

Understood.

Within the dewy morning's hush
There sang a mellow-throated thrush,
And drop by drop the honeyed tone
Fell on white stars of bloom alone.

I know not did the flowers below
Hear all his secret; yet aglow
With dawn the daisy turned her eye
To greet the daytime in the sky.

Then came two lovers hand in hand
On journey toward love's promised land;
And bird and blossom, light and tone
Were understood by them alone.
—Eugene Field in Chicago Record.

Won Back by an Accident.

The sun was going down behind the Bishop's Wood in a blaze of blood-red splendor which lit up the western half with a strange lurid glow like the reflection of some vast conflagration and blotted out the brilliant coloring of the landscape in a dead neutral tint of gray. It would not be dark, however, for nearly an hour to come.

"It looks as if the Bishop's Wood were all on fire," thought a girl who was seated on a stile on the border of Bloxover Wood, a wide expanse of copse and woodland stretching across the sloping hills to the east of the valley, with almost as broad a sweep as that of the Bishop's Wood on the steeper slopes which walled in the western horizon. She was a slender, graceful girl, with soft, confiding blue eyes and a delicate flower-like complexion, and with a piquant suggestiveness of expression. She was attired in a smart covert coat of melton cloth over a salmon and white striped cotton skirt—expressive at once of the presence of autumn and regret for the summer which was past. On her head was a little sailor hat with salmon ribbons. Her well-gloved dainty little hand was toyed with a light ground-ash walking-stick.

She turned towards the man who was leaning against the stile, quite close to her, gazing into her face; and with the very action the soft eyes became hard, and the pretty mouth set in an expression that was far from pleasing.

"The fact is, Jack," she said, with a laugh that was all bitter, "I am not worthy of you. I don't love you as you love me. I love you just enough to be miserable without you, but not enough to be miserable with you. It's all that wretched money. You see, you have never known what it is to be really poor, and I have. Your income, which makes you so comfortable as a bachelor, would mean more penury if you married a penniless girl like me, and, oh, Jack, you can have no idea how heartsick I am of counting shillings as other people count pounds, and wondering how on earth we are going to make ends meet from month to month."

"But surely money alone will not bring you happiness! Look at the many rich unloved and unloving women whom we see around us. Do they find that diamonds bring them any consolation for want of love? Isn't it better to live on a smaller income with the one you love than starve for want of love with riches all around you? Love must be better than money."

"Yes, Jack," replied the girl, half tenderly, but still with bitterness, "if love were all. Or if we lived in a Garden of Eden, where costumes might be had for the picking and house rent was a thing unknown. But as it is, it is easier to live with money alone in a big house than with love alone in a small one. All that talk about love in a cottage is really nonsense, you know. Love will not stay in a small house. He is cramped and frozen by his environment, and the result is jars and at last rows. And then one day love flies out of the window and does not return."

"Do people never quarrel in big houses?" inquired Jack in a low voice, which was shaken with emotion.

"Yes. But there is plenty of space and they have their own rooms and need not meet until the clouds have passed away. But in a small house they must meet, or leave it, and—Jack, can two human beings sit together without saying a word, and if both think they have a grievance, can they keep their tongues off it?"

"All this is too 'modern' for me," replied Jack moodily. "I can't analyze and predict what would happen if we quarrelled. I only know that I should be perfectly happy in a small house with the woman I love, and I

think two people who love one another truly ought to be able to live happily on eight hundred a year without quarrelling because it is not eight thousand."

Certainly Jack Holford was not at all modern or else he would have understood that to a girl like Maud Seymour, who had known poverty in its most trying form all the days of her life, the chance of catching a millionaire like Cecil Higgins was an almost irresistible temptation. If Mr. Higgins had not appeared on the scene, or if he had not openly shown his admiration for her and pointedly expressed it to their hostess, Lady Sciva, who, of course, had passed it on to Maud "in confidence," matters would have been different. Then she would have been content to give her hand where she had bestowed her heart, and happiness might have followed the marriage. But now her mental equilibrium had been upset. She dreamt of jewels in heaps and gold in streams—she who had been obliged to sell her one bracelet of any real value in order to provide herself with some ready money for her visit, and whose ornaments were in consequence quite modest in their simplicity. She knew that by a single word she could cover herself almost from head to foot with priceless diamonds. Had not Mr. Higgins talked hourly—and not perhaps with overmuch good taste—of a certain riviere of diamonds which he had bought at a fabulous sum at the sale of some Russian princess, and which he intended as his first present to his future bride, when he had found her? And had not every one except Jack Holford at once looked at Maud Seymour as much as to say: "Thou art the woman?" It was enough to turn the head of any girl; and so it is not surprising that Maud Seymour's brain had not proved superior to the intoxicating influence to which she was exposed.

All that she had to do was to say "No" to Jack at the right moment and then "Yes" to Mr. Higgins. Could anything be more easy? A little firmness, a little common sense and the thing was done. Then farewell forever to poverty. Moreover, she would put the case so sensibly to Jack that he would quite understand and agree that she was acting for the best.

But when the thing was done, and Jack had not taken it sensibly—had gone away, on the contrary, with anger and despair painted on his pallid cheeks, leaving behind him, moreover, the smart of several home-truths which he had planted in her self-esteem—the outlook did not seem so decked with roseate hues as it had appeared in anticipation.

On the following day two important events happened. Jack Holford, who had been summoned suddenly to town on important business—so Lady Sciva said, and, as hostess, of course, she ought to know—went away early in the morning—so early that only one or two early-rising men were about—and there was no general leave taking. In the afternoon Mr. Higgins, who was a big man with a great red face garnished with huge sandy whiskers, proposed to Miss Seymour in the library, where they found themselves "by accident," and was accepted.

So curiously constructed, however, is the feminine temperament that in the very hour of her triumph a sense of indescribable loathing for her accepted bridegroom came over her which not even the appearance of a magnificent diamond ring could remove. Therefore it was decidedly unfortunate that the happy fiancé should have made overtures to seal the bargain with a kiss, though there was certainly nothing unusual or outrageous in such a desire under the circumstances.

That, however, Maud felt she could not endure. She was terribly afraid of offending him; but she knew that if he kissed her she must scream and struggle from pure physical repulsion. Another day it would be different, of course—her nerves would be more under control; and what was a kiss, after all? Was she not going to marry the man.

She put him off—how she could never remember—and as she did so she marvelled that he did not understand. He grumbled a good deal, but did not persist. The truth was that he did understand—that she did not really love him; that she was marry-

ing him for his money, and that, but for his money, she would not have allowed him to touch even the tips of her fingers. But he wanted her, and he was prepared to humor her so that he might obtain her. Of course, when they were securely married, he would stand no more airs. But for the present—well, he knew that girls were like skittish horses—they would shy all across the road at anything or nothing.

The party broke up the next day, and, as the engaged couple were both returning to London, it was inevitable that they should return together. Inevitable, too, was it that he should kiss her at parting and promise to call the next day to be introduced to her mother. She forced herself not to shudder when he kissed her.

He was most punctual to his word on the following day, and it must be allowed that he played the ardent lover to perfection. He showed himself the very pink of politeness and respect to Mrs. Seymour, who was a little tow-haired woman, with big, doll-like blue eyes and an affected manner. She had been known as the pocket-Venus once, and if this circumstance was ever forgotten or ignored it was certainly not her fault.

Mr. Higgins brought a box of bonbons and a case containing the celebrated riviere. It was his view that no woman could resist the united seduction of sweets and diamonds. There, no doubt, he showed some knowledge of feminine character, but he would have exercised a wise discretion if he had not kissed his fiancée on his arrival. Nor was he altogether wise in his choice of topics of conversation.

"Do you remember that young Holford who was staying at Lady Sciva's?" he observed after a while.

"Yes," replied Maud Seymour, very slowly and deliberately, marvelling why he had introduced a name which it would have been better to avoid.

"Well, it seems that he has had an accident," continued Higgins, quite unconscious of any danger.

"An accident?" gasped Maud, becoming suddenly as pale as a sheet.

"Yes. I read an account of it in the papers. He was in a railway collision and—"

"Not dead!" with almost a shriek of agony—in total oblivion of her engagement.

"No, not dead," replied her fiancé, staring at her curiously, "but very much mangled up. They say his sight is so injured that it is probable that he will never—"

But Maud had burst into wild hysterical sobbing, and it was long before she recovered even the appearance of calm.

All the while Mr. Higgins sat staring at her with the hard, un pitying expression of a man who compassionates himself too much to have any feeling for others.

"Then it seems that this is the man you really love?" he said at last, when the sobbing ceased.

Maud did not answer. Her silence and her bowed head were eloquent in themselves.

"Well, what are you going to do?" he continued.

Maud did not reply. She did not know. She did not seem to have sufficient command of her faculties to be able to evolve a plan; and she drew a long quivering breath, and wiped her eyes miserably.

"Of course," he said, roughly, "you don't expect that after this our engagement is worth a straw?"

"No, no, no!" she cried eagerly—he had struck the right chord of her consciousness at last. "Of course not. I have behaved very badly, I know. You could never forgive me, I am sure—at least not now—but I was thinking that it is so terrible that he should be alone—wounded, helpless, blind—dependent on any chance nurse. If I could only go to him—"

"Then why in heaven's name, girl," cried Higgins, half wrathfully, half tenderly, "don't you go to him?"

And that was why, as poor Jack Holford lay moaning on his bed of anguish, he heard suddenly a voice which sounded in his ears like that of an angel of light, and as he listened to her assurance that whatever happened she was his now, if he would take her, vitality seemed to revive in him; and from that moment the case, as the doctor said, began to take a favorable turn, and his sight was saved after all.—London World.

MADCAP BISMARCK.

Impetuous and Roystering Boyhood of the Great German.

To Win His Wife Became Sedate as a Judge.

In his youth Bismarck was terribly wild. "The mad Bismarck," his neighbors called him. Drinking, fighting and horseplay seemed to be his sole amusements. He would fill his ancestral home at Schoenhausen with guests and insist that no one should rise from the supper table until sunrise was at hand. Then those who were sober enough would go to bed, and those who were not sober enough would sleep under the table. Bismarck, the heaviest drinker of all, would remain sober as a judge, and would amuse himself, after his guests had retired, in firing pistol bullets through the bedroom doors and frightening the inmates almost to death. At other times he would go riding about the country like the wild horseman himself, jumping ditches and fences, and spurring his horse through places where no other man would dare go.

"Once," he says himself, "I was riding with my brother, he in advance. Suddenly he heard a crash. He turned, and lo! it was my head that had struck the ground. The saddle was broken, but my head wasn't. On another occasion while riding through the brushwood in a forest I lost consciousness and lay for three or four hours before I came to. When the doctor examined my hurts he said that it was contrary to all professional rules that I had not broken my neck."

In view of his impetuous character and eccentric manner of life, it is not strange that when he asked for the hand of Fraulein Joan von Puttkamer in marriage her parents bluntly refused him. He was still very young, and they preferred to wait years to see if he would abandon his reckless habits. Bismarck, however, did not propose to wait. Marry Fraulein Joan he would whether her parents were willing or not. So he visited her every day, taking no notice of her family's rebuffs. He knew that she loved him, and that sufficed. This state of things however did not last long. "See here, Herr von Puttkamer," exclaimed Bismarck one day, "why do you refuse to let me have your daughter?"

"Because, Herr von Bismarck," was the reply, "you are not fit to be any woman's husband. You ride and fight all day and drink and swear all night. Your life is a scandal to the country."

Bismarck looked at him in silence for a moment and then roared out: "Donnerwetter! Is that all? But it is absurd. Come, and give her to me and you will see me as steady and sedate as a bishop. Come, I swear it!"

Sincerity was stamped on the young man's countenance and words, and Herr von Puttkamer finally gave his consent to the marriage, though not without misgivings. Bismarck, however, kept his word. He wrote to his sister, "All right," in English, to let her know that his suit was successful; and he bought a Bible. Wild riding and all-night drinking bouts had no attractions for him any more. He became a sober and pious man and a tender and affectionate husband and father.—New Orleans Picayune.

Horses Peculiarities.

Horses are very much like people in the choice of their company. Some people would as soon be in the company of horses as with human society. Some horses are very particular who handles and drives them. They will fret and fume in the hands of one, and be perfectly calm, pleasant and contented while being handled by another. These peculiarities and adaptation of men and horses to each other should be considered of more importance than is usually thought of.—Massachusetts Ploughman.

Conceded It.

Mrs. Peck—This paper says that a sea Captain says that in times of great disaster women are more cool than men.

Mr. N. Peck—I have seen instances of it.

"You? I'd like to know when."

"When they were getting married."

—Indianapolis Journal.

Shot the Big Lynx in the Eye.

A. Stevens of St. Albans was making the round of his traps in the Bald Mountain region one day last fall when he discovered a strange animal in one of them. He approached cautiously and saw that it was of the lynx species, but a specimen of which he had never known. The animal was somewhat larger than the ordinary loup-cervier, had a longer tail, and was minus the tufted ears which characterize this animal.

Mr. Stevens has spent years in the Maine forest, and is familiar with the natural history of its products. He says he has never seen anything like this and thinks it must be a cross between the lynx and cougar. As he approached the animal it tore at the drop fastenings and furiously endeavored to get at the hunter.

Mr. Stevens did not wish to injure the skin by bullet marks, and tried to walk around so as to get a shot in the animal's ear. But the savage fellow kept ever with his face toward the hunter. A half hour was spent in a vain endeavor to catch the beast looking in another direction. The hunter hid behind a stump and after a long time peeped out, but the cat's wicked eye was upon him. Finally Mr. Stevens stepped out and decided to try for one of the gleaming eyes so steadily fixed upon him. It was a dandy shot, piercing the eye and coming out under the ear.—Lewiston, (Me.) Journal.

Blindness on the Increase.

The startling announcement is made that while the population of Missouri increased 100 per cent the number of cases of blindness increased 550 per cent, and that this proportion exceeded the showing of any other State in the Union.

Statistics show that blindness is on the increase in this country, notwithstanding the greater knowledge and skill in treating the many affections which tend to destroy sight and the ample facilities now afforded all classes of persons in the cities in the way of infirmaries and free dispensaries, for caring for the various diseases of the eye. This increase of percentage of blindness prevails throughout the United States, but is much greater in some of the Western States.

In Missouri the last official returns show an alarmingly increased ratio of blindness over the last census. Eye diseases and blindness are rare among primitive people who know none of the vices of civilization. Practically put, a large percentage, perhaps at least twenty-five or thirty per cent of blindness is preventable. The two potent causes that operate against prevention, leaving to the moralist and the Christian reformer the correction of the conditions inducing the risks, are ignorance on the part of the affected and neglect, often combined with ignorance, on the part of the attendant.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

A Huge Kraut Factory.

A correspondent of the Country Gentleman describes a sauerkraut factory near Chicago, which in the fall slices up 250 to 300 tons of cabbage daily, by winter filling 38 tanks 20 feet in diameter and 10 feet deep, trodden down by men in rubber boots, the whole holding over 15,000 barrels, worth about \$10 a barrel. Sometimes the rats are filled twice in a season, the succulent being shipped to every part of the lake regions, the Mississippi valley and even to the Atlantic and Pacific coasts. Cabbage grows well on the black soil prairie about Chicago; gardeners raise 15 to 20 tons per acre, and are paid \$10 to \$15 a ton. The plants are raised chiefly in Tennessee and Georgia, and shipped in carload lots of 500,000 to 600,000 plants.

A Close Resemblance.

"There are some points about your writings that much resemble Shakespeare," said the editor.

"Do you think so?" cried the delighted author, who had brought his contribution in with his own hand.

"Yes," the editor continued; "you employ almost the same punctuation marks."—Rockland, (Me.) Tribune.

Surely.

Miss Dimple—I detest whiskers! I positively set my face against them!

Jack Chipper—Oh, that I had whiskers, Miss Dimple!

PROMINENT PEOPLE.

Within a few weeks Lord Rosebery's hair turned entirely gray.

John J. Radenoch, Chicago's new Chief of Police, is a Scotchman.

Du Maurier, the author of "Trilby," only has the sight of one eye.

The estate of Robert Louis Stevenson is estimated at from \$100,000 to \$150,000.

The King of Italy, like his father, Victor Emmanuel, only takes one meal a day.

About the only European monarch whose life is not insured is the Czar of Russia.

Bismarck has been made an honorary citizen of every considerable town in Saxony.

Henry B. Hyde, President of a New York life insurance company, has a salary of \$100,000 a year.

Dr. William Howard Russell, the English war correspondent, recently celebrated his seventy-fourth birthday.

An memorial is to be raised to Francis Parkman, the historian, in his old garden now a part of Boston's park system.

Mayor Swift, of Chicago, was born in Cincinnati and brought up at Galena, Ill. He manages a lubricating oil company at Chicago.

A London newspaper refers to Captain Mahan, of the United States, as "the acknowledged authority on the theory of naval warfare."

An English newspaper states that President Cleveland has made arrangements for a yacht tour around the world as soon as his term of office expires.

Manuel Garcia, in spite of his ninety years, is still an active singing teacher in London. It is nearly seventy years since he made his first appearance in grand opera in America.

Captain-General Martinez de Campos, who has adopted such vigorous measures to repress the uprising in Cuba, is a statesman and veteran soldier of twenty-eight years' standing.

Achenbach is the real name of Max Alvary, the famous tenor. He speaks five languages, his latest acquisition being Russian. He is a photographer, blacksmith, carpenter, electrician, architect and soldier, having served a year in the German cavalry.

The British chemist who recently found in a terrestrial mineral the element helium, hitherto believed to exist only in the sun and a few stars, was Professor William Ramsay, not Lord Rayleigh, the discoverer of argon, as previously misapprehended.

Professor Behring, of Halle, Germany, who discovered the antitoxin remedy, about which so much has been written, has resigned his professorship. Various scientific attacks were made on his remedy, and Behring replied with much heat, finally leaving the university.

General George Franklin Jones, of Dubuque, Iowa, recently celebrated his sixty-first birthday. On that occasion he was invited to dine with his colleagues in the United States Senate—James W. Bradley, of Maine, the oldest living ex-Senator, who is two years Mr. Jones' senior, and ex-Governor Fitch, of Michigan.

John H. Stuart, of New York, ex-governor and ferryboat operator, has died, and has left something like \$200,000 worth of wealth. He was born in the Mohawk valley, which was rather a wild region sixty years ago, when he was a small boy. At the time he labored under the delusion of being a millionaire. He spent his property for the time that he got a package of little machine oil, credit and started to tramp about the country selling it.

THE LABOR WORLD.

The United States has 15,000,000 working women.

Parisian calumny has not allowed to smoke a pipe while on duty.

Seven thousand unemployed are on a strike in New York City.

Smallpox is raging among the woolen mill employes in Cleveland, Ohio.

M. Worth, the famous man milliner, whom he died had 870 men in his employ.

London papers accuse the Salvation Army of having encouraged the "renting" system.

There are 300,000 factory girls in London—one-twenty-second of the whole population.

Female bootblacks are increasing in number in Paris. They dress neatly, and are coarsely polite.

It is supposed that all the New England cotton manufacturers will increase the wages of their operatives.

Pottsville (Pa.) mines to the number of 500 organized a branch of the United Mine Workers of America.

The best section foreman of the New York street cleaning force is said to be a colored man from Alabama, Ga.

Operating miners in the Wheeling District on the Baltimore and Ohio road will open their mines with new men.

The building trades union in Philadelphia have withdrawn their delegates from the United States Labor League.

The United States Cotton Company, of Central Falls, R. I., employing 750 hands, has advanced wages from five to ten per cent.

Domestic servants are fast scarce in Montreal, Canada, that housekeepers visit the city prisons on the lookout for candidates.

Four hundred Irish girls arrived in New York on one steamer the other day in search of work. They are natives from the famine.

Peru has cheap labor and extensive coal fields whose product will be shipped to points on the Pacific by a new company formed for the purpose.

The French President has decided that all State and other domestics at the Presidential mansion in Paris are to receive medical assistance gratis, he to pay the cost out of his own purse.

The conference of servant girls was held at Battersea Hall, London, for the purpose of reconstituting the Domestic Servants' Union, an organization of housemaids on the lines of the other trades unions.

A number of skilled workmen in the Trenton (N. J.) pottery, who have been out of employment about a year owing to their refusal to work at the reduced list prices agreed at a conference to accept a reduction of 25 per cent.

The French Minister of Finance is preparing a bill by which persons over seventy years who have insured for fifteen years for superannuation pensions below \$72 in the Caisse Nationale will receive from the State an annual bonus of one-third of the difference between their pensions and \$72.

A rise in wages is evidently slow at hand all along the coast according to Dun's Industrial Review. The industries in which the earnings of operatives and employes have already been increased are so diverse as to indicate a general upward movement. The ground lost during the depression is being recovered as fast as reasonably can be expected, and it is gratifying to be able to feel that the recovery is healthy and permanent.

—Birmingham Battle Day.

Vermont will receive a bill for Legislature, has set apart August 15 as a legal holiday, to be known as Bennington Battle Day.