

thine have been hinds, thou canst no longer be my better-half—there is too much difference between us. I will that you go back to thy father's house, and only with such matters as thou didst bring with you. I have found one who will well replace thee, and who will suit me better in every way."

Terrible as was this sentence, Griseldis forced back her tears, a very extraordinary thing in woman, and replied thus: "My lord, I have always very well known the immense difference between your noble state and my lowliness. What I have received by your goodness I have looked upon as by Heaven's special favor, and not as that of which I was worthy. Since it pleases you to take back what you have given me, it is my duty to give it up with submission, and even with gratitude for having been thought worthy to be, if only for a time, what I have been. Here is the ring with which you married me. Take it. As to my dowry, I have no want of purse, or beast of burden to carry it away. I have not forgotten, either, that you took me as I was born; and if it seems honest to you that she who has brought you two children should go to her father's home stared at by all eyes as she passes by, so be it. But if you cherish as worth any price the purity that was mine when you bade me to follow you, grant me some clothing wherein to leave your palace?"

The Marquis was softened by these words, but determining to carry out his design, he said, with an angry look, "So be it—go forth barely covered."

All those present prayed him to give her a robe, if only that the people should not cast eyes upon so miserably clothed a woman, after she had born the title of Princess through thirteen long years. But all their prayers were useless.

This unfortunate woman, after saying good-bye, went out from the castle, clothed in one garment, without head-dress or foot-covering, and so got home to her father. All who saw her pass in this humble and humiliating gear did honor to her in tears and compassion; while the luckless father, who had never been able to convince himself that the Marquis quite recognized Griseldis as his wife, and who had always expected that sooner or later she would be sent packing, was able at once to clothe her with the homely garments she had left behind her, and which he had kept in anticipation of her return. So Griseldis put on her old shepherdess homespun, and fell back into her ancient ways, bearing the reverses of fortune with unshaken fortitude.

The Marquis then gave his subjects to understand that he was about to marry a daughter of one of the Counts of Pagano, and he gave directions to make preparation for a magnificent wedding. It was then he ordered Griseldis before him, and said, "My new wife will come home in a few days, and I wish that she may be agreeably impressed with all about her upon her arrival. Thou knowest that there is no one about me who can look so well after a house as thou; therefore set the palace in order, invite such gentle women-folk as thou pleasest, as though thou wert still the mistress of the house. The wedding, complete, thou canst go back to thy father's hut."

Now, though every word was like a knife-thrust into the heart of this poor Griseldis, who could not contentedly set aside her love as she had her fortune, she said humbly, "My lord, what you will, I do."

Thereupon, still wearing her old clothes, she entered the palace, and set to work brushing, rubbing, sweeping, cooking after the manner of the lowest servant. Then she invited the court ladies to the wedding, and when the day was come, she received them while still wearing her village rags.

The Marquis, who, with all the care of a father, had superintended the education of his children, who had remained under the care of a branch of the house of Pagano, to whom the Marquis was related by marriage, now sent for his two children.

The girl was about thirteen, and never had beauty more perfect than hers been seen, while the boy numbered six years. Now, the gentleman who brought the children had been instructed to say that he accompanied the new bride to her husband, at the same time being warned to remain absolutely silent as to the truth.

All being done as the Marquis had ordered, the gentleman, the maid, and the youth arrived about dinner-time, accompanied by a numerous retinue, and passed through the crowds of people all eager to see the new bride.

The ladies of the court received the supposed bride, while Griseldis stood behind, still in her country clothes, and waited for her turn to salute the damsel, which she did, saying "Welcome."

The ladies of the court, who had earnestly prayed the Marquis, but vainly, either that the unhappy woman should be allowed to retire, or else appear in suitable clothing, now sat down to table, and the dinner was served.

Need it be said that all eyes watched the supposed bride, while all admitted that the Marquis had certainly not lost by exchange.

Above all, Griseldis admired the new-comer, and had enough to do in dividing her attention between the bride and the bride's brother.

The Marquis, believing at last that he had sufficiently tried his wife, and seeing that the tests to which he subjected her could not cause her even to change countenance, and at the same time knowing that her behavior was not the result of indifference, thought it was time to relieve the poor woman from the agony she

was doubtless suffering, much as she affected calmness.

Therefore, making her face all the company, he said, "What think you of the new bride?"

"My lord," she said, "I can but think well of her, and no doubt she is as wise as she is beautiful; indeed, I am sure you will live together the happiest in the world. But I ask one favor on your part; it is this—not to heap upon her such sharp words as you have been prodigal of with me, for methinks she could not bear them so well, seeing that she has been reared delicately, while your first wife had suffered pains and penalties from her cradle."

The Marquis, seeing Griseldis firmly persuaded of the fact of his second marriage, now sat her down by his side.

"Griseldis," said he to her, "'tis time thou didst gather the fruit of thy long patience, and that those who have looked upon me as a heartless, brutal, and cruel man may know that all I have done was but a premeditated pretence, to teach them how to choose a good wife, and thee how to be one, in order that I might have a quiet life whilst I must live with thee. 'Twas above all, a scolding wife I feared in marrying. I first tried thee with harsh words, and thou didst reply but with patience. Never word in answer saidst thou; never once didst thou complain; so am I certain to obtain in thee the happiness I wanted. I am about to give thee back in one hour all that I have taken from thee through many years, and to pay thee with tender love for my ill-treatment. Look, then, with joy upon this damsel that thou didst take to be my second wife, as thy daughter and mine, and her brother as truly our son. They are those whom thou and many others have looked upon as the victims of my barbarity. I am thy husband, and I love to tell thee this many times; for no husband can be so blessed in a wife as I am in thee."

Thereupon he embraced her tenderly, and kissed away the tears of joy fallen from her eyes. Then they stood up together, and went and embraced their children, while all those present were agreeably surprised at this change in affairs.

The ladies, rising hurriedly from table, led Griseldis into a private room, where they pulled off her rags, and dressed her like a grand lady; and as such she appeared in the great hall, for she had lost nothing of her dignity and splendor under her rags.

Now to celebrate this new marriage the galas were continued many days.

It was therefore seen that the Marquis had acted wisely, but it was admitted that he had used harsh and violent measures to obtain his ends; while, on the other hand, everybody praised beyond measure the virtue and courage shown by Griseldis.

The Marquis, at the summit of happiness, removed Gianetto, the father of the Marchioness, from his low condition, and gave him enough upon which to end his days honorably; and after having well married his daughter, lived a long time happy with Griseldis, he well knowing how to make her forget the miseries of the past by the charm of the present.

And so ends one of the least natural and most intolerable tales that ever became popular.

The husband and wife are equally impossible and contemptible. The woman who can be patient under the infliction of cruel injustice is almost an accomplice of the actual offender. Here we have a woman who actually raises no protest against the murder of her two children, and whose idea of life is the theory of slavish obedience. The injuries of thirteen years never once call for protest on her part, and finally she pleads for mercy upon her successor, because she is better born than herself.

A student of Eastern literature is much amused, as he reads this tale, to mark how gallant Boccaccio tries to tone down the abject atrocities of the tale as he gets it—whence he does not say. The tale is evidently an Eastern satire, sung probably, in the first place, in comparatively modern times by wandering Arab improvisators. The commingled fun and cruelty evidently point out an Eastern, or rather East Mediterranean origin. How thoroughly nomadic is the Marquis's going to fetch the bride, his meeting her at the well, her expression of slavish obedience, the leaving of the bride's father still in his lowly position. Throughout, the wife is an absolute slave rather than a spouse; the Marquis a thorough despot; his subjects abject adherents. The scheme of infanticide, it need only be said, is thoroughly Asiatic; and while the ousting of Griseldis by means of a papal dispensation is quite childish, seeing that all men should know there was no basis upon which to obtain divorce; on the other hand, how suggestive of the tale of Hagar is the thrusting out one wife for another, and compelling the first to wait upon the second. There are many other minor points indicating the Asiatic origin of this tale, (an Arabian joke, perhaps, told seriously in Europe), and, notably, Griseldis' acts when giving up her first child. She obeys, but blesses the infant, and makes but this one request—that the messenger shall neither throw the child to the beasts of the field, or wild birds of the air. Any one acquainted with certain obligations will recall how such punishments are threatened in case of disobedience; while it is patent to any capacity, that while there are no wild birds or beasts in Italy, wild animals and vultures prevail in the deserts and other places associated with nomadic, half-civilized tribes. There are several tales which appear to have some association with this of Griseldis, and where a spirit of jocularly and cruelty are combined in the treatment of persons closely allied to the

sufferer. The tale of Lady Godiva at once rises to the memory. Here, again, the humiliation of nudity (a social crime in the East, as all Biblical students must know) is put in operation. But it is interesting to remark how in the Godiva tale this act is associated with a practical, Christian sentiment of sacrifice. On the other hand, as instancing the Eastern origin of this tale, the punishment that falls upon Peeping Tom is equally Asiatic in character.

The "Arabian Nights' Entertainments" teem with parallels to this tale of Griseldis, but in no one more especially than that of Bedreddin Hassan, when, being discovered by his mother through the pepper in the cream tarts he sells as a pastry-cook, he is seized, and instead of at once being restored to his family, is carried as prisoner in a cage until he is brought home. The idea appears to be that joy is heightened by past suffering sufficiently to compensate that suffering. So in the tale of Joseph the brothers are thrown into prison, that they may find greater joy in the presents they receive; while little Benjamin is made to suffer dread of death, as a supposed thief of a silver cup, in order that his joy may be the greater when Joseph discovers himself. Several tales possessed of a similar philosophy are to be found in the Koran.

The moral of a perusal of the tale of Patient Griseldis appears to be that our days are so far from those when, even in a wandering song, the lesson of women being utter slaves could be found palatable, that it is only good as a contrast. No woman could have been, or should have been, as patient as Griseldis, and the time has long since passed away when a man could even indulge in the belief, much less put it in exercise, that the fidelity of a woman should be no higher than that of a house dog.

#### THE CHURCH ORGAN.

They've got a bran-new organ, Sue,  
For all their fuss and search,  
They've done just as they said they'd do,  
And fetched it into church;  
They're bound the critter shall be seen,  
And on the preacher's right  
They've hoisted up their new machine  
In every body's sight.  
They've got a chorister and choir,  
Ag'in my voice and vote;  
For it was never my desire  
To praise the Lord by note.

I've been a sister, good an' true,  
For five-and-twenty year,  
I've done what seemed my part to do,  
And prayed my duty clear.  
I've sung the hymns both slow and quick,  
Just as the preacher read,  
And twice, when Deacon Tubbs was sick,  
I took the fork and led!  
And now their bold, new-fangled ways  
Is coming all about;  
And I, right in my latter days,  
Am fairly crowded out!

To-day, the preacher—good old dear—  
With tears all in his eyes,  
Read, "I can read my title clear  
To mansions in the skies,"  
I a'ways like that blessed hymn,  
I s'pose I a'ways will,  
It sometimes gratifies my whim  
In good old Ortonville;  
But when that choir got up to sing,  
I could not catch a word;  
They sung the most dog-godest thing  
A body ever heard.

Some worldly chaps was standing near;  
And when I see them grin,  
I bid farewell to every fear,  
And boldly waded in.  
I thought I'd chase their tune along,  
And tried with all my might!  
But though my voice is good and strong,  
I couldn't steer it right;  
When they was high, then I was low,  
An' also contr'wise;  
An' I too fast, or they too slow,  
To 'manions in the skies."

And after every verse you know,  
They play a little tune;  
I didn't understand, and so  
I started on too soon.  
I pitched it pretty middlin' high.  
I fetched a lusty tone,  
But, oh, alas! I found that I  
Was singin' there alone!  
They laughed a little, I am told,  
But I had done my best;  
And not a wave of trouble rolled  
Across my peaceful breast.

And Sister Brown—I could but look—  
She sits right front of me;  
She never was no singing book,  
An' never went to be;  
But then she a'ways tried to do  
The best she could, she said;  
She understood the time right through,  
An' kept it with her head;  
But when she tried this morning, oh,  
I had to laugh or cough;  
It kept her head a hobb'in' so,  
It e'en a'most came off.

And Deacon Tubbs—he all broke down,  
As one might well suppose;  
He took one look at Sister Brown,

And meekly scratched his nose.  
He calmly looked his hymn book though  
And laid it on the seat,  
And then a pensive sigh he drew,  
And looked completely beat;  
He didn't sing, he didn't shout,  
He didn't try to rise,  
But drew his red bandanner out,  
And wiped his weeping eyes.

#### WHICH WAS THE LOVER?

"I do wish, Gilbert, you wouldn't be so full of whims and caprices. What have I done now," Mr. Gilbert Armitage was the happy man whom Miss Milner had promised one day to marry. But there were a dozen times a day when he was ready to hang himself, for all that.

"It was last night at the ball," said he; not that I care for Morse Jerningham."

"Oh, Gilbert, how tiresome you are!"

"Susy, I have scarcely seen you in a week," remonstrated the young lover; "I might as well not be engaged to you."

"And I'm tired of our engagement. Mamma thinks—and so does Aunt Margaretta—that I can do better."

"Do you really wish to be released from our engagement, Susy?"

"I really do," she answered.

"Then you are free."

He turned abruptly on his heel and left her. "Let him go," she cried aloud. "Morse Jerningham is not so handsome and intelligent as Gilbert, but Morse Jerningham is rich, and I always thought I should like to be a rich man's wife."

And Susy went into the house chanting a merry little air.

"You are in spirits, Susanna," said Aunt Margaretta.

"So I am," said Susy. "I've just dismissed a lover."

"Gilbert Armitage?"

"Yes."

"I am glad to hear it," said Aunt Margaretta. "Young Armitage was very well, but he's not as rich as some of the young men here, and you are pretty enough, Susy, to do as you please."

That evening, Susy Milner came out in a superb riding-habit.

Two horses were led to the door by a groom. Gilbert Armitage, who was pacing up and down with a cigar in his mouth, stopped.

"You are not going to ride Brown Diana, Susy?"

"Yes, I am. Mr. Jerningham says she's as safe as a kitten."

"Let me persuade you to alter your resolution."

"You have no longer any right to speak thus to me, Mr. Armitage."

"I speak to you simply as I would speak to my sister, my mother, or any other lady whom I beheld rushing headlong into danger."

At that moment Morse Jerningham came out.

Gilbert drew back, but a pained look came over his face, and he saw Susy spring lightly on Brown Diana's back.

Margaretta was standing at her window.

"Something has happened," she said to herself. "I wonder what. Oh, my God! they are bringing a limp, lifeless figure up from the beach, and it is our Susy."

Brown Diana had taken fright, and thrown her rider.

Susy Milner had been picked up senseless and bruised, and now lay between life and death, a broad gash across her forehead, nearly all her teeth knocked out, and an arm broken. If only she had followed Gilbert Armitage's advice that last time.

"Do let me have the looking-glass, aunt."

And the old dowager, not without many misgivings, gave the little hand-mirror to her niece, as she sat up among the pillows.

False hair, false teeth, a zig-zag scar across her forehead, and the pallor of a long, burning fever replacing the bloom of former days!

Susy Milner shuddered.

"Oh!" she sobbed, as the mirror dropped from her hands. "I hate myself!"

"Susy, Susy! don't talk so," broke out the quivering voice of Gilbert Armitage, who was being admitted, for the first time, by Mrs. Milner. "Only give me the right to comfort and cherish you. Only say, Susy, that you will be mine."

"Oh, Gilbert! you cannot really love a disfigured creature such as I am!"

"I never loved you half so much as I do at this instant. Darling, you are my Susy still."

She was in very truth, his Susy.

And in her wifely troth, Gilbert Armitage was content.

SOMETHING LIKE A POINTER.—A gentleman has a thoroughbred pointer dog which is said to be the most efficient animal of its kind. It never lets any chance slip by it. The other day, as it was trotting along the street, its master observed that it ran up the front steps of a house, and pointed dead at the door-plate. He whistled, but the dog refused to budge an inch. Upon going up to see what the matter was, he found that the door-plate bore the name of "A Partridge."

BOOK-KEEPING may be taught in a single lesson of three words—Never lend them.