

thousand times follow the bidding of him she loved. So, with shy smiles playing like sunbeams on her face, and the color heightening and fading in her fair cheeks, she passed away from the public gaze, sheltering under the shadow of his love.

"She is too sweet a bird that to come much to the front; she will nestle into some good man's heart, and he will not spare her to the public."

So said a good old lady among the audience, who, in her corner, was wiping tears from her eyes; and greatly would it have pleased her had she known that already what she had prophesied was approaching its fulfilment. Nina had passed away into that kingdom of which fairy tales have vainly tried to interpret the spell, the true world of romance, which, open to the toiling workwoman, makes her toil sweet gain, and, closed to the high-born beauty, robs her of her noblest birthright.

The veteran singer went forward with her congratulations.

"There is no doubt of your being a success. You will make us all jealous."

Kitty caught her sister's hand, and, trembling with excitement, put her splashed cheek against Nina's. It was dry, and dimpled with smiles; her trembling had passed.

"Nina, Nina," whispered Kitty, "I have been so miserable!"

"Poor Kitty!"—kissing her gently.

"When do you sing again?" inquired their new friend, curiously.

George Harris answered:

"That is quite uncertain; isn't it, Nina?"

"You know best"—smiling, but dropping her eyes shyly before his.

"It is my opinion she means to let him lead her by the nose," said, later, the lady-singer, in a confidential chat with the manager. "I don't believe she has an idea of her own value. But she is young; she will know it better by and by."

In the meantime the three had gone to the hotel. George arranged for the girls' comfort, and then went himself to spend the night with a friend. Kitty stood with her arm round Nina's neck.

"I always said you would succeed; and you have. But, oh, what a time it was before you began! It was awful! What was it, Nina?"

Nina shuddered at the recollection.

"I don't know. Just at the moment when I was to begin, fear suddenly swept down on me; my spirit seemed to melt away, and then there was nothing but terrible confusion, and my head whirled."

"What changed you, then, and took the nervousness so entirely away?"

But Nina did not tell her.

On the following morning, leaving Nina resting on the sofa, Kitty sallied forth to make a few purchases and see the strange little country town. She had half hoped that George Harris would be her escort, and, while talking over their mutual delight in Nina's success, would show her the principal sights of the town. But George had not appeared, and at twelve o'clock Kitty decided that she could wait no longer; she would go alone, and see the shops and the people; and, despite her slight disappointment at their friend's non-appearance, never a lighter-hearted girl trod the streets than was Kitty. It was positively a relief to get some exercise for her physical powers, and her heart danced so merrily.

Down the main street she tripped; at all the drapers' shop windows she stopped to admire and conjecture what the stuffs therein displayed could be made up at, and how Nina would look in this and she in that; what would suit best as a trimming, and what styles were most becoming to them. It was abundant luxury to Kitty to stand there in the slush and think that the choice was actually open to them now. Nina had secured their fortune, and there were possibilities—she might say probabilities—of untold wealth in store for them.

"Nina may be a lady of title, yet," she said, exultingly to herself. "She may be anything she likes. There was that pretty ballet-dancer at Berlin; a prince married her, or, if he was not a prince, he was next door to it. A girl that only danced! I could have done as well, I believe, in that line, if I had been as shameless; and if she got a prince, why not Nina, who is so beautiful, and will be so famous? And who knows who will marry me? Perhaps the prince's brother?"

On her fancies ran, till they were directed into a new channel. A large, luxurious-looking carriage, filled with ladies, was being drawn in dashing style along the wide street.

"There, now, is the very kind of carriage Nina and I will have—and just such high-stepping horses."

Then she began to wonder what color she should prefer the cushions to be—purple or cinnamon-brown—and decided ultimately in favor of the latter, because she could have the liveries of the men to match.

Happy Kitty! Not many get their wild dreams so nearly realized.

Up the streets and down the streets, in blissful dreamings, the girl loitered, wondering occasionally that George Harris did not turn up anywhere. If he would come, they might have such a good talk about Nina's brilliant prospects; she could rattle on, sure of sympathy from him—and a sympathetic listener was all she needed to add to her happiness. Little suspicion had she that, while she was wandering on with light step, surfeiting her soul with delight, George Harris and Nina were enjoying themselves after a different fashion.

Notten minutes had elapsed after Kitty's departure before a visitor had been admitted to Nina, and, rising hastily, a memory of the previous evening depriving her of words, she had found herself advancing with burning cheeks to meet her master. But how unnecessary are words when two souls attract each other! They meet and mingle mutely and swiftly.

When at last they talked, George asked, with some trepidation:

"Then you are content to come to the home of a quiet-going professor?"

"Quite content"—with a smile that told more than her words. "My future looks quite beautiful to me!"

Could Kitty but have heard!

"You will carry beauty with you wherever you go, my darling," said her lover, fervently; and a thankfulness possessed him that he was to be linked in the future to a soul that would create beauty wherever it might dwell.

Kitty had grown tired at last of her wandering, and became curious as to George Harris, where he could be, and as to whether Nina were alone all this time. So she turned her steps to their hotel; and, hearing from a waiter that their friend was in their room, she ran up lightly to find the cause of his absence. No suggestion of the advisability of knocking entered her mind, no suspicion of such a necessity being possible could have found its way into her consciousness.

Round went the handle with a whirl, and into the room she tripped, eager speech on her lips.

Poor Kitty!

Stopped short in her advance, in her speech, she stared with widened eyes at her sister's hasty movement and smiling confusion, at George Harris, smiling, too, as he rose to greet her.

"Good morning, Kitty! You look scared!"—laughing.

Kitty gulped something down, but found no words to do more than return his greeting.

"Good morning!"

George pitied her. He went forward kindly. "The truth is, Nina and I have been stealing a march on you this morning—I have been persuading her, and she has promised to be my wife. Will you be pleased with me for a brother-in-law?"

Tears were actually in Kitty's eyes, but not the tears that fall. Alas, where was the prince now—and the prince's brother? And far, far worse, Nina was hers no longer. She did not answer his question; she asked another, her surprise at it in her eyes.

"And will she go on singing?" But of course she will.

"We don't know yet. Nina says she does not care for fame. She is content with the prose of domestic life; and since I have learned to love her I have grown jealous of her."

The purple or the cinnamon-brown cushions were superfluous now. Possibly no carriage at all would await the Professor's wife. Prosy enough seemed such domestic life to Kitty. She could scarcely believe that Nina would deliberately throw herself away.

"Is it true, Nina?" she asked suddenly.

"Yes, dear Kitty, all true. I can scarcely believe it myself; I am so happy."

Upon which George caught her hand, and, forgetting a third presence, they looked trustfully into each other's eyes. Their joy seemed complete.

But it was hard for Kitty!

#### AT CARCASSONNE.

BY HENRY JAMES.

The country, after you leave Toulouse, continues to be charming; the more so that it merges its flatness in the distant Cévennes on one side, and on the other, far away on your right, in the richer range of the Pyrenees. Olives and cypress, pergolas and vines, terraces on the roofs of houses, soft, iridescent mountains, a warm yellow light—what more could the difficult tourist want! He left his luggage at the station, warily determined to look at the inn before committing himself to it. It was so evident (even to a cursory glance) that it might easily have been much better that he simply took his way to the town, with the whole of a superb afternoon before him. When I say the town, I mean the towns; there being two at Carcassonne, perfectly distinct, and each with excellent claims to the title. They have settled the matter between them, however, and the elder, the shrine of pilgrimage, to which the other is but a stepping-stone, or even, as I may say, a humble door-mat, takes the name of the Cité. You see nothing of the Cité from the station; it is masked by the agglomeration of the *villeneuve*, which is relatively (but only relatively) new. A wonderful avenue of acacias leads to it from the station—leads past it, rather, and conducts you to a little high-backed bridge over the Aude, beyond which, detached and erect, a distinct medieval silhouette, the Cité presents itself. Like a rival shop, on the individual side of a street, it has "no connection" with the establishment across the way, though the two places are united (if old Carcassonne may be said to be united to anything) by a vague little rustic faubourg. Perched on its solid pedestal, the perfect detachment of the Cité is what first strikes you. To take leave, without delay, of the *villeneuve*, I may say that the splendid acacias I have mentioned flung a summerish dusk over the place, in which a few scattered remains of stout walls and big bastions

looked venerable and picturesque. A little boulevard winds round the town, planted with trees and garnished with more benches than I ever saw provided by a soft-hearted municipality. This precinct had a warm, lazy, dusty, southern look, as if the people sat out-of-doors a great deal, and wandered about in the stillness of summer nights. The figure of the elder town, at these hours, must be ghostly enough on its neighboring hill. Even by day it has the air of a vignette of Gustave Doré, a couplet of Victor Hugo. It is almost too perfect—if it were an enormous model, placed on a big green table at a museum. A steep, paved way, grass-grown like all roads where vehicles never pass, stretches up to it in the sun. It has a double *enceinte*, complete outer walls and complete inner (these, elaborately fortified, are the more curious); and this congregation of ramparts, towers, bastions, battlements, barbicans, is as fantastic and romantic as you please. The approach I mention here leads to the gate that looks toward Toulouse—the *Porte de l'Aude*. There is a second, on the other side, called, I believe, the *Porte Narbonnaise*, a magnificent gate, flanked with towers thick and tall, defended by elaborate outworks; and these two apertures alone admit you to the place—putting aside a small sally-port, protected by a great bastion, on the quarter that looks toward the Pyrenees. As a votary, always, in the first instance, of a general impression, I walked all round the outer *enceinte*; a process on the very face of it entertaining. I took to the right of *Porte d'Aude*, without entering it, where the old moat has been filled in. The filling-in of the moat has created a grassy level at the foot of the big gray towers, which, rising at frequent intervals, stretch their stiff curtain of stone from point to point. The curtain drops without a fold upon the quiet grass, which was dotted here and there with an humble native, dozing away the golden afternoon.—*October Atlantic*.

#### PREPARED FOR THE CHOLERA.

A middle-aged negro, who seemed to be laboring under considerable excitement, halted a policeman on Larned street yesterday, and asked:

"Say, boss, what 'bout dat 'Gypskum cholera do papers are makin' sich a fuss ober?"

"Why, they have the cholera over there," was the reply.

"An' she's gwine to spread to dis kentry?"

"It may."

"An' I dey say it's powerful hard on de call'd populashun. Man up Woodward ave. to'd dat it jumped right ober white folks to get at a black one."

"I believe that's so."

"Wall, Ize gettin' ready for it. Ize carryin' an onion in each beeches pocket. Women in de market tole me dat was a sure stand off."

"I shouldn't won'er."

"An' Ize drinkin' a cup full o' vinegar wid kyann pepper sprinkled in. Hardware man tole me dat was a boss thing."

"Yes."

"An' Ize soakin' my feet in sour milk free nights in a week and rubbin' my spire wid kerosene ile. Batcher up Michigan avenue tole me dat was a sartin preventive."

"I should think it was."

"An' Ize got tarred paper an' cut-out soles to wear in my bates. One of de aldermen tole me dat de cholera allus strikes de feet fust thing. I reckon it won't get frew dat tarred paper. An' Ize been chewin' a gum made of beeswax an' taller, wid a leetle camphor gum rolled in. An' Ize bin bled twice in de last month, an' had a tooth pulled, an' my ha'r cut, an' my photograph taken, and I reckon if de cholera comes friskin' around Detroit I nee ln't be oneasy."—*Detroit Free Press*.

#### VARIETIES.

THE Magliabechiana Library, at Florence, has bought of Count Luigi Capponi the important collection of writings regarding Fra Gerolamo Savonarola, which had been collected by Count Carlo Capponi.

M. PAUL MEYER has discovered another old French manuscript—this time in a private library at Contrail. It is a fragment of a versified life of St. Thomas of Canterbury, dating from the thirteenth century.

WILL CARLETON is described as tall and slender, with very much the look and appearance of a young country clergyman. He began contributing to the papers when but a boy, and was poet of his graduating class in 1869, since which four volumes of his poems have been published, their aggregated sales amounting to two hundred thousand dollars.

IN contrast with the time when praises of Eugénie's beauty filled the papers, and she was the recognized leader of fashion, comes this late picture of the ex-empress. "A rather stately looking woman, in deep black, not a bit of color anywhere; about her eyes the twinkling ripples that the years make, around her mouth the deeper drawn lines of sorrow; a fallow face, hair with gray in it."

At Seitendorf, near Neutitschein, in Moravia, is a wooden church erected in the fifteenth century. During repairs which were being recently carried on, some very old Gothic pictures were discovered hidden away under double folds of linen cloths. The Governor of Moravia has directed the Royal Conservator of Antiquities

and Historical Objects to take those pictures under his protection.

IN commemoration of the two hundredth anniversary of the defeat of the Turks by Sobieski (1683), an exhibition has been opened in the Stadthalle, at Vienna, of historical objects associated with that event. There is a large collection of books and medals, the tent of the Grand Vizier Kara Mustapha and a chain used for binding Christian prisoners, all lent by the King of Saxony.

THE Comte de Paris, although he has assumed no new appellation since the death of the Comte de Chambord, signing himself simply "Philippe, Comte de Paris," has modified his arms, taking what are known as "les armes Franceses." The label which characterizes the arms of a younger branch disappears from his escutcheon, which now bears simply the three golden fleurs de lis upon an azure field.

AT Udine, after eighty-five years, the lion of St. Mark, which was pulled down at the time of the French invasion, has once more been put up on a Corinthian column in the middle of the Piazza Vittorio Emanuele. The new lion is in Vicenza stone and is the work of the sculptor Signor D. Mendini. Like the lion at Venice, one of its paws, raised, rests on the Bible, on the open pages of which are cut the words: Pax tibi, Marce, evangelista meus.

A somewhat original style of spending a honeymoon is reported from Russia. When Count Sheremetieff married the Countess Heyden he hired the steamer *Olya*, which is now taking them up the Volga. Numerous wedding guests accompany the Count and Countess Sheremetieff, and the party on board the *Olya* includes a band, twenty singers, a photographer, a physician, male and female cooks, besides a numerous staff of servants.

IT is said that the Prince of Montenegro, who some time ago closed all the cafés and drinking shops in his dominion, regarding them as schools of effeminacy, extravagance and corruption, and abolished all titles, so that while formerly every other man in Montenegro was an "Excellency," now even the ministers have to be content with plain "Mr.," has recently issued an interdict against all "luxurious wearing apparel," including cravats, gloves, walking sticks, parasols and umbrellas.

THE monument in memory of Alexandre Dumas, père, which is to be unveiled in October on the Place Malesherbes, Paris, is the last work of Gustave Doré. The novelist is represented seated before a table, in loose morning dress, writing. On the pedestal in front is a group formed by a young girl, who is reading aloud one of Dumas' works to a young student and a workman, who appear deeply interested. At the back of the pedestal is a figure representing Dumas' favorite hero, d'Artagnan, with plumed hat and fiercely curled moustache, and wearing the picturesque costume of Louis XIII.'s mousquetaires.

THE late M. Siraulin, the dramatic author, was a true type of the *boulevardier*, and especially of that imperial corps who are rapidly dying out. When, at the instigation of a friend, who became his partner, he started the celebrated confectioner's establishment in the Rue de la Paix, he always felt out of his element. He could never give it the close attention which a Paris business needs. He was much more at ease in the greenroom of a theatre than in his shop. He was a *bon garçon* not in the full Parisian acceptance of the term, as he did not shine as a confectioner's *garçon*. But he was thoroughly popular with all who knew him.

Mlle. BERNETTA (Miss Clara Bernstein) returned last week from a seven years' stay abroad to her Cincinnati home. Mlle. Bernetta is described as a brunette, with mobile face of perfect oval, brilliant dark eyes, beautifully arched brows and extremely graceful in carriage and manners. She brings with her many trophies of success which rewarded her efforts as a song-bird in the Old World, among them a wreath of velvet bay leaves, each one tipped with a golden berry, with which she was crowned at Naples on the occasion of her debut there as *Norma*. It will be remembered that Verdi called Naples the crucial city for both composer and singer, and so it is still considered, hence Miss Bernstein exhibits the token of public appreciation and favor gained there with evident joy. Cincinnatians are, without doubt, justly proud of the success their young townsman achieved while abroad, and anxious that she should soon favor her own city by appearing before them. We understand that her manager, Jérôme Eddy, has received overtures on Miss Bernetta's behalf from both Strakosch and Thomas, so the American public may soon hope to have the pleasure of listening to her.

SCHIRO, N.Y., Dec. 1, 1879.

I am the Pastor of the Baptist Church here, and an educated physician. I am not in practice, but am my sole family physician, and advise in many chronic cases. Over a year ago I recommended your Hop Bitters to my invalid wife, who has been under medical treatment of Albany's best physicians several years. She has become thoroughly cured of her various complicated diseases by their use. We both recommend them to our friends, many of whom have also been cured of their various ailments by them.