

THE ROAD TO YESTERDAY.

Oh, the nursery is lonely, and the garden's full of rain, And there's nobody at all who wants to play.

Over there my boat is sailing, all alone upon the pond, I must hurry back before she blows away.

AN AFFAIR OF HONOR.

By Francis A. Durivage.

When I was last in Paris, I had a letter of introduction to the Countess de Clairmont, who lived in a venerable mansion in the Faubourg St. Germain, near the ancient abbey church.

Although his rejection was couched in the most respectful terms, it roused his worst passions, and he swore to wreak a deadly vengeance on the rival who prospered where he had failed.

One morning when she woke up she missed her husband from her side, but this caused her no surprise, for he was in the habit of rising without disturbing her.

One day I was looking at the portrait of a lady so lovely, with a sweet and melancholy beauty, that even the disfiguring costume of the previous century, especially the abominable high head-dress, could not mar its effect.

Madame de Grantier ordered the breakfast things removed, after making a slight repast, and then took up a book to while away the time until her husband's return.

"That lady, I am sure, had a story," I said. "I need not ask if the original was a relative of yours, madame, for I see a family likeness in the head."

"My husband! Have you seen anything of him?" she asked. "I have been with him all the morning, madame."

"You are right," she said. "That portrait might pass for my own likeness as I looked fifty years ago. I have a miniature taken at the same age, which looks like a reduced copy of Madame Lebrun's charming picture."

"Where is he? Why did he not return with you? How has he been engaged?" Capt. Beaugard replied to the last question: "In an affair of honor, madame."

"And the lady was—?" "Pardon me," said the old countess; "I will tell you her story at full length. It is an old family history, but it is thought to have some of the elements of romance."

"Hector is dead?" she half asked, half asserted. Her friend drooped his eyes. The answer was sufficient.

"I will not attempt to relate the narrative in the language of my hostess, but condense it and tell it in my own way." The original of Madame Lebrun's picture, then, was Victorine de Grantier, wife of Hector de Grantier, a gentleman of wealth and family.

"Hector is dead?" she half asked, half asserted. Her friend drooped his eyes. The answer was sufficient. "Now tell how this happened," said the lady.

Never was there a happier couple, and when the bride's father and mother, who died within a few days of each other, left the world almost hand in hand, the certainty of leaving their daughter the partner of a man devoted to her, heart and soul, soothed their last moments.

"Hold!" cried the widow, with sudden and startling energy. "I forbid you to espouse this quarrel. I have my own purpose of vengeance, and no man, not even you, shall be permitted to stand between me and my predestined victim."

You see how calm I am when I can speak these words without convulsions." When Victorine was alone with her dead, she had a wild outburst of passionate grief, but it rapidly gave way to a calmness so stern that it would have appalled an observer had there been witnesses in the chamber of death.

"Hector de Grantier," she said, addressing the cold clay, "if my Creator spares my life, your son, whom your eyes were never to behold, shall be your avenger. I will rear him strong, valiant, skilful, and teach him to look for no happiness, no rest, no employment, until he has slain the man who has robbed you of life, me of a husband, and himself of a father."

Two months after the funeral the friends of the family were apprised that the widowed lady was the mother of a daughter! Shortly after this event, she retired with her infant child to an estate in Brittany.

Sixteen years passed away, and then Victorine de Grantier, still wearing a widow's weeds, again resumed her residence in Paris. She lived in a fashionable quarter, but in great privacy, receiving only relatives, making no acquaintances. Her daughter, named Claudine, had grown up a beautiful girl, the picture of health—a bright flower to bloom in the almost conventional gloom of her mother's house.

The only frequent visitor was the young Chevalier de Hautville, a cousin of Claudine, and, strange to say, a perfect image of the girl—the same height, features and complexion. The gossips of the neighborhood said they were born for each other, and predicted a marriage between the parties. But the servants of the family asserted that the old lady would never, for some reason of her own, probably that of nearness of blood, permit the alliance, and that the young people rarely if ever met.

Had the widow, foiled in her plan of vengeance by the sex of her offspring, forgotten or forgiven Raoul Maltravers? No one knew, but no one ever heard her pronounce his name. Meanwhile Raoul Maltravers had left the sea, not being particularly fond of the music of heavy guns, for, though brave enough on the duel ground, because he was the best blade in France, and always sure of victory, he was really a poltroon. He had married a very beautiful heiress, and lived in great splendor. He had more than one affair of honor after his marriage, with, in each case, a fatal result to his antagonist.

One day the Chevalier de Hautville made a morning call on Madame de Grantier. He found her in her boudoir, which was draped with black, and lighted with wax tapers. "You know this is a sad anniversary," she said. Then she added, with a sharp look of inquiry: "Raoul Maltravers?"

"Dead," was the reply. "Come to my heart!" cried Victorine. "Claudine, you have avenged your father!" "Claudine!" I exclaimed, in utter astonishment, when the old countess had come to this point of her narrative.

"Yes," she replied; "the Chevalier de Hautville and Claudine de Grantier were one and the same person. Madame de Grantier had reared her daughter like a man, and trained her to arms in the solitude of her old provincial manor house, where a wondrously skilled professor of the sword, an Italian, gave her lessons daily. You must not think too harshly of the memory of Victorine de Grantier. I am now positively certain that the death of her husband turned her brain, and that during all her years of widowhood she was a monomaniac. That she inspired her daughter with her fanatical idea of vengeance is natural—the mother lived for no other purpose."

"But what became of Claudine?" "She is still living at an advanced age, a widow," replied the countess. "Doubtless harrowed by remorse for having shed human blood?"

"It caused her great suffering for years, but the clergy whom she consulted told her that the circumstances absolved her from all moral guilt. She was an irresponsible agent of her mother—her judgment deliberately perverted by one, who herself had lost the power of reason. Yet were many hours of bitter sorrow and penitence passed by that unhappy woman. And now let me show you a sad relic."

The old lady rose, walked to an ebony cabinet, and unlocking it, took out a long, old-fashioned rapier and bade me draw it. I examined the blade and remarked that it was covered with rust. "These darker stains are the life-blood of a man," said the old lady with a heavy sigh—"for that was the sword with which I killed Raoul Maltravers."

"You!" I cried. "Yes; for, before I became Countess de Clairmont, I was Claudine de Grantier."—New York Weekly.



The Little People's Trust. I love this trust—the mitten trust. The red and blue and white and speckled. The rosy and alert, robust Young industry that's mostly freckled.

I love this trust—the tippet trust. The satin, woolen, silken, touselled; It's merry, cheery—win it must. Sleek-combed or not—more often froused.

I love this trust—a lively band Of dancing, prancing roughish fellows; They're scampering along the land For chestnuts where the frost-key mel-lows.

I love this trust—a coyish lot; Upon the barnyard gate they're swing-ing Sweet maids with rose cheeks flaming hot; Each voice a choral chord is ringing.

God bless this trust! The summer sky Has crowned each member with its story; And e'en November passing by Leaves roses in its path of glory.

Here's to this trust—the winning trust! Fair Nature rises up to flout it. It wins its way, it shall, it must— No forests, steep or rivers daunt it!—Horace Seymour Keller, in Massachusetts Ploverman.

A Scent Party. Here is the way to give a "scent party": Blindfold each guest in turn (one at a time, of course), and seat him or her in the centre of the room, where all the other guests may keep the "trial" in view. Then bring in a basket of such articles as are here named: A bottle of turpentine, a bottle of camphor, one of peppermint, a moth ball, a rose, a bit of salt codfish, a leaf of rosemary, an onion, etc.

Although the odors and perfumes of these articles are familiar to all—when scented singly, and with the eyes open—it is astonishing and laughable, to hear the blunders of the blindfolded one as he endeavors to name the articles that are passed in rapid succession before his nose. He will declare turpentine is camphor, peppermint a rose, a moth ball will be a geranium, and so on, till his futile attempts create the greatest merriment to the on-lookers. But when the test comes to those who laughed loudest, their confusion is perhaps greater than his, as they "grope blindly" with olfactory nerves to name things they know so well—but smell so badly!

During such a test, remarks the Brooklyn Eagle, one will learn how much the nose depends upon the eyes to tell one's things.

A Great Bear Den. On the right-hand bank of Skyles creek, some two miles from its junction with Big Birch river, Webster county, there stands a poplar tree that surpasses in size any tree of any kind in Webster county.

This monarch of the forest measures 27 feet in circumference three feet from the ground, and as its annual growth shows an inch in twenty years, we find that it has withstood the storms of 1000 years. Like all things earthly, however, death and decay mark its present condition, and while at one time it contained many feet of valuable lumber, yet early loggers and mill men viewed it, sighted and passed on. No crosscut saw would reach its girth and no team of horses could move a log of twelve feet long were it possible to cut it into such lengths.

Immense cavities are found in the upper trunk and large limbs, where many generations of bears have hibernated throughout the winters. This is evident from the fact that the body of the tree is slightly inclined from a perpendicular, and what is termed or known as the "upper side" is scaffolded and raked from the ground to the first limbs by the claws of many bears ascending and descending for ages. Early trappers and hunters were familiar with the tree and knew it to be a "bear den," but none were found with the necessary industry and nerve to chop down the tree and secure the game.—Fairmount (W. Va.) Times.

A Dog Detective. Scip lives in Old Town when at home, is an undersized cur with bright eyes and sharp ears, and is of badly mixed lineage. He is owned by one of the state game wardens, whose duty it is to examine certain trains coming down from the game region. Every piece of game must be checked up and suspicious packages examined. The Maine law positively prohibits the taking out of the state of game birds in any way whatever.

As the people alight from the train, few notice a little dog dodging about among them, sniffing at this handbag and that bundle. Soon his master hears a little bark. He knows what that means, and, dropping everything, finds Scip dodging and nosing about the heels of a passenger. The warden closes in on the game "pointed" by Scip, quietly invites the suspect into the baggage room, and questions him about the game which he has concealed about his person or effects. The dog has never been known to fail in "pointing" game. He possibly may have missed some, but when he has made up his doggyish mind that there is a violation of the law, he has always been correct so far.

But inspecting the hand-baggage is not all of the little detective's work by any means. After the passengers are all out he hops into the baggage and express car and applies his sharp little nose to everything in sight. While making his usual inspection

of the express car one day, he came across a barrel, to all intents and purposes containing fish. It certainly had fish in it. Scip sniffed at it, went on, and then came back and sniffed again. Round and round the barrel he went, whining and dancing.

With a faith in the little animal born of long experience, the officer investigated the barrel, and found, in the centre of a liberal lining of fresh shore cod, several dozen of plump partridges.—Boston Record.

Oldest Doll in America. Long, long ago, when William Penn sailed from England on his second visit to America, what do you think he brought with him on the good ship Canterbury? An English doll. This passenger is the sole survivor of that voyage across the Atlantic, which was made over 200 years ago.

William Penn had a little daughter named Letitia. Letitia heard her father tell wonderful tales of what he saw and heard in Pennsylvania on his first visit to this country; thousands of miles distant from Letitia's home. He often told her about little Miss Rankin, who, living as she did in the wilderness of Pennsylvania (for this was long ago, remember), had no toys at all, not even one rag doll. When Letitia's father was getting ready to again cross the ocean to America his little girl insisted upon sending a doll to that lonesome little girl.

So a doll was dressed in a court costume of striped and delicately tinted brocade and velvet. The skirt was held out by enormous hoops, for such was the fashion of the well-dressed ladies of that period. The doll itself is twenty inches high and has the long waist and slender form of the court beauties she left in her native land. Her hair is rolled back from her face, much in the style of today.

This doll now lives in Montgomery county, Maryland, in the strictest seclusion. She is only removed from her careful wrappings when little girls desire the honor of making the acquaintance of the oldest doll in America.—Philadelphia Press.

The Light Artillery. William stood in the exact center of the wharf, on the spot where a careful mother thinks a small boy least likely to fall into the water. William's feet were planted wide apart, his hands were in his trousers pockets, and his lips puckered to whistle a faint and jerky "Fair Harvard."

As William's father came down the gang-plank of the evening boat from the city, William drew his right hand from his right pocket and extended it, saying with respectful cordiality, "Good evening, father!"

"Good evening, my son!" replied his father. "Shall I take your bag, sir?" inquired William, looking bravely at the lawyer's bag.

"Thank you," replied his father. "I can manage the bag, but if you would kindly take charge of this newspaper? Thank you."

Then William put his hand into his father's overcoat pocket—it is for little sister to hold a hand, but a grip on a pocket helps, too—and they started up the road at their usual gait, two of William's steps matching one of father's strides. "Father," said William, "I have something very peculiar to tell you. You see those bright yellow blossoms that look like funny little faces all along the road?"

"I see them," replied father. "What is peculiar about them?" "This," said William. "I stopped to pick one of the funny little faces, and something hit my hand. I went along the road a piece and stopped again to pick one of the funny little yellow faces, and again something hit my hand. Now is not that peculiar?"

"I think," replied father, "that Colonel Snapdragon's light artillery has been bombarding you. He has evidently opened his campaign." "Oh, are the funny little yellow faces soldiers?" cried William, in delight. "But where is the light artillery?"

Then father showed the little green cannon-vessels concealed behind leaf fortresses. "The seeds are the ammunition," he explained, "and the seed-pods are the cannon, which work something like spring guns. Touch one gently."

William touched a fat little green cannon gently with the tip of his finger, and jumped back, startled, as with a faint snap it burst, and the small green spring inside shot out the seeds.

"Colonel Snapdragon's men are farmer soldiers," said father, "who use their cannon to plant gardens; for wherever a cannon-ball falls in the fall, a new plant springs in the spring." Every night after that William and his father stopped on their way from the wharf to salute Colonel Snapdragon's roadside regiment, and the bright-faced soldiers replied with the tiniest rattle of artillery from fat little green cannon.—Mary Alden Hopkins, in Youth's Companion.

Tsetse Fly Microbe Found. An important bacteriological discovery has been made by the Pasteur Institute. For some time past the staff has sought for the microbe of the deadly tsetse fly—the dipterous insect of South Africa whose bite is fatal to cattle, horses and dogs. Now their labors have been crowned with success. The British doctors have sent their congratulations to the Institute.—London Chronicle.



A Use for Camphor. Camphor is very useful to freshen the air of a sick room. Put a piece on an old saucer, and on it lay the point of a red-hot poker, when its fumes will quickly fill the room.

To Remove Putty. To remove old putty, and paint, make a paste with soft soap and a solution of caustic soda, or with slaked lime and pearlash. Lay it on with a piece of rag or a brush, and leave it for several hours, when it will be found that the paint or putty may be easily removed.

Washing Black Muslin. In washing black muslins and lawns a tablespoonful of turpentine should be added to each pailful of rinsing water. Use gum-arabic water instead of starch for black cottons. This gum-arabic water is useful to freshen muslins of all colors which have become limp. Sprinkle the gown and turn it wrong side out while drying. Sprinkle with clear water and iron on the wrong side.

Charming Drawing Room. A charming drawing room has for its wall covering terra cotta ponce, and another has blue linen employed in the same way, most satisfactorily. Brown wrapping paper, such as butchers use is capable of producing artistic results, and the straw covering of tea chests is regarded as an ideal material for wall covering—in fact, the most extraordinary sorts of stuff are often used by individual women of artistic tastes with fortunate results.

Paper to Wrap Sausages. A German editor has hit upon a new idea in practical journalism, says the London Daily Chronicle. He is mindful of the utility of his paper for making parcels, and especially for tying up the popular sausage. So he addresses his feminine patrons in these terms: "You have often complained to us, dear readers, and especially dear housewives, that our paper smells of printer's ink, and is, therefore, unsuitable for carrying butter, sausages, and fresh bread. Eager to meet your wishes, dear friends and household fairies, we have decided to publish, twice a week, an issue, which will be printed only on one side, so that the other will be available for those domestic uses. And, in order that you shall lose no reading matter, these particular numbers will be double the ordinary size."

Porch Furniture. A great variety of charming porch furniture has come into use this year. Most of it is now made of waterproof, so that it is no longer necessary to turn chairs up at night, move the table into the farthest corner, and bring in the rugs and cushions. The appearance of these articles has been a veritable boon to the exhausted householder, who as found the labor of bringing in everything from the porch at night an unpleasant ending to an enjoyable evening. Screen chairs are among the latest ideas, says the Scientific American. They are made wide, with broad arms, and a seat wide enough for two, with a great back, high and broad enough to absolutely hide any occupant of the chair. The practical utility of these chairs is so very evident that they will doubtless enjoy a long maintained popularity. Porch swings can be made out of bamboo couches, with an additional railing at the back and foot, making both ends alike. These can be purchased ready for swinging or can be made by any ingenious person. The waterproof rugs and cushions are, perhaps, the most useful of recent devices for the porch, and are a distinct saving in labor.

Recipe. Sauce Tartare.—To about three-fourths a cup of mayonnaise dressing add, when ready to serve, half a tablespoonful, each, of fine-chopped cucumber pickles, olives, capers, chives and parsley.—Boston Cooking School Magazine.

Chicken or Fish Mousse.—Chicken or fish mousse may be made by following the recipe given for ham mousse. Of course as neither of these articles has been salted, soaking over night is not required. Use Bechamel sauce with chicken and Hollandaise or fish Bechamel with the fish mousse.—Boston Cooking School Magazine.

Almond or Coconut Milk.—Pound in a mortar a cup of almonds or a cup of coconut meat, ground fine, adding from time to time a tablespoonful of cold water, until the whole becomes a fine smooth paste. Dilute with a pint of milk or water, and strain through a cheese-cloth, pressing out all that will pass through the cloth.—Boston Cooking School Magazine.

Planked Shad.—The process is very simple. Buy a proper oak plank at a reliable house furnisher, or at the village carpenter's shop. Split the shad and lay it, skin side down, on the plank. Attach it with a few tender tacks. Sprinkle with salt and pepper and spread with butter. Broil under the gas flame, or if a coal stove is used, place it in the oven until the fish is cooked. Do not remove from the plank, but send to the table just as it comes from the fire. Parsley is a proper garnish.