ready more than man could bear. He was intoxicated with her.

He got through the next day as best he might. His host and hostess brought a first mortgage upon him, and Doctor Zay was hard at work. She was early at breakfast, late at dinner, and apparently took no tea. He saw her once struggling through the snov to give an order to Handy, who seemed to have added a number at his hatter's for each degree of severity in the thermometer. Handy had private views, which no man could fathom, relative to Mr. Yorke's unexpected appearance; but they were not of a nature which improved his temper, and, under the present climatic conditions, he was denied the resources of the sawdust heap. Handy were blue mittens and a red tippet tied over his ears. He drove with the doctor that day, to watch the pony, who was uneasy from the cold, in her extended "waits." Doctor Zay was wrapped in her furs, and had long, scal-gloves. She looked a trille pale. Vorke watched the brave girl ride away into the deadly weather. She drove slowly, battling with the unbroken road. She carried a shovel to cut their way through drifts.

In the evening, as soon as might decently be, he went to her rooms. She was alone, and welcomed him with unexpected self-possession. She had a feverish flush on her cheeks. She began to talk as if nothing had happened. She inquired about his health, and the medical items of his recovery. She spoke of his mother,

and his life in Boston. Indulgently, he let her go on. He experienced an exquisite delight in all this little parrying and playing with fate, and in the haughty consciousness that he could put an end to it when he chose. He occupied himself in noticing that she wore a woolen dress of a ruby

color, with a plush jacket and white lace.
"I have ventured at work myself, this winter," he ventured to say. "Did I tell

you?" No. What have you done?"

"Sat in my office and prayed for clients."
"I approve of that. Didn't you get any?"
"Oh, yes; some wills and leases, and that kind of thing. Greatness is not thrust upon me. But I've sat there."
"Go on sitting there," said Doctor Zay, with

a little nod.

"Thank you. I propose to." She colored, and was silent.

"I wish you could have heard the Christmas oratorio," began Yorke again; "and Salvini, and the Dannation of Faust,—it was given twice. I used to think there was nobody in Roston who enjoyed Salvini as you would. Then we've had unusually good opera. I must tell you about the pictures some time; there have

been one or two really excellent exhibitions." "Tell me now," said she hungrily, leaning her head back in her her chair and closing her

eyes.
"No, not now. I have other things to say You must come and see and hear for yourself."

"I don't know but I shall, she said simply. "Confess you are starving in this snowdrift !

"A little hungry, sometimes; it is worse in the winter. It would rest me to hear one fine orchestral concert. Do you remember what irms said?"

Irma who?"

"Why, in On the Heights. 'I want nothing of the world without, but some good music, with a full orchestra."

You shall hear a hundred," murmured he. "It is fatuity to imprison yourself here, -it is ernel. I can't bear it. It must come to an end as soon as possible. It has infuriated me all winter to think of you. I had to drive you out of my mind, like the evil one. You must come down from your heights to the earth, like other

people."
"Perhaps," said Doctor Zay, "when some of my poor women here are better. I have a few cases it would be disloyal to leave now. But perhaps, before I am old, I may move. I have thought that I should like to settle in Boston, if I were sure of a feeting. I know the women there, in our school. Some of them are excellent; one of them is eminent. But there are none now (there was one, but she died) working on paccisely my basis. Indeed, there are very few men who stand just where I do, and they would not help me my. I should rather be alone."

It was impossible to mistake the fine unconsciousness of these words. Yorke looked at her with amazement, which deepened into a vagu distress.

"We are not thinking of the same things at all !" be said suddenly

"What could you think I was thinking of? she cried hotly.
"And what could you think I was thinking

of! What does a man think of when he loves a woman !"

"Oh, you've come back to that again," said Doctor Zay, with an unnatural because feeble effort at lightness. But she pushed back her chair, and her manner instantaneously under-went a change. Yorke watched her for some moments in guarded silence.

"I have returned," he said at length, "to where we left off, last night. Why do you wish

to make it hard for me t"
"I was insane," she said, "to let you get to that point. I ought to have prevented—a woman should control such things. I do not know what I was thinking of."

"You were thinking that you loved me," he

said gravely. She was silent.

"Do you want to take that back !"

"I wish I had never said it."

"Do you wish to take it back?"
"Alas," she said, below her quickening breath, "I cannot! It is too late."

"You admit as much as that? It was not a mood, nor a—but you are not capable of caprice. Then you have admitted everything," he said ecstatically, "and all the rest is clear." She smiled drearily. "Nothing is clear, Mr. Yorke, except that we must separate. We have

both of us lived long enough to know that a man and woman who love each other and cannot marry have no choice but to turn short round, and follow different roads. You and I are such a man and woman. Let us bring our good sense

to the thing, at the cutset."
"I am destitute of power to see why we should not marry," said Yorke, with a sudden faint sinking at the heart. She was without the tinseled tissue of coquetry. He knew that he had to deal not with a disguise, but a con-She had not that indigence of nature which could have offered irreverence either to his feelings or her own. "I told you long ago," he went on, "that you should not be expected to surrender your profession. I should be ashamed of myself if I could ask it of you. I am proud of you. I feel my heart jump everything you achieve. It is as if I had done it myself, only that it makes me happier, it makes me prouder. I want you just as you are, -the bravest woman I ever know, the strongest woman and the sweetest. Do you think I would take your sweetness without your strength ! I want it all. I want near. There is nothing I will not do to make you feel this, to make it casy, to help you along. I could help you a very little in Bosalong. I could help you a very muse in ton. That has been a comfort to me. Why, what kind of a fellow should 1 he, if 1 could approach a woman like you, and propose to drink down her power and preciousness into my one little thirsty life, absorb her, an-nihilate her, and offer her nothing but myself in exchange for a freedom so fine, an influence so important, as yours! I shall never be a great man, but I am not small enough for that !

She had listened to him attentively, and now

She had listened to him attentively, and now lifted her eyes, which seemed again to retreat from him with that sacred timidity.

"I never heard a man talk like that before," she said softly. "It is something even to say it. I thank you, Mr. Yorke. Your manliness and nobleness only make it harder-for me"-

Her voice sank.
"Everything should be done to make the sacritice as light as it can be made," urged Yorke. "I have thought it all over and all through. I know what I am saying. This is not the rhapsody of a lover who cannot see beyond his momentary ecstasy. I offer you the devotion of a man who has belief in the great objects of your life; in whom you have created that belief; to whom you have become—Oh, you are so dear to me!" he added brokenly, "I cannot think of life without you. I never knew what love was like before. I never understood that a woman could be to any man what you are, must be, to

While he spoke she had grown very pale, and

it was with difficult composure that she said,—
"Listen to me, Mr. Yorke! This is only hurting - us both, you and me too, to no whole-some end. Hear what I have to say, and then we must stop: I appreciate—oh, believe me!—your generosity, and the loyalty you have to your own feeling for me. I never expected to find it. I did not suppose you were capable of it. grant you that. I have never thought but that you would desire the woman you loved to be have taken me by surprise, I admit. You are more of a man than I thought you were!—

"I is your own work, if I am," he interrupt-

ed, smiling hopefully.
"But you do not know," she proceeded hastily, "what it is that you are saying. I do. You and I are dreaming a dream. It has a waking, and that is marriage. Few young men and women know anything more of the process of adjusting love to marriage than they do of the crchitecture of Kubla Khan's palace. I have had, as you will see, exceptional opportunities to study the subject. I have profited by them. Mr. Yorke, I never knew but three marriages in

my life that were real?"
"So you told me once before, he said. "I never forgot it. Ours would be the fourth."

To be continued.

SLIPS IN SHAKESPEARE.

One of the most enthusiastic of the idolaters of Shakespeare asserts somewhere that not only may every speech in his plays be assigned to its proper character, but even every line. The absurdity is evident when it is considered that to assert this is equivalent to saying that no two characters of Shakespeare could have conceived the same idea, or expressed it in the same way Far from sharing this opinion, we have often fancied that certain passages, even famous passages, had been noted down when they occurred to the poet, and had subsequently been assigned, thus ready-made, to some character during the writing of a play. The "Seven Ages" (not, for Shakespeare, of first-rate excellence perhaps, as giving a compendium of human life) have no special fitness for the place given to them, except that they fill the interval while Orlando except that they fill the interval while Orlando is gone to fetch Adam; there is little in the scene to lead up to them, and the philosopher who

uttered the passage would have been impatiently, perhaps disrespectfully, listened to by the company. But nothing is more natural than that Shakespeare should a hundred times have thought "all the world's a stage, and all the men and women merely players;" that he should, at a leisure moment, have expanded the thought, and, pleased with the picturesque piece of work, should have taken the first opportunity of giving it permanence in a play. Another such instance is the Queen Mab speech, which the gay, volatile Mercutio rather delivers as a lecture than flings off as one of those passing thoughts which form the fleeting populace of his airy brain. The irrelevancy of such passages is best seen on the stage, where the speaker takes up a position in which to address himself to the audience, while the rest of the characters stand idly and awkwardly by.

The most singular (and to us a most convincing) testimony to this practice—the natural, and indeed inevitable result of the operations of so exuberant and active a mind-is supplied in Hamlet's most famous soliloquy, by the lines where he speaks of

"The undiscovered country from whose bourne. No traveler returns"—

a grand passage, and eminently fitted to Ham-be's character; but not to his circumstances. That of all Shakespeare's personages it should be Hambet who says this—a man, the current of whose life had just been changed by a revelation reads in an interview with a transfer restance. made in an interview with a traveler returned from the undiscovered country-is an oversight so singular that it can only be accounted for by supposing it to have been noted as a passing thought, and transplanted later into Hamlet's speech. Hardly less singular as it that the slip has never before (so far as we know) been ob-

No passage in Shakespeare is better known, nor more often quoted than Portia's appeal to Shylock, beginning: -- The quality of mercy is not strained." This line catches the ear rather than satisfies the sense-"quality of mercy" conveys no idea beyond "mercy," and "strained," doubtless for "constrained," is not a legitimate or happy equivalent.

"It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven Upon the place beneath."

If it does, it ought not; for nothing is more in discriminate than the rain, which falls where it is not needed as well as where it is, on the sand of the desert as well as on the land; whereas mercy would be, not a virtue but the most mischievous of vices, were it indulged for any but the best of reasons—the reason, namely, that in the particular case a better result might be expected from dispensing with than from in-flicting the abstract award of the law. But we will grant that the simile is employed only to represent spontaneousness (though a good simile should need no such restriction) and proceed :-

" It is twice blessed. It blesseth him that gives and him that takes."

But this is not peculiar to mercy-it is true of charity, magnanimity, generosity, justice, of all the social virtues :--

"Tis mightiest in the mightiest."

How so ! How indeed can "mercy" be all t it is most conspicuous in the mightiest, because the powerful can exercise it on a scale and with a publicity commensurate with their authority but it can in no case be said to be "mighty; and the first "mightiest" is possibly a misprint (originating, like so many in Shakespeare, in the compositor's eart for some such word as "brightest."

"It becomes
The throned monarch better than his errown:
His sceptre shows the force of temporal power.
The attribute to awe and majesty.
Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings.
But mercy is above this sceptred sway:
It is enthoned in the hearts of kings,
It is an attribute to God Himself.
And earthly power doth then show likest God's
When mercy season's justice."

This, addressed to a throned monarch, would have been highly effective; but being really addressed to a poor, despised Jew, it is altogether out of place. Shyllock might properly eply :- " Why talk to me of what is becoming in kings! What have I to do with majesty and sceptred sway?" The appeal would be appropriate only if directed to the judgment seat, propriate only if directed to the judgment seat, not to him who stands there to "feed fat his ancient grudge"—a very reasonable grudge, let us, in justice to Shulock, say; for many a Christian would have desired to avenge the marks of contempt, gratuitous, outrageous and disgusting, showered by the merchant upon the Jew, even by the vivisection of the offender.

But now comes the most curious part of the speech--

"Consider this, That in the course of justice none of us Should see salvation."

Truly a singular mode of persuading a Jew, to talk to him of "salvation!" Such language would but have confirmed him in his fell intent; and when Portia goes on to say.

"We do pray for merey, And that same prayer doth teach us all to render The deeds of merey"—

the staunch Hebrew-who has already told Bass-

prayer, must have been doubly impatient to commence operations on Antonio. Nevertheless, orthodox playgoers listen to all this with what they fancy to be intense admiration, though entirely irrelevant to the object, and faulty in itself. But we hold such believers in honor, and will say no more. Purposely have we kept this example to the last, so as not to frighten them earlier in the paper; and, having said only this much, we still feel as an ancient Greek might have felt who had been heard to speak ill of Apollo at Delphi.

THE LYONNESE.

One anecdote out of a thousand will show the influence that commercial prejudice exercises over the Lyonnese merchants in matters of art. The drama of "Antony" was acted before a numerous audience, and, as has sometimes happened to that piece, in the midst of a violent opposition. A merchant and his daughter were in a front box. The father at first took a lively interest in the drama, but after the scene between Antony and the mistress of the inn his enthusiasm manifestly cooled; his daughter, on the con-trary, had from that moment felt an increasing emotion, which in the last act burst into a pas-sion of tears. When the curtain fell, the father, who had exhibited visible signs of impatience during the last two acts, perceiving his daughter's tears, said, "Bless me, what a stupid girl you must be to allow yourself to be affected by such utter nonsense.'

"Ah, papa, it is not my fault," replied the poor girl, quite confused, "forgive me, I know that it is very ridiculous."

"Ridiculous! yes, ridiculous is the proper phrase; for my part I cannot comprehend how anyone could be interested by such monstrous improbabilities."

"Good heavens, papa! it is just because I find

it so perfectly true."
"True, child! can you have paid any attention to the plot?" "I have not lost a single incident." "Well, in the third act Antony buys a post-

chaise, is it not so ?" Yes, I remember it."

"And pays ready-money down on the nail."
"I remember it very well."

"Well, he never took a receipt for it."

A HARD EGG.

"I had my misgiving, boss," the waiter said to the landlord, who was questsoning him about his conduct towards the tall gentleman in blue clothes who sat at the door—"I had my misgiving when he sat down dat he was carrying moah whisky dan was good for 'im, but he was puffectly quiet and behaved hisself well enough, an' I didn't pay no attention to im until he picked up a baked potato and held it carefully o'er the aig glass wid his left hand and begun to hit the end of his potato wid the end of his He hit it quite hard three or four times, and den he whacked it once or twice on the edge of de plait, and den, looking as solemn as an owl all de time, he calls me up to him and says,

as polite as a president:

"Wattah, he say, 'I wish you would fix
this boiled aig for me, if you please. I lost a
good deal of sleep last night, and I'm a little

narvous dis morning, he say.
"I know I hadn't ought for to laugh, boss, but I hope to die ef I could help it."

The landlord considered the circumstances, and did not discharge him.

HUMOROUS.

THE difference between man and butter.-old age makes the former weak, the latter strong.

MARRIAGE has been defined by a cynic as "an insane desire to pay for the board and lodging of another man's daughter." In Virginia when a young lady declines an

offer to convey her home, the lover asks permission to sit on a fence and see her go b

A FAMILY, consisting of a man and his wife and three daughters, all of whom suffered from obliquity of vision, are popularly known as the "squintette."

It is customary in criminal circles to speak of going to prison as "going to a country house," We presume the handcutts are described as "The Two-wrists' Companion." A GENTLEMAN, when making his will, added

a clause that his wife should re-marry, which, he ex-plained, was to insure "that he would have one per-son at least to daily deplore his death."

A NEIGHBOR came into an Irishman's shanty the other day. "What do you want?" asked l'at. "Nothing," was the visitor's reply. "Then you'll-find it in the jug where the whisky was."

HE AND SHE.

After " DE MUSSY."

After "DE MUSSY."

Red as a Tose is she;
Just such a mose as he—
Blue as a summer sky
Is the tint of her bright eye—
While beneath his eye is fixed
An are where black and blue are mixed.
Long and curly is her hair,
While his pate is bald and bare.
Lithe and graceful is her form,
It is bent by many a storm.
Like a princess is she clad,
While his clothes are no end bad.
In winter she resides in Rome,
The sea-shore is her summer home.
He drinks whiskey, beer and ale,
And when he's broke, he goes to jail.

HAMISH.