# E MAN ON THE LEFT.

he gentleman on the left, Kate—do you
him? He has looked frequently towards

as he!"
Who is it?"
annot tell. I have not seen him."
uppose you look?"
prefer not. I came to see the play. Is
Helen Fanchet superb?"
s, so. I wish you would tell me who
gentleman on the left is. I am sure he
s you, and he is strikingly handsome."
t present the stage interests me. Besides,
en are rude enough to stare at strangers,
is no occasion for us to imitate them."
Your ladyship has no curiosity?"
t any; I exhausted it some time ago."
er ladyship was not telling the truth;
was intensely curious, but it pleased her at
time to pique the honorable Selina
t. That strange sympathy that makes
stantly conscious of a familiar glance,
in a crowded building, had solicited her
rd just as Selina had advised her of it,
he had not been asked to look toward her
she would probably have done so; as it
she resolutely avoided any movement in
direction.
The play finished in a tumult of applause.
dy Kate Talbot forgot everything in her
ement, and as she stood up flushed and
bling, she inadvertently turned toward
ef. Instantly she recognized a pres-
e with which she ought to have been
iliar enough.
The gentleman bowed with an extreme re-
t. Lady Kate acknowledged the cour-
y in a manner too full of astonishment to
altogether gracious, and the elaborate po-
ess of the recognition was not softened
any glance implying a more tender inti-
y than that of mere acquaintance.
My lady was silent all the way home, and
some reason Selina was not disposed to
terrupt her reverie. It did not seem to be
mplesant one. Kate's face had a bright
on it, and her eyes held in them a light
light that resembled what Selina would
e called hope and love, if my lady had
been already married, and her destiny
erently settled.
"Selina, when you have got rid of all that
e and satin, come to my room; I have
mething to say to you."
Selina nodded pleasantly. She was sure
concerned the gentleman on the left. She
d no love affairs of her own on hand or
art at present, and being neither literary
charitable, her time went heavily on-
rd. A little bit of romance, especially if
nected with the cold or proper Lady Tal-
—would be of all things the most interest-
g.
She was speedily unrobed, and with her
ng blonde hair hanging loosely over her
tty dressing gown, she sought my lady's
om. Lady Talbot sat in a dream-like still-
ss, looking into the bright blaze on the
arth. She scarcely stirred as Selina took a
rge chair beside her, and scarcely smiled
hen she lifted one of her loosened curls,
d said, "What exquisite hair you have,
ate! True golden."
"Yes, it is beautiful. I know that, of
urse."
"Of what are you thinking so intently?"
"Of the gentleman on our left to-night."
"Ah, who is he? He seemed to know you."
"He ought to know me much better than
does. He is my husband, Lord Richard
Talbot."
"Kate!"
"It is true."
"I thought he was in Africa, or Asia, or
Europe, or somewhere at the end of the
orld."
"He is now in England, it seems. I sup-
se he just arrived. I have not seen him
efore."
"Where is he staying, then?"
"I presume in the left wing of this mansion.
notice there are more lights than usual in
to-night. His apartments are there."
"Now, Kate, do tell me all, dear. You
ow I love a romantic love affair, and I am
re this is one."
"You were never more mistaken, Selina.
ere is no love at all in the affair. That is
e secret of the whole position. I thought
at as you were staying here this week, and
ght probably see or meet my lord, it was
tter to make all clear to you. People are
t to associate wrong with things they do
t understand."
"To be sure, dear. I suppose Lord Richard
d you have had a little disagreement.
ow, if I could only do anything toward a
conciliation, I should be so happy, you
now."
"No, Selina, there has been no quarrel, and
u can do nothing at all between us. I don't
ant you to try. Just be kind enough to ig-
re the whole circumstance. Lord Richard
d I understood each other nearly four years
go."
"But it is not four years since you mar-
ied!"
"Just four years—yesterday."
"And my lord has been away—"
"Three years, eight months and eighteen
days, so far as I know."
"Well, this is a most extraordinary thing,
nd very, very bad, I must say."
"It might easily have been much sadder. I
m going to tell you the exact truth, and I
ely upon your honor and discretion to keep
he secret inviolable."
"My dear Kate, I would not name it for the
world."
"Listen, then. One night, when I was
carcely 17 years old, my father sent for me
o his study. I had known for months that
e was dying. He was the only creature
hat I had to love, and I loved him very ten-
derly. I must mention this also, for it
artly explains my conduct that the idea of
isobeying him in anything had never pre-
ented itself to me as a possibility. This
night I found with him his life long friend,
he late Lord Talbot, and the present lord,
my husband. I was a shy, shrinking girl,
without any knowledge of dress or society,
nd very timid and embarrassed in my man-
ners. Then my father told me that it was
necessary for the good of both houses that
Richard and I should marry, that Richard
had consented, and that I must meet a few
friends in our private chapel at 7 o'clock in
the morning a week later. Of course these
things were told me in a very gentle manner,
and my dear father, with many loving kisses,
begged me as a last favor to him to make no
objection."
"And what did Lord Richard say?"
"I glanced up at him. He stood near a
window looking out over our fine old park,
and when he felt my glance he colored
deeply and bowed. Lord Talbot said rather
angrily, "Richard, Miss Esher waits for you
to speak." Then Lord Richard turned to-
ward me and said something, but in such a
low voice that I did not catch its meaning.
"My son says you do him a great honor—and
pleasure," exclaimed Lord Talbot, and he
kissed me and led me toward the unwilling
bridegroom.
"Of course I ought to have hated him,
Selina, but I did not. On the contrary, I
fell desperately in love with him. Perhaps
it would have been far better for me if I had
not. Richard read my heart in my face,
and despised his easy conquest. As for me,
I suffered in that weak and torturing sus-
pense of a timid school girl in love. I
dressed myself in the best of my plain, un-becoming, childish toilet, and watched wearily every day for a visit from my promised husband; but I saw no more of him until our wedding morning. By this time some very rich clothing had arrived for me, and also a London maid, and I think, even then, my appearance was fair enough to have somewhat conciliated Richard Talbot. But he scarcely looked at me. The ceremony was scrupulously and coldly performed, my father, aunt and governess being present on my side, and on Richard's his father and his three maiden sisters.

"I never saw my father alive again, he died the following week, and the mockery of our wedding festivities at Talbot castle was suspended at once in deference to my grief. Then he came to London, and my lord selected for his own use the left wing of the house, and politely placed at my disposal all the remaining apartments. I considered this an intimation that I was not expected to intrude upon his quarters, and I scrupulously avoided every approach to them. I knew from the first that attempts to win him would be useless, and indeed I felt too sorrowful and humiliated to try. During the few weeks that we remained under the same roof we seldom met, and I am afraid I did not make these rare interviews at all pleasant. I felt wronged and miserable, and my wan face and heavy eyes were only a reproach to him."

"Oh, what a monster, Kate!"

"Not quite that, Selina. There were many excuses for him. One day I saw a paragraph in The Times saying that Lord Richard Talbot intended to accompany a scientific exploring party whose destination was central Asia. I instantly sent and asked my husband for an interview. I had intended dressing myself with care for the meeting, and making one last effort to win the kindly regard, at least, of one whom I could not help loving. But some unfortunate fatality always attended our meeting, and I never could do myself justice in his presence. He answered my request at once. I suppose he did so out of respect and kindness; but the consequence was, he found me in an unbecoming dishabille, and with my face and eyes red and swollen with weeping.

"I felt mortified at a prompt attention so malapropos, and my manner instead of being winning and conciliating, was cold, unprepossessing. I did not rise from the sofa on which I had been sobbing, and he made no attempt to sit down beside me or to comfort me.

"I pointed to the paragraph and asked if it was true.

"'Yes, Lady Talbot,' he said, a little sadly and proudly; 'I shall relieve you of my presence in a few days. I intended Writwell to call on you to-day with a draft of the provisions I have made for your comfort.'

"I could make no answer. I had thought of a good many things to say, but now in the presence I was almost fretful and dumb. He looked at me almost with pity, and said in a low voice, 'Kate, we have both been sacrificed to a necessity involving many besides ourselves. I am trying to make what reparation is possible. I shall leave you unrestricted use of three-fourths of my income. I desire you to make your life as gay and pleasant as you possibly can. I have no fear for the honor of our name in your hands, and I trust that and all else to you without a doubt. If you would try and learn to make some excuse for my position, I shall be grateful. Perhaps when you are not in constant fear of meeting me, this lesson may not be so hard."

"And I could not say a word in reply. I just lay sobbing like a child among the cushions. Then he lifted my hand and kissed it, and I knew he was gone."

"And now, Kate, that you have become the most brilliant woman in England, what do you intend to do?"

"Who knows? I have such a contrary streak in my nature. I always do the thing I do not want to do."

Certainly it seemed like it, for, in spite of her confession, when Lord Talbot sent the next morning to request an interview, Kate regretted that she had a prior engagement, but hoped to meet Lord Talbot at the duchess of Clifford's that night.

My lord bit his lips angrily, but nevertheless he had been so struck with his wife's brilliant beauty that he determined to keep the engagement.

She did not meet him with sobs this time. The centre of an admiring throng, she spoke to him with an ease and nonchalance that would have indicated to a stranger the most usual and commonplace of acquaintanceships. He tried to draw her into a confidential mood, but she said, smilingly, "My lord, the world supposes us to have already congratulated each other; we need not undeceive it."

He was dreadfully piqued and the pique kept the cause of it continually in his mind. Indeed, unless he left London, he could hardly avoid constant meetings which were constant aggravations. My lady went everywhere. Her beauty, her wealth, her splendid toilets, her fine manners, were the universal theme. He had to endure extravagant comments on them. Friends told him that Lady Talbot had never been so brilliant and so bewitching as since his return. He was congratulated on his influence over her.

In the meantime she kept strictly at the distance he himself had arranged four years ago. It was evident that if he approached any nearer his beautiful but long-neglected wife, he must humble himself to do so. Why should he not? In Lord Talbot's mind the reasons against it had dwindled down to one. It was his valet. This man had known all his master's matrimonial troubles, and in his own way sympathized with them. He was bitterly averse to Lord Talbot's making any concessions to my lady. One night, however, he received a profound shock.

"Simmons," said Lord Talbot, very decidedly, "go and ask Lady Talbot if she will do me the honor to receive a visit from me?"

My lady would be delighted. She was in an exquisite costume, and condescended to exhibit for his pleasure all her most bewildering moods. It was with great reluctance he left her after a two hours' visit. The next night he stayed still longer. My lady had no other engagement, and he quite forgot the one he had made to be present at the marquis of Stairs' wine party.

The following week my lady received every morning a basket of wonderful flowers, and a little note with them containing a hope that she was in good health.

One morning she was compelled to say that she was not very well, and Lord Talbot was so concerned that he sent Simmons to ask if he might be permitted to eat breakfast with her. My lady was graciously willing, and Lord Richard was quite excited by the permission. He changed his morning gown and cravat several times, quite regardless of Simmons' peculiar face, and, with many misgivings as to his appearance, sat down opposite the lovely little lady in pale blue satin and cashmere and white lace.

It was a charming breakfast, and during it the infatuated husband could not help saying a great many sweet and flattering things. Kate parried them very prettily. "It is well," she said, "that no one hears us. If we were not married they would think we were making love."

"And if we are married, Kate, why not make love now, dear? We had no opportunity before we were married."

"Ah, Richard, in fashionable life we should make ourselves ridiculous. Every one says our behavior is irreproachable. I should have dearly liked it when only a shy, awkward country girl; but now, my lord, we would be laughed at."

"Then, Kate, let us be laughed at, I for one am longing for it—dying for it. If time should run back and fetch the age of gold, why not love? Let us go back four whole years and a half. Will you, Kate—dearest and sweetest Kate?"

"We should have to run away to the country, Richard, and now I think of it I have not been to Esher since we—were—married, love."

When such a conversation as this was prolonged for five hours it was little wondered that my lord's valet and my lady's maid received orders to pack valises and trunks, or that next day Esher hall was in a happy tumult of preparation.

Love comes better late than never, and Lady Kate always told herself that she never could have been so happy in those sweet old gardens with her lover as she was with her husband. Probably they were both as perfectly satisfied as it is possible for human love to be; for, greatly to the amazement of the fashionable world, they not only spent the whole summer alone in their country home, but actually, when they came back to London, had the courage to appear in the very height of the season, in the same box at the opera.

"Really, Kate," said Miss Selina, "I never was so astonished. The gentleman on your left—"

"Is always at my right now, dear. He will never be in the opposition again."

"How delightful!"

"For us! Oh, yes. Charming."

### Downfall of the Sons of Malta.

It is perhaps not generally known, but the dissolution of the Sons of Malta throughout the United States was the result of an unfortunate and fatal accident here. George Harding, an employe of the wholesale grocery establishment of Reynolds, Earl & Hatcher, a brave and brawny Scotchman, desired to become a member of the order, and the order was only too glad to "take him in." A night was set apart for his initiation, and as he was a particularly powerful man, the gathering of the clans was unusually large. The initiation proceeded amid uproarious fun up to the elevated railway and a plunge into the seething waters of the lake—a wet blanket in the hands of a dozen strong men, in which the aspirant was tossed about until they became exhausted. Harding was an intensely earnest man, and took the initiation to be a serious affair, being told by the grand conductor that from the elevated railway he would be plunged into the lake, he had contracted his muscles and nerved himself for the battle with the waves. When he struck the blanket the shock was too great for his nerves. He was taken to his home a paralytic. He lived a year, suffering intensely, and died in great agony. The order paid out over $2,000 in his behalf. All that medical skill could do was done, but to no purpose. He was a noble man, and bore his sufferings like a hero or a martyr, never once complained or spoke harshly of those who innocently caused it all. His sufferings and death were the death knell of the Sons of Malta, not only in Lafayette but throughout the country.

### The Law of Sex.

An English author, Mr. G. R. Starkweather, thinks he has discovered a great "law of sex," of which The London Athenæum gives this summary: If the husband is superior to the wife the family will consist mostly of girls, and vice versa. Dark complexion is superior to light, dark plants and trees are the most hardy, and dark horses the best. A square forehead and prominent veins are "superior," a large prominent eye (which "indicates conversational powers") is the reverse. But the best indication of superiority is a large and prominent nose, Roman or aquiline, full a third the length of the face.

Philosophers, lawyers, editors, poets, literary men, and brain workers generally, have a large excess of daughters. Wine merchants, tavern-keepers, small retail dealers, orators, physicians, and musicians have a preponderance of boys. Clergymen appear just to struggle through the ordeal without incurring the stigma of inferiority, being equally intelligent, sober, and moral with their wives, and producing an equal number of boys and girls.

Of course, for the stability of the new law it becomes necessary to show that musicians, medical men, and orators are inferior. Accordingly the first are lymphatic, the second are made rather than born to their profession (and the most distinguished as an exception have large families of daughters), and mere public speakers do not possess "the highest order of faculties or intellect," while in most of them "the base of the brain will be found to predominate over the superior portion."

### Our Rich Men.

But how can we bear an existence, which measured by Vanderbilt's, is a pitiful failure? Are you sure, my friend, that his life is such a magnificent success? If a man were happy in proportion to his possessions, which is really the popular notion, then indeed money would be the great good. Here is a gardener worth a $100. He sings while about his work, enjoys and digests his dinner, watches his children as they play among the flowers, and seems contented. Suppose Mr. Vanderbilt with his $200,000,000 were as happy in proportion to his wealth! He would climb to the top of Trinity steeple, face Wall street, yell and shriek his tumultuous emotions, and in the madness of his joy leap into eternity.

Study his face when driving Maud S., and see if you think him very happy. He retires from business at 60, because his back is sore from the heavy burden. The strain has nearly crazed him. People envy him Maud S. Poor fellow, I wish he had a mare that could go in twenty seconds; but, even then, he could not get away from the ghost of the "West Shore."

### Boys and Girls in Rome.

A society for the protection of the waifs of the streets, with Prince Borghese at its head, has been started at Rome. It was high time. During the winter the public streets are infested with beggars. In the summer boys and girls in great numbers are sent out into the country to work, but on the advent of November they retuen to the city where they are often left by their parents to shift for themselves. Under pretense of selling matches and flowers these children virtually lead the lives of beggars, and thus constitute an ever-present social problem of great dimensions. Prince Borghese has already done much for the relief of poverty, and a society with him in charge ought to be highly successful.

### Vegetable Wool.

A Dutch paper calls the attention to a description of vegetable wool called kapoc. It comes from Java, and a specimen is on view at the Amsterdam exhibition. It arrives at Amsterdam in its leathery covering, being itself enveloped in the seeds. It is then freed from both, and is carded so as to make a very light mattress wool, worth about 8½d. per pound. One of the houses engaged in this operation had made trials in spinning and dyeing this material, but the filaments are said to be like strings, and their industrial application is consequently a matter of uncertainty.

### In the Jungfrau's Shadow.

The most glorious sight I have ever seen was one evening at Interlaken, when, just as the last rays of the setting sun had left the valley, the Swiss lady with whom I was chaffering about wood carvings exclaimed: "Look! look at Jungfrau!" I looked at Jungfrau. She stood transfigured against the clear blue sky; her white mantle illuminated from summit to base with such a flood of translucent, rosy splendor, as the imagination cannot paint if the eye has not seen it, and words are inadequate to describe. The glorious spectacle lasted for perhaps ten or fifteen minutes, when the gray shadow of evening crept slowly up the mountain side, and the dying light rested like a blush upon her cheek and forehead, and then vanished in the twilight. It is not often that the atmospheric conditions permit Jungfrau to present herself in this superb costume.

I suppose you are tired of Jungfrau. If I could be tired of mountains I ought to be fatigued with the constant recurrence of the same peaks wherever I have been for the last two weeks. For it is a strange peculiarity of the bigger mountains that they seem to follow you in whatever direction you travel—to skip and caper like a troop of frisky Brobdingnagian maidens in revolving circles about you—peeping coyly now over the shoulders of their nearer neighbors—now through the gaps or around the corners of the huge walls which hide them, or confronting you at full length through the broad openings of some valley; but always hovering about you as if they knew you liked their company and did not want to part with you. The farther you go away from them the nearer they come to you. They haunt you like gigantic ghosts in their white shrouds, reappearing when you least expect them and vanishing with tantalizing capriciousness just as you don't want them to do it. The illusion is partly an optical one and partly the result of the bewilderingly tortuous and circuitous routes one is obliged to take in this mountainous country.

### Cumulative Swearing.

In later years, after the discovery of the carbonates and the birth of Leadville, much of the freight of that famous city was carried up Ute pass. This was before the railways had pushed into the town, and the old settlers are ever ready to tell about the days when the mule teams struggled up the range and through the pass which is now so quiet and beautiful. From all accounts a Leadville teamster was anything but a mild-spoken man. His profanity was something wonderful, and his collection of oaths was inexhaustible. Some used to call the place "Hell pass," and it is said that some of the dead trees one sees scattered about were robbed of life by the sulphur smoke which arose when half a dozen teamers got into swearing trim and gave their oaths full fire. If a man driving the forward team got stuck he swore a little, and his successor also swore, with a little harder oath, just for companionship. And so on down the long line, each man getting out something slightly more profane than the man ahead of him; and when the last teamer swore, it is reported that his oath was something so new, original, and, withal, so startling in its wickedness that the leading team immediately started up, fully persuaded that the devil himself was not far away. Those days, however, are past now, and the traveler to the park will find the old pass pretty quiet.

### Where He Made a Profit.

Twenty years ago there was an old farmer living about one hundred miles from New York who took forty pounds of dried apples to the village merchant and was told that the price was 4 cents per pound.

"I'll be hanged if I submit to this extortion any longer!" he exclaimed. "Why, they are quoted in Horace Greeley's paper at 7 cents!"

"Hadn't you better take 'em to New York?"

"I'll be kicked if I don't."

And he did. When he came home and figured up he said to his wife:

"Wall, Hanner, it cost me $8 to come and go, $2 tavern bill and may be a little extra for tobacco."

"Then you lost by the trip?"

"Yas, kinder lost in one way, but in another I got my tea for 4 cents a pound less than Jackson sells it, and I tell you 4 cents don't grow on every thistle!"

### A Polite Pupil.

The Philadelphia youth is growing more and more precocious. An up town grammar-school boy became so obstreperous yesterday that his teacher, new in her vocation, young and pretty, determined to try the plan of keeping him in. After school she sat with grim determination until it became dark, and then she let him depart. What was her astonishment at the gate to find the youth awaiting her! He greeted her with: "It's too dark for a young lady to be alone on the streets. Will you allow me to accompany you home?"

### Total Abstinence.

It was some time ago when an effort was being made to induce the children to sign the total abstinence pledge. On the way from the hall a little girl, evidently profoundly impressed with the sweeping character of the pledge she had taken, was heard to ask, "Mamma, can I chew gum now?"

### Beans for Mourning.

Boston always hangs one peg higher than the rest of the world. When a father dies in this modern Athens the family feed on black beans for a month out of respect to the deceased.

### A Man There Is a Loud Call For.

He who sedulously attends, pointedly creates, calmly speaks, coolly answers and ceases when he has no more to say, is in possession of some of the best requisites of man.

## IN ARISTOCRATIC BALTIMORE.

### A City of Pride, Pedigree and Non-Progression.

As far as politics goes, you get more of it in Baltimore than in any other spot on this globe. You hear fellows chattering around the corners of Barnum's about the local politicians. You sit down at dinner among the slovenly-dressed men inside, and they are talking politics without the least grasp of principles—merely repeating some stuff they have picked up in local newspapers. There is not a railroad station in Baltimore city that is not a disgrace to a place of its population. I do not mean to say that there is not yet beauty in Baltimore, because it has a very large population; and there are some mixtures and tints of complexion in that place that are always attractive if they could only be illumined with the broad spirit of our times.

This is the most aristocratic town, I suppose, in the United States—that is to say, there is more talk in it about family, and marriage, and such things, and they all know their pedigrees, more or less. But the shadow on the town is its self-righteousness, its belief that it has the best, that it can not learn any thing from the present day. I will give a conversation that I had in Washington with a prosperous man on this subject. He was an intense southern man, and his father, I have understood, was the courier who brought the news of Nat Durner's insurrection fifty years ago from the governor of Virginia to the president. I have never talked to him about politics. I knew that a few years ago, when Wade Hampton made his first appearance at Washington, this gentleman sent him the most gorgeous carriage he had. I was therefore surprised to hear him say only yesterday:

"I went over to Baltimore to see Tom Winans' new house. From what the Baltimore people said, I thought it would be a wonderful thing. Why, my dear sir, we have got fifty houses in Washington, that we don't brag about, that put it in the background. Baltimore has got to be a very insipid place. The people come driving to Washington on all the railroads they can find, and I hardly see anybody who knows anything about Baltimore."

"What is the reason?" said I.

"A confounded want of liberality. Walking around in a circle, like a blind mule in a bark mill, believing that the bark they see and the circle they go in is this universe."

### Howa Conscientious Conductor Got Promoted.

"How did I become superintendent?" answered the railroad official. "Why, it was this way: I was conductor of the morning passenger express, and one day as we were coming down by the junction we struck a misplaced switch and ran into a freight train that was standing on the siding. As we were running almost thirty-five miles an hour, of course it piled things up a good deal. Our engine was smashed all to pieces, the 'smoker' telescoped the baggage car, and the forward passenger coach ran up on the heap and rolled over. I was standing on the platform at the time the thing happened, and luckily was slung off about thirty feet beside the track.

"When I picked myself up everything was confusion, the air was filled with clouds of escaping steam, and about fifty passengers were somewhere in the wreck. Of course, it was what you might call an 'emergency,' but there's no such word as that in the company's dictionary. I had my orders and knew what to do. The roof of the smoking car lay near me, and I heard a man crying out from underneath it. After about ten minutes' work I got the stuff all cleared away and reached him. He was very weak and groaning. 'Oh, heavens!' he said, 'this timber presses me so, I can't move. Both my legs are broken below the knee.' Think you'll be here till the next train?' I asked. 'Oh, yes,' he moaned. 'Then you'll need a stop-over check, sir,' I said, and I made out a pasteboard and gave it to him.

"'Young man,' he said, 'I observe that you have neglected to fill in the day of the month, but, under the circumstances your mission is excusable. I am a director of the company, and, if I survive, your attention to duty shall be rewarded.' The old gentleman pulled through, and is now vice president. That's how I'm superintendent, and—" he continued musingly, as he fingered his lantern watch-charm, "I believe in the old saying that the company has rights which the public is bound to respect, and rules which they must conform to."

### Is There no Rule.

Even if we leave the high moral and mental ground, is it true that there is any dietetic certainty as to the purely physiological results with food or drink? I am not a man of science, but I have a dim memory of reading, I think in some papers by George Henry Lewes, that chemists utterly fail to predict or ascertain the exact operation of food or drugs in the living human body. They can say that according to chemical laws such and such substance ought to produce certain results, but again and again life baffles them, for the incalculable action of the living organism falsifies their forecasts. Does this account for the extraordinary manner in which doctors fail and doctors disagree? Some of the most eminent medical men have told me that occasionally they come across patients whose peculiarities of constitution upset all their calculations, and we have in every circle stories amply authenticated of cures by quacks where regular practitioners fail. Our grandfathers, who rarely went to bed sober, were hale and strong. Their steady grandsons and granddaughters, who are never even tipsy, have delicate organizations and sensitive nerves. The Americans take strong tea, and are restless; the Chinese take more, and are stolid. Coffee makes many Englishmen sleepless; the Turks take it to excess and are drowsy half the day. Must our rule be, "there is no rule;" or are the exceptions larger than the rule itself?

## "UNCLE TOM'S CABIN."

### SURPRISE OF THE AUTHORESS WHEN SHE RECEIVED HER FIRST CHECK FROM THE PUBLISHERS.

"Cornwall" in Inter Ocean.

"How did you come to be publisher of 'Uncle Tom's Cabin?'" I asked of John P. Jewett, the first publisher of Mrs Stowe's famous work.

"I suspect it was principally because I was a rabid anti-slavery man, although the fact that I had previously been the publisher of a book by the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher may have had something to do with it. After a careful examination I concluded that the story would not only repay the cost of publication in book form, but would yield some profit. Possibly I was helped to that conclusion by my firm conviction that the volume would prove a strong anti-slavery document. At all events, I expressed a willingness to publish it, and the next thing was to arrange the terms. Prof. Stowe was in favor of selling the manuscript for a sum down. 'I tell my wife,' said he to me, 'that if she can get a good black silk dress or $50 in money for the story, she had better take it.'"

"Do you believe that you could have bought the story for $50?"

"I believe I could have bought it for $20."

"So large were the orders for the book that from the day I first began to print it the eight presses never stopped day or night, save Sundays, for six months, and even then there were complaints that the volumes did not appear fast enough. In a little while I was able to inform Prof. and Mrs. Stowe that their percentage already amounted to $10,000, and although my contract with them required me to give a note only I would pay them that sum in cash."

"How did they receive your information?"

"They seemed a little dazed by the news. The sum was so vastly beyond anything they expected or had heretofore possessed, that it appeared to them like a great fortune. When they called at my office I handed Prof. Stowe my check for $10,000, payable to his order. Neither the Prof. nor Mrs. Stowe had ever before received a check, they told me, and they did not know what to do with it, or how to get the money it represented. I explained to the professor that he must indorse the check and present it for payment. I advised him to deposit the money in the same bank. We went thither together. I introduced him to the president, and the professor opened an account. After instructing him how to keep his check book and so on, and cautioning him and his wife never to go about with more than $5 in their pockets, I bade them good day, and they went their way rejoicing. When I gave them a second check for $10,000 I found they needed no further instruction."

"How many copies of 'Uncle Tom' did you publish?"

"More than 320,000 sets of two volumes each were published in the first year. After that the demand fell off."

### *A LAWYER'S NOVEL.*

Prof. Swing, of Chicago, in an address at the Acton, Ind., assemblage approved of judicious novel reading, and told this anecdote: "I heard of a Chicago lawyer once whose wife read two novels to him when he was sick, and he said to her: 'I have been entirely too much wrapped up in law, and have forgotten almost everything else. When I get well I shall lay aside my statutes and write a novel,' and so he did. The first chapter told about a nice young man and a pretty young woman. The second told how they fell in love. The third, a very pretty chapter, told how they took a walk together in the evening and how they got outside the town because the sun went down and they couldn't see the corporation line. It was a very romantic story, but he spoiled it in the next chapter. After the lovers were appropriately seated in the shade of a spreading oak, although it was night, the young man said: 'Adelaide, I can no longer conceal my feelings. I love you madly, distractedly, wildly. I cannot live without you. Your image is in my heart by night and by day, and without you my life is incomplete.' Now, that was all very pretty, but—would you believe it?—the lawyer commenced that maiden's answer to that burning declaration with: 'The other party responded substantially as follows,' and that took away all the romance."

### *COMPETITIVE EXAMINATIONS.*

My experience has led me to doubt the value of competitive examination. I believe the most valuable qualities for practical life cannot be got at by any examination—such as steadiness and perseverance. It may be well to make an examination part of the mode of judging a man's fitness, but to put him into an office with public duties to perform merely on his passing a good examination is, I think, a bad mode of preventing mere patronage. My brother is one of the best generals that ever commanded an army, but the qualities that made him so are quite beyond the reach of any examination.

### *AN ENGLISH VIEW OF CHICAGO.*

As a matter of fact the city is hideous, and, even if it were the finest ever designed and completed by an architect, the telegraph posts in the principal streets, carrying wires by the dozen, would render it distasteful to any one having the slightest eye for architectural effect. The Chicago people think the sight of killing pigs one of the finest in the world, and the visitor is taken to see it as the greatest of treats.

### *MICA BOOT SOLES.*

Mica has been applied to a new use—that of fashioning it into middle soles to boots and shoes. The invention consists of a sheet of mica, embedded in thin coatings of cement, and placed in the boot or shoe under and adjacent to the insole, the upper leather of the shoe lapping over its edges, or next under the filling and the outer or bottom sole, and covering the under space from the toe to the instep.