THE QUEEN'S FORESTER.

They chose me for my sturdy frame,
  That is so tall and strong,
For my swift step, and my sure aim—
  She chose him for his song.
And sing he doth, and rarely sing,
  And in her eyes revealed,
I know a song, a fairer thing
  Than speaks from flood or field.

I hear his song float through the air,
  Melodious and grand;
I see the light their faces wear,
  But cannot understand.
Ay, I've the body, he the soul,
  Yet there's a look between,
There is but one commands the whole,
  There only is my Queen.

My face is ruddiest brown, but white
  His brow, and passing high;
He warbleth songs 'neath the moon's light,
  Like a tired hound I lie.
I wish I loved stars more than sleep,
  Songs more than plainest fare—
I wish my suffering went deep—
  More deep my gladness were.

And yet this hard, rough peasant hand
  And brain and heart I'd spend,
If, Poet, I might take my stand
  Beside you at the end.
Might but the angels point one way,
  And say "No bar between—
Unlike in soul and body they,
  Yet had they both one Queen!"

—May Kendall in Longman's.

MEG.

There was nothing rare or fine about her. On the contrary, there was a great deal of the animal in her face; a touch of the man in her pose, a bold suggestion of the woman in the cheap jewelry at ears and neck, and an unmistakable air of the circus in her tout ensemble. Her eyes were gray and full. Bold eyes they were, that seemed to belong of right to the over full lips, and sensual curves of the over full figure. Her teeth were white, and when the lips parted they glittered, and that was all of brightness about her. Everything else suggested a slothful, easy temperament, thickness of mental fiber, dullness of moral perception.

Suddenly her face was transformed. She was undergoing one of her rare seasons of animation, and the face she turned to the man before her was full of play and life.

Her eyes sought his boldly, with a kind of snap in them, and when she laughed the snap was communicated to her whole frame, redeeming it from its low sloth to something keener and higher.

But perhaps it was the man that suggested keenness, and lent a phase of his own personality to her.

Lithe and tall and dark, with a wiry strength of physique, he gave one the impression of a panther, and a panther just prepared to spring.

From his long, slender fingers to the glance of his eye, everything suggested alertness. Yet the suggestion was evil, too, and marked him as a man to be distrusted.

There was a play of low cunning about his eyes, and the very deviltry of jealousy lurked round his thin lips. As the two stood together you felt irresistibly that the elements of domestic tragedy were before you—the brute that would not shrink from beating a woman—the woman that would tamely submit to be beaten.

"Well," he said, roughly, "are you going to do that cigar business?"

Meg shrank back, fearfully; the vivacity passed from her face and was succeeded by a gray shadow of terror.

The man laughed scoffingly.

"You're only a woman! Showing the white feather first off!"

She glanced at him deprecatingly, and he returned the glance with an air of swaggering assurance. Evidently she was in his power, and both knew it.

"Very well," he said, with an assumption of easy indifference: "I know Liza will do it. Pluck enough about her!"

The implied taunt took effect.

"And what if there is?" Meg cried fiercely. "She don't know what she is doing. She don't know what you are, Jim. You'd shoot at me in one of your tempers just as soon as you'd shoot at the cigar. And Liza don't know you, and that's how she ain't afraid."

He was switching off the daisy heads, and he paused to look at her; it was a cruel look, containing in it that implication of secret power.

He did not deny the charge; he simply looked at her, and Meg's face took on a new expression of deprecation, while her attitude became cowed and limp.

"And it's because you know me that you should know better than to refuse," he said at last.

Meg glanced furtively at him, and with a show of reassurance answered doggedly:

"Well, I don't mind. You can try if you like, only not today."

This was not enough for Jim. With the obstinacy of the petty tyrant he would test his influence to the uttermost.

"You shall do it now," he said, passionately, seizing Meg by the arm. Then he tossed her roughly from him with a rude "Come on, now, to the van."

She followed him, yielding involuntarily the obedience of the weaker to the stronger, but he took no further notice of her and continued his walk across the field to the corner where the blue smoke was rising from the circus caravans.

The sun was setting, throwing a red glare upon the gayly painted wagons, whose twinkling windows, touched by the rays, looked like lurid eyes gazing at the two approaching.

The glare fell upon Jim walking jauntily along, with his hands behind him. It touched the slim, murderous looking fingers, and—was it fancy that made them appear red to Meg following behind?

"Jim," she said, slowly, "what's the matter with your hands? You've got blood on them."

He drew his hands from his back and examined them, for it was one of his characteristics that he kept his hands as white and delicate as a woman's.

"Bah!" he exclaimed, "what do you mean? My hands are right enough."

So they were, and Meg was not quick witted enough to see that the red color had been due to the crimson sky in the west. She followed in silence, and when Jim climbed into his wagon she walked on to her own, thinking idly that he was becoming too unreasonable and masterful for her. Nevertheless when, a few minutes later, he came into the wagon she turned to him with no aversion on her broad, impassive face.

She watched him carelessly as he loaded a pistol, and she did not refuse to take the cigar he held out to her when his preparations were complete.

"Put it in your mouth and stand by the door," he said coolly, retreating to the other end of the van.

"Nay," said Meg sulkily, "I won't do it now; I've told you before, I won't do it now."

The ring of terrified appeal in her voice should have aroused what manliness was in him, but he took slight notice of her terror.

"All right," he said carelessly; "Liza will do it. She's a younger woman than you, her nerves will be stronger."

He slouched across the van and down the steps, Meg lazily watching him as he passed out into the red light of the sunset. And she stood watching—not Jim, but something far away and beyond Jim—until the sun, glowing and red, dipped into "the under world."

* * * * * * * *

Pritchett's Universally Renowned Circus—Daring Equestrian Feats—Marvelous Pistol Performance—Jim, the World's Wonder, Will Shoot a Cigar from a Woman's Lips at a Distance of Twenty Yards.

The bills were posted on the walls of Blessington early on the following day. The excitement in the circus was almost as great as that among the inhabitants of the town, for, though Jim had often spoken of "the cigar business," none of the company had expected that Meg would consent to stand calmly to be shot at.

Meg was herself surprised to find that she had yielded to Jim's masterfulness. They had been practicing all the morning, and she had so often gone safely through the ordeal that already it had begun to lose its terror. Why should Meg—with a character elemental, animal, gross—repose in this Jim a passionate confidence which touched her whole being to finer issues? Who can tell? It may be the divine spark never wholly becomes extinct in any human soul. Because the lower nature loved, the higher trusted.

Jim himself had not given her so much as a word of commendation, but it scarcely mattered to Meg. It was enough for her apathetic nature to know that she had proved herself as brave as Liza, and that he could not now taunt her with "nerves," or institute comparisons between her age and that of her rival.

Alone in her caravan she shuddered and grew cold at the thought of the evening performance, when before the excited spectators she would have to stand, cigar in mouth, to be shot at. That was how the action always appeared to her; it was not the cigar at which Jim was aiming, but herself.

A sudden fear shot sharply through her and roused her to a vivid sense of peril. She would not do it! Nothing should induce her to become a target for Jim! She would refuse at the last moment, when the presence of the manager would protect her from Jim's anger.

As she decided thus, Jim came in and tossed a small parcel into her lap.

"That's for your pluck, Meg," he said, a faint show of admiration in his voice. "You must wear it to-night, and when I see it I shall know how to take aim."

Meg opened the parcel slowly, debating with herself whether to tell Jim she was not going through any performance that night. But when she saw the gaudy red stone in its setting of cheap metal she looked up smiling.

"It's a beautiful brooch. You never gave me anything before, Jim. I'll be certain to wear it to-night."

She had decided her fate. Nothing would induce her to disappoint Jim now, and deny herself the pleasure of flaunting the brooch—Jim's gift—before Liza's envious eyes. She stood firmly enough on the platform that evening, and she did not flinch when Jim took up his position twenty yards from her and aimed deliberately, as it seemed, at her head.

It was a moment of terrible tension, yet the cigar in her white lips was held firmly and steadily.

Her profile was toward the man, and after the first glance she could not see him, but she was conscious of every movement he made.

Then, a quick, sharp shot. The cigar, cut in two, fell to the ground; a wild cheer burst from the spectators, and Meg, unharmed, went slowly out of the tent.

* * * * * * *

Life in the circus, even life colored with the varitoned light of love, was neither a beautiful nor an eventful thing. The sun rose and set, the daily performances took place, Meg went through her ordeal until it ceased to be one, and only the rise and fall of human passion broke the monotony of the camp.

Yet it had its romances, too; its seasons of birth and burial; its episodes of love and marriage, the latter not always regarded as a sine qua non by the lovers, and now and then a tragedy would be enacted upon its small stage.

Rumor had been busy of late with Meg's name.

Of her past the company knew little—it was as well not to peer too closely into personal histories when so few would bear looking into. A stone thrown at one's neighbor might rebound upon one's self.

Meg's past was therefore allowed to lie buried.

The past is our own, not our neighbor's, and it may remain peaceably in its grave; but the present belongs to the community, and an offense against the Now is an insult to our own times.

Meg's name began to be freely whispered about.

Among the women at first; then the rumor spread, and the men—disposed to look tolerantly at any lapse in morality which testified to their influence over the frail sex—would wink slyly when she passed them. Jim was the last to hear the whisper that was circulating, and when he did so, he laughed and winked with the rest, and abstractedly turned over in his pockets some stray shots remaining from the pistol charge of the previous night.

"They say he has given her a gold brooch," he heard, as he moved away; but the words fell unheeded on his ears, and he sauntered off in the direction of Meg's van. He entered, and, finding it empty, sat down, moodily, to wait the woman's arrival.

He had not long to wait. Meg's step, slower and heavier than of old, was heard ascending the ladder, and Meg herself stood breathless at the door.

She gave a slight start upon seeing Jim, then came in and greeted him in her usual impassive manner.

The man maintained a sulky silence, and, used to his moods, she busied herself quietly about the small matters of her menage.

All at once he spoke, and his tone of wrathful contempt had power to overturn Meg's composure.

"What's that you are saying, Jim? You—you to say I've been sweethearting with Will? It's not true—you know it's not true!"

"It's what they're all saying," he said fiercely; "it's the talk of the place."

"It's not true!" she repeated passionately. "I've been faithful to you, Jim, always. Don't believe them—I swear it's not true."

"How'll you prove it?" he asked insolently. "Will you ask him yourself to bear out what you are saying?"

Some womanly pride lingered in the woman, and rose up in rebellion against such outrage.

"If you don't believe me," she said doggedly, "I'll not ask him to prove my words."

Her sulky air, taken in connection with her refusal, was conclusive evidence of guilt, and Jim strode from the caravan with a muttered threat:

"I'll murder you both; you shall pay for it."

As he disappeared Meg pressed her hand to her heart and sank down on the nearest seat, trembling and faint. It was not the first time she had felt that deadly faintness, and Jim's words were not calculated to reassure her.

She was roused by the entrance of a girl, who came forward and asked, not unkindly, what ailed her.

"It's my heart, Liza; there's something the matter with it."

Liza smiled cynically. She, too, had heard the whispers.

"Well," she said roughly, "you have need to be frightened. I met Jim just now, and he looked as black as thunder. He's the very devil when he's roused. I say, Meg, I wouldn't be you!"

"What do you mean?" Meg asked wearily.

"Well, you see, Jim has heard about you and Will. He's mortal jealous. He'd do anything. He wouldn't stop at murder. I say, Meg, you won't do that cigar business to-night?"

The sudden question following the suggestive word needed no enlargement, and Meg stirred uneasily.

"Why shouldn't I? Jim knows it's false what they're saying. There's been no sweethearting between Will and me. I never kept company with any one but Jim."

Liza laughed again.

"Just as you please, but I wouldn't stand in your shoes to-night for anything."

When the hour for the evening performance came Meg stood before the glass putting the finishing touch to the gay dress in which she usually went through the cigar and pistol episode.

She had not recovered altogether from her faintness of the afternoon, and she opened the little window of the van to let in some air. The sun's rays flashed in, striking upon the shelf that served as a dressing table.

They lit up the trinkets lying there, and touched the red stone of the brooch Jim had given her, until it looked like a clot of palpitating blood.

Meg put out her hand mechanically to take it, but at the sight of its color she remembered, with a sickening shudder, the "red hands" that had roused her terror a few months before, and she drew back. Then she took up another brooch from the shelf, fastened it in her gown and went out to the tent.

The cheer that greeted her appearance restored her self possession, and she bowed smilingly to the spectators before she took up her stand at the correct distance from Jim.

She glanced furtively at him, and saw, relieved, that he was looking at her in restored good humor.

He nodded reassuringly at her, and signed that he was ready to begin. Meg turned her profile toward him, and put the cigar in her mouth, thinking idly how foolish she had been to make so much of a trifle.

Jim and she were good friends again, so she stood bravely, no emotion on her broad, sensual face, while Jim raised his pistol to take aim.

In the act his hand trembled, his whole face changed, and a fierce glare came into his eyes; he bent forward—gesture and eyes alike horribly suggesting the panther about to spring—and gnashed his teeth.

He had caught sight of a yellow glitter in place of the red sparkle of the brooch by which he had always before taken aim.

The whole air seemed to have become yellow, and the strained silence of the spectators to be a background on which a sentence was embossed: "They say he has given her a gold brooch."

Meanwhile Meg stood rigidly still, wondering at the delay, and thinking that Jim must have heard from Will how little reason he had for jealousy.

Jim's eyes were staring at the sentence, his ears ringing with the words he had heard heedlessly that afternoon. "They say he has given her a gold brooch." Who had given Meg the brooch that had taken the place of his gift?

For a moment his senses reeled. Then he straightened himself sternly, and affected to examine again the priming of his pistol.

He raised it at length, and with steady hand aimed—was it at the cigar, or at the brooch Meg wore, at his request, a little on one side?

Steadily and long he stood, his pistol poised, his hand on the trigger, his eyes on the woman who had given him her all.

Steadily and long he stood; then sharp and sudden the shot rang out. And sharp and sudden rang out its echo—a woman's wild, shrill scream.

In the silence that followed, Meg fell forward.

Almost before the spectators realized what had happened, the curtain fell and screened from their curious eyes the pitiful thing upon the stage—poor, sinful Meg, lying with the blood flowing from a wound in her neck just above the brooch.

Jim had aimed well; the shot had severed the jugular vein and entered the carotid artery.

The manager stooped to raise her, but Jim pushed him aside and would have lifted her himself. But when he touched her he felt his hands warm with the flow of her lifeblood.

"Oh God!" he cried, shrinking back, "I have murdered her."

Meg opened her eyes at the words, and a world of tenderness was in them as she gazed on the man she loved, and who had done her to death.

A great light flashed in her face and transfigured it, so that the divine promise of what she might have been—nay, was it not the fulfillment of the promise on which they gazed?—was revealed to the men around her.

She reached out and touched Jim's red hand, and as the light faded she gasped:

"No, Jim, it wasn't your fault—I—did it. Will, do you hear? I moved—on purpose. And, Jim—I've been—true to"—

And so she proved her faithfulness.—Keith Christie in Belgravia.

She Didn't Care.

A young teacher prided herself on the close relations of trust and confidence existing between herself and the little ones in the primary department.

One day a little fellow made his way to the teacher's desk, and with many blushes and other signs of embarrassment, finally managed to say:

"You don't care, do you, Miss ——, if my pants don't match my coat?"—Youth's Companion.

A NEW SCHOOL FOR BOYS.

Ira G. Hoitt, ex-State Superintendent of Public Instruction of California, has leased the Reddington place at Oak Grove, two miles from Millbrae, San Mateo county, and will open a boarding school for boys August 4, 1891. There are 136 acres of land, partly covered with natural and artificial forests and partly devoted to landscape gardening and fruit, with ample play grounds. The place has its own gas and water works. For climate, beauty of surroundings, magnificence of scenery and adaptability to school purposes it cannot be surpassed on the Pacific Coast. The number of pupils will be limited, and the course of study will cover the ground from the primary grade to admission to the best university and college. Mr. and Mrs. Hoitt are well known in educational work, and may be addressed at Millbrae, Cal.

TRUTH IS ESTABLISHED BY INVESTIGATION.

ALDERTON, Pierce Co., Wash., May 5, 1891.
Dr. Jordan, Seattle, Wash.—DEAR SIR: I should have written to you before, but have neglected to do so. I am very thankful to say, however, that your medicines helped me very much. I feel like a different person. I removed the supporter the next week after I was to see you, and have felt very little pain since. I gained six pounds while I was taking the medicine. Will you please send me one of your books, and oblige.
MRS. A. THORNTON.

EAST SOUND, Wash., May 1, 1891.
Dr. J. Eugene Jordan, Seattle, Wash.—DEAR SIR: Please find inclosed $5, for which send me medicines required. The medicine is doing its work fine. The third day after taking it my wife got up and went to the table, after being confined to her bed for four weeks. Respectfully,
CHARLES E. BASFEARD.

EAST SOUND, Wash., April 10, 1891.
Dr. Jordan—DEAR SIR: I have been taking your medicine two weeks last Saturday, and there is a grand improvement in me in every way. My stomach is so much better, and I have a better appetite than I have had before for three months. The la grippe cough is almost entirely gone; bowels much more regular than they were, and I am gaining strength faster every day than I thought it possible for me to. Respectfully,
C. ARMSTRONG.

BUCKLEY, Wash., April 25, 1891.
Dr. Jordan—DEAR SIR: I received your medicine, and have taken it ever since. I am feeling ever so much better. The pain through my kidneys has all left, and the dizziness has nearly all gone. Please send me what medicine I need and oblige.
J. W. DAVIS.

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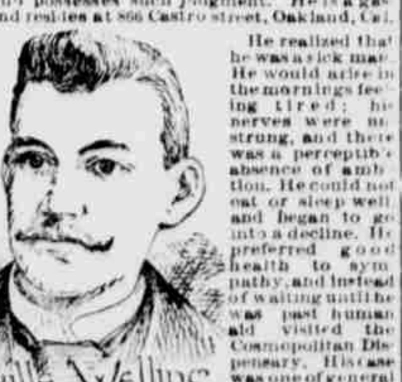
A Pure Cream of Tartar Powder.
Superior to every other known.
Used in Millions of Homes—
40 Years the Standard.
Delicious Cake and Pastry, Light Flaky Biscuit, Griddle Cakes, Palatable and Wholesome.
No other baking powder does such work.

HE MASTERED FATE.

It's a hard thing sometimes to struggle against fate, yet in many instances man possesses the power to so direct the future that fate has not much chance. It may be fate for a man to get killed in an accident, but it is not always fate for him to die by disease. It requires judgment to shape the future. Mr. Orville Welling, an employe of the Oakland Gaslight and Heat Company, is a gentleman who possesses such judgment. He is a gas fitter and resides at 866 Castro street, Oakland, Cal.



He realized that he was a sick man. He would arise in the mornings feeling tired; his nerves were not strong, and there was a perceptible absence of ambition. He could not eat or sleep well and began to go into a decline. He preferred good health to sympathy, and instead of waiting until he was past human aid visited the Cosmopolitan Dispensary. His case was one of general debility. He took four weeks' treatment, and was discharged a perfectly cured man. *He mastered fate.* Mr. Welling has lived in Oakland for four years, and is a very popular man. He will gladly corroborate this statement.

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A PLAIN THING

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