

### A HAVEN.

Ships are anchored, sails are furled,  
Shore-lights in the dusk appear;  
Faint, and far away, we hear  
Roaring sea-ways of the world.  
In the haven's sheltered walls  
Soft the starry silence falls!  
Winds that drove us through the deep  
Touch us now as soft as sleep;  
Waves that smote before are now  
Rippled whispers at the bow.  
Dim lights glimmer on the ships,  
Shadowy figures cross the decks,  
Golden flashing phosphor-specks  
Sparkle where an oar-blade dips.  
Large, above the steady spars,  
Shine the radiant southern stars;  
Falls, from crystal heights of air,  
Sound of wings that seaward fare;  
Inland, still and dark and lone,  
Night enfolds a land unknown.  
Weary wanderers may stay  
Here awhile the unknown quest;  
Seekers of the far-away  
Here a little while may rest.  
—Sidney Royce Lyaght, in "Poems of the Unknown Way."

### HORROR OF THREE SANDALS.

THE old sluggish monster of revolution, long since drugged to sleep, some think to death, yet sometimes stirs. Its movements are dream-movements, its snake-like convolutions are harmless. It is merely the habit of the dead past, when Diaz was not yet Power, which causes the beast to heave its lethargic sighs and open up, from time to time, a red orb devoid of meaning.

Up over the Cuernavaca railroad comes now the military detachment lately sent into Guerrero. The little company eats dinner by the Cuernavaca station. Five lank soldiers in sandals sit at a distance on the ground; and, whereas all the others are gay, these five sit depressed with gloom, recalling a strange thing.

The heart of Guerrero, state of golden miracles, is not yet opened to the world. Mountains and mysteries shut it away from modern life. Away down south, two hundred miles from the railroad, is the town of Three Sandals. Into it came, five years ago, an American named Sturge. He bought a mine and worked it all alone, and they said he stacked up gold in an adobe house as high as the roof. He was tall, with silken beard, feline grace, mild, deep, unreal eyes. Gold turned his head; gold made his house an empire, Three Sandals the center of the universe. He dreamed of severing this southern land from Mexico, and insane ideas of a monarchy came to him.

The chief of police was fat and flabby, and often full of pulque. He lived in a large house on the plaza by the palms. His sister was a beauty, aged 19, named Otilia.

"Otilia, I call you a failure," complained the chief, drinking three quarts of pulque in the patio, while she lounged languid under those enormous yellow flowers called "cups-of-gold." "Manjarrez killed himself for you. Elias slew Negrete for you. Olivares robbed the hacienda to buy you a ruby, and was shot. The governor at Chilpancingo made a fool of himself for you. Bah! what good is all this if you cannot find out the revolutionary schemes of that cursed American, and save my reputation. I want to kill him, and alas!—with a comic shrug, spilling pulque—"there is no way."

"Hang him by his sweet, soft beard, Pepe, my love," said she, with a smile. "But—the shadow of an excuse! I know he plots, but never a finger can I lay on him. Make him fall in love with you, witch; worm it out of him. Our reputation is at stake."

She dreamed, lying there graceful, beautiful, mischief in her languid eye. "I will," she said, and plucked a cup-of-gold, and buried her flushed face therein.

She was shrewd. She was not of the dashing type. She was leisurely reserved. She had watched Sturge for months. She knew him slightly; she had smiled at him. Into her deep thinking came the knowledge that there was something of the mystic in his nature, that mystery might win him where other means would fail.

Every evening at 6 she wrapped herself in a black rebozo so that eyes glowing and portions of a face artificially pale were seen beneath lustrous hair. Then, solemn, sad, a moving statue, she walked to and fro, to and fro, before the American's house. When he stood in the door stroking his silken beard and gazed on her, she nodded slowly, as though unseeing, and sighed a heavy sigh. At dusk, having walked to and fro for an hour, she sighed more heavily still and went away.

After one week of this mystery, the form of Otilia began to haunt him. She was very beautiful, said he. There were lurking in her eyes vast dreams, restlessness, towering ambitions—ah! like his own, like his own. He tossed in the night, somehow drawn to her. After all, was it good to be lonely? With such a mate to what grand heights might any man not soar! So, from seeing her by chance, he came to watch for her, and when she passed his hand was frozen on his beard, or burned with fire that ran in all his blood. Meanwhile a plan to overthrow the town's authorities, to gather men, to march on Chilpancingo, took form. Two officers nearest the person of the chief were Sturge's fellow-plotters.

On the eighth evening of this moving to and fro, wrapped in mystery, she let her rebozo wave a little wider open. He was devouring her with his eyes. He was like a god, strong and full of grace. Her sweet lips were pinkish; her neck was white. She sighed, but she looked on him with quick flames

bursting from her eyes. The street was lonely. He stepped out and laid his exceedingly long slim fingers on her arm. She paused, and they gazed at one another.

"Otilia, some dread thing haunts you."  
"Yes, señor." Her eyes were down. "Otilia, a great weight is on you. I am one used to speaking out. When God puts fire into a man's heart, the man should never hide it, lest it burn him. Otilia, I seem to see myself in your eyes. Heart of my heart, I love you."

She, exceedingly white, raised her eyes just enough to see his chin; and with a startling mixture of mischief and emotional upheaving, she remembered her words: "Hang him by his sweet, soft beard, Pepe."

He kissed her as the dusk came. She went home, bewildered to find that her eyes seemed blind. When she put her rebozo to them it came away wet. She walked stately, looking at all the low, barred windows. She entered her brother's patio and sat down under the great cups-of-gold. At supper she could not eat. In bed she could not sleep. In the night her little bare feet went softly up and down the room. In the morning she was afraid of herself, something within her heart scared her so.

The love passage thus began, and Otilia, in winning him, had lost herself. Ah, his god-like form, his foreign strength, his whiteness! She loved him. The same old difference between so many loves characterized these. The man's vast schemes were mightier than his love. The woman's love was mightier than all else.

At the edge of the town was a deserted alameda full of mango-trees. Here were aged stone benches seldom used. Here the shade was like dusk at noon, like midnight at dusk. Here they met, evening after evening, she falling panting into his arms, he gazing at her scarcely seen face with hungry eyes.

"You are incarnate truth," he said. Blood flew to her face; her brain seemed drowned. "Yet—I was false."  
"What bad jest is this?"

She lay trembling. Somehow a fear entered him.

"Speak!" he cried, almost letting her from him.

"I—I plotted against you."

"How—is it a lie?"

"Oh, my soul's soul! I set about to win you, instigated by my brother, that I might learn your plan of revolution, and conquer you and bring you to death. Crush me if you must—thus have I lost myself—thus have you overthrown me!"

He let her fall on the old stone bench. The shade of the mango-trees was deep. He stood a little way off, tall and still, and looked at her. Just here the revolution came; for gold had made him insane with dreams. His love was second to his plot. Distrust sank deep in him. He felt himself betrayed. Cold drops were on his forehead. He had walked as in a deep gold mist. He gazed on this girl. She was incarnate treason; his love for her was turned to fear.

Wounded, ignoble, but grand with rage, he turned, and she was left alone. After that he smiled at her no more, nor looked at her. He dared not flee; that were confession and meant death. He dared not prolong delay.

She had groped her way home from the mango-grove. Though she was sweet and leasured and shrewd, she had in her that fuel which, touched with fire, burns on to vengeance. But she was sad; and it seemed some second self mercilessly drove her on to the revenge which her better nature did not want. She wept, and grew thin in three days miraculously. Sometimes she joked with herself even yet, in manner ghastly. "Hang him by his sweet, soft beard," murmured she in bad night-dreams; and she saw his head, in visions, hung thus, horrible.

The first night of their estrangement, the fat, pulque-drinking chief found letters at the home of one of his subordinates. They incriminated the subordinate, who was arrested and put in the little adobe jail across the plaza. The chief strove in vain to find one word of those epistles which might give ground for the arrest of Sturge. But the American's tracks were yet covered. The chief shed maudlin tears of exasperation.

The third night Otilia came knocking at his door at 10 o'clock. She was admitted; the chief sitting in a gown on his bed's edge.

"This subordinate, the arrested one," said she, steady-voiced, "when is he to be shot?"

"At sunrise. I am writing the order for the soldiers who will arrive to-night. Oh, you failure!"

"Come, keep these railings for another. Give me the order, but leave the name a blank."

Her manner was cold, stern, and she was pale and sick.

"Why?" he growled.

She put one hand on the foot-board and leaned close to him. "I may do that which your secret soul longs for," whispered she. "Do I not know that it is his gold that you want? Think! They say it is stacked to the roof."

"But I should be called to account for a baseless execution, you fool!"

"I have a fading ink. I write the name and show it to the captain. He executes the order. The ink fades. You substitute the rightful name, and on the captain lies the blame."

He fell back in bed with a choking noise.

"It's on the table," he said, weakly. She brought him the blank. He filled it out—all save the name. She left him staring stupidly at her, and presently heard him call for three more quarts of pulque.

Otilia was not so villainous as she

seemed. She was tottering. She had scarce an idea that she should execute so dreadful a plan. It was the warring between those two differing selves of hers that drove her on to make these preparations. In these ugly hours, too, was the playfulness yet alive in her. She thought that to threaten him, in play, with this ghastly thing would be sweet mischief's way to win him back. If he would but smile at her once more! And deep in her the other self said: "Kill!"

She could not rest. She wrapped herself in her black rebozo and went out. She walked by the jail and paused and scanned it. The plaza was dark and the palms rustled. She went down a street and sadly walked to and fro before the American's house, recalling the day he kissed her as the dusk came. At times hate raved in her. Memory drew her at length to the alameda, and beyond it. Under these trees had she rebozo to them it came away wet. She walked stately, looking at all the low, barred windows. She entered her brother's patio and sat down under the great cups-of-gold. At supper she could not eat. In bed she could not sleep. In the night her little bare feet went softly up and down the room. In the morning she was afraid of herself, something within her heart scared her so.

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The dawn came. Yes, the chafed man's face began to show a little white, out of the shadow. The captain formed his five men and bade them be ready. So, the day thus slowly coming, they stood waiting till they could see; and he stood yonder, his arms chained high up on the post.

The minutes went by. The scene was wild and rocky. The east began to faintly glow. Strange—strange. As he appeared yet a little clearer—how still he stood—how white. Merciful hand of Mary! is that hanging creature there a human being?

"Aim!" commanded the captain.

The guns were raised.

"A minute more and it will be light enough to see."

They waited. The light came rapidly. Behold! Suddenly the culprit seemed to start fully from the shadows. A second more and they would fire.

The guns fell. The men staggered. Horror chilled them. The face that looked on them was the face of a skull. The body that hung there by the chain was a clean, white skeleton. So terrible is the devastation of the warrior ant. So perfect is the labor of millions.

Stumbling away, they found Otilia swooning on the rocks.—San Francisco Argonaut.

### DISASTROUS FIRES IN MINES.

Great Wealth of Anthracite Destroyed in Mammoth Vein.

The announcement from Tamaqua, Pa., that the fire in the Mammoth vein, started in the winter of 1860-61 in a colliery within the limits of the town, has been at last cut off in one direction, and has burned down to the water level on the other, where the vein strikes the Schuylkill, brings to mind how great has been the destruction by underground fires of the unmined wealth of coal in the anthracite region of Pennsylvania.

Considering the narrow limits of territory in which the anthracite vein lies, the loss of irreplaceable natural treasure has been as great, comparatively, as that wrought by fire in the forests of this country. The great 14-foot vein in which this Tamaqua fire has for forty years swept on a steady path of ruin is that in which the finest grade of anthracite is always found. For a space of more than a mile in length every atom of that coal has been reduced to ashes in this single fire.

There have unfortunately been many other similar fires. Three of the most ruinous besides this have been the famous Summit Hill burning mine on the mountain between Mauch Chunk and Tamaqua, the Empire mine fire at Wilkesbarre, the Butler mine fire at Pittston. All three fires were in collieries where the vein lay high on the mountain side, with populous towns in the valleys below, thus making them more difficult to combat. Both the Empire and the Butler mine communicated so closely with other underground workings that it was an imperative necessity to find a method to cut them off, as it eventually became compulsory in regard to the Tamaqua fire, now under control.

The Summit Hill burning mine, for more than thirty years pointed out to the thousands of tourists who stopped at Mauch Chunk for a ride over the famed switchback, was left to burn itself out. The earth's surface gradually sank in above it, leaving the whole space a picture of desolation.

Work by Daylight.

Although many writers do their literary work at night, it is wiser to write only in the daytime. The night worker generally wants a stimulant, and becomes addicted to strong coffee or worse. That kind of regimen exhausts physical powers, and is inclined to seriously affect mental ones. The greater flow of blood to the brain of nights is apt to bring about exaggerations. Day workers are sometimes forced to write far into the night. Next day, looking over their nocturnal productions, they are unpleasantly surprised with the general wild character of their copy. Wilkie Collins, as may readily be believed from the character of some of his books, was a "habitual and abandoned night worker," who stopped only when, during the small hours of the night, another Wilkie Collins appeared before him. If we remember the story rightly, the second Wilkie Collins sat at the same table with him and tried to monopolize the writing pad. Then there was a struggle, and the inkstand was upset; anyhow, when the true Wilkie awoke, the inkstand had been upset and the ink was running over the writing table. After that Wilkie Collins gave up writing of nights. An authoress once told Huxley that when she sat up at night her prevailing fear was of burglary. Huxley replied, "When I am working at night I not only hear burglars moving about, but I actually see them looking at me through the crack of the door."

Inhabitants of Mars.

"As for me," says M. Flammarion, speaking of the inhabitants of Mars in the National Magazine, "I rather envy them. A world where it is always beautiful, where there are neither tempests nor cyclones, where the years are twice as long as ours, where the kilogram is of 376 grams, and where, therefore, men and women who here weigh seventy kilos there weigh only twenty-six, and where, in a word, everything is lighter, more delicate and more refined." And in another place he goes further, pointing out that if the Martians wishing to communicate with us they would doubtless have made the effort many times in the past and probably long ago abandoned it, deciding it a hopeless business to attempt communication with a planet so stupid.

The best thing to do in a hurry is nothing.

### HISTORIC DIAMONDS.

Art of Polishing Diamonds Unknown Up to the Fourteenth Century.

Pliny said that in gems might be perceived all the majesty of nature united in small space. Epitomes of all that is most perfect, these flowers of the rock add to splendor of form and color the quality that most impresses the imagination of finite man, durability, while in virtue of their rarity they become most truly precious—attributes all possessed in sovereign degree by the diamond, the Greek adamas, the "indomitable," the marvelous stone which nothing in nature, so the ancients believed, could impress; which placed on an anvil and struck with a hammer, as Martial and Lucretius record (an erroneous test, responsible for the loss of many fine stones), shivered the iron without being affected by the blow.

Plato described this gem as a kind of kernel formed in gold, condensed from the purest and noblest part of the metal, and prized more for its medical and psychical virtues rather than for its beauty; in fact, up to the fourteenth century the art of polishing the diamond with its own dust had not been discovered. His theories were sustained as late as the beginning of the fifteenth century by the alchemist Cardan, who believed that precious stones were engendered by juices distilled from gold, silver and iron in the cavities of the rocks, and who asserted solemnly that these masterpieces of nature, these quintessences of the precious metals, not only live, but also suffer illness, old age and death. This conviction that even the impenetrable crystal of the diamond incloses its atom of the universal spirit, together with all the vague mystical notions concerning the influence of gems, the waning and rejuvenescence of the pearl, the opal, the turquoise, in accordance with the fortunes of their human owners, the prescriptions of the ancient pharmacopoeia which administered powders of topaz or of hyacinth for the cure of hypochondria or sleeplessness; the superstitions of astrological mineralogy, which assigned a stone to each month and to each sign of the zodiac; Theophrastus' division of gems into male and female, and the theories of Dioscorides, of Avicenna, of Albertus Magnus and of St. Thomas Aquinas—all these may be traced back to their origin in that magnificent treasury of jewels, that dwelling place of mystery and witticism, India, whose philosophers held the cardinal principle that the souls of the erring might be imprisoned in the rock and serve out an incarceration in a gem.—Lippincott's Magazine.

ALARMING THE YOUNG MAN.

How the Young Woman's Mother Cinched the Case Early.

It was the second time that the hero of the story had accompanied the young lady home. She asked him if he would not come in. He said he would.

She was hardly gone before her mother came in, smiled sweetly, and dropping down beside the young man, said: "I always did say that if a poor but respectable young man fell in love with our Sarah, he should have my consent."

The young man started with alarm. "She has acknowledged to me that she loves you," continued the mother, "and whatever is for her happiness is for mine."

"I—I haven't—" stammered the young man.

"Oh, never mind; make no apology. I know you haven't much money, but, of course, you'll live in my house."

"I had no idea of—" he began.

"I know you hadn't, but it's all right," continued Sarah's mamma, reassuringly. "With your wages and what the boarders will bring in we shall get along as comfortably as possible."

The young man's eyes stood out like hatpegs, and he rose up and tried to say something.

"Never mind about thanks," she cried; "I don't believe in long courships. The 20th of May is my birthday, and it would be nice for you to be married on that day."

"But—but—but—" he gasped.

"There, there! I don't expect any reply," she laughed. "I'll try and be a model mother-in-law. I believe I'm good tempered and kind-hearted, though I did once follow a young man a couple of hundred miles with a broomstick for agreeing to marry my daughter and then backing out of the engagement."

She patted him on the head and said: "And now the young man wants advice. He wants to know whether he had better get in the way of a locomotive or jump off the nearest bridge.—Tit-Bits.

Politeness as a Fine Art.

A Vienna correspondent writes that there is a law in Austria which makes it a very serious offense to insult a public official, or even to offend his dignity in any way. Public officials include all railway employes from traffic director to porter, policemen, tramway drivers and conductors and municipal street cleaners. Recently an electric tramcar ran into an omnibus and overturned it. One of the omnibus passengers, Frau Sidonie Lankh, wife of a well-known doctor in Vienna, was badly cut and received a severe shock to her nerves, which prostrated her for weeks. After the collision, in her alarm and pain, she cried, referring to the driver of the electric car: "The wretched fellow! Why couldn't he stop sooner? For this expression she was summoned and sentenced to a fine of £1 13s 8d "for insulting a public official."

The women are wearing a white glove now that looks exactly like the gloves men wear when they act as pallbearers.

### HUNTING FOR A BONANZA.

Millions Being Sunk in Search for the Cripple Creek Mother Lode.

W. S. Stratton, who attained to fame as the owner of the celebrated Independence mine at Cripple Creek, which he discovered and developed, from which he took millions, and which he finally sold for \$11,000,000 in cash, is now at work on a project at Cripple Creek which, if successful, will make him the richest man in the world.

He is hunting for the mother lode, from which all the millions of gold that have been taken out of the Cripple Creek district have come. If he finds it, the word millions will be inadequate to describe his wealth, and nothing less than billions, and possibly even a greater term, will do to describe his treasure.

Mr. Stratton's theory is that all the veins of gold that underlie Cripple Creek, and which constitute the great mines from which over 100 millions in gold have been taken in a few years, converge toward one point. This theory is borne out by the maps of the district, which show a general dip or trend of the veins of gold toward a common center. Mr. Stratton has located the spot where these veins should meet, and has bought all the land over and about it, 600 acres in all. Now he has a big force of men at work sinking shafts, and is spending from \$35,000 to \$50,000 a month on this work.



W. S. STRATTON.

It is a fact beyond dispute, as all the mining men of Cripple Creek know, that practically all the big veins of the Cripple Creek district run into Mr. Stratton's territory. The indications are that many of these veins converge to a common point within his ground. This would indicate that the great mother vein, the center from which the great veins, and ore shoots of the district radiate, is directly under the ground owned by Mr. Stratton.

From the shafts being sunk good ore is being taken, the different veins being followed up as they show themselves.

Japan's First Sleeping Cars.

In spite of its reputation as the most enterprising and progressive of Eastern nations, Japan has been entirely without sleeping cars until the last few months. Their introduction into the land of the Mikado is due to H. Iwasaki, the superintendent of the Sango Railway at Kobe. Mr. Iwasaki has traveled in America, and from the sleeping cars in common use here he drew the plans for the four cars which are all that are at present running in Japan. Since these pioneer cars were put into service they have been at all times profitable and popular, so much so that there is a loud demand that all Japanese roads should be equipped in the same way. Mr. Iwasaki has slightly modified the plan of the usual American sleeper. Each of his four cars contains, for instance, a little dining-room, seating eight, in which meals are served at all hours of the day or night. In interior finish the Japanese cars are said to fairly outdo the barbaric and hideous splendor of their American prototypes. In one way they are a great improvement over anything in this country, in that each upper berth contains windows which admit air and keep out dust.

H. IWASAKI.

Flattery All Too Sincere.

Addressing his students, Dr. Wyllie, the professor of medicine in Edinburgh University, adduced an experience of his that is not without its literary moral. He was called one day to see a young man. As he was entering the house the patient's sister exclaimed: "Oh, it's all that horrid book!" Inquiry elicited the fact that the patient's favorite reading was "Sherlock Holmes." The young man was in a very low state, and his tell-tale arm was dotted with hypodermic punctures. His admiration for the most popular of paper detectives had betrayed him into the cocaine habit.—Academy.

An Exhausted Resource.

When Mr. Paterson, the Australian war correspondent, was at the Maori-land Hot Lakes, the local Maoris were very anxious to hear all about a war, so by special request he lectured to them. At the end of the discourse the Maoris all began to jabber at once, and the translator turned to Paterson with a beaming smile and said: "There is one thing none of us understand." "What is that?" "If te troops stop hungry why not eat te Boer?"—Sydney Bulletin.

Natural Enough.

"Why is it," she whispered at the close of the ceremony, "that the bridegroom always looks as if he couldn't call his soul his own?"

"Probably," replied her brother, "it's because from that moment he really can't."—Philadelphia Press.