

MUSIC.

What angel, what effort, and sure,
Speaks through the straining silence? Whence,
all whence
That tremulous joy, so keen, so pure
That all existence narrows to one sense,
Lapped round and round
In rapture of sweet sound?

EDELWEISS.

"And so that is really the Matterhorn! How
bare and stern and cruel it looks; like a petrified
deed 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 no-
where 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
she.

Fair samples of their age and period, both of
them. She, slight, fair and gentle, with the ex-
quisite 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, ex-
cept for a certain nervous energy and a half
suggestion of difference of accent and inflection
of voice.

They were friends of just a fortnight's stand-
ing, and had met at Chamouni in the most com-
monplace way possible—a mere table d'hotel
acquaintance. But Ralph Verriker was cross-
ing the Simplon to Zermatt, and Capt. Hereford
and his daughter had vague intentions in
that direction, too; so they drifted together
somehow and joined forces, and the last fort-
night had been at least to one of them, a whole
fortnight brood from Eden.

Perhaps many men might have found two
weeks of such daily intercourse and intimate
association with a mind so pure and
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
causal observer might have read his present
state of mind by only too obvious
signs. I desire to exhibit all due respect to
age, but trust rules me; and my testimony to
Capt. Hereford's intense unpleasantness 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 pay-
ment had come with compound interest on this
July evening, when he was actually intrusted
with the sole guardianship of Miss Hereford's
personal safety in the most arduous expedition.

There was a delicious thrill of exultation to
him in the situation; they were so utterly
alone. The world had died
And left the twin in solitude;
and to enjoy the unearthly glories of an Alpine
sunset in the companionship of a perfectly ap-
preciative and sympathetic nature, is a grati-
fication 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-climax."
Down the slope they went together, he guid-
ing her, the small gloved finger still resting in
his, while the two old ladies trotted on, far
ahead, in amiable oblivion. The awe and the
wonder were over 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 that was not now demanded by the exigencies
of the pathway.

sent by a beneficent Providence, and rushed up
through the gathering twilight like a horde of
licensed banditti, screaming and jabbering vo-
ciferously.
"Edelweiss! Oh, is it really the edelweiss!"
exclaimed Decima, as a white-flannel-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 en-
ergy which startled her.

"Miss Hereford, don't! I beg you won't
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 reptile!"
And the whole crew vanished, yelling, after the
handful of small coins that rattled viciously
down the hillside. Decima stood transfixed
with surprise; then Ralph's face of righteous
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, laugh-
ing too at his own vehemence. "Perhaps I
was rather violent, but the vulgarization of
the present age is a thing that disgusts me be-
yond words. To sell me what I—well, 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 Switzerland; but
that doesn't account for the energy of your
conduct in depriving me of it!"
"Then you don't know the story—the mean-
ing? 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 vainly sighed for her,
at last she was metamorphosed into a white,
star-like flower, and placed high up on the
loneliest mountain tops, close to the snow she
resembled, to be forever a type of the woman-
hood that is purest and most lovely. And, be-
cause the flower was only found through peril
and toil, and an upward struggle, it be-
came a saying through all the cantons
that to win the love of the highest, and nobles-
t was 'to pluck the edelweiss;' and no higher
honor could any lady merit than to have
the little white flower placed, as her own em-
blem, 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 soiled the
perilous heights himself, to seek the priceless
edelweiss; and lay it at her feet. And 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 you 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 denun-
ciation of the manners, customs and charges
of the country. They paused just beyond the
outer circle of light, still hand in hand, and he
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
looked 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 to 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 re-
frained 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 guide—only his alpenstock and nalle
boots, and that's all. At least, that's the in-
formation 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 knelt a long, long time
before her window that night, looking up at
the Matterhorn's jagged peak, as it shone in
the moonlight.

reasons, took away his breath, and decided the
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,
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—bum—
already engaged."

"Engaged?" uttered Verriker, in a voice of
horrible incredulity.
"Very, very," 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 Hereford?" stammered poor, be-
wildered Ralph. "Had thought—I had dared
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wildered Ralph. "Had thought—I had dared
to hope—"

"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.

III.
But where was Ralph Verriker all these long,
weary months? When, with a disappointment
and sickness of heart he set off across the At-
lantic, 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 inher-
itor 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 matters
equal, and prevent any injustice to the girl
who had, perhaps, learned to regard herself as
his heiress. Poor Ralph was confounded, No
only had he never regarded his commonplace
cousin Madge with more than a friendly inter-
est, 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 chin, and a
character which was so formed as to be able
to love but to render it impossible to alienate it
from 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 thoughtfully was a
modest fellow enough, the assurance seemed
another claim. He told himself he was begin-
ning 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 common-
place was by no means a drawback in the
mother of a child. Margaret was a very
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
at the crisis of their fate. He had led her
away into the conservatory, a gorgeous affair,
blazing with rare exotics and colored lamps;
with shaded nocks and the splash of a tiny
fountain—a sort of Fifth avenue garden of
Eden.

They had both been sitting silent—they
never had very much to say to each other—and
Ralph, as he sat, elbow on knee, stroking his
moustache, 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 so
unlovely. Yet Margaret was at her best to-
night, less florid and large than usual, and far
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
staid, but she had a certain grace; she was so
old, and talked of things she did not understand;
but dress was a subject on which she was a
home.

"Yes, isn't it lovely?" she said, with anima-
tion. "Just look at the lace; even you'll
admire it, I should think. It cost me some-
thing, I can tell you. I don't say that it's
ought to be, but I'm sure it's lovely. I can'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
been too busy to examine the lace which
she indicated; and he raised his head with a
sudden start.
"Is it the edelweiss!" he said, and then
stopped short. That whole bright scene—con-
servatory, flowers, lights, Margaret's plum-
ferry—all faded from before his eyes, and in-
stead rose up the snow-capped hills. There was
a glow of sunset light in the sky, a hush of
twilight in the air, two dark figures hand in
hand; his own voice, quick and eager, smote
his ear. "Profanation—vulgarization!"

What had he been about? He started to
his feet in violent agitation, and walked to the
door and then to his cousin's side. His face
was a look no one had ever seen there before
—a look of deep shame.
"Madge," he said, "I'm afraid I'm a brute;
forgive me, please; but I meant to ask you
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 let
me do that?"

Margaret stared at him for a moment, then
burst into a hearty laugh.
"My gracious, Ralph!" she said, "is that all!
I know what you mean, and you've tried your
best, though I guess not 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 Anson last night that I'd marry
him. I like him awfully, and he's
twice as rich as you, you know. But you spoil
my story about the lace. Of course it's edel-
weiss; 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
what on earth are you doing?"—for Ralph was
on his knees at her feet, penknife in hand. "It's
my best friend. 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 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 mount-
ain that the timber reverently gathered,
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.*

HAYTI'S NEW EMPEROR.

Gen. Bazillias' Triumphant March Through
the Country—President Salomon Seems
Adverse to Fighting.
New York World: A private dispatch re-
ceived in this city yesterday from Hayti said
that Gen. Bazillias, commander of the rebel
forces, had gained a decisive advantage over
President Salomon, and that Jacmel had de-
clared in his favor. This gives the govern-
ment of the island into the hands of the in-
surgents, and Gen. Bazillias will no doubt be-
come emperor in a few days. Meanwhile Pres-
ident Salomon, with his few followers, are at
Port-au-Prince and will probably try to escape
to Jamaica.

Mr. Gonzalez 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
the news was undoubtedly true, as he also had
received a cable dispatch to that effect at a late
hour Thursday night.
"Whatever effect will be 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 im-
portant province, and as Gen. Bazillias has cap-
tured all the government arms and ammuni-
tion, 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?"
"He is an old man—about seventy-five years
of age—who, I believe, came into the presi-
dency by intrigue about three years ago. He
is said to have incurred the displeasure of the
people by his cruelties to the mulattoes, and
those cruelties incited a revolt, which was led
by Gen. Bazillias and Gen. Barlow. Bazillias
had incited an insurrection previous to this
and had gained a victory over the government
troops. He and Barlow had been banished,
and meeting in Kingston, Jamaica, assembled
a number of other exiles around them, and
gathered at Inagua, one of the Bahama is-
lands. Their first victory was at Miragoane,
where they proclaimed that their object was
simply to compel President Salomon to resign."

"Is Gen. Bazillias a popular man?"
"Decidedly; and he is gaining ground every
day, as you may judge from the going over of
Jacmel to his side. During the last month the
towns of Jeremie and Anse-d'Hainaut joined his
cause, and even the government troops, who
are very well armed, do not appear to desire
to fight against him."

"Is this last accession to their ranks of any
great importance to the insurrection?"
"Of 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 ulti-
mate result of the revolution?"
"I think that Gen. Bazillias will be made em-
peror after Salomon, and that the govern-
ment people completely by surprise."

"Will this be of any benefit to the country of
Hayti?"
"Will, that is a rather hard question to an-
swer; under a stable government Hayti could
be made very prosperous, but these revolu-
tions, which occur about every two years,
have been a curse to the country, and I think
always will be. Bazillias will do very well for
a time, but he, too, in turn, will disastri-
ously some one, and then they will have an insurrec-
tion and some other one will be made ruler.
In this way there can be no stable government,
and therefore the country cannot be very pro-
sperous."

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

No official notice of the secession of Jacmel
had been received by Mr. E. D. Bassot, 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 old
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
viscous odor, exhaled by the leaves, when suffi-
ciently raised. Both gases produce the raising
of the dough—the porous and spongy ap-
pearance.
By this fermentation the flour not only loses
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, to substances evol-
ving 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
compositions containing these substances.
However, it cannot be said of any of 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. Horsford,
of Cambridge, Mass., who held the chair
of chemistry in Harvard university, invented
some time since, a baking preparation forming
an exception to those species which has already
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 nutri-
tious constituents of the flour lost in the bran
in the process of bolting. These are the so-
called phosphates, which are also the nutri-
tious salts of meat, and of the utmost importance
for the building up of the organism. If we
take into consideration that the nutritive value
of wheat 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 Pear.

"James!"
"Yes, pa."
"Where were seven California pears in that
supperbox. 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—"