

what he did, Baum did so. Presently he found himself in the street, bewildered. He wandered off, and by some instinct found his way to his lodging in a state of mind verging upon a stupor.

His long-hidden and unsounded name had fallen upon him like a blow, and hours passed before he began to recover.

He was awakened by a boy who brought him a letter. He threw it into a corner of the room and went out into the cool air of the evening.

That night Krömer hired an escort to the theatre, and while there he heard a story about Baum which was floating about among the musicians, and which set him on fire. He blundered in his playing, and Mayer would have scowled upon him had he not the prospect of being his son. As for Krömer, he scowled upon Mayer, and declined his arm on the way home with a vehemence which frightened the young man, who could imagine no excuse for it.

Krömer found Baum awaiting him in his chamber, and Krömer's cordially bordered upon affection. He put his arm over his shoulder and pressed his hand.

"My dear friend Baum," he said slowly, "one may make errors even about things which lay nearest the heart."

Baum pricked up his ears and a thrill of pleasure passed through him from top to toe.

"In the night you are likely to reflect upon what has been said in the day."

"Yes," added Baum with a trembling voice; "I remember that I said something on Sunday."

"That is what I mean," whispered Krömer. "I believe in comfort," ventured the other.

"And so do I, Baum," cried Krömer with rapture. A flush of delight overspread his face and he caught his friend in his arms. "I believe in you. You are a wise man, and I have just begun to find you out. Let me explain myself, for what I have already said is the result of reason and not whim. I have thought it all out, and I conclude in your favor."

In a moment he had the anxious Baum by the lapel.

"This life," said he softly, "all we practical men agree, is a life of business. Love has or should have its commercial aspects. I say to myself, here is a lovely daughter who must have a husband, and being her father I am bound to look about me to find the required party. One person presents himself to my mind, and I rather fancy him; he has certain quantities of even temper, musical ability, and worldly prospects; my daughter has certain quantities of money, education, beauty, and refinement. Do they balance? Do they weigh evenly in the scales? Tolerably, say I, and consequently I fix my mind upon him. But, my dear friend, I find I have made a mistake. I was actuated by no species of love for that young man; my conclusion was purely one of arithmetic, but still my calculation was wrong. One fine day I go out for an airing with an acute companion, a friend of several years' standing. This companion converses with me and argues. He is clear, forcible, and shrewd. He points out the desirabilities of wealth and position, and he evinces a respect for the substantial joys of money which my son-elect does not possess. I sum up as I lay my head upon my pillow in the dead of night, and I think, finally, that I had better make a change."

Krömer coughed a little behind his hand. Baum held his breath and was filled with joy.

"Am I a mercenary old man?" resumed Krömer pathetically; "do I trade my daughter? Does she hold the position of Joseph? No, I am a man of pure judgment; love is not for me, affection is for others. Baum, my dearest and oldest friend, can you doubt that it is you whom I mean?"

"Krömer," responded that worthy man in a broken voice, "I understand you." The two then wrung hands in silence.

Baum soon left the apartment and ascended the staircase, shaking his fist in the direction of Mayer, while Krömer went hurriedly to bed, conscious of having made a good transaction.

Baum entered his chamber in ecstasy. The prospect of triumph over the detested Mayer caused him to remain awake.

It was fully two hours before his eye rested upon the letter, which still lay in the corner of the room where he had thrown it.

He went and picked it up. It was foreign, and bore the well-known seal of his brother's attorney. He turned white. A singular mixed expression crossed his face.

He opened the letter, read it hastily, and then permitted it to drop to the floor. He rested his hands upon his hips. "Hum," he murmured in ecstasy, "Baum the cornet-player now expires, and the wealthy Kirchoff, the brother of the late famous baron, comes into existence."—The baron is dead!

He stood petrified for an hour, and then sinking into a chair, he sat and exulted the livelong night without removing an article of clothing.

It was quite late in the morning before he came to his senses—that is, back to his actual position and surroundings. He was now worth a quarter of a million of thalers, and one could forgive him for reflecting on his wonderful possibilities.

The first thing he did was to look down upon the floor towards Krömer's room and smilingly shake his head.

"Ah! you venerable calculator," said he, "you knew of all this when you cast off Mayer and adopted me. You heard it at the theatre or in a wine-garden, and flew with a corrected judgment to make me commit myself in advance. No, no, Krömer; I regret, but Margaret has few charms for me now. I resign her to the bidder."

At ten he drank some brandy, and, disheveled and excited, and haggard with the violent emotions of the night, he descended to Krömer's apartment to amuse himself with dallying with the old gentleman. He found the two together; the daughter standing beside the fireplace weeping silently, and the father sitting in his chair dressed to a nicety, with the most entrancing of smiles upon his face.

Baum was high-strung and entirely careless. He spoke to Margaret loudly; she turned aside. He spoke to Krömer, who rose and took his arm with a manner suggestive of fawning.

"I have had a night of happy dreams, friend Baum. Come and sit down and make one of us."

But Baum stood erect; his bearing, his look, and his tone were insolent.

"Krömer, my good pianist, I've been thinking over your proposal to me, and I am inclined to close with it; I—"

"Supposing we step into the window, dear Baum; this is business."

"No, no," responded the other, waving his hand; "why run away? Let us do everything above-board, Krömer. It is merely a matter of arithmetic, as you once observed. Who need be afraid of figures?"

"But, my—"

"O, don't tease, my good man. Let us be commercial. I have qualities, your daughter has qualities. Suppose we just run over these once more together. If they balance, then all right; if they don't balance, why then I can't take the daughter."

Baum smiled, while Krömer's face exhibited the greatest trepidation; he endeavored to place himself between Margaret and Baum and in an agitated voice begged for silence. But in vain. Baum continued for some moments dealing out misery and discomfort on all sides with his pointed tongue, and yet he by no means discouraged Krömer, who danced hither and thither in an agony of suspense and doubt.

"No," said Baum finally, with a raised voice; "I should admire and relish a wife very well; I often regretted that I have not married earlier; but when one decides at my time of life to make a choice, he cannot be too particular. Now Margaret is a little too tall; I—"

"Kirchoff, I must again order you out of the way."

Kirchoff turned around and beheld Mayer beside him. His face at once became red with anger. Margaret advanced and stood behind Reinhold; while Krömer, speechless with surprise, remained silent.

"You have no right here, and your purpose in coming is simply to insult Margaret and her father. You comprehend me when I again repeat that you have no right. You are a married man, and fled to this country because you could not live in your own."

"That is a falsehood!" shrieked Kirchoff. "You don't know me; you are an impostor. What a scoundrel you are, to attack me so! Why do you tell such stupendous lies! Why do you call me Kirchoff—Kirchoff—Kirchoff!"

Mayer laughed, while Krömer's face assumed an expression of great indignation.

"Go out of the room," mildly said Mayer, raising his hand towards the door.

Kirchoff's red cheeks grew purple.

"Defend me, Krömer, or I shall pitch him out of the window. Look at him standing there. What an impertinence! what an outrage! what an insult!"

He began capering about the room with fury. Two or three times he seemed about to precipitate himself upon Mayer, who finally began to get angry himself.

"Let me put my hands upon you," screamed Kirchoff; "and I will show you how to dog and harass an innocent man."

He shook his fists in Mayer's face, who getting out of patience, turned suddenly around and walked to the door and opened it.

There instantly walked in a short, fat, middle-aged woman, with a small red face and a small sharp eye. She carried her bare arms folded before her, and occasionally slapped them with her hands. Upon the top of her head were a pair of black flouncing feathers, which danced up and down at every step. She fixed her eye upon the ceiling at the further end of the room, and walked straight to the middle of the floor and stood still.

"Madame Kirchoff!" shouted her husband.

"The same," replied she in German, without removing her gaze from the ceiling.

"Now, Kirchoff," said Mayer, "here is the wife you ran away from. She came in the vessel which brought to you and all the Germans in the city the news of your good luck. They tell me that she ruled you at home, and she came to hunt you up and take you back in order to make you pay something for deluding her into marriage with you. Is that true, Madame Kirchoff?"

"Every word," responded the woman.

"Then take him away," said Mayer.

Kirchoff's knees shook under him. All his courage had vanished, and he looked woe-begone. His wife advanced and seized him by the arm and began to march him off.

"Stop! is all this true?" demanded Krömer; "are you really married, and is this woman here your wife, friend Baum? And is your true name Kirchoff; and are you being carried off?"

"Yes, I expect so," replied Kirchoff.

"Then you have deceived me," said Krömer; "but," he added reproachfully, "I hope God will bless you, after all."

"I hope he will," replied Kirchoff. Then he disappeared in the clutch of Madame.

"Now," said Mayer to Krömer, "there is a difficulty removed, and now all is plain. Mar-

garet and I have arranged matters between us; and as I know you look at affairs in their substantial lights, I have the pleasure to say that to-day I was selected as leader in the orchestra of the new Opera-house, at the best salary paid to any musical man in the country. My overture has been splendidly received, and I am to be President of the Conservatory."

Krömer listened attentively.

"I will think it over," said he; "come to-morrow."

The next day Mayer presented himself. Krömer's face was wreathed in smiles.

"Mayer, my friend, you have won my approbation. I have counted up your various incomes and emoluments, and I calculate they surpass Margaret's by a considerable amount. I will make it even at some future time, though I cannot say precisely when. We thus arrange our business. I am told that there are other features which are only attended to by the parties themselves. You can now proceed with those. Here is Margaret."

Margaret held a fan, for the day was warm, and Mayer advanced, and they both disappeared behind it, but came to light again in an instant, blushing.

But, my—

A MARTYR TO SCIENCE.

If I hadn't got married it wouldn't have happened. For, you see, my wife had a brother, who became my brother-in-law; and through him came my many tribulations. Jim was an inventive genius, hardly out of the cradle before he invented a patent self-rocking crib with churning attachment. He was an enthusiastic fellow, and worried as many as five dogs of the neighborhood into an untimely grave attaching them to weeding machines, and bug-mashers, and lawn-waterers, and such like. When he was ten he made a double-increment momentum velocipede with one wheel, like a drum; and having got inside and wound it up, it rushed through the street like a thunder-gust trying to catch the mail—apple-women went heels over head, the air was filled with cante-ropes and garden-truck generally—and still Jim rolled on. He hadn't any stopping apparatus; and, after jumping a five-rail fence and racing through a pasture, he just plumped into the river and had to swim ashore. But none of his steam planes and fire balloons and flying machines hurt me any. They all went up or down or out before Jim's father died, and he came to live with us. "*Hinc ille lachrymæ*." Then trouble began.

Jim brought with him his laboratory and work-bench and all the implements of wrath that brought desolation upon a peaceful household, and forced me to seek refuge in a foreign land—so to speak.

Jim's first day passed quietly; but on the second he brought out a double back-action peashooter, that looked like a young clothes-wringer with a tin bustle. Maria—that's my wife—tried it, and it mashed the peas all up and threw them into her best currant-jelly, just making; and then, when she tried to take it off, she knocked the head off the tack-hammer, and it hit Bridget in the head, causing her to sit down in a tray of bread dough and spill a tureen of soup on the baby. Poor John Augustus has been barefooted on the left side of his head ever since then, and the cat got so scared that she ran through the house and upset a bottle of ink on my manuscript on the "Origin, Rise, and Fall of the Custom of Blowing the Nose with the Fingers."

Then Jim got up a wringing-machine that tied my shirts into a double bow-knot, and mashed all the buttons into fragments. He put a fertilizer on Maria's best verbenas, and they all just cured up and died. He undertook to rid my setter-dog of fleas, but he rid the fleas of the dog. He got up a patent vertical-acting garden gate; and as Bridget and her beau were cooling over it, and he reached over to say good-by, it raised up and hoisted him up about four feet, and waved him round, and neighbor Tomkin's beef-hound came along and took a steak out of his best leg.

He got up a weeding-machine that chopped off all the asters; and put a bug-killer on the rose-bushes, and turned them all yellow and blue in blotches. He attached an upward feed-pump to the kitchen range, and that filled our tank and made it run over, and then worked backwards and put the fire out.

One morning we couldn't get the shutters open, because Jim had attached a new-fangled shutter-catch that wedged the whole frame in tighter than the devil's grip on a dead hackman. When I went away on business, Jim "protected" the house with a burglar-alarm that woke everybody up at one in the morning with a gong-ringing that lasted an hour—and all on account of our Thomas cat coming in late from courtin'. My business requiring me to get up early sometimes and catch trains at an unearthly hour, and my habit being that of a heavy sleeper, Jim got up an alarm bedstead that was to wake me up at a certain hour, and if I didn't rise up in my wax-works and stop it, would pitch me out of bed. The first time I tried it it worked very well, and roused me at three o'clock from dreams of trying to cram a bushel of gold into the lining of my hat. But at four, tribulation came. The sound of a whizzing wheel woke up Maria, who remembered the intelligent contrivance, and peacefully dropped into a sweet slumber, in which she tried on a succession of bonnets, each more charming than the others. But in about ten minutes the head-board vibrated—then the mattress quivered—and then the whole affair rose on its hind legs

and wrigled—dropping Maria and John Augustus on the floor, and then, bombarding them with pillows and laying the mattress on them, sidled down to the blissful consciousness of having done its duty.

My wife and I have fled and left the inventive James to take care of the house and of himself. But what shall we do? We dare not return. We are wanderers on the face of the earth, and I a martyr to science.

B. JABBERS.

P. S.—Since writing the above I learn that Jim has been the victim of his fertile genius. Desiring protection in our absence, he took my double-barrelled gun and a coil of bell-wire, and made unto himself a man-trap and a snare unto burglars. He set it with a half-trigger, so that any one turning the door-knob would be assailed with the gun from behind. When all was ready Jim went out to take a look at things, and then, on going in to goat over imaginary prowlers, turned the knob and filled his coat-tails so full of buckshot that his clothes looked like a map of the oil wells. He takes his meals standing now, and has a little delicacy about sitting down before people older or younger than himself.

POISONED LEAVES.

Some ladies brought us, with an air of triumph this evening, some of the most gorgeous leaves of the season. We disliked to disturb the charm of their revelling in bright colors, which were reflecting on their cheeks as well as from the poisoning leaves which they had gathered, and stroked, and prepared for pressing. But the earlier the application of remedies, the less danger of being kept indoors for some weeks with swollen hands and faces, and burning sensations of pain—so we broke the spell, and lo! the change from pink to a blanched white upon their faces.

And, as gathering leaves is now quite the rage, we wish to say, for the benefit of the fair gleaners who may not know the poison ivy, to beware of its attractive habit, and scan carefully the three-leaved climbers covering the fences, trees and walls, where they grow with a blaze of beauty. The leaves may be distinguished by their growing in threes, by being shining on both surfaces, their broad ovate shape and sharply acuminate points.

The vegetable poison in this plant affects different constitutions differently. Some can handle it, and even pull it up by the roots with impunity, while others are poisoned merely by the wind blown from it while it is being disturbed. But so many are dreadfully poisoned by it every year, that a word of caution may not be untimely.

The remedies recommended by the botanist, Dr. Rigelow, are acetate of copper and corrosive sublimate, but a physician should be consulted on their use.

With the above there is equal danger from the poison sumac, or poison dogwood, as it is sometimes called, both belonging to the same genus of plants. This has leaves scarcely equalled in the autumn for their crimson brilliancy. They closely resemble the leaves of the common sumac, both of which are common to this region. The poison species may be certainly distinguished by its light ash gray stems, the harmless kind presenting an iron brown. The former is confined mostly to moist, swampy locations, while the latter is a habitant of dry situations. If the fruit of the latter is to be seen, it may be at once distinguished by its velvety, crimson heads, from six to twelve inches long. The flowers of the poison kind are in loose panicles and the fruit is as large as peas.

These beautiful autumnal days, with their overflowing wealth of brilliant coloring and delicate pencilling, are quite enough to attract one to the hedges and woods, and only a little careful observation in selecting the leafy treasures is required to do it with safety.—*Correspondence of the Providence Journal.*

SCRIBNER'S FOR SEPTEMBER.

Scribner's for September has a fair proportion of light and summery, and solid and substantial fare. Bret Harte's new story, "An Episode of Fiddletown," is continued, with his usual strength; there is a story about "Baum, the Cornet-player;" an illustrated "Cruise among the Azores;" a profusely pictured and very suggestive article on the New York "Central Park;" a delightful illustrated paper on "The Birds of the Poets," by John Burroughs; a curious "Study" of Japanese Fans, by Noah Brooks; Whitelaw Reid's Commencement Address on "The Scholar in Politics;" the second of Blauvelt's important papers on "Moderate Skepticism;" a reply to the recent article on "The Liberty of Protestantism;" a portrait and biography of Edward Eggleston, author of "The Hoosier Schoolmaster;" and the usual quantity of poetry.

Dr. Holland, the editor, gives us another installment of "Arthur Bonnicastle," and the following "Topics of the Time:" The Outlook, The New York Board of Education, Ownership in Women, and the Liberty of Protestantism. The Old Cabinet talks about the People who get under other People's Umbrellas, etc. "Home and Society," "Culture and Progress," "Nature and Science," and Etchings are as usual diversified and interesting.

Scribner's Monthly has increased ten thousand in circulation during the past year.

The first number of Scribner's Child's Magazine, of which the name has not been announced, will appear in the fall.