

asking. Some day some rich young fellow will come by here, the son of a great brewer, or notary, or burgomaster, and he will say to himself, "That little girl pleases me!" Then good-bye to all my hopes. She will marry him the day after."

"But I would not."

"Not if you had loved him?"

"How could I do that," whispered she softly, almost inaudibly, "when I loved another?"

"Oh, Margaret, you will never know how happy those words make me—no—no—you will never, never know." And Fritz pressed his lips to her forehead, and she held down her head and blushed, but not for shame.

"And do you remember, Margaret, that other day, when the harvest was nearly over, when they were bringing in the last load of sheaves, and you sat on the top of them on the wagon, with three or four other girls of the village? You were singing old, old airs. Your voice I heard from afar, and at once I said to myself, 'She is there!' Then I began immediately to gallop down the road after you. Then suddenly, when you saw me, you ceased singing. The others cried to you, 'Sing, Margaret, sing.' Why did you refuse?"

"I don't know—I was ashamed."

"But you did not care for me then?"

"Oh, yes, indeed."

"You loved me then, Margaret?"

"Yes."

"Sweet Margaret! You don't know how sad it made me. I thought to myself, 'She is too proud to sing before a poor quartermaster of gendarmes.'"

"Oh, Fritz!"

"Yes, it made me very sad, and I was silent and melancholy, until old Riber asked me what was the matter. I would not confess it to him, so I answered him shortly, 'Nothing. Look after your duty! You had better do that than look after me.' I was angry with myself then, and went home, and made so many mistakes in my report that I was obliged to get up early the next day to write it afresh."

"So you loved me then?"

"Indeed, I did. Every time that I passed your father's house, and saw you look out—"

"I always looked out. Oh, I heard you coming well enough."

"Every time I saw you I thought to myself, 'What a pretty girl! What a pretty girl! Whoever gets her will be lucky—luckier than I shall be.'"

"And yet you came every evening."

"Yes, after I had finished my duty. I was always first in the *Gaststube*. I pretended I came for a glass of beer; and when you brought it me yourself, I could not help blushing. Was it not foolish for an old soldier to blush—one who had been five years fighting in Spain? And yet it is true. Perhaps you saw me blush."

"Oh, yes; and I was glad!" And the happy lovers looked at one another, and laughed at their own happiness.

"Oh, Margaret, Margaret," cried he, pressing her hands, "how I love you, how I love you!"

"And I too, Fritz: I love you."

"Since when?"

"Oh, from the very beginning; from the very day that I saw you. I was sitting at the window spinning, when Jeanne, who was with me, looked up at me and said, 'Here comes the new quartermaster.' I drew aside the curtain and looked out. Then I saw you on horseback riding away, and at once I thought to myself, 'I would like to have him for my husband.'"

And the little maiden hid her face with her hands, ashamed of the gentle confession. Fritz drew her close to him, and continued, in a whisper, "And to think that, had it not been for old Riber, I would never have dared to ask your father for you. You seemed so much above a simple quartermaster of gendarmes that I should never have ventured. Shall I tell you how it all came about, and will you believe me?"

"No matter about that. Tell me all the same."

"Well, one evening as we were washing down our horses, old Riber turned suddenly round to me, and said, 'Quartermaster, you love Ma'mzelle Mathias.' I was too ashamed to reply. 'Why don't you ask her father to give her to you?' 'What! to me? Do you think I'm a fool? How can a young girl like that care for a quartermaster of gendarmes? You don't know what you are talking about, Riber!' 'Don't! Ma'mzelle always has a pleasant look for you. Whenever the burgomaster meets you he cries out to you, from across the road even.' 'Good day, Monsieur Fritz, how are you? Why don't you come to see me oftener? My cousin Bloch has sent me some Wolfheimer; come in, we'll have a glass together. I like active young fellows like you.' And Riber was right. Your father was always very kind to me."

"Oh, yes; he is so good."

"Yes, indeed, that I know; but how could I believe that there was any hope for me? He was very kind to give me his good wine, but there was a vast difference between that and giving me his daughter. So I said to Riber, 'To show you that I am not so foolish as you think, I am going to apply to the prefect to be sent to another arrondissement.' 'Don't do that, don't do that,' he cried; 'don't do that. I am sure all will go well. Take courage, quartermaster—take courage. For a brave man, who has faced the enemy's fire before now, you seem strangely to lack heart. However, if you are afraid, and don't dare to ask, why, I will.' 'You?' 'Yes, I.' And, without another word,

off he went, without giving me time to answer. Oh, Margaret, he had scarcely passed the door before I ran to call him back! But he was out of sight. My head swam. I was ashamed of myself. I hid behind the shutters of my bedroom, and watched and watched, waiting for Riber to come down the road. Hour after hour seemed to pass, and yet he did not come. All the while I was thinking to myself, 'The burgomaster is very polite; he will make no end of excuses; he will tell Riber that his daughter is too young; that she has time to wait; and finally, they'll turn the old man out of doors.'"

"Poor Fritz!"

"Well, at last Riber turned the corner, crying out, 'Quartermaster, quartermaster, where the devil are you?' So I came down from my hiding-place, and asked, 'Have they refused?' 'Refused! Not a bit of it! They are all delighted—the burgomaster and Madame Martha.' 'And Mademoiselle Margaret?' I asked. 'Mademoiselle Margaret, too, of course,' he cried merrily. Then, when I heard that, I was so happy that—you know old Father Riber is not pretty to look at!—well, ugly as he is, I caught him round the neck, and hugged and hugged him for joy."

And suiting the action to the word, the young man embraced his betrothed, who laughed merrily.

The laugh betrayed them. It was heard by the watchful mother in the next room, who had begun to feel anxious at the protracted absence of her child. "There they are, there they are," cried Martha. And in another moment the kitchen was filled with the gibing friends of the young couple, who to escape their jests were fain to take refuge in the dance."

## CHAPTER XI.

### THE BURGOMASTER IS OBSTINATE.

It was easy to dwell upon the festivities, which, begun after church time, were continued until midnight. It were pleasant to tell how Tony Schwanthaler kissed pretty Bertha Schoenewald in the corner, and how old Kobel heard the sound thereof, and exposed the culprits on the spot, causing no little hilarity among the guests at the time, and what was far more important, the marriage of the two offenders six months afterwards,—a marriage which Tony had every reason to rejoice in. It were pleasant, too, to tell how Kobel himself was caught tripping a minute after, trying to snatch a kiss from little Jeanne; how the laugh was turned against him, and how bravely he bore it. A thousand merry incidents could be narrated that would fill a volume, but they would but hinder the progress of our story, to let them be forgotten. Late at night, long past eleven, Mathias bade good-night to the most of his visitors, and with a few more intimate friends retired from the merry-making, not to his own chamber on the ground floor, but to a smaller one above.

He would sleep there. It was no use arguing with him. The room below was too hot. The burgomaster had evidently been drinking hard. His voice was thick. He reeled to his chair, and fell into it.

"And so you have determined to sleep here to-night, Monsieur Mathias?" It was Fritz who spoke. He could not understand the burgomaster's caprice.

"Yes, I have determined," answered Mathias, "I have determined. I want air. I know what is necessary for my condition. The heat was the cause of my accident. This room is cooler. I shall not need to fear a return of the fit. Leave me here alone, and let me do as I please, will you?"

"Let him alone, Fritz," whispered Margaret; "he has been drinking a great deal of white wine—far too much, and when he is thus, he is very obstinate."

A burst of laughter rang out from below.

"Listen," cried Kobel, who was in much the same condition as the burgomaster, "listen to those jolly toppers below. Come, Father Trinkvelt, come let's rejoin the revellers."

"No, no," cried Trinkvelt, "not I. I won't go back without Mathias. Why should he desert us just when we're beginning thoroughly to enjoy ourselves?"

"Because I please," cried the burgomaster, impatiently. "What more would you have? From noon to midnight is surely enough!"

"Mathias is perfectly right," Trinkvelt, interposed Martha. Dr. Glauter told him to be careful of the white wine he drank, or it might some day do him an ill turn. He has already taken too much since this morning. If he begins again now, he will be ill to-morrow. He is not strong enough yet to run such risks."

"Let Jeanne bring me a glass of water; that is all I want. It will calm me—it will calm me."

The burgomaster was interrupted by the appearance at the door of half-a-dozen more of his friends, all slightly elevated with drink.

"Good evening, burgomaster," cried Tony Schwanthaler, standing in the doorway; "we're getting on very well down-stairs. Only what do you think has happened? The night watchman is below, and wants to have us all driven home and the house closed. He says it's long past hours."

"Give him his full of wine," cried Mathias to his wife, "and then—good-night to you all!"

"Fshaw," cried Trinkvelt, staggering as he spoke; "fshaw, for a burgomaster there ought to be no regulations!"

Mathias turned fiercely. "Regulations made for all," cried he angrily, "must be obeyed by all."

"Very well, burgomaster," retorted Trinkvelt, "don't get angry. We're going, we're going."

"Yes, yes; go and leave me to myself."

"Don't thwart him," interposed Martha; "you had better let him have his own way."

"Very well, burgomaster," cried old Trinkvelt, cheerily; "I wish you calm repose and no unpleasant dreams."

Mathias started. "I never dream," he exclaimed fiercely. Then he added more composedly, "Good-night, good-night."

The good-night was re-echoed by the revellers as they made their way to the *Gaststube* below. Mathias was alone with his family. Even they did not stop long. One after another bade the head of the household good-bye, and descended to do the same for their guests. Margaret was the last to leave the room. Mathias was alone.

The solitude seemed to please him. He rose, and staggering to the door, locked it and put the key into his pocket. Then in a thick, husky, drunken voice he exclaimed exultingly, "At last I am alone! To-night I can sleep in peace! Should any new danger threaten me—me, the father-in-law of the quartermaster, I could snap my fingers at it! Oh, what a power—what a power it is to know how to guide oneself through life! You must hold good cards, Mathias, good cards as you have done; and if you only play them well, you can laugh at ill-luck! Luck? There's no such thing as luck! We make our own luck, and they are lucky who watch the chance of making it to suit themselves."

At this moment the door of the inn opened below, and the merry revellers were heard leaving for their homes, singing in chorus as they went. Mathias raised the curtain to watch them.

"Ha, ha!" he murmured; "those jolly toppers have all they can carry! What holes in the snow they'll make before they reach their homes. How strange! Wine—one glass of wine—makes everything around one look beautiful. Drink—drink; how strange that drink should drive away care! Well, Mathias, everything goes well with you. Your daughter's contract signed, your gendarme caught, you yourself rich, prosperous, respected, happy! No one can hear you now, so dream as much as you please. No, no! No more folly, no more dreams, no more bells jangling in your ears. You have conquered that; it's over; it will trouble you no more."

And Mathias extinguished his light and sank upon his couch—to dream.

(To be continued.)

## A TURKISH ROYAL WEDDING.

The following description of the recent marriage of Naile Sultana, one of the two imperial brides, is by an English lady who was an invited guest:—On our arrival at the house, a large building situated up a steep narrow street, not far from Dolma Baghtche Palace, we were ushered by half-a-dozen eunuchs through an ante-room, in which lounged a few attendants, into a fine apartment crowded with slaves. There we were requested to wait, as the sultana had not yet completed her toilet: coffee and cigarettes being placed before us to while away the time. Scarcely a pretty face was to be seen among them. The women were fat and coarse, the girls slim and sallow; all seemed out of health, all had the same sullen, submissive, half-idiotic air which the hard lot of these poor creatures nearly invariably stamps upon them, and which even the excitement of the moment could not banish. Not a Turkish lady was present, the pride of the free-born forbidding them ever to visit, save by express command, the Imperial seraglio, where they would have to humiliate themselves to mere purchased slaves. But in their stead, perhaps a couple of hundred gayly-attired attendants from the other palaces mingled with the household as representatives of the princess's relatives. We were just beginning to tire of watching the throng, when the stir without proclaimed the coming of the bridegroom, a man of twenty-four years of age, short, and inclined to stoutness, but not wanting in certain comeliness. Naile Sultana had herself chosen him at the Friday's *seamlik*. This power of selecting a husband, by inspection as it were, is a privilege of princesses of the House of Ottoman, and is carried to such an extent that even if the favored gentleman already possesses a wife he must divorce her and wed the sultana. Cases of this kind are rare, but one at least has occurred during the latter half of the present century, when an officer was compelled, much against his will, to comply with the custom. Being rich however he sought consolation in keeping his discarded love in a separate establishment, a proceeding which is supposed never to have reached the ears of his royal partner. In the present instance, on the contrary, Mehemet Bey was quite ready to embrace the chance which fortune offered him. Poor and without interest, a simple aide-de-camp, uncertain of promotion, he suddenly finds himself the husband of his sovereign's sister, a general and highness to boot. His appearance was the signal for a frantic rush, to which he responded by scattering quantities of silver piastres (in olden days they would have been golden liras) among the slaves. The scramble that ensued baffles description. Eunuchs and girls fought and tore each other in their eagerness to obtain the coveted coins, which are understood to bring extraordinary good luck to their happy possessors. So great was the confusion that the

bridegroom could not force his way, which being perceived by an old woman, chief of the harem, she seized a thick rod and laid indiscriminately around her with unsparing fury. On breasts, backs, heads, and legs descended the sharp cuts, but the slaves seemed not to care; long acquaintance with the stick had possibly rendered them callous to its sting, or else the pressure from behind did not allow the foremost to retreat, till at length, every piece having been picked up, the mass of heated, dishevelled, and bruised women fell back and permitted the bridegroom to pass, for the first time, into the presence of his bride. The ceremony of marriage was then immediately performed, but only witnessed by the sultana's mother. It merely consisted in the imam tying them together with a rope, and declaring them man and wife. Directly this was over, Mehemet Pacha escaped by a side entrance, to avoid being mobbed and buffeted, according to the common practice of the slaves, who must have been appeased by unlimited backsheesh. As soon as the doors were thrown open the whole mob poured helter-skelter into the inner chamber, where the bride was sitting in state with a sister by her side. All the slaves, and also the few Armenian ladies who had been invited, bent humbly down, and kissed the hem of her garment; but with us she shook hands without rising, and motioned us to chairs very near her. A fair, sweet-faced woman of some twenty-two summers is Naile Sultana. She was dressed in a loose-fitting Turkish robe of rose-colored silk, slashed with gold, whilst a long white gauze veil, likewise embroidered with gold, drooped down from behind the little cap that surmounted her tightly drawn up hair. On her shapely hands and bosom sparkled magnificent diamonds. Her single-button gloves had burst in fastening, and altogether her toilet was far less perfect and rich than we had expected. Close by stood her mother, a bright-eyed, plain-featured old lady, who being a slave, cannot publicly sit in presence of a princess, although her own daughter, but who, good woman, accepted the strange position with the strongest marks of pride and pleasure, contenting herself with arranging from time to time the folds of the bride's enormous train or sweeps of the veil, and repulsing several attempts made by the slaves to pay her too much respect. In the outer room further refreshments were brought us and with them appeared the sultana's sister, who wished thus to pay us a compliment. Her slaves immediately handed her cigarettes; but she steadily refused to shock our European prejudices by smoking, and when we left she rose with ready courtesy to return in the graceful Turkish fashion to our parting bow.

## THE MAN WHO GOT 'EM.

Three or four days ago a citizen of Bronson street called at the Grattan Avenue Station to say to the captain that he suspected a plot on the part of his wife to elope with a neighbour of his who was not only a married man, but the father of seven children.

"What makes you suspect such a plot?" asked the captain.

"Well, my wife has been kinder pickin' up her duds, asking about trains, and trying to get me to go away on a visit."

"And about this neighbour?"

"Well, he and my wife are talking over the fence about half the time and throwing kisses at each other the other half. I don't care to raise a row over this thing, but I'd kinder like to stop 'em from runnin' away."

"Well, you must take your own way to frustrate it, unless you go to the police justice. Be careful, however. Anger or jealousy may get you into trouble."

"Oh, I'll be careful," was the calm assurance, as the citizen went his way, to be heard of no more until yesterday evening. Then he called a passing patrolman into his house to ask further advice.

"You see, they had it all planned to elope," he explained.

"Yes."

"But I got 'em."

"How?"

He took the lamp and led the way to the wood-hed. The neighbour, dressed in his Sunday suit, was tied up in one corner, and the recalcitrant wife occupied an empty dry-goods box in the other.

"Got 'em last night at 9 o'clock," said the husband, "and I've put in the whole day telling 'em what I think of such business. Guess I'd better let them off now, hadn't I?"

The officer thought so, and the neighbour was led to the door, and the husband said:—

"Now you trot, and if you ever try to run away with my wife again I'll—I'll be hanged if I don't go over and tell your wife about it!"

He then turned to his wife, untied the cords, and said: "I guess you feel ashamed of this, and there ain't no need to say any more about it. I ain't very mad this time, but if you try it again there's no knowing what I may do."

"Well!" gasped the officer, as he drew a long breath.

"Well, didn't I get 'em?" chuckled the husband in proud delight. "I may look like a spring chicken, but I'm no fool, and don't you forget it.—*Detroit Free Press.*"

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