

was ruined by speculations, and was registrar of the circuses where she bewitched all with her noble horsemanship.

M. Castenkiold was a lieutenant in the Royal Dragoons quartered in Copenhagen. He was twenty-five years of age, belonged to a good family, his grandfather having commanded in the Schleswig-Holstein war. He was not rich, and, unable to meet the expense of a crack mess, he obtained unlimited leave of absence, and hoped soon to come into possession of property. The baroness was at this time, 1890, performing in the Copenhagen circus, and one evening her husband was surprised to find in her *loge* a handsome and dashing young cavalry officer; he said he came to demand permission to present on his own behalf and that of his brother officers, the expression of their admiration at the feats of the fair equestrian. The truth was, the lieutenant had fallen madly in love with the baroness, and bombarded her several times a day with love letters. One of these fell into the husband's hands: a duel with sabres followed; the baron had his skull laid open, and he fought so bravely, that the seconds of the antagonist presented him with, as a token of honor, the sword that inflicted the wound. This keepsake recalls the attempt of a Spanish lady to assassinate Alphonse Karr; he claimed the weapon, a poignard, kept it under a glass case, with the inscription, "given to me by Senora G—, in the back." In exchange, the baron presented the photo of his wife to the lieutenant. The latter, two years later, in May of the present year, encountered the baron in the streets of Barcelona; being penniless, he asked the baron to aid in obtaining him some employment at the circus; the baron smelt a rat, and high words nearly led to a duel. The baron and his wife in a few days quit Spain for Clermont-Ferrand, in the south-east of France. The lieutenant followed; saw the manager of the circus, solicited an engagement, as he had been trained; he was tested, found satisfactory, and engaged. When the baron learned this, he ran at once up to a white heat, insisted on the engagement being broken. Then he armed himself with a revolver, drank plenty of absinthe, went to the circus, where the *troupe* were preparing to perform; the baroness was there, the lieutenant soon arrived, passionate from being dismissed; the two men met, the revolver was emptied of three bullets; before the lieutenant could well use his cane he was dead, the baroness being a spectator. The trial has just taken place; the jury, after five minutes, acquitted the Russian, and the crowd vociferated applause. The baron embraced his counsel, who then joined himself and his wife at a quiet dinner party in an hotel. The lady spectators viewed the baroness with evident dislike; pronounced her a coquette, devoid of feeling, etc. She has been asked to name her own terms by a circus manager here, but the experiment of her appearance, so hot from the trial, might not suit the feelings of the public.

The Rev. Père Loyson has been permitted to hold forth in the pulpit of the Calvinist church in the Rue Taitbout. His sermon was fairly attended, for apart from his orthodoxy or heterodoxy, his eloquence and pure French are well worth listening to. It is said M. Loyson is now advocating the union of all Christian churches; this is likely to be more practicable than trying to overturn the Pope, and to convert the new to become old Catholics.

The market women of Paris decline to

join either the Socialists or the Rights of Women Association. Their only grievance is, that at the central markets where they most do congregate, the wholesale shall not be allowed to be at the same time a retail dealer. The dames have solicited, and obtained an interview with the Senators telling them what were their grievances, and the remedies to be applied. They presented no petition, believing the fathers would be too gallant to forget the conversation.

Those Castor and Pollux interviewers, Messrs. Binet and Parry, have applied their psychological tests to Alphonse Daudet, the novelist; they discovered nothing at all original about him, save that he is one of a family of 17 children, and of whom only three survive. Daudet is notoriously shortsighted, has always been so, but not the less claims to be a great fencer with the foils. He prides himself on being the French Dickens; few see the claims to that honor but himself. He has the power to observe minutely, and to indulge in much landscape padding in his novels—not considered to-day as excellencies. He confesses he is not one but two men; individual number one collects subjects, and submits them to the microscopic judgment of individual number two. Daudet lives at present a most retired life; he feels he has reached the threshold of work exhaustion, and prefers to take notes, not to be printed, but as food for individual reflection. Since he was a lad, he has been in the habit of ever carrying a note book and pencilling therein what he saw and thought in his journey across life. These are the books he now reads.

The new law intended to be voted, obliging the notaries to deposit from the 1st January, 1894, all papers belonging to private persons or families, meets with strong resistance. Only documents up to the year 1700 are called for. These papers are viewed as historical side lights, and having been legalized, can facilitate the researches of students of biography as well as of history. The statute of limitations precludes any advantage being taken of these next to confessional papers. Yet after all, they do no more injury to present-day posterity than the papers of the Foreign Office laid open to the inspection of the Dryasdusts. Some Parisian notaries have in their archives, in garret or cellar, documents of the purchase and sale of properties, marriage settlements, etc., dating from the year 1300. They would be glad to be rid of the rubbish, and to obtain a glimpse of the persons who have the taste for examining them. There is a list of all the notaries of France, and their successors for generations past; also the legal documents and their nature, that they drew up and executed; some 140,000 boxes of such papers exist in Paris alone, but the syndicate of notaries refuse to part with them till ordered to do so by a law.

The winter continues to be very unhealthy, and sickness—throat affections especially—is on the increase. The assembling of Parliament has not imparted any stimulus to business. The public is waiting to ascertain what is the plan by which the general taxation of the country will be so re-cast that the taxpayer will not feel the demand made upon him; the novelty must resemble the plea advanced on behalf of the adoption of the guillotine, namely, its despatch was so rapid that the "patient" had not time to feel any pain.

Under the Reign of Terror all publishers or relators of false news were to be

viewed as guilty of treason, and punished like ordinary traitors—decapitation; that prevented their again talking. Z.

"PASSING."

I.

I look from my chamber window over a stretch of blue—
So still that a flitting cloud-flake a shade on its bosom threw.
I see the leafless willows stand golden against the sky,
Unmoved in an air as tranquil as a sleeping maiden's sigh.
I hear a trembling echo come faint from the distant hill,
From the nearer sheltered coppice a laggard songster's trill.
Yonder, becalmed on the azure, loiters a lazy sail,
And the smoke from the hearth-stone altar rises straight to the zenith pale.
And this, I know, is December—this is the year's old age;
I have followed the varied record—I turn the ultimate page.

II.

As but yesterday bellowed the tempest; the savage north wind blew.
And over the whirling waters the hissing spin-drift flew,
As the surging waves of anger in the youth-spring long gone by,
(Days we scarcely dare remember) flung their foam crests wide and high.
There were thirsty droughts—like passion: there were frosts as keen and still
And deep as life's disappointments; there were lightnings to scorch and kill.
There was blight of the buds of promise, when harvests would fade and fail;
There was wreck, when our barques, hope-freighted, went down in the weltering [gale].
All over—forever. Their warfare no more shall the storm-gods wage;
For this is the calm of December—this is the year's old age.

III.

And beyond the year that is passing we still look for the year that is new,
When the gates of the Future shall open, and its finger shall beckon us through,
To days that spring bright from their dawning and never in tempest shall die,
To a haven where safe at their anchors our rich laden vessels shall lie,
To a time when the striving of effort shall eat of the fruits of its will,
To a life where no promise is broken, and good is not vanquished by ill,
To a love whose soft God-given rapture in no torments its price shall entail,
To a vision whose passionate longing no blackness of darkness shall veil.
Sweet hope and vain dreaming! the conflict we know that no hand can assuage
Till the storms of the spring and the autumn are hushed in the peace of age.

ANNIE ROTHWELL.

Kingston.

"The day is not far distant when we shall do away with the switching engine entirely," said James S. Robbins, an expert on railway matters, from Philadelphia recently. "The electric capstan will take its place. It is already in use now in some branch yards in order to make a thorough test of it before it is finally adopted on main lines. The motor, which actuates the capstan by means of a gearing, runs at the rate of 1 208 revolutions a minute. The gearing motor and switch of the electric capstan are all contained in a water-tight iron case, the top of which comes flush with the ground. There is a cover to it which is readily removable, so as to give easy access to the motor for oiling and cleaning. The wires containing the current for the motor are carried through an iron pipe below the surface of the ground, and the switch for starting and stopping the motor is operated readily by the foot of the man in charge of the capstan."—*Detroit Free Press*.