What angel viol, effortless and sure, seaks tarough the straining silence? Whe shi, whence

Speaks through the straining silence? Whence, ahl whence the whence of the tremuleus joy, so keen, so pure that all cristence narrows to one sense. Lapped round and round In rapture of sweet sound?

On, low it wins along the steep, and loud and loud, Over the chasm and the cloud, Swells in its lordly tide. Swells in its lordly tide. Higher and higher, and undenied, Full-throated to the star!—
Then lowlier, softer, dreaming dies and dies Over the closing eyes, Dies with my spirit away, afar Swayed as on ocean's breast, Dies into rest.

EDELWEISS.

"And so that is really the Matterhorn! How bare and stern and cruel it looks; like a petrified decree of judgment,"

"Now you suggest it," said he; "that exactly describes it, but there comes the flood-tide of mercy." And the rush of glowing sunset crimson, which swept over Alpine peak and snow-bound plateau, hushed them both for a moment

They two had climbed beyond the meadow and the belt of green larches and pines that hemmed it in to see the sun set as it sets nowhere else in like glory. At their feet lay Zermatt, nestled in under the frowning heights but that made the feeling of isolation only the deeper; the two old ladies who completed their sunset party had sat down breathless, fifty yards back, and to all practical purposes they were alone with the mountains, he and

Fair samples of their age and period, both of them. She, slight, fair and gentle, with the exquisite coloring and quiet grace of manner that declared her nationality before one heard her English softness of speech; he, tall, dark and active; English, too, one would have said, except for a certain nervous energy and a haif suggestion of difference of accent and inflection of voice.

They were friends of just a fortnight's stand-

They were friends of just a fortnight's standing, and had met at Chamouni in the most commonplace way possible—a mere table d'hote acquaintance. But Ralph Verriker was crossing the Simplon to Zermatt, and Capt. Horeford and his daughter had vague intentions in that direction, too; so they drifted together somehow and joined forces, and the last fortnight had been, at least to one of them, a whole fortuight fresh from Eden.

Perhaps many men might have found two weeks of such daily intercourse and inti-

weeks of such daily intercourse and inti-mate association with a mind so pure and spirit so sweet as Decima Hereford's fatal to a spirit so sweet as Decima Hereford's fatal to their peace of mind; but the peace of mind of some people is a thing soon to be restored, and many men are never so happy as with some such disturbing cause. Not so Ralph Verriker; there was a strength of will in brow and chin which went to show that his was not a faucy lightly to wax and wane, and the most causual observer might have read his present state of mind by only too obvious signs. I desire to exhibit all due respect to age, but truth rules me; and my testimony to age, but truth rules me; and my testimony to Capt. Hereford's intense uppleasantness as a traveling companion only throws up Verriker's slavish objection to him in a more amiable light; and, as all virtue reaps some reward even in this world of injustice, Ralph's payment had come with compound interest on this July evening, when he was actually irtrusted with the sole guardianship of Miss Hereford's personal safety in their sunset expedition. There was a delicious thrill of exultation to him in the situation; they were so utterly

The world had died
And left the twain in solitude;
and to enjoy the unearthly glories of an Alpine
sunset in the companionship of a perfectly appreciative and sympathetic nature, is a gratification not granted to every soul.

There was not much need of speech after
that last blaze of shifting color; eye met eye,
and said more than words could do; then there
was a breathless, almost awe-struck pause,
until the opalescent lines began to fade; and
then Verriker held out his hand, for the path
below them stretched down rough and steep.

"Come," he said, almost below his breath;
"that's enough; let us go before the end; all
the rest will be anti-clima."

Down the slope they went together, he guid-

the rest will be anti-climax. Down the slope they went together, he guiding her, the small gloved finder still resting in his, while the two old ladies trotted on, far ahead, in amiable oblivion. The awe and the wonder were on her still, and she could not come back to earth so soon again; but a young man is but human after all, and Verriker was conscious, with every fiber of his frame, of the light contact of her hand with his. But once within the pine woods she came to herself, drew a long deep breath, and with a tint in her face like a reflection tossed back from the rose-dyed hills, withdrew from the support that was not now demanded by the exigences of the pathway.
"It was almost too beautiful," she said.

"My first real sunset since I came to Swittland, you know; and then, the Matterhorn! you it must be such hackneyed experience that you can hardly understand what it means to

"Yet I think I can call," he answered. amount of repetition can stale a sight like that; and it's not so many years since I left Oxford and made the grand tour first."

"And you have been abroad so often since, you say. How different from me! I was never across the channel in all my life before, and scarcely even out of Stockingham."
"Stockingham? Is that where you live?"
"Yes, I have lived there ever since I was a

little child. Do you know it?' "Only geographically, I'm afraid; somewhere in the Midlands, isn't it? Is it a nice sort of

"Oh, no! not nice-not pretty at all; a great

"Oh, no! not nice—not pretty at all; a great manufacturing town, with enormous lace and stocking factories, all hard, and busy, and money-making; nothing beautiful. I think the only nice thing in it is the school of art, a splendid one, for lace-designing is such a branch thero. I spent my happiest hours as a child, studying at that art school. Switzerland is the first realization of my childhood's dreams of beauty; but your life must have been so different!"

"Yes, different enough!" with helf, a smile.

oeen so different?"

"Yes, different enough?! with half a smile.
"I am international, you know. My father went to America very young, and married a New York girl, and after his death I was sent to England to be educated. Eton and Oxford made me an Englishman, and foreign travel finished the compound. Yet my mother and my home are in New York, and I often think there is a good deal of the American left about me yet."

"I am sure of it," she answered demurely.

"I am sure of it," she answered demurely.
"I have heard you say, 'Why, certainly!' at least a dozen times, and you distinctly 'guessed' one day at Martigny!"

Verriker laughed delightedly. Did she actually remember so small a thing about him?
But as the needle clings to the magnet, so the lover cleaves to one subject, and he was back again in an instant to the chief topic of interest.

"Speaking of guessing," he said, drawing nearer, "I have had a fertile matter of specialation in your name. What is it Capt. Hereford calls you? Decie? How quaint and how pretty! I never heard it before."

"Oh! it is short for Decima. Do you like it? I always think it so angular and mathematical. I was the tenth child, and the only one who lived out of childhood. It seems so strange that I should have been the one to grow up; I often worder why."

often worder why."
Ralph looked as though he could have offered a solution to that problem; but they were out of the woods now, and on the high road, and a crowd of lingering children, venders of pebbles and lichen and Alpine flowers, saw in the bested travelers one and disable of centimer

sent by a beneficent Providence, and rushed up through the gathering twilight like a horde of licensed banditti, screaming and jabbering vo-

iferously.
"Edelweiss! Oh, is it really the edelweiss!"

"Edelweiss! Oh, is it really the edelweiss!" exclaimed Decima, as a white-fiannely-looking vegetable was thrust into her face. "The first I have seen! I must have it." And she hastily felt for the pocket which women now-a-days wear rather as a penance than as a convenient receptacle, but Ralph interposed with an energy which startled her.

"Miss Hereford, don't! I beg you wont think of it—pray don't. Selling edelweiss; was there ever such hideous profanation? It's like selling the bones of one's family for knife handles. There, take that, you small reptiles!" And the whole crew vanished, yelling, after the handful of small coins that rattled viciously down the hillside. Decima stood transifixed down the hillside. Decima stood transfixed with surprise; then Ralph's face of righteous wrath struck her with mirth, and she burst

with surprise; then halpn's lace of righteons wrath struck her with mirth, and she burst into a merry laugh.

"What an exercise of ferocious sentiment!" she said, when she could speak. "What can it all be about?—not one little scrap of white flower, surely? Why am I not to have it?"

"Don't you really know?" he asked, laughing too at his own vehemence. "Perhaps I was rather violent, but the vulgarization of the present age is a thing that disguests mg beyond words. To sell ed.lweiss!—and for you to buy! But don't you really know?"

"Know? I know nothing except that it is a Swiss flower, and grows just on the edge of the eternal snow; and that I want one very much, as a memento of my visit to writzerland; but that doesn't account for the energy of your conduct in defrauding me of it"

"Then you don't know the story—the meaning? No? Well, then, listen; and give me your hand once more, please; this bit of path is rough again.

"Once there was a maiden—so the legend runs—so fair, so pure, so heavenly-minded that no suitor was found worthy to win her; and so, though all men vailly sighed for her, and so, though all men vainly sighed for her, at last she was metamorphosed into a white, star-like flower, and placed high up on the lottiest mountain tops, close to the snow she resembled, to be forever a type of the womanhood that is purest and most lovely. And, because the flower was only found through peril and toil, and an upward struggle, it became a saying through all the cantons that to win the love that was highest and no-blest was "to pluck the edelweiss;" and no higher honor could any lady merit than to have the littie white flower placed, as her own emblem, within her gentle hand. So at length it grew to be sacred to betrothals, as the orange blossom is sacred to marriage; and no maiden might be won till her lover had scaled the perilous heights himself, to seek the priceless

might be won till her lover had scaled the perilous heights himself, to seek the priceless edelweiss, and lay it at her feet. And, like the Scotch white heather, it told in itself the old sweet tale; for, if the maiden took his offering, the happy lover might hope; and if she placed it in her girdle or bosom, then he knew that she was his. Now, do yeu understand why I cannot bear the edelweiss to be profaned—why I would not let you buy it?"

They had come out close by the hotel now—the hotel with its yellow tide of lamplight pouring from the open door, and a babble of voices, French, German, English, sounding from the high balcony; among them all the gruff tones they both knew, raised in denunciation of the manners, customs and charges of the country. They paused just beyond the eater circle of light, still hand in hand, and he stooped his tall head to ask that last question stooped his tall head to ask that last question with a lowered voice. Decima's head was bent, as if to hide the face it was too dark for him to see, and for a moment she did not speak. Then she slipped her small fingers from the clasp where they still rested, and

oked up. "Yes, I understand," she said, very low and very quietly. "Thank you—good night," and she vanished into the gulf of light, and left him alone in the outer darkness.

"Where's Verriker gone?" was Capt Hereford's morning greeting as Decima appeared at breakfast. "I want to settle that trip to the Gorner Grat, and now he can't be found. I wish to heaven young people would have some consideration. But Decima prudently refrained from all remark. At dinner her father's indignation was still higher.

"What on earth that young fellow's up to no one can think!" he growled over his thin soup. "Started off at sunrise this morning; wouldn't take a gnide—only his alpenstock and naile stooms, and two days providents. Muss De mananess in his family Bah! beastly stuff this; take it away!"

At supper he was cynical. "This comes of picking up traveling companions! The young fellow looked a gentleman, but no doubt he's one of the swell mob—just see if my dressing-case is intact, will you, Decie?—or flying from his creditors. At all events, one gentleman does not treat another in this way. Pray, did he honor you with his plans, Decie?"

"No, papa," said poor Decie, but she could say no more; only she knet a long, long time before her window that night, looking up at the Matterhorn's jagged peak, as it shone in the moonlight.

All the next day it was the same; more irri-

All the next day it was the same; more irritation from her father; more apprehension in her own heart and a sort of sickening feeling of unspoken terror. People at the hotel began or unspoken terror. People at the hotel began to wonder, too; to speculate what the rash young American could have meant to do—when he would return; to talk of the folly of venturing to climb without a guide; to shake their heads. The hot day had cooled off into another brilliant night, and again Decima knelt at her low window in the white moonlight, trying to soothe a feverish headache, and to pray; when all at once some one loomed out of the shadow below—some one whom even that light showed below—some one whom even that light showed to be weary and worn and travel-stained; an eager voice whispered her name; and, borne high on the point of a tall alpenstock, something was laid gently down upon the window-ledge at her side. No need to see what it was; the prayer ended in a passionate thankswas; the prayer ended in a passionate thanksgiving, and while a burst of welcome, congratulations and questions burst from the
hotel party below, the pale moonlight shone
upon a girl's face pressed upon the small hard
pillow of a narrow bed, and a starry white
flower, bedewed with happy tears.

Half an hour later, as Capt. Hereford sat
smoking his cigar upon the deserted balcony,
Ralph Verriker came to him, crumpling an
envelope in his hand, and looking disturbed
and agitated.

May I speak to you on a matter of great importance?" he asked. "I have just found a telegram awaiting me from America, summon-ing me home at once. Some one is dangerously ill-it does not say who, but I fear it mus be my mother. I must start at daylight to-morrow; too much time has been
lost already by the telegram following
me about so. But before I go I must
say a word to you, sir. I don't suppose you
will be much surprised that I have learned to say a word to you, str. I don't suppose you will be much surprised that I have learned to love your daughter—no one could help it, I should think; and I hope—I dare to hope—she likes me just a little. May I write to her? I ought to tell you I am not a rich man; I have almost nothing of my own, for though my uncle makes me a fair allowance, I have a cousin who is his heiress, and he will leave me nothing. But I am young—I am strong—I can work. I will get something to do at once, if only you will give your consent."

A student of Lavater might have reaped years of education from a study of Capt. Hereford's face during this address. Surprise, bewilderment, consternation, chased each other over his countenance, and eventually gave way to a strange expression, which it was, aufortunately, too dark for Yerriker to observe, or he might have been a wiser man. To tell the truth, Decima's father was too self-engrossed to have noticed Ralph's devotion; and perhaps a year had this suitor heen the man of

to have noticed Ralph's devotion; and perhaps even had this suitor been the man of means his appearance and surroundings had led Capt. Hereford to believe him, it would have been a sore struggle to consider his standated happiness before his own: 'or', t was the candid avowal of payerty, for many

question on the instant. His only thought was how most plausibly to give an absolute check to such presumptuous hopes. "My dear Verriker!" He cleared his throat,

"My dear Verriker!" He cleared his throat, then went on more firmly: "I'm very sorry-very. I confess I never guessed at this till very recently, but it's out of the question—quite. Not alone the nationality and limited means—I trust I'm as free from narrow prejudices as any man—but the fact is, my dear fellow, my daughter is—ah—hum—already engaged."

"Eugaged?" uttered Verriker, in a voice of horrified incredulity.

"Eugaged?" uttered Verriker, in a voice of horrified incredulity.

"Yes, yes," rejoined the reprobate, growing bolder with success. "Why, the wedding's all but settled—old friend, you know, and all that. 'Pon my word, I'm sorry, Verriker;" and there was enough shame left in the old man to make him blush in the darkness.

"But Miss Hercford," stammered poor, bewildered Ralph; "I had thought—I had dared to hope—" and he stopped short.

"Yes, yes, I think she feared so. I saw it in her manner. She's young, you know, and

her manner. She's young, you know, and tender-hearted; perhaps she seemed too kind. There, there, Verriker, don't take it to heart;" and for a moment even this villain was touched

with remorse.

Poor little Ducie. No need for her to blush and tremble, and steal into the breakfast-room with downcast eyes and noiseless step, next morning. Only Ralph's vacant chair stared her in the face, and her father was deep in a

her in the face, and her father was deep in a week-old Times.

"Oh, by the way." said he, with an off-hand air, avoiding her eye, "Verriker's gone in samest this time. He came home late last night and found a telegram, so he's off for America early this morning. Bore, isn't it? Didn't even leave you a message; but no doubt he meant me to say everything civil. Can you start for the Gorner Grat to-day? Why, child, what makes you wear that ugly scrap of edel-

start for the Gorner Grat to-day? Why, child, what makes you wear that ugly scrap of edel-weiss in your brooch? It is a beastly plant, and bears as much resemblance to a flower as a sea-anemone does to an animal!"

Ah, well! it is woman's part in me to watch and wait with pleasant, smiling face and breaking heart. Why should Decima have had a happier lot than millions of sisters? This sort of trouble does not kill; it only whitens the hair, and dulls the eyes, and ploughs ugly lines in a smooth young face, and steals away the youth, and the brightness, and the spring. Wuy should Decima complant! She had what most woman have—a relic or most woman have—a relic or a torn glove, a shriveled of flower, a memory, a sche. What would she have more? scrap heartache. heartache. What would she have more? Life was not over for her yet, alsa! There was ner old father; and to him she devoted herself, little dreaming, poor child, of the cruel wrong he had done her; and as the months dragged away, newer, more urgent cares and troubles began to push the old pain into the background—till there came a day when a co-operative company broke, and with it went all the commuted pension her father had invested in it, and they were penniless: she young commuted pension her father had invested in it, and they were penniless; she young and strong, and eager to work, if only she could find work to do; and he a weak old man, stricken into emidishness by the blow that took away his all 'the would gladly work, if work were only to be found; but every place seemed so over-full already: and at last one day, in utter despair, she called on an old friend, a lace manufacturer, and asked if she might not try some of the lace-work Stockingham women do in their own homes—clipping, mending or drawing threads from the machine-made lace.

Old Mr. Stacey's gold eye-glasses needed frequent polishing, and his handkerchief came into constant use, as she talked; but he was too shocked at her story to answer anything but that she ought to have better work than that to do; and she was turning rather sadly to go when he called her back.

"By the way, Decie," he said, "perhaps you could help ms. You have been in Switzerland. Do you know a Swiss flower called the edelweiss?"

Did she know it? Her heart leaned up but

Did she know it? Her heart leaped up, but Did she know it? Her heart leaped up, but she assented very quietly.

"Because I'm at my wits' end. An American buyer has just come over, and wants to order a large amount of lace with the pattern of an edelweiss. I shall lose the order if I can't execute it in the next fortnight; and where to get the design I don't know. I've sent right and left and can't find even a picture of the thing; my designers don't even know it by name. You don't happen to have a sketch or a specimen of n't happen to have a sketch or a specimen of

"Oh, yes, I have—I have a flower."
"No—have you? By Jove! how lucky!
Could you—would you mind lending it to me for a few days 9"

have a £1,000 down for the patent of that lace, and if your pattern answers you shall have a £100 of it. And what's more, lots more work of the same sort, better than clip-ping or drawing, eh. Decie?" And with a joy-ful heart Decima sped home. Yet she almost hesitated when she unlocked

the little codar box, which was the coffin of her dead past, and laid the small silvery blossom on her soft paim. Would he not have call ed the a profanation as complete as that of the poor Swiss pebble venders? Yet, had he not been guilty of a greater vulgarization and des-ecration when he won her love only to cast it

And all the long hours that she sat by the designer's side, patiently guiding his adaptation of the bewildering threads to her graceful drawing, while the Alpine flower lay before them on the smoke-blackened table, there seemed to ring in her care the tones of a never-forgotten voice: "Hideous profanation! I cannot bear the edelweiss to be profaned?" And, as if in answer to a real accusation, her lips would move in the voiceless murmur: "For my father?" sake."

For my father's sake." Slowly, slowly the design grew into shape, exercising a strange facination over Decima, as exercising a strange facination over Decima, as she lingered over the border which was to simulate the ridges of Alpine snow, and touched up the tiny flower in perspective, which she insisted on putting instead of the conventional sprig so dear to machine-lace designers. There had never been so original and so exquisite a lace made, they said; and the exultant buyer overwhelmed Decima with congratulations before he sped back across the Atlantic, to dazzle the eyes of the American market with this latest triumph of the Stockingham looms; while Decima walked home to a certain little shabby house one night, rich in a banking account or \$1100, and night, rich in a banking account of £100, and

prospective work and wages.

She was so happy that she even tried to make the story plain to the poor childish wreck that had once been Capt. Hereford; and to her delight he listened, and seemed to under-stand, till she came to the end, and held up the bit of edelweiss that had laid the corner-stone of foreigness that had laid the corner-stone of fortune for them both. The sight seemed to awake some long-dormant chord of association, for he moved uneasily in his arm-chair and muttered, "Switzerland, Switzerland," then seemed to doze heavily; and by and by awoke with a start of terror and a great trembling.

awoke with a start of terror and a great trembling.

"Decie, Decie," he cried, with working
features and frightened eyes. "You never
knew; I sent him away, your young Amerio'...
lover. He was poor, and I could not let you
go and leave me. I told him you were engaged
to some one else. I lied. Can you forgive me?
Do you mind much now?"

For just one moment Decima was silent;
there was almost a recoil from the wretched
figure in its eager remorse; then she knelt
down and drew the poor old gray head to her
young breast.

young breast. "Husb my dear, hush," she said brokenly:

"indeed, I forgive you; no, I don't mind so much now—it does not matter;" and she kissed the trembling lips that still moved feebly.

And that night the old man died.

But where was Ralph Verriker all these long, weary months? When, with a disappointment and sickness of heart he set off across the Atlantic, after the dream so cruelly broken, it was only to find on the other side the news of his uncle's death, a will leaving him sole inheritor of a comfortable fortune, and a letter in which the old man set forth how, in leaving his money to Ralph, instead of to his niece Margaret, as had been popularly expected, it was in the full hope and belief that a marriage between the two young people would make mattere equal, and prevent any injustice to the girl who had, perhaps, learned to regard herself as his heiress. Poor Ralph was confounded. Nothing had he never regarded his commonplace cousin Madge with more than a friendly interest, but the bitter experience of his Swiss trip had closed the world of love for him forever. It was not in vain that nature had given him that resolute brow and chir, and a character which was so formed as to be able to love but once for all. So at first his only thought was how best to atone to Madge for the wrong done by his heirship; but this was not the easy matter it seemed at first sight; the bulk of the property was so disposed as to leave him a little more than a life interest in t, and to render it impossible to alterate it from himself. Ralph looked very grave as But where was Ralph Verriker all these long.

leave him a little more than a life interest in t, and to render it impossible to alienate it trom himself. Ralph looked very grave as the conviction slowly dawned upon him that Madge and duty were identical; and his mother's urgent entreaties that he should give her the daughter she had always longed for—all pressed into the same scale.

"I know she has always cared for you," she kept repeating, and though Ralph was a modest fellow enough, the assurance seemed another claim. He told himself he was beginning to forget the woman who had been all too kind, and honestly thought the pain of remembrance was growing less—only because he instinctively avoided everything that could remind him of the bitterness of the past; and he himself hardly knew that he always scanned the first column of the Times so narrowly. She was married long ago, no doubt; and it was only right that he should marry Madge. He used to repeat the list of her virtues to himself, and try to feel convinced that matter-of-fact, good natured commonplace was by no means a drawback in the mother of one's children; and that it was a blessing Madge had no sentiment, and would not miss the love he could not give her.

And so it came to pass that a certain night found them both at a New York reception, and though the president, Salomon? "He is an old man—about seventy-five years of age—who, I believe, came into the president, Salomon? "He is an old man—about seventy-five years of age—who, I believe, came into the president, Salomon? "He is an old man—about seventy-five years of age—who, I believe, came into the persidency by intrigue about three years ago. He there is an old man—about seventy-five years of age—who, I believe, came into the persidency by intrigue about three years ago. He there was devent believe, came into the persidency by intrigue about three years ago. He deve by intrigue about the said to have incurred the displeaure of the people by his cruelties incited a revolt, which was rid the sevid to the said to the said to the people by his cr

And so it came to pass that a certain night found them both at a New York reception, and at the crisis of their fate. He had led her away into the conservatory, a gorgeous affair, blazing with rare exotics and colored lamrs; with shaded nooks and the splash of a tiny fountain—a sort of Fifth avenue garden of Eden.

Eden.

They had both heen sitting silent—they never had very much to say to each other—and Balph, as he sat, elbow on knee, stroking his mustache, looked more like a culprit than a lover, for he had made up his mind to settle matters to-night, and never had duty looked sc unlovely. Yet Margaret was at her best to-night, less florid and large than usual, and far softer and centler than he had ever seen her softer and gentler than he had ever seen her, with none of the loud colors he had such a horror of—all in simple snowy lace and muslin.

"What a pretty dress, Madge," he said kindly; "I never saw you look so well."
Madge's face brightened. She was rather afraid of Ralph in general; he was so odd, and talked of things she did not understand; but dress was a subject on which she was at home.

home.

"Yes, isn'tit lovely?" she said, with animation. "Just look at the lace; even you'll admire it, I should think. It cost me something, I can tell you. I daren't say what a hard, though it's only machine-made. But I evought myself very lucky to get it. It isn't even in the store yet. I'm the first woman in New York that has a dress of it. Mr. Slater let me have it out of his wholesale place as a great favor—Silas P. Slater, you know, on Pearl street; his buyer had just brought it over from England."

Ralph hardly heeded her placid talk; he had home.

Ralph hardly heeded her placid talk; he had bent down dutifully to examine the lace which she indicated; but he raised his head with s andden start

"It is the edelweiss!" he said, and then sign you a pattern. I picked up a little designing at the School of Art years ago, and I know something about lace, for don't you remember your girls and I all learned to make pillow-lace once, for fun?"

"Upon my soul!" said Mr. Stacey, quite breathless. "Decie, my dear, you're an angel! Just bring that flower to my designing-room to-morrow morning, and try what you and my designer can do. And look here, child, I'm to have a £1,000 down for the patent of that lace, and if your pattern and the second pattern. I picked up a little designer, lights, Margaret's plum; farm—all faded from before his eyes, and instead rose up the snow-clad hills. There was a glow of sunset light in the sky, a hush of twilight in the sky of twill show twill show twill show twill show twil stopped short. That whole bright scene—conservatory, flowers, lights, Margaret's plum;

—a look of deep shame.

"Madge," he said, "I'm afraid I'm a brute:
forgive me, please; but I meant to ask yor
something to-night which I had no business to something to-night which I had no business to do; I can't do it. What I want to ask you now is, if you will let me give you half of Uncle Thomas' money annually—the money that ought to be all yours. It's left so unjustly that I can't give it to you out and out; but you'll lef me do that?'

me do that?"

Margaret stared at him for a moment, ther burst into a hearty laugh.

"My gracious, Ralph!" she said, "is that all! I know what you meant, and you've tried your best, though I guess aunt rather egged you on; but it was no use; I saw that as soon as you came home from abroad; some other girl had been first. As for me, don't bother yourself. I told Charlie Auson last night that I'd marry him. I like him awfully and be's I told Obarlie Anson last night that I'd marry him. I like him awfully, and he's twice as rich as you, you know. But you spoilt my story about the lace. Of course it's edelweiss; that's what they call it—edelweiss lace—some Swiss flower, Mr. Slater says. And he told me about it—in confidence, of course—how it was designed by some young lady in Stockingham, to help her sick father along. He was a captain in the British army and lost his money. Wasn't it queer? Did Mr. Slater tell the girl's name? Mercy! Ralph, how strange you look! Yes, he did, but I forgot it; it was like one of those English cathedrals; Gloucester, or Worcester, or something. Not Hereford! Why, yes, it was! How did you know? And

one of those English cathedrals; Gloucester, or Worcester, or something. Not Hereford? Why, yes, it was! How did you know? And what on earth are you doing?"—for Ralph was on his kneesat her feet, penknife in hand. "It's my best flounce. Stop this minute!"
"I'm going to have a bit of that lace—just one flower!" said a smothered voice.
And the end! Ah, well! the end—

I do not thy me to that dull elf.

I do not rhyme to that dull elf Who cannot picture to himself. The Arabia sailed at 10 o'clock the next morning; but we will not follow. It is alone in the silence and solemnity of the sacred mountain too that the climber reverently gathers, and places in his bosom, to wear and cherish there forever, the love that has been won after long pain and trial—the peerless edelweiss!— Cassell's Magazine.

The English do not trouble themselves to have a written Constitution. They run on precedents which are found in their parliamentary history. There is no such thing as a copy of the English Constitution.

Major Mackenzie, or the Corps of Engiueers, reports in favor of continuing the work on the Des Moines Rapids. where \$4,372,824 has already been expended. The Keokuk bridge is pronounced a source of danger to descend-

HAYTI'S NEW EMPEROR.

Gen. Bazelias' Triumphal March Through the Country-President Salomon Seems Adverse to Fighting.

New York World: A private dispatch received in this city yesterday from Hayti said that Gen. Bazelias, commander of the rebel forces, had gained a decisive advantage over President Salomon, and that Jacmel had declared in his favor. This gives the government of the island into the hands of the ineurgents, and Gen. Bazelias will no doubt become emperor in a few days Meanwhile President Salomon, with his few followers, are at Port-au-Prince and will probably try to escape to Jamaica

Mr. Gonzales de Cordova, merchant, doing business in this city with Hayti, and who is well versed in the affairs of that government, said to a reporter of the World last night that

said to a reporter of the World last night that
the news was undoubtedly true, as he also had
received a cable dispatch to that effect at a late
hour Thursday night.

"What effect will the going over of the province of Jacmel have upon the insurrection?"

"Well, in my opinion, it is the beginning of
the end of the rebellion. Jacmel is a very important province, and as Gen. Bazelias has captured all the government arms and ammunition, I think that he soon will make it very
warm for the government officials."

"What is the feeling of the Haytians toward
their president, Salomon?"

"What is the feeling of the Haytians toward their president, Salomon?"
"He is an old man—about seventy-five years of age—who, I believe, came into the presidency by intrigue about three years ago. He is said to have incurred the displeasure of the people by his cruelties to the mulattoes, and these cruelties incited a revolt, which was led the Gap. Baralias and Gap. Baralia.

"Is this last accession to their ranks of any great importance to the insurrectionists?"

"Oh, yes; I imagine that they will feel so strong now they will immediately move against Port-au-Prince, and there, I think, they will be successful."

"And what do you imagine will be the ultimate result of the revolution?"

"I think that Gen. Bazelias will be made emperor after Salomon has been compelled to fiee, I think the action of Jacmel has taken the government people completely by surprise." ernment people completely by surprise."
"Will this be of any benefit to the country of

Hayti?"
"Well, that is a rather hard question to an-"Well, that is a rather hard question to answer; under a stable government Hayti could be made very prosperous, but these revolutions, which occur about every two years, have been a curse to the country, and, I think, always will be. Bazelias will do very well for a time, but he, too, in turn, will dissatisfy some one, and then they will have an insurrection and some other one will be made ruler. In this way there can be no stable government, and therefore the country cannot be very prosperous."

perous."
The opinions given expression to by Mr. De The opinions given expression to by Mr. De Cordova were found to be held by a number of other persons interested in the state ot affairs in Hayti, all of whom believe that President Salomon will be forced to fly when Gen. Bazelias will be made emperor. They all think that the change will be of great benefit to the country, as they say Salomon was toold a man to handle the reins of the government, and that there was need of a young man, and that Bazelias, who is about thirty-five years old, will just about fill the bill.

No official notice of the secession of Jacmee had been received by Mr. E. D. Baseet, the Haytian consul, up to last evening.

Something About Bread-Making.

By the process of bread-making it is intended to convert the flour of certain grains into a cellular structure, in which it is most easily chewed, saturated with the fluids of the mouth, and digested. In order to arrive at this end, alcoholic fermentation is resorted to from olden times, by introducing the same in the dough by means of brewers' yeast. Thus a small part of the flour is converted into glucose, which again is transformed into alcohol and carbonic acid. The former is recognized by its peculiar vinous odor, exhaled by the loaves, when suffivinous odor, exhaled by the loaves, when suffi-ciently raised. Both gases produce the raising of the dough—i. e., the porous and spongy appearance

By this fermentation the flour not only loses weight, but the bread also attains qualities

weight, but the bread also attains qualities which may injure the process of digestion. In order to evade these inconveniences, chemists have long ago searched, to impart the spongy structure of the dough by other means than yeast, respectively by substances evolving gaseous bodies, or which in the oven are transformed into gases themselves. To the best known belong the bicarbonate of soda and cream of tartar, certainly well known to all housewives. And with regard to most of the baking powders of the trade, they are mainly preparations containing these substances. However, it cannot be said of any of them that they exert a beneficial influence on the system.

noweer, it cannot be said or any or them that they exert a beneficial influence on the system, not to speak of the adulterations to which most of them have lately been subjected.

We are glad to learn that Prof. E. N. Borsford, of Cambridge, Mass., who held the chair of chemistry in Harvard university, invented some time since. some time since, a baking preparation forming an exception to those spoken of, which has al-ready attained universal reputation.

The idea by which Prof. Horsford was guided was not only to furnish a substitute for brewer's yeast, but also to provide those nutritious constituents of the flour lost in the bran in the process of bolting. These are the so-called phosphates, which are also the nutri-tive saits of meat, and of the utnost importance for the building of for the building up of the organism. If we take into consideration that the nutritive value take into consideration that the nutritive value of wheaten flour is from 12 to 15 per cent less than of the wheat grain, and that this loss is now restored by Prof. Horsford's invention, then we must look upon it as of the greatest national economic importance. As Justus von Liebig said: "The result is the same as if the fertility of our wheat fields had been increased by one-seventh or one-eighth."

James and the Pears.

"James!" "Yes, pa."

"There were seven California pears in that supboard. Six of them are gone. Do you know anything about it?"
"I never took one of them."

"Sure?"
"Certain pa. Wish I may die, if—"
"You wicked, bad boy; how often have I told you never to use such an expression. Here comes ma; let us see if she knows anything

Mamma says she saw James take at least five of them.
"You little rascal! How dare you tell me

you never took one, and here's only this little one with the grub-eaten side left?"

"Oh, pa, don't hit me. I said I didn't take one of them—and—and that's the one I didn't take."

Pa relanted The building of a nev school house in Monticello is progression anidly.