss Temple faintly demurred; then, before another word was spoken, they had passed on beyond the reach of Radnor's ear. In a state of dazed wonder, of half-stupor comprehension, Dean Radnor turned mechanically to retrace his steps toward the gayly-lighted grounds, whence came the sound of sweetly murmuring voices and laughter, when a startling apparition met his eyes. There, in the broad, full, merciless moonlight, with her misty white dress falling around her like a filmy cloud, and beautiful as a statue, and thus face to face these innocent eavesdroppers looked into each other's eyes long and steadily for the first time since their foolish estrangement. Yes, and they saw now with clearer vision than ever before into each other's hearts and into their own. The shadow that had hung between them so long was suddenly lifted; and with new gladness surdily their hearts and shining in their eyes, each moved a step forward, with one common impulse, until Alice was folded in Radnor's arms, and the words were spoken that brought joy to their hearts, and made peace between them forever and ever.—Miss S. S. Morton in Cooper & Candor's Fashion Monthly.

THE SLAYER OF TECUMSEH.

Col. Richard M. Johnson Undoubtedly the Man—Details of the Fight. Col. Richard M. Johnson had Tecumseh for his combatant, with a force three times his number. As was their custom, the Indians were concealed from view by lying in the grass and bushes and trees. Col. Johnson selected twenty men, with whom he advanced a few rods in front of the main body to bring on the battle without exposing the whole to the first fire of the Indians. While thus advancing they were fired on and nineteen of the twenty fell. The shot brought the Indians from their ambush, when Col. Johnson immediately ordered his men to dismount and advance to combat. A dreadful conflict ensued. The colonel alone remained, and moving forward amid the Indians he observed one who was evidently a commander of no common order. He did not know him, but saw it was necessary to dispatch him to secure the victory. The colonel had already received four wounds and was greatly weakened by the loss of blood. His horse, also severely wounded, was unable to move faster than a walk. He could not approach the chief in a right line, on account of the track of a large tree, and turning directly toward the chief, advanced upon him. At the distance of a few yards his horse stumbled, but fortunately did not fall. This gave the Indian the first notion of his approach, when he instantly leveled his rifle at the colonel and gave him another wound, the severest he had received in the battle. He did, not, however, fall, but continued his movement toward the Indian till he came so near that the Indian was raising his tomahawk to strike him down. The colonel had a pistol in his right hand, charged with a ball and three bullets, which he held against his thigh, so that the Indian had not discovered it. At this moment the colonel raised his pistol and, discharging its contents into the breast of the Indian chief, laid him dead upon the spot. The Indians near him, seeing their commander fall, gave a horrible yell and instantly fled. The colonel, covered with wounds, twenty-five balls, it was said, having been shot into him, his clothes, and his horse, was conveyed from the ground faint and almost senseless. Although, probably from political considerations, doubt was at one time raised as to whether or not Col. Johnson killed Tecumseh, there appears to be no good ground for such doubt. Both the American and Canadian historians agree that the account here given is substantially correct. Mr. Coffin says that, after being taken from the field, Col. Johnson was told that he had killed Tecumseh, and that the (Col. Johnson) always afterward gave his story simply and not boastfully, but others scrambled for credit where a brave man found cause for pain. There is every reason to believe that Johnson did slay Tecumseh. On his body was found the marks of four bullets and a ball. These wounds had caused his death. From their direction, they must have been inflicted from above as from a man on horseback. Johnson was the only man on horseback in that part of the field.—Ex-Pastmaster General Horatio King in Boston Herald.

THE MATING OF HUMAN BEINGS.

Not a Matter Beyond the Science of Man—Food for Serious Thought. It has been lately said that the mating of human beings is a matter beyond the science of man, because "as near as many God joins two souls. The causes of selection are unknown, and we have little hope of their discovery. Whatever breeding to secure brains has so far been had has been a complete failure. Now and then there has been a line of smart men—often a family of smart people—but we believe the union of a poet with a Philistine is more apt to produce a remarkable issue than the union of two poets." Does it not seem to be almost blasphemous to charge upon God the responsibility for the marriages of men, of freed for rank, and of course of animal passion, of the evil effects of which the divorce courts and the scandal columns of the press are so constantly full? Is it not true that every person of clear brain can tell what were the causes that led to his or her choice of a life partner? What intelligent person will admit in this day that he or she was led by fancy alone, or by impulse only, and that calm reason and due regard for the laws, written or unwritten, had no part in deciding the question of mating for life? Who except the ignorant or the reckless will confess that, without a thought of possible consequences, they assumed the responsibility of creating new ties and of bringing into the world new beings to affect its destiny? Is the mating of human beings beyond the science of man? If that were true—the laws of man do not exercise an almost irresistible power over that mating—why do not men of high intelligence and irreproachable character wed women of depraved tastes and of infamous reputation, yet of beauty of exterior? Is there proof that breeding for brain has been a failure? Can it be shown that the children of people of genius have failed to show like genius because their parents possessed great talents? Have not the failures been the result of other causes not so deeply hidden for discovery? It is a truth well known to breeders that often a reversion to an old type of ancestor will appear to apparently set at naught the best art of the breeder. None know better than do breeders of the highest skill how tediously long is the task of firmly fixing any peculiarity of form, or color, or temperament, or action in animals completely under control as to mating, and of short generations. None know better than they that like will produce like, immediately or remotely, and they are therefore not discouraged by failure, however men they may be disappointed. It is scarcely reasonably to expect to develop and permanently establish by a single effort a talent for any branch of the serious work of the world, or a remarkable genius for any art, but history furnishes evidence showing that the breeding of men with a steadfast purpose of developing certain physical or mental traits has been successful; and also showing that, while by this means mankind has at times advanced greatly, he has often slipped back when he has neglected the observance of correct principles of breeding. None will deny that the royal families of Europe, the Ptolemies of Egypt, or the Incas of America possessed a marked genius for ruling. They were bred and, in many cases, closely inbred for the strengthening and intensifying of their powers of governing. How great a measure of success attended the exercise of the breeder's art in their cases was shown by the grand works of Egyptian kings and by the results of European ruling and indicated by the magnificent ruins of Central and South America—structures that have no equals among the products of the boasted and conceited civilization of to-day—structures that we would find difficulty in reproducing with the aid of all modern appliances, which give proof that their builders had a marvelous ability to govern multitudes of men in tasks that, with the crude appliances they used, would be to us impossible, because we lack the power to manage our vast mass of men.—E. W. Kerry in Chicago Times.

Adventures of a Valuable Painting.

A Claude Lorraine recently met with a series of adventures in Paris, which, if the narrative be true, go to show that appreciation of a choice work of art is not widespread in the French capital with all its institutes, fine art-schools, prizes of Rome and salons. The picture in question was stolen from a private residence by a bold fellow who is credited (or charged) on the police books with 141 successful burglaries, accomplished by him without any accomplices. After a long search the "guise" was discovered in the person of a dealer in second hand furniture. At first he denied all knowledge of the affair, but being pressed hard, admitted that he had bought it for 5 francs! Not suspecting that he had in hand a work valued at 18,000 francs, he sold it to a neighbor in the same business, and equally ignorant in art matters, for 6 francs. The second buyer set it out in front of his shop, surrounded by the usual broken, faded and dilapidated bits of cabinet work and upholstery that drift into such places, and scratched over it in chalk, "Ten francs." After a fortnight's exposure there to the sun and the rain, it attracted the attention of a passer-by, who bought it and carried it home. His family, having a little knowledge of its worth as the thief or the second-hand dealer—oras he, either, as the sequel proved—so stewered him with their jests that he posted it away in an out-house, where it was at last found by the detective officer who had been ordered to trace its journey since it was taken from its rightful owner.—Boston Transcript.

AURORA.

What airy form is this, all gleams, That loiters down the wall, A-phink-king in the garden-plot, The roselark from its stall? Uplifted in her flange-tips! She looks a baby rose, Cloes to her bow-shaped, scarlet lip, And in the pink leaves blows. How soon it waxes; as if it knew A saphyr from the south, Or felt a drop of morning dew— A breath—a kiss—her month! How vain to loo, O foolah loul, Your rivals in such scorn, Because her kiss has stirred your bloof!—My smooth ear, and your mora!—Pank Douppret Therman in Outlook. A TOO MATHEMATICAL LEADER. It Isn't Always Prudent to Let Figures Tell Too Much Truths. We have read of oriental arithmetic that put silver castors under the multiplication table and cover it with Damascus drapery; but even oriental imagination could never make it serve as a pleasant piece of courtship. There is no concord between signing and ciphering; statistics are sure death to sentiment. A young English statistician who was paying court to a young lady thought to surprise her with his immense erudition. Producing his note book she thought he was about to insinuate a love sonnet, but was slightly taken back by the following question: "How many meals do you eat a day?" "Why, three of course; but of all the oldest questions!" "Never mind, dear, I'll tell you all about it in a moment." His pencil was rapidly at work. At last fondly clasping her slender waist— "Now, my darling, I've got it, and if you wish to know how much has passed through that adorable little mouth in the last seventeen years, I can give you the exact figures." "Goodness gracious! What can you mean?" "Now just listen," says he, "and you will hear exactly what you have been obliged to absorb to maintain those charms which are to make the happiness of my life." "But I don't want to hear." "Ah, you are surprised, no doubt, but statistics are wonderful things. Just listen. You are now 17 years old, and that in fifteen years you have absorbed: 600 oxen and calves, 5 sheep and lambs, 14 chickens, 307 ducks, 204 geese, 12 turkeys, 100 gams of various kinds, 234 fishes, 199 eggs, 221 vegetables (bunches), 709 fruits (caskets), 859 cheeses, 103 bread cakes, (in sacks of flour), 40 wine (barrels), 11 water (gallons), 3,000. At this the maiden revolted and jumping up, exclaimed: "I think you are very impertinent and disgusting besides, and I will not stay to listen to you!" upon which she flew into the house. He gazed after her with an abstracted air and left, saying to himself: "If she kept talking at that rate twelve hours out of twenty-four her jaws would in twenty years travel a distance of 1,332,121 miles." The Maiden within two months married a well-to-do grocery, who was no statistician.—Globe Crier. The Decoration in Autumn. The autumn is a time of special delight to the decorator. One of his things she will do will be to take a dozen fluffy thistles and as many tin-balls, with a smooth-planned pine board to her workroom. She will glue the board in dark gold. Around the edge she will tack two rows of rope, drawing them into a bow knot at the left-hand upper corner, will fringe out the ends of the bow and then gold the rope and bow in bright gold. The cut-stalks she will carefully touch in gold and will bronzed the stems. She will glue the stems of the thistles and then spatter the liquid gold over their puff-balls tops till they sparkle like the sun. Then she will take a bunch of autumn leaves and gold them as near to nature as she can, leaving a few of the dark green and dull brown leaves to neutralize the whole. She will lay the cut-stalks on the board, grouping her thistles beneath them, and finishing with the leaves at the bottom. She will tie the bunch with a cord of coarse do, and then gild the cord. The do she then ready to be hung up, and is a credit to anybody's room.—New York Herald. Over the Ocean in Twenty-Four Hours. They are building a vessel in Pittsburgh, which is expected to reach New Orleans from that city in as short a time as it now takes to go to Cincinnati. An ocean ship model on the same plan would, it is expected, reach Southampton, England, from Halifax, Nova Scotia, in twenty-four hours. Mr. John Dougherty, of Mount Union, Pa., is the inventor of his marvelous craft. The vessel now under construction is to be 63 feet wide, 168 feet long on the waterline, and 178 or 180 feet long on deck, and will be built entirely of wood. Its weight without the engine will be about forty-five tons, and when it has the engine and 250 passengers on board, its draft will be less than six inches.—Dougherty's Monthly. Great Britain's Pasture. In Ireland and England there is some pasture all winter, and there are no places for the shelter of stock and sheep. The Scotch highlands are largely used for sheep raising. The variety is a good, fat, black-faced one, and the pastures excellent. Hay is left out in the open air all winter, both here and in Ireland. It is put into small stacks and tied around with ropes. In England many of the hay and straw stacks are thatched and they are, as a rule, ridge-shaped instead of round.—Frank George Carpenter. A Filled Report. Mamma (who is engaged in earnest conversation with a male visitor, to Noel, who is inclined to be talkative)—Hush, Noel! Haven't I told you often that little boys should be seen and not heard? Noel—Yes, mamma! But you don't look at me!—Punch.

Col. Richard M. Johnson Undoubtedly the Man—Details of the Fight. Col. Richard M. Johnson had Tecumseh for his combatant, with a force three times his number. As was their custom, the Indians were concealed from view by lying in the grass and bushes and trees. Col. Johnson selected twenty men, with whom he advanced a few rods in front of the main body to bring on the battle without exposing the whole to the first fire of the Indians. While thus advancing they were fired on and nineteen of the twenty fell. The shot brought the Indians from their ambush, when Col. Johnson immediately ordered his men to dismount and advance to combat. A dreadful conflict ensued. The colonel alone remained, and moving forward amid the Indians he observed one who was evidently a commander of no common order. He did not know him, but saw it was necessary to dispatch him to secure the victory. The colonel had already received four wounds and was greatly weakened by the loss of blood. His horse, also severely wounded, was unable to move faster than a walk. He could not approach the chief in a right line, on account of the track of a large tree, and turning directly toward the chief, advanced upon him. At the distance of a few yards his horse stumbled, but fortunately did not fall. This gave the Indian the first notion of his approach, when he instantly leveled his rifle at the colonel and gave him another wound, the severest he had received in the battle. He did, not, however, fall, but continued his movement toward the Indian till he came so near that the Indian was raising his tomahawk to strike him down. The colonel had a pistol in his right hand, charged with a ball and three bullets, which he held against his thigh, so that the Indian had not discovered it. At this moment the colonel raised his pistol and, discharging its contents into the breast of the Indian chief, laid him dead upon the spot. The Indians near him, seeing their commander fall, gave a horrible yell and instantly fled. The colonel, covered with wounds, twenty-five balls, it was said, having been shot into him, his clothes, and his horse, was conveyed from the ground faint and almost senseless. Although, probably from political considerations, doubt was at one time raised as to whether or not Col. Johnson killed Tecumseh, there appears to be no good ground for such doubt. Both the American and Canadian historians agree that the account here given is substantially correct. Mr. Coffin says that, after being taken from the field, Col. Johnson was told that he had killed Tecumseh, and that the (Col. Johnson) always afterward gave his story simply and not boastfully, but others scrambled for credit where a brave man found cause for pain. There is every reason to believe that Johnson did slay Tecumseh. On his body was found the marks of four bullets and a ball. These wounds had caused his death. From their direction, they must have been inflicted from above as from a man on horseback. Johnson was the only man on horseback in that part of the field.—Ex-Pastmaster General Horatio King in Boston Herald.