#### THOMAS CARLYLE.

BORN 1795. DIED ISSI.

Shut fast the door! Let not our vulgar din Vex the long rest of patriarchal age. But one step more eternal peace to win, Britain's philosopher! old Chelsea's sage!

How they will greet him! When he nears the home Where dwell the deathless spirits of the dead—Goethe and Schiller, "sovereign souls," will come To crown with immortelles his honoured head.

Out from the unknown shore, the heroes past— Cromwell of England, Frederick the Great— Will lead the grant procession, and recast The roll of genius that he joined so late.

What will his message be, from life to death Grand hero-worshipper of years ago! "Is British true!" they'll ask him in one breath, "Faithful to history!" He'll snawer, No!

To this indictment be must pledge his word—
What warrant else could an historian sign !—
He lived through Britain's triumph, but he heard
With dying ears the shudder of decline.

Perchance the revolution and the shame That like black shadows crossed the Commons' floor, Were spared him dying! Whisper not their name—Shut fast the door! He's sleeping. Close the door,

# A LAW OF NATURE.

WHAT KITTY SAYS.

What does she think I asked her here for, if it wasn't to fall in love with him! What does he think I asked him here for, if it wasn't to

fall in love with her!

I've no patience with such stupid people.
Don and I met, fell in love, and were married inside of three months. That's the way to do things. I'm so mad I don't know what to do. She was mad this morning, too, only she doesn't show it as I do: she never flies into rages. "I won't have it, Kitty!"—that was all she said, but it was more effective than if I had raved and torn round by the hour.

They look so well together, too, -a regular pair of Saxons. Even their names match, and I had set my heart on it. It is really very rude to me as hostess. There! I knew I should cry if I got to thinking of it again.

They are such a lovely match. Don and I don't match: we contrast, which is just as well. He is Spanish-looking, which is one reason why everybody calls him Don. He has a clear olive complexion, velvety-brown eyes, and thick brown hair that he keeps very short so recople may not know it's curly; he's ashamed of it. I'd just as soon any one should know my hair is curly, which makes me think I am naturally more strong-minded than Don. I am very fair, -not particularly pretty. Of course I know my good points, and I do thoroughly understand about contrast and harmony

She doesn't think about such things. Luckily, though, she is one of the people whose clothes look as if they had grown on. If she appeared at a ball in a night-dress and night-cap, all the men would rave about the classic simplicity of her style, and all the women would say, "How frightful!" and the next week the price of night-dresses and night-caps would go up.

I've always loved her. She's so strong and

steadfast I like to be with her. She could never be "popular," though I don't know why; people call her proud and peculiar. But I shall always love her, come what may, though other people I love in the morning, hate at noon, and am indifferent to at night. But she was unkind this morning. Any other girl would have been delighted with all I have done for her. She said, "I won't have it, Kitty. If you don't stop, I shall go home." And so I shall have to

I felt so low-spirited I had to go to town; and I have only just got back. I feel better now. I have bought the loveliest pale-green dress of some gauzy, shimmery stuff, and yards of the most perfect ribbon. There is nothing like ribbon, if a person is small enough to wear it, to make a dress pretty and graceful. A big person with ribbons always makes me think

### Decked with flags and streamers gay:

Perhaps I could have got along without the dress, for I have a good many. We are not rich, and so I thought as long as I had bought the dress I'd be economical, as I always am now, and cut it myself. I went to work. I cut it all wrong. Wasted, -completely wasted! I am happiest, nuluck lived. Why was I ever born, anyway !

Then he and Don came home, and Don came running up to find me. He always does that the first thing, though we are an old married couple. We have been married nearly a year now, and we have never had a quarrel and never We respect each other, that is why. 1 should no more think of being unhappy or jealous about Don than-than he would of me. We are both too sure we adore each other.

"Why, what's up?" said he, for I dare say I

looked melancholy.

And then I told him all about it. "It's all her fault," I said. It is such a comfort to have a husband to tell all your woes to. "I have done everything I can to make them fall in love for the last six weeks. I put them together at the table. I always leave them to each other on the piazza, and there hasn't been a picnic or boating party that I haven't seen to it they were toget her. No one can say they haven't had op— pop—'' And then my feelings overcame me as I thought how ungrateful she had been.

Don whistled. I wish he wouldn't; I don't think it is quite respectful. And just then I looked out of the window and saw that Mike hadn't raked the driveway. And, somehow, it was too much for me, after all I had been through that day, and I burst into tears. To this minute con't know whether it was my ruined dress or Mike's stupidity or her perversity that did it. Then Dou laughed, and the more I cried the barder he laughed, till by and by he said, "Would you mind telling me what it's all about? for I haven't an idea."

He is stupid about some things, I'm afraid, for my sta ements are always very clear. Then I told him that the minute he had asked him down I made up my mind he was the m in she ought to marry. She is just the girl to like a doctor and a doctor's life and to help him in it; and he is just the man to suit her, he is so manly and dead in earnest about everything, if it's only a row. And they match splendidly. But they won't have a thing to do with each other; the closer I bring them together the more they fly apart. She doesn't like him, and he can't bear her, and would be please discharge Mike and get another man?

Don laughed again; then he said, "They would suit each other admirably. But there's no hope if you pursue your maddening tactics any longer. Every evening this week have I been trotted out on the cliffs for no earthly reason but that he may avoid her society, and, plead as I may, though my weary legs are about off, he cannot be induced to return till the lights in the drawing-room are out."

"I-know-it," I said disjointedly. "And she always has a letter to write if they're left alone. And she-says-she'll go home if I don't --don't stop."

"I don't wonder at it," said Don decidedly.
"I suppose you think you could do better," said I, and I don't care if I was cross; for men are absolutely lacking in tact, yet there never

was a man who didn't think he had lots of it.

'I haven't a doubt of it,' he answered calmly.

'Then try it, try it! I wash my hands of the whole affair. I'll have nothing more to do with them. She can marry - marry Mike if she wants to. And I fairly hate him. If I were dying, I wouldn't have him for my doctor. I care absolutely nothing about the whole affair.

Don dear, what—what do you mean to do?"
"Never mind, my dearest Kitty. With the best intentions in the world, it would not be

difficult to read you. Also, that treacherous memory of yours would upset my deepest plans."
"Very well, Don," I replied in a dignified tone; and I can be very dignified indeed when I choose. "I shall ignore everything. I will prove ask a question or try to understand your neverask a question or try to understand your plans.'

"And I will wager season tickets for the opera next winter that in two weeks they are an angaged couple.

And if they are, I will get the tickets," I

Don laughed again. I could not understand why. Sometimes I fear that Don is hopelessly frivolous.

#### и.

#### WHAT ARTHUR SAYS.

I am aware it would have been unmanly, but I should have run if Mrs. Blake had kept it up any longer. But, thank heaven! she has at last given it up as a bad job. Don's pretty little wife is the most charming hostess imaginable, but it is singular how the best of women-particularly when the bliss of the married state is new to them -- are addicted to match-making. Don is as desperate spoons as he was when engaged and used to bore me with his raptures, but, man being a different animal from woman, he is not bent on my entering the paradise he is

Miss Arklay is the last person I should ever be smashed over. She is not the style of girl I could care for, though she is everything I most admire—in theory. But ah, the difference between theory and practice. She is undeniably pretty,—more than pretty, lovely. But I have seen homely girls I liked better. She dresses to perfection, with a classic simplicity Don's wife would do well to copy, for if she have a fault it is an absolute passion for ribbons. is clever, but I don't care for clever girls. She is attractive, but she doesn't attract me. could live with her for years on the top of Mount Washington and never care for her.

At last, after six weeks of unmitigated misery Miss Arklay and I are left in peace. We are no longer hurled at each other's heads in the evening. The moon no longer suggests to Mrs. Blake the desirability of a stroll. Don and I can start for our nightly smoke on the cliffs without awakening in her the desire to accompany us. I want to smoke, but don't like to, and it so infuriates me to see Don puffing I could find it in my heart to pitch both my host and hostess over the cliffs. She won't talk, for fear, I really believe, of appearing to lend herself in the smallest degree to her friend's schemes. She need not fear; I never could think that of her. Our conversation proceeds thus: "Nice night."—" Very." Interval of ten minutes. "Pretty the moon looks."—" Very pretty," fervently. I think she is laughing, and it makes me more out of temper than ever. Another interval of ten minutes. "I'm afraid you're terval of ten minutes. "I'm afraid you're cold."—" Freezing," with a violent, a very violent, shiver. "Shall we go in !"—trying to say it slowly and reluctantly—"Yes," with unconcealed alacrity.

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Thank heaven, it is over, and I am free to oujoy the delicious country, with the stimulating sea breeze; to row in the evening till there are miles of moonlit water about me and I can dream as it never occurs to me to dream on the land, -alone as though I were really the only being in the world, and the sea and the moon and every star somehow belonged to the same plan as myself, all parts of sone vast, unknown, un-knowable whole. There I am a dreamer. On land I have no time for it. Of all professiona physician's is the busiest, the most practical, and yet, in some way, the evenings and the days seem to fit into each other.

Don evidently admires Miss Arklay. Even if I were so inclined, -- which I am not, -- it would be difficult to get a word with her. He is by her side on the piazza when the people begin to drop in; and the Blakes are both very popular. He insists on her trying his new dog-cart; it is she who must steer while he rows. And it is pretty to see how pleased Mrs. Blake is that he should like the friend whom she adores. What a child she is !

She has been unusually quiet to night. I thought she would be pleased to have her friend poken of; it is a subject of which hitherto she has never wearied.

"Miss Arklay is charming to-night," I said "Don evidently finds her so. What a comfort it must be to you, Mrs. Blake, to have your husband and dearest friend so well disposed toward each other! I know a fellow who has a pitched battle with his wife's cherished friend every time she enters the house, and a stormy time with his wife when she leaves."

"How stupid of him!" she said, -no, she snapped. I was astonished. I never knew Mrs. Blake to be out of temper before,—without any cause, either. Then it occurred to me it was probably the hot day. "I'm afraid your head aches," I said pleasantly. "You look pale. Don doesn't take enough care of you, I'm afraid."

I'm not pale. My head doesn't ache;" and there was no doubt she was in a downright passion as she got up and flew into the house. Hysteria, evidently.

Mrs. Blake has not much power of self-repression. If she were hurt bodily or mentally, she would always cry out. Presently Miss Arklay went in too, and Don proposed our usual stroit and smoke. Pretty soon he began in a confidential tone: "I'm glad you're not struck with Miss Arklay. I was afraid you would be when Kitty told me she had asked her down. A doctor should always marry a rich woman, and Miss Arklay has not a cent. Avoid her, my dear fellow, avoid her.

"Much obliged for your interest in my affairs," I said; but all the same I was rather

"Oh, it's all right," he said in his easy, light by. "You've set my mind at rest. A poor doctor hampered with a wife and family is a pitiable object."

I'm not exactly a pauper." "You've no business to marry for years. Have another eigar! and we may as well go

round the cliffs. I glanced back at the cottage. The curtains were not drawn, and I could see plainly through the broad, low window. Mrs. Blake was moving about, arranging or disarranging everything on the mantel and tables. Miss Arklay was at the piano. Though I do not like her, she is an un-deniably lovely and graceful gitl—no, woman; insensibly the broader, finer word connects itself with her. I like to see women wear white,

and she seldom appears in anything else. Don got impatient and took my arm to go

on. "Let's g. in, Senor Don," said I.

#### 111.

#### WHAT ELEANOR SAYS,

I was thinking of Dr. Sheffield, -- or rather of his looks. I have always had a fancy that people grow to fit their names, and I should anywhere have guessed his name to be Arthur. If I were an artist, I could not rest till I had painted him as the Blameless King. And then he came in through the open window so suddenly as to startle me, it came in so on my thoughts. The next moment I almost laughed at the incongruity, for he is the last man to associate with a dream. That is something of which be does not know the meaning. I do not believe he ever thinks of anything outside of his profession. enus herself would bore him unl sented herself with some new and complicated disorder.

He came toward the piano, to my surprise, for it has been a mutual case of Dr. Fell, and he made me think more than ever of King Arthur, in spite of the absurdity of it. I wonder how it is his face has that look, as though it could never be really old? "You did not go far tonight. Has not Mr. Blake been as attractive as usual?" said I. "I never saw him look handsomer."

" He quite turned my head with his beauty," answered Dr. Sheffield gravely. "His charms and the moonlight were fast getting too much

for me."
"So you flee to where there is neither moon-

light nor-

He really looked interested. I don't believe he was thinking of a case. But before he could speak Mr. Blake's voice said, "I say, Arthur, hunt up Mrs. Blake's shawl for her. You were with her on the piazza, and my wife suspects you of having purloined her property," And eye.

Dr. Sheffield obediently went, while Mr. Blake took his place

I like Mr. Blake, but just then- I do wish Kitty would not lose her things so ! He began in a confidential tone, -so confidential a stranger in a confidential tone,—so confidential a stranger might have thought he was making love; "I'm ambitions for Sheffield. It's too hot to be am-bitions for myself, so, like Mark Twain, I em-ploy an agent. I've great hopes for Arthur, particularly as long as he remaing single." "What would Kitty think of that senti-

ment !" raising my voice so she could hear. I like to see the dimples come in her dear little baby-face; but she was talking with Dr. Sheffield, and did not hear.

"Oh, I'm different. Sheffield is a bigger man, but he's just the fellow to be swamped by a woman,--like Lydgate, you know."

"All women are not Rosamonds," I said in-

dignantly.
"It would be a bad thing for her, too. Dogtors rarely get rich, and the wife of a poor doctor has an unenviable lot. No; my ambition -by proxy - dies if Sheffield marries.

And then it flashed across me that he meant to warn me. I glanced suddenly up, and saw that I was right. It was so idiotic to turn scar-

let!
"The wife of a poor doctor!" he went on meditatively. "What a cramped, wretched life meditatively. "What a cramped, wretched life it would be! Household worries, no society, no pleasure, a constant struggle from hand to month -

"I am tired, and think I will say good-night," I said, and took particular care -it was simply to show him I resented his well-meant but mistaken counsels-to say good-night as sweetly as I could to King Arthur.

#### IV.

#### WHAT DONALD SAYS.

It was the anniversary of our wedding-day. Kitty did not speak of it. Of course I could not let the day go by unnoticed, so I brought home a pearl cross I thought she would fancy. suppose you have forgotten what day it is ?' I

sappose you have ingolven what day it is? I said as I haid it in her lap.

"Forgotten!" she repeated; "I have been thinking of it all day."

"Do you like it?" I asked, for she did not say a word about the cross, only sat looking at it; then she looked at me, and, to my astonishment, but ages were full.

ment, her eyes were full.

"It's a year ago, Don," she began in a breathless, earnest way. "Have you ever regretted it! If it were this time a twelvemonth ago, would you still say to me what you did then ""Why, Kitty!" was all I could say, and for a manner. I thought the hot wenter had affect

a moment I thought the hot weather had affected her brain.

\* If it is so, oh, Don dear, believe me, I would bear it. She is so much more worthy your love than I, and how could you have helped earing for her? My only prayer would be for your hap-piness, for the happiness of you both, and that I might die to give it you. I could not want to live then, you know."
"Kitty, Kitty!" I cried, half-frightened at

this solemnity from Kitty, whose dimples are never absent, even though I could not understand her. "Dear, my one prayer in regard to death would be that I might die first, if it were not that I know the blank it would make life to you. As it is, oh, my dear, let us pray that we may die together."
"Then you don't love Eleanor?"

" Love Eleanor!" and then the utter absurdity of the idea berst upon me, and, though I did my best to keep serious, I could not speak for laughter. For once Kitty did not seem to mind being laughed at, and in a minute she joined me. Her arms were about my neck as she whispered, "Don dear, forgive me; I ought to have known." It was only because I loved you both so dearly. You were both so perfect to me I thought you must be the same to each other; and I did not feel like laughing as I thought of what my little wife had silently, if foolishly, suffered and purposed. "And where is Dr. Sheffield V she asked half an hour later. "Did not be come home with you?"

"No farther than the beeches. Eleanor was

in the hammock there."
"Oh, Don," she began with her eyes wide open, "you don't mean---"

"I think I do;" and if my tone was a trifle complacent, it was but natural. "What was Machiavelli compared with me? and was not Talloyrand himself a bungler?" It is a law that dates back to Mother Eve; and if people only understood it and practised it as I have done, there would be fewer mesalliances and no runing away with papa's coachman."

And just then who should appear coming across the lawn but Arthur and Eleanor, both looking supremely happy-and guilty! dear, I may as well begin to save up, so you can pay your wager like an honest man," said I.

## ESTHER WARRES, Lippincott's Magazine.

BLOCKED IN .- The train had run into a snowdrift, and the engine was butting its head in vain against a six-foot bank. "For once the iron horse appears to be beaten," remarked a fat woman in a second-class carriage. "You shouldn't call it an iron horse," mildly reproved a solemn-faced man. "Why not!" asked the fat woman, in some surprise. "Because it's block tin," softly murmured the solemn-faced man as he grand out of the window and account of the window