

said. "At the terminus, we shall separate, to meet again to-morrow at my lawyer's office. It will not take long to draw up a deed of settlement, by which a certain portion of my income will for the future be paid over to you. After that, we will say farewell, and I shall never see you again."

She stared at him with bewildered eyes. "Never see me again!" she gasped out. "Me—your wife!"

"Estelle—you know the reasons which induced me to vow that I would never regard you as my wife again. Those reasons have the same force now that they had a dozen years ago. We meet, only to part again a few hours hence."

She had regained some portion of her *sang froid* by this time. A shrill mocking laugh burst from her lips. It was not a pleasant laugh to hear. "During my husband's absence, I must try to console myself with my husband's money. You are a rich man, *caro mio*; you have made a large fortune abroad and I shall demand to be treated as a rich man's wife."

"You are mistaken," he answered, without the least trace of emotion in his manner or voice. "I am a very poor man. Nearly the whole of my fortune was lost by a bank failure a little while ago."

His words seemed to strike her dumb.

"In three days I start for Chili," continued Oscar. "My old appointment has not been filled up; I shall apply to be reinstated."

"And I have come six thousand miles for this!" muttered Estelle under her breath. She needed a minute or two to recover her equanimity—to decide what her next move should be.

Her husband was jotting down a few notes with a pencil. She turned and faced him suddenly. "Oscar Boyd, I have a proposition to make to you," she said. "If you are as poor a man as you are—and I do not choose to doubt your word—I have no desire to be a drag on you for ever. I have come a long way in search of you, and it will be equally far to go back. Listen then. Give me two thousand pounds—you can easily raise that amount among your fine friends—and I will solemnly promise to put six thousand miles of ocean between us, and never to seek you out or trouble you in any way again."

"For a moment he looked up and gazed steadily into her face. "Impossible!" he said drily, and with that he resumed his notations.

"Why do you say that? The sum is not a large one. And think! You will get rid of me for ever. What happiness! There will be nothing then to hinder you from marrying that woman whom I saw in your arms. Oh! I am not the least jealous, although I love you so dearly, and although"—here she glanced at herself in the chimney-glass—"that woman is not half so good-looking as I am. No one in this house but she knows that I am your wife. You have only to swear to her that I am an impostor and she will believe you—we women are such easy fools when we love!—and will marry you. Quo dicitis vous, cher Oscar?"

"Impossible!"

"Peste! I have no patience with you. You will never have such an offer again. Ma's je comprends. Although your words are so cruel, you love me too well to let me go. As for that woman whom I saw you kissing, I will think no more of her. You did not know I was so near, and I forgive you." Here she turned to the glass again, gave the strings of her bonnet a little twist, and smoothed her left eyebrow. "Make haste, then my darling husband, and introduce your wife to your fine friends, as a gentleman ought to do. I will ring the bell."

Mr. Boyd rose and pushed back his chair. "Pardon me—you will do nothing of the kind." He said more sternly than he had just spoken. "It is not my intention to introduce you to any one in this house. It would be useless. We start for London in a couple of hours,

I have some final preparations to make, and will leave you for a few minutes. Meanwhile, I must request that you will not quit this room."

She clapped her gloved hands together and laughed a shrill discordant laugh. "And do you really think, Oscar Boyd, that I am the kind of woman to submit to all this? You ought to know me better—far better." Then with one of those sudden changes of mood which were characteristic of her, she went on. "And yet, perhaps—as I have heard some people say—a wife's first duty is submission. Perhaps her second is, never to leave her husband. *Eh bien!* You shall have my submission, but—I will never leave you. If you go to Chili, I will follow you there as I have followed you here. I will follow you to the ends of the earth! Do you hear? I will haunt you wherever you go! I will dog your footsteps day and night! Everywhere I will proclaim myself as your wife!" She nodded her head at him meaningly three times, when she had finished her tirade.

Standing with one hand resting on the back of his chair, while the other toyed with his watchguard, he listened to her attentively, but without any visible emotion. "You will be good enough not to leave this room till my return," he said; and without another word, he went out and shut the door behind him.

Her straight black eyebrows came together, and a volcanic gleam shot from her eyes as she gazed after him. "Why did he not lock me in?" she said to herself with a sneer. She began to pace the room as a man might have paced it, with hands behind her back and her fingers tightly interlocked. "Will nothing move him? Is it for this I have tracked him? His fortune gone! I never dreamt of that—and they told me he was so rich! What an unlucky wretch I am! I should like to stab him—or myself—or some one. If I could but set fire to the house at midnight, and"—She was interrupted by the opening of the door and the entrance of Sir Frederick Pinkerton. At the sight of a man who was also a gentleman, her face changed in a moment.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Chewing Gum

"I suppose you don't know that chewing gum is made from petroleum?" said the confectioner. "Here is a lump that we have just received. A few days ago it came out of the ground in Pennsylvania, a dirty, greenish-brown fluid, with a smell that would knock an ox down. The oil refiners took it and put it through a lot of chemical processes that I don't know anything about, and after taking out a large percentage of kerosene, a good share of naphtha, considerable benzine, a cart load or so of tar, and a number of other things with names longer than the alphabet, left us this mass of nice clean wax. Now it has neither taste nor smell. We will take this lump, cut it up, and melt it in boilers. This piece will weigh two hundred pounds. We add thirty pounds of cheap sugar to it, and flavor it with vanilla, wintergreen, peppermint, or any pleasant essential oil. Then we turn it out on a marble table and cut it into all sorts of shapes with dies. After it is wrapped in oiled tissue paper and packed in boxes it is ready for the market. You can imagine that somebody is chewing gum in this country when I tell you that a lump like this will make ten thousand penny cakes, and we use one up every week. There are dozens of manufacturers using almost as much of the wax as we do. I believe this petroleum chewing gum, if honestly made, is perfectly harmless, and that is more than can be said of some of the gums made from the juices of trees, especially the imported article."

Each human life is a crystal rather than a surface; it has many faces, and each face seems to him who sees it a complete life; and yet all the faces form but a part of the one life whose depths are concealed from sight.

SNAKE-CHARMING.

The Methods of Orientals who Handle Dangerous Reptiles.

The Eastern snake charmer of to-day is only half a fraud. Among the Egyptians, Chaldeans, and Persians, the secret of snake-charming by music has been held for ages in superstitious reverence as a power only to be acquired by enormous study, backed by supernatural favor. In India instances of music attracting snakes are very numerous, and the ordinary serpent charmer relies upon the widespread belief, in the power of melody, to obtain some credence for the feats he affects to perform. As a general rule it does not matter to the charmer that upon the premises where he operates a snake has never been seen, for he sits down to pipe, and in five minutes has captured, in various corners of your room, a dozen reptiles, indeed, if he could only have carried more concealed about him, he would have caught more. The sleight of hand with which the trick is performed constitutes its only claim to admiration. So notorious is the deception, that the snakes, when caught, are never killed, as being the private property of the charmer.

The favorite snake for exhibition is the cobra, partly because of its more striking appearance, and partly because its deadly character being so well known, any trifling with it appears to the uninitiated public more wonderful. In most cases, the charmer, however, has rendered the reptiles perfectly harmless by drawing their poison fangs, and the exhibition then becomes merely one of the snake's highly trained condition. On the other hand, however, it often happens that the basket contains the veritable death-dealer, and a cobra with his fangs undrawn is nearly always forthcoming if the temptation in money be sufficiently strong. Then, in the handling of the creature when once exposed, there is no hesitation, for hesitation means death, and in the swift seizure or sudden release there is danger of an exceptional kind. A cobra strikes, when it has really made up its mind to strike, with lightning rapidity, and to dodge lightning successfully, requires considerable agility.

The snake-charmers, however, when put upon their mettle, will grasp the erect cobra with impunity, owing solely to the superior speed of their movements, for by a feint they provoke the reptile to strike, and, before it can recover its attitude, seize it below the jaws. It is the same thing with the ichneumon or mungoose. For a long time it was believed that poison could not hurt a mungoose, until one was held while a cobra bit it; then the mungoose died in about four minutes, and it is only by superior agility that he can overcome the cobra in a fair fight. And, as in case with the mungoose, the snake-charmer, when actually bitten, dies as rapidly as any other creature, and in spite of all the power of his charms, roots and snake stones, there can be no remedy except instant amputation, and the snake-charmer himself knows this well. As a means of general security he confides in his dexterous sleight of hand, but in case of accident he carries a broad-bladed knife.

The Oriental has an inexhaustible appetite for entertainment, and provided it can be seen for nothing, and sitting, he will squat all day before a puppet-show. That the exhibition in question is a stale one, matters nothing, and the same performer is therefore certain of a welcome as often as he chooses to come. This partially explains the extraordinary popularity of the snake-charmer's entertainment, for, though judged on its own merits, it has little in it either to arrest attention or evoke admiration, the tubriwallah's performance commands at all times an interested audience; for, of all the many castes, or tribes which pretend to have power over the serpent world, the Sanyas, or tubriwallahs, constitute the chief Indian snake charming guild. He is, as a rule, a wild-looking creature—the

snake-charmer—with his yellow cloths all fluttering about him, and his hair arranged in a strange confusion of coils and wisps, under and among rags of the same color—the professional hue—as he struts into a village, piping on a reed stuck into a gourd, while his assistant, a small unkempt morsel of humanity, follows in his wake, with a box of mysteries and a basketful of wonders.

Arrived at the well, the couple sent themselves, and the villagers collect to see the show. But first the performer has to insure some payment—a meal and a night's lodging, at least—and thus arranged satisfactorily, the proceedings begin. The same stupid old toothless cobra is hustled out of its basket, picked up and dropped a hundred times, as if it were a dangerous thing, and then, with a boisterous ostentation of pluck and dexterity, finally seized by his neck, half throttled and thrust back into his bag. This wonderful feat, enacted over and over again, with precisely the same "business" and pantomime, constitutes the first part of the entertainment, and the wonder-worker proceeds to "charm." The old cobra, sick to death of what it has come to consider ill-timed foolery, is once more jerked out from the bag, and while the magician plays on his execrable pipe, the poor, battered reptile lifts a foot of its length off the ground, and discharging its hood, sways gracefully to and fro in time with the music. The master now requires no stick to keep his pupil at work, for it is evident that the cobra enjoys the melody, and that its motions are voluntarily and naturally sympathetic. But except as an illustration of the power of music over the dreadful thing, the second part of the entertainment is as dull as the first.

There can be no doubt, however, that the terrific power given by Nature to venomous snakes, invests them, even for the most intelligent, with extraordinary interest; and any performance that requires the handling of them, must have a corresponding excitement for others, besides native villagers. In his fearless manipulation of the deadliest species, the tubriallah has a certain claim to respect—the same claim as have all exhibitors, who, for the entertainment of their audience, trifle with sudden death. Yet, as regards the supernatural power they profess to have over the creatures which they torment and play with, there is hardly another imposture—so inadequately supported by performance. The parade of fangless worms is absurd enough, and in the never-failing crop of reptiles to be gathered by the puppet-player from among the furniture of a room or the shrubs in a garden, there is only food for laughter.—*Harper's Weekly.*

Berlin has one drug store to every 16,260 inhabitants; Breslau one to every 13,000, and Cologne one to every 11,000. A Chicago writer expresses surprise at these figures, for his is a large German city, yet it supports a drug store for every 1,500 inhabitants.

It is reported that at one of the Gethin coal mine explosions a collier was able to traverse the whole of the working in making an exploration while the pit was yet full of gas, his cap, saturated with cold tea and held to the mouth and nostrils, proving an efficient safeguard.

In 1664 John Calvin and Michael Angelo died, and Galileo and Shakespeare were born. In 1624 Galileo died and Isaac Newton was born. Thus it will be seen that the persecuted and suppressed astronomer of papal Italy preceded only by 88 years the welcomed and honored astronomer of protestant England. There is a touch at once of earthly pathos and of celestial glory in this—that the great and rejoicing Newton came just when the great and sorrowful Galileo went away. The coincidence in the death of Michael Angelo with that of Calvin is seen as a beautiful one, when we consider the diversity of their genius and the singularity of their loves.