

think of robbing the poor little heathen in China and the Lord knows where."

The professor smiled. "So far as I am aware," his companion went on, "you still heroically persevere in your youthful self-sacrifice. You used to allow yourself three cigars a day, but smoke only one, devoting the cost of the other two to missionary purposes."

"I have retained the habit," his friend replied with a quiet smile—"but I use the money for a different object—it goes to my poor patients."

"Impossible! You, the zealous champion of pious works; the most loyal of all the disciples of our despot on the Rhine! Is this your allegiance to his teachings, renegade?"

The professor shrugged his shoulders, stopped, and thoughtfully brushed the ashes from the end of his cigar.

"As a physician, one learns to have different views towards mankind and of one's duties towards our fellow-mortals," he said. "I have always cherished the one great purpose of making myself really useful—to attain it, I have been obliged to forget and unlearn many things."

They walked on, and their voices died away. But the sun was shining fiercely down upon the gravel-path along which they wandered, and they almost unconsciously turned back to the group of acacias whose boughs shaded the stone-flagged path by the summer-house.

"Do not argue over it!" Felicitas heard the professor say in rather more animated tones than usual. "You can not change my opinions. I am always either bored or irritated by the society of women, and, to tell you the truth, my acquaintance as a physician with the so-called 'fair sex' has not tended to increase my esteem for them. What a combination of thoughtlessness and want of character!"

"You are bored in the society of women! That's very natural," the young lawyer retorted, pausing under the bow-window. "You intentionally seek the most simple, not to say silly women. You abhor modern female education—in many respects not without reason. I, too, am no admirer of senseless rattling on the keys of a piano, or foolish prattle in French, but one must not condemn the whole sex. In our times, when the human intellect is daily entering new paths, toiling, creating, and enjoying with the mighty ambition which has recently taken possession of the human race, you want to confine women to the distaff of the Middle Ages, limit their intellectual powers to the narrow range accorded to their own maid-servants—this is not only unjust, but foolish. Women hold in their hands the souls of your sons, and at a time when they are most susceptible to impressions, receiving them as easily as wax, yet holding them throughout their lives as though they had been graven on iron! Rouse women to earnest thought, enlarge the circle which egotists like yourself have drawn around their souls, and which you term 'woman's sphere,' and you will see vanity and lack of character disappear."

"My dear friend, that is a path I certainly shall not enter!" replied the professor, sarcastically, as he slowly walked a few paces forward.

"I am well aware that your views differ from mine; you believe that every desirable quality can be obtained without effort, by merely marrying a religious woman. My respected professor, I, too, desire a religious wife. A woman without religion is a flower without fragrance. But beware! You think her pious, careful, well-reared, and while you leave everything without anxiety in her charge, a tyranny is established in your home to which you would never submit if she were a less devout woman. Beneath the cloak of piety all the bad tendencies of the feminine character readily thrive. One may be cruel, revengeful, and thorough-

ly arrogant, condemning and destroying in blind bigotry much that is good and beautiful—all in the name of the Lord, and what is termed the interest of God's kingdom."

"You go very far."

"Not at all. You will yet learn to see that the intellect must be duly enlightened and cultivated, and the soul made accessible to the demands of humanity, or the religion of woman can bestow upon us the happiness it ought to give."

"These are objects I have no desire to follow," replied his friend, coldly. "My profession occupies my whole attention, and so completely fills my life—"

"Aha—and yonder lady!" asked the young lawyer in a lower tone, pointing toward the entrance of the garden. Behind the grating appeared the councillor's widow, with her child and Frau Hellwig. "Is she not the very embodiment of your ideal?" he continued, with unmistakable sarcasm. "Simple—she always wears white muslin, which, by the way, is extremely becoming to her; pious, as no one could doubt who has seen her in church with her beautiful eyes uplifted in rapture? She abhors study, knowledge, or thought, because they might interfere with the progress of her knitting or embroidery. She is a suitable match, and you consider equality of station an indispensable requisite for a happy marriage; in short, she is considered the very person whom you—"

"You are out of humour, and you never liked Adele," replied the professor, in an irritated tone. "I am afraid the chief reason is because she is the daughter of the man who kept you under such rigid discipline. She is good-natured, artless, and an excellent mother."

He walked toward the ladies, who were slowly approaching, and greeted them cordially.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

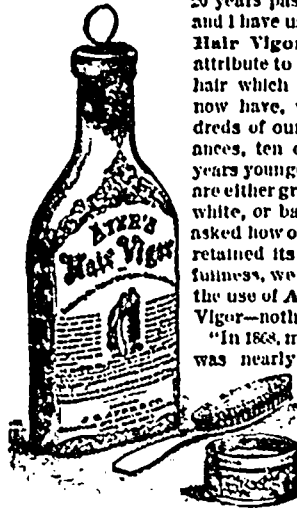
Pen-Picture of the Silly Girl.

On the street her very walk, a something between a pitching gait and a mincing strut, marks her as deficient in sense; in the cars she is the observed of all observers, particularly if she is obliged to stand. There seems to be no centre of gravity in her make-up; she sways with every motion of the car, doubtless acting out a conception of a lily nodding on its fragile stem. Her mood before the public is generally of the volatile, sunshiny order, but she has a reserve force for sentimental moments, and is equally aggravating and discreditable in either role. Her giggles, her glances, her loud-voiced remarks, replete with emptiness of intellect, are simply maddening; she revels in driving rational women to the verge of frenzy, and then attributes their condition to jealousy of her superior charms. No reproof can quiet her, no insult even penetrate the shield armor of her vanity. In a ten-minute's ride you get acquainted with all her accomplishments, the Christian names of her numerous admirers, the many compliments paid her, the shortcomings of her feminine friends, and their perfidious efforts to supplant her in Frank's growing affection, or Charlie's passionate love. Every ring—and she generally wears a lot of them—represents a conquest, a trophy prudently kept after the giver had been discarded—heart-broken, of course. There is only one more objectionable creature on the face of the earth and that is the Jack of hearts, who reads admiration of himself in every woman's face.—*Donahoe's Magazine.*

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