

windmill, then the river takes a turn to the southward, and after a straight reach of a mile or so it bends up towards the north, then you come to a bridge and on the other side of the bridge is a little wharf. The Kro lies back about a hundred alen from it."

We thanked him for his information, bade him good-night and dashed onward again, battling the current inch by inch.

The windmill showed a stern reluctance to be passed but we turned our backs on it at last, and crept under the bridge without unshipping, although it was extremely dark and the centre arch barely wide enough to admit the boat with oars outstretched on either side, a fear which elicited the cry of "Well coxed indeed!" from our stroke.

At length we had moored our slim craft and stood cramped and stiff, and fagged out upon the wharf. We lost no time in knocking up the people of the inn and soon had its table groaning under such viands, comprising eggs, bacon, smoked herrings, butter and black bread, as its larder or the outrigger's locker could afford, and made a hearty meal, washed down with schnaps, Bavarian beer, and their sour red wine, labelled Medoc, about the mediocrity of which, Charley Sprightly said, "there could be no doubt whatever."

After a brief rest upon the wooden benches, we were again upon the thwarts before the dew had dried upon them by the weak sun beams which cast long ill-defined shadows through the misty air. Hard fighting with the stream all day under a blazing sun with alternate stroke and bow turns, which turned Cox into an insufferable bully and made the crew irate and fractious beyond measure. About four o'clock we called a halt at Rosendal, a picturesque little inn, containing a still more picturesque little frou-frou, who could not restrain her delight at the beautiful boat, nor think her guests sufficiently honoured till she had slain the tenderest chickens, and produced the freshest eggs, the sweetest milk, the richest cream, and the most delicate Röd-gröd—*anglicised* red currant jelly—which it ever fell to the lot of mortal man to enjoy.

The stream broadened after this and passing through some rather lumpy water with but little current in it, at about half past six we shot under the white bridge out into the broad lake and describing a huge circle spurted up to the landing place the cynosure of all the eyes of the inhabitants of Silkeborg.

Silkeborg is, as everybody knows, the very highest point in all Jutland. All the telegraph poles are painted white there, and altogether the place, a favourite with tourists, bears a gay and holiday air.

An excellent meal of steak and chickens, with the mealiest of potatoes, and wine which really needed no bush was spread for us on the hotel table. The crew, however, after their fifty miles hard battle with the stream were secretly, though they did their best to conceal the fact, scarcely in a condition to do justice to the viands. Cox, however, did his best to make up for their deficiencies. A little stroll through the streets with cigar in mouth followed, then a game or two of billiards, and early to bed. Next day the party embarked early in one of the little lake steamers whose pilots perform miracles of navigation in steering at full speed through apparently impossible places, for a trip to the picturesque points in the neighborhood.

Going ashore at one of the little piers formed by a single plank and rail, the crew of the "Alexandra" left the steamer with the intention of ascending to the flagstaff which marks the highest altitude of Jutland's sandhill. The limpid water of the lake, however, deep and cool and transparent as crystal, looked so tempting that a halt was unanimously voted for the purpose of a swim, and half the party were already in the water and the rest reduced almost to the simple costume of our first father, before anybody remarked on the unimportant fact the party were unprovided with towels. This trifling oversight was easily remedied by the scorching sun. The bather had but to stretch himself luxuriously for a few moments upon the green herbage, and a towel was no longer needed. Some ran up and down upon the sward with the unique costume of a pair of canvas boots, which were necessary to guard against an inadvertent brambles. Others donned at once their light jerseys without undergoing any drying process whatever, after the principle of certain Danish lads who I have heard declare this proceeding to be "gauske meget deiliger,"—quite much more beautiful—than any other, it kept one cool so much longer!

Refreshed and renewed in spirits we climb the hill together, and threw ourselves in a ring amid the heather at its summit.

"How awfully jolly," remarked somebody "this sort of thing is. How much more absolutely happy one feels here than amid the restraints and jealousies of an artificial society."

"Oh, yes," sighed Paul Elliot, "if I were only young again I'd lead a different life. I'd save my money and buy an outrigger and have the frou-frou at Rosendal Kro for my wife."

"Ain't you young enough to go in for all that yet?"

"A man's age," remarked Jack Hinton sagely "doesn't always tally with his years. Some people who vegetate all their lives would die young at a hundred. Others condense into a quarter of that period the experiences of a lifetime. I suppose Paul judged by that ratio is older than anybody among us."

"Perhaps he is," said Paul modestly, "look at that meerschau," exhibiting a short black

pipe, whence the rich bends of unctuous juice exalted in bountiful profusion. "That has been smoked beneath the Falls of Niagara, on Vesuvius, on Mount Blanc, in the gondolas of Venice, in the bazars of Constantinople, in the garden of the Tuileries, in the music halls of London. It has been the counterirritant of the excitement of a bull fight in Spain, a tiger hunt in India, a heavy book on the Derby, the cruelties of a coquette, the applause of private theatricals, the harassments of duns, the excruciations of 'little go' examinations, and the issue favourable or otherwise of billiard matches innumerable. In a word that cherished pipe has been during the last ten years the consoler of my sorrow and the moderator of my joys."

"And you would change all that, and paddle your own canoe down stream placidly instead. But as regards the taking to yourself a wife why have you never done that?"

"Well, I was once within an ace both of marrying and repenting, though heaven knows whether I should have repented. Probably I should never have discovered the truth and where ignorance is bliss, etc. It's a queer story though, and I'll tell it to you if you like, though a man don't like to confess how he's been sold."

Resolution.—That Paul tell his story. Carried *nem. con.*

And Paul, puffing huge clouds from his devoted meerschau, thus began:

"When I was in America I happened one day upon a little place where people used to go to drink mineral waters on the margin of a great lake. It was a pretty little place enough, the telegraph poles were all painted white, I remember, just as they are in Silkeborg, and everything had the same holiday air; only it was bigger than Silkeborg is. I lingered there a day or two and made some sketches, and then I should have wandered in again had I not discovered a new attraction. I made the acquaintance of a grey-haired, gentlemanly old boy who did two things excellently and unremittingly, namely, rolled cigarettes and played billiards. He was there in charge of his daughter, I found out, who had been thrown from her horse some weeks since, and was still unable to rise from her couch. As she was rumoured to be very beautiful, I had the curiosity to remain in the hope of seeing her; when I did see her I had my reward. She was not only very beautiful, I think the most beautiful woman I have ever seen, but very amiable, and unsophisticated, and apparently innocent and very jolly altogether. She was awfully weak and had to be wheeled or driven about everywhere, and I went through a regular course of spooning, reading poetry and all that sort of thing. In fact, I was hard hit, and made pretty severe running so that in three weeks she had promised to marry me as soon as she had completely recovered. Two days afterwards I received a telegram saying that my father could not last many weeks and if I wished to see him alive I must start for England immediately. I had no alternative but to leave Lilla, to marry her and take her with me was out of the question, she was not fit for the journey. She was cut up about my going. She wept and refused to be comforted. There was something more than mere grief at a temporary separation; she was actuated by some vague terror which she was not to be laughed or reasoned out of. When the time came for me to go she clung to me, white and trembling, and in a passion of tears, 'Forgive my folly,' she sobbed, 'but something tells me I am losing you for ever.' Chaffing her, reasoning with her, soothing her, kissing her, were alike useless, and I tore myself away at last feeling miserably blue."

My father fooled the doctors. He lived three whole months after I reached England. It was three months more before I had settled all necessary business matters and was in a position to return to America and claim Lilla. During this time I heard from her frequently. At first her letters had a despondent tone, they were full of the dread of some coming evil. At last this dread reached its climax. "Think of me, pray for me," she said, "on the sixth of December. I have an unspeakable horror of the approach of that day, a horror which I cannot explain." By an odd coincidence, it was the very day on which my father died. I remember being greatly cut up at losing the governor and tortured by Lilla's unreasonable fears, which, nevertheless influenced me in spite of myself. I never felt so absolutely wretched in my life. I never slept a wink that night, nor for nights after, till the doctors gave me laudanum. I awaited Lilla's next epistle with a fever of impatience. It came. The day had passed and she was alive and well. After that her spirits seemed to improve wonderfully. She even began to look forward to seeing me again with something like hope, till at last the day was fixed for my departure and she was informed of the date of my probable arrival. Our rendezvous was to be at the little watering place where we had first met and whence all her letters had been dated.

My voyage out was an uneventful one. It was even shorter than usual. The only delay occurred at S—, where the train arriving greatly behind time I had to wait till the next morning before I could proceed. I called on an old friend to whom I told my story. He straightway set about devising some means to drive my thoughts from Lilla and reconcile me to the delay.

"Come with me to the Central Hall," he said, "the house will be crowded, but fortunately I have secured a box. It is the great Zoe's last

night, the most beautiful woman and most graceful gymnast in the world. There will be a regular ovation, the whole town is in a ferment about her, but it is the ferment of despair for they say her virtue is ferocious."

Such a proposal possessed no great attraction for me, but I did not much care where I went or what I did if I could only kill the time that separated me from Lilla. I accepted and we went.

The performance had commenced some time when we took our seats in a box on the first tier immediately over the stage. Harry's wine was good and we had not hurried away from it.

Somebody with an amusing falsetto voice was just finishing a song full of political hits which elicited thunders of applause, when we entered. Then the orchestra burst into full melody and the audience subsided into the expectant silence which awaited the appearance of their favorite Zoe.

I noted that the preparations had been already made. A carpeted platform extended the whole length of the hall above the heads of the people at the little marble topped tables in the pit. Three separate trapezes hung at intervals suspended from the ceiling, while a little bracket had been erected above the dress circle and over the stage from which the gymnast would take her flight.

My eyes had just made themselves acquainted with these particulars when Zoe herself, full of life and grace, bounded lightly on the stage, kissed her hands rapturously to the audience, and sprang lightly up a little ladder at the very corner of our box. As her face reached the level of the red covered ledge of the box our eyes met. Not only met but became rivetted. What was it that caused the flush of excitement to fade from that face which, guiltless of paint, blanched to a deadly pallor? Only that our glance had been a glance of recognition and she knew that that second must have told me that Zoe and Lilla were one. She went on then, deftly placing her feet between the hands of the spectators who leaned on the slippery rim of red leather that fringed the dress circle, only once or twice she staggered and stretched out her hands wildly to balance herself, or she would have fallen. She reached the little bracket and took her stand there, and an old man with silvery hair walked out along the platform and threw her the nearest trapeze. Then he went to the next, and by a vigorous motion of the hand set it swinging, and proceeded to the third. Meanwhile, Zoe, as I was afterwards told, watched the gyrations of the trapeze, prepared for the flight, faltered and then with set face and closed eyes, one second too late, swung herself off on her perilous journey. She flashed through the air lightning swift, left the trapeze when it had gained its fullest altitude and with outstretched arms attempted to grasp the next. It seemed as though she actually touched the cross bar with the tips of her fingers, but she failed to catch it, and the next moment was lying on the platform, a gruesome heap of spangles and quivering flesh. Some from the personae of the theatre rushed to the spot, covering her with a piece of green baize, detached the section of the platform on which she lay, and on this improvised stretcher bore her on their shoulders from the hall.

Sick at heart and faint with horror I left the place by the help of Harry.

We went straight to the hospital which was close at hand. We soon learned that she had received injuries to the spine which would prove fatal. The only question was whether her life was to be reckoned by hours or days.

Poor girl, how she suffered! She was perfectly collected, though evidently suffering intense agony, the pale face was drawn and distorted by pain and her deep blue eyes glittered wildly from their sunken sockets. "Dear Paul," she whispered, "it is good of you not to desert me even now. It is kind of you to see the last of the poor girl who would have sacrificed you to her selfish ends. I feel how just it is that I should die as it were by your hand, you whom I have so wickedly deceived. But, oh Paul!" she said, while hot tears moistened and put out the glitter in her eyes, "if you could understand all, I think you would forgive me. If you knew how I have hated this life, how I dreaded to return to it after my first fall, and above all how I really loved you and how I would have striven to make you a good wife, and to have repaid you for rescuing me from the danger and the degradation."

There were tears in Paul's eyes now, and he could not go on.

"Enough of that," he said, "it was a horrible scene, God knows I forgave her, God knows if it had been better for us both if she had lived. I went wild after that and dissipated nearly all my fortune and here I am the listless, worldly-weary being you see before you. Hark! isn't that the whistle of the steamer?"

And we hurried down to the landing place.

#### A REMINISCENCE OF THE WAR.

During the civil war there was, rightly or wrongly, a lamentable prejudice entertained against brevet rank and brigadier-generals. Lincoln's estimate of the comparative value of the mules and brigadiers gobbled up by a Confederate raider—the army mule was affectionately known as a "brevet horse"—is known to most readers; but there is another story, scarcely less complimentary, and much less familiar. According to the anonymous libeller, during an active engagement, a colonel, while bravely

leading on his men, received a terrible blow in the head from the fragment of a shell, which completely exposed the brain. He was carried to the rear, and intrusted to the care of a surgeon, who at once resolved upon heroic treatment, and removed the brain bodily to repair the lacerations. While he was absorbed in this delicate operation, an aide-de-camp, unconscious of the severity of the officer's wound, rode up with a message that Colonel Blank was wanted immediately at head-quarters. Mechanically, like the brainless pigeon in the interesting surgical experiment, the gallant officer clambered into the saddle and rode away; and when the surgeon, having completed the re-arrangement of the wounded organ, returned to place it in position, he was astonished to find the patient missing. At that moment his attention was attracted by the sound of galloping hoofs, and looking round, his surprise was intensified on beholding the colonel riding to the front as gayly as if nothing had happened.

"Hi, colonel! ho, colonel!" shouted the surgeon, pursuing him. "Stop. You're forgetting about your brains!"

"Never mind about them," roared the hero, clapping spurs to his horse, "I don't want them—I've just been brevetted brigadier-general."—*Harper's.*

#### HE COULDN'T GET AWAY.

"No, I am not one of the old veterans of the war," he slowly replied to the enquiry, "but it isn't my fault. I wanted to be there, but something always held me back."

"That was too bad."

"Yes it was. When the war broke out I wanted to go, but I was in gaol on a six months' sentence and they wouldn't take me. I was innocent, of course, but as I was in gaol the recruiting officer had to refuse me. Lands! but how I did ache to get down to the front and wade in gore!"

"And when you got out of gaol?"

"Yes, I got out, but just when my mother died. I was on my way to enlist when she died, and of course that altered my plans. No one knows how badly I wanted to be down there in blood and glory."

"Well, you didn't have to mourn all through the war, did you?"

"Oh, no. Bless your soul, but I only mourned for thirty days, and then I started out to enlist in the artillery. I was just about to write down my name when a policeman arrested me for breach of promise, and it was four months before I got through with the suit. Ah! sir, but if you only knew how I suffered at being held back, when others were winning glory on the field of courage you would pity me!"

"But the suit was finally decided?"

"Yes, finally, and within an hour after the jury brought in a verdict I started for Toledo to enlist in the cavalry."

"And you enlisted?"

"Almost. I was being examined by the doctor, when I got a despatch that the old man had tumbled into the well, and of course I had to go home. I hadn't got the undertaker paid before lightning struck the barn. Then some one set fire to the cheese factory, and soon after that I had three ribs broken and was laid up for a year. When I finally did get around to enlist the doctor rejected me because I was color blind, near-sighted, lame and deaf. I tell you, sir, when I think of the glory list, and the gore I didn't shed it breaks me right down and I don't even care for soda-water. Hear the band. See the old-pets and the ex-prisoners. Hang my hat, but why wasn't I born with legs long enough to kick myself over into Canada!"—*M. Quad.*

#### HUMOROUS.

LAWYERS generally make good soldiers—good on the charge, you know.

EXTRACT from a story just out—"Mamma!" murmured Arethusa, unawakened, "I hate him!" Then she resumed her fainting.

"Did your uncle leave you anything in his will, Thomas?" "Oh, yes," said Thomas cheerfully, "he left me out."

It is a curious fact in natural history, not so generally known as it might be, that a cat with nine lives generally falls on its own feet; whereas a cat with nine tails mostly falls on somebody else's back.

CONSUMPTION CURED. — Since 1870 Dr. Sherar has each year sent from this office the means of relief and cure to thousands afflicted with disease. The correspondence necessitated by this work becoming too heavy for him, I came to his aid. He now feels constrained to relinquish it entirely, and has placed in my hands the formula of that simple vegetable remedy discovered by an East India missionary, and found so effective for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung Diseases; also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints. Its remarkable curative powers have been proven in many thousand cases, and, actuated by the desire to relieve suffering humanity, I gladly assume the duty of making it known to others. Address me, with stamp, naming this paper, and I will mail you, free of charge, the recipe of this wonderful remedy, with full directions for its preparation and use, printed in German, French or English. W. A. NOYES, 149 Power's Block, Rochester, N. Y. e-v-w