

a widow, reduced to utter obscurity; she has who has a more sacred title to her love? For you may be sure of this—the duke will never consent. Indeed, he cannot, he ought not. The annoyances he has already given us ought to be sufficient proof to you how he feels upon the subject. Theodore, your mother enters thoroughly into your feelings, and pities them from the bottom of her soul. They recall scenes and sorrows of her youth. My heart has been as deeply wrong as yours is. Let my example give you strength and teach you the courage of resignation."

She was proceeding, when a man in livery entered from the splendid mansion opposite and handed her a letter. It was from the Duke de Stralsund. He was exceedingly severe against Theodore; lamented that it should be his misfortune to have such neighbors, and concluded by declaring that if the base corruptor of his daughter's mind did not instantly depart, he would put into force the means he had of compelling him.

Aglæ was all terror for her darling son. In the flutter of her feelings may she not have misread the letter? She peruses it again. Now for the first time she notices the handwriting. How strange! She could almost say they were the very characters, and then recollections at once delightful and distressing throng upon her mind. She was still musing upon the singular coincidence, as a second servant entered and announced the Duke de Stralsund. Theodore withdrew and the duke appeared.

"Madame," said he, to Aglæ, who received him with cheeks burning with agitation and her brow cast down. "I come to learn your decision. It gives me pain to make you unhappy, but do not compel me to harsh measures. Your son has the presumption to love my daughter. Nay, more; taking advantage of her youth and inexperience, he has dared to entice her to return his love. His rashness has been unchecked by the considerations of either fortune, fame or family."

"My lord duke," replied Aglæ, who had by this time sufficiently recovered from her confusion to examine his countenance intently, "if my son had been guilty of any crime, I would not attempt to justify him; but love is involuntary, and you should consider his youth."

"An artist—an artist to dare think of marrying my daughter!"

"At our age, my lord, pride and ambition may alone have sway. At his heart rules, and the rank of the beloved is forgotten in her charms."

"You approve the conduct of your son, then, madame?"

"I grieve for his misfortune. I respect the distinctions of society as much as you can, my lord, and my son had no thought in disturbing them, for they never once came into his mind. Put yourself in his place, and then pronounce. You have been as young as he, perhaps have loved as ardently. Did you at that time stop to reason, before you dared to feel?"

A sudden flush crimsoned the countenance of the man of power, but it passed away, and he proceeded with composure and decision:

"I say once more, madame, that your son loves my daughter, and they must no longer inhabit the same city. Let him depart and instantly. Who knows to what pitch his presumption may not carry him? The next thing I shall discover, if he remains, will be some clandestine correspondence, forsooth or——"

"My lord, I am already in possession of a letter——"

"Ha! Is it then so? Unparalleled effrontery. Has he then dared——"

"Read it, my lord," replied the mother or Aglæ, after having taken from her secretary a paper most carefully enveloped. "Read it, and then pronounce the sentence of the writer."

The duke, whose hand trembled so with indignation that he was some instants before he could unfold the paper, opened it and read as follows:

"Your father is a barbarian. Am I, then, less than he, that he should scorn me thus? You have my love, and you return it—what more can reason exact? He censured the conduct of the Count de Vermonden. His own is worse. The count did not profess one principle and practice another. Your father does. Woe to the parents whom rank and riches can render deaf to the appeals of love and nature!"

In astonishment he lifts up his eyes.

"Aglæ! Aglæ! It is—can it be Aglæ?"

"Julian, it is; and it is Aglæ whom you would deprive of her son, her darling son—the only being now left on earth to be kind to her!"

"No more of sadness, no more of solitude and suffering! The Duke de Stralsund has made you weep. Julian, on his knees, implores your pardon; Julian, who only lives for you! And now, Aglæ," added he, with a smile, "may the daughter of the low-born Julian aspire to wed the grandson of the Marquis de Vaudon!"

CREMATION IN JAPAN.

A correspondent of the *Hioogo News* says: "There are three large cremation places in Osaka, and one of these I visited the other day. It is situated near the Katsugawa, outside the city limits, and is surrounded by a high wall. The appearance of the place from the road is similar to that of a temple, were it not for the chimney, which towers aloft about sixty feet. In the main crematory there are twenty large furnaces, each capable of burning three bodies;

so that sixty corpses can be reduced to ashes at the same time. Operations commence at eleven p.m., and by three o'clock in the morning the process is completed. Cremations do not take place during the day, in order to avoid any possible annoyance to the neighborhood, although the high chimney would probably prevent unpleasantness. There is another crematory connected with this chimney by a shaft, and it appeared of equal capacity with the main building, but I could not examine it as the doors were locked. When I visited this place there were five bodies awaiting cremation, three grown up persons and two children. It was then late, and no more were expected. I was particularly struck with the scrupulous cleanliness of the cremation establishment, and cannot avoid remarking that it reflects credit upon those in charge."

COLLEGE LIFE AND REAL LIFE.

With a few exceptions our great educational institutions, and still more the smaller ones, are in grasp and spirit far behind the age, and entirely out of sympathy with the modern world which the rising generation is soon to take possession of. From the moment the boy begins to prepare for college he faces the past; educationally he lives in the past; and the more conscientiously he does the work laid out for him the vaster will be the final gap between college life and real life. The intellectual habits acquired in school and college may possibly enable him ultimately to grapple with greater power and skill with the later problems of real life, greater, that is, than he would have shown had he been left entirely unschooled; yet in the administration of affairs he is likely to be distanced for the best part of his life by the unschooled practical man who knows from early and real experience precisely what to do in any emergency. The young man fresh from school is apt to know with thoroughness much that the busy world has no use for. He has general notions of many arts and sciences, but his positive knowledge of the realities upon which such arts and sciences are based is usually next to nothing; still less does he know of the practical methods of men who apply them to human uses. His educational years have been spent mainly in a world apart from and largely out of relation with the modern working world he is to enter upon when his schooling ends. His education, admirable as it may appear from a theoretical point of view, serves rather to unfit than to fit him for practical life; and his real education has to begin afresh in the rude and costly school of experience.

VISIT TO WHITTIER.

His country home at Danvers, Mass., is about a mile from the railroad station. I found the poet in a small room retired from the main part of the house and surrounded by his books and papers; His tall form is slightly bowed with age, but he retains all his old-time courtesy to strangers. He alluded to his correspondence, which was so large as to make irksome drafts upon his time and patience.

"Since Longfellow and Emerson died," said he, "Dr. Holmes and I have received much of their fugitive correspondence, which, added to our own, sometimes proves a serious burden. I receive letters daily from Portland, Me., to Portland, Oregon, from Misses in their teens, to boys in college. They send me their verses with a request that I attend to the publication and remit them the proceeds from time to time. The most, however under various disguises, entreat my autograph, a request I should grant more willingly if I knew them. As to my health I cannot complain; I have never been able to do protracted work, owing to severe neuralgic pains in the head, from which I have suffered since I was a boy. Unfortunately I have promised considerable work to the publishers, and this promise, unperformed, weighs like an incubus upon my spirits."

In discussing the recently published correspondence of Mrs. Carlyle, and of Carlyle and Emerson, Mr. Whittier said:

"Carlyle seems to have had none of the milk of human kindness in his veins. His letters show a side of his character which none of his intimate friends suspected. It would have been better for his reputation if they had never been published. In fact, so strongly have they affected myself that I have set to work and destroyed the major part of my correspondence, covering a period of over fifty years, lest it should be published after my death and bring suffering to any. I wish that all of the letters I have written could be treated by my friends in the same manner."

ECHOES FROM PARIS.

PARIS, May 19.

At a Parisian meeting an old second-rate actor who had given up the theatre and entered the government employment, said: "Ah, you don't call yourself Valancourt any longer?" "No, certainly not," replied the actor. "In returning to private life I gave up my theatre name, in order not to dishonor it!"

The old stories about vampires and wehrwolves had doubtless some foundation in fact. There exist creatures in human shape capable of committing any atrocity, however devilish and unspeakable. A man has just been arrested a

Vièczac, in France, on a charge of digging up dead bodies and using them in a way in which, according to Herodotus, Egyptian priests used the corpses they sometimes disinterred. Nobody, probably, has ever imagined anything so horrible that some, at some time or other, has not either done or attempted to do.

AFTER running through all the changes in tint in hair, which the natural color of human tresses afforded or suggested, after coloring them black, red, grey and brown, bleaching to tawny, yellow and white, according as passing fashion dictated, the whimsical Parisian damsels are now appearing before a dazzled and bewildered world with locks of a beautiful olive-green hue. The hint, perhaps, was taken from the mermaids, but it has been improved upon by the selection of a new and artistic shade, in which it is easily possible to find dress-stuff to match the hair.

A STEAMER full of learned people is to leave Havre next month for Christiana, where the boat will remain a sufficient time to enable the travellers to inspect that capital and its environs, and continue thence along the coast to Hammerfest and the North Cape. Stopping at the most interesting places on the way from Hammerfest, the steamer will proceed to Spitzbergen, calling at Breen Solan. At Spitzbergen the steamer will make a stay of about a fortnight, thus giving to the travellers an opportunity to visit the most interesting parts of the island or to follow the pleasure of hunting and fishing.

A FEW moments of real amusement were enjoyed some evenings ago at the Hippodrome, which, we fear, is not often the case at that spacious establishment. On the occasion we refer to, a young Parisian gentleman, well-known for his eccentricities, came into the ring disguised as a clown, and performed a number of really humorous antics, taking a prominent part afterwards in a very comical wedding-scene which he had himself imagined. The hero of this interlude rarely lets a week pass without surprising the people who belong to *le monde ou l'on s'amuse* by some eccentricity, and he seems to have taken Lord Henry Seymour, of eccentric memory, for his model.

THE Ambassadors of France to the Russian Court upon the occasion of the Coronation is an American lady, Miss King, of Georgia. In that province there have existed from time immemorial two rival families of "Kings," the one known as the Big Pumpkin, the other as the Small Potatoe. Needless to say that it is not to the latter family that the Ambassador Extraordinary belongs. Miss King was much in favor at Court during the latter days of the Second Empire. She was the life and soul of the Soirees at Compeigne, and the Emperor often alluded to her as the most graceful specimen of American womanhood he had ever seen.

THE Count de Chambord still gives the greatest disquietude to his followers and relatives. His state is not absolutely hopeless, but the somnolent symptoms are alarming. The whole of the Legitimist party are preparing for the worst. Many of the most influential amongst them have hurried off to Gratz, where his highness lies still under the influence of the stroke he experienced ten days ago. The only words he utters now and then are "Gratz!" and "Froksdorf!" and the imagination of partisans always more vivid than that of other people immediately seizes upon the words as signifying that the chest which contains the secret papers of the Bourbons, and which was delivered into the hands of the Count de Chambord by the Duchess d'Angoulême when on her death bed at Gratz to be conveyed to Froksdorf is to be secured at once. Lord Burleigh's shake of the head was interpreted with far more fluency.

THE Duchesse de Bisaccio's grand Japanese fête has been all the rage. It comprised a bewildering collection of Japanese and Chinese art and curios. On every hand were festoons of Chinese satins and *crêpes* embroidered with flowers and birds, elegantly wrought fans, enormous pins and *clochettes* in silver and gold for the hair, hideous idols, marvellous ivory carvings, and flowers real and imitation, from the tea plant itself to the magnificent *rose de Chine*. The costumes, too, attracted a good deal of attention, and the collection of quaint artistic pottery were ought to have satisfied the most approved aesthetic taste. The Duchesse de Camposelice gave a splendid ball last week at her mansion in the avenue Kléber. The immense saloons were resplendent with lights and the flash of jewels worn by the brilliant assemblage of ladies. An excellent orchestra of 40 musicians, under the direction of M. Gastaldi, was stationed in the conservatory, and dancing was kept up till the morning was very far advanced. A splendid collation terminated the fête which is likely to be talked about as one of the great events of the season.

THE theatrical paper in the *Quarterly Review* is said to have been written by Sir Theodore Martin. Naturally, it is extremely worth reading, even if one does not agree with all the talented author's views.

VARIETIES.

LADIES are promised a much more lovely looking-glass than they have ever had before, where, as the song of the "Devout Lover" hath it, may be seen "the great soul beaming in my lady's face." The brilliancy of the metallic deposit on the glass is said to be quite marvellous, and far away beats Venetia's best. It is also the invention of an Italian, a Professor Palmieri. We will not attempt to mystify our readers by explaining the process, which we don't understand, but as a general hint will state that glycerine is at the bottom of the treatment of salts of silver. Just as nitro-glycerine is proving so spiteful it saves its credit to have become thus pleasant in one of its results.

THE Spiritualists, being to some extent "played out," in the Western hemisphere, have been lately turning their attention to the East, where they are now trying to induce the Hindoos to join their ranks. But the Hindoos are wide awake, having profited by their long intercourse with English people. At a *séance* held recently in Calcutta a Bengalese gentleman put the leading spiritist into a serious dilemma. In the course of the performance he had been touched on the nose by an individual said to have come from the other world, and purporting to represent the deceased father of the intelligent native, who at once remarked: "No, that is impossible! My father never washed himself once during his lifetime, and the hand of the spirit smelt of—soap!"

STATISTICS are claimed by the Catholics of Germany to show a large percentage of conversions to the Church of Rome from the Protestant aristocracy. Since 1880, it is said that no fewer than forty-four persons belonging to the "high nobility" have gone over, including three princes (Sohns-Braunfels, Isenburg-Birstein, and Löwenstein-Wertheim), the Princess of Kourland, the Duchess of Sagan, eleven counts, twelve countesses (including the well-known Countess Hahn-Hahn), thirteen barons and three baronesses. On the other hand, the statement declares that only nine members of the Catholic aristocracy have been converted to Protestantism; namely, the Princess of Leiningen, three counts, three countesses, one baron and one baroness. Among the lower German nobility, the Church of Rome is also said to have made many proselytes.

At the salon one perceives, says the *Paris Gazette*, very few traces of the irritation which is said to reign in the artistic official world of France towards Americans, on account of the recent changes in the American tariff as regards foreign works of art. Some few fine American pictures have been pitilessly "skied," but so, too, have some very excellent French ones. The contributions of Messrs. Bridgman, Sargent, Pearce and Ogden Wood, are all upon the line. Mr. Mosler and Mr. Alexander Harrison have not been as well treated as the merits of their contributions deserved. The "Breton Wedding," of the former, and "Un Esclave," by the latter, are among the finest American pictures in the salon. The colouring of the latter, in subdued tones of gray and green and faint rose-colour, is very beautiful and delicate. As a whole, the picture surpasses the very successful "Castles in the Air," by the same artist. Mr. Pearce's pictures show conspicuous in strong qualities since their transfer to the salon.

PROF. FLEMING JENKIN, whose name is some guarantee that the project mooted is not chimerical, claims to be able to transmit goods and even passengers, in an almost continuous stream along a suspended wire rope or rod, by an electrical method of propulsion which he calls telepherase, the power being taken from stationary engines, as in the case of electric railway. It is now stated that a company called the Telepherase Company, (Limited), has been privately formed with this very object. An experimental line some miles in length will shortly be erected, and the names of those connected with the undertaking show that the invention has succeeded in gaining the confidence of men well able to judge such schemes. The platway and the ship canal may soon have a younger rival. Shall we ever see a stream of cotton bales telephered along a suspended wire rope, rising straight from the hold of a ship and poured directly into our store-rooms with no intervention of carts or waggons? However novel the idea may be it no longer seems inconceivable.

A VEGETARIAN reports to the *British Medical Journal* the result of his year's experience without meat. At first, he found the vegetables insipid, and had to use sauces and pickles to get them down. As soon as he became accustomed to the diet, all condiments were put aside, except a little salt. The desire for tobacco and alcohol left him spontaneously. Then all his digestive functions became regular, and he found himself wholly free from headaches and bilious attacks. After three months, a troublesome rheumatism left him, and at the end of a year he had gained eight pounds in weight. He believes he can do more mental labor than before, and that all his senses are more acute. For breakfast, he has brown bread, apples and coffee; dinner consists of two vegetables, brown bread, and pie or pudding; for tea, he rejoices in bread and jam, with milk and water; and for supper, bread, jam, cold pudding, and, as a luxury, boiled onion. Eggs, milk, butter and cheese are used only in very small quantities. The dietist is a doctor, and his statement is drawing out many similar ones from medical men.