

with a slight laugh. "I forgot how long I have been away—nearly two years, and how could we expect a man to remember so long as that? And, indeed, I am not selfish enough to be sorry that he has forgotten me sufficiently to want to marry somebody else—if the somebody else will make him happy. Who is she, Janet?"

"She is somebody who used to laugh at him, too, but who has learned better, now, and will try to make him happy, if she can," answers Janet, blushing to the roots of her hair, yet laughing, also. "Here is a ring you have not observed," she says, drawing one from her finger. "Look at the initials in it."

Kate, in a blank state of wonder and stupidity, takes the ring; but when she has mastered the fact that it is from G. P. to J. L., light begins to break upon her understanding.

"So it is you, Janet!" she cries. "O my dear, how very glad I am! This is better, a great deal better, than Mr. Jones, the widower. But how did it come about?"

"Through you, of course," says Janet. "After you went away he seemed to have no comfort except in talking to me about you, and in that way I came to know him better than I had ever done before. He is not brilliant, Kate, but he is as true and generous as a man can be."

"I know that," says Kate. "Who could know it better?"

"But you do not know—at least I hardly suppose you know—that it was he who went to Southdale when Frank Tarleton was recovering, and told him the story of how you found him. No one else had told him—no one else would have told him—but George Proctor said that he should know it. The consequence was that Frank left as soon as he was able to travel—to go to you. Kate, have I made a mistake? I could not bear that you should not know how unselfishly he tried to serve you."

"No, dear, you have not made any mistake," answers Kate, dropping the hands which she had involuntarily lifted to her face. "You have done very right. I would not have missed this knowledge for anything—I would not have remained in ignorance that I owe to that generous soul the very best gift of all my life. If you had ever known what it was to struggle against what you believed to be a love for an unworthy object, you would know the greatness and blessedness of having it replaced by a memory without a stain—and this you tell me that I owe to Mr. Proctor. Ah, may God hear my grateful prayers, and bless him through life and beyond death!"

The passionate sweetness of her voice thrills to Janet's heart; and acting on an impulse which is too strong to be resisted, she seizes her cousin's hands.

"Kate," she cries, "I must, I must ask you—why did you and Frank Tarleton part when he went to you the last time? If you have a memory of him without stain, it could not have been his fault, and yet—"

"His fault!" repeats Kate, as she pauses. "No—it was my fault, first, last, all the time. It was my fault when I doubted him here, it was my fault when we parted finally. No truer gentleman ever kept faith than he. I am proud and glad to tell you that."

"Then why did you part?" reiterates Janet. "You loved him then, and, O my dear, my dear, you love him now—do I not see it?"

"If I do, it will not harm him," says Kate, with a faint smile. "I cannot tell you why we parted—I cannot tell any one—but I affirm on my honor that, neither directly nor indirectly was the parting his fault. Now let us say no more about it. Why should we talk of what is as dead as if it had happened a hundred years ago?"

"But is it dead beyond all chance of resurrection?" pleads Janet. "Is there no hope? If you let him know—"

Kate stops the words on her lips by a gesture.

"You are talking of what you do not understand," she says. "There was no lovers' quarrel, or anything of that kind. Under the pressure of a stern duty, we parted definitely and finally fifteen months ago. From that day to this, I have never heard from or of him, and I am not mad enough to dream that he remembers me still. Why should he? He said that he would forget me, and I fancy that it was not a hard task. Mr. Fenwick and Mr. Proctor have both succeeded in it since then."

"But you did not love them," says Janet.

"And Frank Tarleton had reason to believe that I did not love him," answers Kate. "At least, he said that it cost me nothing to give him up—though I think if he could see me now he might change his mind. Not that I am pining for him," she adds, quickly; "not that I regret what I did. One does not have many opportunities in life to do what is right at some cost to one's self—and one would be very cowardly not to be able to bear a little pain which is only one's own pain."

"But pain can kill!" cries Janet, sharply. "If God wills," Kate answers. "But what then?"

"Come he slow, or come he fast,
It is but Death who comes at last."

Don't look so sorry, though. I shall not die if I can help it, for I am too glad—too more than glad—to be with you all again."

(To be continued.)

THE English Government has offered £500 for information leading to the arrest of any one harboring the assassins or aiding their escape.

FRANK H. CUSHING.

At Fort Wingate—whose clustered buildings of light grey adobe look cheerfully out from a mountain-side background of dark green pines across a brown plain to a panorama of this architectural sublimity—while sitting in the officers' club-room one warm afternoon, we saw a striking figure walking across the parade ground: a slender young man in a picturesque costume; a high-crowned and broad-brimmed felt hat above long blonde hair and prominent features; face, figure, and general aspect looked as if he might have stepped out of the frame of a Cavalier's portrait of the time of King Charles. The costume, too, seemed at first glance to belong to the age of chivalry, though the materials were evidently of the frontier. There were knee-breeches, stockings, belt, etc., all of a fashion that would not have an unfamiliar look if given out as a European costume of two or three centuries ago. But it was a purely aboriginal dress, such as had been worn on that ground for ages.

Answering our inquiry, the army officer with whom we were talking said: "That is Frank H. Cushing, a young gentleman commissioned by the Smithsonian Institution to investigate the history of the Pueblo Indians as it may be traced in their present life and customs. He is living at Zuni, that being the best field for his researches. It is no stroke of eccentricity that prompts him to dress that way; no desire to make himself conspicuous. He is one of the most modest fellows I ever knew, and the attention attracted by such a costume is really painful to him. But he bears it without flinching, as bravely as he has borne many perils and privations in the cause of science. He has an end in view, and wisely adopts the means best suited to its attainment. That is the course taken by all men successful in whatever may be their chosen pursuits. Stanley would have been a fool to wear the fur clothing of the arctic regions, or even his native starched linen, on his expedition into the heart of Africa. Neither would a miller follow his trade in a suit of black broadcloth. So Cushing, to make a success of his investigations, can not stand contemplating his subjects from the outside, like a spectator at a play. He must go on to the stage, and take his own part in the performance. There are no people more distrustful of the motives of strangers than are the North American Indians. One can only learn anything trustworthy from them by gaining their confidence and sympathy; so Cushing has adopted the only sensible course. He has become one of the Zunis for the time being, has conformed to all their observances, and learned their language thoroughly. He has been made their second chief, and is a recognized leader among them. His reward is that the curtain of a mysteriously hidden past and present has been lifted for him. To a primitive people rank and authority are most powerfully indicated by their outward symbols. To maintain his influence, Cushing must out-Zuni the Zunis, so to speak. A man sent to them from the great father at Washington, and with means and leisure, as he seems to have, must dress according to his station. And it pleases and flatters them to see him always arrayed in the full traditional costume of their nation—a dress such as they only wear on formal occasions. He is amply rewarded for all such conformities to their pleasure. As you are intending a trip to Zuni, gentlemen, you ought by all means to meet him. To be there with him will alone make it worth your while to have come across the continent. His companionship will give you an insight into the life of a strange people whose strangeness is passing quickly away—a life which otherwise you could hope to know only by what the un instructed, and therefore deceiving, vision might tell you."

We soon met Mr. Cushing, and spent a few pleasant days with him at the fort. The knowledge gained by our intercourse, which developed a warm mutual friendship, proved to be the finest preparation for the trip, like "reading up" before setting out on a tour to strange countries. Mr. Cushing was visiting his friend Dr. Washington Matthews, the post surgeon, and was engaged in packing some rare specimens to go to the Smithsonian Institution. Dr. Matthews was in hearty sympathy with Mr. Cushing's work, being himself an able ethnologist, who has made a reputation by his researches among the Hidatzas of the Northern plains, and is now making similar studies among the Navajos. Another energetic worker in the aboriginal field, whose duty happened to call him to Fort Wingate at the time, was Lieutenant Bourke, of General Crooke's staff, detailed to make special studies of the habits of the Indians. Lieutenant Bourke was modestly depreciatory of the value of his own work in comparison with that of Mr. Cushing, whom he termed the ablest American ethnologist. But Lieut. Bourke's investigations, as recorded in his accurate and remarkably full notes, can not fail to form valuable contributions to ethnological science.—SYLVESTER BAXTER, in *Harper's*.

A ZUNI COUNCIL.

The Zunis delight in a council. These councils are frequently held, there being no specified intervals of time for their sessions. They are called whenever occasion arises, and all affairs of the nation are discussed and regulated by them. They are legislatures and courts in one, and furnish an extremely interesting picture of parliamentarianism in its primitive form. When a council is deemed necessary, the Governor orders his herald to summon it. At sunset, when the air

is quiet, the herald stands upon the highest house-top in Zuni—a statuesque figure against the clear sky—and utters the call in a loud, measured, and resonant voice. The women all hear it, and the tidings quickly spread, so that in the evening there is sure to be a good attendance. The herald answers for the newspaper in Zuni, for all proclamations and items of news deemed of general importance are announced in this way.

After dusk on the evening of the council dark figures with blankets wrapped about them—for the evening air is always cool—enter the Governor's house silently as shadows. A grave salutation and a grasp of the hand, and they seat themselves in the large room used for the councils. One evening about a hundred of the leading men were thus assembled, sitting on a sort of bench running along the side of the room, or squatting on their haunches in a circle. On the floor, in the midst of the circle, the Governor had strewn a lot of corn husks, and a bag of fine-cut being set out, cigarettes were rolled, and a constant smoking was kept up. The air would have been thick enough had not the large fire-places given such excellent ventilation. The women and young men gathered respectfully around the doors and windows and listened. As the evening wore on the room grew warm, and the men gradually shed their garments, until about half the assemblage sat with naked bodies of a ruddy bronze hue. As it grew late, some arose and glided silently out of the room. But it was an important matter they were talking about, and the most of them staid until it was settled at a small hour of the morning. The subject was discussed earnestly and gravely, no motion being shown either in the face or in the manner of speaking, although some would occasionally betray their excitement in a trembling voice. It was a will case under discussion, and the Governor sat motionless and speechless, being the judge from whose decision there could be no appeal. Early in the evening the two caciques who were present arose to go. In response to Mr. Cushing's question, Lai-ai-tai-lun-kia said, "Though it is our place to elect our Governor, it is not for us to say anything that may influence his judgment." Would that all public men had as nice an idea of the proprieties of politics! It is not the voice of the people that chooses the Governor of Zuni, but the caciques.—*Harper's*.

EATING AND SLEEPING.

These two occupations have a closer connection than most persons are willing to admit. The notion is prevalent that it is unhealthy to eat late at night or just before retiring. This comes from the severe denunciation of "late suppers," contained in the old popular works on diet. But the argument in these publications was not directed against food at a late hour in the day. It was the midnight debauch that was the object of attack; and even here it was less the gluttony than the drunkenness which alarmed the doctors and called forth their reprehensions.

Man can train himself to the habit of sleeping without a preceding meal, but only after long years of practice. As he comes into the world nature is too strong for him, and he must be fed before he will sleep. A child's stomach is small, and when perfectly filled, if no sickness disturbs it, sleep follows naturally and inevitably. As digestion goes on the stomach begins to empty. A single fold in it will make the little sleeper restless; two will waken it; and if it is hushed again to repose the nap is short, and three folds put an end to the slumber. Purgative or other narcotic may close its eyes again, but without either food or some stupefying drug it will not sleep, no matter how healthy it may be. We use the oft-quoted illustration, "sleeping as sweetly as an infant," because this slumber of a child follows immediately after its stomach is completely filled with wholesome food. The sleep which comes to adults when the stomach is nearly or quite empty is not after the type of infantile sleep.

It is a fact established beyond the possibility of contradiction that sleep aids digestion, and that the process of digestion is conducive to refreshing sleep. The drowsiness which always follows the well-ordered meal is itself a testimony of nature to this inter-dependence. The waste of human life by the neglect of this lesson is very great. A healthy person who goes to bed on a full stomach will always awake in the morning with a better appetite for his breakfast. If dinner is eaten in the middle of the day, and a light supper is served at six in the afternoon, a hearty luncheon should be provided at ten in the evening, or just before the hour of retiring. The rule should be to eat at the last moment before going to bed, whatever that hour may be. And this latest meal should not be of "light" viands, as this phrase is commonly understood. The less a person eats at any time of cake or pie, or the countless hummeries that go to make up a fancy tea-table, the better; but none of these should be eaten at bed-time. Cold chicken, cold roast beef, corned beef, or wholesome meat of any kind, with bread and butter will serve the substantial requisites for this collation. Warm milk with bread and fruit makes a very wholesome evening meal. With a clear conscience and a full stomach any man in tolerable health may derive from his nightly sleep that recuperation which ought to come from this sweet restorer of life's daily wear and waste.

Mrs. ANNA BISHOP's concert in New York, on the 27th, is looked forward to with great interest.

OSCAR WILDE AND A PEANUT BOY.

A man who was on the same train with Wilde, coming from Reno to Ogden, relates an amusing experience. Wilde was lounging back in his seat, dreaming of asphodel, etc., when the train boy woke him up by shouting:

"Hoscar Wilde's poems for ten cents!"

The poet started up into a sitting position, with:

"Great Gurod! is it possible that my poems have reached such beastly figures as that?"

"Three for two bits," continued the boy.

He offered the poet some copies of the *Seaside Library* edition in paper.

Wilde grabbed the book and fixed his big eyes on the boy.

"Do you know, my dear sir, that you are lending your countenance to a hellish infringement on the rights of an English author?"

"Is that so?" replied the boy, slowly. "Do you 'spose the feller that rit the book will know it?"

"Of course he will. How can your guilty acts escape his cognizance?"

"His cognizance ain't anything to me. It ain't loaded, is it?"

"I am the author of those poems."

"Ah! go away," snickered the boy. "You are ringing in for a commish. 'Twon't work, Cully. Folks put up jobs on me every day. Here, take a wasted peanut and fill up. If I thought such a looking chap as you rit them lines, I 'ye 'sposed I'd peddle 'em?" No sir!"

The crowd roared, and Wilde joined heartily in the laugh. After the boy was assured that the man was none other than the poet, he went to Wilde and offered him a dozen oranges to call it square.—*Salt Lake Tribune*.

VARIETIES.

THE only place in Europe, with the exception of Milan, where cremation can be performed is at Gotha, where there is a cremation hall in the fields without the city. It has been erected about two years and a half, and in that time fifty-two bodies have been cremated, and their ashes are preserved in urns in the outer hall. The process costs about twenty five dollars, and involves nine hours of preparation. A religious service can be read over the remains before they are taken down to the furnace, and the Protestant clergymen now offer no objections, though the Roman Catholic priests are very bitter against it. A fair proportion of Jews are also willing to dispose of their dead in this manner. Only two of the nearest relatives are allowed to descend with the officials to the closing scene, and the body is not consumed by fire, but reduced to ashes by air heated to 600 degrees Réaumur. Two hours are allowed to elapse before the ashes are collected, and in case of a man they generally weigh about six pounds, and of a woman about four pounds.

THE *London Pictorial* says: "The present fashion of short hair for ladies is as astonishing to the masculine mind as were the big lumps of pale tresses that went before the epoch of small heads. They were, of course, atrocious, yet hardly so utterly hideous as the shrimp locks now so much in vogue. It is astonishing that people cannot be content with a pretty fashion, and remain satisfied with it—but no; change—anything for change, is the cry of the present day; and so we have short, boyish hair in lieu of the humble knots in the neck, and the fluffy pretty front curls of last season. Little girls are made to look like boys, older girls don New-market coats and jockey caps and carry sticks, and middle-aged women—aye, and even old ones—crop their grizzling or gray tresses, and surely can have no conception of the positively dreadful look of short white hairs, instead of neat rolls under the bonnet or hat. Why do women try to ape men? Not even the divided skirt can make them invulnerable to the pains and penalties of the sex; and though some may long to be men, they can but long after all, and must remain women to the end of the chapter. By the way, does every one know that a devout male Hebrew thanks God every day in his prayers for his goodness generally, but more especially for the fact that he was not made a woman?"

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

EDWIN BOOTH sails for England on the 31st inst.

Mrs. CAMILLA URSO is to visit Montreal shortly.

THE Albert Hall is to have a new lease of life as the Bijou Theatre.

THE "Two Orphans" are looked for at the Academy the latter half of next week.

ROSSI complains bitterly of the way in which he has been treated in the States.

MAURICE GRAU's French Opera Company have been doing an immense business at the Academy of Music.

M. VON GLASER, Sarah Bernhardt's manager, intends to give a series of Wagner concerts in America next fall.

OSCAR WILDE lectured on Monday and Saturday in Montreal, on Tuesday in Ottawa, and on Thursday in Quebec.

"Music and the Drama" is improving with every issue. The editor, Mr. J. C. Fount, lately received a most flattering letter from Mme. Materno in praise of the paper.