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A Mutual Runaway.

"Your aunt Carlton, and cousin Jennie will be here on the next train, Russell," said Mr. Wilder to his nephew. You had better bring the pony chaise, and bring them from the—

"Gawd! I'm going away myself, sir."

"The d—l you are!" responded the old man, pushing his spectacles over his forehead, and regarding the young man with an air of surprise and consternation.

"Yes, sir, Charles Hunt invited me out to his place for a few weeks, and I thought I might as well go now as any time."

"Should say that it was a very strange time to be leaving home—Your aunt and cousin will consider it as a personal affront."

"It is not intended as such, sir—"

Though to be frank, considering the object of Jennie's visit, I prefer not to see her. And I must say that I think she would have shown more sense of delicacy if she had stayed away."

"Your cousin is a lovely girl, Mr. Russell, and won't be likely to go begging."

"I don't doubt it in the least. But for all that she won't suit me for a wife, uncle."

"How do you know that you connected donkey, when you have never seen her?" inquired the irate old man, bringing his cane down on the floor with emphasis.

"Common sense teaches me that no marriage can be happy that does not spring from mutual love. And on one thing I am resolved, that I will not marry from mercenary motives."

"Nobody wants you to marry the girl unless you like her!" roared Mr. Wilder, his face growing purple with rage and vexation at his nephew's perversity. "All that I ask is that you stay and see her. And this is a point that I insist upon—yes, sir; I insist upon it."

"I am sorry to disobey you, uncle, but if I should stay it would only give rise to conclusions that I am anxious to avoid. But I will tell you what I will do: I will relinquish all claims to the property that you are so anxious should be divided. As that seems to be the main object, I think that it ought to be satisfactory to all parties."

A few minutes later Russell passed by the window valise in hand.

He nodded good humoredly to his uncle as he glanced up at the window, who glared back at him in speechless rage.

"He shan't have a penny—not a penny!" he growled, sinking back in his chair as he wiped the perspiration from his forehead.

"What's the matter now?" said the gentle voice of his wife Polly, who had just entered the room.

"Matter enough. I should say. Russell has gone—actually cleared out, so as not to see his cousin. What do you think of that?"

"I think you will have another spell of the gout if you get yourself excited," said the lady, as she resumed

her knitting.

"What's to be done?"

"Nothing that I can see. If Russell and Jennie had seen each other before they had heard that you wanted them to marry, ten to one but they would have fallen head and ears in love each other; but as matters are now, I don't believe it would be the least use. From what Ellen writes me, I should think Jennie to be as much opposed to it as Russell. She says she can't bear to have his name mentioned, and that it was as much as she could do to get her consent to come at all when she heard that Russell was at home."

"They are a couple of simpletons," said the old man, testily. "I've half a mind to make another will and leave my property to some charitable institution."

In going to Dighton, whither he was bound, Russell had to travel part of the way by stage.

There was only one passenger beside himself, for which he was not sorry, the day being very hot and sultry.

The passenger was a lady—there was an air of unmistakable ladyhood about her which told him that. He noticed particularly the dainty gloved hands and close fitting boots.

Her graceful form indicated that she was young and pretty, but he could not see her face on account of the envious veil that hid it.

But as soon as she got comfortably settled in the corner to which Russell assisted her, she threw it back, disclosing a fair sweet face, lighted by a pair of wonderful bright black eyes, which shot with a swift bewildering glance into his that were intently regarding her.

A sudden starting of the coach which sent some of the young lady's parcels from the seat to the floor, gave Russell an opportunity of speaking as he returned them, of which he was not slow to take advantage.

From this they fell easily into conversation, and it was curious to see how sociable they became.

They talked of the beautiful scenery through which they passed; of the newest magazines, some of which Russell had with him.

The lady inwardly thought her companion to be the most entertaining and agreeable man she had ever met with. And as for Russell, he often lost the thread of his discourse in admiring the red, dimpled lips, and the pearl teeth they disclosed when she spoke or smiled.

Certain it is that his four hours ride from P— to Dighton were the shortest he had ever known in his life.

"Where do you want to be left, sir?" inquired the coachman as he entered the village.

At Mr. Charles Hunt's—Locust Hill. Do you know where it is?"

"Yes, sir, putting his head out of the window."

"Certainly, sir. Take you there in a jiffy."

"Why there's where I am going?" said the lady, opening her eyes widely.

"Nelly—Mr Hunt's wife is one of my dearest friends; we used to go to school together."

"And Charles Hunt is my most particular friend, and one of the finest fellows in the world."

"How very odd!"

"How very fortunate?" exclaimed Russell, with a meaning glance at his companion which made the rosy cheeks still more rosy. "Might I take the liberty of inquiring—"

But just at this moment the stage stopped in front of the house, on the porch of which stood Mr. and Mrs. Hunt enjoying the evening air.

In a moment Russell was shaking hands with the former, while his companion rushed eagerly into the arms of the delighted wife.

"Why, what a happy surprise, Jennie," she said, after spiriting her visitor off to her room, "I had given up all idea of seeing you this summer."

"And I had no idea of being able to come until just before I had started. You see mamma—my step mamma, you know—was going to uncle Wilder's, and she insisted on my going with her, to see that hateful, disagreeable cousin of mine that they are determined to marry me to. So when mamma was busy packing, I just put on my things and slipped off, leaving a note to tell where I was going. Wasn't that a good joke on them all?"

"I should think it was," said Nelly with a burst of merriment, far more than the occasion warranted. "When I saw who your companion was, I thought you were out on your wedding tour."

No, indeed; never saw the man until he got in the stage at P— But, really he is the finest looking man I ever saw and so agreeable—Who is he?"

"Oh, I'll introduce you when you come down stairs. There's Sarah wanting to see me about supper. You'll have time to dress. Mind and look your prettiest!"

And with a rough shake of her finger at her friend, Nelly ran away to see about supper. If Jennie did not look her prettiest, she certainly looked very lovely as she entered the supper-room, her linen suit exchanged for a fresh soft muslin, whose simplicity and purity were relieved only by the violet-colored ribbons in the hair and around the throat.

Russel had also taken great pains with his toilet, as could be seen by the spotless linen and carefully arranged hair.

The pause that followed Jennie's entrance was broken by Mr. Hunt, who, in response to a hint from his wife, said:

Russel, allow me to introduce to your cousin Jennie; Miss Carlton, your cousin, Russel Wilder."

The embarrassment which followed the blank astonishment into which this announcement threw the parties, so unexpectedly made known to each other, was quickly dispelled by the turn that was given to it by their host and hostess.

"I suppose you will want to look yourself for the next stage?" said Mr. Hunt slyly to Russell, who had taken him into his confidence.

"And you," said the wife, turning to Jennie. "I don't suppose anything could tempt you to remain, now that you have seen that hateful, disagreeable—"

"Nellie," interrupted Jennie crimsoning as she remembered her words. "Well I won't then. But you must let me laugh! Just to think of your both running in the same direction, and to the same place!"

The ringing laugh that burst from Nellie's lips was too contagious to be resisted even by those at whose expense it was paid.

This merriment was followed by a general good feeling, and a pleasant tea party never gathered around the social board.

We need hardly say that Russell did not take the stage the next morning, nor did Jennie seem at all disposed to cut short her visit on account of her cousin's unexpected appearance.

When they did go, they went, as they came, together.

Mr. Wilder's astonishment was only equalled by his delight, on looking out of the window to see the two walking up the path toward the house, arm in arm, and apparently on the best of terms.

As for Russell and Jennie, they seemed to regard this unexpected meeting as an indication of their "marked destiny," accepting it as such, to the great joy of all.

From the Pioneer we take the following:—The "sex" have gained a favorable point in England. A husband over there wanted a divorce. His wife was pure irreproachable and above suspicion. To secure his object, he hired a gorgeous looking man, told him to test the power of resistance of the unsuspecting wife. This "shadow" was faithful to his trust. The women fell. Then the husband came triumphantly to the front. His suit for a decree of a divorce was begun. It came to trial, the testimony of the shadow showed that the wife had been guilty. It proved more than that, namely, that she had been guilty with the aforesaid shadow. This, of course would be sufficient ground for a divorce on the ground of adultery. But no. Let us hear the defence. They admitted the guilt of the wife, proved she had been criminal with no other person, and then put in that "shadow" was agent of her husband, and that every principal is responsible for the acts of an agent. The court so held, and the wicked husband had still a wife in whose fall he had been instrumental. This is at once law and common sense.

ORIGIN OF LADIES STAYES.—Stays were first invented by a brutal butcher of the thirteenth century as a punishment for his wife. She was very loquacious; and finding nothing cured her, he put a pair of stays on her in order to take away her breath, and so prevent, as he thought, her talking. This cruel punishment was inflicted by other husbands, at last there was scarce a wife in all London who was not condemned to wear stays. The punishment became so universal at last that ladies in their own defence made a fashion of it, and so it has continued to the present day.—Pioneer.

The Crisis in Prussia.

The present situation of the Prussian Government is by no means an enviable one. It has been in tribulation ever since 1866. The population of the annexed provinces of Hanover and the electorate of Hesse feels in no mood to turn Prussian—patriotic; in many parts of the Empire particularism is still on the rampart; the rennaxed imperial provinces of Alsace and Lorraine cause much anxiety; the the religious commotion which the Government has wantonly and unnecessarily provoked, are of a more serious character than was anticipated; and now, to crown all, we have the rupture between the Government and the aristocratic party, by reason of the proposed change in the government of the districts. From the latest cable dispatches it is to be inferred that the Ministry benches at a summary course against the Junkers. It is true the Crown will punish the Upper House by creating a number of new Peers; still, it cannot create a majority on its side in that body, and it seems to be unwilling to risk a thorough re-organization of the latter. Now there is talk of trimming the bill for the country Government as to make it acceptable to the Chamber descend of Peers. To to half-way measures would be the most foolish thing that Bismarck could do. The moment he exhibited weakness and compliance toward the aristocratic gentlemen of rank, he will without gaining their confidence, forfeit their respect along with his popularity among the people, who had conceived a prejudice against the House of Lords, and would prefer to see it done away with. Persons not of rank can not be blamed for this aversion, because the fundamental law of the House of Lords embodies a recognition, on the part of the State, of the old feudal system, of the prerogatives of the nobility, and of class distinctions. The least cringing on the part of the Government before this House is viewed with great displeasure among the people. To be satisfactory to the nobility, the bill for the country government will have to be so modified as to bear a feudal character. But in that case it would almost be better to leave matters as they are, instead of promising the people bread and giving them a stone.

The government of the districts or "circles," as it is exercised now, is based upon the pre-eminence of the possessor of a manorial estate over all the other classes of the tax paying population. Every owner of a manor has what is called a *viril stium* in the diet of the circle—an individual vote which outweighs the collective vote of entire villages. As a general thing the country communes and cities are, as against the manorial nobles, in a hopeless minority in the circle diets even when the voting is upon extra levies of taxes on the three classes, the nobles, burghers, and peasants. Hitherto in the country districts of the old Prussian provinces, the police also have either been entirely in the hands or at least under the control of the knights of the manors. The object of the new country movement was to establish a more democratic and equal representation in the circle diets of all taxpayers without distinction of rank, and to place the police under the representation of the entire population. * * * * * The situation in which the Government has been put by the obstinacy of the Junker party is a very critical one, and it will be interesting to a spectator at a distance to watch how it will extricate itself from the difficulty.—Cincinnati Volksfreund.

TRUE AND FALSE MODESTY.—Nothing is more amiable than true modesty, and nothing more contemptible than that which is false—the one guards virtue, the other betrays it. True modesty is ashamed to do anything that is repugnant to right reason; false modesty is ashamed to do anything that is opposite to the humor of those with whom the party converses. True modesty avoids everything that is criminal; false modesty everything that is unfashionable; the latter is only a general undetermined instinct limited and circumscribed by the rules of prudence.—Pioneer.

The total yield of the new hop crop in the United States is now estimated at 14,000,000 pounds, or about 70,000 bales. The yield in Wisconsin is twice what it was last season. The total supply in this country, however, is less than it was last year.

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