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IN A CROWDED STREET.

I walk the city square with thee, The night is loud; the pavements roar. Their eddying mirth and misery Encircle thee and me.

The street is full of lights and cries. The crowd but brings thee close to me. I only hear thy low replies, I only see thine eyes.

—Charles G. D. Roberts in Lippincott's

THE PRINCE'S WOOING.

"But, your Highness," I interposed, raising my hand in consternation, "there will be war if you do not marry the Princess Clothilde. And besides, it was your venerated father's wish that you should wed her."

"Am I heir to all father's whims and fancies?" exclaimed Prince Amagon, bringing his dainty foot emphatically down on the floor. "Shall I marry a woman whom I have never yet seen, who has never yet seen me, who may be ugly, who—"

"But your Highness," I again suggested mildly, "the Princess is said to be very beautiful."

"Beautiful indeed!" he cried mockingly. "Why, all princesses are beautiful. There was our sister of Clevea, who of all women was the most ill-favored. Yet even she was said to be beautiful. Else how would our poor brother of England—poor Henry—ever have been brought to marry her?"

This Clothilde, likely enough is, just such another ugly, fat person.

"With a cast in her eye, And her mouth all awry,"

as the old rhyme goes. But even if she were beautiful as the day and brilliant as the sun, I should not wed her. For when I marry I shall take me a wife of my own choice.

"But what shall I tell the Princess, since she is already in the Palace?" I asked helplessly.

"Oh, tell her anything—anything to get rid of her," he answered carelessly, as if getting rid of the Princess were the simplest matter in the world.

"But wait," he added, as I was about to go; "there is still something else I wish to tell you. Now, I know," he began, thoughtfully, flickering the flies with his riding whip, "it is time for me to get married. I owe it to my people and my realm. But I shall choose a wife who suits me, whom I love and who loves me for myself as well as for my possessions."

"Therefore, I have determined to disguise myself as a common working man and go among my people in search of such a woman. I shall set out tomorrow morning, and you shall accompany me. So, after having performed my commands as regards the Princess, also as regards the death of a laboring man and meet me in the market-place by the fountain. You will know me by a green patch upon my sleeve. That is all. You may now go."

The final words were accompanied by a significant sweep of his arm towards the door.

"There was nothing more to be said. Poor and scrapping, I backed out of the audience chamber.

However, I had no intention of letting the Prince have his own foolish sentimental way. It is true, 'tis said that a stubborn beast must take his own path. But in this case the mule—may I be pardoned my irreverence!—was dragging along with himself to destruction two kingdoms with their several hundred thousand inhabitants besides bringing ruin to myself, his humble Prince Minister—which latter fact, you may be sure, was by far the most important to me.

"Therefore, as I proceeded to the Princess Clothilde's apartments, I pondered in my mind how I could bring about the marriage of the Prince and Princess, and at last I hit upon a plan by means of which, I congratulated myself, this much-to-be-desired event could be accomplished.

Finally, after hurrying through the winding passages of the Palace, I reached the Princess' ante-chamber, where, upon mentioning my business, I was immediately ushered by a rosy cheeked, laughing little maid of honor into the audience chamber itself.

As I entered, a tall, Venus-like young woman, presumably the Princess, came towards me with an eager, radiant smile.

"You come from the Prince, do you not?" she asked.

I bowed a furtive bow, and said in a most tragic tone:

"I do indeed come from the Prince. But would that I did not, for the message that I bear from him is but a sorry one. Your Highness," I continued, "the Prince has been seized by a sudden madness. In spite of all I can say or do, he insists that he will not marry you. Nay, he will not even see your Highness nor hear your name mentioned."

As I spoke the Princess drew herself up haughtily, and her face lost all its sunshine.

Her mouth, tight shut, looked as if it had been chiselled in marble, and her laughing blue eyes were turned to cold flashing steel.

"I paused.

"Well," she sneered, tapping the floor impatiently with her foot.

"Well," I answered mournfully, spreading out the palms of my hands, "if you do not marry the Prince, your royal father will undoubtedly make war upon Andalusia."

"And do you think that I shall make overtures to the Prince?" she asked scornfully.

"No," I answered rapidly, "I do not. On the contrary, if you follow my advice, you will first avenge yourself upon him and then marry him."

At this point the Princess' face relaxed somewhat and she showed signs of curiosity.

"To-morrow," I continued, "the Prince in his madness is going to disguise himself as a working man, and go out into the city to find a wife for himself. Now, not many streets distant from the palace there is a tavern called the 'Black Boar,' the proprietor of which is a very good friend of mine, since in my youthful days I frequented his tavern, and once in later life was of slight service to him when charged with some trifling offence. If your Highness were to disguise yourself as a barmaid and come to this tavern to-morrow morning, I would take the Prince thither, also; and then it would be an easy task for you to bring the Prince, who is young and inexperienced in matters of beauty and love, vanquished to your feet. Thus would you obtain your revenge and at the same time prevent a terrible war."

"But—" faltered the Princess.

"And," I urged, "he said such shameful things about you. He said that you were as ugly and fat as—as—"

he sang a ribald rhyme—which I blush to repeat.

"She's a cast in her eye, And her mouth's all awry,"

about you."

"Well, perhaps—" She hesitated.

"But are you sure the tavern is safe?"

"Your Highness," I answered, "the tavern is wholly at your service. You may bring my own retinue."

"And how shall I know the Prince?"

"He will have a green patch on his sleeve."

"Then," she said, resuming all her former haughtiness of demeanor, "I shall consider your proposition. To prevent a war I may do as you desire. You may now go."

But before I reached the door she called me back, and, bending down anxiously asked:

"Did he really say those horrid things about me?"

"I bowed.

"You may go," she said, drawing herself up triumphantly.

At about ten o'clock the next morning the Prince was kneeling at the feet of the Princess Clothilde in the little side chamber of the "Black Boar." By what means the Princess had brought him to this position I cannot say, for I had been sitting in the large guest chamber while she was practicing her arts upon the Prince in the room next door.

But just now, tired of waiting further developments, I had, so to speak, taken matters into my own hands and was peering through the doorway.

"That is how I knew the Prince was on his knees.

Evidently, the Princess had not revealed herself, for the Prince without stretched hands and upturned face was crying passionately, "Grisette Grisette, I love you."

The Princess flung back her head and laughed a shrill, mocking laugh.

"Why, who would ever marry such a ragged vagabond? My Karl is a thousand times as pretty a fellow as you."

"And who is this Karl?" eagerly demanded the Prince.

"Oh!" she said, "he is a master carpenter, and only twenty-three of age. And when he comes of a Sunday to take me to church he wears a fine new silken doublet and a long feather in his cap. You," she said contemptuously, "look like my old grandmother's patch quilt with that great green patch of your sleeve."

"But," pleaded the Prince ardently, "if it is honor and wealth and nice clothes you desire, I can give you more than any one else in the country. If you will marry me you will have your own coach and four, and your own maid to wait upon you."

"Oh!" indeed, said the Princess. "I'll be glad if you do not run off without paying the reckoning. Why, to hear you, anyone would think you were the Prince himself!"

"And I am the Prince; I tell you! I am Prince Amagon himself," said he proudly.

Again the Princess' mocking laughter rang through the room.

"That is a good joke," she cried. "Your Highness indeed!" and she swept him a mocking courtesy. "Why if you be the Prince Amagon, I am the Princess Clothilde."

"But Stein, my Prime Minister, is here, and he will bear witness that I speak the truth," persisted the Prince.

"And Stein will bear witness that I too, speak the truth," mocked the Princess.

"Stein!" called the Prince.

Being near the door, I did not take a long time answering his summons. I was in the room in an instant.

As I entered the Prince caught me by the sleeve.

"Am I not the Prince Amagon?" he demanded. "Do I not speak the truth?"

"Your Highness does, indeed, speak the truth," I answered, bowing gravely.

"And I," the Princess cried, clutching me with mock eagerness by the sleeve, "am I not the Princess Clothilde? Do I not speak the truth?"

"Your Royal Highness also speaks the truth," I repeated, with a bow to her.

The Prince started.

Suddenly the Princess broke out singing shrilly:

"I've a cast in my eye, And my mouth's all awry."

Then the Prince understood, and he did the wisest thing that could be done under the circumstances. He said nothing; made no excuses or protestations; but silently he drew her, laughing, blushing and half resisting, to his breast.—L. Digby.

The distribution of the sexes is still very great in Australia. In West Australia there were only 54,000 women in a population of 168,000.

Wrinkles Come

To many a face which should still be smooth and fair, Worry doesn't bring them. There are no cares and anxieties to furrow the face. They are the signs of physical suffering, graven by the hand of Pain. It is the saddest result of the diseases which affect the womanly organs that they write plainly the sad record of suffering on the face and form. The skin becomes sallow, the cheeks are sunken, the eyes look dull, the body falls away. No woman who values her health or good looks should neglect to use Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription for female weakness.

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HOUSEHOLD HINTS

Black cashmere cloth, or serge, should not be washed with soap, but ox-gall should be used instead.

Sun purifies and whitens blankets; they should be frequently hung out in the sunshine, which will also raise the pile of them.

Salad oil should not be closely corked, as it is apt to turn rancid; a bit of cotton wool may be put into the neck of the bottle to exclude possible dust.

Rubbing silver-plated egg-spoons with a little liquid ammonia and salt will remove the discolouration caused by the sulphur in the egg.

When hanging a mirror, see that it is not so placed that the rays of the sun will fall directly on it, for by so doing the glass will be less likely to become clouded.

A good and harmless toilet powder is made by mixing six ounces of the best starch reduced to a fine powder, and two drachms of powdered orris root.

A good composition for rendering boots waterproof is made by melting together mutton tallow and beeswax in a proportion of one of the former to two of the latter. It should be applied at night, and wiped off the next morning with a piece of flannel.

To render pure water innocuous it must be boiled for forty-five minutes. A shorter period will destroy alkalies and salts, but will not annihilate all bacteria. The tastelessness of boiled water may be aerated by pouring in half a dozen times from one vessel to another.

The most nauseous physic may be given to children without trouble by letting them suck a pepper-mint lozenge, a piece of alum, or a bit of orange peel. Many people make the mistake of giving a sweet afterward to take away the disagreeable taste; it is far better to destroy it in the first instance.

Muslin dresses very often become creased before they are really dirty enough to require washing. In this case they should be treated as follows: Spread the dress out on a wooden table or ironing-board, and damp it thoroughly all over with starch applied with a piece of sponge. This should be perfectly clean. Then iron it carefully, taking care the iron is not too hot, and when finished, hang it before the fire to dry. It should not on any account be folded. The best way is to damp one part of the dress with the starch, iron it, and then go on to another piece.

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