The Toronto World,

An Independent Liberal Newspaper,

Ished every morning at five o'clock at No. King street east. Extra editions are published whenever there is news of sufficient moment to emand it.

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE:

Twenty-five cents a month, or $3 00 a year in advance, post-paid. Single copies, one cent. Sold on the streets and by newsdealers in every city and town in Ontario, Quebec, and Manitoba.

ADVERTISING RATES:

All advertisements are measured as solid nonpareil, twelve lines to an inch.

Casual advertisements of whatever nature, FIVE CENTS a line for each insertion.

Reports of meetings and financial statements of banks, and railway, insurance and monetary companies, TEN CENTS a line.

Paragraphs among news items, double the ordinary rates.

Special notices, twenty-five per cent. advance on the ordinary rates.

Birth, marriage and death notices, TWENTY CENTS each.

Contract rates for display advertisements, per line, just to change of matter, are as follows:

INSERTIONS.	1 mo	2 mos	3 mos	12 mos
ally	$1 00	$2 00	$3 00	$5 00
Every other day	.....	1 25	2 00	3 00
Twice a week	.....	1 00	1 50	2 50
nce a week	.....	0 75	1 00	1 50

Condensed advertisements are charged at the following rates: Situations Wanted, FREE; Help Wanted, Properties for Sale, Houses or Stores to Rent, Houses or Stores Wanted, Board and Lodging Rooms to Let, Rooms Wanted, Articles for Sale, Articles Wanted, Articles Lost or Found, Professional or Business Cards, Business Chances, Money to Loan, Personal, and Miscellaneous, TEN CENTS for twenty words, and one-half a cent for each additional word, for each insertion.

Address all communications to THE WORLD, No King street east, Toronto.

The Toronto World.

The Only One-Cent Morning Paper in Canada, and the Only Independent Morning Paper in the City of Toronto.

THESE ARE DOG DAYS, sure enough. But they are what we sighed for through the long and dreary winter that we lately left behind.

THE CROP REPORTS are getting better every day—especially in Canada. In the States the report for August is less favorable than that of July.

THEY HAVE BEEN making experiments at the Ontario experimental farm as to the merits of prepared and unprepared food in fattening cattle. The difference in favor of the former in our annual export of meat would be $420,000; and the advantage of feeding two-year-old beef instead of three-year-old means $1,000,000 more.

A VERDICT of "accidentally drowned" was returned in the case of Mary Burke, drowned at Armour's wharf the other night. The story of the young men that they did not know the girl was not repeated last night. If they had the manliness to have told that they really knew the girl, and tried to notify her friends, there would most likely have been no inquest.

MRS. MULOCK'S generous gift to the university of Toronto, while helping the institution itself, will do more; it will foster the disposition, now happily showing signs of growth, among our more wealthy people to devote a portion of their goods to the cause of education. In Montreal, and still more in the larger cities of the United States, donations and bequests by private individuals to schools and colleges have of recent years become quite fashionable. Toronto came later, but has done well. Still, none of our halls of learning are by any means too well endowed yet.

THE NEW BAPTIST COLLEGE suffers a severe loss in the death of Rev. Mr. Torrance, principal of the Woodstock literary institute, and recently appointed professor of New Testament exegesis and polemical theology in the college soon to be opened here. Mr. Torrance has for some time been afflicted with hemorrhage of the lungs, to which he succumbed yesterday while sojourning at Bobcaygeon. He was one of the most learned theologians of the denomination to which he belonged, and his expositions of Christian doctrine were models of research, depth and originality of thought, and logical precision.

THE TORONTO TELEGRAM and the Montreal Star are advocates of the telegraph amalgamation. And the manner of their praise of "the clear, concise and logical way in which Mr. Wiman placed the "whole case in all its bearings before the "public," almost makes one suspect that they had received a little of this "clear and concise logic" themselves. But the hero of the public baths has not yet been successful in convincing Sir Hugh Allan. He is not so easily convinced. Why journals which trade on their being papers of the people should advocate monopoly, should desire to see the telegraph offices reduced, the rates raised, and a lot of operators thrown out of employment, is past our comprehension. By-the-by, we asked the Telegram to explain away the rumor that one of its proprietors had an interest in the deal. But it said not a word. Will the Telegram take the floor, or will it call some one else?

PERSISTENT BRADLAUGH.

Civil liberty and civil rights are, or should be, the possession of every man in a free country, no matter what his religion, and these are denied to Bradlaugh. Why it should be so is inconceivable. In England all except the most extreme Tories now concede that religious disabilities should be unknown in politics, and yet they are willing that they should operate against Bradlaugh. But the ultimate triumph of Bradlaugh, or rather of the principle of which he is the somewhat obnoxious champion, is only a question of time. The history of the British parliament is the history of successive concessions to freedom of opinion, and the circle must continue to widen. The dissenters first, then the Roman Catholics, and then the Jews were emancipated; when the freethinkers are included, then the work will be complete. Meanwhile, Mr. Bradlaugh, in his repeated attempts to force an entrance to the house, is doubtless acting upon a settled policy. He knows that as oftenas he presents himself he will be ejected; but this is his means of keeping the agitation alive, and giving his friends in the house a pretext for forcing the government to act. All the Radicals are on Bradlaugh's side, and as the British government of to-day is essentially a government of the Radicals, it is not at all an improbability that as soon as they get some of their present urgent legislation off their hands they may do something to enable Bradlaugh to reach the seat he so ardently covets.

THE MATRICULATION EXAMINATIONS.

The results of the July matriculation examinations of the university of Toronto were given with great completeness in the World of yesterday. We are now in a position to submit to our readers a careful analysis of the results, showing the distribution of the honors and the candidates among the several schools.

Of about 180 candidates who presented themselves in arts 156 got through, distributed among the schools and colleges as follows:

Brantford, 16, of whom 7 were women; Toronto, 14 boys; Upper Canada college, 12 boys; St. Catharines, 11, of whom 1 was a woman; St. Mary's, 11, of whom 2 were women; Hamilton, 8, of whom 1 was a woman; Bowmanville and Elora, 6 each; Private tuition, 5; Strathroy and Barrie, 4 each; Peterborough, Collingwood, Guelph, Brampton, Ingersoll, 3 each; Campbellford, Bradford, Port Hope, Whitby, Pickering college, Welland, Newmarket, London, Markham, 2 each; Kincardine, Goderich, Ladies' institute Brantford, St. George, Clinton, Windsor, Gananoque, Port Perry, Walkerton, Thorold, Newcastle, Ottawa, Weston, Uxbridge, Mitchell, Port Dover, Fergus, Rockwood academy, 1 each.

Some very pertinent questions are suggested by these figures. Why does Toronto collegiate institute send up not a single woman candidate? How is it that Brantford, among the youngest of the cities, heads the list with 16, seven of whom are women? How does a little town like St. Mary's pass 11 candidates, when London is represented by 2? The village of Elora sends 6! These are nuts for the trustees and masters to crack.

Let us next analyze the distribution of honors in arts among the principal honor-taking schools;

	Toronto	Upper Canada College	Brantford	St. Mary's	Bowmanville	St. Catharines	Hamilton	Collingwood
Classics, class I	—0	0	1	0	1	1	1	0
class II	—3	2	0	4	0	3	1	1
Mathematics, class I	—2	1	1	3	5	2	1	1
class II	—5	0	3	0	0	2	0	1
English, class I	—0	0	0	2	0	1	0	1
class II	—4	3	3	4	2	0	0	0
Hist. and English, class I	—1	0	0	1	0	0	0	0
class II	—6	6	2	5	1	2	1	0
French, class I	—1	0	0	1	0	0	0	0
class II	—2	2	2	0	2	0	0	1
German, class I	—3	3	4	0	2	0	0	1
class II	—0	3	2	0	1	1	1	0
Total—class I	—7	4	7	5	9	4	2	3
class II	—20	16	12	13	6	8	3	2
Total honors	27	20	19	18	15	12	5	5
Scholarships	1	1	2	1	1	0	2	1

These figures also suggest interesting ideas. Bowmanville, out of six men, gets five of them in first-class honors in mathematics! Such a thing was never heard of before. The love of numbers must be as strong in the Bowmanvillers as it was in the Pythagoreans of old. But perhaps it's in their master.

On the whole, Torontonians should be highly satisfied with the places taken by the students of the collegiate institute. Accordingly we congratulate the trustees, the rector and his staff, and the pupils, in again bearing off the palm in honors at these examinations, notwithstanding the fact that the institute has so many rivals to compete against in this city. Upper Canada college though not doing so well as on former occasions has a good showing in moderns.

"WHY WE ARE FRENCH."

La Minerve of Montreal has just been telling us why French Canadians are French and not something else. What the something else is we would like La Minerve to tell us—does it mean, for instance, that the people of Quebec are Frenchmen before Canadians?

It seems some of the sailors and officers of two French men-of-war now in Quebec came up to Montreal, where they were kindly received, and had a poem read to them by Mr. Frechette.

Thereupon La Minerve asks "Why is "it that we are French? Why do the "triumphs and misfortunes of France "affect us in spite of ourselves?" The answer is, "France is our mother; we "are the sons of France." "Is it not the "most natural of sentiments, that of "brotherhood of race?" "We are indeed "French, and we would be even when we "would not wish so to be." "Only the voice "of blood can speak in such irresistible "terms." "It is France herself that we "recognize yet, and will always recognize, "as the mother-land of our hearts. It is "Frenchmen that we will always greet as "our compatriots."

Allowing for the superabundant enthusiasm that characterizes the pens of our friends on the St. Lawrence, we would like them to tell us whether they are Canadians, and whether it would not be more advantageous for them to be exerting themselves in assisting to build up a great second power on this North American continent instead of going about hanging their harps on the willows, and trying to restore the impossible?

There is a glorious future ahead of those of us who speak English as well as those of us who speak French, if we only put all our energies into the development of our country—of Canada—and rest our sentiments in this the land of our birth or adoption rather than in lands beyond the seas; nay, the possibilities, rather the probabilities, of Canada are greater than even those of Britain or of France, and we as Canadians should be loyal to the present and the future rather than to the past. It is as much incumbent on French Canadians as it is on Scotchmen, on Englishmen and on Irishmen to forget the past, and centre their affections on THIS CANADA OF OURS.

The Old Reliable.

The remedy that has stood the test of time is Dr. Fowler's extract of wild strawberry. Almost infallible to cure dysentery, cholera morbus, and all manner of fluxes, colic cramps, cholera infantum, and every form of summer complaints.

GAVAZZI AND MANNING.

A Sketch with Personal Remembrances.

BY ELMO.

It is many and many a year ago since I first listened to the impassioned eloquence of the now venerable Italian patriot, Father Gavazzi. The platforms of England a generation ago were by no means tenantless. There were Henry Vincent and George Dawson, Mason Jones and Newman Hall. There was Thomas Cooper, the grand old Chartist warrior, with his bold leonine face and clear blue eye. Now and again the greatest church orator of his age—Samuel, by the grace of God Lord Bishop of Oxford—might be heard on the platform of the Bible society. Bradlaugh was trying to make his assumed name, "Iconoclast," felt in the land. Charles Hadden Spurgeon was preaching to a small village congregation in Cambridgeshire. Beside the homeborn heroes of the rostrum, there came voices from other lands. America sent John B. Gough, the apostle of temperance, and Italy sent her

PATRIOT PRIEST, ALESSANDRO GAVAZZI.

And there were not a few who thought Gavazzi by far the greatest of these latest successors of Cicero and Demosthenes. The enthusiastic Italian had many advantages. He possessed a grand physique. His stalwart, portly form alone commanded attention. A commanding presence is the first necessity of commanding oratory. Wherefore let all little men keep to the pulpits and never essay the platform. The pulpit hides, and once there you never can tell the size of your parson; but the platform is an awful trial to little angular men. Why, Dan O'Connell "looked an oration" as he reared his majestic form in the courts, or on the platform, or in the house of commons. He could arrest the attention of an audience before he spoke a word! Besides this great advantage of a prepossessing personal appearance, there was a certain charm in the broken English of Gavazzi's speech that helped him wonderously. A keen, restless, piercing eye; a voice of large volume, and oftentimes very melodious; the most natural modes of action—if there was art in his oratory it was hidden art; a vivid fancy; a torrent of speech that never failed — there you have Father Gavazzi as I remember him five and twenty years ago. But the chief point must not be forgotten. Gavazzi had a Great Cause to advocate—a cause worthy of his remarkable powers—and to that cause he gave the allegiance of an enthusiast. Who that ever heard Gavazzi pleading for his

"DEAR ITALY IN CHAINS!"

can forget the man or the cause? For Italy was in chains, bound hand and foot with the cerements of the inner sepulchre. Elizabeth Barrett Browning heard a little child singing under Casa Guidi windows, "*O Bold Liberto*;" but in Florence and Venice and Rome, and o'er all the Italian fields, "Beautiful Liberty" was dreamed of and sung and sighed for in vain! Alessandro Gavazzi appealed to the free nations—to England and America—for sympathy and moral support, and he did not appeal in vain! He lived to see the buds of hope bloom in beauty. Not many prophets are spared to see their dreams fulfilled, but this man saw

"The Tyrant cast out!

And King Victor with Italy's crown on his head." He lived to see the burden lifted from the heart of the land he loved. He heard the plaudits of a free people as Victor Emmanuel passed through the streets of Rome in royal state; he saw the gates of the eternal city roll back before the invasion of liberal thought; he saw!

THE BIBLE SOLD OPENLY UNDER THE SHADOW OF THE VATICAN.

I remember to-day some pleasant walks and talks with Gavazzi by the sea-shore at Scarborough in 1864. How he loved and hated! There was nothing neutral—or "non-committal" as you say in Toronto—in him. Everything he saw was either as black as night or as white as an angel's wing. How he loved Victor, his king! the "Able Man," as he proudly called him. How he hated the pope, the emperor of the French, and the devil!—albeit I'm not so sure about the latter of the three. I'm afraid he exhausted his hatred on the first and second members of the trio. He would talk about Italy and her foes; draw a picture of Victor Emmanuel with the pope on his right and Napoleon on his left, then he would shrug his shoulders and say, "Ah! mon ami, it is ze old story—Christ crucified between two thieves." He would greatly amuse me by his biting sarcasms on French liberty, which he was fond of describing as a rocket that went up with great splendor, but soon came down a poor black stick. I see you have had the old man eloquent in Toronto, and I see he has been giving his opinions on men and things, and has been as I think

A LITTLE HARD ON CARDINAL MANNING.

I am not a lover of ecclesiastics. I know that as a rule the dignitaries of all the churches have been and are for the most part miserable tyrants. I think the world does not owe a very large debt of gratitude to her robed and titled ecclesiastics. But at the same time fair play is a jewel. And while a good deal that Gavazzi says about the cardinal may be true, there is another side to the story which should not be forgotten, of which Gavazzi cannot, I think, be wholly ignorant. The good cardinal of Westminster has been to an amazing extent a servant of his age, and an unwearied friend and advocate of every movement for the common good. He has not been exclusively a church propagandist. Freethinkers as well as churchmen are fond of cant phrases. If you attend a meeting of liberals in thought, as they call themselves, you will hear them talk about doing this and that and the other for the good of humanity! The trouble is, however, that these humanitarians don't know where Humanity lives! But Cardinal Manning knows the street and the number of the house. And there has not been a platform erected in England for the last thirty years, for the advocacy of a human cause, that has not had the cardinal to the front.

MEMORIES OF HIS UNIVERSAL SYMPATHY crowd on me at this moment. I heard his fervent plea at the mansion-house when London was asked to assist the sorrowful by setting aside one Sunday for special gifts, to be known as "Hospital Sunday." When Samuel Plimsoll lifted up his voice on behalf of endangered sailors, there was a crowd of thousands in Exeter hall: Thomas Hughes and Cardinal Manning sat side by side, and they two made the speeches of the night. When Joseph Arch made his awful revelations of the condition of the agricultural laborer, I heard the cardinal, in a most impressive speech, declare that after eighteen years of experience in an agricultural district, he could confirm every word Arch had spoken. In the great temperance conflict he has dared to take a stand that very few men in his position would care to imitate. Of course I know I ought to hate all Romanists, I being Protestant born. What's the good of any ism that doesn't help you to a thorough vigorous hatred of every other ism? I feel all this with a fine proportion of sadness. But, somehow, when I see a man like Cardinal Manning, who is

ABOVE ALL THINGS ELSE A MAN!

—for the crosier and the hat and the ring are but adjuncts after all—when a great church dignitary, with very few precedents to inspire him, comes down from his dignity and lays his hand with healing balm where the sores of humanity fester most, and where the pain is keenest, then I read his doings for a creed, and am sure that, whatever he believes, *he* at least is orthodox.

And so, by your leave, Father Gavazzi, while my heart beats quick at the memory of your long championship of civil and religious liberty, it burns with tender thoughts of the graceful charities that adorn the life of Cardinal Manning.

RESTAURANTS &c.

HOTEL BRUNSWICK AND RESTAURANT, 56 KING STREET WEST, (Next Mail Office). Luncheon served to order. Dinner daily 12 to p.m. GEO. BROWN, (Late of the Windsor and American Hotels.

RESTAURANT FRANCAIS, U. E. CLUB BUILDINGS, KING STREET WEST NOW OPEN. EUROPEAN STYLE. MEALS AT ALL HOURS. Neatly-fitted Ladies' Dining-room with private entrance. J. QUINOLLE & F. ARNOLD, PROPRIETORS.

ST. CHARLES RESTAURANT YONGE STREET. Hot Lunch only 15 Cents. FULL DINNER only 25c. The Best in the City in the Lower Dining Room.

TEAS AND COFFEES.

RARE PRESENTS! A HANDSOME BOOK GIVEN WITH 3 POUNDS OF OUR CELEBRATED TEA ALSO GLASSWARE AND CROCKERY GIVEN AWAY! Our stock of Presents far surpasses any other in the city. Among other valuable Books we are giving the REVISED VERSION OF THE NEW TESTAMENT With 3lbs of Tea. Our TEAS are superior to any other in Toronto. Being direct importers we are enabled to give the very best value. Great Dominion Tea Co., 195 & 228 YONGE STREET. Victoria Tea Warehouse

EDW. LAWSON, Victoria Tea Warehouse, 6 No. 93 King Street East.

EXPRESS LINE.

9 ADELAIDE STREET EAST CENTRAL OFFICE OF T. FISHER'S EXPRESS LINE CHEAPEST EXPRESS LINE IN THE CITY 5 Cent Parcel Delivery in Connection. Arrangements made with merchants for delivery of parcels in large quantities. T. FISHER, Proprietor.

CARL M. LARSEN, Carver & Turner 13 Adelaide St. East, MANUFACTURER OF Organ Stop Knobs and Beads, Bungs, Wooden Balls, Button Molds and Handles of all descriptions, Enameled and Plain. Novelties in wood, etc., of every description made to order.

RETAIL DRY GOODS & CLOTHING.

FOR THE HOT WEATHER.

After long delay, the hot weather has come upon us with a rush, and JAMIESON, THE GREAT CLOTHIER, IS PREPARED FOR IT. He can show the finest assortment of LIGHT, BREEZY CLOTHING in the city, at the lowest possible prices. He has also a large selection of Boys' Jersey Suits, which ladies should not fail to see before purchasing elsewhere. JAMIESON, Agricultural Hall, cor. Queen & Yonge sts, TORONTO.

OAK HALL GREAT CLOTHING SALE. The further reductions we made on the 15th inst. are bringing the people in large numbers to our store. They see at once that we act up to what we advertise. We cannot possibly afford to sell at our present low prices any longer than the terms of our great sale; so those in need should come at once and supply themselves. We are bound to clear out all Summer Clothing regardless of the loss. Special drive in the following goods: FASHIONABLE LIGHT TWEED SUITS, " " BLUE AND GREY SERGE SUITS, Also Linen Lustre and Russell Cord Coats, linen and Lustre Dusters. OAK HALL, 115 to 121 King street east, opposite Cathedral.

PHOTOGRAPHING & FINE ARTS.

J. B. COOK, THE PHOTOGRAPHER, Albert Hall, 191 and 193 YONGE STREE. Has all the latest kind of scenes. Rustic, Conservatory, Boating, and Swinging Pictures all the rage. Cabinets, $3 per Dozen. Tablettes, $5 " " Cards $1 per Dozen up. AMBROTYPES, Six for Fifty Cents.

DIXON Invites you all to call and see THE PHOTO WORK he is now making UNDER HIS NEW LIGHT! His gallery has been completely overhauled. His TINTYPES are noted in this city. Gallery, Cor. King & Yonge Sts. ENTRANCE ON KING ST. WEST.

NEW RUSTIC EFFECTS MICKLETHWAITE'S PHOTO GALLERY, Cor. Jarvis and King sts.

J. DIXON, Photographer, Has all the latest scenery in Photo use. His Photo and prices cannot be equalled in the city. J. DIXON, 201 AND 203 YONGE STREET.

MIRROR AND Picture Frames OF EVERY DESCRIPTION MADE TO ORDER AT COOK & BUNKER'S 36 King street West.

PLUMBING AND GAS FITTING.

RICHARDS BROS. HOT AIR, STEAM and WATER-HEATING A specialty. Bath-rooms fitted. Tin and galvanized iron done on the shortest notice. 494 and 496 Yonge St., Toronto

GLOBES. Cut Glass Globes for sale at Bottom Prices. Apply for one week to J. N. O'NEIL, PLUMBER, 109 CHURCH STREET.

JOHN RITCHIE, Sen., PLUMBER, STEAM AND GAS FITTER, 64 Adelaide-st. East. Promptness and Personal Attention Given to All Orders.

BOOTS AND SHOES.

W. WEST & CO. GOLDEN BOOT, 206 YONGE ST. Have now on hand a magnificent stock of New Spring Goods, perfect fitting, elegant, comfortable, durable, and cheap. Everybody can get fitted at very low prices. Come and see. W. WEST & CO.

LADIES' KID BUTTON BOOTS AT $1.75, $2.00, $2.25 AND $2.50. Ladies' French Kid Button Boots, AT $3.00, $3.50, $4.00, $4.50 AND $5.00 Ladies' Pebble Balmorals, $1.00, AT SIMPSON'S CHEAP BOOT & SHOE STORE, 68 QUEEN STREET WEST.

CIGARS AND TOBACCO

SMOKE THE EL PADRE S. DAVIS, SOLE MANUFACTURER.

ALE & PORTER.

McCORMACK BROS., 431 Yonge Street, GROCERS, Wine and Spirit Merchants WHOLESALE AND RETAIL. Agents for the celebrated PELEE ISLAND WINES! which have been awarded the highest prizes and diplomas of merit at the Dominion Industrial and Western Fairs. Try them. Also agents for CARLING & CO.'S ALE AND PORTER, which is now very fine and in prime condition. McCORMACK BROS., 431 Yonge St.

Why are so many going to Clancy's, 234 and 236 Queen street east? Because he has on sale the cheapest and best Stoves, Furniture, Tinware, &c., in the city. Stoves bought, sold or exchanged. 6

HOUSEKEEPERS GOODS

HOUSEKEEPERS.

We buy, sell and exchange all kinds of STOVES and have also in stock a large lot of FURNITURE from the best factories in the country. COME AND SEE US! JAMES NOLAN. 59 and 60 JARVIS STREET.

B SURE AND GO TO NOLAN'S 69 Queen Street West, FOR ONE OF HIS $16 Coal Stoves, all complete. ALSO ALL SORTS OF HOUSEHOLD FURNITURE ON HAND.

SHIRTS

THE PARAGON SHIRT (First Prize.) HAVE NO OTHER LEADER LANE, Toronto.

EBONY Preserves the Leather! Does not crack or peel off, retains its polish longer than others, and is the Cheapest and Best Dressing in the market. BRILLIANT BLACKING

THE SWAN-LOVERS OF COLOGNE.

BY MAT MERRYMAN.

Seated at eventide on the boat-bridge that crosses the Rhine at Cologne, watching the twinkling lights flash out like stars on either shore, and hearkening to the merry songs of the boatmen, I am suddenly startled by a swift, whirring sound overhead, and see two white bodies flutter into the stream beyond me. A pair of wild swans, small in size, quick and graceful in motion, their plumage of a dazzling whiteness, have alighted about midway between the two bridges.

I note with infinite pleasure their sportive movements as they circle and curve over the rippling water, and am presently surprised to see the male bird dive, then reappearing with some small article of food in his beak, approach his mate and gently feed her. But my astonishment is increased when, a moment later, the female bird in turn disappears, and on rising again to the surface repays his attention in kind.

"You appear to be interested in 'the swan-lovers,' observes a young student standing near me; "have you heard their story?"

On my assurance to the contrary, and request, he relates to me the following:

Herbert Werner and Katrina Von Weyden were natives of Cologne, and from early childhood lived as near neighbors and playmates. They were lovers almost from the cradle, and had already plighted, in secret, their innocent troth when the boy was but 9 and the girl scarcely 6 years of age.

Katrina's father was burgomaster of the city, and very wealthy; Herbert's parent owned several steamers engaged in the river trade, and was also interested in various commercial enterprises on the Upper Rhine. The families being thus on an equal social footing, the intimacy of the children was not discouraged, and so constant did they continue in their companionship and evident affection that soon they were commonly known as "the child-lovers."

Thus childhood and youth glided away, each year adding intensity to their natural passion, and, at the age of 19, Herbert made formal application for the hand of Katrina in marriage.

His suit was favorably received by her parents, but as both the lovers were considered as yet too young to undertake the cares of matrimonial life, it was agreed that their nuptials should be deferred two years, and that meanwhile they should continue to pursue their respective studies, he in the neighboring university at Bonn, she under competent tutors at home.

It was settled further that if all went well the wedding should take place on the young man's 21st birthday, at which time his father also promised Herbert should become an equal partner in his business.

Thus far the fates had been propitious, and though in secret the lovers murmured at what seemed to be an unreasonable delay—for fleeting time to impatient youth seems ever a halting laggard—yet they comforted themselves with the reflection that at most only a score of miles would separate them, and that on every holiday they would be at liberty to enjoy each other's society. So, cheerfully they parted and Herbert returned to the university.

But, alas! the warp and woof of true love are oft times sadly tangled in the weaving. Hardly was he settled down in good earnest to his studies than the sad news reached him of his father's death. Thus he became an orphan, for his mother had died while he was yet a child.

Now came the funeral, and after that the weary formalities of the law in settling up the estate; and soon it was whispered abroad that, owing to recent unfortunate speculations, the deceased had left his son penniless.

Thus befell the first real tests to which Herbert's manhood had been subjected, and bravely he bore the trial. Determined under all circumstances to prove himself worthy of his affianced wife, he obtained a situation and applied himself resolutely to labor. But now, as if to crown the already heaping measure of his affliction, he was notified by Katrina's father that, in view of his altered prospects, her engagement with him must be considered at an end.

That evening he walked out upon the boat-bridge in the full determination of ending at once his troubles and his life. When he reached the centre he paused and gazed sorrowfully about him on the scene which had witnessed all his childish happiness, his youthful triumphs, and the bitter disappointments of his early manhood; then, with a muttered prayer to heaven for mercy, he closed his eyes for the fatal plunge.

At that moment a light hand upon his arm detained him, and a tearful voice whispered his name. He turned to find Katrina standing beside him.

Gently she upbraided him for his want of trust, and assured him of her unwavering fidelity to the bond of their childhood. And now, standing above the rushing current of their native river, within the charmed circle of those glittering lights upon the shores and in full view of the great cathedral, they renewed their youthful troth, and swore unchanging faith—not only for time, but also to all eternity.

What were the exact words of the terrible adjuration they used, none knew; but it is whispered in the rashness of their passionate love they called God to witness that they even renounced heaven itself, rather than suffer separation in life or in death.

Katrina was now 17 years of age, and the ample promise of a budding youth found generous fulfillment in the expanding charms of maturity. Grace and dignity ruled every motion of her well-poised form; gentleness and sweetness blended in the harmony of her features; maiden purity kept unceasing guard before the glowing portals of her fervent soul.

So looked she to Major Franz Gerster, as he met her one evening on the bridge, returning from a stolen interview with her lover. Unperceived he followed, and, thus discovering her identity, rested not until he obtained an introduction. Undaunted by her discouragement of his addresses, in due time he made formal proffer of marriage, only to be gently but firmly refused, alike to his intense chagrin and that of her parents also, who both favored the officer's suit.

It was about this time that the hereditary enemy of German integrity declared war, and the fierce cry of "On to Berlin!" echoed throughout the French empire. But that onslaught had long been foreseen and prepared for. Quickly hundreds of thousands of well-drilled troops lined the frontier, all eager to repel the foe, save the fatherland, and hurl back the tide of battle.

The virtues are all of kin, and spring from the common root of self-abnegation. Had he had the power, Herbert would not have declined his country's call. Had she been able so to do, Katrina would hardly have detained him; and yet, to both, the parting was as the bitterness of death itself.

The German army were victorious, and the mails brought frequent news to cheer that lone watcher on the banks of the Rhine. Though but a soldier in the ranks, Herbert's bravery had already attracted the attention of his superiors. His was a double incentive, and his arm had two-fold force; he fought for country and he fought for love.

Alas! the pitfall of disaster is ever crowned by the flowers of hope. An