

THE GLEANER.

Several charming Russian proverbs: Work is black, but money is white. Debt does not roar, and yet it prevents one from sleeping. With a good wife, grief is half grief; joy is double joy. On going to war, say one prayer; on going to sea, say two prayers; on getting married, say three. Woman can scatter and lose with her sleeve more than a man can gather in a cart.

We waste trees in this forest land of ours. In Europe, trees are nursed and loved like human beings. On the high roads, when a tree dies it is immediately removed. Any man caught in the act of injuring a tree is punished by law.

A warning to the fraternity of dentists: The other day a gentleman entered the office of a leading dentist. He announces himself as the Honourable so and so. Salutations are exchanged. "I want a complete set of teeth."

"Nothing more simple, sir." "Beg your pardon. Not so simple. I have still a few bad teeth that will need extracting first. Until now I have always dreaded the operation. I am morbidly sensitive, and—"

"But, sir, you will suffer no pain whatever." "Ah, yes! I have heard of your system of insensibilisation." "It is infallible, sir. Infallible.... infallible; of course, you always say that. But the proof—"

"The proof?... Why, Sir, I will breathe a little of the liquid contained in this vessel and you will see." "You will be thorough insensible?" "Thoroughly. You may pinch me and...."

"Very well." And the dentist, put upon his mettle, sits down, inhales, and goes to sleep. When he awoke, the honorable gentleman had disappeared, carrying off the dentists' watch and all the money he had in his drawer!

The impudence of genteel beggars is sublime. An impecunious artist called upon a colleague, and after recounting his misfortunes, seasoning his account with plentiful reproaches on the selfishness of his fellow men, managed to ask the loan of a dollar. His companion gave him seventy-five cents, stating that he would have handed him the balance, if he had it upon him.

The next day, at the same hour, there was a ringing at the door. The servant appeared. "Please tell your master that I have called for the twenty five cents which he owes me since yesterday."

The gentleman had not the courage to refuse.

Dyspepsia is apply termed the demon of America. Frenchmen are often twitted for their ignorance of geography. Englishman confess that they are not much better in this respect. Lord Roseberg said before the Social Science congress, that he could walk up to a map in the dark and put his finger on the site of Ciceros' Villa, but if any one asked where San Francisco was, he should have to think twice.

The world is certainly moving. Dr. Holland tells us that as a class our Christian Ministers are the purest men we have. And he adds: "they average better than the apostles did at the first."

What is the use of dead leaves? In Paris, the trees of the Palais Royal are carefully collected and sold for 83,000 francs. The dead leaves of the Tuileries are much sought after on account of the large quantity of plane-tree leaves, which are valuable for covering seed plots. The garden of the Tuileries produces from 80 to 100 cart loads of dead leaves. The leaves of the Luxembourg are preserved by the administration and stored away for the preservation of tropical plants. The leaves of the Champs Elysees, the parks, the squares, and the promenades, are sent to the hot-houses of Passy. Some are also sent to the horticultural establishment of Sevres.

THE FASHION PLATE.

SERGE COSTUME.—This costume is made of serge of a greenish-grey shade, trimmed with gathered and kilt-pleated flounces of the same material, and bias strips, side sashes and bows of a darker shade of silk. Black velvet hat with feathers, grosgrain ribbon and flowers.

POPLIN DRESS.—The material for this is poplin of a shade of blue-grey. The skirt is trimmed with narrow and broad kilted pleats of the same material, and strips of darker grosgrain. The overskirt is arranged with strips and bows of grosgrain.

GROSGRAIN COSTUME.—Dark-brown grosgrain underskirt with pleated flounce. Demi-train and jacket of a lighter shade, the latter trimmed with dark grosgrain strips and knotted with silk fringe.

CASHMERE AND GROSGRAIN COSTUME.—This consists of a grey cashmere dress and grosgrain sleeveless jacket of a shade to match. The folds on the sleeves are also grosgrain.

COSTUME FOR A GIRL OF NINE TO ELEVEN. Skirt and overskirt of steel-blue serge, the former trimmed with a broad kilt-pleated flounce of the same material. Checkered silk sash.

COSTUME IN DRAP-RELIEF.—The material is olive-green drap-relief, and the trimmings olive-green silk fringe, velvet strips and grosgrain bows.

MY LOSS.

In the world was one green nook I knew, Full of roses, roses red and white, Reddest roses summer ever grew, Whitest roses ever peeped with dew; And their sweetness was beyond delight, Was all love's delight.

Wheresoever in the world I went Roses were, for in my heart I took Blow and blossom and bewildering scent, Roses never with the summer spent, Roses always ripening in that nook, Love's far summer nook.

In the world a saddened plot I know, Blackening in this chill and misty air, Set with shivering bushes in a row, One by one the last leaves letting go: Whereso'er I turn I shall be there, Always sighing there.

Ah, my folly! Ah, my loss, my pain! Dead, my roses that can blow no more! Whereso'er I look I on our nook again! Whereso'er I turn I see autumn's rain Where the summer roses bloomed before, Bloomed so sweet before! —Cornhill Magazine.

A POLISH LADY.

"And so my little girl is going to leave me to-morrow, for one who can love her more and take better care of her than I."

"Now, uncle," the girl's brown eyes filled with tears, and the hand stroking his white hair trembled visibly, "I wish you wouldn't talk as if you're never going to see me any more after to-morrow; you know very well that though I love Julian better than all the world, that doesn't make me love you any the less; you know that, don't you, uncle Stanislaus?"

"Yes, my dear, I know. There, there, you foolish girl, don't cry any more, I was only joking. I'm sure I'll be utterly bored to death with the company of Doctor and Madame Kostowitz. But wheel my chair up to the window, Natalie dear, where I can reach some of those roses that are poking in their heads."

Let us look from the window, reader, over the heads of the invalid Stanislaus Semensky and his niece Natalie, and we shall see a broad branch of the Southern Nieman rolling majestically past, its blue waters sparkling in the last beams of the sun, retiring to rest behind the distant mountains. Little would any one think as he gazes on the clumps of white cottages along the river bank, and then on those further inland, dotting the fair plain on all sides, surrounded by fields of grain almost ripe enough for the sickle, and orchards of trees loaded with fruit, that not long before the horrors of war had driven happiness and comfort from that fair village. But so it was. Not many years before, the tidal wave of war had swept over the country, devastating the homes of the people, and still further crushing them under the yoke of oppression and slavery. Hard, indeed, has been the fate of that gallant and patriotic nation, who fought so bravely for their liberty and their homes. Little though Natalie remembered of those sad times, she knew the history of the brave efforts of the Poles, and hated with all the strength of her woman's heart the oppressors and taskmasters of her people. But just at present her thoughts are not occupied with the rights and wrongs of the Polish nation, but, womanlike, with her lover and her trousseau, for she has made her choice, and to-morrow is to be joined for life to one whom she loves with all her heart. As she leans over her uncle, the wide sleeves of her silk dress falling back, show to advantage the white arms crossed on the back of his chair, and the tender light that beams in her soft eyes as she thinks of her absent lover, makes her face exquisite in its youthful loveliness. Not that she possesses very wonderful features, except, perhaps, the eyes—those eyes that can be so merry, so mischievous, so tender, or so defiantly passionate—and the little rosybud mouth, so beautiful with its loving smile. Her figure is tall and slender, with an indescribable girlish grace about it, which is noticeable in every movement. Her hair is dark brown; to tell the truth, the young lady is the least little bit in the world proud of her hair, and no wonder, for it is perfectly magnificent. To-night it is drawn back from her forehead, and arranged in thick plaits coiled round and round high up on the back of her small, aristocratic head. Suddenly Natalie lifts her head, and the glad light dances in her eyes, and a pink flush mounts to her rounded cheek, as a well-known form is seen down the street. He is a handsome fellow this lover of Natalie's, and good and generous as he is handsome, truly it is little wonder that they are proud of each other. But now his firm, quick footstep is plainly heard, he is quite near, and Natalie makes a sweet picture as she leans out of the window, framed with climbing roses, bowing and smiling; then, half in fun, half in earnest, touches the tips of her dainty fingers and blows a kiss. A minute more and a pleasant voice is heard under the window,

"Are you nearly ready, Natalie?" "Yes, nearly," returned Natalie, and turning quickly to the old gentleman, she kissed his cheek, saying,

"Good-night, uncle Stanislaus. I won't be long, but I suppose you'll be in bed by the time I get back. If you want anything, Paulovitch will help you."

"Are you going out with Julian, my dear?" "Yes, uncle, you know we promised to go to that little party at Madame Polowsky's."

"Oh, to be sure. I had forgotten. Now then, run along, and don't keep Julian waiting, or he may get angry."

"Angry, indeed," retorted Natalie, laughing lightly, "I'd like to see him get angry with me yet awhile," and she swept him a saucy courtsey.

"She gets more and more like her mother every day," murmured her uncle, looking after her as she disappeared down the stairs, "and yet how strangely like her poor father too. He didn't look happy like that, poor fellow, the last time I saw him, when he took a last farewell of his wife and child; I can almost see him now, with that set, despairing look on his face, as he turned in his saddle and waved his hand till we could see him no more. How lonesome we shall be without Natalie," he continued, his thoughts reverting to his niece; "but I am glad—yes, I am glad she is to be so comfortably settled; if I had my choice of all the world, I couldn't wish a better husband to my little niece."

Meantime Natalie and Julian were sauntering slowly, arm in arm, into the village, talking lovingly of their plans for the future. Many a shy reverence did they get from the young, and blessings were sent after the young doctor and his bride from the lips of the aged, for these two were well known and loved by the poor as well as the rich. Suddenly Natalie stopped as they were passing a small cottage of the poorer class,

"What noise is that," she said quickly, her sharp ear detecting a rough Russian accent, and the imploring tones of a woman's voice. Even as she spoke, the door opened with a jerk, and two Cossacks came out, dragging between them a man tightly bound with ropes. Natalie's face blanched, and she clung tightly to the arm on which she was leaning, but Julian stepped forward and walked quickly past without looking again on the wretched scene,

"I suppose," he remarked bitterly, "the unfortunate man has been uttering some truths about our conquerors."

"Hush! hush!" exclaimed Natalie, in a terrified tone, "nobody knows who may hear you."

Nothing more passed between them, for well they knew that they dare not say a word about such a subject on the street which might be overheard, or their lives were endangered. A few minutes walk brought them to the house of their entertainer, where they found all the company assembled. They were all intimate Polish friends, and were known to be bitter haters of their oppressors, the Russians. As Natalie and Julian entered the room, a lady who was sitting at the piano running her fingers over the keys, rose quickly and came forward to meet them. She was very tall and masculine looking, and appeared to be about thirty-five years of age. Her hair was perfectly black, as were her thick, heavy eyebrows, which almost met across the bridge of her aquiline nose, giving a sinister expression to her face.

"I hope I did not disturb you, Mademoiselle Katherine," said Julian, after the greetings were over; "I have not heard you sing for a long time, and you know how fond I am of your music. Please let me take you to the piano."

The lady laughed, but a gratified expression passed over her face, as she accepted his proffered arm and moved to the other end of the room. There was a moment of silence as Katherine Durakoff placed her music; her long white fingers ran over a few chords, and the song commenced. Julian stood entranced as her magnificent voice rose and fell, now clear and sweet like the lark singing at Heaven's gate, and again soft and low as the summer breeze sweeping across the strings of an Aeolian harp. But for once Katherine cared not for the effect of her voice. Her mind seemed in a terrible chaos—a whirlwind of passion surged through her heart. For a moment she could not think, then crushing down her feelings, and hardening her heart, she thought passionately, "He shall never marry her. Is that baby-faced girl of twenty to come between me and my wishes in everything? Is it not enough that she is liked in society better than I, but she must gain the love of the only man I ever loved? Bah! and the poor boy thinks he loves her, but he will soon see which is preferable, her love or mine. I shall put her out of the way. I shall gain his love." As song succeeded song, scheme after scheme passed through her mind. At last she rose abruptly, and received the enraptured thanks of Julian, but shook her head smilingly as he pleaded for one more.

"Not to-night, Dr. Kossowitz," she replied, "let us go over to that corner and hear what Natalie is talking so vehemently about."

As they neared the group to which Katherine Durakoff referred, her face brightened and for an instant a look almost fiendish in its wicked triumph appeared in her eyes. The next moment it was gone, as she smilingly asked what was the matter.

"Matter!" exclaimed Natalie bitterly, her wonderful eyes flashing passionately as she spoke, "I was just telling our friends here of the scene we witnessed not an hour ago. How a poor quiet man, probably for a few truthful words in his own home, of hatred and revenge, against those who have ground him down to the earth, was seized and dragged away from his wife and children, whom in all probability he will never see again. Ah," she continued excitedly, "how well I remember my dear father and brothers killed in battle, my mother dying of starvation in the forest to which we had escaped, while our Russian oppressors destroyed everything on our land; good reason, indeed, have I to hate them from my soul, and I do."

"Natalie, Natalie, you forget yourself; for Heaven's sake don't speak so loud," said Julian, looking anxiously towards the window. "Remember that there are always spies about, and how cautiously we should talk of anything relating to our troubles."

The girl glanced quickly at the window, and then relaxed into silence. In a few minutes, however, she seemed to have forgotten what she had been talking about, for on some one alluding

to her wedding day, she commenced to laugh and talk merrily in her usual style, and so continued till ten o'clock arrived, when the little company separated.

Instead of proceeding straight to her home, Katherine Durakoff drove to a large building at the other end of the village, and demanded to see the officer commanding the Russian garrison. After a few moments delay, the gentleman appeared, obviously surprised at being summoned. Two or three words passed between them in a low tone, and then Katherine was assisted to alight, and conducted to a private room, where a long and earnest conversation followed.

"To-morrow morning will do," said the officer, as he politely accompanied her back to her carriage.

"Yes, yes, to-morrow," ejaculated Katherine eagerly, as the door was shut.

Meanwhile Natalie and Julian had arrived at the house of Stanislaus Semensky, and were bidding each other good-night as only lovers can. If Natalie had only known, as she stood with her lover's arm round her waist, the mine almost exploding under her little feet, how she would have shrunk back horror-stricken; but well for her, perhaps, that she did not know, as she turned from him and went up the little path to the door, and that their last meeting on earth was so happy.

"Did you call me, love?" she said, turning slightly, as she heard his footsteps coming after, "have I forgotten anything?"

"No, no," he said, tenderly folding her in his arms, and speaking with a strange yearning in his tone, "I only wanted to hear you say once more how you love me; kiss me again, sweet wife."

She raised herself on tip-toe, and put her arms round his neck. "I love you, Julian," she said simply, "with all my heart and soul, and will love you through all eternity," and the girl put up her sweet mouth and pressed a long, passionate kiss upon his lips. "Well, good-night, darling," she said at last, laughingly; "I must get my beauty sleep to-night. I suppose you'll be here to-morrow morning."

"No, I forgot to tell you," he returned, "I have to drive into the country about twenty miles, but I shall be in time for the ceremony; I'm not going to run away from my little bride now, never fear."

II.

The next morning dawned bright and fair. Natalie was up with the sun, helping to arrange the house for the great event which was about to take place. Very sweet and happy she looked, as she ran up and down stairs, occasionally looking in at her uncle to pat his white head and laugh merrily as she remarked that she was sure "he was as happy to be rid of her, as she was to go away from him." At length everything was ready, and Natalie was arranging some flowers in her uncle's room, preparatory to putting on her bridal dress, into which she had sewed so many sweet, tender hopes and resolutions, when a loud prolonged knock was heard at the door. "I wonder whom it can be," ejaculated Natalie, peeping childishly over the banisters, but as she did so the smile faded from her face, and was replaced by the ashen hue of horror, as she saw the servant start back, and two Russian soldiers make their appearance.

"We have come to arrest Mademoiselle Natalie Semensky for seditious utterances against the Russian government. Where is she, girl?" demanded one of them sternly, of the trembling servant. But no answer was needed, for they all caught sight of the girl upstairs, as she rushed back to her uncle's room; "Oh my God! uncle, save me, save me," she shrieked, throwing herself down on the floor at his foot. Count Semensky stood up for the first time in several years, and raised the half unconscious girl in his arms.

"What do you mean," he said angrily, as the two men entered the room, "by coming into a quiet house, and terrifying a lady like this." One of the soldiers drew a paper from his breast and read the warrant. "Did you speak against the Government last night, Natalie?" groaned her uncle, his face growing livid with terror for his brother's daughter.

"No, no, uncle," sobbed the girl, with a violent shudder, as she clung helplessly to his arm. "Well," he continued in a reassured tone, "they will have to prove the charge, and as of course they can't, they won't be able to punish you. Come," he added, turning to the soldiers, "you needn't mind securing her, we will go together." They drove in silence to the house where the court was held, and to Count Semensky's great relief it was nearly empty. The trial came on at last and was very short. The judge spoke a few words to the Cossacks who had brought her, and then turned to the wretched girl. "Natalie Semensky, daughter of that arch rebel Peter Semensky, do you utterly and entirely deny the offence for which you have been indicted." "I do," she returned in a low voice wondering how she could demean herself so much as to tell a lie. "Bring in the witness against the prisoner," said the Judge. Natalie started, and trembled violently as she looked up and saw the tall form of Katherine Durakoff standing before her.

"Oh, God!" moaned Natalie, hiding her face in her hands, "what harm have I ever done you, that you should betray me." "The judge's face lighted up, as he said briskly, "Do you acknowledge the charge, madame?" "Yes," murmured the girl, utterly broken down by the faithlessness of one whom she had believed a friend.

"Your offence" said the Judge, after a short pause, "might warrant me in sending you before a higher tribunal, where the penalty would be death, but as you are young, and appear