Broad slopes, robed regally in purple ling,
Where green, moist moss and scented thyme
lie hid;
And harebells hang the wind stirred grass

And ferns and foxgloves fringe the peat stained

Here flames a vellow tuft of furze, and there A narrow patch of vivid color shows

The ant built hillocks where the cistus grows; And ruddy bracken starts up everywhere.

The scattered sheep stray singly o'er the waste; Above, the plover sounds his plaintive pipe, Out yonder rise a pair of startled snipe, And seek fresh shelter with a timid haste.

And far out west there gleams the wide gray

A silver glory where the sunsprite spills
His subtle charm—and 'neath the northern
hills Faint smoke goes up of cities of the plain.

A silent, solemn place and holy ground, Where God speaks in a still small voice, which

they Hear not who hurry by; but those who stay And hearken catch the tender whispered sound, And hearing, gain a strange, strong peace of

heart;
A new, sweet patience for the pains of life;
A calmer courage for its stern, flerce strife;
conscious power to do a nobler part.

—G. Duncan Grey in Chambers' Journal.

THE COUNT'S PICTURE.

We were stationed at the little village of Z. We used to meet at each other's rooms, where we never saw anything but one another's uniforms.

There was only one man among us who did not belong to the regiment. He was about thirty-five, and, of course, we looked upon him as an old fellow. He had the advantage of experience, and his habitual gloom, stern features and his sharp tongue gave him great influence over his juniors.

He was surrounded by a certain mys-

His principal recreation was pistol shooting. The walls of his room were riddled with bullets-a perfect honeycomb. One afternoon about ten officers were

dining with Silvio. They drank as usual; that is to say, a great deal. After dinner we asked our host to make a pool. For a long time he refused on the ground that he seldom played. At last he ordered cards to be brought in.

Among us on this occasion was an officer who had but lately joined. While playing he absentmindedly scored a point too much. Silvio took the chalk and corrected the score in his own fash-

The officer, supposing him to have made a mistake, began to explain. Silvio went on dealing in silence. The officer, losing patience, took the brush and rubbed out what he thought was

Silvio took the chalk and recorrected it. The officer, heated with wine and play and irritated by the laughter of the company, thought himself aggrieved, and in a fit of passion seized a brass candlestick and threw it at Silvio, who only just managed to avoid the missile.

Great was our confusion. Silvio got up, white with rage, and said with

sparkling eyes: "Sir, have the goodness to withdraw, and you may thank God that this has happened in my own house!"

At the riding school next day we were already asking one another whether the young lieutenant was still alive, when he appeared among us. We asked him same question, and were told that he had not yet heard from Silvio. We were astonished.

We went to Silvio's and found him in into an ace which he had gummed to the

Silvio did not fight. He accepted a flimsy apology and became reconciled to the man who had insulted him.

Silvjo's letters used to be addressed to our regiment, and he usually called for them himself. On one occasion, a letter having been, handed to him, I saw him break the seal and, with a look of great impatience, read the contents.

"Gentlemen," said Silvio, "circumstances demand my immediate depar-With these words he flurriedly left.

I went to Silvio's shortly after to bid him goodby. "Perhaps we shall never meet again,"

he said. "Before saying goodby I want to have a few words with you.
"You thought it odd," he continued, "that I did not require satisfaction from

that drunken maniac. Six years ago I received a slap in the face, and my enemy still lives. "Did you not fight him?" I inquired.

"I did fight him," replied Silvio, "and here is a memento of our duel." He rose and took from a cardboard

box a red cap with a gold tassel and gold "In my time dissipation was the

fashion," he went on, "and I was the most dissipated man in the army. "My comrades adored me, while the commanders of the regiment, who were

constantly being changed, looked upon me as an incurable evil. "I was calmly, or rather hoisterously,

enjoying my reputation, when a certain young man joined our regiment. He was rich and came of a distinguished family-I will not name him.

"I took a dislike to him. His success in the regiment and in the society of women brought me to despair. I tried

to pick a quarrel with him.
"At a ball at the house of a Polish landed proprietor, seeing him receive marked attention from all the ladies and especially from the lady of the house, who had formerly been on very friendly terms with me, I whispered some low

"He flew into a passion and gave me a slap on the cheek. We clutched our swords; the ladies fainted; we were separated, and the same night we drove out

"It was nearly daybreak. I was standing at the appointed spot with my three seconds. How impatiently I awaited my opponent! The spring sun had risen and it was growing hot.

"At last I saw him in the distance. He was on foot, accompanied only by one second. We advanced to meet him. He

approached, holding in his hand his regi-mental cap filled full of black cherries.

"The seconds measured twelve paces." It was for me to fire first. But my excitement was so great that I could not depend upon the certainty of my hand; and in order to give myself time to get calm, I ceded the first shot to my adver-He would not accept it, and we decided to cast lots.

"The number fell to him, constant favorite of fortune that he was! He simed, and put a bullet through my

cap.
"It was now my turn. His life at last was in my hands; I looked at him eagerly, trying hard to detect some faint shadow of unessiness. But he stood beneath my pistol, picking out ripe cherries from his cap and spitting me a shot; I have come to claim it. Are out the stones, some of which fell near you ready? A pistol protruded from his

"His indifference enraged me,
"What is the use,' thought 1, 'of de-priving him of life, when he sets no value upon it? As this savage thought flitted through my brain I lowered the

"'You don't seem to be ready for death,' I said; 'you are eating your breakfast, and I don't want to interfere with you.

"'You don't interfere with me in the least,' he replied. 'Be good enough to fire; or don't fire if you prefer it; the shot remains with you, and I shall be at your service at any moment.'

"I turned to the seconds, informing them that I had no intention of firing that day, and with this the duel ended. I resigned my commission and retired to this little place. Since then not a single day has passed that I have not thought of my revenge, and now the hour has

Silvio took from his pocket the letter he had received that morning, and handed it to me to read. Some one (it seemed to be his business agent) wrote to him from the lucky number. Moscow, that a certain individual was soon to be married to a young and beautiful girl.

"You guess," said Silvio, "who the ertain individual is. I am starting for Moscow. We shall see whether he will be as indifferent now as he was some time ago, when in presence of death he ate cherries!"

Many years passed, and family circumstances obliged me to settle in the poor little village of N.

Four versts from my place was a large estate belonging to Count B., but the steward alone lived there. The countess had visited her domain once only, just after her marriage, and she then only at me. lived there about a month.

However, in the second spring of my rushed into the room. She threw herretirement there was a report that the self upon my neck with a loud shriek. countess, with her husband, would come Her presence restored to me all my to spend the summer on her estate, and courage. they arrived at the beginning of June.

to the count and countess as their near neighbor and humble servant.

The doors opened, and a man, about thirty-two and very handsome, entered the apartment. I tried to be self possessed, and began to introduce myself, but he forestalled me. His easy and agreeable conversation

soon dissipated my nervous timidity. I was already passing into my usual manner when suddenly the countess entered and I became more confused than ver. She was indeed beautiful.

The count presented me. I was anxious to appear at ease, but the more I tried to assume an air of restraint the more awkward I felt myself becoming. Meanwhile I walked about the room examining the books and pictures.

one of the count's attracted my particu- happy woman. Will you fire or not?" lar notice. It represented a view of Switzerland. I was not, however, struck by the painting, but by the fact that it as shot through by two bullets, one

planted just on top of the other.
"A good shot," I remarked, turning to the count.

"Yes," he replied; "a very remarkable shot."

"The best shot I ever knew used to shoot every day," I said, "and at least three times every day before dinner." "And what sort of a shot was he?" asked the count.

"This sort, count; if he saw a fly settle on the wall—you smile, countess, but I assure you it is a fact—when he saw the fly he would call out, 'Kouska, my pistol!' Kouska brought him the loaded pistol. A crack, and the fly was crushed into the wall!"

"And what was his name?" "Silvio was his name."

"Silvio!" exclaimed the count, starting

from his seat. "You knew Silvio?"
"How could I fail to know him? We were comrades; he was received at our mess like a brother officer. It is now about five years since I last had tidings of him. Then you, count, also knew

"I knew him very well. Did he never tell you of one very extraordinary inci-dent in his life?"

"Do you mean the slap in the face, count, that he received from a blackguard at a ball?"

"He did not tell you the name of this blackguard?" "No, count, he did not. Forgive me,"
I added, guessing the truth, "forgive me
—I did not—could it really have been

you?" "It was myself," replied the count, greatly agitated, "and the shots in the icture are a memento of our last meet-

"Oh, my dear," said the countess, "for God's sake do not relate it! It frightens

me to think of it." "No," replied the count; "I must tell him all. He knows how I insulted his friend. He shall also know how Silvio

revenged himself." The count pushed a chair toward me,

and with the liveliest interest I listened to the following story: "Five years ago," began the count, "I got married. The honeymoon I spent here in this village. To this house I am indebted for the happiest moments of my life and for one of its saddest re-

"One afternoon we went out riding

together. My wife's horse became restive. She was frightened, got off the horse, handed the reins over to me and

walked home. "I rode on before her. In the yard I saw a traveling carriage, and I was told that in my study sat a man who would not give his name, but simply said that he wanted to see me on business.

"I entered the study and saw in the darkness a man, dusty and unshaven. He stood there by the fireplace. I approached him, trying to recollect his

"'You don't remember me, count?' he said in a tremulous voice. " 'Silvio!' I cried, and I confess I felt

that my hair was standing on end. "'Exactly so,' he added. 'You owe

you ready? A pistol protruded from his "I measured twelve paces, and stood

there in that corner, begging him to fire quickly, before my wife came in. "He hesitated and asked for a light. Candles were brought in. I locked the doors, gave orders that no one should enter, and again called upon him to fire.

He took out his pistol and aimed. "I counted the seconds. . I thought of her. A terrible moment passed! Then Silvio lowered his hand.

"'I only regret,' he said, 'that the pistol is not loaded with cherry stones. My bullet is heavy; and it always seems to me that an affair of this kind is not a duel, but a murder.

" I am not accustomed to aim at unarmed men. Let us begin again from the beginning. Let us cast lots as to who shall fire first.'

"My head went round. I think I objected. Finally, however, we loaded another pistol and rolled up two pieces of paper. These he placed inside his cap; the one through which, at our first meeting, I had put the bullet. I again drew

" 'Count, you have the devil's luck,' he said, with a smile which I shall never

"I don't know what I was about, or how it happened that he succeeded in inducing me. But I fired and hit that picture.

The count pointed with his finger to the picture with the shot marks. His face had become red with agitation. The countess was whiter than her own handkerchief, and I could not restrain an exclamation. "I fired," continued the count, "and,

thank heaven, missed. Then Silvio-at this moment he was really terriblethen Silvio raised his pistol to take aim "Suddenly the door flew open; Masha

". My dear,' I said to her, 'don't you The first Sunday after her arrival I see that we are only joking? How went to the village and presented myself to the count and countess as their near glass of water and then come back; I will introduce you to an old friend and

> comrade. "Masha was still in doubt. 'Tell me, is my husband speaking the truth? she asked, turning to the terrible Silvio; 'is it true that you are only joking?"

"'He is always joking, countess,' Silvio replied. 'He once in a joke gave me a slap in the face; in joke he put a bullet through this cap while I was wearing it, and in joke, too, he missed me when he fired just now. And now I have a fancy for a joke.' With these words he raised his pistol as if to shoot me down before her eyes.

"Masha threw herself at his feet. "Rise, Masha! For shame! I cried in my passion: 'and you, sir, cease to In pictures I am no connoisseur, but amuse yourself at the expense of an un-

will not, replied Silvio. 'I am satisfied. I have witnessed your agitation, your terror. I forced you to fire at me. That is enough; you will remember me. I leave you to your con-

science. "He was now about to go. But he stopped at the door, looked round at the picture which my shot had passed through, fired at it almost without tak-

ing aim and disappeared. "My wife had sunk down fainting. The servants had not ventured to stop Silvio, whom they looked upon with terror. He passed out to the steps, called his coachman, and before I could

collect myself drove off." The count was silent. I had now heard the end of the story of which the beginning had long before surprised me.

The hero of it I never saw again. I heard, however, that Silvio, during the rising of Alexander Ipsilanti, commanded a detachment of insurgents and was killed in action.-Translated from the Russian of Alexander Pushkin, Boston

How to Eat Bananas at the Table. Bananas ought never to be peeled en tirely and the skinned fruit taken in the fingers. This is not nice at all. It is admissible to peel the fruit gradually, eating it as it is peeled; it is better, in this case, to nearly sever the mouthful with the fruit knife before attempting the bite, as it is never elegant to leave the print of the teeth in any article of food. Very dainty folk, however, object even to this way of eating the fruit, as after one or two mouthfuls the skin hangs over the hand in an undesirable way. Such prefer to cut the banana through longitudinally, skin and all, and then with spoon or fork, preferably the former, take out small portions at a time.-Her Point of View, in New York

Ride and Tie.
"Ride and tie" is an old Salem saying. Two men would start out on a journey with one borse. One would ride a speci fied distance, then, dismounting and tying the horse, he would walk on to the next changing place, where he would find the horse tied and waiting for him, having been ridden there by the man who started out afoot. And so the whole distance would be traversed, each one riding and walking in turn. The item "Ride and tie and go to Boston" is found in an old account book, at a charge of "four and efxpence."-Boston Tran-SCRIPE

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