Once upon a winter day, As I sat, forlorn and sad, Thinking, in a tretful way, Of the time when I was glad-Hopping lightly o'er the snow, Came a robin that I know.

On the window ledge he stood, With a bright, inquiring eye; Twas a compact that he should Always call in passing by, Just to show we might pretend Each to entertain a friend.

When I saw my tiny guest Waiting for his daily crumb, Dainty, trim and self-possessed, Neverdoubting it would come, I could almost hear him say; "Mistress, food is scarce to-day."

And my heart made sad reply As the little dole I threw, "Strange that one so poor as I Should have store enough for two! Robin, if such a thing could be, Would you throw a crumb to me?" Not a sound disturbed the hush

Save my own impatient sigh-Robin to a neighboring bush Darted off without good-bye. How! you leave me, faithless bird, As I waited for a word.

Ah! I wronged that heart of flame, Through the silence, sweet and clear Forth his cheery carol came, And I held my breath to hear, For that dear familiar strain Woke my better self again.

'T was a benediction sweet. Chanted in a foreign tongue Like those graces after meat, By the warbling scholars sung, Where the reverend customs hold, Handed down by men of old.

Did I dream that, as he sang, Some one entered at the door, That some childish laughter rang, And small footsteps crossed the floor?
Who hath touched my lips with wine,
Mellow juice of Auld Lang Syne?

Suddenly the music ceased, Yet the silence breathed of balm. Art thou flown then, small hedge pries Somewhere else to raise the psalm? "Man," the Master finely said, "Doth not live alone by bread,"

MONSIEUR, MY HUSBAND.

And you mean to tell me my brother proposes to marry Marie to a Prussian?" Mile. Archaimbault, the sister of the well-known Strasburg banker, was for once roused from her ordinary well-bred | the Strasburgian hatred of their present

of the Hotel Archaimbault in Strasburg.

"Impossible - preposierous! Marie, the aunt glanced complacently around at satin draperies, the massive gilt furniture primly as the garden outside, where ave- alliance, mon pere?" nues, cut straightly as if by some sharp "I am afraid-I think he does, ma giant knife, ended in a statue or a fille.' fountain. "Marie-to marry a Prussian! "What is this man-this German-My brother must be mad, or you"-turn- like?" ing sharply to the abbe, "are jesting." "I never felt less inclined to do so,

mademoiselle." And, indeed, the abbe's expression of grave perplexity as he leaned his elbows on his knees, loosely tall"—throwing up his arms—"strong" clasping his thin hands, and staring vaguely at the huge rose bouquets on the Aubusson carpet. He understood the letter he had that morning received from his friend, the banker, well. It was dated Paris, and commissioned the stared in astonishment, her head drooped, abbe to break the news of his consent to and a blush mantled over her fair throat haps—even—ah! I cannot bear the bring her home to thine house, and she the pretensions for Marie's hand of a young German officer, the son of a Berlin millionaire. This the abbe, who had been partially in M. Archaimbault's confidence, took to mean that the recent alarming failure of certain great Parisian bankers had so far imperiled the Strasburg house that failure could only be averted by this marriage. For Marie's fortune had been a temporary stop-gag, and the young German was more than the aunt, terrified. Marie had risen to fine face with the frank, large eyes, and steer. To have turned and run might ready to marry her without it; in fact, to her feet, and, holding her hands to her the bronzed, aquiline features, she was have been fatal, and no gallant young make any arrangement M. Archaimbault | breast, had staggered away. She leaned attracted, pleased, soothed. pleased.

But the abbe did not understand the banker's postscript, which assumed Marie's consent, and announced the arwith Marie alone," wrote M. Archaim- child, I had no idea-how was I to imbault. "Request my sister that it may agine-

It was necessary for the abbe to break help him. At last he blurted out: "This gentleman arrives to day."

"Let him arrive." Mlle. Archaimbault leaned back in her chair, folded her arms lightly across her bosom, and looked-in the neat black dress she was still wearing as mourning, not only for day of my life." the young nephew "murdered by the forbidding as a prison portcullis, "Let salver. him arrive. He will not see me.' "No," said the abbe, quaintly. "Your

alone."

No shell thrown into the beautiful him in. city when beleagured by her victorious foes could have produced a sharper effect. Mlle. Archaimbault gasped, had better await us there," (pointing to paled, choked; took up her fan, then an adjoining room), "and when you hear toward her. "Perhaps you recognize dropped it, and burst into tears.

"That is all right," thought the abbe, me." cheerfully. "When once they begin to the window, gazed out where the town lay spread out around the proud cathelay spread out around the proud catheweeping woman into the adjoining bou
"When I carried him into the tent after the fatal moment, he opened his eyes, recognized me, and feebly feeling work will bear the most searching tests, for it is dral, whose lofty spire seemed still doir. stretching skyward—the beloved city, now all patches and props like some wounded human being. But mademoithe "portiere," she made a violent effort links breast, drew out this, gave it me, and said one word—'Marie!' It was his last effort," added the young man, with emotion, "before he fell into that ununpleasant this was than his usual experiences of the hotel; the evenings spent playing picquet with M. Archaimbault, and teaching the fair, beautiful Marie awful day, when her twin brother—alclaimed the young girl, covering her face English and less picquet, for the banker, after losing game after game through inadvertence, weuld get up and go to his own room, and the abbe, after taking a lation, and they had endured the slow pleased, he would read me your letters.

about you.'

plexed.

"Yes. You have received a proposal of marriage.' and averted her eyes. A smile flitted till, the door shut behind her, a voice across Marie's face—amused, incredulous | said, pleadingly, "Mademoiselle!" -as a stray sunbeam flickers upon a wintry landscape. She had rarely smiled since her twin brother's death. "But mon pere, there is no one," she seid. Indeed, they had led secluded

lives since the war-since their terrible loss-at the Hotel Archaimbault. The abbe cleared his throat. "Yes, there is," be began.

"Do not tell her. I cannot bear it It is an insult," muttered her aunt. Marie glanced quickly from one to the other, and then compressed her lips. "Please tell me at once," she said, firmly. Whatever it is, I can bear it. I have known grief."

"I have had a letter from your father this morning, in which he desires me to inform you that he approves of a proposal made for the honor of an alliance with you by a young German.'

The abbe repressed the contemptuous term "Prussian," out of respect for the approved aspirant. Still, so strong was once roused from her ordinary well-bred calm. She spoke shrilly, and her dark eyes sparkled with rage.

The Strasburgian hatred of their present all color left Marie's cheeks; her lips trembled. This was the man in the pale blue uniform, and his face was the face and donning a wig on their marriage. said the ugly little abbe, the bring himself to look Marie in the face. great friend of the family, and confessor | Therefore, neither he nor Mlle. Archaimto Marie Archaimbault and that beloved bault, who sat, the image of despair, twin brother, Alphonse, who was killed gazing into vacancy, saw the beautiful in the late Franco-German war. The blush, the droop of the eyes, the happy abbe and Mlle. Archaimbault (who kept smile that awelt one moment upon the house for her widowed brother, now ab- young girl's face-one moment, for it sent for the moment in Paris) were was only a moment. Still, the memory seated in the magnificent drawing room softened the "Oh!" with which she greeted the announcement.

"You perceive we have not quite killed the best match in the town-who might her with our intelligence," remarked the marry a vicomte at the very least," and abbe to the aunt, somewhat satirically. "The idea is too preposterous for her the tapestried walls, the heavy amber to realize," replied the lady, indignantly. "What!-that a German wishes to and marqueterie cabinets arrayed as marry me? Does my father desire the

natural impulses-"he is, I suppose, up his little eyes-"with a great mustache, red, red as fire."

"No, no, not red-fair!' cried Marie. Then as her aunt and her confesser with a tinge of pink.

"And he is-an officer." ("At least this will arouse her natural animosity toward her brother's slayers," thought the abbe, himself growing almost an-

Marie was silent.

against the wall, her eyes closed, pale with the ghastly pallor of a corpse.
"What have I done?" Mon Dieu! rival of "M. le pretendu" as immediate. little abbe, wringing his hands. "I "He wishes to have his first interview can assure you, mademoiselle-my good

"You have done nothing," said Marie, solemnly, opening her eyes. How could hear the story of Alphonse's death blow, the ice. The roses on the carpet did not | you know? Mon pere-that name was

said to me-by my dear brother—the moment before—he died." An instant's silence. Then the abbe murmured: "This is indeed a mystery." She blushed violently. "A most horrible mystery," sobbed Mile. Archaimbault. "It is the worst

"Compose yoursell, my child," said Prussians, but for captured, subdued the abbe, hastily. A servant entered friends in Paris, just before the war be-

"It is Herr Earl Eichmann," said the

servant; "and when I ring the bell, bring | divide us."

The foolman bowed and retired. "You, my aunt, and you, mon pere, me ring this bell twice you will come to this?"

"She is right," said the abbe, consol- phonse." She was agitated. "Did he cry, they give in." Then he gave her ingly, offering his arm to Mile. Archaim- give it you? But no; how could he?" time to have her cry out, and, walking to bault. And feefing half stunned, he

selle wept on, and he came back into the stately room, thinking how much more view. "Mon Dieu! what can it mean?" covered. I understood that he wished English. Latterly there had been more most one with herself-her beloved with her hands. few thoughtful pinches of snuff, would agony of watching him lie insensible day | -those sweet, innocent, girlish letters; put away the cards and join Marie, after day, hour after hour. The cruel he would have introduced me to you; where she sat at work in the corner with her aunt. They had nearly finished reading "Ivanhoe," and to-day an unknown knight would appear. How little they seemed to bear one link of her heavy mured Marie, behind the screen of her

ery, with heavy silver shoulder knots military bands clashing out the latest you—then may they be withered, parand loops, spotless stockings and freshly German waltzes and quick marches, not alyzed, as I stand here." powdered hair, stood there awaiting his one citizen of Strasburg could be seen but the footman stepped aside with a respectful obeisance, and a young girl came in, dressed in white, with large bows of black ribbon. She was tall, fair, with serene blue eyes under arched when the doctor told them Alphonse's in the cathedral was full of sad kneeling figures from early morning till late night. Here Marie came, here she fled in her anguish, when the doctor told them Alphonse's in the cathedral back. "Can you not wait—come again?" "No, mademoiselle." The answer was sudden, fierce, like a shot. "I will either leave you at once, or remain." brows, and a soft white skin, more like life was now an affair of hours. It was the Belgian mother who had died shortly evening; while the flickering of the dices, yet her beating heart, her inclinaafter the birth of the twins, Marie and Many votive tapers played upon the sad beautiful face of the Mater Dolorosa in thought of Alphonse. Once more she Alphonse, than like the French father and aunt, dark, wiry and determined. Perhaps the beautiful girl's most potent charm was her graceful throat and neck, which deserved the epithet of 'Swan- whi like" anciently bestowed upon the cele- tinguish the outline of the Pieta in the the more uncertainshe grew. brated Matilda of Flanders. "Good corner of the chapel—the great image of morning," she began, pleasantly. Marie Mary with the dead Christ in her lap. Suddenly she sprang up. Decision was in her rallying color, her sparking was always glad to see the good-natured, She wept and prayed; and was rising to monkey-like face of the abbe, with those return to her watch beside the death "It is all over," though monkey-like face of the abbe, with those stray wisps of hair which never would keep in the right place across his bald her through an aperture in the screen sink within him; he trembled like a girl; head. Then her welcoming expression that divided the chapel from the cathe- he turned to go; his head sank upon his changed to one of consternation. "Ma tante!"—and she went quickly to her, kneeling down and exclaiming, "Papa?" such deep, yearning love, that instinctively she moved a step forward. Then before the turn dral nave. A man's face soft and tender; breast. The such deep, yearning love, that instinctively she moved a step forward. Then before the turn dral nave. A man's face soft and tender; breast. The such deep, yearning love, that instinctively she moved a step forward. Then before the turn dral nave. A man's face soft and tender; breast. drily; "your aunt has been crying- she remembered, recoiled, and the face "About-me?" Marie looked per- Some strange influence had passed into and two scared, anxious faces looked in,

> She started-turned, Heavens! she was face to face with a tall officer; the soft hand stealing into his, he turned in of his light blue uniform.

"Monsieur!" she cried, with passionate anger. Then, drawing herself up, she flashed one glance of hatred upon him and fled.

That night Alphonse opened his eyes: he was conscious, he smiled upon them. Bending over him, she heard him say those two words, "Karl Eichmann," then he sighed, and his spirit went.

All these things came back to her as she stood irresolute, looking at the card | then saluting them with a stiff, military inscribed with that name. At last she how. "You, madame, and you, mon nerved herself and rang the bell."

| Described with that name is a last she how. "You, madame, and you, mon pere-the devil may begin wars, but it is

steps crossed the floor, spurs clanked, hall Review. a tall figure was there. She stood, her eyes fixed on the floor. "Madmoiselle!"

"Ah!" A shiver, a shuddering sigh; mered:

pected Herr Lieutenant Karl Eichmann. He smiled. His large blue eyes looked penignant, though his huge mustache lent fierceness to his face. "I am he," he said.

"You-but you-you spoke to meand my brother-"Did your brother tell you about me?" he eagerly asked.

he once spoke that name to me." "Then you do not know that it was —that saw it—ah! let me tell you, made. moiselle," he cried, for Marie turned away; the sight of that hated uniform, served in the house, and in order to the recollection of that night sickened her. "Hear me! It was I that, fight-"Well"-the abbe paused, thinking of a shell strike his horse-saw it pitifully of the natural curiosity of these rear and throw him. These arms lifted According to Mishnah Nazir, iv: 5, wrinkled-leather face was twisted into an that it seemed to smother their holiest mademoiselle, his head rested here" (he a disfigurement, which the husband struck his shoulder); "and if it had not been for me you would never have seen Nazarite. Some few believe that the -inflating his chest-"fierce"-rolling him again alive. I was powerless to save custom dates from the very earliest his life, but at least I can lay claim to times, and they found their opinion upon

> look at me?" "You were my brother's enemy-perthought." She spoke in a hard, choked

"Mademoiselle, I was his friend." "How could you—a Prussian—be my brother's friend?" She turned upon noyed by Marie's unnatural demeanor.) him in anger; more with herself-for in spite of the fact that this man was a foe mind and strength combined than any "And his name," continued the abbe, hated with a cherished hatred, the same almost sternly, "is Karl Eichmann." curious influence affected her as in the "Cruel! You have killed her!" cried cathedral. When she looked at that field she was attacked by an infuriated

"Why did you not tell me this, then, before?" "If you remember, mademoiselle, I what have I done?" exclaimed the poor tried to speak to you, but you would not hear me.'

"That was not the way, that was not the time." "There I take leave to differ from you. was determined that no one should

except you, from my lips." "Because, mademoiselle, I loved you."

He spoke with passionate earnestness. "How could you do that, monsieur, when you had never seen me?" "If I tell you all, will you listen?

Mademoiselle, Alphonse and I were and enslaved Strasburg-as grim and and presented a card to Marie on a gilt gan. He was there, as you know, with his regiment-I to enjoy myself during my leave. How little we knew, when young girl. "Ask Herr Eichmann into we used to talk of you, of the yawning brother desires that he shall see Marie the ante room," she said calmly to the gulf-the battlefield-that would shortly

"He spoke to you of me?" The tears welled into her eyes. He drew a little velvet case from his

"My portrait! The one I gave Al. OUR NAME IS ON EVERY PAIR. in his breast, drew out this, gave it me,

"Do you not think it would be better to think how we shall break the news to Marie, instead of crying about it?" asked the abbe, gently. Then as mademoiselle incoherently murmured something about ithe shock," and "being totally unnerved," he rang a small silver hand bell. The yellow satin "portieres" were helfed, and, as if by magic, a footman, in the fawn and crimson Archaimbault livers.

Seemed to bear one link of her heavy chain around their hearts like a crown of thorns, while they silently scorned and shunned their conquerors, and caressed their lost nationality in secret. In mourning garb they thronged the churches, creeping thither through streets where they would be less offended by the sight of those "accursed Prussians." And while the market-place was gay, the restaurants full of bright uniforms, the see you and plead my own cause. A just one," he added almost haughtily.

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"No. He knew Alphonse was my friend. And he gave me permission to see you alone. Oh, Marie listen to me. I have thought of you, felt for you, followed at a distance, watching over you so long! I knew my only chance was to see you and plead my own cause. A just one," he added almost haughtily.

The fawn and criminal triples in the fawn and criminal them throw this?" murded Marie, behind the screen of her hands.

"No. He knew Alphonse was my friend. And he gave me permission to see you alone. Oh, Marie listen to me. I have thought of you, felt for you, followed at a distance, watching over you so long! I knew my only chance was to see you and plead my own cause. A just one," he added almost haughtily.

"If these arms are not worthy to hold use of the screen of her hands.

"And Marie, behind the screen of her hands.

"And Marie, behind the screen of her hands.

"And he gave me permission to see you alone. Oh, Marie listen to me. I have thought of you, felt for you, followed at a distance, watching over you are not superio

"Give me a minute to think," murrders.
"Tell Mile. Marie"— began the abbe; before the altars, and the little chapel of resting her head wearily against the

The hand bell rang shrilly-once,

Before the second peal was fairly over the doors of the boudoir opened abvanished. Was it a comforting vision? ruptly, the portieres were pushed aside, her soul; a promise of consolation. the abbe's quaint, ugly face above that Calmed, wondering, she went through of Mile Archaimbault, who walked into the darkness and out into the moonlight, the room, pale, stern, determined to up-The aunt clasped her niece's hands unaware of a quick step that followed, hold her niece's brave refusal of this hated Prussian, if need be, to the death. "Monsieur!" Karl Eichmann started

> moonlight gleamed on the silver facings astonishment, to find Marie smiling, almost beaming. "Ma tante," she said, "and mon bon pere, allow me to introduce to you Monsieur, my husband."

as Marie spoke, gently, tenderly; then a

"Diablo!" cried the abbe, startled into profanity. "God protect us!" said Mlle. Archaimbault, devoutly, crossing herself as a

shield against Prussian witchcraft. "You are both right," exclaimed the young man, first passionately kissing the fair hand that lay contentedly in his, "Herr Karl Eichmann." Quick foot- the good God who ends them!"-White-

Jewesses and Wigs.

There is a remarkable mystery surshe saw that night in the cathedral. The stubborn adherence to this custom Bewildered, she shrank back and stam- suggested the plot of the gloomy story which concludes the "Jews of Barnow." "Sir, there is some mistake. I ex- Even in the present day the custom is still observed by the ultra-orthodox. The effects of the custom were supposed to give a clue to its origin.

There was undoubtedly too much reason in the Middle Agea for the Jewesses to be eager to make themselves as unattractive as possible. The custom of cutting off the hair of the bride on eagerly asked. the wedding day is not mentioned in the Monsieur, my brother is dead; but the Talmud. According to Mishnah Ketuboth, vii: 6, it is contrary to Jewish custom for married women to appear served in the house, and in order to remove the possibility of temptation, the hair-serving no longer as an ornaing near your brother, saw the fragments | ment, but being a superfluous weight on the head-was entirely cut off.

having prolonged it. Now, will you still the allusion thereto in Deuteronomy. turn away as if you could not bear to chapter xxi: 12. Referring to the mode prescribed for taking a captive woman for wife, the text says: "Then thou shalt shall shave her head."-Jewish Chron-

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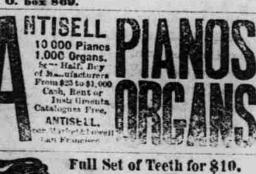
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