THE JEWS IN GERMANY.

In France the Jews have not only been admit-In France the Jews have not only been admit-ted to equal citizen rights, but they have enjoyed an absolute social equality; and the reason of this has been found in the fact that in proportion as a country has fallen away from its former faith, so much the more readily it has adopted and fused all foreign elements into its own social system. But if ever a country were free of religious preju-dices, had stripped off all lingering remnants of her ancient faiths, had proclaimed frankly a philosophic indifference to, and appreciation of, all creeds alike, that country is emphatically Germany. Of Protestantism it is vain to talk. Pericles and Alcibiades were not more completely and frankly pagan and less trammeled by prejudice than the Prussian statesman and warrior of to-day. There are believing Christians in Germany, but who holds them to be of any account? The Prot-estant "church" is a dismal spectacle of dwindling indifferentism; the Catholic church has fallen a prey to the Protestant Inquisition of Falk renown, and religionists of all denominations are treated by "the general" either as hypocrites and time-servers or as illiterate imbeciles whose "vain babblings" are of no account. It is not the religion of the Jews that "stinks" in German, "nostrils," No "cultured" German cares what the particular "doxy" of his neighbor is. His fear and hatred of the Jew grow out of material grounds, and is a life question, of far more vital importance to him than the relative value of the Testament or the Talmud. To an Englishman, German Liberalism is a hybrid creature, lame of three legs and blind of one eye, and thus it is nec-essary to explain—if, indeed, explanation in its rational sense be possible—the position of the German Liberals in this matter of philo-Semitism. The Jew, having equal burgher rights with his Teutonic brother, no prejudice of faith or race should bar his path. Berlin has fewer Christian churches than any city of like size in Christendom. Yet one of these churches was lately given to the Jewish community for a synagogue. The Mayor of Berlin is a Jew. The late President of the German Parliament, Simpson, was a Jew. Two-thirds of the lawyers of higher or lower status in Berlin are Jews. Lasker, as is well known, is a Jew. The whole of the so-called "Liberal" press is in the hands of the Jews. Nat-"Liberal" press is in the hands of the Jews. Naturally the bankers, financiers, and leading shop-keepers of the capital are Jews. The country which has just erected a statute to Spinoza, which was the birthplace of the Mendelssohns (Moses Mendelssohn, the philosopher, and Felix, the composer), of Heine and Börne, of Myerbeer and Offenbach and Auerbach, of the gifted Rachel von Ense, Prof. Ewald, and a score of other illustrious Hebrews, could not afford to treat its adopted chil-Hebrews, could not afford to treat its adopted children on other than the broadest principles of lib-erty, equality and fraternity. Last among the European nations to grant equal rights to the Hebrew race, Germany, the country of culture, the home of philosophy, the fosterer of rational ideas, the furtherer of enlightenment, the pioneer of education, must leave all petty prejudice in the background, and hold the even-handed scales of justice between the children, bone of her bone and flesh of her flesh, and those step-children of alien race who claim an equal right to her maternal care. - The Contemporary Review.

A ROMANCE OF BRITISH HIGH LIFE.

Many years ago a young man made his appearance in Stratford, and passed a few weeks at the tavern which then existed to afford shelter to what was his business, none could guess. Directly opposite the tavern stood the small cottage and forge of a blacksmith named Folsom. He had a daughter who was the beauty of the village, and it was her fortune to captivate the heart of the young stranger. He told his love, said he was traveling incog., but, in confidence, gave her his real name, saying that he was heir to a large fortune. She returned his love, and they were married in a few weeks after. The stranger told his wife that he must visit New Orleans. He did so, and the gossips of the town made the young wife unhappy by disagreeable hints and jeers. In a few months the husband returned; but before a week had elapsed he received a large budget of letters, and told his wife that he must at once return to England, and must go alone. He took his departure, and the gossips had another glorious opportunity to make a confiding woman wretched. To all but herself it was a clear case of desertion. The wife became a mother, and for two years lived on in silence and hope. By the end of that time a latter was received by the Stratford beauty from her husband, directing her to go at once to New York with her child, taking nothing with her but the clothes she wore, and embark in a ship for home in England. On her arrival in New York, she found a splendidly furnished vessel with every convenience and luxury for her comfort, And two servants ready to obey every wish that she might express. The ship duly arrived in England, and the Stratford girl became the mistress of a mansion, and, as the wife of a baronet, was saluted by the aristocracy as Lady Samuel Sterling. On the death of her husband, many years ago, the Stratford boy succeeded to the title and wealth of his father; and in the last edition of "Peerage and Baronetage" he is spoken of as of "Peerage and Baronetage" he is spoken of as the issue of "Miss Folsom, of Stratford, North America."-Toronto (Ont.) Globe.

A French chemist asserts that he has concocted a substance by means of which tenants in Ireland, or elsewhere, who will not pay their rents, may be evicted without difficulty, and without the expenses attendant on legal proceedings. The mixture is in the form of a powder; a small quantity of it, sprinkled before sunrise on parts of the land adjacent to the tenant's dwelling, renders it impossible for any human being to remain within half a mile of the spot where the sprinkling has taken place for at least seven days, when the process should, if necessary, be repeated. The effect of the powder is to produce violent nausea and other feelings of so uncomfortable a kind as to be quite unbearable. It is, however, not dangerous to life, and produces no injurious effects on cattle. or elsewhere, who will not pay their rents, may

Rhode Island youths were very closely confined in the old time. "Roger," the mother of the sec-ond Roger Williams used to say, "Roger, my son, you may go out to play, but be sure you don't get outside the State!"

When going into a pit, never fail to lower a lantern first, for half a minute, and if it burns brightly the air of the pit is fit to breathe.

There are 6,272,640 square inches to an acre, and an inch of rain on the acre would be equal to 23,622.5 gallons, weighing 113 tons.

HARMONIAL HODGE-PODGE.

RECIPE FOR A MODERN NOVEL. Stir in a fool to make us laugh : Two heavy villains and a half; A heroine with sheepy hair, And half a dozen beaux to spare; A mystery upon the shore; Some bloody footprints on a floor; A shrewd detective chap, who mates Those footprints with the hero's eights, And makes it squally for that gent-Till he is proven innocent; A brown-stone front; a dingle della-Spice it with scandal; stir it well; Serve it up hot; and the book will sell. -Scribner Bric-a-Brac.

A VALENTINE'S CAREER.

FIRST. A narrow court enwrapped in gloom, A darksome house, a crowded room; A brush, some gum, a silver lyre; Two cherubs on a cloud of fire; A god of love-a motto fine-In short, a gorgeous Valentine.

SECOND. A country town, a busy street, A shop with Valentines replete; A peering throng, a form that stays Upon the grand display to gaze; A silver coin-and now, I trow, A space is vacant in the row.

THIRD. A pen, some ink, an envelope, A couplet, rife with joy and hope; A cheerfess February morn,

A hapless lover, all forlorn; A postman's knock-a blushing miss, A stolen kiss, a tream of bliss.

FOURTH. An old, old desk, a secret spring, A bidden drawer, a broken ring; Letters marked with many a tear, A wee blue flower, crushed and sere; A lock of hair, a verse of rhyme, A portrait, and-a Valentine.

HAND IN HAND ON THE OCEAN SHORE. Cold, salt air, and the white waves breaking, Restless, eager, along the strand; An evening sky and a sunset glory Fading over the sea and land.

We two, sitting alone together, Side by side, in the waning light; Before us, the throbbing waste of waters-Behind us, the sand heaps, drifted white.

Ships were sailing into the distance, Down to the lands where the sun had gone; The rough, fresh winds blew o'er our faces, And the shadows of night crept slowly on.

It is a dream that I remember-Some ghost of a hope that will come no more-We two sitting alone together, Hand in hand on the ocean shore.

DESTINY.

"Four eggs, is it, or only three?" Said a careful housewife, musingly; "I will look again at my recipe."

She whipped her batter, so smooth and thin, And emptied it into the buttered tin;

The fourth she laid on the cupboard shelf; But out from the corner peeped an elf, Who roguishly laughed to her little self-A chubby girl of the age of three,

Who scrupled not, when the coast was free, To take the egg for her property.

Weary and sore, that very day, A tramp was passing along that way, And he said what tramps are wont to say.

The child was touched at his hungry plight, So she drew from her apron the egg so white, And said: "Cook this for your tea to-night."

But lo! as he tossed on his bed of hay, In vagabond dreams of a better day, The egg from his pocket rolled away.

Now, a speckled hen, with yellow streaks, Had sat on an empty box for weeks; Such are, at times, an old hen's freaks.

And all'that a farmer's wife could do, With tying and ducking and screaming "Shoo," Had failed with Speckie; she sat it through.

Here, now, she was on her well-worn nest, When the coming of morning broke her rest, What's that?" said she, as she raised her crest;

What's that on the hay out there I see? An egg, as I'm alive," said she; Somebody's left it out there for me."

She rolled toward her the precious thing, And hid it under her downy wing, To see what a future day would bring.

At length came a knock- so faint and small It scarce was heard on the egg's white wall, And the chicken stepped into the world. That's all.

Ab, no! not all. Soon a hawk swooped down, And snatched the feathers from off its crown; Then it was chased by a weasel brown.

Three times into treacherous tubs it fell, And once dropped into an open well; It wished it was back in its little shell.

Pull oft did it choke till nearly dead; A falling apricot bruised its head; Oh, the turbulent life that chicken led!

But it grew, at last, to its fullest estate; And now you may think some high-born fate For a thing so cared for lay in wait.

But listen. The end was a fricassee For the Joneses' Christmas jubilee; And this is the thing which puzzles me:

Wherefore should Fortune take such heed To ward off dangers-only to feed The Joneses with something they didn't need?

think, if I could have had my prayer, The wife would have saved this run of care By ending its history then and there. -Mrs. Z. R. Cronyn in St. Nicholas.

EPIGRAM BY LONGFELLOW. Were half the power that fills the world with terror Were half the wealth bestowed on camps and courts, Given to redeem the human mind from error; There were no need of amenals and forts.

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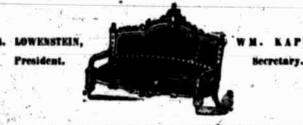
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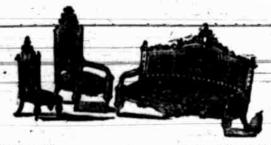
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