

THAT QUEEN.

The Judge was a Christian and played on the square.
But he figured the cards pretty close;
He could call off your hand every time to a pair.
And lay down a "full" when he chose.

The colonel could play a more difficult game.—
I don't mean to say he would cheat.
But he held the top card when the big betting came.
And some hands that couldn't be beat.

Coming home from Chicago the two chanced to meet—
They were very old friends—on the cars;
And, as neither the other at poker could beat,
They played euchre, five points, for cigars.

The cards ran along pretty evenly, too.
Till the judge turned a moment his head.
When the colonel, in shuffling, slipped the deck
through.
And the judge cut a cold one instead.

'Twas euchre, of course; but the judge was amazed
When he lifted four kings in a lump;
But the colonel, not seeming a particle dazed,
Turned up a red queen for a trump.

"You say, do you pass, judge?" the colonel called
out.
"Look here!" said the limb of the law;
"I've mighty queer cards; if you're in for a bout,
We'll play this one hand out at draw."

The colonel considered, and wriggled his neck;
"I, too, have a very odd hand;
If you'll give me that queen from the top of the
deck,
We'll play out the cards as they stand."

"Agreed," said the judge, for he saw at a glance
The colonel had one of two things;
A full, or four queens, and he hadn't a chance
To rake down the pot from four kings.

The judge chipped with fifty; the colonel came back;
The judge answered him with a raise;
Of the bets the two made I could never get track,
But they piled up like gals in a chase.

At last says the judge, "Here, I'm hunting no
more;
Four kings,—reach us over that pot."
"Hold on," says the colonel, "I, too, have found
four,
And they're four little aces I've got."

The judge took the cards and looked over them well,
Fetched a breath from his trousers waistband;
"Well, what I'd like to know is, what in h—l
The queen had to do with that hand."

MY ENEMY JACK.

"Shall we try the glen?"—"Thank you, no."
—"A tramp under the falls would pass away the
afternoon."

"I am tired of the falls. There will be a fine
sunset from the peak, you say? Well, I am tired
of sunsets, too."

"See here, Jack," I broke in, impatiently,
"there is one think you might do."
"What?"

"Come out somewhere and fall in love.
There's a party just arrived. I heard a ravish-
ing girl's voice when the stage drove up, and
caught a glimpse of a face which would break
your heart at once."

A smile crossed his handsome countenance.
"But I am a little tired of that, you see.
Just this summer there has been Rubie Lake,
and Bessie, and Kittie, and others, besides—
besides—"

"Besides the little girl from Chillingworth,"
I helped out, with an answering smile. Jack's
latest; he couldn't yet quite speak her name, I
thought. "Oddly," of all your bewitching
maidens, she is the only one I have not seen. I
should really like to see her, Jack."

He turned and gazed with a sudden, refresh-
ing fierceness down at me.

"You would like to see her, Mordaunt? Well,
I don't know that I should object to your see-
ing her, to your admiring her, a certain way.
But, mark you, should you ever presume to
make love—to flirt even with Rebah Wayne,
you will change your dearest friend into the most
bitter enemy you could have upon the earth!"

I could have laughed outright; it was so like
—so simply Jack. But the tenderness always
in my heart for Jack restrained me.

"Very well, I will remember," I replied,
good-humoredly. "And now, since you will
not, I will go and try my rifle in the glen."

It was a still summer afternoon, at the hour
which the gay world in these mountains, with
rare exceptions, agree to sleep away. Slight
danger of meeting any, save my own ilk—some
huntsman for dreamy artist to whom Nature
would give no rest; and with a keen sense of
freedom and comfort, I strode down the rocky
glen. Laughing at Jack, now heartily, yet
withal in a thoughtful mood, somehow his
words haunted me. Could it be that Jack was
deeper in love with this little girl from Chilling-
worth than any one yet knew? I had never been
in love, but I supposed even to a man so subject
to fleeting fancies there came a time—

"When other lips and other hearts
Their tales of love shall tell."

Thought paused, and I was suddenly in the
path. For this moment, from below, a voice
floated up the old, sweet song—a very angel's
voice it sounded in this mountain's solitude. I
stood through the veres, spellbound, yet in-
voluntarily smiling as the legend came to mind.
Glen Mary had its weird, they said. A gentle
maiden wandered here day and night, striving
ever to woo back her faithless lover with the
songs he loved of yore. No mortal had ever
seen or heard her; the matchless face, the en-
rapturing music, were far beyond all earthly
ken.

I was never a romantic man, but I grew dazed,
there, beneath the spell. How pleasant, if such
things were—if I stood, now, the one favoured
mortal within sound of this secret singing, about
to look, mayhap, into the wondrous face of poor
Glen Mary, to—

To carry the news to Jack! Such was the odd
fate dawning on me, as suddenly the song
ended in a wee, but emphatically earthly,
scream, which sent me flying down the ravine
in the direction from whence the voice had
come.

Glen Mary, indeed! A dainty, nineteenth
century maid, wearing a Watteau mountain
dress and terra-cotta mousquetaires, bent over a
high ledge of rocks, exclaiming pitifully as she
gazed beneath. Her broad-brimmed hat had
fallen off, and, as startled at my step, she turned,
I saw the beautiful face I had seen peeping
from the coach window not quite an hour ago.

She regarded me blushing, but with an open
expression of vexation.

"I frightened you, I guess," she said naively.
"I am sorry, but I lost my roses, my lovely
jacqueminot. See them scattered all way down
the cliff."

"Oh, that was it," I replied, bending too, to
look below. Somehow the loss of those jac-
queminot roses impressed me that moment as the greatest
affliction that could befall a human being. The
next, despite her frightened protest of word and
look, I was climbing down the rocks.

It was not an easy feat. The stones were
slippery, and the tough vines in the crevices held
the roses prisoners, at broad intervals, the whole
length of the cliff. But I was bent on having
them, every one, even to the poor broken-
leaved by the creek. It was the proudest
achievement of my life when at last I climbed
back with them to her.

"Thank you, oh, thank you!" she murmured,
with a smile and a frank look of admiration
which set my heart to beating as never a girl
had made it beat before. "Will you take a few
as trophies of your victory?"

I had sat down opposite her on the plateau;
I was looking at her with a sudden, strange feel-
ing that I had the right. Surely when a man
has worked so hard to please a pretty girl, he
has the right to look at her; this was my simple
thought. For I was new to love, slow to realize
my own stirred soul. I took the flowers, just
thinking I would like to kiss them, if I dared.
I took them silently. But she only smiled
again in her pretty innocent way, and went on
talking.

"I did not like to lose them so soon after I
got them. We only came in the last stage, but
I slipped away from the others as quickly as I
could, and came down here. I always so long to
see the glen. Isn't it the prettiest place in the
mountains?"

My wits floated slowly back. "Yes, and it is
lovelier than ever this season," I replied.
"There has been a new path opened through the
south pass. If you like, I—I will guide you
back that way."

I did not deem it an impertinent proposition;
it was, in fact, a very permissible one in the
free life of these mountains—all the same, I dared
not look at her. But almost before the words
left my lips she was tying on her pretty hat, her
eyes sparkling with delight. From that moment
it was one to me. Through the wonderful south
pass I wandered with her, listening enraptured
to the sweet girl-voice, stealing mad looks at the
fairest face I had ever gazed upon—all in such a
daze of blissful, bewildering passion that, at
times, the fancy seized me that I was, after all,
only walking with poor Glen Mary who might,
any moment, slip away from me.

But the sweet dream was broken rudely; just
as the path verged on the roadway, she turned
and looked up at me.

"Do you know," she said, "I think there is
something very strange about these mountains!
Here I have been talking with you, a perfect
stranger, as freely as though I had known you all
my life—actually telling you our family affairs.
Why, you would never know Rebah Wayne,
should you meet her in the city?"

Despite her words, she still smiled at me, but
I only stared at her—the little girl from Chilling-
worth! Suddenly, in the light of the aston-
ishing revelation, Jack's words came flashing
back. Somehow they flashed pre-eminent; it
seemed to me, this bewildered moment, that I
had been deliberately doing a wicked thing,
acting a base, mean part to Jack. With only
Jack in my mind, I answered her:

"Yes, freedom between strangers has been
the fashion here always, but that does not make
it proper. Would it not be as well for you and
I to vary the custom, and be simply strangers
after this?"

The words spoken, I realized my idiocy;
quickly my lips reopened to retrieve them as
best I could. But in vain; she did not hear me,
she would not listen; a deep flush of anger, of
indignation, quickly followed her first astonish-
ed look, and then—

"As we are," she spoke quietly, and passed
on before me. I did not presume even to follow
slowly; quite beside myself, I turned and strode
back again through the glen to the outlet back of
the hotel. I was never a romantic man; but I
went supperless that night. All the evening I
kept my room, despite Jack's wondering pro-
testations. Once I stole out on to the broad
stairway, moved by an irresistible impulse—

To see my fair Glen Mary, albeit she frowned
at me. To see—Jack, with rapture in his face,
bending down to the little girl from Chilling-
worth, while she upturned the same sweet,
tricksey face I had that day come to worship!

Never again would it so look at me! The
thought might have frenzied any man, so sud-
denly, so madly in love as I. But, instead, I
grew more rational; the sweet face loomed up
to calm me, as I went back to my room. She
would surely pardon me when she understood;
a written explanation would make matters right
between us; and then—I had as good a chance
as Jack! Because he was in love with her, it
did not at all follow that she was in love with
him. All jubilant, I wrote to Rebah Wayne,
airing Jack with an impunity I only regretted
was essential to the case. For what was Jack to
me, that moment!—that blissful moment I lived
and breathed in her.

Early on the morrow I sent my letter, and
then—I kept away from her, through the day,
impatient as I was, for I felt that I must give
her time. But, towards evening, all confidence.
I strolled into the saloon. I had caught a
glimpse of her from without—sitting with Jack
again! It was all one; Jack, either way, did
not trouble me. I cared not whether the pre-
cious sign she would proffer were an open hand-
stretch in his presence, or the smile too faint
for him to note; I only thought to get it. I
strolled slowly up and past her, gazing eagerly
in her face. She—

She—regarded me as she would have the
veriest stranger in the city's streets.

There was naught for me but to return to my
room—and write again. Three successive days
I did this, always with the same result. And yet
I was not dismayed; I ordered a huge box of
the rarest jacqueminots, and sent them to her
with a fourth pleading note. They came back
within an hour, with the scathing line:

"From stranger to stranger such conduct is
quite unpardonable."

Then I began to realize. I was not acting the
part of a gentleman; I was making myself
ridiculous. Moreover, there was a daily, grow-
ing desire in my heart to decoy Jack down to
Glen Mary, and drown him in a convenient
pool. The one thing for me was to relieve the
neighborhood of my mad self. And one near
morning I arose determinedly and slipped away
in the early stage.

Harmless, but madder still; this was my bit-
ter thought as I stepped from the train in the
hot city. Madder, indeed, for, in a day's time, I
was quite eager to go back and try again. I was
planning it even when this bit of wrath burst on
me:

"I have heard of that affair in Glen Mary,
Mordaunt: it slipped from her lips after you
ran away. She did not tell all, I know; but,
you knew her name, and that is enough for me.
You flirted with her, you made love to her, and
you are in love with her now, I'm bound. And
so, as I warned you, I am for ever
Your enemy, JACK."

A bit of wrath at which I only laughed, which
gave strength to a determination that needed
none, and which aroused a stronger one. Did
Rebah Wayne love this boy? I would know;
at least she should never marry him till she had
listened to my fond story, looked deep in my
throbbing soul, and vouchsafed some sort of an-
swer. How, under the circumstances, to achieve
this, I pondered not; I only planned to get back
to the mountains that very night.

But the same mail brought business even a
madman might not ignore; a week passed ere
I travelled again up the mountain road. The
train had been all too slow for me; the stage was
unendurable, and, at the entrance to the south
pass I dropped, by an irresistible impulse, from
the box.

The glen had been a weird place to me always
since that grateful day. Now, as I entered it,
the old charm fell around me; as at other times,
I hastened on, with beating heart, to keep my
tryst with her. On, under the spell, till—

Suddenly I turned a soft-turfed corner, and
came back to life again. For, just below on the
bank, with her head resting on her little hand,
sat Rebah Wayne, looking thoughtfully down
into the pool beneath. Alone, without Jack, for
once! Quickly I forgot all that was between
us; and, with my mad soul, was hurrying down
towards her, when suddenly her own sweet voice
restrained me.

"I should have forgiven him right away,"
she murmured. "His reasons were foolish, but I
understood them quite. I think I had—really
begun to—like him then. It is—oh! it is a
dreadful thing, I suppose, for a girl to say even
to these deaf rocks; but I am quite sure I love
him now; somehow, since he went away—"

But she did not finish; ere she could, I was
beside her, holding the little hand in mine, and
looking up into her startled face. That only;
out of my full heart, that moment, I could not
speak a word.

She blushed, but she did not take her hand
away; so eloquent my silent tale; so plain the
soul in my eyes, she never thought to hide her
own.

"I think some one must have been eaves-
dropping here," she said, with an open, fond
look at me. And as my arms drew her near to my
bosom, I felt her own soft ones stealing around
my neck, and knew she was mine for aye.

Back through the wonderful pass we wandered,
as have many lovers, blissfully, through para-
dise. On the hotel porch I parted with my dar-
ling, and then, for the first time, I thought of
Jack.

What of Jack? In my great happiness, the
old tenderness flowed back to him. Could it be
that there was more in this than I had dreamed
—that the love of one woman was to make us,

as it had made other men, strangers for all our
lives?

Could he not spare me this one little girl? A
bit dearly my eyes wandered down the piazza
seeking him, and—

Suddenly my soul laughed out. For, in the far
corner, I saw a blonde beauty of a charming
type, and, besides, one toying with her dainty
fan, and gazing with uncontrollable rapture,
up into the fair, sweet face.

It was—my enemy, Jack.

ECHOES FROM PARIS.

PARIS, July 21.

The opening of the Théâtre-Italien will take
place in the first days of September with either
Simon Boccanegra or *Don Carlos*.

Le Protocole is an opera comique of which
report is speaking well during its rehearsal
time, and it might consequently be attended to
by English managers with advantage if all that
is said be true. It will be shortly given at the
Château d'Eau.

The Hippodrome has just given, before 6,000
spectators, the first performance of a pantomime
entitled *Néron*. This is a curious innovation,
the episodes of Nero's life being well suggested.
The costumes are striking, and the games, pro-
cessions, etc., represent vividly life in Imperial
Rome.

The unfortunate ornament known as the
porte-bonheur seems to have been very unlucky,
judging by the many changes through which it
has passed. It is certain that the precious
animal has not yet been discovered which could
carry good fortune to the wearer, for after
having exhausted all the animals that Noah had
with him in the Ark, not excepting the most
ill-favored, fish have been fallen back upon. Is
it because silence is gold? This fashion, which
has come from England, is the rage for the mo-
ment, and is not uglier than many of its prede-
cessors, but for our part we prefer the insect
known as the humble bee. The upper part of
the body is made of the stone called *Eil de*
Tigre, the wings in diamonds, and the lower
part in black enamel and diamonds. This, per-
haps, may bring neither good nor ill-fortune,
but is readily placed in a bow, in the dress, or
in the hair. It is pretty, and that is all that is
required.

The *Messager*, speaking of poverty, the
other day, said that the English who pay poor
rates never put their hands in their pockets to
relieve the poor. If the *Messager* ever goes to
England let him look on the walls of almost
every public hospital or house of charity in
London, and he will read these words: "Sup-
ported by voluntary contributions," words that
made such an impression on Victor Emmanuel,
and makes so much impression on every for-
eigner who visits England. If the English were
less generous and put aside their earnings as the
French invariably do, there would be less
poverty in the country. But John Bull is im-
provident, and spends too readily the money he
earns, as Italy and other countries know, who
trade on foreign tourists' money, especially on
the English.

A DUEL has just taken place at Pesth between
the young Count Andrassy, son of the late Min-
ister who invented the Triple Alliance, and
Count Paul Festetics, the well known gay
Lothario, who carried off the wife of a *bourgeois*
of Vienna, and married her in spite of class pre-
judice and blue blood, and every other objec-
tion; and whose cousin, Count Festetics, mar-
ried the Princess de Monaco, divorced from her
husband, and only sanctioned to contract this
second marriage after having obtained with
much difficulty a dispensation from the Pope.
The duel originated in a discussion concerning
Darwin's *Origin of Species*, the theory of which
Count Festetics warmly advocated, while his
adversary objected to every point. Poor Count
Andrassy has paid dearly for his opposition
to Darwin's notions, for he has been seriously
wounded by two sabre cuts in the head, which
place his life in danger.

A BILL brought forward by M. Achard, the
object of which is to obtain power to make
soundings preparatory to the construction of a
railway bridge over the English Channel from
Cape Grinez to Folkestone was distributed on
Monday to the members of the French Chamber
of Deputies. It provides that the control of the
soundings already taken, and of those which
are to be made at distances of fifty metres apart,
shall be in the hands of hydrographical engi-
neers. The preamble of the Bill states that the
promoters of the scheme only ask from the
State this verification and control of the sound-
ings, in order to accurately determine the na-
ture and consistence of the bottom of the sea,
and the depth of the water along the line pro-
posed to be followed, and that they claim
neither a subvention nor a guarantee of inter-
est. The preamble points out that the success
of the enterprise would prevent the diversion of
the routes of transit from India and the East,
and would create between France and England
a veritable bond of union, and a policy of mutual
cordial agreement.