

FELICISSIMA.

Her hands held all earth's rarest gifts: the best
Is folded in the now eternal rest.

Her lips have pressed the chalice of all bliss;
They smile forever, touched by death's calm kiss.

To charm her ear the sweetest sounds life gave;
At last, the restful silence of the grave.

Upon her eyes dawned love's fair, golden light;
Now falls the shadow of death's long, still night.

She fathomed pain's most sacred mysteries,—
Was on her breast the flower of beauty lies!

Life, love, and motherhood. What more could be
But death? Ah, God, I would that I were she!

ELIZA CALVERT HALL.

DOLLY'S DOINGS.

BY ELLA RODMAN CHURCH.

Pineville had a young minister for almost the first time in its experience as a village, and there appeared to be some danger that the Rev. Frank Grantlake would be spoiled. He was quite a boyish-looking personage, with all a boy's enjoyment of fun; but there was, nevertheless, an expression of strength, both mental and physical, that precluded the idea of taking liberties with him.

An old-fashioned, spreading house opened its hospitable arms to receive him immediately on his arrival, and two motherly women, spinsters though they were, ministered faithfully to his bodily needs. Attentions of all sorts were showered upon him by outsiders, and he was polite and pleasant to all, but so far no particular impression seemed to have been made upon him.

The Rev. Frank was much given to long, solitary walks, popularly supposed to be conducive to the thinking-out of sermons; and returning from one of these tramps, he was quite surprised by the phenomenon of a strange young lady standing on the door step.

Mr. Grantlake was quite certain that he had seen all the young ladies of Pineville by this time; but the girl in question was evidently waiting for some one, and her mischievous eyes roved about taking in the various points of the house and grounds, apparently wondering if anything of interest could be found there. They did not take in the minister, however, for he kept himself carefully out of sight with the aid of a friendly tree, behind whose shelter he studied the pretty vision before him with much satisfaction.

She was not a beauty by any means, and looked not a bit

"Too good
For human nature's daily food,"

but she was graceful and dainty from the crown of her head to the sole of her foot. Brown hair and eyes, round features, and a flickering color were her prominent characteristics; but her figure was charming, slender and graceful as a lily, and the feet, encased in fairy slippers with great steel buckles, might have belonged to Cinderella.

She was evidently quite unconscious of observation, for, changing her attitude, she raised the folded sun-umbrella that had been swinging from one hand, and poised it back across her shoulders in a way that was suggestive of a familiar acquaintance with gymnastic exercises; and Mr. Grantlake was just wondering what she would do next when the tall figure of Miss Lulu Winters emerged from the front door and bore off the pretty figure through the gate and down the road until it was lost to sight.

He understood it all now: this was Lulu's friend, Miss Blake, whom she had expected from the city, and she had been waiting outside while Miss Lulu despatched some errand within doors. It was quite surprising how many errands the young women of Pineville had with the Misses Talcott since the establishment of Mr. Grantlake in their domicile as a boarder. They were very pleasant maiden ladies, and much respected in the small village of Pineville, but they certainly had not been such belles before the advent of the young minister.

He was really very young for his post, having just been ordained, and so strong a contrast to old Mr. Peabody, now on the retired list, that it seemed like the dying old year making way for the infant new one. Mr. Grantlake was certainly very nice in himself, and quite deserving of a reasonable amount of appreciation; he was conscientious, too, and truly desirous to do his duty; but, with all this, he was human and young. Everyone smiled on him; his rooms at the Misses Talcott's were delightfully comfortable, and ornamented, of course, in due time with the inevitable string of slippers, somewhat suggestive of the Indian warrior's belt of scalps; and all sorts of subdued festivities were constantly gotten up in his honour. Picnics, tea-drinkings, excursions to the lake, were the order of the day that summer, and Lulu Winters rejoiced that her city friend, Dolly Blake, would get the cream of what Pineville had to offer on her long-promised visit.

Nearly every country girl has some city friend—some one who sends her patterns, and writes to her of the latest fashions, and gives her an occasional week or two of city life; and Miss Blake supplied this need for Lulu Winters. They had met at boarding-school five years ago; and Lulu, whom people usually described by saying that she knew on which side her bread was buttered, had clung so closely to Dolly Blake, whom she declared to be absolutely perfect, that Miss Blake felt in duty

bound to return some of this redundant affection. So the girls drifted into intimacy, and every winter Lulu spent a delightful fortnight in the city.

But it was two years now since Dolly had favoured Pineville with her presence, and her friend was particularly anxious for her society this summer. She honestly believed that she could make her visit more enjoyable than ever before; and, besides, she wished to show her that she was not entirely dependent upon New York for gentlemanly admirers, for certainly Mr. Grantlake—

Well, people did very unanimously assign him to Miss Lulu: one reason, perhaps, being that she seemed resolved to appropriate him, and another that she was a wonderfully clear-headed, capable girl, who was pronounced to be admirably calculated for a minister's wife. Such a housekeeper as she was! She took to it as naturally as a duck does to water; and her pies, and cake, and bread were beyond criticism. Every one recognized her contributions at a picnic, and she was complimented on all sides.

Mr. Grantlake found the Winters mansion a very pleasant visiting-place. Mrs. Winters was a kind, motherly woman, and Mr. Winters a very unobtrusive host, while Miss Lulu was always cheerful and entertaining. It seemed quite like home to him, and he had a habit of dropping in very often.

When he appeared, then, on the evening of the day when he first spied Miss Dolly, his visit was taken as a matter of course, and that young lady was agreeably surprised to find a man worth talking to in Pineville. She really was a dear little thing, this Dolly Blake, and not nearly so artificial, in spite of her city training, as her country friend, Miss Winters.

Lulu had been quite disappointed that Dolly did not bring her best things, as she wanted to make a show with her; but that damsel had the good taste to prefer simplicity in the country, and a certain chintz dress, a white ground with rosebuds thickly scattered over it—which, by the way, she wore when Mr. Grantlake first saw her—had been purchased because it looked as though it had been designed purposely for her to wear at Pineville.

Lulu could not but admit to herself that it was most objectionably becoming to the wearer, while she herself never would have been presentable in it. For Miss Winters was not pretty, and she knew it; but she prided herself on being stylish.

Dolly was a great trial to her, in this respect, on that memorable visit. She absolutely refused to remember that she was the daughter of Judge Blake, of Madison Avenue, and entered into the most rural amusements with all the zest of a born rustic. She rode on loads of hay, she drove the cows, she fed the poultry; and she and Mr. Grantlake looked guilty enough when they were discovered one afternoon, in the orchard, pelting each other with daisy-balls in lieu of cowslips. Somebody had twined a wreath of daisies around the little hat that Dolly wore, making it more bewitching than ever.

"I thought," said Miss Lulu rather severely, "that you always devoted Saturday afternoon, Mr. Grantlake, to revising your sermon." At least, you told me so last Saturday when some of us contemplated a trip to the strawberry-field."

"N. B.—Miss Blake had not arrived on the Saturday in question."

"Oh! well," was the easy reply, "an orchard is a particularly suggestive place for a sermon, you know, and I was meditating deeply when I suddenly discovered Miss Dolly over there among the daisies."

Lulu Winters did not like the look of things, though she gave her friend credit for nothing deeper than a flirtation; but she could not speak her thoughts, and policy required her to be polite and cordial to the offenders.

On Monday they all went on a picnic; quite a reinforcement of beaux had been imported from a neighbouring town, and it promised to be a brilliant affair.

Dolly was flitting about here and there and everywhere, the gayest of the gay; every one took to her, and she did everything that was to be done with the prettiest grace imaginable. "Not stuck up a bit" was the general verdict on Lulu Winters' city friend; and the bright little damsel was wonderfully at home among the simple country folk. Little did she dream what an eventful day it was to prove for her.

Dolly had a queer feeling, however, that she could not account for—a presentiment of some coming evil that wouldn't be shaken off. After a while she turned off by herself into a quiet path; and there, just before her, leaning against a tree, stood Mr. Grantlake, wrapped in deep thought, while close beside him, rearing its ugly head through the underwood, and unperceived by its intended victim, was a huge rattlesnake!

The girl's heart almost stopped beating. There was not a moment to lose, but speaking might be fatal; so, seizing a stone, with trembling hand but a well-directed aim she crushed the reptile's head and saved a life that had become very precious to her. Her gymnastic training had stood her in good stead; but the moment for action once past, her cheek grew white, her eyes closed, and the little head would have found a resting-place on the ground had it not been suddenly snatched to the bosom of the young minister.

He was fully awake now, and realized it all, almost sobbing over the dearest little girl in the world, who lay insensible in his arms. A soft, kittenish little thing he had thought her, very bright and lovable; but so much character and courage was an entirely new development. Ten-

derly removing her hat, he chafed the cold hands—such little hands for such a deed!—and presently a sigh broke from her lips and a fluttering colour came into the pale cheeks. She smiled, as her eyes opened and she saw that Mr. Grantlake was safe.

"I am so glad!" she whispered.

"Promise me," he whispered in reply, "that you will accept the devotion of the life you have saved. It is only fair, Dolly, for you were the cause of my danger; I was thinking of you, wondering if I could dare to ask you, reared in luxury as you have been, to become the wife of a poor young minister, and hence I did not see the approach of my enemy. I am sure now that, whether I dare to risk my fate or not, I cannot live without you."

Dolly still smiled, but the fluttering colour had become steady; and she did not resent the passionate kiss that emphasized these words, nor many others that followed.

When stern duty, after a somewhat prolonged absence, finally dragged them almost by the hair of their heads back to the scene of festivity and the close questions of Miss Winters Dolly gave a rather lame account of being frightened by a snake and meeting Mr. Grantlake, and the minister himself was decidedly confused.

It was not long before Lulu knew the worst, and wisely had it out by herself in the privacy of her own room. Then she smiled sweetly on Dolly and congratulated her, and took her revenge, that winter, in marrying Mrs. Blake's rich bachelor brother, from whom Dolly had expectations.

But what did Dolly care for expectations?

WHO LOST WATERLOO?

BY JOHN C. ROPES.

In a sense the harsh expressions of Chesney and others about the utter state of ignorance in which the emperor was as to the strategy of his enemies, that he did not take at all into consideration the possibility of the march of the whole Prussian army from Wavre to join Wellington, and so on, are true. They are true so far as this; that Napoleon, having trusted the whole duty of finding out about the Prussians—where they were, and whether they were going to unite with the English or not—to Grouchy, and having given him a competent force and plenty of cavalry and an express warning as to the danger of the union of their army with the English, had considered that he had done all that was needful; and undoubtedly he was taken by surprise when the blow came. But they are not true in the sense that Napoleon was throughout blind to the possibility of this junction of the allied armies, and took no measures to prevent it. If an experienced sea captain, on approaching a dangerous coast, intrusts the deck to one of his officers, to whom he gives a sufficient number of men, and whom he warns to beware of the dangers arising from the force of certain currents, and then goes below, he is undoubtedly taken by surprise when the ship runs ashore. In his berth, asleep, he certainly did not foresee the catastrophe. His principal, if not his only fault was in his choice of the officer to whom he intrusted the deck. As to his knowledge of the perils of that part of the voyage, that cannot be questioned.

So with Napoleon. His throwing the entire responsibility of taking care of the Prussians on Marshal Grouchy was his chief fault, for Grouchy was not able to sustain such a burden. Davoust, whom he might have had, and ought to have had, in Grouchy's place would have successfully carried out his ideas. And while I fully admit the emperor's dilatoriness on the morning of the 17th, by which the concentration of the Prussians army at Wavre was assured, which in fact made it impossible for Grouchy, or for Davoust even, to prevent this concentration; and while I also fully admit the negligence of the emperor in leaving Grouchy so long without any instructions, except the warnings of the possibly intended junction of the allied armies contained in the Bertrand letter, yet I cannot agree with those, who like Chesney, say that "the notion that Grouchy is responsible for the Waterloo defeat must be dismissed by those who choose to weigh the evidence, from the domain of authentic history to the limbo of national figments." The responsibility must be divided between the emperor and his lieutenant. Charging upon Napoleon, as we must, the faults above specified, it must yet not be forgotten that had Grouchy intelligently carried out the emperor's instructions contained in the Bertrand letter he might have been in a position to defeat, or at least to hinder, the junction of the allied armies.

It is hardly to be questioned that, if Grouchy had moved at four o'clock in the morning by way of Mousty, and had put himself in communication with the main army, his forces would have stopped the Prussian advance, and allowed the emperor the use of his whole army against the duke's forces, which were inferior in numbers and composition. Instead of being obliged to detach 16,000 infantry against the Prussians, Napoleon could have used them against the English, and from what we know of the condition of Wellington's army in the latter part of the afternoon the result would have been a decided victory for Napoleon. If, on the other hand, Grouchy had, even as late as mid-day, changed his plan, and, following the advice of Gerard, had marched to join the emperor, he would certainly have averted the catastrophe, even if he had arrived too late to insure a victory for his side.—*Atlantic Monthly*.

SPRING.

BY EDITH THOMAS.

There is a telegraphy in the air nowadays hourly, momentary, messages flying between the busy rural genii. These messages may be "taken off" at any station along the route where there is a practiced operator, an intelligent and sympathetic ear. One hears of the mysterious trysts kept between botany and zoölogy,—of plants waking up by alarm-clocks, and of birds travelling by midnight express, on receipt of expected despatches from headquarters. I occasionally hear Flora and Fauna exchanging the compliments of the season, and such pleasant gossip as naturally results from their near neighbourly relations:—

Fauna.—I have just sent a minnow up the creek.

Flora.—I've been blossoming out a pussy willow there by the bank.

[And after an interval:]

Fauna.—I venture a bluebird.

Flora.—Good. I'll risk a blue violet in the south meadow.

[And still later:]

Fauna.—If you listen, this evening, you will hear a frog in the marsh.

Flora.—To-morrow I shall send you a basket of cowslips.

Fauna.—Thanks. I am just starting out a hive of bees. Would you like them to scatter pollen?

There is no cessation of this correspondence throughout the season. The mutual consent and joint plannings of the two friendly goddesses are everywhere observable. It is to be noticed that for every bird that becomes whist and moping, after the height of summer is passed, some plant will be found putting on sackcloth and ashes, and absenting itself from Flora's court for the rest of the year.—*June Atlantic*.

MISCELLANY.

—A SECRET is like silence—you cannot talk about it; it is like money—when once you know there is any concealed it is half-discovered. "My dear Murphy," said an Irishman to his friend, "why did you betray the secret I told you?" "Is it betraying you call it? Sure, when I found I wasn't able to keep it myself, didn't I do well to tell it to somebody that could?"

DURING the last twenty-five years, according to the records of the Prussian Herald's Office, there has been created but one duke,—the Duke of Ujest. Four counts were made princes, including Bismarck, already promoted from the rank of baron, and thirty-two counts were created, including Moltke, Roon and Wrangel. Ninety-eight barons were made, and three hundred and forty-three persons were empowered to use the noble "von." Few civilians have been distinguished since the war of 1866, but among them is Leopold von Ranke. Karl August, of Weimar, made Goethe a "von" against his will; in 1859, two of the poet's grand-sons, not satisfied with this distinction and their ancestor's fame, had themselves made barons.

TREASURE TROVE.—In the course of the excavations necessary for the reconstruction of the baths at Dürkheim, in the Palatinate, the workmen have come upon an enormous iron chest containing the celebrated treasure of the Abbey of Limburg, which disappeared after the siege of the Abbey in 1504. The treasure is supposed to have been put in safety by the Abbot out of fear of an attack. It is composed of a large number of vases and other objects of gold and silver, of precious stones, and a host of coins of the 15th century. There are also a number of articles of worship, dating from the commencement of the Abbey, which was constructed by Conrad the Salic, and his wife, Queen Gisela, and opened in 1030. By the law of the Palatinate, half the treasure goes to the State and half to the French company which has the working of the baths.

MATRIMONIAL MIXEL.—We have seldom read a case of greater connubial involvement, personally, than the following, which Colonel Forney publishes, growing out of a case of bigamy that recently came before a court at Plymouth. Thrown into tabular form, the facts are as follows:

WM. COX

was charged with intermarrying.....	Rosina Knight
his first wife.....	Caroline Drake
being alive. It was proved that.....	William Cox
had married.....	Caroline Drake
but, as she was the wife of.....	Geo. Merrifield
he left her, and married.....	Rosina Knight
On learning this.....	Caroline Drake
(whose husband.....)	Geo. Merrifield
and since been married to.....	another woman
instituted proceedings against.....	William Cox
But it was proved that before.....	Geo. Merrifield
married.....	Caroline Drake
he had.....	another wife
living. His marriage with.....	Caroline Drake
was therefore illegal, and.....	William Cox
felt himself at liberty to marry.....	Caroline Drake
But it was also proved that.....	Caroline Drake
had a husband when marrying.....	William Cox
His marriage with.....	Caroline Drake
was therefore illegal, and.....	Rosina Knight
became the lawful wife of.....	William Cox
The bench accordingly ordered.....	Geo. Merrifield
and.....	Caroline Drake
to be prosecuted, and discharged.....	William Cox

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