[ADAPTED PROM THE GERMAN OF MME.

BY MRS. FRANCES A. SHAW. Translation Copyrighted, 1887, by A. N. Kellogg Newspaper Сотрану.

treating whispers of which he understood only "A demain. Au revoir." He again sought his wonted place in

grass. But though he lay there for a lot that forceto remain far from read; long time he did not study one word-"A demain-au revoir!" kept echoing She scorned ing German in no in his ear.

Upon reaching home he hunted up a and honored ith but little of her French grammar and a French-and- conversation, she left the "two morrow he would return the handker- tious destiny hero and heroine sad, chief with thanks, and assure the of some romi thrower of the ball that his eye no None quest which learned most longer pained him. But he felt that it of the foreinguage, Arnim or would be easier to commit a Latin ex- Hortense, but found the alloted ercise than these French phrases.

mother's notice, but the limb of a tree until Mile. Ffrom the depths of was made answerable for the little her novel, gae signal for depart-French girl's awkwardness. He locked ure. the two handkerchiefs in his desk to take them out late at night and unfold spring and toeason of roses, these them. In one corner of the pocket two youthfulures. How musical the garlen in order until their return. handkerchief he discovered the initial rose and felltense's clear laugh Believe me, my son, this is best for H. with a coronet above it. Could amid this meritter of birds! How you." this other dainty thing, with its deli- droll were German words and He went forth into the quiet moonless trifles these spoiled girls must have French soundoth soon learned to gate into the garden. to wear, and this was a Parisian laugh heartilf their mutual blunthrough and through! German women ders. were so different. What, indeed, could a manly man do with a doll who carried such handkerchiefs, wound such spiders' webs about her neck and wore gloves in the garden? What would his bring back thactory pupil. While fountain; cool breezes rustled through mother, who only on Sundays allowed herself the luxury of white undersleeves, and was by no means lavish in er-then in ill eagerness of youth that had been so dear to the absent one: collars and handkerchiefs for her husband and son-what would she say about the always fresh white gowns of this young French woman? Terrible memories of the them to their. Then they would Revolution and of Napoleon's wars had taught her to hate the Freuch, and she was displeased to learn that her cheeks deepeinto an arch smile: They never met again. No tidings son even knew these foreigners.

This night Arnim dreamed of gigantie balls flying through the air. They all hit him. Handkerchief after handkerchief was wound around his head, and two soft little bands were laid upon his heart, while a sweet voice asked: "Have I really hurt von?"

The next day Arnim had many lessons to recite at the gymnasium, but his memory was not as usual at com- might learn by heart: mand. At the appointed time he found himself on the familiar path. As he passed the latticed gate his heart beat violently. From beneath the lowdrawn vision of his cap he gazed stealthilly into the garden. Suddenly he discerned a white shimmer. The gloveless hand of Hortense waved bim a greeting through the lattice-work of the gate.

"O, sir, you came at last," she said, in French. "How is it with you?"

As a polite young man, he was obliged to step forward, to take off his cap, show the eye which in antime had assumed all possible colors, and say assuringly the words he had a thousand times rehearsed: "Je me parte assez blen, mademoiselle." Then taking the handkerchief with the coronet from its paper weappings, with a "chank you very much," he handed it to its owner. Where was the other? Hortense did not ask, but still charting and laughing merrily, she opened the gate and came to him. Arnim listened in silence as the rippling rivulet of her speech flowed gayly on, while the rosebud mouth was wreathed in smiles and the eyes glowed like sunbeams.

"O, how Hove the forest!" she cried. in eestasy. The trees murmured softly above those two young heads, and with happy hearts they paced slowly up and down the path.

Young violets in charming profusion nestled amid the grass. Arnim would gladly have plucked a bunch of them roses and whiles, which bloomed for his lovely companion, but he could recall only their Latin name, Viola laid it on thole before him. He odorata, and he forebore. He told her carried it in and as he went home, as well as he was able that he spoke but very little French, and she replied, laughing, that she knew no German, Then she asked him to give her Ger- spite of thosphiniscences of 1812, man lessons, assuring him that her could but love father would not object. She next iner he had parents and brothers and sis- from the Mare It contained a check ters. When he had answered she said, sadly: "I have no mother, no brothers expressing in regret that the les or sisters." Then she begged him not to be afraid of Mile. Fifine, as his daughtes about to visit Paris. her governess, assuring him that she was not so cross as she looked.

wear gloves?" he asked. She laughed and nodded,

"But I do love to take them off," she said, suiting the action to the word. "Here they are. Please keep them awhile for me.

He put the gloves in his breast

pocket. your German girls," she added. "That

is so ugly-uglier even than gloves." So they walked up and down or stood ste, until Mile. side by side hem: r student learned

This show little from WIIS W -

nts ave

ons note from den teacher to

in the usual manner. Teacher returned home, and pupil wislout into the gar. The next evening just as he was setden, and seatenselves comforta- ting out for the forest, an unknown bly in the arr by the fountain, lad appeared bringing him a note with Sometimes walle. Fifine was in a perfume of violets, "From the good humor, companied them to French young lady," the boy said. the forest, me-dow or to the "No answer required."

temple on thep. Arnim soon got over his fear morose old French la belle Francis stupid Germany. friendly wayugh her eye-glass,

hour much port, and Arnim re-His swollen eye did not escape his mained longe longer, not leaving

they would hide and seek like two merry ch, until Fifine's grim figure loome near by, and her-"Enough of nonsense" - recalled again sit oppeach other, Hortense , softly. repeating withe dimples in her "Ich habe, du er hat," etc.

But she reut rapt and silent when her teacher sloud some German if I do not unand them."

from Eichen his favorite poet, protest.

Now far near, it seems: Through rest at it's murmur I pass in dreams.

"The nights trill softly In the | leady ways: And the h of their singing Is the folden days.

* Beneath ponbeam's shimmer It seemar, so near,

That hear from here. "As if with garden Of re see and red. She still were waiting

My darbug years dead."



THEADING.

Once-sumI vas aiready passing with light foods through the landwhen Arnim his pupil's request, had recited thereamy verses, Hortense rose sudv. and with feverish haste plucked segay from the red in wild luxure in the garden, and delighting in lauty and fragrance. What a dear, -hearted creature she was, this little! Even his mother,

The next nothen Arnim returned sons must be ontinued for a season,

Arnim persed himself that a brief pause in the las would be the best near at handle also decided that he farewell, thanis visits to the forest at it. he would chas path not leading by the latticed g

of the gardenere they grew? He kept hisolution until evening. then he wand again along the dear old path, pathe garden gate. He wanted to so his pupil that in her though his eye absence he sld no longer pass this f and himself no shimmer white dress greeted him; all wasent and empty. The here. also paid his window of thamber looking on the Every tree and rock on his own do-

esegant man and the prospect of moving to and iro, and heard rinner an engageme their son, although sharp voice. He lingered long, await, the mother sper head ominously ing the silvery laugh of Hortense - she and talked man ever of the dire laughed so often and so merrily when events of the h campaign of 1812, he was near! But to-night if she The Germans were not given laughed it was not aloud, and he slowly

With a strange feeling of apprehension he broke the seal. Awkward Gerthe forest, and threw himself upon the governess, very day cursed the man characters confronted him. He

"DEAR TRACKER: My aunt the Marquise Duvois, has come, and will take me with her to Sho is the mother of my cousin Renk whom pana and Finne say I am one marry. I lo not know whether we shall return here. Ih we wept very much at the thought of leaving. If we do return, I shall at once resume German phrase-book hidden away in children' tofate, as she sat a lit- my lesson, with you. They have been so beauthe depths of the family library. To- the distance absorbed in the ficti- tiful and an jolly! I shall never forget younever! ... recoir. Please remember your HORTENSE.

CHAPTER IL

OR long weeks Arnim could not muster courage to go over to the vinewreathed house. One day his mother said: "Those French

They bell to the laughing people have left. The old sexton of St. Mary's Church has engaged to keep

cate perfume, be any protection phrases, and awkward from Ar- light, timidly, as if about to do some against wind and weather? What use- nim's tongue the dear, familiar wrong, and looked over the latticed

The idyl was played out. Deathly stillness lay over all. How celd seemed Sometimes lively child would the silvery moonlight upon the path! spring up, back her golden- Light waves of perfume from the brown curls run away. It was rosebeds were wafted over to him; then the prer's manifest duty to mortally weary seemed the plash of the within rangollle. Fifine's eyes, the tree-tops, and as in a dream he with the grayw dignity of a teach- murmured the refrain of the little poem " As if within that garden

She still for me were waiting, "Adieu, dear little Hortense! I shall never see you again," he murmured,

It was indeed a final separation. passed from one to the other. Arnim had scarce entered the university when his parents thed, thus severing every say. "I feel hearing of the words years absorbed him. His powerful in- Adams. clination toward medicine had made

These lines lised her as so beauti. He had so ree graduated when he ful that she lil him to copy them made the acquaintance of a wealthy for her in Freharacters so that she Russian, ill with inflammation of the Wandering Jew, stopped at theisland and en lungs. This happened as he was about leaving Capt. Talpey, the commander, took to settle down in his native town with with him another one of the inhabitants. a view of building up a practice there. He had the good fortune to cure this his arrival at Hull, England, Earnest Chrisforeigner who, grateful for his recovery, and toucked by the decided fondness of his half-grown son for the young doctor, invited him to share their southern travels as family physician and German tutor. In this way Arnim saw a great deal of the world. Finally, at the solicitation of his new friends, he seatled in Russia. Everywhere he had taken with him the lace handkerchief of the charming Hortense. After the lapse of thirty years when, as a busy, successful physician he had lived a life far removed from that youthful idyl, he still cherished t as a precious memento.

His heart remained strangely untouched by love. Not that he had striven against the charm of woman's beauty or gone out of the way of that spell old as creation tself. Still no woman had awakened in him more than a passing interast. When he pondered over this unusual reality, "I have no time for love," was the refrain of all his thoughts, and without love there is no happiness

in marriage. A woman had always presided over his bachelor household. Ivan clung to him with canine fidelity, and years eassed without his noting the swiftness of their flight. Little by little there had awakened in his heart a longing for his native land, for the quiet of that quaint old town, for the rustle of German forests. These longings deepened antil they made him ill. He learned through correspondence that the vinewreathed house stood vacant and was for sale. He purchased it gladly, and settled down within those four wallsto him the most beautiful possession in the whole world.

The little place was unchanged. He quired as to his name, his home, wheth- from the gynum, he found a letter found his cousin already there. With the sums he had sent her, she had arranged every thing to his liking.

Marianne expressed some surprise at sight of the tall cousin she had not met for twelve years, and whom she had magined younger. Ivan's aspect filled her with horror. She wanted him sub-"Is it she who always makes you thing for hinfais examinations were mitted at once to the shears of the hairiresser, but the shaggy Russian scouted would make ttempt to bid Hortense this idea, and his master only laughed

With strange sensibility the doctor now wandered through his native town. If the rosest lilies in that glass of Whole streets had been laid out, modwater had oneen less enchanting in ern houses had risen, a railway station their perfum he came to this con- stood just outside the gates. But for "And yet I would not like to have clusion! Hes about to throw them the vine-wreathed house, to which so brown or red hands like so many of out of the waw; but why make the many memories clung, he would again poor flowers wer for reminding him have wandered forth. Here a sweet melancholy spell detained him.

The linden was yet standing-the 'ree beneath whose shadow he had read "Kathrine von Heilbron" with his pupil. Roses and lilies, syringus and carnations, whose perfumes had perway. To lete go without one part- caded the air of university lecture ing word we be discourtesy. But rooms and greeted him from the orange gardens of Lorrento-all were

both with his garden was hied; he saw figures main was known to him; but outside be

PITCAIRN'S ISLAND.

CRIME THAT RESULTED IN THE EVO-LUTION OF A NEW PEOPLE.

Mutiny on a British Man of War Leads to the Development of a New Race. The Advantages of Civilization Without Its Attendant Vices.

The ship Bounty, Dec. 23, 1787, sailed from Spithead, England, bound for the South Sea. The ship was under a commission from the British admiralty to visit the Society and other islands and collect a number of the bread fruit plants, which were to be taken to certain of the British West Indies for the purpose of stocking those islands. The vessel started on her homeward voyage with Lieut. Bligh in command. He was of an unusually overbearing and insulting disposition. He accused Fletcher Christian, the mate, with having stolen some cocoanuts which he had bought at Otaheite, one of the islands they had visited. Caristian determined to get away from the ship, and was informed by the boatswain that the crew were ready to mutiny. He surprised the captain in his berth, made a prisoner of him and took possession of the ship. The captain and eighteen of his officers and men were then set adrift in an open boat.

Christian, with the twenty-four others who had remained in the ship, steered for the Society Island, and sixteen of them finally decided to remain at Otaheite, while Christian and the rest, taking with them twelve Otaheitean women and seven men, set sail in the ship for any place that chance might take them. Nothing was heard of Christian and those who had gone on the Bounty for twenty years. At the end of that time an American ship, happening to touch at Piteairn's Island, found there an English an called Alexander Smith this name was atteward changed to John Adams), who said he was the sole survivor of those who had sailed on the Bounty

Christian, thinking the island a place where there would be little chance of their being discovered, and landed there and burned the ship. Things went smoothly for two years, when one of the men, having lost his wife, insisted ou taking one of the Otaheitean men's. The Otalieiteans rebelled and killed three of the whites. The rest of the whites, with the aid of the women, then killed all the Otaheitean men. Only four men were now left on the island. One of these succeeded in making an intoxicating liquor and drunk himself to death, another one was executed by his companions, and a third died of consumption.

Adams, now an old man, became at last impressed with the responsibility resting mon him of teaching the descendants of him self and his companions the truths of the Bible. The result was a model community. In 1830 the inhabitants moved to Norfolk Island, but in 1856 a part of them returned to Pitcairn. This colony has since been remark able for the purity in which it has retained poem. "The music," she would link with the old home. Serious student the principles inculcated by the patriarchal

Between the years 1860 and 1880 a number He never well of reading to her him a physician despite his father's of ships called at the island. In 1883 the American ship Harry Mills visited the place. and one of the inhabitants, named McCoy, accompanied the saip to Liverpool. In the same year another American ship, the This was Earnest Heywood Christian, the great grandson of Fletcher Christian. Until tian had ne quadruped. His delignt and astonishment when he first saw a steam engine and train were unbounded. On his arrival Christian was treated with the greatest kindness, and when he left England took with him many valuable presents for the islanders.

Christian spent three years on the ship, visiting San Francisco, and going completely around the world before he returned to his island home. On her second visit to Piteairn Mrs. Taipey had with ber a young English girl, 17 years old. She was the youngest person who had ever visited the island, and great was the interest and admiration she excited among the girls of her own age. One in particular, Miss Emily McCoy, kept close to her all the time, asking her all manner of questions about the outside world.

"You are the first girl of my own age, outside of this island, that I have ever seen, she said. "Tell me all you can. What do horse cars look like! And the churches-do you have people enough to fill them?"

Among the island women who visited the ship on this occasion was Miss Rosalind Young, one of the most attractive and enter prising on the island. She was at this time about 23 years old, had never had a shoe on her foot, swam like a fish, played the organ in the little island church, assisted her father in teaching the "village school" and was the leader in everything among the women on the island. She has written an account of the island for The Century, and she told Mrs. Talpey that she never had an idle moment,

Another curious vein of modern civilization that has cropped out on the island is the desire for some place where one can get a rest and change from the ordinary routine of life. On an isolated island only a few miles in circumference, in midocean, and containing only one village of less than "summer residences" 100 inhabitants, would seem to be hardly practicable or desirable. Yet these people have already begun to build, a little way from the main settlement, a small "summer colony," where the older ones may go away, for a little while every year and be more retired than they can in the village. They have named their

retreat "Happy Valley. The condition of the islanders has lately been considerably improved by the numerous visits of English and American ships, The population is increasing slowly. In 1879 it was 94. In December, 1882, it was 108, of which number 2 were shipwrecked sailors who had settled there. The colony consists of about 20 families, who live in single story cottages formed of bamboo, with thatched roofs. The islanders are still noted for their strict religious conduct, grace being said before and after each meal, and swearing or anything of a similar character being absolutely unknown. When any dispute arises among them the settlement of it is laid over till the next arrival of a man of war, when it is referred to the captain, and his decision is final.-New York Press.

Girls Who Ride Tricycles. A Detroit lady in Washington writes to a friend that upwards of 100 young women

at the capital are habitual riders of the tricycle. The smoothness of the streets there makes this a pastime rather than a laborious and tiresome exercise. Most of the women tricyclists have a special costume in the nature of a riding habit minus the train. Nevertheless they are a long while getting over their nervousness and their self consciousness so as to really enjoy the exhilarating pleas ure. Many girls own the machines they ride, but a large proportion of the cyclers hire them by the hour. The stendy work required is really beneficial exercise—enormously so, in fact-and there ought to be more of it done wherever the conditions will permit.-Detroit Free Press.

THE YOUNG PEOPLE.

"You don't mean to say that you understand French, Tommy?" "Oh, yes, I do. When ma and pa speak French at tea, I know I'm to have a powder". - New York Commercial Advertiser.

Johnnie-Mamma, why do they call ministers doctors! Mother-I can't tell, Johnnie. Joinnie-Perhaps it's because they're the pillars of the church, mamma.-Yonkers Stat-sman.

A little child in one of Albany's public schools was rebuked the other day for using a slang expression and excused berself by re-Well, my brother brought that into the house." The teacher said: "Your brother ought to be more careful of his language." "Oh," said the little one apologetically, "you know you can't stop boys from bringing slang into the house. Can vour"-Albany Journal.

A little pugilistic cousin, who persisted in running in and out, despite the fact of his having a heavy cold, was reproved by me. I said: "The first thing you know you'll be taken out to the cemetery." "I don't care," he replied, with the utmost nonchalance; " would like a ride, and, anyway," he added, "I could live up in heaven." A little playmate said, eagerly: "Oh, my two brothers is up there!" "They are, are they!" my ousin said, fiercely; "well, you just wait till get there, and I'll smash their nose!" Philadelphia Record.

Philip, 7 years old, is proud of his stand-ing at school. "Well," said his uncle, who had heard the boy speak rather delightfully about his school triumphs, "what is your relative rank in your class?" "I-1 don't know what you mean, uncle." "Why, I mean where do you stand in your classes? Oh! In the reading class I stand on the crack just in front of the big desk, and in the 'rithmetic class I don't stand at all, 'cos we just sit on the recitation bench?"-Youth's Companion.

Appropriate. A New York merchant, who does an exensive business in Cuba, had been entertain: ng a wealthy citizen of Havann for several On a recent Sunday the Cuban and wife were to sail for home. At the last oment, the merchant thought it would be he proper thing to send some flowers to his eparting friends on board the ship. So he hastily dispatched an office boy to a florist's o purchase some flowers. "Get about \$35 worth, and I will leave the selection to you," were his instructions to the boy, after telling why he wanted the flowers. He then accomanied his friend to the steamer, and just as all ashore" was cried, the office boy rushed the gangplank carrying two broken colmins-one bore the inscription: "We mourn our loss," and the other, "Gone to another here."-The Argonaut.



"Papa, what is patrimony?"

"Ob-and then is matrimeny something aberited from the mother?"-Life,

Fair Play.

A colored woman entered a prominent dry cools store a few days since, and wanted to ook at some work baskets. The clerk, a ormer man, showed her several, and she selected a small one, which she thought was worth about a quarter.

"Wrap this up for me," said she, "Oh, that's all right," said the clerk, "you

ust imagine that it is wrapped up." "All right," she answered, as she picked up he basket and started from the store. "But you forgot to pay me," said the clerk. "Oh, that's all right," she answered, "just

angine I've paid you." The laughter of the proprietor and several orks who had overheard the conversation embarrassed the young man that be permitted the woman to walk off without paying for the basket.-Washington Star.

Caged With a Lunatic. First Baker-Just opening I see. I suppose on will join the bakers' trust. Second Baker-I have no use for a trust.

"Ah, ha! I thought so. You intend to in prices. We'll just show you, sir,

"I have no intention of cutting under in rices. I shall charge the full market rates,

44 TCh 3" "I expect, sir, to gain custom by the supe ior excellence of my bread."

vintever they are."

First Baker (springing for the door and lashing into the street)-Heaven preserve us! What an escape! He's mad, mad as a March hare!-Omaha World.

Japanese Art.

A magazine writer says that Japanese art is declining. Any one who has seen the average Japanese oil painting will not be surprised. A long haired and wild looking female, fearfully and wonderfully made jumping a half mile into space and grabbing a mud hen by the off hind leg, appears to be the favorite motif in Japanese art.-Norris town Herald.

Where the Shoe Pinches. "You ought not to have punished the boy

so severely," he said reprovingly to the woman. "The dog belongs to a neighbor, and, besides, tying a kettle to a dog's tail is not such a wicked thing for a boy to do," "The kettle belongs to me," said the woman, still mad.—New York Sun.

This Is Too Much.

"We have heard a great deal about the reckless extravagance of the far west," says The Chicago Times, "but we cannot go quite so far as to believe the yarn that there is a hotel in Deadwood where they change the napkins every time they change proprie

Frightened Off. Wife-I am sure, John, that burglars at empted to enter the house last night.

Husband-You don't say so! What do you pose frightened them offi Wife-I think it must have been your snoring.-Epoch.

"Murphy, moight of ax yez whudder it's natheral er artificial fur yez to be dat boy legged?"
"Artificial, Moike; of rode up in a b'loor wan toime an' walked back."-Harper'

He Walked Back.

RUSSIAN FANATICS.

A BRIEF DESCRIPTION OF AN INTER-ESTING RELIGIOUS SECT.

The Idea of Nihilism Pushed to the Extreme Limit-Some Strange Bellefs-Peculiar Social and Financial Methods-A Carious Specimen.

The interesting sect of "Negators" offers to us the spectacle of a strange religious pessimism. The doctrines of this sect push the idea of nihilism and of negation to their extremest limit. The members lead a life of vagabondage, and pass the larger portion of their existence in prison. The government thinks their doctrines dangerous to public saiety, and subjects them to the most rigorous punishments. Let us take as a type of this sect a certain merchant named Shishkin. In his search for truth he four times changed his sect, and finally became persuaded that ail religion was error and lying. He addicted himself to the study of the sacred Scriptures, and thought he perceived that they were not in accord with human nature, and then he came to repudiate all ideas of God and religion, as well as all human institutions, all authority, government and society. He was promptly arrested and imprisoned, and all his property confiscated. He refused to justify himself or to avail himself of legal help for his defense, persisted in his opinions, and continued to preach in the prison. Here is a curious specimen of his answers to the judge d'instruction:

Judge-Who are you? Prisoner-Don't you see I'm a man! Are

you blind≀

J - What is your religion? P. - I have none

J .- What God do you believe in? P.-I don't believe in any God. God belongs to you-to you people. It was you

who invented him. I don't want him, J .- Do you worship the devil, then twith some irritation).

P-1 worship neither God nor devil, because I have no need of prayer. The devil is also an invention of yours. God and the devil are yours, as well as the czar, the prieses, and government officials. You are all children of the same mother. I am not one of you, and I wish to know nothing of

Each for himself, say these sectaries; there is neither right, nor duty, nor social or political or religious hierarchy. Man, abandoned to his natural instincts, without hindrance from government, will be irresistibly impelied toward truth and equity. They deny, without exception, all rights of property, and recognize no form of social organization. For them, marriage, the family, social duties, do not exist; they live in a fantastic world of liberty without limit, and

despise all that surrounds them.
For example, if any one asked Shishkin for anything whitever, he would give it them at once, only it absolutely must be something nserni, food, clothes, or money for vital needs, etc. But he would not give a halfpenny for tobacco, wine, or such like things. I should prefer to throw the money out of the window rather than help you to poison yourself with tobacco," he answers to those who ask him for money to indulge in that habit. If any one thanks him, he answers: "What a stupad word! You have received

what you wanted, you have eaten; well now go." These sectaries are advocates of all that is natural, they never shave or cut their hair, they drink no spirits and do not smoke, so as not to spoil the natural beauty of the intelbectual faculties. They dream of a life in which each should work for himself, satisfying his wants with the productions of the earth, and making for himself all necessary articles. What is over ought to be given to those who are in want. They entertain a profound hatred for all compulsory work under all forms. They never go into service, even if threatened with death, and they employ no servants. When Shishkin was in prison they shaved him and tried to compel. him to work, but he utterly refused, saying: You have taken me by force. I did not ask you to shut me up. So now you ought to feed see and work for me." It was of no use to log him, to chain him to a wheelbarrow, to shot him up in a dungeon, to give him only brend and water; it had no effect. He re-

mained immovable. These sectaries do not allow of the ex change of products or of trade. "If you want anything and I can give it you, take it When I in my turn want anything, you will give it me." They preach free love and to not recognize marriage. They consider women to be independent beings, equal to men, free to choose lovers and occupations secording to taste. They replace the word wife by friend.

A man, a woman and a child were brought sefore a judge, accused of belonging to the sect of Negators "Is this your wifet" asked the judge. "No, she is not my wife." "But on live with her?" "Yes; but she is not nine. She is her own," "Is this your hussand," "No; he is not my husband," anwered the woman. "But how is it, then?" t-ked the judge, astonished. "I need him and he needs me, that is all, but we each being to ourselves," answered the woman. And this little girl, is she yours?" continues he judge. "No. She is of our blood, but e does not belong to us, but to herself." But are you mad, thenf' cried the magisrate, out of patience. "This cloak that you re wearing, is that yours?" "No, it is not ine," answered the sectary. "Why do you ear it then?" "I wear it because you have not taken it from me. This cloak ne back of some one else, now it is on mine; rhaps to-morrow it will be on yours. How an you expect me to know to whom it bengst Nothing belongs to me but my

ought and my reason," And so on. The words "faith," "power," 'usage," inspire them with profound borror. Under no pretext do they have recourse to he protection of the magistrate, preferring to suffer with patience. To appeal to the law for protection would be to recognize it to submit to social institutions; but to submit to law is to destroy one's individuality, which should rest for its support only on the individual conscience and personal convictions. it must be added that they do not believe in the life of the other world and the rewards of the future life. They hold that man is immortalized only in posterity, in behalf of which be spends his moral and physical force, -Nineteenth Century.

A Curious Finnish Myth.

Dawn and twilight are only rarely made divinities among untutored peoples But they are personified in a curious Esthonian myth among the Finns. It is related in this story that the sun is a torch lit up every morning by Koi, the dawn, and put out every evening, by Œmmerik, the twilight. Their father, Ukko, the sky, desiring to unite them, they consented to come together for a few days every year at the time of the summer solstice, at which time there is in Finland no night between the twilight and the dawn. On these days, the legend continues, (Emmerik passed the torch directly to his affianced, and she blew it alive with her breath before it had time to go out. Count Gobiet d'Aivielle in Popular Science