

"Estella," interrupted Jack, "is going to be my queen."

"If that is the case, Estella," I remarked, "you have no further need of me; and as I'm off in the morning to Quebec, I'll now say good-bye. Jack, no doubt, will see you safely home."

They were married in due course; and from that day to this I've never seen them. In one of the valleys of the Hudson, however, they dwell, I am told, surrounded by their children. And in their church hard by stands an elaborate monument, representing the death in the Mutiny of Captain James Smith, late of H.B. Majesty's—Regiment of Foot. I hear, too, that their eldest boy is called James after his lamented uncle. Whether Estella ever knew that the man she followed to India, whom she noticed from the Bonums' window, and over whom the black flag floated upon the day we met again, was her husband's brother, I cannot say; but I feel sure, if she did know, that she had too much sense to open her lips upon the subject. C. E. S.

THE BACHELOR'S CONFESSION.

I live in a French flat. Of course there are objections to French flats. So there are to most things. I can't afford a hotel, and I detest a boarding-house. A bachelor of 30 odd, who has been at the mercy of boarding-house keepers all his days, can easily understand that.

So when I engaged a suite of rooms and arranged my household goods therein, with a fine outlook over a green dot of a park in front, and the glimmer of a palisade far in the rear above a forest of shipping, I considered myself well off.

What is my profession? I haven't any in particular. I'm an artist and draw a little; daily, in front of my easel, I contribute to the press, and write when I feel like it, and draw a little income from a snug little property left me by an uncle in India. Consequently I was able to decorate my new quarters very prettily with Bagdad rugs, old China dragons, black and gold Japanese screens, and pictures I had picked up at a bargain.

And when the fire was burning cheerfully in the grate, the first rainy May evening, the student lamp shining softly on the red, carved table, and the waiter from a neighbouring restaurant had brought in my frugal dinner of a broiled bird, a mold of currant jelly, a slice of roast beef, and a raspberry dumpling, I considered myself pretty comfortable.

"Upon the whole," I said to myself, "I rather approve of French flats."

I rang the bell. The janitor—a respectful, decent sort of fellow, in a round jacket and carpet slippers—answered the summons.

"Janitor," said I, "who occupies the floor above?"

"Nobody, sir," the man answered. "Last party moved out yesterday. New party moves in to-morrow."

"A large family?" said I rather dubiously.

"Bless your heart, sir," said the man, "no family at all—single lady, sir!"

At this I congratulated myself more and more.

"I shall have a prospect of a little peace, now, I think," said I; and I ate my dinner in a fool's paradise of happiness.

The single lady moved in on the morrow. She must have moved in when I was down-town selecting some new mill-boards and color-tubes for the summer sketches I intended to make, for when I returned, fondly expecting once more to enter into my kingdom of peace and serenity, everything was changed.

There was a banging and pounding overhead, a thumping and hammering—a sound as if some middle-aged giantess in hob-nailed shoes was enjoying herself in a promenade. I sent for the janitor in a rage.

"Is the house coming down?" said I.

"It's the new tenant a-moving in, sir," said he, apologetically.

"Does her furniture consist entirely of Her-ring's safes and square pianos?" said I.

"There is two pianos," said he, "She's musical."

"The deuce she is," roared I. "Two pianos! And does she play on 'em both?"

"Don't know, sir, I'm sure," said the man, with a distressed expression of countenance.

I endured the noise until midnight, and then I sent up the janitor's wife.

"The third floor's compliments to fourth floor, and would like to know if this sort of thing is to go on all night?"

Down came the woman again.

"Fourth floor's compliments to the third floor, and wishes to know if he expects people to get settled without a noise!"

The next day the piano—only one, however—commenced. I was elaborating a skeleton for a scientific essay and it disturbed me seriously. I endured it as long as I possibly could and then I had recourse once more to the janitor's wife.

"Third floor's compliments to the fourth floor, and will feel obliged if she will favor him with a little peace and quietness long enough to do some necessary writing."

There was no reply, and the music stopped abruptly. But that evening, when I was beginning to solace myself with a little violin practice in the twilight, tap, tap, tap came the janitor's wife at my door.

"Fourth floor's compliments to the third floor, and will feel obliged if he will favor her with a little peace and quietness, long enough to write a letter."

How I hated that woman! So we lived for a month, exchanging constant missiles of warfare. I could cheerfully have given up that miserable French flat and gone back to boarding, only unluckily I had engaged it for the year. The fourth floor elocutionized, and had friends to select private readings, whose voices were deeper than Hamlet's and more sonorous than that of Charlotte Cushman. She was charitable, and had classes of heavy-booted girls twice a week, to sing hymns and learn to sew. A single lady, indeed! if she had been a quadruple lady she could not have made more noise, nor enjoyed the making of it more.

At the close of the month, however, an incident happened which turned the current of my whole life. I went on a picnic. I don't often go on anything of that kind; but this was an especially select affair gotten up by my friend Harold Webster. I went, and there I met Barbara Willis, and fell straightway in love with her. She wasn't extraordinary young, but neither am I, and to my taste a full blown rose is sweeter than a bud, wherever you find it growing. She was dark-eyed, with full cherry lips, satin-brown hair, and a complexion as fresh as roses and ivory. We talked; our ideas coincided exactly. It seemed as if our souls were two looking-glasses, to mirror each other's.

"Miss Willis," cried I, "why is it that we have never met before? I feel as if we were old, old friends."

As I spoke I gently pressed her hand and she smiled back unutterable things. I went to my friend Webster, who was making up quadrilles on the upper deck. We were accompanied by an excellent brass band.

"O, Harold," exclaimed I, "I can never thank you enough for introducing me to that angel!"

"Do you mean Barbara Willis?" said he. "Well, I do think she is rather a fine girl."

We grew confidential as we sat together on the promenade deck and watched the moonlight ripple over the surface of the tides.

"A bachelor's life is but half a life, Miss Willis," said I.

"I can readily imagine that," she said softly.

"I live in a flat," confessed I.

"Do you," said Barbara (the sweet old English name was just like her). "Why, how strange! So do I?"

"Isn't it dreadful?" said I.

"Horrid!" said she, closing her lips as though she meant it.

"And there's a female dragon occupies the floor above me, and torments me out of my life."

"Well, if this isn't a remarkable coincidence," replied Barbara. "There's a detestable old crab of a bachelor under me who takes all the pleasure out of my existence!"

"Should two lives be thus blighted?" said I.

"I—I don't think so," replied Barbara, looking intently at the bouquet of pansies she held in her hand.

It was past midnight when the boat landed. Harold Webster came up.

"I promised to see you home, Miss Willis," said he, rubbing his hands briskly.

"You need not trouble yourself, Webster," said I. "I shall be most happy."

I called a hack and helped the divine Barbara in, feeling more and more as if I were walking in cloudland.

"Where shall I drive to?" said the man.

"No. 69 Ravenal street, said she. "Fourth floor."

"What!" cried I—"not the Fernandine flats?"

"Exactly," said she.

"Why, that's where I live."

"Are you the third floor?" she cried out, breathless.

"Are you the fourth?" I counter-questioned.

"But you're not a crab at all!"

"Nor are you a dragon. On the contrary—"

But what matters it what was said. Things were altered from the very beginning. I took my violin up-stairs next day, and helped my divine Barbara out with a sonata of Beethoven's. I suggested a new education theory for the hob-nailed classes. I listened enchanted to her recitation of Tennyson's Brook; and at the end of the quarter we were to be married—Barbara and I.

HELEN F. GRAVES.

A LUNCH PARTY TALK.

Feed him. Saub him. Bring a rival in the field. Flatter him. Trample on him. Make believe to be in love with him.

These were some of the contradictory answers given the other day at a lunch party in response to the question how is a man's heart won. For what, pray, is the use of ladies' lunch parties if topics of strictly feminine interest may not be freely discussed? A young girl on the occasion alluded to had just startled a company of blushing maidens, erect spinsters and happy matrons, by asking the above question, and having refused to believe many positive assertions that no one present had ever tried to win a man's heart, the above answers were reluctantly given. Some of the company spoke from experience, some from observation, some from theories drawn from novels.

Mrs. Mayonaise, a matron, famed for her good housekeeping, had given the answer, "Feed him well," while the rival belles of the season had expressed their opposite methods of conquest. Then a girl from the country, who had sadly felt her lack of city experience, spoke, "Forgive the slang, girls; to succeed in

society one must have been there before. There is nothing worse than to be green. To please a man for an evening or for a life-time you must have some 'previousness' about you."

"To win a man's heart," said another voice, "is easy enough if you let him talk about himself."

"Persuade him that he is unfortunate and sympathize with him," added a pretty widow.

A thin pale girl in an old black silk now spoke with considerable asperity. She looked herself, poor thing, as if she had drawn little else but blanks in life's lottery. "To be a success one needs to be rich enough to wear her best clothes every day in the week—moreover, one must not suppress one's own 'old Adam,' and one mustn't mind a good deal of the old Adam in a man. They are all full of it and nothing is so hateful to them as to be lectured—men abominate goody-goody girls; in short the Sunday-school books are only half right, be good and you will be happy, but you won't have a good time."

"Men do like women who have a spice of the devil in them," said a sparkling brunet, who seemed to speak from experience.

There was a suppressed murmur of disapproval at this rating of men and morals so low, and for a few moments the silence was unbroken. Then a young girl at the farthest end of the lunch table cried out merrily that a poetical neighbor at her right hand had written her answer to the question in rhyme on the reverse side of her dinner card. The blushing poet read her verses aloud, and perhaps the world will agree with the lunch party in pronouncing this answer the best the question had received:

"To win a gentle, manly heart,
Don't try the usual charms;
Don't travel on your pretty face,
Your teeth, or nose, or arms."

"The dodge that always best succeeds
With unsuspecting folk
Is the old Eve and Adam plan
The ivy round the oak,"

—Home Journal.

DRESS AND FASHION.

Some of the new walking petticoats are of black or red watered silk, made with two, box-plaited flounces, each bound with black velvet. Quilted satin petticoats are now cut up about a quarter of a yard at equal distances, the spaces being filled in with black lace, closely plaited with silk or satin at the back. Many of these dainty skirts are now worn.

Spanish lace rosettes are amongst the chief novelty for dressy shoes. These dainty little concoctions match the color of the dress, ribbon and flowers, and generally display in their flutes some coquettish brooch—as a horseshoe in brilliants, a golden daisy, a silver buttercup, etc.

Many tea gowns are now made of black satin mervilleux. They are princess shape at the back, and loose in front. Some have cascades of jetted lace all down the front mounted on red plush or satin. Others have a double row of plain and narrower black lace, edging a plastron, which has in its centre a strip of embossed silk worked roses. A high ruche round the throat, and wrist ruffles of black lace with bows of black satin ribbon, lined with the same shade of red as the roses are worn. Many tea-gowns have detached clusters of cherries, small oranges, or jessamine painted on, arranged in front, and finished off with black lace. One recently seen was a black satin, with a bodice of black Spanish lace arranged over bright crimson silk. This fell gracefully into the skirt of the back. Round the skirt was a ruche of satin, with a frayed lining of crimson peeping out.

What a favorite is the lily—whether the proud tiger-marked kind in pink and yellow, or the pure white blossom of the sequestered stream, complete with its broad tough leaves, and tangled masses of ribbon grass, moss and sedges, looking freshly plucked from the water's edge! Garlands of this kind have a most lovely effect on toilets of silver streaked gauze, white or blue especially, while the hazy charm of Madras muslin is best relieved by colored lilies with chenille-tipped stamens, and the most gorgeous foliage outlined by a fine band of gold.—American Queen.

A PHILOSOPHICAL EXPLANATION.

A few days ago a Boston girl, who had been attending the School of Philosophy at Concord, arrived at Brooklyn on a visit to a seminary chum. After canvassing thoroughly the fun and gum-drops that made up their education in the seat of learning at which their early scholastic efforts were made, the Brooklyn girl began to inquire into the nature of the Concord entertainment.

"And so you are taking lessons in Philosophy. How do you like it?"

"Oh, it's perfectly lovely! It's about science you know, and we all just dote on science."

"It must be nice. What is it about?"

"It's about molecules as much as anything else, and molecules are too awfully nice for anything. If there's anything I really enjoy it's molecules."

"Tell me about them, my dear. What are molecules?"

"Oh, molecules! they are little wee things, and it takes ever so many of them. They are splendid things. Do you know there ain't anything but what's molecules in it. And Mr. Cook is just as sweet as he can be, and Mr. Em-

erson too. They explain everything so beautifully."

"How I'd like to go there!" said the Brooklyn girl enviously.

"You'd enjoy it ever so much. They teach protoplasm too, and if there is one thing perfectly heavenly, it's protoplasm. I really don't know which I like best, protoplasm or molecules."

"Tell me about protoplasm. I know I should adore it."

"Deed you would. It's just too sweet to live. You know it's about how things get started, or something of that kind. You ought to hear Mr. Emerson talk about it. It would stir your very soul. The first time he explained about protoplasm there wasn't a dry eye in the house. We named our hats after him. This is an Emerson hat. You see the ribbon is drawn over the crown and caught with a buckle and a bunch of flowers. Then you turn up the side with a spray of forget-me-nots. Ain't it just too sweet? All the girls in the school have them."

"How exquisitely lovely! Tell me some more about science."

"Oh, I almost forgot differentiation. I am truly and really in love with differentiation. It's different from molecules and protoplasms, but it's every bit as nice. And Mr. Cook! You should hear him go on about it! I really believe he's bound up in it. This scarf is the Cook scarf. All the girls wear them, and we named them after him on account of the interest he takes in differentiation."

"What is it, anyway?"

"This is mull trimmed with Languedoc lace!"

"I don't mean that—that other."

"Oh, differentiation! ain't it sweet! It's got something to do with species. It's the way you tell one hat from another, so you'll know which is becoming. And we learn all about ascidians, too. They are the divinest thing. I'm absolutely enraptured with ascidians. If I had only an ascidian of my own, I wouldn't ask anything else in the world."

"What do they look like, dear? Did you ever see one?" asked the Brooklyn girl deeply interested.

"Oh, no; nobody ever saw one except Mr. Cook and Mr. Emerson, but they are something like an oyster with a reticule hung on its belt. I think they are just Heavenly."

"Do you learn anything else besides all these?"

"Oh, yes. We learn about philosophy and logic and those common things like metaphysics, but the girls don't care anything about those. We are just in ecstasies over differentiation, molecules, and Mr. Cook, and protoplasms, and ascidians, and Mr. Emerson, and I really don't see why they put in those vulgar branches. If anybody beside Mr. Cook and Mr. Emerson had done it, we should have told him to his face that he was too terribly, too awfully mean."

And the Brooklyn girl went to bed that night in the dumps, because fortune had not vouchsafed her the advantages enjoyed by her friend, while the Boston girl dreamed of seeing an ascidian chasing a molecule over a differentiated back fence with a club for telling a protoplasm that his youngest sister had so many freckles on her face and was cock-eyed.

BREVITY OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE.

It requires fewer and shorter words in English to express an idea than in French, and nearly a third less than in German. If English were phonetically spelled, the number of letters needed to express an idea or speech would not exceed one-half the number that are required in German. Take a few samples given by a London journal:

I was reminded of this subject the other day by noticing the directions for an electric bell in my room in a foreign hotel. They were printed in French, German and English, viz:

"On est prié de pousser le bouton jusqu'au fond."

"Man ist gebeten den Knopf so viel als möglich zuruckzustossen."

"Please press the button to the bottom."

There are ten words each in the French and German to seven in the English. The number of letters is thirty-seven, fifty-two, and thirty-one, respectively. The note at the foot of the bill-of-fare was similarly interesting:

"On remet la note chaque jour au contrôle des voyageurs."

"Um Irrungen zu vermeiden, wird taglich die Rechnung zur Controle vorgelegt."

"Bills are given daily to avoid errors."

Here again we have ten, eleven and seven words, with forty-five, sixty-three and thirty-one letters, respectively. Another common, "notice" affords corroborating evidence of the preceding examples of superior terseness of our vernacular:

"On est prié de ne pas fumer."

"Es wird gebeten nicht zu rauchen."

"Please do not smoke."

Here we have seven and six words to four, with twenty-two, twenty-seven and sixteen letters respectively.

WHEN DOCTORS DISAGREE, WHO SHALL DECIDE?—Nothing is more variable than the different opinions of medical men; but when they fail to agree, or to perform a cure in a chronic disease, the patients often decide for themselves, and take Burdock Blood Bitters, and speedily recover. It is the grand key to health that unlocks all the secretions, and liberates the slave from the captivity of disease.