

DR. SABINE'S PATIENT.

CHAPTER III. A CHIMNEY OF HOPE.

Snow on the ground, white and dazzling; snow on the roofs, walls, doorsteps; snow on the bare, leafless trees and lawns of gardens—everywhere the white, ghostlike unreality of snow.

That was what a beautiful girlish face, with eyes overshadowed by a awful horror, looked out upon the morning of that Christmas eve each time she came to the window in her restless walk to and fro—to and fro the whole length of the spacious room, her fingers ceaselessly twining in and out each other.

"You said he would come early, doctor," she said, in a rapid apprehensive way—"you said he would come early, to be all Christmas."

"It is quite early yet, my dear," answered Dr. Sabine; "and he is quite sure to come to you, you know. I showed you my telegram from Dover, you remember, but it was too late to come here last night, of course."

"And you are sure he hasn't killed Albert? How like—like—who was it that was murdered?" she said, so suddenly, and for the first time using the word, that even Sabine scarcely repressed a start.

"We won't talk of such a dreadful thing, my child," he said.

"Oh, yes, we will!"—she put her hand to her forehead, then pushed it through the clattering locks of gold—"because this was sue, Albert!"—with an impatient frown, "it's gone so—it's gone so. What is that?"

A light tap at the door, and a nurse's voice saying, quietly:

"You are wanted, please, sir."

"It is Albert!" cried Isabel, grasping the doctor's arm—"it is Albert!"

"Light is, my love, you shall see him very soon, but you must stay here for a moment, call a nurse. Will you promise?"

"Yes—yes; I won't stir," Dr. Sabine knew she would not disobey, and, with a nod and a smile, went out.

"Mr. Claremont has arrived, sir," whispered the nurse outside. "Shall I sit with Miss Guest?"

"No, thanks, not now," Dr. Sabine said, and he went down quickly.

Warm was the greeting between the elder and younger man after these eighteen months; the latter had to hear that the beloved patient was certainly much better in health, and the brain plainly stronger, struggling against the shock; as she had just now shown, the elder had to learn Albert's old meeting with Winton, and the possibility of a clue thus obtained.

There certainly was a man who, if he had not paid Guest, had an interest in his death.

"We'll talk it over later, dear boy," said the doctor. "I won't keep you now, and if Isabel asks you any questions, I can, I think, trust to your discretion. By the way, I should not wonder if the commissioners in lunacy make their visit to-day."

"What—to-day—Christmas eve?"

"Yes; it was about their time last week. They should be here before Christmas—two of them and a secretary. Be off. If they come now they will see the other patients first and Isabel last."

"Do you know them? Have the same commissioners come before?"

"Yes, old Mr. Hampton and Mr. Grave; their old secretary has died since their last visitation, so there will be a new one this time. Now go up to Isabel."

Claremont knew the room well enough, and if he paused a moment at the door, it was to gather himself together as it were, it was such joy, yet bitter pain, to meet his betrothed again—such doubt, yet hope; but she would know him this time. He opened the door and entered softly.

"Albert! O, Albert!"

She sprang to her lover's open arms and flung herself upon his breast with that passionate cry:

"My darling—my own Isabel! There is thee to live for, come what may!" Albert said, pressing his lips to hers again and again, and then for minutes just held her to his throbbing heart in silence. She was so beautiful, she was so physically recovered and like her old self, that it was hard to believe the mental balance still was wanting, save for that look in the eyes that told such a sorrowful story:

Then he drew her to a sofa and sat down by her; but before he could speak, Isabel said her soft cooing against his, and whispered mysteriously, with a subdued eagerness that startled him:

"I want you to tell me something, dear, that I haven't asked even Dr. Sabine. I was afraid, because I slipped away and listened inside the big greenhouse. You won't be angry, will you?"

"With you, my heart—impossible! What is it?" tenderly crossing the gold head.

"Bend close then—so. Who was it that was murdered long ago? And who was it they said had done it?"

Claremont held his very breath for a second, so intensely was he internally startled.

"How do you mean, sweetheart? Tell me what you heard and I shall be able to answer your questions."

"I was in the hot-house, and the coachman and gardener were talking outside the door, which was ajar; I heard them say something about someone who," she shuddered, and the horror in her eyes deepened, "who was murdered, and a gentleman they said was—Ah, what is it, I mean?" she said, pitiously, "it all goes—goes!"

"Accused—tried for it, dearest," suggested her lover, trembling for the end of this.

"Yes, that was it. I knew you could tell, dear, because of the trouble in your face. O, the misery—the misery and horror of it all!" she cried, clinging, shuddering, to him.

Clearly memory was stirring the brain, rousing and connecting its buried knowledge with himself, but he folded her closer and soothed her agitation by tenderest words and such that love candidate, till presently she was listening eagerly to his tale of what he had done and seen abroad in his absence, and seemed to have forgotten her questions, which, in fact, he had not answered at all.

CHAPTER IV.
"THOU ART THE MAN."

Dr. Sabine's prognostication about the commissioners in lunacy was quickly fulfilled by their arrival.

For obvious reasons it is the rule that these officers of law should not give notice to those in charge of insane patients, which are, therefore, unexpected by days, or even weeks, though of course something of the period when they may be calling gets to be known by experience; hence Dr. Sabine's remark, which had scarcely been uttered half an hour, when he was summoned to receive the two commissioners and their secretary.

This gentleman was introduced as Mr. Mark Forrest, a fair man, well-looking, with

bright, shrewd eyes, and close-trimmed moustache and beard that became him very well, as perhaps he knew, though his manner betrayed no vanity. On the contrary, during the visiting of the four patients, the doctor noticed that he was unassuming, quiet, and, notebook in hand, kept judiciously in the background as he took shorthand notes of questions, answers, or remarks, as his duty required.

While the gentlemen were conversing with the last of these four patients, Mrs. Sabine entered the apartment where Isabel Guest and Albert still sat. He sprang up to meet her at once, as she exclaimed:

"My dearest boy, I should have come before, but I was so engaged, and I knew you had better company. Now, the doctor has sent me to say that the commissioners are here, and coming this way directly."

"And I must retreat then," he asked.

"No, my dear. The doctor said not, unless the Isabel wish it, or the gentlemen desire it."

"Don't leave me, Albert!" pleaded the girl, nervously. "He might kill you if you go away, you know."

"I will stay then, darling, if I may."

He turned to Mrs. Sabine again:

"Kindly ask the doctor not to introduce me by name, if you understand why."

She left the room; and Claremont, too haughty to challenge notice from men who might shrink from him as a murderer, drew back into a position in which, as the visitors entered, he stood in shadow.

Isabel glanced wistfully in her lover's face, but said nothing. Either some curious working in her brain, or the mere intuition of the true woman's love, made her intuitively conscious that he wished to be unnoticed.

She only resumed her seat, waiting. Then the visitors were heard in the corridor; but just outside the deep voice of Mr. Hamlin, the senior commissioner, exclaimed:

"How stupid of me! I have left my glasses somewhere! I do believe, in my study. Mr. Forrest, will you kindly step down to the hall, and look in the pockets?"

"Or perhaps in the dining-room," added Dr. Sabine. "Perhaps Mr. Forrest will look."

"Thank you, doctor, I will."

Someone went downstairs, and Dr. Sabine entered the room with the two barristers.

With graceful ease Isabel rose to receive them as they came forward.

"I am glad to see you again," she said, with her sweet, pathetic smile. "I hope you are quite well, and wish you a happy Christmas."

"Thank you, my dear Miss Guest; the same to you. What a pleasure to see you looking so well! Why, we shall find you gone, I expect, next time we come," said Mr. Hamlin, with a side glance towards the tall figure in the background, that made the doctor say quietly, en passant, as it were:

"A young friend of mine and my patient's, come for Christmas. I am very glad you find Isabel looking stronger."

"Oh, not the same being at all! And I suppose, Miss Isabel, as devoted to the doctor as ever, eh? Nothing to complain of, smiling, as well he might, on so fair a face."

"Oh, how you will jest!"

"Well," said the other gentleman, Mr. Graves, "it is better to laugh than to cry. Isn't it, Miss Guest?"

"Oh, not the same speaking, just as Mr. Graves addressed her by name, the secretary quietly entered, unnoticed at the moment, save by the doctor, who was on that side of the room, and Claremont.

Forrest looked quickly towards Isabel as her name was spoken, doubtless struck by the perfect outline of profile presented as she faced the commissioners; then his glance caught sight of Albert's, gave him a second, more intent look, and lifted his brows a little in mildly-surprised recognition; then moving to a side-table, put on it the spectacle-case he had fetched, and said in a quiet undertone to Dr. Sabine:

"Pardon, but surely that gentleman is the same—such a marked face, and I was in court when he was tried."

"Yes," said Sabine, shortly, vexed at the recognition: "and acquitted, remember."

"Ah, yes, of course, pardon me."

"That you, Forrest? Got my glasses?" said Mr. Hamlin, turning round a step towards him.

"Yes, Mr. Hamlin."

The secretary took them up, came forward, and handed them to their owner with a bow.

As he moved from the gloom into the full light of both windows, Isabel turned, as one naturally does towards a moving thing, and her eyes rested on his face for one moment, with a wide, startled look, through all their habitual horror.

Three of those present saw her with bated breath—her lover, the doctor, and Mr. Graves. In the next second there swept over that young face such a change as no man could ever see in it again; for, suddenly, like a flash, the full moonlight blaze of light burst through the awful veil of insanity, full reason glowed in that terrible gaze of recognition, quivered in every line of that beautiful, avenging face.

"At last!—at last!" she cried, pointing her right hand at the secretary. "There stands the man who murdered Rolf Guest! I saw him do the deed."

"By Heaven! what I thought!" muttered Albert, instantly at her side.

But the man so suddenly, so terribly accused, staggered back as if a pistol shot had struck him, livid to the lips, struggling to speak, his starting eyes glaring at the woman, who stood there still pointing to him.

"Good Heavens! What does this mean?" burst out Mr. Hamlin, horrified and bewildered.

And with a desperate effort Forrest rallied.

"It means," he said, hoarsely, "that that poor creature is raving mad instead of better, as Dr. Sabine affirmed."

Somehow, by one common instinct of things, all those four other men present left the accused, the murdered man's sister, to answer: each felt, each new that madness was passed away, and Truth revealed.

"It means," she said, and the low tones vibrated through the room like a stern doom to one at least—"it means that whereas I was driven mad by the awful sight of murder done, now I am made sane in Heaven's justice, by the sight of the murderer, who all this time has suffered this guiltless man—she laid her hand on her lover's now—"to bear the doom of his awful crime!"

"Gentlemen," interrupted the secretary, with some dignity, "if you are going to listen to the unhappy ravings too plainly aroused by the sufferings real or not of this lady's lover, permit me to retire, as I decline to be made their object."

But Claremont strode to the door, and set his back against it.

"Pardon me," he said, sternly, "you only pass out under arrest, Pierce Bovill."

It was a daring shot, sent in the assumption suggested by Winton's information, but it held, for the secretary stood for a moment as if paralyzed.

"You speak in a riddle, sir," he said, recovering himself; "my name is Forrest, and you, I am forced to suggest, have a distinct interest in trying to throw the onus of that crime on another person. Gentlemen, that man is Albert Claremont!"

Before anyone could speak Isabel Guest stepped forward, and no one looking on the girl then could for a moment believe her to be still insane.

"I understand all now," she said, with a concentration and passion that belong only to sanity. "I see fully what I heard meant that Albert Claremont has been tried for the murder that man—your secretary gentleman—committed—acquitted legally—cruelly—condemned morally. I now stand forward as the accused of the real assassin—whether his name be Forrest or any other. I witness the deed unseen myself. Hear me, and then say if I look or speak like Dr. Sabine's mad patient, or like a witness risen as it were from the dead."

Forrest drew back to a chair and sat down folding his arms close across him, but he said nothing—his lips were parched and livid.

"My brother," Isabel went on, steadily, "had refused Mr. Claremont's suit—wishing me to marry very wealthyly; but, and now the soft cheek flushed, and her dark eyes glowed with noble pride in her love and lover. "I had given my heart and troth to Albert Claremont, and I knew he was coming that fatal day to tell Rolf—my brother—that he intended to wed me whether he consented or no. I was in my boudoir above the library, where they were and I heard high words pass; then I saw Albert leave by the French window and walk rapidly away eastward towards the lodge. Shortly afterwards Rolf also stepped out, muttering angrily to himself, and strode away in the direction of the old copse near the fern-brake. Meaning to speak to him, to plead, and if that failed, tell him I meant to marry Albert as I had promised, I stole downstairs and followed Rolf."

She paused and pressed her hands against her breast.

"I stopped short behind a mass of bushes a little distance off, half afraid to go on just then, for he had paused, I saw, near the trees, and looked so angry; then he took out his pocket-book, looked at a paper he took from it, and Claremont gave Dr. Sabine a look, "I stamped my foot with an oath. The next minute I saw—Heaven can I ever forget!—a man come out from the trees behind Rolf—that man before you. I saw every feature clearly as he drew a revolver and shot my brother in the back. I saw him fall on his face, saw that man take the pocket-book quickly from his victim's breast—pocket, also, a paper, replace the book, and steal away. I stood frozen, paralyzed. I felt something going from me, and I remember no more, but I must have reached my room in the madness that the shock of that awful scene brought. What that paper was, or the motive of the crime, I do not know. I swear to that man as Rolf Guest's murderer."

"And I, gentlemen," said Claremont, "have a witness in London who can supply motive and identity—one George Winton, a jockey, who knew this without Mr. Forrest as Pierce Bovill, a betting man—how the man had started money for which he had given an O. U.—that was the paper taken—that the motive of the crime. Dr. Sabine, will you send for the police?"

It was not till all the necessary formalities of the secretary's arrest were over for that day, and they had returned from the police-station to the doctor's house again, that Claremont and Isabel were alone, and then even, folded to her lover's heart in a wild ecstasy of happiness, it was difficult to realize in fullness that she was no more what she had been since that terrible day of the murder; difficult to realize that the long-borne dread weight of such a deed was at last to be removed from his head to that of the criminal; hard to believe that he might see his darling as bride before the face of the whole world.

"O! it was a happy Christmas indeed for all, even though chastened by the memories that could never die—when can memory whilst brain and heart throbs?"

And when, in the gloaming of Christmas-day, the doctor and his wife, and the two young people, sat round the blazing fire, with Albert, who had told all that had passed within his heart, his hand nestled within his arms, whilst the flickering fire danced to and fro on the walls in the fire-light.

"Oh! what you have suffered!" she whispered, shuddering.

But he answered, softly:

"It is all over and repaid now, my darling!"

"There is one puzzle," said Dr. Sabine, "how the fellow escaped, so quickly as both you and the gamekeeper arrived on the spot."

"He was sharp and daring," said Isabel. "I think the only way he could have escaped was by concealing in the fern till all were gone, and then walking quietly off across the country to the next station. You see, I know the country."

"He must have intended," said Albert, "to hide till night and watch for the chance that came after all in broad day. I wonder if I had been condemned if he would have still kept silent? I think he would, seeing what he is."

"Yes! I hope your jockey will not fail to pick him up in the police-yard tomorrow, my dear boy."

"Winton was very positive, doctor; I do not fear he will fail myself," said Claremont.

Nor did George Winton fail, for though the secretary was among a dozen others who walked straight up to that one man and said, decisively:

"That is Pierce Bovill."

The day after that the prisoner was brought before the magistrate; he simply denied the charge of murder and identity, and reserved his defence, but finally he was committed for trial.

That was indeed a notable trial, and the Central Criminal Court was crowded. All the world remembered the trial of handsome Albert Claremont for that very same murder, and those who had believed him innocent crowded loudly over their astuteness as they listened to the weight of evidence piled up, which demolished the prisoners' defence, and the witness, Miss Guest was mad, and that he was not Bovill.

The judge and jury thought otherwise, and with reason, and the grim verdict "Guilty" was recorded, and sentenced to death was passed on the wretched man.

In court he brazened it out to the last three weeks later, the day before his execution, he confessed his guilt to the chaplain, and asked him to beg the forgiveness of Albert Claremont and his just-wedded wife, whom his deed had for so long made "DR. SABINE'S PATIENT."

[THE END.]

GIANT PINES.

These Which, Like a Majestic Procession, Stretch to Miles and Miles in the Australian Forest.

[From the London Globe.]

The kauri pine is undoubted sovereign of the Australian forest. No other tree can approach it in grandeur of proportion or in impressiveness, when, as one of a clan, it holds as its own stretches of country hundreds of miles in extent. Perhaps the sight which a kauri grove presents to the eye is unequalled in the whole realm of nature.

As the traveller gazes around him in the recesses of the forest he is impressed even against his will.

To walk between those mighty pillars, smooth and dark as ebony, uniform in age and size, and buried in a perennial twilight and silence that the wildest storm only disturbs by the mere ripple of sound, awakens a feeling of awe.

Mile upon mile they stretch into distance, in a majestic procession that follows every irregularity of the land, like some colossal temple dedicated to night or melancholy, the sombre aisles full of an awful monotony and a solemn stillness.

Like the Egyptian sphinx, they ignore the lapse of time, preserving the same majestic calm and unvarying expression before the cataclysms which have altered the whole aspect of the globe, and before the social upheavals which have swept away civilizations as if they had never been.

If geologists be correct New Zealand is a fragment of a continent which sank beneath the waters as the new world rose. It is a relic of a bygone age.

The youth of the oldest kauri groves is therefore shrouded in the mists of the past. But that they are very ancient is beyond doubt. They were mere saplings when the Pharaohs adorned the land of Egypt with imperishable memorials of their power, and they were still standing and graceful when Solomon filled the East with the fame of his glory; they stood in all the pride of maturity when Hannibal crossed the Alps, and Rome entered on her victorious career.

They have seen the splendid dawn of all the great empires of the world, and seen them set in gloom, when the canker of decay had sapped their very foundations.

But the kauri has now fallen upon evil days; its closing years are full of danger. It has survived to see the forms of life, long dead in the great masses of land, fade away before the vigorous fauna and flora of another order of things.

At no distant date also, like the natives, the birds, the grasses, will have passed into the meaningless oblivion from whence it came. In the presence of this venerable giant pine of Maroland, the grandest representative of a primitive age, the colonial, a creature of yesterday, feels like a pygmy, as he gazes on the solemn files on every side.

As though ashamed of his own littleness and painful weakness, he is possessed only with the passion of destruction.

The weakness inseparable from the very nature of a kauri forest is intensified by the total absence of animal life. The contented droning of insects, hum of the bee, the glad singing of birds, so distinctive of the mixed bush, are never heard beneath the umbrageous canopy which excludes the radiant southern sun.

The kauri reigns supreme in its own domain. Nor is there the enchanting diversity of ordinary bush—the palms and the tree ferns, the shrubs and the prodigal wealth of beautiful parasites, whose bewildering variety is unrivalled even to the torrid zone.

With the exception of a living carpet of delicate maidenhair, which attained a height of from five to six feet, and of creepers ferns which swing from tree to tree like fairies in the castle of a giant, the forest is altogether bare of undergrowth. In the woods of recent growth, however, vegetation is more luxuriant.

The long tendrils of the climatic and rata connect trunk with trunk in garlands of white and scarlet bloom, and at their base flourishes an infinite variety of ferns, while here and there a graceful tree-fern rears its silvery-lined crown.

It is a curious sight to English eyes to see a group of young kauris standing tall, and erect against the pale, blue and gold of the sky and the lighter greens of the background of forest. Like all the species, the dome is out of all proportion to the height. But their doom has been spoken.

The axe of the lumberer and the whirr of the sawmill resounded in the land and the earth quivers with the shock of falling patriarchs.

With the recklessness of the spendthrift the New Zealander is spending his heritage, and before another 50 years have passed away this noble tree will be as extinct as the moa.

But to really bring home to the mind the stupendous size of the Colonial oak, as it has been called, it must be compared with the largest trees in the islands.

In England there stand several elms 70 feet high and 30 feet in girth; oaks 90 feet high and with trunks 40 feet in girth, and in Scotland there is an ash 90 feet high and 19 feet in girth. But these are regarded as extraordinary and grow in solitary grandeur.

The average girth of trees in Britain is not more than 12 feet nor the average height above 50 feet. But in New Zealand there are miles of kauris whose average height is not less than 100 feet and whose girth is not less than 30 feet and 40 feet. The largest kauri yet discovered was 70 feet in girth, and the trunk was 200 feet high.

The Farmer of the Future.

"The only hope of the future farmer will be in his brain," says Gen. Rusk. "The sharp competitions between sections and countries which will be induced by increased facilities for transportation will stir the agriculturist up to his best efforts. His chances for fortune-making will be great, but he will have to be prepared to fight the battle of competition for them. He must be sufficiently well educated in science as far as it is applicable to agriculture, and he must be intelligent enough to study his surroundings and to apply his knowledge to the conditions about him. He will be able to meet his fellow-citizens on an equal footing, and his brain will command the respect and consideration which he deserves, and he will give other classes and other industries due respect in return. The farmer of the future will be a business-man, able not only to compel his soil to do its best in the matter of production, but to study the markets and know what will sell the best and what will command the highest price. This farmer will keep his accounts like any other business-man, so that he may know exactly where his profits are and where have been his losses. These are strong qualifications but they are essential to the farmer who would do his business on a broad plan and who would succeed. As to the question of his education, when you consider that he must have a knowledge of all the principles of animal and plant life, that he must understand the constant elements of soils and fertilizers and that he must have some knowledge of meteorology, chemistry and the

other sciences closely connected with crop raising, you will see that the ideal farmer of the future will have to be not only a brainy but a well-educated man."

Ho, For the Kankakee.

Ho, for the marshes, green with Spring,
Where the bitterns croak and the plovers
Ripe
Where the haunt of old heron spreads his wing,
Above the haunt of rail and snipe;
For my gun is clean and my rod is trim,
And the old, wild longing is roused in me
Ho, for the bass-pools cool and dim!
Ho, for the swales of the Kankakee!

In these other joy like the joy of a man
Free for seasons of real and gun,
With the sun to tan and the winds to fan,
And the waters to lull, and never a one
Of the cares of life to follow him,
Or to shadow his mind while he wanders
Free!

Ho, for the currents slow and dim!
Ho, for the ferns of the Kankakee!

A but by the river, a light canoe,
My rod and my gun, and a sunlit fair—
A wild from the South, and the wild fowl due—
Be mine the while, content
And the soft of freedom is keen in me;
Ho, for the marsh and the lilted flood!
Ho, for the sloughs of the Kankakee!

Give me to stand where the swift cur runs,
rush,
With my rod all astrain and a bass coming
flush,
Or give me the marsh, with the brown snipe
flush,
And my gun's sudden flashes and resonant
din.
For I am tired of the desk, and tired of the
town,
And long to be out, and long to be free;
Ho, for the marsh, with the birds whirling
down!
Ho, for the pools of the Kankakee!

—[Maurice Thompson.]

Spring Poetry.

There came a day of showers
Upon the shrinking snow;
The south wind sighed of flowers,
The softing skies hung low.
Midwinter for a space
Foreshadowing April's face,
The white world caught the fancy,
And would not let it go.

reawakened beyond
The brooks rejoiced the land;
We dreamed the spring's shy forces
Were gathering close at hand.
The dripping buds were stirred,
As if the sap had heard
The long desired persuasion
Of April's soft command;

But antic time had cheated
With hope's elusive gleam;
The phantom spring, defeated,
Fled down the ways of dream.
And in the night the reign
Of winter came again,
With frost upon the forest
And stillness on the stream.

When morn, in rose and crown,
Came up the bitter sky,
Celestial beams awoke us
To wondering ecstasy.
The wizard winter's spell
Had wrought its passing well,
That earth was bathed in glory,
As though God's smile were nigh.

The silvered saplings, bending,
Flashed in a rain of gems;
The starker trees attending
Blurred in their mad dreams,
White froth and amethyst,
All common things had kissed,
And chrysolites and sapphires
Adorned the bramble stems.

In crystalline confusion
All beauty came to birth;
It was a kind illusion,
To comfort waiting earth—
To bid the buds forget
The spring so distant yet,
And hear no more Charles
The iron scales no more.

—[Charles G. D. Roberts.]

Three Doves.

Seaward, at morn, my doves flew free,
As they were circling back to me.
The first was Faith; the second, Hope;
The third—the whitest—Charity.

Above the plunging surge's play,
Dream-like they hovered, day by day,
At last they turned, and how to me
Green signs of peace through nightfall gray.

No shore forlorn, no loveliest land
Their gentle eyes had left unscanned,
Mid tides of twilight helicopter
Or daybreak's fires by heaven-breath fanned.

Quick visions of celestial grace
Flashed in their eyes, and broad space,
Kind thoughts for all humanity,
They shine with radiance from God's face.

Ah, since my heart they choose for home,
Why lose they—forth again to roam?
The wheel in flight towards Heaven's purer
Dome.

Flv, messengers that find no rest
Save in such toil as makes man blest
Your homes is God's immensity;
We hold you but at his behest.

The Czar and the Kaiser.

A St. Petersburg correspondent says—
The following story reaches me from a
good source, but I give it under all
reserve:—After the German Emperor's
late speech, a gentleman who was
present remarked that, whilst his Majes-
ty was confident about coming glory, he
should not forget that Russia was behind
him. William II. retorted—"I will pulver-