

FACE TO FACE.

If my face could only promise that its color would remain bright.
If my heart were only certain it would hide the moment's pain.
I would meet you and would greet you in the old familiar tone.
And might should ever show you the wrong that you have done.
If my trembling hand were steady, if my smile had not all fled.
If my eyes spoke not so plainly of the tears they often shed.
I would meet you and would greet you at the old sweet trying place.
And perchance you'd deem me happy if you met me face to face.
If the melody of springtide awakes an old refrain.
If the autumn's golden barbs awake no living pain.
I would meet thee and would greet thee as years ago we met.
Before our hearts were shipwrecked on the ocean of regret.
If my woman's soul were stronger, if my heart were not so true,
I would long have ceased remembering the love I had for you.
But I dare not meet or greet thee in the old familiar way.
Until we meet in heaven, when tears have passed away.

—Mary Mark Lennon in Temple Bar.

HER HUSBAND.

It is now over four years since I, Elizabeth Graves, first met Dora Hamilton. It was at Nice, on a brilliant day in February. I had just recovered from a sharp attack of typhoid fever and had been sent to the Riviera by my physician to complete my convalescence. One of his prescriptions was a drive every day when the weather was fine, and it was strictly followed. I enjoyed beyond measure my excursions in the environs of the city, the glorious sunshine, the vivid azure of sea and sky, the rich vegetation—in fact, all those elements that cause Nice to resemble a set scene in some magnificent theatrical spectacle. But I was far from strong, and could endure but little fatigue, and one afternoon my drive was prolonged far beyond the point that was either healthful or prudent. My driver lost his way, and after circulating about through various unknown roads for a long time, he finally brought me out on the heights of Cimiez, about half an hour after sunset. I was chilled and exhausted, and seeing the lights shining in the windows of a superb villa embowered in palms and orange trees near which we were passing, I called to the coachman to stop, and sent my maid in to ask the lodgekeeper for a glass of wine. This was brought by a kind-hearted, motherly-looking old woman, who, seeing my pallor and my half-fainting condition, insisted upon my alighting and coming in to rest. I was so spent and weary that it was impossible for me to refuse. I was scarcely installed, however, when a handsome equipage dashed through the gates, there was a brief parley between the lodgekeeper and the new arrivals, and a lady entered the little room where I was seated, all eager kindness and hospitality, who introduced herself as Mrs. Hamilton, the tenant of the villa.

I must come at once to the house, she said, impulsively. I had been ill! Then I must wait and rest, and take some refreshment. And her brother, Dr. Somers, was a physician, and would know exactly what to do for me. My own carriage could come back for me later—that is, if it would not be best for me to stay all night. So, half-coaxing, half-compelling, she hurried me into her landau, and I found myself in a few minutes safely ensconced in an arm chair in the elegant drawing room of the Villa Victoria (so called because the crown princess of Russia had once spent a week there), with wine and biscuits and tea set out on a little table beside me, and a bright fire blazing on the hearth.

Dr. Somers, a tall, grave-looking gentleman, came in, felt my pulse, and declared that I was in need only of a few hours of thorough repose. And then I took a good look at the lady who had so suddenly and unexpectedly become my hostess.

I think she was one of the loveliest women I have ever seen in all my life. She was not positively beautiful, but she was exquisitely graceful, with a tall, slender figure that reminded me, in its lissomeness and swaying movements, of the stem of a calla lily. Her features were delicate and finely cut, her eyes most lovely, being large and transparent, of a soft yet lustrous gray. Her complexion had the pearly whiteness and varying blush rose tints of a person in fragile health; and indeed her whole aspect gave the impression of one that had suffered much and patiently endured. It is impossible for me to give by description any idea of the fascination of her manner, or the peculiar sweetness of her low, musical voice, that seemed to hold a caress in each of its melodious tones. She wore an elegant costume in gray crepe de Chine, and a bonnet trimmed with clusters of pale tinted violets; and the refinement and delicacy of her aspect appeared to be continued in her stills.

I had never heard of Mrs. Hamilton, and Nice is not precisely the place where it is safe to form haphazard acquaintances, but it was impossible for me to resist the winning charm of that fair lady's voice and manner. I introduced myself as well as I was able, though she declared that no constatement of my identity was necessary, and after she had laid aside her bonnet, she came back and sat down beside me, and began to talk with the naive frankness of a child.

"We have come to Nice for the winter, my husband and I," she said, "for Edgar is delicate and cannot endure the cold of

America or the dampness of Paris. In fact, his health gives me much uneasiness, and requires constant watchfulness and attention. Fortunately, my brother is a physician, and he resides with us, and travels with us, and takes every possible cure of Mr. Hamilton. Of course, I assist him as much as possible, but Edgar's condition is so very precarious and causes me so much anxiety, that I should never know a moment's peace if I did not have a medical adviser constantly at hand. We never go into society, and receive few visits, for I am not very strong myself, and my husband needs all my attention. I can devote to him. He seldom comes down stairs, but I wish he would do so this evening, for I should like to introduce him to you. Perhaps he has decided to dine with us this evening, and then that would be very pleasant."

She called to a servant, who had come to remove the tray: "Jules, go upstairs and see if Mr. Hamilton will be able to come down this evening."

The servant, an elderly, grave-looking man, vanished, and speedily returned with the message that Dr. Somers did not consider it prudent for Mr. Hamilton to leave his room.

"Ah, well," said Mrs. Hamilton, with a smile. "It would not do for him to be imprudent. But I should have been so pleased to present Edgar to you—he is so handsome and so intelligent, and such a brilliant conversationalist. However, here is his picture, and you can judge from that how very good-looking he is, apart from my conjugal prejudices," she added, with a blush as swift and vivid as though she were a newly betrothed maiden instead of a wife of many years' standing.

The picture that she put into my hand was a beautiful photograph on ivory, colored and finished as a miniature. It represented a singularly fine-looking man, with blue eyes and blonde hair and mustache, but the eyes had a sinister gleam in their depths, and the full, red lips were sensual and coarse in outline and in expression. Moreover, the face was that of a much younger man than I had expected to see. Mrs. Hamilton, charming as she was, was evidently not far from 40 years of age, and the photograph of her husband was certainly that of a man under 30. There was no trace of ill health visible in the high-colored, handsome face of the picture, so, after inspecting it for some moments, I asked: "Is this a recently taken likeness, Mrs. Hamilton? It does not look like the portrait of any one who had ever been ill."

"No; that is true." She took the photograph from my hand and seemed troubled, and also, to my astonishment, a little bewildered. "It was taken before we were married—twenty years ago. He has never had any other photograph taken since, and he will not sit to an artist. I cannot tell why, for to me he is always the same, Edgar! my Edgar!" And she pressed the picture to her lips, the tears streaming down her cheeks as she did so.

I was infinitely amazed at her emotion, which seemed to me so needless, and I was distressed at having unwittingly caused it, especially as I had not the faintest idea of how to proceed in order to soothe her. Just then, to my infinite relief, the door opened and Dr. Somers entered. Taking the miniature from Mrs. Hamilton's hand, he said to her, gravely: "My dear Dora, you are very foolish to let yourself become nervous and hysterical. You will be unable to sing to Edgar this evening if you do not cease sobbing and try to recover your voice."

"It was very foolish of me, Mark," replied Mrs. Hamilton, snuffing up at him through her tears, "and Mrs. Graves must consider me a very absurd person, but you know whenever I think of poor Edgar's precarious health I am apt to break down utterly. Are you sure he is no worse than usual this evening?"

"Not a particle—rather better, in fact; but you can come and see for yourself, presently. Mrs. Graves will excuse you for a few moments, I am sure."

Just at that moment my carriage was announced, and I gladly availed myself of that excuse for taking leave at once, resisting all the hospitable entreaties of Mrs. Hamilton that I would stay and dine, if not remain all night; for I could not but feel that I was in the way, as indeed any guest, it seemed to me, would have been under the roof that sheltered so beloved and all-absorbing an invalid as Mr. Hamilton evidently was.

I called a few days later to return thanks to my kind hostess for her hospitable care, and also to restore to her the numerous wraps and rugs in which she had insisted on enveloping me for my homeward drive. I did not see Mrs. Hamilton, however. Dr. Somers received me in her stead, and excused his sister on the ground that she was then in attendance on her husband. And as I crossed the hall I heard a voice of exquisite sweetness, that I readily recognized as that of Mrs. Hamilton, pouring forth its delicate notes in a scarcely known melody by Gounod.

"What a charming voice!" I remarked. "It is a pity that so fine a talent should be entirely lost to the world."

"My sister spends a great deal of time in singing to the invalid and also in reading to him," answered the doctor; "and she is happier in her self-devotion than the praise and applause of society could make her."

After that day I had occasional glimpses of Mrs. Hamilton as her carriage passed mine during my daily drives. She never failed to lean forward and greet me with a pretty, eager gesture, and one of her sweet, pathetic smiles; but that was all

that I ever saw of her. Her card was only left by her footman at the hotel for me, and greatly as I had been attracted by her, I shrank from again intruding on the privacy of that jealously guarded home.

There was evidently something mysterious about the malady and the seclusion of Mr. Hamilton. Gossip at Nice ran riot on the subject, and suggested all sorts of solutions for the riddle. One was that the invalid was not ill, but was simply insane; the constant presence of Dr. Somers and the peculiar taciturnity and reticence of the servants in the face of questions, and—must it be added—even of bribes, being alleged in support of the theory. Then more malicious persons declared that Mrs. Hamilton was an adventuress who concealed a whole troop of lovers under the identity of the one unseen invalid; but that wicked report was speedily silenced, having no foundation in probability, as it had none in fact. The explanation of the matter which I was inclined to consider correct was, that Mr. Hamilton had been disgraced for life by injuries received in some accident or other shortly after his marriage, and shrank from permitting strangers to look upon his marred and distorted features. This theory was corroborated in my own mind

by the tears Mrs. Hamilton had shed over her husband's miniature, and by his refusal to come down stairs while I was in the house.

The month of March had passed away, and the Riviera was flashing forth into all the brightness of early spring, when, one day, on my way home from an afternoon reception, I chanced to pass the Villa Victoria, and was surprised to observe that the usually tranquil and solitary home was the center of a universal commotion. Servants were hurrying to and fro, groups of people hung about the lodge gate, talking and gesticulating, and within the open windows of the distant villa might be observed a stir and confusion altogether foreign to the usual customs of the house. I sent my servant to inquire the cause of the excitement, and the lodgekeeper's aged wife came hurrying out herself to impart her tidings. They were both tragic and distressing. Mrs. Hamilton had gone out for an early drive to Monteboro. Her horses had taken fright whilst descending the mountain, had run away and had overturned the carriage. The unfortunate lady was thrown out, and was injured so terribly that her life was despaired of. Dr. Somers, who had accompanied her, had escaped with some slight bruises, and had been able to superintend the removal of his sister to her home.

"He has been watching over her ever since, madam," continued the old woman, "and he sent far and near for the best doctors in Nice, but they did not stay long when they came, and I am afraid the poor lady is dying."

Acting on my first impulse, I sprang from my carriage and hastened to the villa. The sound of voices guided me to the room of the sufferer. I passed on the threshold of the open door, but Dr. Somers, who was seated by his sister's bed, looked up and saw me, and signed to me, without speaking, to enter. Mrs. Hamilton did not notice me, and I do not think she was even aware of my presence. Her fair face was uninjured, but the pale shadow of approaching death rested upon her features and dimmed the luster of her beautiful eyes. She was pleading with her brother as I arrived, and she went on with her piteous prayer as I approached the bed.

"I know that I am dying, Mark," wailed the melancholy tones, still so sweet amid their feebleness. "Call Edgar—do call Edgar—let me see him once more before I go! I cannot die happy unless I look again on his dear face. It cannot hurt him more than the news of my death will do. Oh, Mark—dear Mark—do tell Edgar to come to me!"

Without a word, Dr. Somers arose and flung wide open a door opposite to that by which I had entered, and which led to an inner room, all inundated with the golden glory of the April sunset. The whole interior of the apartment thus disclosed was visible to me from where I stood. There were flowers everywhere, and pictures, and books, and exquisite trifles of all kinds, were visible on every side; but there was no human being to be seen within.

With the opening of the door a sudden change passed over the features of the dying woman. The light returned to her eyes, and a faint color tinged her pale face, as, half-raising herself on her pillows, she fixed her eager gaze on a point near the foot of the bed. There was no one there—she spoke to empty space—but never shall I forget the pathetic tones of her voice, the loving tenderness of her fixed, dilated eyes.

"I knew you would come to me, Edgar," she panted. "It is hard to say good-by—we have loved each other so fondly, and you will miss me sadly, dear husband. But do not mourn for me—it will not seem long—our separation—after all. And think what it would have been for me had you died and left me alone in the world. I should have gone mad with grief, I think—but now—I go—to sleep—to dream of you—and when I wake you will be beside me—Edgar—my Edgar!"

She made a gesture as if to stretch out her arms toward the invisible being to whom she spoke—a spasm crossed her features, a rush of blood came to her lips, and she fell back upon her pillows. Dr. Somers bent over her, harkened for a second and then pressed a lingering kiss upon her brow.

"All is over, Mrs. Graves," he said, as he raised his head. "Dora is with her husband."

Before the doctor left Nice he paid me a

long visit, to thank me, as he said, for the interest I had manifested in his sister, and also to explain to me the riddle of her seemingly mysterious existence. The brother and sister had been left orphans at an early age, and each in possession of a handsome fortune. Some twenty years before, Dora Somers, then a very young and sensitive and affectionate girl, had been captivated by the showy graces and handsome person of Edgar Hamilton, an adventurer and gambler of conspicuously evil character. She loved him passionately, and became his wife in the teeth of the opposition of all her relatives. Immediately after the wedding the young couple started on a journey to Niagara Falls and Canada. A broken rail hurled the train on which they were traveling into wreck and disaster. Mr. Hamilton was instantly killed, and his bride received sundry severe injuries, chiefly on the head. She was ill for many weeks, and, on her recovery, it became evident that her reason was irretrievably shaken. She was possessed by the idea that her husband was still living, and that he was constantly with her. She shaped all her existence by his imaginary requirements; and would talk to him, and sing to him, and read to him, precisely as though he were really present. Her brother, with noble self-devotion, gave up his whole life to the care of this greatest of maniacs.

"And, thanks to my watchful affection," Mrs. Graves continued the doctor, "she led a happy and peaceful life. Her Edgar—got the scamp that she married, but the bright creation of her own loving fancy—was always with her. The real Edgar, had he lived, would have rendered her fond, sensitive nature unspeakably wretched. She escaped all the sorrows of such a union, and I cannot but fancy that she and the visionary spouse that she loved and tended for so many years are now united, where, beyond these voices, there is peace."—Lucy H. Hooper in Frank Leslie's.

Stanford's University and Coeducation.

I asked as to the Stanford university, and Senator Stanford showed me some of the photographs of the buildings as they are today. He has photographs sent him every month showing the progress of the building, and these last photographs show that it is only a little above the foundation. The design of this university is in the shape of three quadrangles and it will have a half mile of covered colonnades. The only high feature of the building is the chapel tower, and the design is Spanish. The building will consist of a series of long, low halls. As I understand it, the university is to cover an area of about 600 feet by 300 feet, which would be about an acre and a half more than that covered by the Capitol at Washington. There are about 6,000 acres of ground about the college building, and, it is said, though I do not get the facts from Senator Stanford, that the gift of the university in round numbers amounts to \$20,000,000. In this gift is included the 80,000 acres of good California land which is given to the university.

I asked Senator Stanford as to the coeducation of the sexes, and he told me that women would be admitted to the university as well as men, and he said he thought at least 25 per cent. could be added to the productive power of the United States by the women of the United States entering those occupations for which they were fitted, and that without their undertaking any profession or business which would be unwomanly or distasteful to them. He said he thought the future of the laboring classes lay in such education as would fit them to take advantage of their surpluses, and that the raw materials of the world were great enough to provide all the citizens of the world with all the comforts of life, and the luxuries, too, if those citizens brought invention to their aid and applied their labor in the right direction. He referred to the McCormick reaper, which now enables a farmer to cut, thresh and sack 100 pounds of wheat for a cent and a half a sack, and said that California alone could raise enough food to feed the whole United States.—Carpenter's Interview with Senator Stanford.

A Heavy Weight of Smoke.

The investigations of a society formed in London to abate the smoke nuisance afforded rather a startling idea of the wasteful extravagance of the present system of combustion. Here is a summary of a late report of the Smoke Abatement Institute: The weight of the smoke cloud over the city is estimated at about fifty tons of solid carbon and 250 tons of hydrocarbon and carbonic oxide gases. From actual tests, the value of coal actually wasted through the obstinacy of the Cocksneys is £2,257,500, or 42 per cent. of the amount expended for coal in London, that being the percentage of heat that escapes up chimney without warming anybody. This waste also causes a useless expenditure of £282,750 for carting coal, to say nothing of the wear and tear of streets and of £43,000 more for carting away ashes.

Altogether, about £2,500,000 is yearly thrown away in London. Add to this £2,000,000 for injury to property from the smoke laden atmosphere, and there is shown a total of £4,500,000 which London annually loses because of its failure to burn coal under proper conditions. Nearly all this waste and smoke could be prevented by a general adoption of improved methods of constructing chimneys, fireplaces, furnaces and heaters.—Safety Valve.

Following the Fashion.

"Fairbanks is getting awfully fat."
"That's only a tendency of the times."
"How so?"
"He is resolving himself into a corporation."—Puck.

BANK ROBBERS ABROAD.

How They Went Through the Bank at Kinsman, Ohio.

Kinsman, a small town fifteen miles north of Youngstown, Ohio, was visited by bank robbers a week ago Sunday. The local bank was entered, the vaults opened and about \$10,000 in silver and valuables taken. The robbers effected an entrance by prying open a window and knocking off the outer door of the vault, but failed to open the inside door. In the outside vault were sixty private deposit boxes and a trunk filled with family silver belonging to Col. Yeomans, valued at \$5,000, which the burglars carried off, with 3,000 pennies and several hundred dollars of the bank's currency. The robbers were far in the lead of the sheriff when the robbery was discovered.

A Mad Dog's Work.

At St. Mary's, Ohio, the other day a small dog belonging to M. M. Cole bit his little 8-year-old daughter in a finger of the right hand, making a scratch near the nail that was scarcely noticeable. Nothing was thought of it by the parents until the child complained of feeling unwell, and it was thought it had fever. The little sufferer lay in spasms all night and raved until it was necessary to tie it in bed. It snarls, snaps and jumps at those around it, and attacked a neighbor lady who called at the house. When not in spasms the child seems to be in fear that somebody will attack it, and piteously begs its mother to protect it. The doctors agreed that it was the most pitiful case they have encountered. They could be of no assistance and the victim died in terrible agony.

Rag Pickers of Paris.

The uses made of the refuse of Paris streets are numerous. Little wisps of women's hair are carefully unraveled, and do not go for false hair by and by. Men's hair collected outside the barbers' serves for filters through which strips are strained; bits of sponge are cut up and used for spirit lamps; bits of bread if dirty, are toasted and grated and sold to the restaurants for spreading on hams or cutlets; sometimes they are carbonized and made into tooth powder. Sandline boxes are cut up into tin solids, or into sockets for candlesticks. A silk hat has a whole chapter of ad entures in store for it. All this work employs a regiment of ragpickers, numbering close on to 30,000, and each earning from 20 pence to half a crown a day.

Mlle. Mercedes' Tragic Death.

The news comes from France of the suicide there of Mlle. Mercedes, for years the most venturesome bare-back rider in the Circus Renze, Berlin. It is the end of a life fraught with adventure and romance. The ring never saw a woman more beautiful. She charmed men of high rank, Kings and Princes worshipped at her shrine,



MILLE MERCEDES.

and she was finally compelled to leave Berlin, when she came to America some years ago. She caught a New York millionaire in her net. He discovered her game and was about to cast her adrift when she shot him several times. She took a Cunarder for Paris where she continued the dissolute life which ended by suicide.

Hearts That Never Grow Weary.

Twenty years ago a married couple in Pittsburg had a quarrel and separated, the husband going West. The wife and children took up a home in Ohio with her parents. The couple didn't afterward communicate with one another; in fact, neither knew where the other was. A few days ago her husband visited Pittsburg on business, and, hearing that his wife was living in Ohio he visited her. They made up, were married again and are now on a wedding trip.

Shocked a Connecticut Man.

At Rocky Hill, Conn., the other day, lightning shook hands with Farmer W. H. Stevens in the most cordial manner. He was in the shed at S. F. Wright's house, and had a piece of a scythe in his hands. The thunderbolt took the iron out of his hands, threw it into one corner of the shed, and jumped Stevens into an opposite corner. Mr. Stevens says that when the lightning took hold of him he felt as if a fountain had burst inside him and spouted pins and needles into every part of his body.

Contract Marriage at Fresno.

A contract marriage took place at Fresno, Cal., recently, the bride being under age and unable to obtain the consent of her parents. John Hoffman, the man, is twenty-six years of age, and Florence Rice, the girl, fifteen and one-half years. They agreed to take each other as man and wife, entering upon that relation at once. If she so desires, the woman's contract may be voided when she attains majority.