

Against All Precedent.
She had spent three years in college, and the lot of lore and knowledge she had packed within her cranium was wonderfully great. That she understood astrology, mathematics, physiology, and the art of pastel painting, there is hardly need to state.

But she couldn't make a biscuit, and his life no man would risk it. In making the attempt to eat her awful apple pies. For she baked one for her brother and to-day his loving mother mourns for a son so soon cast off, and waited to the skies.

But her homely cousin Mary was exactly the contrary. Though she didn't stand so very high in knowledge or in looks. When it came to making dinners, she was classed among the winners. And she made a reputation as a queen of cunning cooks.

Now it happened that next summer after she'd come back to "mommer," to the village came a fellow who was full of life and dash. He was only six and twenty, and had stock and bonds in plenty. While his air was most distinguished; as was also his moustache.

He came, he saw, he tarried, and in course of time he married. But it is only in the story-book that worth is rewarded well. For he formed a federation with the maid of education. And Miss Mary now is cooking in a second-rate hotel.

—Terre Haute Express.

WON BY AN ENGLISHMAN.

A LOVE STORY.

I got up frantic, and looking at the man from top to toe as he stood up in response to my movements, I said:

"You have appealed to me as an English gentleman and a man of honor. Being the latter yourself, you no doubt will understand me; but not being an Englishman, your codes may slightly differ. As an Englishman, I distinctly refuse to learn from a stranger what, being a Frenchman, as you justly surmise, of Mademoiselle de Breteuille's relatives, I have not yet learned regarding that young person's position towards you."

He gave me an angry look, which only urged me on.

"Pray believe I do not doubt your word in any one particular; but until officially announced to me, I ignore your engagements altogether."

"And you decline my request?"

"I do, on the ground which I have stated, and on a still higher ground, namely, that the little I have seen of the lady in question has been enough to prove to me that she is the soul of loyalty, and can be absolutely trusted to do nothing derogatory either to herself or to the position in which you tell me she is now placed as regards herself."

"That position," said the count, with a faint smile, "must have been known to you, as I met a moment ago a loyal messenger from a trusted friend."

"Who," I continued, smilingly, "would shake the foundations of her projected marriage to a heap of ruins, were her pride to be insulted by the knowledge that her future husband had committed the singular blunder, for a man of your experience, to pay me the visit which you will permit me not to return."

"Urrrr!" hissed the count.

"Even there you are wrong, for I know nothing of Mademoiselle Diane's sentiments towards me; and as an Englishman again, I would try and find out that before I could call myself by such an honorable appellation."

"This was, I thought, a capital home-throw; but the count apparently had weighed matters in the meanwhile, and gazed correctly thus for the present, at least, there was no secret understanding between Diane and myself—a point, no doubt, he had exclusively been anxious to ascertain; satisfied apparently with this knowledge, he made a swift bow, remarking that he regretted having disturbed me, while he quite understood that national differences of perception fully accounted for my not seeing matters in the light he had hoped I would look at them."

He took his departure, and I was left to my reflections, which, it need not be remarked, were of a confused and at first not altogether pleasant character.

The above reported conversations sufficiently indicate their nature, and I need not, therefore, dilate upon them here; but their purport presently grew brighter, and bright above everything rose the knowledge that Diane trusted me, as evinced by her letter; that against the mischief which the governess's visit to my rooms might cause both Mademoiselle Garoux and her lovely charge, I held in my hands so sure a card that I knew the count would not venture to betray his secret; and, lastly, that out of the count's visit, which at first looked uncommonly like depriving me, on honorable grounds, of the happiness of meeting Diane again, I had come out a free man to act as I pleased, and as a faithful lover who had not committed his mistress. Anger soon made way to satisfaction, fear to hope, on a calm review of all the morning's proceedings.

Feeling, however, that air was the one thing most likely to soothe my fevered head, I went out, only to return at 5 o'clock to another epistle, which gave me a start, as this time it was in the hand of the Comtesse de Chantalis.

"To put me off!" was my first exclamation. The brutal count has done his work, I thought; and here, with an official notification of his betrayal, comes the end of all my hopes. I was in despair, and for some minutes dared not open the note.

I did so, however, and this is what it contained.

There was no heading, and the note appeared written in a hurry; but Mademoiselle de Chantalis did everything in a hurry, and all she did was characteristic:

"Why could you not tell me yesterday the cause of your agitation? I know all, Diane has told me. Fortune mortal! Besides, if she had not, I would have known. I have eyes, and saw you last night; but beware! the young person has wings, and has jumped this morning, not into the arms of her future, but into those of Hymer. If your torch is burning as this altar, it may be well for you and for her not to meet this evening; but as I never betray a secret when I do not know it, I am quite content that you should come and divert me, since the radiant expression of your gratitude at being asked to dine with me and Raymond may, unless otherwise

explained, have been, after all, intended for me, and I have positively declined old Maupret's desire to deprive me of your company. What have you done to this worthy upstart in haste, that he should wish you out of the way? or, what is more to the point, where on earth have you seen him? Where did you meet? But these questions are too numerous for a butterfly like you to sit down and answer. Your only chance decidedly of satisfying me is by coming to-night, devoting yourself to me, and asking Diane something about the weather by way of polite and distant regard for a silent fiancée, whose attraction is too busy to dine with her at

"MARIE DE BRETEUILLE'S,"

"Comtesse de Chantalis."

I made a bound to the bell, and another to the writing-desk.

"DEAR COUNTESS," I wrote,—"Nothing in the world will deprive me of my dinner with you this evening; and though Mademoiselle Diane is about to enter those holy bonds which you and Raymond make us think for, since they appear so delightful as represented by your two selves, you must recollect I cannot refuse so beautiful a niece a share of the admiration I have for her aunt."

"Receive my humble and respectful homage, and expect me as seven."

"As last!" I exclaimed, when I had done "things are mending. But what a day I have had!"

I noticed that the bell had not been answered, and rang again.

The servant appeared with a telegram.

"I beg pardon of monsieur," he said; "but when monsieur rang, the concierge called me to give this telegram, which being addressed to Monsieur Faure, he is not sure may not be intended for you."

"Give it, and have this note taken at once." A telegram! Where could it come from? I looked at the address to see if there was a postmark, forgetting that it was not a letter. Then I doubted whether it was for me, and whether I had a right to open it. But at last I imagined that "Faure" was sufficiently French rendering for Verve to justify my reading its contents, so I opened it and read:

"Come at once.—Bob, London."

Hang Bob! I thought; though I had misgivings that I would eventually obey Bob's curt summons, as Bob was a friend not given to letter-writing and seldom impelled to telegraph unless really obliged to by important considerations.

I drafted a reply equally laconic:

"Will Thursday do?—HARRY."

—and took it to the office, when, by a piece of good luck which I took to be providential, I caught a glimpse of Diane with her mother as they drove past me in their victoria, and saw the dear little thing smile as she acknowledged my hurried bow.

That smile made me forget at once all the horrors of the day, and consoled me for the course of true love running so unusually roughly. It did more: it showed me that I was in her thoughts, and that despite her altered position I was still worthy of one of those joyous expressions of her countenance which gave me strength while they made me almost mad.

With increased delight I looked forward to the evening of this eventful day.

CHAPTER IV.

Though the countess's letter had been answered in a great hurry as no doubt it had been written in by that charming type of a Parisian fashionable lady of those days, and though Bob's telegram had been replied to without much concern as to its meaning, but with the sole desire on my part to gain time—may, to give myself one more clear day wherein to develop plans—in other words, to gratify the cravings of my love-sick disposition, still an uncomfortable feeling kept asserting itself that my arguments with the count had no longer any foundation; that being apprised of Diane's engagement to him by her own aunt, I had perhaps no right to go out to this dinner in his absence and after his request; and the conviction that I might be giving the count some reason for doubting the honorable motives which prompted my conduct, and which I had so loftily paraded to his face, made me naturally reflect whether, after all, I had not better start for England that evening than get myself into possible disrepute.

I even looked at my watch to see how much time I had before the mail left for Calais; but it being half-past six, and there being only half an hour between the time of seeing once more the girl I loved, and an hour and a half before the train could whirl me away from her delightful presence, I of course concluded that I had no time to catch the train, while only just time enough not to miss my dinner.

That wash decided the future, which at least proves that Time is not always a bad adviser. Consult Time, and he will tell you to a nicety what you can and cannot do; and Time is not only an adviser, but is a friend; for gain him on your side, and the dark hour rolls into a flood of light; whisper your hopes and aspirations in his ear, and he gives the opportunity so ardently longed for.

I made up my mind that as I was to be absent from Paris shortly I would make the most of the time left to me, and that come what might, I would at least reveal myself in my true colors. I would be true to the girl I loved before I was so to considerations of etiquette, false sense of honor, or other social demands upon my reticence. I would know the truth, ask Diane for authority to speak to her parents, ask her parents for permission to supplant the count, ask the count to look upon me as his rival, ask the world to judge between us; and if refused that authority by Diane herself, leave Paris on the morrow, and swallow my grief as best I could, but bear my fate like a man.

I became so energetic as I heaped resolve upon resolve that I considerably retarded the progress of my toilet; but it was accomplished at last, and not without some little misgivings, notwithstanding my high resolves.

I arrived punctually at seven, and was ushered into the drawing-room. No one was there; but in a minute or two my hostess came in, dressed in a cloud of Valenciennes, and looking for all the world like a fairy, or some beautiful bird suddenly entrapped in a gilded cage. The room was a wonder of upholstery, and a labyrinth of costly stuffs, shawls, old brocades, and cosy nooks. It was redolent of the perfume of flowers, and wherever one stood some knock-knock of value attracted the eye.

The countess came up to me, shook

hands, and with a look which at once indicated both weariness and some anxiety, said:

"Tell me all about this business, for it appears to be more serious than I thought. Diane's parents will be here directly; but I am not sure that Diane herself will be allowed, after all, to accompany them, though I hope she will."

I was dismayed and my friend saw it. "Why could you not tell me yesterday that you were in love with her? It would have saved such an amount of trouble both to yourself, to us, and, I fear, to the poor girl herself; for I strongly suspect that she has a penchant for you."

I brightened up at this.

"She has not said anything to lead me to this conclusion," I quickly added the countess, "for she is too well brought up to betray her sentiments even when they are strong, when she knows them to be contrary to the wishes of her parents; but I can plainly see that this marriage is distasteful to her, and I can only conclude that it is so from her desire to meet you here this evening."

"Has she expressed such a desire?" I asked, with a fervor I could not conceal.

"Pauvre garçon!" smiled the countess. "Is it so far gone as all that? But how is it that you fell in love with my niece? Where did you meet her?"

I could not for the life of me bring out the fact that it was at a pastry-cook's shop—it seemed to me so ridiculous a place for love at first sight to be born in; so I contented myself by assuring her she would hear the whole story from me as soon as I could secure her attention for a while and ask her advice in my predicament, while I had just time to beg of her to stand by me as the friend she had ever proved, when the door opened, and unheeded in Marquise de Breteuille, followed—heavens! with what delight I marked the entrance!—by Diane and her father.

The lace fairy went up joyously to her sister-in-law, embraced her on both cheeks, and being kissed on the forehead by her brother, led him by the hand to where I was, and said:

"Thou dost not know my friend here, M. Verve, an Anglo-Frenchman, anxious to learn our ways and manners, so as to feel with us and for us."

"I am happy to make your acquaintance, sir," said the marquise, stiffly. His wife gave me an equally swift bow; and Diane, on whose face a blush of untold eloquence spread quickly, in union with the inward feelings which were agitating her, gave me a little nod of the head, so friendly, so graceful, and so modest, withal, that it nerved me to any battle which I might be called upon to wage on her behalf.

Simply dressed as usual, it did not escape me that, tied in her hair in the most captivating manner, and at the same time so cleverly worn as to defy close observation, was a rose de Dijon half faded, which I recognized as the principal flower in the bouquet I had offered her overnight.

We all sat down presently. The conversation was general and somewhat constrained, for we all had so much on the mind that it was impossible to hide the anxiety which was knocking so loudly at the door.

The marquise excused herself for not having made my acquaintance earlier, on the ground that she had entirely lost the habits of society, which she now never frequented and believed I was not a member of the "cercle" or club to which he generally devoted his evenings.

All this was very polite, and required no answer; but presently Raymond de Chantalis came in, and brought with him a little breath of activity refreshing to our overstrained nerves.

"Good evening, Leontine; sorry I am late, but I was detained by Caroline Duran, who showed me his latest picture—a chef-d'œuvre of art and good taste."

"Ah, Richard, I wish you had been with me this afternoon! never saw such a splendid mare in my life as Bonafé's has just purchased in England."

"Bon jour, l'ami Anglais. Comment ça va, mon garçon? And little Diane too! What am I to say? I have heard some wonderful reports of your success."

Finally, turning to his wife, "Why, my dear, is dinner not announced? We are as hungry as wolves."

At that moment the folding-doors of the adjoining room were opened, and a groom in black silk stockings and pumps, announced "Mademoiselle la Comtesse est servie."

The count gave his arm to his sister-in-law, the marquise to his sister, and, thrice-blessed message, I was requested to take in Mademoiselle Diane.

She gave me a sorrowful smile when I offered her my arm, which in its simple eloquence told me of the grief which was gnawing at her heart, of the fast friendship she had loyally sworn to me. I felt that above all I must screen her from further trouble, and use all my diplomacy to carry out my intentions.

Happily the dinner table was a round one, and thus no great distance would separate us, and we could contrive to slip in a word not destined for other ears: while the fact of my sitting on the countess's left enabled me to escape the direct observation of the marquise, who sat on her right.

It is true that on the other side of Diane was her mother, but there was quite space enough between them for the girl's words not to be heard if she chose to speak low.

As soon as the soup was over, I said to the count across the table that, if he were anxious to buy a half brother to the mare he had so much admired, I would willingly undertake the commission, as Bonafé had told me of his recent visit to England, and of regret not to have purchased this horse, which he thought he could have had at a bargain.

"Why," asked Raymond, "are you leaving us?"

I quickly took in an attentive look from all around, and saw my advantage.

"Not for long, I trust; but this evening a telegram has reached me couched in very English brevity."

"From whom?"

"From a friend in a Government office, who merely says, 'Come over at once,' and were it not that I so particularly wished to dine with you to-night to make M. de Breteuille's acquaintance, I would probably now be on my way to London."

It is singular how often the simplest statements produce the greatest effects. The mere announcement of my probable departure, coupled with my artful disguise of my real motives in coming to this dinner, and the slight compliment to Diane's father I had interpolated, cleared at once

the whole atmosphere of gloom which had permeated us till now, which even Raymond's way manner had not effectually dispelled.

One little being alone hung her head and said nothing, while the others poured question upon question as to when I would leave or return, what I would or would not do, what the dancing world would or would not think of my deserting them in the midst of the season, and a thousand other queries of the same futile nature, which came tumbling out of their mouths with a rapidity that saved too plainly to me of that inmost thought I could read, and which said in so many words that my absence was the best ending to a disagreeable matter they could have wished or anticipated.

Not relishing this fact, I happened to drop a napkin or a fork or something, when, stooping to pick it up, I saw a pearl tremulously hanging to the eyelash of poor Diane; and though the pearl dissolved as does a tear, I rose to the occasion and swore inwardly that before the evening was out her tears would be dried by me, and by no one else.

Presently she mustered a little courage, and in the hearing of her mother asked me whether I intended to leave the next day.

"No, mademoiselle, not to-morrow—though perhaps it might be well for me if I did—not even the next day, if I can be of use to my friends by staying."

"You will come and see us before you go," she added boldly.

"You have never yet seen our house and our garden, and I have such lovely roses, which I would like you to remember when you are away. 'Roses,' she added, 'are such princes among flowers; they have so much beauty and such sweet scent; and they remind one of so many things, do they not?'"

"Diane," said her mother, "you must not detain Monsieur Verve, if he has important business to attend. Official summonses cannot be delayed. And roses are roses all the world over; besides which, I think M. de Maupret intends to bring his mother and sisters to see you to-morrow."

Once more Diane was silent, and I declined to take the hint conveyed in the marquise's last words.

I talked a while with the hostess, and then, addressing Diane again, I asked whether she was weather-wise.

Guessing at my purpose, she smiled and answered, "If you mean whether I can discourse on a cloud or a sky and read the future by it, I think I can."

"What would you say is the color of the sky this evening?"

"Rather overcast when I came," she said, laughing; "but though I cannot see across these thick curtains, I somehow feel it very blue now."

"How odd!" I said; "that is exactly my feeling; but I have often found many a storm lurking on the fringe of a blue sky."

"What matters the storm if protected against it?"

"So I think; but it is sometimes difficult to find protection at a moment's notice."

"The blue of the sky would give you warning."

"It would if it faded; but sometimes there is no gradual discoloring, but a sudden black cloud that travels faster than thought, and breaks more speedily than the will."

"It seems to me," said Diane, warming to this conversation, of the covered meaning of which she and I alone possessed the secret, and glowing with radiance as each hint we conveyed one another brought with it a corresponding understanding as to our future action, while its seemingly unimportant tenor lulled to sleep the vigilance of her parents and restored to her freedom of talk and gesture—"it seems to me there is nothing so grand in nature as those sudden storms you speak of, because they are tangible and definite, and when over leave you to repair a disaster or rejoice over an escape, and at any rate make the property which had been in danger all the more valuable in one's eyes."

Had I not the conviction, which amounted almost to a creed, against which any doubt would have appeared to me profane, that Diane was a deep, loving, earnest, and strong nature, albeit she was gifted with the loveliest human form it was possible to see—I would have set down this speech of hers as an attempt at coquetterie, almost reprehensible in one who, speaking purposely in metaphors, knew that by property she meant her own dear self, and by the storm that battle she urged me to fight for her.

I was so struck by this courageous appeal that, looking straight into her clear bright eyes, I pointedly remarked how true was her observation, provided the owner of the property knew that property to be his, neither borrowed nor mortgaged.

She laughed so merrily at this that it attracted the attention of all the others, and we had to repeat our conversation for the benefit of the table generally, which we did, both of us laughing and enjoying the mystification to our hearts' content.

When all we had said had been rehearsed a second time, and no one seemed the wiser, Diane brightly addressed me again, not a trace of care or a shadow of anxiety lingering on her radiant young face.

"Reverence a nos moutons," she said; "of course I referred to a man who, wishing to save his property from the effects of the storm about to break over his head, and (with an inflection on the word) 'on that property, may deem that property his own and nobody else's.'"

I was beside myself with joy, and finished our weather talk by assuring her that, were I the man so suddenly threatened, I would defend my property before even thinking of my personal safety.

"You seem to have a good deal of fun between you," said the marquise, "and you must allow us to share it."

"Would you like, petit pere," said Diane, with a laugh, "to be lightning conductor for M. Verve and I have agreed that we dislike a storm very much, but will bravely weather it if it cannot be avoided."

(To be continued)

Three young men, who are said to belong to the most respectable families in Sandwich, "held up" Lawyer Ouellette on Friday and robbed him of \$41. The culprits were arrested the next morning.

Saucy peddler (after ringing an up-town door bell, imperiously, to angry man of the house, with sick child up-stairs)—"I bought the right to this block and I've got a right to ring."

MRS. MYSTERIOUS MISSION.

A Pittsburgh Railroader on the Trail of an Unknown Man.

The following story is told by the Pittsburgh Commercial Gazette: No word has yet been received from James F. Garrison, the train caller at the Lake Erie depot, who disappeared August 11th. When a reporter called at Mr. Garrison's home last night, his two children were crying for their father and had been, the mother said, ever since he left.

"It was after the other child died," said Mrs. Garrison, "that Jim commenced to look as though something was troubling him, but would not tell me what it was. He became thin and talked less to the children than before. The day he left he seemed better, and when I went to the gate with him he promised to return as soon as he got his pay. Then he went to Charleston and hid the head of one of the gangs good-bye, saying he might never see him again, as he was going to leave the country. It was about 5 o'clock when he went to see mother at her sister's house on Fourth avenue, and started to cry and wrung his hands. When mother asked him what was the matter he gave her this note to give to me: 'Dear Mamma, fear not; when all is right I will come. Tell them all good-bye.' Mother brought that and the \$20 to me. When he left her he said he had only ten minutes to catch the train for New York, and he was going to follow the man who had caused him the trouble. His papers were sent by J. O'Hara, of Lookport, N.Y., who wrote that they had been picked up on the Hamilton (Ont) wharf. I met Jim about ten years ago and we were married five years afterwards. I could think he had gone off with some other women had we not always lived happily. He never remained away even an hour after work without sending me a note. He loved the children, and before he commenced to worry about that trouble of his would play with them for hours." Mrs. Garrison is in destitute circumstances, and is worried nearly unto death about her husband. A Times reporter made enquiry concerning the finding of the papers at the wharf here, but the police or steamboat officials know nothing of the circumstances. They may have been picked up by O'Hara who seeing the name of Garrison upon them forwarded them to his address in Pittsburgh.

The Use of Water and Salt.

Salt is an absolute essential to the diet of man. It promotes health in various ways. Many of the functions of the body go on better under its influence, and without it the blood becomes impoverished. While a complete deprivation of salt would produce disastrous results an excessive use of it would scarcely be less harmful. In large doses it acts as an emetic; in quantities beyond the requirements of health it irritates the stomach and intestines and sometimes purges. Those who use salt unusually freely almost always suffer more or less from constipation.

To drink large quantities of water daily should be the rule with those who suffer from constipation. Each day the system needs at least two quarts of water, as about that quantity is used up or thrown out of it every twenty-four hours. Fruit and vegetable foods contain much water, and in tea, coffee, soups, etc., considerable is taken habitually. In all ways, as stated, about two quarts of water should enter the stomach daily. It is a good plan to drink one or two glasses of water from half an hour to an hour before eating breakfast. And it may be either hot or cold as preferred. Whichever is used, the water should be slowly sipped. To deluge the stomach with cold water would be to invite dyspeptic troubles.—Boston Herald.

Education and Society.

Too often the first thought of a mother over the cradle of a little child, especially if it be a girl, is how to steer and trim her little bark so that at the proper age she may float upon the serene seas of social success. The schemes and devices, and worries of the young mothers in New York to achieve this end; the complications in which they involve themselves, and the energy which they expend to control or to interfere with the affairs of a school in matters of which they have no knowledge or skill, would be amusing were it not pitiful. While they talk of anxiety and interest for the education of their children, it is this meretricious end alone which many parents are seeking. The teachers receive their children with the knowledge that their best work will never be appreciated.—From "The Private School for Girls," by Mrs. EVELYN REED, in October, Scribner.

Not Ladies' Day.

Utica Observer: Lady visitor in Washington—"What is going on in the House today?"

Doorkeeper—"Mr. Cannon, chairman of the committee on appropriations, is making a report."

Lady visitor—"Thank you. I will come some other day."

DON'T FRET.

When worries and troubles surround you, Go to work. Don't fret.

You will always have troubles around you, You bet, If you shrink.

The world doesn't care for your woes, Oh, no! Not a bit!

The man who is wise never shows To his foes That he's bit.

Every one of your neighbors has griefs of his own, He greatly prefers to let your griefs alone, And he doesn't at all enjoy hearing you groan, So take warning, and quit!

Baron Wissmann states that Emin Pasha was instructed to only establish a station on Victoria Nyanza, and not to invade the allegiance of the natives. Major Wissmann is pressing the Government to construct a railway from Bagamoyo to Dar es-Salam.

The largest diamond found in the South African mines is the Victoria or Imperial, which weighed originally 457 carats. In its finished condition it weighs 180 carats and is worth \$200,000.

Sir Edwin Arnold intends to reach England about Christmas time. He will travel homeward by India, and it is expected his poem will see the light soon after the new year.