"You're so cross, Jean!" pouted pretty little Marie Verneau as she looked up into her lover's face with a most bewitching

"It is very easy to call it cross, Marie." was his rejoinder; "but you and I both know that what you please to term my crossness is a very different matter. It isn't that I doubt your love, either, dear-

ar-

In an instant the girl's coquetry had vanished. He had spoken the last sentence with some strange, new bitterness, and it brought both sadness and contrition to the levely, laughing face.
"No, Jean," she answered. "It was

nothing but my silly, idle vanity. One would suppose I was the only pretty girl in Lorraine, to hear these idle fellows talk; and, in listening, I begin to believe so myself. But it's not the buttons they wear, Jean. Oh, do I not know how cruelly it hurts you not to don them in your country's defense, and the reason which prevents you? I won't make you jealous again, dear. It's only that I'm fool enough to like to hear the foolish things they tell me."

Poor little Marie! She knew that she should find it very hard work to keep her promise; but she loved Jean so dearly that she would turn her back henceforth on all these brave young French soldiers, who found her presence such charming relief to the tedium of

She felt quite rewarded, too, when Jean stooped to kiss the red, upturned

lips. "I don't mean to be a tyrant, Marie," he said. "It's early to begin assuming that role; but you know it's never been an easy thing for me to stand by like a coward when my country needs me, and last night I felt that even you had gone over to the enemy. Sometimes I don't know which way my honor lies—whether to go or stay. You may see me with buttons yet, Marie," he added with a sickly smile. The girl's color fled.

"You wouldn't, Jean, do such a wicked thing—for it would be wicked! You know what the doctor says—that, though you may live to ripe old age, your heart is so affected that the excitement of action would produce instant death. Your mother has given three sons. You, the youngest are left at home to be her support. Your going would kill her as well as yourself.

"It is for her, rather than myself, that I stay. Why should not my life be offered up for France as well as another. though it may be in a different way? I wish the conflict might be ended for me I wish that I might be conscripted. Three times mother has raised the money by bond and mortgage, to buy me off. There's nothing left now, She would have to let me go.

"And I-do you not think of me, Jean?" sobbed the girl.

"You'd only love me better," he answered. "I'd wear the buttons then, in whose reflection you could catch sight of your own pretty face.' "Hush, Jean-hush!"

And the man was fain to soothe and promise what she would, ere the smiles came back to the dimpled mouth.

Marie had spoken truly when she had said that she had not meant to wound her lover. She had loved him long and truly all these years. She could hardly remember that time when she had not loved him-certainly not when she had not tormented him with jealous doubts. But she would do so no longer, not even when handsome Ricard, the sergeant of the guard, who danced so divinely, should come pleading for one waltz.

This was the early days of the war, and Lorraine could not look already to the fate in store for her, when she must dance to German music, and correct her musical patois into the difficult German But day by day, France's need was growing sorer, and the conscription more pressing. No longer content with her willing, she must have the unwilling

sons as well. Marie's heart trembled every time she heard of a fresh list. One evening, at a little dance, Pierre Ricard approached

"I've not had a waltz for a full month," he whispered. What is it, mademoiselle? Are you angry with me?'

What could she say? His handsome face was close to hers, his pleading eyes more eloquent than his voice, the music giving forth its most tempting strains. 'Just one round." she thought to her-

self. "Jean cannot be so foolish as to object to that." But once under the spell, it was not so easy to break it off, and when the mu-

sic died away her partner said in a low, imploring tone: Won't you come out with me under

the stars for a little while? I have something to say to you."
She let him lead her where he would,

but she was still unprepared for the hot, passionate words, which rang out on the night air, and shrank away as she listened. "I am betrothed," she said. "Surely

you know-to Jean. "No, I did not know," he muttered, between his set teeth. You have played with me, mademoiselle-you shall regret it!"

With these words he took her back into the ball-room, bowed and left her. One week later Jean Royer's name headed the conscription list. Marie's heart swelled with pain as she saw the announcement of the news.

It was more welcome then, when, in the evening's dusk Pierre Ricard approached her, with outstretched hand. "I was ungenerous a week ago, he said. "I want to ask your forgiveness and to express the hope that you will still let

me be your friend." Frankly she accepted the proffered truce.

The man's eyes were veiled by the down-cast lashes, and she could not guess the wave of triumph rising in his heart. "You are looking sad, mademoiselle, he continued. "I have no right to ask you why, and yet-if you would give me this little proof of your confi-

"I think," she answered, "that you have won it. Look! you may so it

She held up before him the paper on which that day's conscription list was

Again his eyes glittered, but his voice was very low and carefully modulated. suspension of hostilities.

"I see," he said. Surely, mademoi-elle, you do not regret? Surely you selle, you do not regret?

would not have him a coward?"
"It is not that!" she cried out, with a passionate ring or pain in her tone. "You do not understand. He would have gone long ago, but that it doems him to certain death; and he is the last of four sons whom his mother has given to France. His heart is affected. Three times that suffering mother has bought est; but I could hardly get word or look from you last night. It's the glitter of the buttons, I think, that's blinded you." her little all has gone. Ah, this will cost two lives—hers and his! I—I am young; I must live and suffer !"

She stopped, choked by tears. Ricard's hand closed over hers.

"I will save your lover, Marie," he whispered. "Will you trust it to me? Say nothing-he would not accept it, if he knew; but meet me to-morrow, at this hour, on the outskirts of the wood, and it will bring you the amount of his release. I will tell you then how you may pay the debt, so that it need not trouble

Then, ere she could raise objections, she felt her hand carried to his lips, and he was gone.

How she had misjudged him! good, and noble, and true he was! She could hardly refrain, the next day, when Jean came, from sounding his praises in his cars, but that Jean himself was so strange in manner and watched her so furtively.

It was because he thought that he was so soon to leave her, she reasoned; yet of that he might have spoken. Now his lips were compressed, and an unwonted pallor was on his cheek.

She grew nervous, too, as the hour approached for her appointment with Ricard. What should she do if Jean did not leave her? If the money were not paid by early morning of the next day, it would be too late! The thought gave her courage.

"Good-by, Jean!" she called, gaily, stooping over to kiss him. "I have an engagement for a little while. Wait my return here." He sprang to his feet, and seized her

hands in a grip of iron. "Where are you going, Marie?" he said, in harsh, guttural tones. Tell me as you value your future peace!"

"I've not yet promised to obey," she answered, in forced lightness, striving to

hide her fear at his manner.

Then he dropped her hands, and she hurried out. Already she found Ricard awaiting her, pacing impatiently to and

"I thought you would never come, he said. "Here Marie, is what I promised you!" and he held out a little bag filled A sob of gratitude rose in the girl's

throat. "But the payment of my debt?" she

"I have loved you, Marie," he replied, tenderly. "I ask but one payment, and that, that once you will let me kiss your lips. My darling, I live a soldier's life. I may die a soldier's death! You will not then begrude the one little boon I crave, as a token that you have forgiven the harshness I once showed, and accept my

peace-offerings. An instant Marie hesitated—an instant only. Such a kiss could do Jean no quarrel. wrong-some day she would tell himand with this she upraised to the man bending above her the young red lips. His kiss just brushed them, when a shadow fell across their path, and Jean sprang from the wood between

them. Something glittered in his hand, but Ricard caught and held his arm.

"It is well!" said Jean, slowly and in gasps. "Neither of you are worthy the stain of murder on my soul!" "Jean," pleaded Marie, "I will tell you

all! Listen! But, shaking off her hold like a viper's he strode off into the blackness.

The next morning, at daybreak; he was marching to the front. "Poor Marie! They were sad days to her that followed. Ricard pressed his

suit in vain. His presence was hateful to her. He it was who had driven Jean from her side. Then Ricard, too was ordered to the

front. A few hours before he marched he came again to plead with her. "Your lover never will come back alive," he said. "Besides, he would no longer be your lover. Why, then, will

you not consent to become my wife? His persistency stung her. "Because," she said, "I would rather have Jean's frown than your smile, his scorn than your love. I cannot help it.

I love him. I can never love you!"
"So be it," he answered, growing very pale. "You have lost me, but you will never win him. Ah, my lady, I have not forgotten. He will never come home. He will die on the field, believing you false. You never accepted the debt, but I had my payment. Ha! ha! it was planned well!"

A gleam of the truth broke in upon Marie's mind. "You planned it then that Jean should

see!" she said. "You brought him there. You made him think me false. Oh, coward! It was worthy of you!"

The next month the war was ended; but, spite of the doctor's prophesy, Jean Royer had come bravely through the test of battle, with a record for which he had no reason to feel shame.

His heart had given him no trouble. It had been turned into stone, he said to himself. Life was no longer sweet to him, therefore it was spared. He wished almost that he might have changed places with one poor fellow over whom he stooped, whose moment's were grow ing very short; but he started back as, in the pallid, blood-stained face, he recognized Pierre Ricard.

Just then the dying man opened his

"It is fate!" he whispered. "The note you got-I wrote it. She was true. It was a debt she paid. Tell her-I-sentyou, and gave-it-back-from-your-

Slowly he articulated each word; but, though Jean only half grasped their meaning, it was all made clear, a few days later, when Marie with her little hand tight clasped in his, told him the story of his would-be ransom.

But when he drew her to him, at its close doubt, shame faced, had forever fled, and in its stead was purest reverence for the noble woman who was so soon to merge the claim of "sweetheart" into the holier claim of "wife."

Friendship between women is only

My Little Wife.

Mattie had a fiery temper, but that was her worst fault. When she married Marsh Hunter people said: "She'll make his life a warm busines

for him But Mattie thought differently.

"I will show them what a triumph of love I will work. I'll teach them I'm not the vixen I seem.

And so she married him. The wedding was a very pleasant affair—something to before the fire, crowing lustily, and beat-look back to as long as they lived. Matlook back to as long as they lived. Mattie looked very sweet in her new white Swiss. Her long, jetty curls trembled and shone in the brilliant light, her eyes sparkled like twin stars, and her soft cheeks were mantled in softer blushes as she leaned trustingly on the strong arm of the stalwart man who was to be her guide and guard through life.

The honeymoon was rich with the pleasures of new married life to the humble pair; but the time soon came when the bride must leave the old rooftree for the untried realities of a home of her own. This was the first sorrowthe trial of leaving home and motherbut it was fleeting, for, in the excite-ment of the "setting up" housekeeping in the white cottage on "Squire Blackburn's farm, the little sorrow was drowned.

It was very funny, and Marsh laughed and Mattie laughed, when just they two sat down to the little new table and ate the viands prepared by Mattie's own

Everything was new and strangely sweet. Everything went on nicely and Mattie was triumphant. But all things earthly must change. The weather grew warm and the kitchen hot, and one of the hottest days of the season Mattie had the headache, and the supper must be ready at 5 o'clock. Mattie tried hard to get it ready, but burned her wrist; then she burned the bread. Then she looked at the clock, and saw that it had stopped, and looked out at the door she Marsh

"Is supper ready!" he asked, and she blurtered out something and they had their first quarrel.

Oh, dear me, the first quarrel. How sorry it made the poor little woman. But Marsh looked sullen, and went off without kissing her. They never talked that quarrel over, simply because they were both too proud to broach the subject. After that qurrels came oftener and easier. They did not mean to quarrel, but somehow angry words would come up.

After awhile a little boy came to their household, and it seemed for a month or two a good deal like the well-remembered honeymoon, but Mattie's wretched temper would fly to pieces again, and the happiness was spoiled.

"It's curious we can't get along with-out so much quarreling," said Marsh one

winter day.

Mattie felt the tears in her eyes in moment, and her heart softened towards Marsh, and she was about to confess her failings and ask forgiveness, when he continued:

"It's all your hateful temper, Mattieyou know it is." That was enough, and what was meant to be a reconciliation was simply another

"Oh, dear me; it's my wretched tem-per—I know it is," sobbed Mattie, after Marsh went out, "but he needn't have

said so.' "If I only wasn't so blunt," said Marsh to himself, with a sigh. So things went from bad to worse. Little mistakes were imagined into terri-

ble wrongs. The neighbors had their fill of gossip about the matter, and finally one day when Marsh was away Mattie thought

the thing over. "I am a wretched little nuisance she said mentally; "I don't know why I have been a person, and that person is am so, either, but I cannot help it," said, despairingly, her eyes filling with tears. "I've a great mind to take Neddie and go home, and stay there. My shame

couldn't be any greater than it is."

She clasped the baby close in her arms, and the tears fell fast on his curly head. Her heart seemed bursting within her. but she wrapped the child in her shawl. and with a quickening pace she fled the place and hurried across the snow-

covered fields to her mother's. "What's the matter, child?" asked her mother, as Mattie, pale and shivering,

appeared at the door. "Don't ask me, mother," sobbed the

wretched little woman. "You ain't left home?"

"Yes, mother, forever." "Den't say that to me. You shall go

back this instant," said her mother, thinking of the scandal that was sure to follow such a proceeding by her miserable daughter. "Oh, don't, mother!" and Mattie

looked the picture of despair.
"Tell me about it, my child," said the mother, melted into tenderness by the

Then Mattie, through her tears, told her mother all, and ended with these pitiful words:

"But, oh, mother, I do love him, the father of my child-I love him, but he doesn't understand me. If he could but understand me!" and she fell sobbing beside her mother's knee.

"Let me advise you, my child," said the mother, softly stroking her daugh-ter's glossy hair. "I've passed through it all, and I'll tell you a secret. There is almost certain to be mistakes come up between husband and wife, and often words are spoken that are regretted moment afterward. But, my child, such a word can do no harm if repented of and a confession made. If you have said anything to wound your husband's feelings, no matter what he may have said to you, go and tell him you are sorry, and I know that he will not only forgive you, but will beg you to forgive him. tell you a little instance in my own life."

And her mother told of one of those little family differences that come up between so many worthy couples. The story ended so pleasantly that it soothed the tempest in the breast of the heartsick daughter.

After the story was done Mattie still kneeled, resting her tired head on her Her mother stroked mother's knee. her glossy hair in silence for a quarter of an hour, but Mattie's thoughts were busy. Suddenly she arose, took her child into her arms and wrapped it close in her shawl, she prepared to go.

"Where are you going, my child?" asked her mother.

To make my confession," answered Mattie through her tears.

"Heaven bless you said her mother. When Marsh Hunt came home that night a pretty sight met his view. The fire was burning brightly on the hearth and before it stood Mattie, dressed in a

Supper was on the table, and the tea was steaming on the hearth. Marsh was cold, but such a scene warmed him. He went straight to the pallet and commenced a romp with the baby. Mattie went and knelt there too, determined to make a confession, but she did not know how to commence. It was easy to think of beforehand, but when the time came she was lost. There was an awkward pause, then both spoke at once:

"Mattie, I've been-

"Marsh, I'm sorry-" Their eyes met, and each saw the tenderness in those of the other; all was now told in an instant. Both made their

Marsh opened his arms and Mattie fell were the happiest of couples.

### Dr. Paley's Famous Illustration.

The following is a condensed statement of the famous watch illustration of Dr. If, he says, in crossing a heath, I pitched my foot against a stone, and were asked how it came there, I might reply, without necessary absurdity, that for aught I know it had lain there forever. But if, instead of a stone, it were a watch, the unmistakle evidence of design in its mechanism would compel the inference that somewhere, and at some time or other, it had a maker, who comprehended its construction and designed its use. And the inference would still be the same, although the finder had never seen a watch made, nor was himself capable of constructing one. Neither would it invalidate this conclusion, that it sometimes went wrong, since a machine need not be perfectly in order to show evidence of design in its construction, or that it had a few parts whose relation to the general-effect was not apparent. Nor would any man in his senses think the existence of the watch accounted for by being told that it was one out of possible combinations of material forms, and happened to assume that particular form; or that its form could be attributed to a principle of order; or that its mechanism was no proof of contrivance, but a mere motive to induce the mind to think so; or that it was the result of the laws of metallic nature, since law presupposes an agent, being itself only the mode according to which the agent proceeds. Nor, again, would the discovery that this watch could re-produce itself lessen the force of the inference, since, however far back the series may be traced, the evidence of design remains, implying the existence of a designer; and this implication cannot be avoided by supposing the series of watches to have been infinite, and consequently to have had no first, for which it is necessary to provide a cause. Here would be contrivance, but no contriver; proofs of design, but no designer. But in reality, the maker of the first watch is the maker of every watch produced from it: the only difference being that the re productive power imparted manifests a more exquisite skill in the artificer than the making of a single watch. Now, as every indication of contrivance, every manifestation of design, which existed in the watch, exists also in nature, only in vastly greater perfection and variety, the conclusion is irresistible. Design must have had a designer; the designer must

# One From Whose Lips Jewels Fell.

Of all the fairy tales dear to us in childhood, we gave the preference, after due consideration of the charm of "Cinderella" and the "Sleeping Beauty," to that of the two sisters who were rewarded by the fairy that interviewed them at the fountain, and besought each in turn to relieve her thirst, the one receiving a good and the other an evil gift. Everybody knows it, how the obliging maiden gave water to a lovely lady at the spring, and upon opening her lips to relate her adventure at home' pearls repulsed the wrinkled old woman whom she found there, and in consequence cenversed in toads and vipers that this tale was prophetic as well may prove a practical fact. as symbolical, or possibly it was historical. At any rate there are, if we Lizzie Doten. "A gentleman saw of "thougts that breathe and words, hour that follows will be more delightful that burn." but we have always than the hour of your wedding. Let me believed these expressions to be shower of words made visible strikes us as wonderful in latter days, to say the least. It is probable that lady of the jeweled speech is a lineal desthe brilliant spectacle existed only

in his imagination. In matters of the heart it is usually the fear of insolvency that leads to bank-

#### The Three Rognes.

A peasant was taking a goat to Bagdad. He was mounted on a donkey, and the goat, with a bell tied around its neck, was following him. Three rogues saw this little company go past, and desired

to enrich themselves.
Said the one, "May I carry off that neat calico wrapper, with snowy collar and cuffs, and a scarlet bow of ribbon at her throat. Baby sat on his pallet

And the other cried, "Grant me the wit to rob him of the ass on which he is

mounted.' "Oh, truly, what an exploit!" ex-claimed the third. "What would you say if I meant so to despoil him of his clothes that he will actually be obliged

The first rascal following the traveller softly, by stealth took the bell from the goat's neck, fastened it to the ass's tail, and made off with his booty.

The man, still riding theass, heard the sound of the bell constantly behind him, and never for one instant imagined that the goat was no longer there, till, by-and-by he happened to turn around. Pic-ture to yourself his astonishment when he could not see the animal that he had been taking to market to sell! Of everyone who passed he asked news of sobbing on his breast, while baby looked his goat. Presently the second rogue on in amazement. From that hour they met him, who answered, "At the corner of yonder lane I saw a man running off, dragging a goat along with him."

The countryman jumped from his ass saying. "Please take charge of my don-key," and ran after the thief in the direc

he supposed him to have taken. When he had been running hither and thither for some time, he came back to find that neither ass nor keeper was to be seen. Our two rascals had already got far away, both well content with their loud wails, he began to lament so bitterly that the loser of the ass and goat was led to accost a person who seemed thus ers have become fairly engaged, and afflicted. Approaching he said, "What are you grieving about? I am sure you cannot have had as much ill luck as I have had. I have lost two animals, the price of which would have made my fortune.

"Oh, but think what a loss mine is exclaimed the thief. "Have you, like me, over let a casket full of diamonds fall into a well when you are told to carry them to the judge? I shall perhaps be hanged for theft."

"But why do you not go down into the well?" asked the countryman; "it is not very deep.

"Alas! I am not clever enough," said the rogue. "I would rather run the risk of being hanged than drown myself, which I should certainly do: but if service, I would gladly give him ten pieces of gold." "Promise me those ten pieces of gold."

cried the poor dupe, thinking the sum would more than repay him for the loss of his animals, "and I will get you your casket back." No sooner said than done. He threw off his clother with such rapidity, and descended into the well so quickly, that the robber saw at once that he would scarcely have time to possesss himself of his spoil. The countryman having reached bottom of the well without finding any casket there, came up again, and was speedily aware of his new misfortune. Thus clothes, ass, and goat had alll gone different directions; and their unlucky owner, with all his toil, could scarcely find people charitable enough

to be willing to clothe him. The moral is, be carful of the company you choose. - [Illustrated Christian Weekly.

The London correspondent of the Boston Advertiser says of several gentlemen who have made experiments in ballooning : Mr. Lefevre, the President of the Balloon Society of Great Britain, assisted by Col. Noble. Sir John Adge and others, organized a series of simultions, proved successful. Acrostatics aged as sternly as if wrought on a and aeronautics engage the attention of child of tender years. tions, proved successful. Acrostatics many scientific men; but up to the present time the secret remains undiscovered as to how a bird supports and directs itself in its flight through the air. This secret is being dilligently sought after, and when found will form a guiding principle in aeronauties. Mr. Templar and Dr. Lawrence Hamilton were at one time devoting their united energies in trying to solve the mystery, and it is to be regretted that Dr. Hamilton found that the prosecution of his work engaged too much of his valuable time. A great deal and diamonds fell from them in profusion, which sent her ill-natured periments, and I am glad to learn that walks into this species of danger without sister in turn to seek so good fortune. the government will give material aid and how the latter, unable to pene- for the furtherance of this end in the sertrate the disguise of the fairy, crossly vices of efficient officers and men, as well as by a grant of money. For meteorological purposes, and, under certain conditions, for military observations, balloons may be of great service. Let us instead of jewels. It now appears hope that before long aerial navigation

Borrowing money is a bad habit; may believe a correspondent of the and borrowing trouble is no better. Banner of Light, persons who would Some people are always borrowing be living mines of wealth if their trouble, and in the way making not speech could be stored up. At the only themselves but every one funeral of an excellent woman in around them uncomfortable. They Peabody, Mass., the other day, her have contracted the habit of taking friends were addressed by Miss a discouraging look at everything. What they do not spend lamenting the words as they as they fell from over the unalterable past they de-Miss Doten's lips form into beautifully vote to the prognostication of evils colored jewels, each facet a difference to come. It is a most pernicious and hue, and as they fell making a bril- disagreeable habit. There is no use liant shower of light and color." We of regretting the past except so far have all heard of honeyed words, and oily speech, of weighty argument, and future; while half the evils a them out one by one and rub all the spicy discourse, and gems of thought, gloomy-minded person is always fuz off with a coarse crash towel, predicting never happen. Cultivate a cheerful spirit, not only on your with a needle; put them in a glass own account, but for its happy in-fluence on with whom you associate. with a layer of lump sugar, allowing figures of speech. A continuous fluence on with whom you associate.

An exceedingly careful and interesting of the jeweled speech is a lineal descendant of the good sister who gave drink to the fairy; or it may be that the observer is an opium eater, and author remarks that it is similar to that for 1878, written by Professor Holden of the United States National Observatory, for the "American Becord of Scien and Industry," the publication of which has been discontinued.

#### Possibilities for the Monkey.

The Scientific News, in a recent essay on monkeys in Burmah, reveals such a world of neglected possibilities for usefulness to society in the members of this despised connecting link that an accoriation for the elevation of the similar tribes will no doubt follow general dissemination of the facts. According to the writer, who has passed many years in Southern Asia, the monkey makes the most reliable cashier in the world, and, when well trained, is able to discriminate between true and spurious coin with a delicacy to which his master cannot approximate. When a coin is placed in his hand, he first examines its design and inscription with great gravity and attention, and then puts the piece in his mouth and tests it by the sense of taste. If it is all right he passes it to his master with a nod of approval, but, if not, he places it upon the counter with a severe and forbidding expression of countenance. Monkey cashiers possess such a reputation for acumen in the detection of spurious coin in the countries where they are employed in this capacity that no one ever thinks appealing from their decision, and they are regarded as experts whose judgment is final. Better than this, they are never detected in attempts to default or rob their employers, and are considered extremely reliable in money matters. But they will steal fine fruits when they get an opportunity, organiz-ing raids in parties of a score or more upon the fruit groves in the neighbor-hoed, and fairly running the industrious fruiterer in a single night. In order to defeat these raids proprietors train monkeys of their own to dress themselves in the skins of tiger cats and conceal booty. The third now awaited the simple man, leaning against a well by which the latter must pass. Then with guardian of the coveted fruit leaps down from his covert at the moment the raidrushes in among them with reckless gallantry. Instantly, without stopping to look further than the spotted hide, the members of the assailing party take up the alarum cry and run away in a panic shricking and trombling, while their brother, in the skin of the tiger-cat, follows close upon their heels. It is said that they never revisit a place from which they have once been driven in this way, and that the proprietor forevermore enjoys an immunity from their depreda-tions which cannot be procured by shooting half a dozen of them in the act of midnight larceny. The narrative opens a field for the discussion of the question, whether the monkey may not be usefully domesticated, trained to act as a waiter in a restaurant, cashier in a there were anyone willing to do me this banking house, or servant in a Fifth Avenue mansion. The physique of the an-imal admits of all sorts of fancy and fantastic costumes, and who knows but his brain might develop under culture, and his race become undertakers in the civilization initiated by man, but not necessarily limited to human kind?

## Responsibilities of Married Women.

The excitement now uppermost in San Francisco hinges on the old story, "wronged" wife, an avenging husband and a dead seducer. By the law and custom of antiquity among the savage and semi-civilized, the wife was regarded as chattel and property. By the rule of the harem, where she was a slave, her indiscretion, when discovered, was punished with death, thus proving that she was held partly responsible for her act. Yet nations claiming more civilization, by the act of individuals, relieve the wife of any responsibility in the matter and doom to death the male aggressor by the

husband's hand. This argues that the wife is even below the grade of a chattle or a slave of the harein. She is an idiot, a being perfectly helpless, unreasoning, with-out judgment, and totally irresponsible. She is an infant," and the "wrong" taneous ascents, which, with two excep- done her is as foul and must be aver-

> Every woman of any intelligence in-stinctively detects the faintest ap-proaches on dangerous ground on the part of a man. It is always in her power to discourage and rebuke the first symptoms of this aggressiveness. This instinctiveness of its approach is one of the chief qualities belonging to women.

> No man save an insensate brute makes undue approaches without consent, tacit or more openly expressed. The "wrong then ceases to be committed by one party some invitation. The man is thus indiscreet without a great deal of invitation on the part of the woman. No man associates with improper intimacy with the wife of another under her own roof unless a smooth and easy road is made for him. For this, when carried to extreme results, a large proportion of modern sentiment justifies the slaying of the

> man in fault. The woman goes free. The woman may have been the chief tempter. The woman is spared, perhaps to lure others to their death. The woman knows this when she lures. The woman, then, is directly accessory to a murder. This is the conventional unwritten law of civilization. It seems in its result a code worse than that of the Turks. Their sack of bowstring deprived the woman of further power for misehief .- New York Graphic.

> Brandy Peaches.-Choose large, firm white cling-stone peaches. Pour over them boiling water; let them stand five minutes, then take then stick them in a dozen places a half pound of sugar to every pound of peaches; cover with a white brandy. Cover tightly and keep for for a month before using.

It is elaimed that Prof. Baoyer's meth-od of producing artificial indigo, has at length been found to be commercially practicable. The indigo is obtained from isstine chloride, which in turn is made from benzol.

A woman's friendship is, as a rule, the legacy of love or the alms of indifference.