

THE OTHER SIDE.

"The words are good," I said. "I cannot doubt;" I took my scissors then to cut them out; My darling seized my hand. "Take care," she cried. "There is a picture on the other side."

I fell to musing. We are too intent On gaining that to which our minds are bent; We choose, then, fling the fragments far and wide, But spoil the picture on the other side!

A prize is offered; others seek it too, But on we press with only self in view, We gain our point, and pause well satisfied, But ah! the picture on the other side.

On this, a sound of revelry we hear; On that, a wail of mourning strikes the ear; On this, a carriage stands with groom and bride, A hearse is waiting on the other side.

We call it trash—we tread it roughly down, The thing which others might have deemed a crown; An infant's eyes, anointed, see the gold, Where we would blind, only brass behold.

We pluck a weed, and fling it to the breeze; A flower of fairest hue another sees. We strike a chord with careless smile and jest, And break a heart-string in another's breast.

Tread soft and softer still as on you go, With eyes washed clear in Love's anointing glow; Life's page well finished, turn it, satisfied, And lo! Heaven's picture on the other side.

"UNE DAME SEULE."

We were nearing the Christmas holidays and had planned all sorts of festivities; gifts and games for the children, a Christmas tree, dancing and all that, when my brother received a letter which summoned him to England. He would be absent from Paris several days—would return Christmas morning, or at the earliest the night before. His two boys, one eight, the other ten, had been left at Stuttgart in the family of a learned professor who charged himself with their instruction. My brother had arranged to go for the children to bring them to Paris for the holidays, when this unforeseen demand upon him made the carrying out of the plan impossible. We talked the matter over at the breakfast-table, thinking of this and that way of getting the boys home. It was out of the question their mother's going for them—she could not be spared from the little ones at home. It was an emergency, and I found courage to suit the occasion. I am convinced heroines are made—not born.

"I will go to Stuttgart and fetch home the boys," I said.

My brother looked up, astonished.

"You go to Stuttgart alone!"

"Yes, I will go to Stuttgart."

"Mais, mais," began his wife.

"Don't say a word. I want to go. I know the road; it is all plain and simple; it will be a pleasant excursion. I will leave here in the morning, spend the night with the professor and his good wife, and the next morning, with a nephew under each arm, I will take the train for Paris. Oh! I shall enjoy it ever so much."

My brother and his wife were persistent in their efforts to dissuade, but I overruled every objection and, as a result, I found myself one fine morning in a train going eastward.

I had one companion at the beginning—a lady with her maid, and a Spanish poodle. From Paris to Strasbourg not a word passed the lips of the mistress or maid; *silencium* was the order. The lady was stoutish in figure and a good deal encumbered with wraps; she was fresh colour, with pale, hay-coloured hair partly concealed by the white Shetland scarf with which her maid had replaced the bonnet that was capriciously bestowed in the rack above. The maid was tall, thin, with wide-open eyes, in every way the opposite of the lady. Her black, scanty vestments clinging to her scantily-made person made her a contrast indeed to the rather corpulent mistress in a large, scarlet, circular cloak, who sat with closed eyes and with her hands folded over her red-covered guide-book. I could have made this description more brief by saying simply that my vis-a-vis was a symphony in red. Though I did not speak during all this journey, I felt I had company—that I was not alone.

At 10 o'clock we reached the station at Stuttgart, and I confess I felt a little the worse for wear, as my breakfast had been but a cup of coffee, and at Strasbourg I had made the slenderest sort of repast. My hope buoyed me up. I should soon be at home with the brave professor and his kind-hearted wife, and in the warmth of their welcome and in the joy of seeing our dear boys I should forget how dreary it had been during the last four or five hours of the way, with the dark and some other disagreeables that I have not set down. I found a cab at the station. I mentioned the street and number. There seemed to be some needless delay in starting, especially as the driver saw fit to leave his horse and vehicle while he ran off to speak with a comrade. The house I sought I remembered to have been not far from the station, but the way by which it was reached on this occasion seemed interminable. I peered out, from time to time, in search of some familiar object or land-mark to help me to guess where I was.

To shorten the story, as I would have the journey—the carriage stopped. I got out with my wraps and hand-bag; paid my cabman; stepped toward the door; saw that it was unfamiliar; looked around and found that I was in a region altogether new to me.

It was — strass, it was No. 10, but not "10 A."

I held my breath for a moment, then recovered, and re-entered the cab; 10 A was a new house at the other end of the street, and we soon reached it. I recognized it by a tree before the door—leafless now—but with the same twisted trunk. I was surprised when the cabman demanded another fare, but paid it and bade him good-night as civilly as I could as I mounted the steps to the house I remembered.

The house as I had seen it in the autumn I had thought almost shabby in its characterless newness—but now it was the House Beautiful. I rang gently, once, and again. The third time I pulled vigorously, for the cabman had mounted to his seat, and I had begun to regard him as a friend, though I knew he might prove a costly one. The door opened and the *hausmeister* put forth his head. What did I want, he asked.

"Prof. Fersten."

The head protruded a little further, then a hand reached out, and a little lamp in it was waved two or three times before my face.

"Do you want to see Prof. Fersten? He's gone to Paris."

I gasped.

"His wife—Mme. Fersten."

"Gone to Angsburg—will be back next week."

The cabman had gathered up his reins, was making a preparatory chirping to his horses. I shouted to him to stop. I learned that the professor had gone, with my two nephews, to Paris, and his wife to visit her friends. There was no one in the apartment. Whether this intelligence was conveyed to me in a few words or many, I do not know. I turned away.

"Madame surely knows it is the custom to reward the *hausmeister* when he is called up at a late hour!"

Madame did know, and she put a half-franc into the outstretched hand. I returned to the carriage.

"You must take me to some hotel."

"Which, madame?"

I did not think to ask the *hausmeister* to recommend me one, and I do not believe he could have in his then stupid condition. I suddenly remembered my brother had spent a night in Stuttgart once—the hotel was near the station. I did not know the name, but the cabman did. We found it—or a substitute. I paid "thrice the fare," as did the grateful stranger to the boatman in Uhländ's verses.

An unkempt man—a stable-boy in appearance, represented the landlord. O, yes, they had a room! and a woman who had evidently been suddenly roused from her slumbers took a light to show me to it. We passed first through a room, where at two or three tables, men were playing cards—as I saw through almost blinding smoke—then through a kitchen where a *maedchen* with her head on a table was soundly sleeping, and where a small black dog came out from somewhere to growl at me—then across a stone passage. It was a small, low room we found, with a porcelain stove that occupied considerable space, a short bed, a chair, a washstand and two trunks. The room had that forlorn air of tidiness that a room may have that is never occupied. The bed was covered with a handsome enough knit cover, and the window-curtains were crocheted. The floor was bare, but clean. There were two coloured French lithographs on the walls—heads and shoulders of blandly smiling women. On the top of the stove was a pile of bed-clothing, with which the woman made the bed with a dexterity that surprised me, she was so heavy-looking. I ventured to try my limited German on her by asking if I could have my tea and some rolls and butter brought to my room, for I felt the need of establishing a connection with somebody in my dreary condition. The woman evidently did not understand me, though she responded "Ja, ja." Her duties quickly over she bade me good-night, and lighting a crumb of a candle that she found among other crumbs in her apron pocket, departed.

How desolate I felt! Tired, hungry, sleepy, and not a little nervous at the prospect of spending the night in such unpromising quarters. But I determined to begin well by making myself a little tidy for my tea. I soon found that I had counted without my host, or had no host to count on. My washstand contained a hand basin, but no ewer, and so no water. I must wait till my tea was brought for there was no bell to my room. I tried to be amused at the situation, to see it in its ludicrous aspect, but I was so cold that any attempt at a smile must prove a fearful grimace. I shivered so I could not sit still and I got up and tried to pace round my little circle. The clock struck 11. I waited a while longer for my tea, my teeth chattering at the thought of the long night before me. At length I took my candle and sallied out into the passage to try if possible to call some one to serve me, for I was sadly in need of something refreshing. I crept noiselessly along the unlighted corridor to the head of the stair, and began to descend, when a door suddenly opened below me and let out upon the passage two or three such sinister-looking individuals that I quickly returned breathless to my room. To my door there came up a sound of shuffling feet and excited voices and a good deal of undefined noise that I was glad to try to shut out. With suspense and some anxiety the minutes dragged, but at length the clock on some near tower struck 12.

I gave up all hope of even an apology for a supper and decided to make the best of it. There was no lock to my door, and no way of fasten-

ing it, so I made a barricade before it by piling one trunk on the other and putting my chair on that in a way that any pressure on the door from the outside would throw it to the ground. I could not think of going regularly to bed under the circumstances, but I lay down on it and drew over myself a big, over-stuffed *courre-pied*, which fell to the floor the moment I dropped asleep. That, however, must have been near morning, for I counted several of the hours as they struck, and my sputtering candle had burnt itself out, leaving only a suggestive odour I would gladly have been rid of.

At length a gray morning made itself visible, and as soon as I could see I made my way to the lower regions, still dark, where I found the man of the night before with a lantern in his hand. An old woman was called and a fire lighted in the kitchen stove, where I watched the brewing of my coffee while I warmed myself. I did not criticise my bread which I ate with a compe of stewed peas and mustard—for the butter was an indignity—nor my account either—though it was exorbitant—and when the morning train came up from Munich I was the first to enter.

I was alone in my compartment that for "lone women," and the excessive cold aggravated my general wretchedness. No notice was taken of me by any-one, and I got safely to Strasbourg, nursing my physical discomfort. At Strasbourg the officers of the train were changed, and I became an object of interest and attention to two of the guards—one a big, middle-aged man with half-gray side whiskers, the other younger, a tall, stooping individual, who smiled in at my window on every occasion, with light blue eyes of most imane expression.

How uncomfortable those two men made me! At the second station after Strasbourg the elder of the two demanded of me my passport. I replied that I had none—that none was necessary on a journey from Stuttgart to Paris. At this the younger was informed that my name was Gretchen, but it was impossible to say to which part of Germany I belonged. At the next station I was asked for my visiting card, with my Paris destination. I produced it while the old man watched with evident enjoyment my apparent discomfiture.

As we approached Paris the miles seemed longer. The train I knew would arrive after dark and—but I will not follow the thoughts and fancies that, stimulated by my fears, filled my mind. At X. the train stopped, and I saw my two persecutors looking down the line toward me, and, O, joy! I saw on the platform of the station my good old friend M. C., tranquilly smoking a cigarette. I waved my handkerchief—I shouted:

"O Monsieur! Monsieur C.!"

No fettered Andromeda ever welcomed a coming Persens with more delight than I did this old friend of my childhood.

His shout attracted his attention; he was soon at my side. "Why, Marie, where are you coming from—where have you been?"

"Don't ask me anything. Come into this compartment; I can't stay alone any longer."

"But I will not be allowed. This is pour les dames seules."

"Then take me with you—anywhere—I don't care where, only take me."

And I struggled to the door. He helped me out of one carriage into another, and when we were on our way I wept, I know not why, and my friend comforted me.

The light by which I write this shines on the beautiful face and gray hair of the good man I have referred to.

In years he is twenty my senior, but in all but wisdom and goodness he is very young.

I have just read him this account of a journey to and from Paris, and he responds with "And that was the day you offered yourself to me—asked me, in short, to marry you."

"And," I reply, "it is a dreadful thing to be *une dame seule*."

HEARTH AND HOME.

THE "LIFT-CURE."—It is not enough to enjoy life yourself; indeed, selfish enjoyment is always incomplete. Give your overladen companions a lift with their loads. The "lift-cure," from a moral point of view, is a most significant phrase. Live while you live by helping others to enjoy life. Life is made up of little things; therefore do the little things which spread sunshine around your path. Hope, help, love—these are good words to speak, and to hear spoken—good at the beginning of the year, good throughout the year, good at its close. Whether life be long or short, live while you live, not for yourself alone, but for yourself and for others.

CHARITY.—True charity is the sweetest and most attractive of qualities. It smooths away the angles and rubs off the roughness and diminishes the friction of life. It adds grace to daily courtesies and makes burdens easier to be borne. The loving heart is the strong heart. The generous hand is the hand to cling to when the path is difficult. There is room for the exercise of charity everywhere—in business, in society, and in the church; but first and chiefest is the need for it at home, where it is the salt which keeps all things sweet, the aroma which makes every hour charming, and the divine light which shines star-like through all gloom and depression.

MARRIAGE.—When a young man wants to marry a girl, he has already made up his mind that she is worthy of him; otherwise he would not wish to marry her. The next thing for him

to do is to make a rigid examination and cross-examination to see whether he is worthy of her. In this he should be unsparing of his own faults and shortcomings. If he comes to the conclusion that the girl is better than he is, let him at once and resolutely set himself to reform his own character and to eradicate its defects. If, on the other hand, he finds that he can conscientiously say that he deserves her hand, he may safely conclude that, if her affections are not preoccupied by another, he can win her by fair and honourable and open means, and without resort to clandestine plans or practices.

HAPPINESS.—Most of the wrong-doing in the world comes from an uneasy craving for pleasure of some sort. The desire for revenge produces all kinds of malicious and hateful conduct; the yearning for gain suggests dishonesty, fraud, oppression, injustice; the appetite for sensual gratification leads to gluttony, intemperance, and vice. A state of true happiness would render these cravings impossible; the higher gratifications once thoroughly enjoyed, no room would be left for the lower. The great happiness of love annihilates revenge and malice; sympathetic pleasures extinguish selfishness; pure and innocent recreations, cheerful society, and wholesome habits preclude the temptations to vicious courses. In a word, happiness, in its truest meaning and best forms, is the foe to wrong-doing, and in this sense it may be said that those who are happy are good.

WORK.—We are all of us workers in one way or another, but how many of us are possessed with an earnest desire that the work we put from our hands shall be a thorough, honest, faithful performance that shall fulfil its purpose and withstand the ravages of time? The great difference in labour is, not in what is done, but how it is done—not in the kind of work we perform, but in the spirit we put into it. From the cleansing of a room to the purification of a government, from the clearing of a forest to the chiselling of a statue, from the humblest work of the hands to the noblest work of heart and brain, it is the determination to make it of the best possible quality that places it in the front rank. The work that is performed only for the sake of what it will bring, not for what it is to carry forth, is like cloth of shoddy, which may please the eye, but will not wear. It is cheap, flimsy stuff, woven with no nobler purpose than to hold together long enough to be bought and paid for.

PLAIN AND REASONABLE KNOWLEDGE.—A sound and strong statement of what is right, and why it is right; of what is wrong, and why it is wrong, is a most needful foundation for any other moral or religious training that may follow with the young. From the lack of this plain and reasonable knowledge comes much of the confusion of mind which fails to detect the sophistry with which self-interest will plead against the calls of honour and of duty. People drift into wrong-doing of every kind far oftener than they deliberately plunge into it, and the lack of a clear conception and a thorough comprehension of its nature from the beginning is frequently the first cause. How this want can be best supplied, as a fitting preparation for life's arduous and responsible duties, is a matter worthy of consideration of every well-wisher of the rising generation. Hitherto it has been strangely neglected; but, if the conviction of its great importance be once firmly implanted in our hearts, suitable methods to promote it will not be long in following. No one, whether in the home, the school, or elsewhere, who has the care of the young can avoid a share of obligation in this matter.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

CAMPANINI likes to talk French.

EDWARD B. PERRY, the distinguished pianist, is blind.

MAX STRAKOSCH will confine himself to English opera next season.

P. S. GILMORE has gone to Europe in search of musical novelties for the summer season at Manhattan Beach.

MRS. KATE CHASE SPRAGUE entertained Miss Thursby, the singer, at her house in Washington a few evenings ago.

MISS CARY is to make her last appearance in public before her departure for Europe at a grand concert on Saturday afternoon, May 22, at Music Hall, Cincinnati.

A SERIES of accidents has rendered it necessary to indefinitely postpone the benefit tendered Manager Max Strakosch in New York recently.

P. S. GILMORE finds it difficult to escape from the musicians of London, who are eager to follow him to this country. He left for home on the 6th inst.

It is reported that certain friends of Mr. Theodore Thomas are endeavouring to secure an engagement of the favourite conductor for the establishment in New York of German opera.

THE Alice Oates opera company, after many tribulations in the way of suits-at-law and injunctions, is reported as disbanded for the season, and their dates at Hooley's Theatre have been cancelled.

MANAGER MAPLESON has, by virtue of his contract with Campanini, forbidden the favourite tenor to accept any further engagement before sailing for London, beyond those already made for the Boston and Cincinnati festivals.

THE new opera-house corporation of New York has completed its organization as "The Metropolitan Opera House Company," and will push matters with the vigour possible to such a powerful combination of capitalists.

LITTLE BENEDICT TACAGNI, a child of 6 years the "midshipmate" of an English children's Pinaflore company, was taken ill with acute rheumatism and died. During the delirium consequent on his illness he continually sang the Pinaflore music, and the last audible sound that the little fellow uttered was his childish version of "For he is an Englishman."