KITTY'S HUSBAND

By Author of "Hetty," Etc.

CHAPTER I.

Five o'clock on a July afternoon—an afternoon hot everywhere, hottest of all here in London; a dreary, shadeless house in a dingy square; a small upstairs room—half schoolroom, half sitting-room; an open window, at which much dust, much sunshine and little air came in; and near the window, sitting rigidly upright in a low chair meant for lounging my Aunt Jane, talking reasonably, mapping out mu future life for me tranquilly, but with decision.

I sat and listened in silence; Meg, leaning back against the cushions of the shabby little sofa, put down her novel to listen, too. Dora, with her sewing in her hands, became suddenly indolent. Aunt Jane talked on and no one interrupted.

I fancy I hear her still—her calm, even, unemphatic tones, that expressed such rational sentiments, such unromantic, excellent common sense. When I shut my eyes the whole scene comes back to me. I am seventeen again, a schoolgirl still, in a little shabby, out-at-elbows frock, with my hands hot, my fingers ink-stained, and my open school books spread out before me; and once again the fear of Aunt Jane is falling upon me like a weight.

Aunt Jane made cowards of us all; we never dared to oppose her plans. When she spoke decisively we were accustomed to assent with meekness. And of all Aunt Jane's household I was the meekest member, not because I was by nature more meek than others, but because Fate had unkindly used me and had made me a poor relation in Aunt Jane's house. Meg and Dora dared sometimes to smile derisively as they carried out her tyrannical orders—dared to obey her with a little air of indifference and grand carelessness, as though their obedience was a matter of choice and their choosing to obey were an accident; but then Meg and Dora were her step-daughters—not her nieces; house room, food, clothing, life's necessities and modest luxuries were theirs by right, I had no rights. A long list of benefits, grudgingly given, borne clearly in mind by the giver, oppressed me constantly when Aunt Jane was by.

Aunt Jane had brought us unexpected, astonishing news that afternoon—news that concerned me chiefly. John Mortimer, she told us, had been with her since luncheon; he had been talking to her confidentially and most sensibly, and had relieved her mind of one great worry.

"For of course, Kate, you have been a worry," she exclaimed, looking at me with unsmiling candor. "Your education has been an expense, and a growing girl is not dressed for nothing a year; and, as I have often said, you really have such a healthy appetite that I sometimes dread to look at the weekly bills. Not that I wish to complain. Your uncle and I have been very good to you—more than good—done more than our duty. I don't regret it—I don't complain; still, one is bound to own that you have been an expense, Kate, and a responsibility; and now at last one begins to see an end of it. John Mortimer has been talking to me—talking most sensibly. He hopes by and by to relieve us of our responsibility."

"But—but I don't understand," I said.

"You are surprised, of course," continued Aunt Jane in her quiet, even tones. "I was surprised, too, I own. It seems, Kate, that he means by and by to marry you."

There was a moment's pause. Meg and Dora glanced up quickly at me, with looks half comical, half commiserating. I had nothing to say, or, rather, because I had so much to say, I could say nothing.

"My dear child, push your hair out of your eyes and sit upright!" Aunt Jane commanded. "We had quite a long talk—John Mortimer and I. Of course he sympathizes with us; he knows that our means are not unlimited, and that we have Meg and Dora to provide for; he knows all that we have done for you all these years, and of course, too, he cannot help feeling that things would have been different if his father had acted uprightly. He feels most keenly all that you have suffered through his father; but he cannot do more than he means to do. He means to take you off our hands as soon as possible; he is waiting to speak to you himself. He thinks he ought to wait, so he says, until you are less of a child. And I must say, Kate, that for a girl of seventeen your manner is most foolishly, most absurdly childish, and most misleading."

Another pause followed. Aunt Jane rose from her chair and stood at the window, looking down with a disapproving glance at the dusty square and a weary little errand boy who was seated on his basket, resting. Presently, with a sigh of relief, she turned to us again.

"The more I think of this, the more satisfactory it seems," she declared, reflectively. "I hope you feel, Kate, how good of him—how considerate of him—such an offer is! You are such a child still; in the ordinary course of things you could not have expected a home of your own for years to come. You must have gone out as a governess—that was inevitable—your uncle and I could not have maintained you in idleness. And how many governesses marry, I wonder? But you understand, of course, that John Mortimer was speaking to me, Kate, in confidence; you are to know nothing of the matter. He wished to say nothing to you as yet. You are to behave quite naturally, remember, but to strive to talk pleasantly and sensibly to him and to improve upon him that you are not a child. That is why I am telling you this. If he means to propose to you, there is no reason in the world why he should delay doing so."

"He might repent of his intention," said Dora, in a grave voice, but with a little smile at the look dorossed across at me.

"He thinks you too young to know your own mind," continued Aunt Jane, severely; "and no wonder he thinks you so young, when he finds you, as he did yesterday, with your fingers in your ears, saying your Euclid aloud! You have such silly, childish habits, Kate, and this is not the first time I have complained of them. When I was a girl of seventeen I was as old as I am today. As for blushing like a baby, as you are doing now, that was a trick I was cured of before I left off bibs and pinafores."

There was an impressive silence. After a minute or so Aunt Jane moved to go; but she paused just opposite me and regarded me with attention, with an air of dissatisfaction.

"We shall give notice for you to leave school this term," she observed, slowly; "and you can turn up your hair at once. Do see, Meg, what you can do to make her look presentable. John Mortimer is coming in this evening, Kate, to see your uncle. Put on another dress and come down stairs; and pray for once leave your schoolgirl manners behind you!"

CHAPTER II.

A minute more and Aunt Jane was gone. The door clicked sharply behind her, her dress rustled through the passage, her steps descended the stairs; then we breathed more freely. I put my elbows on the table and covered my cheeks with my hands and looked across at the girls who faced me, and the girls, following example, put their elbows on their knees and their chins on their upturned palms, and looked back at me in silence. Suddenly their blue eyes twinkled, they glanced at each other, decided that the situation was comic, and laughed merrily.

"He's a paragon!" said Meg. "Poor little Kitty! Will you like to marry a paragon?"

For a moment I had hesitated, scarcely knowing whether to laugh or cry. The girls' merriment decided me; a lump seemed to rise up in my throat; the tears filled my eyes, overflowed, and fell fast upon my open Euclid."

"Why, Kitty—crying! You are never crying!" laughed Dora, in mock reproof. "My dear, this is base ingratitude! Reflect—let us reflect on his virtues."

"Turn up your pigtail at once, Kitty," interrupted Meg, with gravity. "The paragon objects to pigtails—to the juvenileness of them. Let down your frock, my dear; the paragon will never think of addressing a young person who shows her heels and the holes in her stockings. Dry your eyes, Kitty, my child; take comport—the paragon means to marry you."

Their merriment seemed heartless; I would not answer. I clasped my hands tightly above my forehead, and gazed at the open page of my Euclid, which my tears would not let me read.

"But what does all this mean?" said Dora presently, in a musing tone. "Has he really spoken to mother—and why? He can't be in love with you, Kitty; he's old—quite old—gray-haired or nearly, and you're a little chit of a high school girl—not clever, not rich, not anything—not even pretty."

"No, I know," I agreed, with humility.

"Then why does he want to marry you?" persisted Dora.

"Because he is a paragon, dear, said Meg.

I looked up at her with a swift, tearful, inquiring glance.

"Yes, that's it," I echoed drearily. "I understand—I understand it all; it's because—because he is so good."

"Perfect!" corrected Meg.

"Yes, so perfect," I agreed. "He wants to be kind, and to make things better for me; I always knew that he was trying to be kind. When he talks to me he is always so gentle—so much more gentle than when he talks to you.

"I know why it is—I have always known. He is thinking of that money of mine. It hurts him to remember that his father took it away from me and made me lose it all. He wants to prevent things from being horrid for me, and so—so he has thought of this."

My tears were falling fast on the open pages of my Euclid. There was a spell of silence in the room; no one contradicted my explanation of John Mortimer's motive. Through my tears I looked up at Meg and Dora, and read in their faces that they agreed with the explanation. How could they but agree? His motive was all too clear. His father, Roger Mortimer, had been my guardian, had squandered my little fortune and had lost it. John Mortimer was taking up the burden of his father's sins and follies, and I was one of the burdens. He meant to marry me—it was his plan of compensation. I understood it clearly; Aunt Jane approved, the girls were merry, and I sat and wept with passionate, helpless indignation.

(To be continued.)

"YOU ARE SURPRISED, OF COURSE," CONTINUED AUNT JANE.

POOR UNCLE.

Not So Shrewd Sometimes as He Has Credit for Being.

"People who put faith in the traditional shrewdness of pawnbrokers," said a veteran in the business, "would be surprised if they knew how often they are bamboozled into loaning more than the value of a pledge. Most of the big shops have experts who are hard to deceive, but they make mistakes now and then, while with others of less experience overvaluation is a distressingly common occurrence. A certain class of sharpers make a living by victimizing pawnbrokers, and they regard them as tolerably easy prey. Colored stone are often used for that purpose, and I have known dozens of large loans to be made on paste rubies and emeralds. The bogus stones are usually inlaid with good ones in the setting, and are hard to detect. A few years ago an ingenious gentleman discovered that by dipping an off-color diamond in a weak solution of aniline ink, he could render it temporarily blue-white and extraordinarily brilliant. He saw a fine field for operation in the pawnshops, and these 'painted diamonds,' as they were called, were worked off all over the country before the trick was exposed. A big yellow stone—worth, say $60—would look like a $500 gem, and it was no trouble at all to borrow from $300 to $500 on such security. Another common swindle is a filled watch case, reenforced at points where it would be apt to be tested, and pawned for solid gold. When these watches were first made there were very few pawnbrokers that didn't get one or two. The works of a watch may also be 'sham.' For years a firm in Switzerland made cheap works in imitation of famous and expensive varieties, and forged the name on the dial and inside plate. It was only a surface imitation, but it was good enough to pass muster at many a shop. Lots of men have been forced out of business simply because they were loaded up with worthless pledges."

NO SKILL.

Required to Do Graining with This Absorbent Paper.

Philadelphia Record: A new method of graining has just been brought from abroad by which any one without any skill whatever can do a job of graining much better than nine-tenths of the painters who pose as first-class grainers. The marking is done by means of absorbent paper. It is not a transfer paper, but is of the nature of a prepared blotting paper, which is always used dry, the wood graining being always painted thereon. The figure shows the mode of application. After a coat of oil color is given to the surface which it is designed to grain, it is painted over again with a sap color or graining stain. The imprinted portion of the graining paper absorbs the sap color, while the printed parts which show the various wood grains are prevented by a chemical bath in its preparation from absorbing the color. The natural grain left upon the surface can be softened if desired. The grain of every variety of hard wood used in building and cabinet work can be easily reproduced by these simple methods. A large number of grainings can be made with a single copy of the paper, each having a different appearance. The paper is put up on the usual widths of wall paper, and in rolls, and there are sixteen different kinds of graining.

Bogus Art Gems in Victoria Museum.

Many pieces of sculpture and carving in the Victoria and Albert Museum were discovered some time ago to be spurious. Now bogus paintings have also been found, among which are two supposed constables, which have proved to be imitations. The museum is a favorite resort of American tourists, and until these discoveries was supposed to contain an unblemished collection of art curiosities.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Not in His Line.

Teacher—"If I had four herring and gave half a herring to each of three boys, how many herring would I have left?" The scholar is silent. Teacher—"I am surprised that you can't answer. I should have two herrings and a half left." Scholar—"I could have told you, teacher, if you had asked me about apples. You see, I don't eat herring."

LONG-DISTANCE RIDE.

M. COTTU COVERS 785 MILES IN TWELVE DAYS.

Horse Spirited at the Finish—The Rider Took the Best of Care of His Animal, and Never Kept It at a Trot More Than a Mile and a Quarter

(Special Letter.)

A very remarkable feat of horsemanship has just been accomplished by a young Frenchman, M. Charlie Cottu. He rode the whole of the way from Vienna to Paris, 785 miles, in 12 days and 14 hours, using only one horse, and, what is still more noteworthy, brought his mount into Paris in thoroughly good condition. As everyone knows, 62 miles is a good deal more than the average horse can be expected to accomplish in a day, and to keep up this average for thirteen days at a stretch, with 188 pounds weight on the animal's back, implies not only the great stamina of the steed, but altogether exceptional care and management on the part of the rider. M. Cottu began to train his mount—a half-breed Irish mare, Irish Lass, 7 years old, standing just under fifteen hands—on Easter Monday, beginning with a gentle ride of fifteen miles or so, and gradually increasing the daily distance up to forty miles. In conversation with a Paris correspondent, M. Cottu explained that the great secret of success on long-distance rides is to avoid overheating your mount. "I never," he said, "kept Irish Lass at the trot for more than one and one-quarter miles. I always dismounted when we came to a hill and led her up

M. COTTU AND IRISH LASS.

it. Some days I walked at least twenty miles. When we came to our stopping place I let her stand a few minutes to cool, and then unsaddled her and gently rubbed her back with the bare hand, to restore circulation in the parts weighed upon by the saddle. Then I groomed her carefully, took her into her stable, and gave her her food. As soon as she had taken it she used to lie right down at once, but she was always ready for the road again. I gave her between twenty and twenty-four quarts of oats and between fifteen and ten quarts of milk every day, with a fair amount of water, if she wanted it, provided the water was not too cold. I gave her from four to six hours rest in the middle of the day, so as to escape the heat, only about two hours at night. I always slept in the saddle with her, and did not take off my clothes after leaving Vienna to arriving in Paris. There was no time for baths or anything of that sort. As we never did more than six and one-half miles an hour, even over level country, we had to spend a good many hours a day on the road."

LIFE IN MANILA.

Terrible Condition of Affairs as Described by a Military Surgeon.

Mention has been made of Dr. J. W. Madara, the Kansas man who is serving in the Philippines as surgeon in the 23d regular infantry. At present Dr. Madara is doing hospital duty in Manila, and he writes of events in that city as follows: "I get up at 6 a. m., and attend sick calls before breakfast. Sick call means that I prescribe for and treat from fifty to sixty men every morning. I also have twelve hundred Filipinos to look after and treat every day. About one-third of them are sick and need doctoring. They are wounded, many of them, and have all kinds of diseases, so you can imagine how busy I am kept from morning till night. The average native Filipino is, in looks and build, between the African negro and the ape. Many of them are cunning, smart, quick and ready to imitate. They go almost naked, women and men, and speak all sorts of dialects; many of them speak Spanish. We go armed here, as they do not recognize civilized warfare, and will shoot or cut a doctor or hospital corps man just as quick as a soldier. I wish you could see them swarm around me when I go into the prison yard to doctor them. I cannot understand a word they say, nor can they understand me, but have an interpreter, who can understand most of them; but the trouble is I cannot understand him, so we make signs of all kinds. It is a tough job, but I do the best I can. The city is very quiet at night, under martial law, and no one dares go on the streets after seven p. m., and no church bell is allowed to be rung. This is curfew in dead earnest. If a woman were taken sick, she could not send for the doctor. You can hear the sentinels' rifles all through the night. This is necessary to keep down the mob. No one is safe, because no one can tell just when trouble will arise, and, as the streets are all very narrow and run irregularly, the city is hard to manage. Monkeys run wild out here, and there are about twenty of them, young and old, here in the arsenal yard. They stay in the trees—cocoanut, pineapple, mango, banana, and other kinds—most of the time. They often come into our rooms and examine things in general. They are great thieves. One of them stole Capt. Stevenson's mirror and took it up a tree and sat there admiring himself till the captain got so mad he fired a shot at him. They are very cunning and smart and very fond of tooth powder."

NATION OF KINGS.

The Only People Over Which European Powers Claim No Sovereignty.

There now remains only one people and one little valley south of the equator whose sovereignty has not been claimed by some European power. It is the valley of the Barotse, fifty or sixty miles wide, north of Lialui, in South Africa. And the only reason why the Barotse, who inhabit it, have preserved their independence is that England and Portugal both claim it, and therefore the work of "civilization" is at a standstill. It may not be so easy to conquer the Barotse when the time comes, for they are a tall, well-set-up race, very black in skin. In manners they are very courteous and in bearing dignified. Every full-blooded Barotse is by birthright a king, and takes his place in the aristocracy of the empire. In fact, as every one is king, there is no head ruler. The bare fact that he is a Barotse insures the respect of the subservient tribes, and as he grows to manhood a sense of superiority usually implants in the native the dignity of self-respect. All labor is done by slaves who have been captured from neighboring tribes.

Led a Most Dramatic Life.

Benjamin D. Maxham, multi-millionaire and philanthropist, who died at Vineland, N. J., a few days ago, led a most dramatic and remarkable life. He figured prominently in the west during the exciting times incident to the gold fever of the early '60's, and often he became the possessor of as high as $50,000 in a day, and sometimes he as quickly lost it again. At one time he was the sole creditor and owner of the entire bonded indebtedness of the state of Montana. Fourteen years ago his wealth was estimated by himself and bank officials to be about $2,000,000. Capitalists believe that the Maxham fortune, which consists mostly of municipal bonds, cannot be much less than $5,000,000.

HER FRIEND SAID NO.

The manager threw the manuscript down upon the table, tilted his chair, thrust his hat a little further back on his head, and gave two or three satisfied puffs at his cigar.

"We've got a winner there, Colby," he announced decisively.

The stage manager took up the manuscript and looked over the list of characters.

"Looks like it—if you get the right people," he assented; "but it calls for a strong company."

"Oh, I won't spare expense! I'm going to give it a production that will make it talk out of London. It's splendidly advertised already, you know! The people are crazy over Crinton's work, and this is the best thing he's done. Supposing we could get the people, how would you cast it?"

"Beverly, of course, for Lord Rothsay, Norris for the heavy, Ellerton for young Hal, Barry for Sir Jerry, Benton for the low comedy, Mrs. Frisby for the dowager, Carbridge for the earl he's the best old man on the stage. As for the adventuress," went on the stage manager, checking off each name rapidly as he spoke, "Lady—what's her name?—I don't know a woman who could beat Wallace in that role. She'd be great! Little Dellaboy would make a good Kitty Darling—the part suits her down to the ground!"

The manager took his cigar from his mouth, and gazed at it meditatively.

"Don't let me be a trifle as the salary list bother you," he commented briefly.

Colby stopped his checking to look keenly at his chief. "You've got to have the best," he answered. "I know they're all high-priced, but it will pay you to engage them."

"How about Lady Clare?" asked the manager. "You've mentioned nobody for that, and it's the star role of the piece."

"I don't know. I've been running that over ever since I read the play and nobody I've thought of seems to equal it. There's Maud Lester—she'd look the part to perfection, and she's sympathetic, but she hasn't the power. Helen Dracy's got power and intelligence, but she hasn't the looks. Can you suggest anybody? The success of the piece depends on Lady Clare."

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"Her declination was very decided," he remarked.

"I've known women to change their

CAN YOU ANSWER THAT ARGUMENT?

minds occasionally!" said the manager, with flippant sarcasm.

"But she said her retirement was final—that she would never act again."

The manager bestowed a look of pity on his subordinate.

"Kingsley had the world at her feet when she married and retired two years ago. She's had time to think it over, my boy; the novelty of private bliss must have worn off somewhat by this time."

Colby gave another look at the manuscript.

"If you can get her it's a success," he said.

He had too much on his mind to enter into the ethics of the philosophy of a woman's change of mind.

The manager gave another self-satisfied puff at his cigar.

"I'll see Kingsley today," he said.

Two hours later he was ushered into the pretty drawing-room of a house in a fashionable quarter of the city. With his practised eye he took in the handsome surroundings, while the neat maid carried his card to her mistress.

"She's got all the money she wants," thought the manager; "but money isn't everything to an ambitious woman."

Something on a table near by attracted his attention. He went to it, and took up a large tinted photograph of a beautiful, grave-eyed girl in Juliet's bridal robes.

"H'm!" he chuckled. "She hasn't forgotten her old triumphs."

As he put down the picture the mistress of the house entered the room and greeted him with outstretched hand.

"How glad I am to see you, Mr. Hunt. Is this a social visit?"

With a keen, professional eye to effect he looked on the beautiful woman before him—on the queenly poise of the stately figure, on the deep-set flashing dark eyes, with their long lashes and perfectly curved brows; on the straight, patrician nose, with its thin, delicate nostrils; on the small red mouth, with its short upper lip and its Cupid's bow; on the white, resolute chin, cleft with a deep dimple; on the delicately clear cheek, with its faint rose-flush; on the soft wave in the masses of velvety black hair; and the managerial heart within him rose in revolt against this waste of youth and beauty on the desert of private life.

"My dear Miss Kingsley—I beg pardon, Mrs. Arnold—I have come in person to urge the offer I made in my letter."

"But I answered your letter!" she replied, smiling, but with a very decided curve to the red lips. "I am happily married—my old ambitions are dead."

The manager's eyes turned in a swift glance toward the Juliet photograph.

Her voice dropped suddenly.

"I never had a home before; I lived on the stage."

"Best child-actress we ever had!" promptly broke in the manager. "Now, listen to me." He pulled out his watch. "Will you give me half an hour? I want to show you what you are throwing away."

Nature had endowed the manager with a gift of plausible eloquence which had aided over many a crisis in his theatrical career; but never had he sounded so plausible, so eloquent, even to himself, as when he tried his persuasive powers on the woman before him. When his half-hour was ended he felt that he had made good use of it.

"Don't think me inhospitable if I must ask you to say goodby," she said, as she held out her hand. "You have spoken very persuasively, but I can not answer you at once. I have a dear friend—a very dear friend—whom I must consult. Come tomorrow, and you shall have my answer."

When the manager walked into the office his face was glowing.

"I think you may cast Miss Kingsley for Lady Clare," he said.

Then the stage manager looked up incredulously.

"You don't mean to say she has consented?"

"Well, she's to talk it over with a friend, and I'm to go for her answer tomorrow. But I rather think, Colby, that friend is going to decide in our favor."

The manager still left sure when he went next day for his answer. It was not in human nature, he argued, to refuse to sparkle as a bright particular star in the leading production of the season. "That woman isn't human if she resists it," he murmured, just as the tall, graceful figure he was mentally posing before the newspaper camera entered.

"Well?" he said.

"I have consulted my adviser, and I am convinced that my original decision was best."

The manager groaned aloud.

"My dear Mrs. Arnold," he said, "I think, if I could see your friend and talk to him, I could convince him that you are making a mistake."

She shook her head.

"His opinions are very positive."

"You don't object to my calling on him?"

She smiled.

"Not at all. And he is very near—in fact, he happens just now to be in the house. Will you come with me?" The manager followed her, a little mystified.

She threw open a door, and they entered a large room flooded with sunshine.

"Here is my friend, Mr. Hunt. He is ready to hear all your arguments."

The manager fairly gasped with astonishment. He found himself standing at a little crib in which lay a fat, round, rosy baby, crowing to himself in perfect content.

"The gentleman wants to talk to you, darling," she said, bending over, with a tender thrill in her voice new to the man standing beside her, will as he thought he knew its every accent.

The baby's great bright eyes looked up at them; then, as he saw his mother's face bending over him, he gurgled ecstatically, while the little face broke into dimples of delight, the fat little fists clutched eagerly at her, and the bare, rosy little heels beat a triumphant tattoo in accompaniment to the gurgles.

"Mam-mam-mam!" he cooed, rapturously.

She turned to the manager with shining eyes.

"Mr. Hunt, can you answer that argument?"

By this time the manager had recovered himself.

"My dear madam, this is hardly fair——" he began.

"By-by," said the baby.—Answers.

John Wesley and His Habits.

John Wesley, the founder of Methodism, was born at Epworth, England, June 17, 1703. This celebrated preacher and religious leader was one of the hardest workers known to biography. For fifty years he arose at 4 o'clock in the morning, summer and winter, and used to preach at 5. He called this "the healthiest exercise in the world." Living before the days of rapid transit, he traveled from 4,000 to 5,000 miles a year, usually alone in his carriage. He always spent three and often ten or twelve hours alone each day, in this way finding time to read much and write extensively. He was a very careful liver, disliking suppers and sometimes not tasting animal food for years. It is said that he once lived four years on nothing but potatoes. From childhood to death John Wesley enjoyed the best of health and boasted that he never had a night's sleep. He attributed his good health to his regular habits, his temperance and his abstemiousness. He was a little man with long hair, which in his old age turned silvery white. This beautiful silver hair contrasted against his fresh complexion, made him a striking-looking old man. Always generous, he lived frugally and gave away all that remained of his fortune after paying his bills. In this way he distributed perhaps $150,000 in charity during his long life. His money was made chiefly from the sale of his writings. He was his own printer and bookseller. He died March 2, 1791, of old age.

A Black Deed.

The future historian of the Chicago renaissance will record the black circumstance that in August, 1899, the bathtub nymphs of Fra Lorado Taft and his pupils were chopped up with hatchets and dumped into Lake Michigan. "Chicago doesn't know yet whether it liked them or not," remarks the Journal of that town. Art is eternal, even if these particular nymphs, being composed not of bronze or marble, but of plaster and sawdust, were extremely perishable. The principle of porkly sculpture remains, and Fra Lorado is yet alive to carry on the movement.—New York Sun.

In the Absence of Will.

If the will, which is the law of nature, were withdrawn from our memory, fancy, understanding and reason, no other hell could equal, for a spiritual being, what we should then feel from anarchy of our powers. It would be conscious madness—a horrid thought.—Milton.

POLITICS IN TONGA.

KING OF TONGA AND WIFE.

We here present the first photograph taken of King George Tubou of Tonga and his bride, Lavina, formerly daughter of the minister of police. It was the desire of many of the chiefs that George should marry Ofa, a very high chieftainess from "Niua Tobu Tabu," to whom he had been betrothed from childhood. But the king was pleased to marry his heart's choice, and elevate the daughter of the minister of police to his own high rank. He made an entirely new departure from Tongan customs by publicly placing a bright golden crown upon his bride's head as she knelt before him after the wedding ceremony, and, raising her from the ground, said in a clear voice: "Lavina, I crown thee queen of Tonga." He further broke all well-established conventionality by insisting that his bride sit by his side to partake of the wedding breakfast, a proceeding diametrically opposite to Tongan religion, for man and wife never are supposed to partake of food together, the men of the family eating in one part of the home and the women in another. But King George thought otherwise, and no one dared gainsay him. Long live the king!