

THE FATAL ERROR.

"Clinton!" said Margaret Hubert, with a look of supreme contempt. "Don't speak of him to me, Lizzy. His very name is an offense to my ears!" and the lady's whole manner became disturbed.

"He will be at the ball to-night, of course, and will renew his attentions," said the friend, in an earnest, yet quiet voice. "Now, for all your expressions of dislike, I have thought that you were really far from being indifferent to Mr. Clinton, and affected a repugnance at variance with your true feelings."

"Lizzy, you will offend me if you make use of such language. I tell you he is hateful to me," replied Miss Hubert.

"Of course, you ought to know your own state of mind best," said Lizzy Edgar. "If it is really as you say, I must confess that my observation has not been accurate. As to there being anything in Mr. Clinton to inspire an emotion of contempt, or create so strong a dislike as you express, I have yet to see it. To me he has ever appeared in the light of a gentleman."

"Then suppose you make yourself agreeable to him, Lizzy," said Miss Hubert.

"I try to make myself agreeable to everyone," replied the even-minded girl. "That is a duty I owe to those with whom I associate."

"Whether you like them or not?"

"It does not follow, because I do not happen to like a person, that I should render myself disagreeable to him."

"I never tolerate people I don't like," said Miss Hubert.

"We shouldn't associate too intimately with those who are disagreeable to us," returned her friend; "but when we are thrown together in society, the least we can do is to be civil."

"You may be able to disguise your real feelings, but I cannot. Whatever emotion passes over my mind is seen in my face and discovered in my tone of voice. All who know me see me as I am."

And yet, notwithstanding this affirmation, Margaret Hubert did not, at all times, display her real feelings. And her friend Lizzy Edgar was right in assuming that she was by no means indifferent to Mr. Clinton. The appearances of dislike were assumed as a mask, and the distance and reserve she displayed toward him were the offspring of a false pride and unwomanly self-esteem. The truth was, her heart had, almost unsought, been won. The manly bearing, personal grace and the brilliant mind of Philip Clinton had captivated her feelings and awakened an emotion of love she was conscious that her heart was in danger. And she had even leaned toward him instinctively, and so apparently that the young man observed it, and was attracted thereby. The moment, however, he became at all marked in his attentions, the whole manner of Margaret changed. She was then aware of the rashness she had displayed, and her pride instantly took the alarm. Reserve, dignity and even hauteur, characterized her bearing toward Clinton; and to those who spoke of him as her lover, she replied in terms similar to what she used to her friend Lizzy Edgar, on the occasion to which reference has just been made.

All this evidenced weakness of mind as well as pride. She wished to be sought before she was won—at least, that was the language she used to herself. Her lover must come, like a knight of old, and sue on bended knee for favor.

Clinton observed the marked change in her manner. Fortunately for his peace of mind, he was not so deeply in love as to be very seriously distressed. He had admired her beauty, her accomplishments, and the winning grace of her manners; and more, had felt his heart begin to warm toward her. But the charm with which she had been invested faded away the moment the change of which we have spoken became apparent. He was not a man of strong, ungovernable impulses; all his passions were under the control of right reason, and this gave him clear judgment. Consequently, he was the last person in the world for an experiment such as Margaret Hubert was making. At first he thought there must be some mistake, and continued to offer the young lady polite attentions, coldly and distantly as they were received. He even went farther than his real feelings bore him out in going, and made particular advances, in order to be perfectly satisfied that there was no mistake about her dislike or repugnance.

But there was one thing which at first Clinton did not understand. It was this. Frequently, when in company where Margaret was present, he would, if he turned his eyes suddenly upon her, find that she was looking at him with an expression which told him plainly that he was not indifferent to her. This occurred so often and was so often attended with evident confusion on her part, that he began to have a suspicion of the real truth, and to feel disgusted at so marked an exhibition of insincerity. Besides, the thought of being experimented upon in that way, did not in the least tend to soften his feelings toward the fair one. He believed in frankness, honesty and reciprocal sincerity. He liked a truthful, ingenuous mind, and turned instinctively from all artifice, coquetry and affectation.

The game which Miss Hubert was playing had been in progress for only a short time, when her friend Lizzy Edgar, who was on terms of close intimacy, spent the day with her, occupying most of the time in preparation for a fancy ball that was to come off that night. The two young ladies attended themselves with much care, each with a view to effect. Margaret looked particularly to the assumption of a certain dignity, and her costume for the evening had been chosen with that end in view. A ruff and her grandmother's rich silk brocade did give to her tall person all the dignity she could have desired.

At the proper time, the father of Miss Hubert accompanied the young ladies to the ball, preparations for which had for some time been in progress. As soon almost as Margaret entered the room her eyes began to wander about in search of Mr. Clinton. It was not long before she discovered him—not long before his eyes rested upon and recognized her stately figure.

"If she be playing a part, as I more than half suspect," said the young man to himself, "her performance will end to-night, so far as I am concerned."

And with the remark he moved toward that part of the room where the young ladies were standing. Lizzy returned his salutation with a frank and easy grace, but Margaret drew herself up coldly, and replied to his remarks with brief formality. Clinton remained with them only long enough to pass a few compliments, and then moved away and mingled with the

crowd in another part of the large saloon, where the gay company were assembled. During the next hour, he took occasion to search out Margaret in the crowd, and more than once he found that her eyes were upon him.

"Once more," he said crossing the room and going up to where she stood leaning upon the arm of an acquaintance.

"May I have the pleasure of dancing with you in the next set?"

"Thank you sir," replied Margaret, with unbending dignity. "I am already engaged."

Clinton bowed and turned away. The fate of the maiden was sealed. She had carried her experiment too far.

As the young man moved across the room he saw Lizzy Edgar sitting alone, her face lit up with interest as she noted the various costumes and observed the ever-forming and dissolving tableaux that filled the saloon, and presented to the eye a living kaleidoscope.

"Alone," he said, pausing before the warm-hearted, even-tempered girl.

"One cannot be alone here," she replied, with a sweet smile irradiating her countenance. "What a fairy scene it is," she added, as her eyes wandered from the face of Clinton and again fell upon the brilliant groups around them.

"Have you danced this evening?" asked Clinton.

"In one set," answered Lizzy.

"Are you engaged for the next in which you may feel disposed to take the floor?"

"No, sir."

"Then I may claim you for my partner?"

"If it is your pleasure to do so," replied Lizzy, smiling.

In a cotton formed soon afterwards in that part of the room, where Margaret Hubert and her sweet friend, Lizzy Edgar, Margaret has a warmer color on her cheeks than usual, and her dignity towered into an air of haughtiness, all of which Clinton observed. Its effect was to make his heart cold toward her, instead of awakening an ardent desire to win a proud and distant beauty.

In vain did Margaret look for the young man to press forward the moment the cotton dissolved, and claim her for the next. He lingered by the side of Miss Edgar, more charmed with her than he had ever been, until some one else came and claimed the hand of Miss Hubert. The disappointed and unhappy girl now unbent herself from the cold dignity that had marked her bearing since her entrance into the ball-room, and sought to win him to her side by the flashing brilliancy of her manners; but her efforts were unavailing. Clinton had felt the sweeter, purer, stronger attractions of one free from all artifice; and when he left her side, he had no wish to pass to that of one whose coldness had repelled, and whose haughtiness had insulted him.

On the next day, when Lizzy called on her friend, she found her in a very unhappy state of mind. As to the ball and the people who attended, she was exceedingly captious in all her remarks. When Clinton was mentioned, she spoke of him with a sneer. Lizzy hardly knew how to take her. Why the young man should be so offensive, she was at a loss to imagine, and honestly came to the conclusion that she had been mistaken in her previous supposition that Margaret really felt an interest in him.

A few evenings only elapsed before Clinton called upon Miss Edgar, and from that time visited her regularly. An offer of marriage was the final result. This offer Lizzy accepted.

The five or six months that elapsed from the time Clinton became particular in his attentions to Miss Edgar, until he formally declared himself a lover, passed with Margaret Hubert in one long-continued and wild struggle with her feelings. Conscious, because conviction had come too late, she wrestled vigorously, but in vain, with a passion that, but for her own folly, would have met a free and full return. Lizzy spoke to her of Clinton's marked attentions, but did not know how, like heavy and painful strokes, every word she uttered, fell upon her heart. She saw that Margaret was far from being happy, and often tenderly urged her to tell the cause, but little dreamed of the real nature of her sufferings.

At last Lizzy told her, with a glowing check, that Clinton had owned his love for her, and claimed her hand in marriage. For some moments after this communication was made, Margaret could make no reply. Her heart trembled faintly in her bosom and almost ceased to beat; but she rallied herself, and concealed what she felt under warm congratulations. Lizzy was deceived, though in her friend's manner there was something that she could not fully comprehend.

"You must be my bridesmaid," said the happy girl, a month or two afterward.

"Why not choose some one else?" asked Margaret.

"Because I love you better than any friend I have," replied Lizzy, putting an arm around the neck of Margaret and kissing her.

"No, no; I cannot—I cannot!" was the unexpressed thought of Margaret—while something like a shudder went over her. But the eyes of her friend did not penetrate the sad secret of her heart.

"Come, dear, say yes. Why do you hesitate? I would hardly believe myself married if you were not by my side when the nuptial pledge was given."

"It shall be as you wish," replied Margaret.

"Perhaps you misunderstood me," said Lizzy, playfully. "I was not speaking of my funeral, but of my wedding."

This sportive sally gave Margaret an opportunity to recover herself, which she did promptly; and never once, from that time until the wedding day of her friend arrived did she by look or word betray what was in her heart.

Intense was the struggle that went on in the mind of Margaret Hubert. But it was of no avail; she loved Clinton with a wild intensity that was only the more fervid from its hopelessness. But pride and a determined will concealed what neither could destroy.

At last the wedding night of Lizzy Edgar arrived, and a large company assembled to witness the holy rite, that was to be performed, and to celebrate the occasion with appropriate festivities. Margaret, when the morning of that day broke coldly and drearily upon her, felt so sad at heart that she wept, and, weeping, wished that she could die. There had been full time for reflection since, by her own acts, she had repulsed one in whom her heart felt a deep interest, and repulsed him with such imprudent force that he never returned to her again. Suffering had chastened her spirit, although it could not still the throbbing

pain. As the time approached when she must stand beside her friend and listen to the vows of perpetual love that she would have given all the world, were it in her possession, to hear as her own, she felt that she was about entering upon a trial for which her strength could be little more than adequate.

But there was no retreat now. The ordeal had to be passed through. At last the time of trial came, and she descended with her friend, and stood up with her before the minister of God, who was to say the fitting words and receive the solemn vows recorded in the marriage covenant. From the time Margaret took her place on the floor, she felt her power overself failing. Most earnestly did she struggle for calmness and self-control, but the very fear that inspired this struggle made it ineffectual. When the minister, in a deeply-impressive voice said: "I pronounce you husband and wife," her eyes grew dim, and her limbs trembled and failed; she sunk forward, and was only kept from falling by the arm of the minister, which was extended in time to save her.

Twenty years have passed since that happy evening, and Margaret Hubert is yet unmarried. It was long before she could quench the fire that had burned so fiercely in her heart. When it did go out, the desolate hearth it left remained ever after cold and dark.

HUMAN SACRIFICES.

Dreadful Practices of the Dahomeyan King Gelele.

The Wesleyan missionary at Dahomey, the Rev. John Milum, gives a most sickening account of the dreadful practices of the Dahomeyan King Gelele, which fully confirms the statements published previously concerning the king's sacrifices. Every year Gelele makes extensive sacrifices in honor of the memory of his father, the victims being prisoners of war. The Dahomeyans make wars on the neighboring tribes and manage to capture a large number of prisoners. The custom last year lasted through several days, there being a slaughter every day and night. Mr. Milum was several times summoned to the palace, and though he saw no sacrifices, the evidence of them were unmistakable. On December 31, after several days had been occupied with the revolting ceremonies of the "cannon," Mr. Milum wrote:

"The yearly custom made by King Gelele for his father Gezo is not yet finished, a number of important matters interfering and calling for the presence of the king to settle. It appears that forty human beings are reserved to complete the ceremony—twenty men and twenty women. Eighty persons are to be presented for sacrifice, but, under the guise of mercy, one-half will be liberated. Contrary to statements made by previous travelers, these human victims are all prisoners of war and have committed no crime, but have been unfortunate enough to be captured while defending their homes against the invading foe. The people, knowing my opinions on the subject, are reluctant to furnish me with full information of all the sacrifices that take place, but I am strongly impressed that they offer a day every day, for every moment I hear the king's crier crying the great name of the king, and beating his bell, and going through the whole ceremony that I described in connection with the poor woman sacrificed in the market place, and soon after I hear the tattoo of the drums and the firing of muskets, which announces that the cruel deed is done. Moreover, the birds never cease to congregate in the region of the ravine where the bodies are thrown, close to the wretched hut in which I am lodged, and whenever the wind blows in this direction I obtain a most sickening smell of putrifying flesh, and I have but to go outside the walls of the compound to see the gorged vultures and turkey-buzzards sitting in grim silence in the trees near the dreadful place or on the wing circling over it."

"The victims this year, as well as the last are from Milkkan, a large town to the east of Dahomey, which was invaded and destroyed by the Dahomeyans last year, and from which, it is stated by some intelligent natives, there were brought a little over 17,000 captives and 7,200 heads. I give these numbers as I have received them. I am not in a position to verify them. I only know that it was a very popular town, and that all the women and children were within the walls when it was attacked by the Dahomeyan army. This year the Dahomeyans sought in vain for a place to capture, the inhabitants fleeing from every town on their approach, which accounts for the fact that the poor Milkkan people have become the victims this year for sacrifice. I have no desire to be sensational, but I should like the English public to look at the following facts: King Gelele began to reign about the year 1853; he therefore has been reigning about 27 years. During that time he has offered, upon a very moderate average, 200 human sacrifices yearly. It therefore follows that he has murdered since his reign, in cold blood, at least 1,400 prisoners of war. If to this be added the thousands of heads brought home from war, I think the present king of Dahomey may be regarded as the greatest murderer living and what seems such an extraordinary thing is that these sacrifices take place within sixty miles, and the towers that are desolated by this cruel people are mostly within 100 miles of the coast. It appears to me that this is an evil never if not quite equal to the slave trade, and calls loudly to the civilized powers for suppression. The Dahomeyan army is now clamoring to the king to be allowed to go back to Abeokuta for their next war. If they go, they may not actually capture the town; but they will kidnap unwary travelers, stop all agricultural operations, destroy all the farms, and spread desolation on every hand. This is what occurs during the first three or four months of every year, the last six months for the farmer."

"I have but to refer to my detention and the inconvenience caused me to prove that the king disregards the terms of the treaty made with him in May, 1877. I believe it would be one of the greatest acts of mercy to thousands of poor, down-trodden people if the British government were to annex the whole coast line between Quetta and Lagos to the Gold Coast colony."

PAWNING A WIFE.

The Security Given By a Frenchman For a Wedding Feast.

From the London Standard.

Many strange articles have been pledged by persons finding themselves with an empty purse and an inexorable creditor; but to few newly married men would it occur to leave their bride behind as a guarantee of payment for the wedding feast. This, however, was according to a French contemporary, the means taken by a bridegroom who, after the mayor and priest had pronounced him a Benedict, repaired with the wedding guests and his wife to St. Maude, near Paris, to wind up the day with a fitting repast. Justice having been done to the dinner, the guests bid adieu to the married couple after the customary hopes for their future domestic felicity had been duly expressed. Then came the restaurateur with his little bill, amounting to over 120 francs. The sum was not a large one, but moderate though the bill made upon his resources was, the bridegroom found himself unable to meet it. Taking the innkeeper aside, he explained that he had "left his purse at home," a circumstance he regretted, since it obliged him to leave a "precious article" with his creditor for a few hours while he went to fetch it. The latter naturally expected that a watch, a ring, or something of that description would be placed in his hand as a guarantee of payment, but to his surprise, his debtor, pointing to his young wife, told him that he confided her to his keeping, promising to return and liberate her in a short time. The offer was accepted, and the bride was left in pawn. The hour of midnight struck and found the anxious bride still awaiting the return of her lord. The restaurant was closed, its owner grew uneasy, then angry, and ultimately, finding it weary work sitting up with a woman in tears, he ordered her up to a garret bed room, the door of which he carefully locked upon his prisoner. The following day passed and the bride was unredeemed. The innkeeper inquired whether she had any relatives, and on being answered in the negative she exasperated creditor informed her that she must don a cook's apron, lay aside the orange flowers and set to work to earn her daily food until such time as her faithless husband appeared to claim her and pay him. This was a sad sequel to the wedding day, but perhaps ere now the police, aiding the poor forlorn bride, have succeeded in discovering the whereabouts of her heartless and ill-mannered spouse.

THE ROCKIES.

How The Utah Range in Wyoming Struck a British Geologist.

Professor A. Geikie in MacMillan's Magazine.

This long journey is marked in the recollection of a traveler by the complete demolition of his previous mental picture of the "Rocky Mountains." Misled by the absurd and utterly false system, still far from extinct, of representing a watershed on a map by a continuous range of mountains, which traverses the continent as a continuous range running in a nearly north and south direction, and so extraordinarily rugged as to have deserved the special appellation of "Rocky." No conception could well be further from the reality. Northward the top of some distant hills in Wyoming loomed up on the horizon, but all round us not only were there no mountains, but hardly anything that deserved to be called a hill—certainly nothing that for moment suggested the crest of a mountain range. The railway company with a laudible desire for the diffusion of correct geographical knowledge, has had a board inscribed "Summit of the Rocky Mountains," and placed at the highest level of their line. One looks round with a look of disappointment for the peaks. Instead of these there is the same long, smooth, prairie-like slope out of which rise numerous quaint knobs of pink granite. The central wedge, not having been driven so far upward here, forms no conspicuous feature at the surface. Yet it has carried up the same red sandstones on its eastern flank that rise in verticle bands among the canyons north of Denver. From the plain of the Missouri the prairie, there about 1,000 feet above sea-level, rises slowly in elevation westward, till at Cheyenne, a distance rather more than 500 miles, its surface has an average elevation of about 6,000 feet. In the next eighteen miles, however, it makes a more rapid slope, for it mounts to an elevation of 8,271 feet above the sea.

PERSONAL ITEMS.

A. D. Jessup, whose death is announced in London, always spent his summers at Newport, R. I. He was the gentleman who purchased the villa owned by the Peruvian minister, Francis L. Barreda, for \$100,000, and who in less than one year disposed of it to John Jacob Astor of New York for \$201,000. His daughter was married at Newport about a year ago to an officer of the English army.

The will of John S. Cobb, late of Weymouth, Mass., gives to the American Seaman's Friend society \$3,000; to the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, \$3,000; American Home Missionary society, \$2,000; American Tract society \$2,000; to the Union Congregational society of South Weymouth, all real estate owned by him and situated outside of that town, together with considerable personal property.

A rather notable student finished his course at the Yale Law School last week, graduating third in his class. This was Peter Doyle, ex-secretary of state of Wisconsin. Mr. Doyle is now forty-five years old, and has been a successful lawyer and politician in Wisconsin. Being conscious of some defects in his legal education he determined to remedy them at an age when most men would not feel like "going to school." He worked hard while at the Law School. He was popular with students and professors, and one at least of the latter expects to see him a member of congress.

It appears that Silas M. Waite, now serving a term of imprisonment for defalcation while president of the Brattleboro (Vt.) bank, actually contributed \$100,000 of his own money for dividends to the stockholders. Although the concern was bankrupt, he covered up that fact by means of perjured returns, declared dividends regularly, and paid them out of his own pocket. His motive is not clear, but it is certain that his falsity impoverished many depositors. He is about to sue the stockholders for a return of the dividend money.

The Rev. John Cumming, D. D., who has just died, and who for nearly fifty years has preached to a wealthy, fashionable, and intellectual congregation in the Scotch church, in Crown Court, in the center of London, was in many respects a remarkable man. Very eloquent and highly-finished in style, he had the Scotchman's love of argument and controversy, with very decided views on prophecy, the papacy, and the end of the world, which furnished his usual themes. He was the successor of the famous Edward Irving, and had been among the best known and most influential clergymen of the past two generations. It has long been customary for Americans visiting London to repair to his chapel in Convent Garden, and hear him as one of the lions of the metropolis of the same rank with Spurgeon, Pusey and Martineau. He was very earnest in a quiet way, exceedingly interesting, and often poetical.

BANANAS AND PLANTAINS.

From the New Orleans Democrat.

A pound of bananas contains more nutriment than three pounds of meat or many pounds of potatoes, which is a food it is in every sense of the word far superior to the best wheat bread. Although it grows spontaneously throughout the tropics, when cultivated its yield is prodigious; for an acre of ground planted with bananas will return, according to Humboldt, as much food material as thirty-three acres of wheat, or over a hundred acres of potatoes. The banana, then, is the bread of millions who could not well subsist without it. In Brazil it is the principal food of the laboring classes, while it is no less prized in the island of Cuba. Indeed, in the latter country the sugar planters grow orchards of it expressly for the consumption of their slaves. Every day each hand receives his ration of salt fish or dried beef, as the case may be, and four bananas and two plantains. The banana—it should be called plantain, for until lately there was no such word as banana—is divided into several varieties, all of which are used for food. The *platino munitio* is a small, delicate fruit, neither longer nor stouter than a lady's forefinger. It is the most delicious and prized of all the varieties of the plantain. *El Platino guineo*, called by us the banana, is probably in demand more than any other kind. It is sub-divided into different varieties, the principal of which are the yellow and purple. Bananas we see for sale in our markets; but the latter is so little esteemed by the natives of the tropics that it is seldom eaten by them. *El platino grande*, known to us as simply the plantain—is also sub-divided into varieties which are known by their savor and their size. The kind that reaches our markets is nearly ten inches long, yet on the stems of Darien there are plantains that grow from eighteen to twenty-two inches. They are never eaten raw, but are either boiled or roasted or are prepared as preserves.

SCIENTIFIC SCIENTIFICATIONS.

The experiment of oyster-culture in Tasmania has been thus far very successful, and it is expected that in four years the new industry will yield a large profit, after making all due allowance for the failure of the "spat" to attain maturity.

Prof. W. Matthew Williams says: "I have taught many to swim, and my first lesson is on balancing the body. The easiest formula for attaining this power is to keep the hands down and look at the sky, while the chest is expanded as much as possible by throwing the shoulders well back, in military attitude. Any man or woman of ordinary specific gravity who can do this can float and breathe, but to do it, simple as it is, requires practice or training—physical training of the muscles, and cerebral training in order to acquire that command of all the faculties without which there can be no treading of water or other device for keeping the mouth and nostrils in the air."

The *Scientific American* says that by far the largest masonry arch in this country and in the world is that which carries the Washington aqueduct over Cabin John creek. It has a span of 220 feet; it is 101 feet high, and 20 feet wide, and it forms an arc of a circle having a radius of 134,285 feet. The engineer in charge of the aqueduct was Gen. M. C. Meigs. The work was begun in 1853 and finished in 1863.

AS OTHERS SEE US.

An Englishman writing to the Glasgow Herald from Chicago says no one who knew that city was burned ten years ago could realize its appearance to-day. It shows, as nothing else can, what an energetic and go-ahead people can accomplish in a few years. Many of the customs prevalent may seem strange, and some of the habits of the people objectionable, to visitors from the old country, but no one can fail to notice the free and obliging manner of the citizens, and a total want of that patronizing air by her leading men which only too often marks the man in a similar position in Britain when addressing an inferior in position. A millionaire will talk as frankly and as freely as though he did not own a cent. Bankers, lawyers and business men generally work a great deal harder and longer hours than the same class do in Glasgow. I met the president of a leading bank in the city, a smart young

THE LATE GEORGE E. PUGH.

From the St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

The murder of young Pugh, of Cincinnati, by the fiendish red skins of New Mexico, recalls the memory of one of the most brilliant men that the phenomenal state of Ohio ever produced. George E. Pugh was a natural lawyer. He possessed a mind naturally acute, enriched with the finest