

OPHELIA.

Maine Farmer.

"Now, remember, Lord Grayton," said the doctor solemnly, "all I told you. You are very welcome to come to our ball, though as a rule, we only ask a certain set of wise men and maidens who know our ways and their ways. Still, you are good-looking, humorous and cheery, and if you are sensible you can enjoy yourself, and, maybe, do them a world of good. I believe in electricity as a curative agent—not the quack nonsense of belts and chains and musical boxes, that only shake the nerve centres, but the real electricity of animal spirits, the tonic of good health."

"I shall do exactly as I am bid," said Lord Grayton, a handsome, florid, muscular young man, strong as a horse, buoyant as a balloon, just back after a self-imposed exile of five years in India with the big game.

"Are you quite sure of that?" said the doctor, grimly; "the rule is simple. Be civil and don't contradict. If old Crackton asks you to play chess, play. He's a good player, and will beat you fairly if he can; if he can't he'll make a false move and call 'checkmate,' and you must resign. If poor Snobly thinks you are the Prince, and 'Sirs' you all over the place, and throws out hints about being asked to Sandringham; if you are asked to listen to the chiming clock in Baker's interiors, or to avoid some one else because he's glass and might break, you must do your best to be courteous to them all, and on no account laugh at their fancies."

"Sounds rather jumpy. And the ladies?"

"I'll see to that and introduce you to the nicest, and tell you what to avoid speaking about. The men will make the talking for themselves, the women don't talk much."

"Sign of insanity, I suppose. And what am I to talk about."

"Everything save some one thing—the Empress of Austria, or the stage, or white roses, or Mr. Mallock, or black stockings. I'll give you the cue—never fear; only it may happen that one of them will ask you to dance, and then you must steer as best you can—talk society or art on chance. My own girls and their friends get on famously with the male patients, and you must be off and dress; nine sharp, mind, as they all go to bed at midnight."

Gray had many strange adventures that evening as he strolled about the pretty ball-room at the Copswood private asylum. He was duly defeated at chess by the venerable Crackton, who deliberately slid back a captured queen on the board, and performed prodigies of valor with her. He sympathized with the gentleman who had swallowed a crocodile, and he noticed the pale, cadaverous man who amused himself by counting the lights on each side of the room and singing softly to himself.

"Sorry I can't admit it, sorry I can't admit it," he had been an acrostic editor once upon a time. He noticed the fussy little man with a pale-blue shaven face, who wanted to stage manage the sixteen Lancers, and who piteously entreated the dancers to "go back over all that again, please, and try and get it crisp;" and the erratic journalist who wrote paragraphs on his shirt cuffs, and many other strange folks that passed by in the motley pageant of unsettled reason.

"There's King Lear," whispered the doctor, "as a very foolish, fond old man, fourscore and upwards," passed them muttering of "Brighton A's"; "you know who he was?" and he whispered a name in Grayton's ear that made that nobleman whistle softly.

"And are there any Ophelias, whose young maid's wits should be as mortal as an old man's life?" asked Grayton, showing that he knew his Shakespeare as well as the doctor.

"Yes, but we keep their secrets. Now go and dance;" and the doctor took King Lear off for a cup of coffee.

So there were Ophelias here! More like Audreys, he thought, as he watched some rather uncouth gamboling in the corner: His eyes wandered round the room, and at last rested on a face.

It was an exquisite oval face, somewhat sad and wistful in expression, of that rare delicate olive color one sees in the South, with skin of so fine a texture that the red flush springs up through the vein-tracery at a moment's excitement; the large brown eyes were soft and dreamy, the chiselled mouth was half-parted, and the dark brown hair, looking black as night, was worn Greek fashion, close to the head, sweeping in undulating lines past the tiny rose-tipped ears. She was seated on a low sofa, carelessly clasping one knee with both hands, she wore a simple white frock, just mysteriously frilled round the little white column of a throat, and a great black-red rose nestled in her breast.

One little higharched foot, in peach-netted silk, kept swinging to the music. No one seemed to talk to her except the doctor, who smiled pleasantly as he passed her and said something to which she answered with a nod.

"Ophelia at last," said Grayton to himself; and in melancholy vein he wished he were Hamlet and could lie at her feet and watch the play.

"Poor Ophelia! divided from herself

and her fair judgment!" (the quotation was irresistible). "I wonder what sent her here—some brute of a man, or a soldier-lover killed at Kassassin. Gracious! I hope this terrible Meg Merridies is not going to ask me to dance!" and he moved away, as he saw a wild-eyed woman bearing down upon him, to a seat somewhat nearer the pale girl with the black-red rose.

For a time he watched her; then he tried to magnetize her. At last their eyes met; he stared her full in the face. She never shrank from his look, only a sort of pitying light seemed to glow in the sorrowful eyes. A moment passed, and then she rose quietly and with perfect self-possession grace walked over to him—to his intense astonishment sat down quietly by his side, and said in a soft musical voice:

"You seem sad to-night; I am sorry."

For a moment he was tongue-tied; then he recollected his instructions and pulled himself together.

"Well, I think I was sad because you were looking sad."

"Was I? I suppose I always do then. Of course, being here naturally makes one feel sad. But we won't talk of that," she added quickly. "Do you care for dancing? I'll dance with you, if you like."

"Dance? with you?"

"O yes, if you like; many of the others dance, you know."

"How calmly she seems to recognize her state!" thought Grayton, as he stood up and passed his arm round poor Ophelia's waist, wondering how she would "jig and amble." They were playing the "Dream-Faces," and as they swung in undulating rhythm to the pretty song he felt that few slips of sane seventeen could come up to her.

"That's right," said the doctor, encouragingly; "set a good example."

"Means I am to be a tonic, I suppose," thought Grayton; so he carried off Ophelia for an ice; there now, there's a spoon and a wafer; now you feel comfortable, don't you? Isn't that a lovely waltz?"

"Yes, I'm fond of 'Dream-Faces,' the people one meets in dreams are generally vastly nicer than the real folk. I have many dream friends."

"Have you?" she said, looking amused; "tell me of them."

"Well, you know, I think I'm married to a dream wife—just like Gilbert's Princess Toto, you know, with her dream husband. And she comes to me sometimes and scolds me if I've done anything wrong in the day; and sometimes she's very loving, and sometimes she's cross and doesn't come near me for weeks."

He felt as if he was telling a fairy tale to a child.

"How charming! Do tell me more of her. Is she beautiful? What is she like?"

The fanciful conceit seemed to amuse her, so he went on drawing pictures of an ideal woman; then growing unconsciously eloquent, he burst out, "Ah, if one could only meet her alive, what a wife she would make! A very second self, aiding, sympathizing, helping, loving—at once the cheeriest of chums and the most idolized of idols."

She had flushed a little as he spoke, but she went on. "What a pretty picture! Where did you get your pretty thoughts about marriage?"

"I suppose my dream-girl taught me."

"Is she pretty?"

Grayton wondered if deliberate bare-faced compliment would be a tonic for a lunatic. Yes, beautiful. She has large brown eyes, wonderful hair, a low voice, an olive oval face, she dances superbly, and she wears a black-red rose in her white dress."

Ophelia looked a little frightened.

"Forgive me, I didn't mean to be rude, but she is—really, you are not angry with me?" and he laid his hand gently on hers.

"Oh, no, and then there was a pause.

"Come, let me show you some pictures; I'm something of an artist myself," and she led him into a long gallery, and talked art so sensibly and sympathetically that here, at all events he felt there was a very pleasant method in her madness.

"Talking art" is a recognized method of interchanging sympathies.

He was no bad judge of a picture; but he preferred to effect ignorance, and asked the stupidest questions simply for the pleasure of hearing her talk. There was a kind of innocent dignity about her that fascinated him. She was more like a Vestal virgin than a Bacchante.

So the evening passed all too quickly till he suddenly bethought himself that there was an important division in the Lord's that night, and that he was bound to be a "not content" before the clock struck eleven, and after that he was due at Lady Congleton's dance.

"Must you go away?" she said, "why?"

"Well, you see, I'm one of those much abused people that the radicals call hereditary legislators, and I am not abolished yet; I must be in our House at eleven."

Of course she could not have understood a word he said, for she murmured to herself, "Poor fellow! so young too!"

He rose and held out his hand. "Good night; thank you for a very charming evening."

"Good night," said Ophelia tenderly.

"I should like a little memory of this meeting; will you give me that rose?"

"Of course I will; why didn't you ask for it before?" and she took it from her dress and fastened it in his coat. "I shall see you again; there will be another dance here soon. How is it that I never saw you dance before at one?"

"This is my first dance here," he said gravely.

Why, is it that Ophelia's eyes suddenly filled with tears he couldn't understand,

but she left him with a quiet bow and went back to the dancing room.

"You've been enjoying yourself, I see," said the doctor as Grayton came to say good-by, "though I must say it was rather selfish of both of you."

"Selfish! why, I did all I could for her, poor dear girl!"

"Poor! why, my dear Lord Grayton, she has six thousand a year of her own!"

"Dear me! and what is done with it?"

"She does what she likes with it; she helps all the charities, and she helps me and Copswood in particular, and she generally does a lot of good to our poor people—picks up some one she takes a fancy to, and cheers him up a bit. She's the first time I have noticed that she never danced once with a patient; that was your fault, you know."

"Good gracious! then she isn't—a patient herself?"

The doctor laughed till tears rolled down his jolly face. "Bless my heart, no! That's Lady Mary Pettigrew, daughter of old Lord Polonius, and she's just one of the cleverest and sweetest girls in the world. I thought you knew her."

"Not I! She came over and spoke to me, and—"

"I see it all—took you for a patient? O this is too lovely," and the doctor was positively boisterous in his merriment.

Grayton bolted to the House, and having duly recorded his vote against the bill sent from commons, for chloroforming grouse instead of shooting them, betook himself in a strange state of bewilderment to Lady Congleton's.

His hostess welcomed him warmly, like the prodigal that he was, and insisted upon introducing him to some one in whom she seemed to have special interest.

"Really a delightful girl, Lord Grayton, quite after your own heart devoted to art and philanthropy, you know."

Grayton was too full of thought to protest so submitted meekly. What were girls to him just then? He was thinking over Copswood as his hostess took his arm and they set out on a pilgrimage.

"Ah here she is! Lady Mary Pettigrew, Lord Grayton. I'm sure you two will get along capitally," and her ladyship was off, leaving Grayton staring vaguely at his fascinating lunatic.

Lady Mary could hardly suppress a scream as she turned her head and blushed as deep as the rose he still wore in his button hole.

"How—how did you get out?" she asked awkwardly.

"I never was in, Lady Mary, the fact is, I'm afraid there has been a little mistake on both sides. I only found out from the doctor as I left that you weren't a—"

She put her feathery fan up with a warning "Hush!" then said, "What brought you there?"

"Curiosity; and you?"

"I often go there and try to do some good. I cheer them sometimes, but to-night! O, how wrong and stupid of me!"

There was a little pause as he looked at her with his frank, kindly eyes.

"Let us forget and forgive, Lady Mary; after all you were good to poor Hamlet."

"And you were very nice and kind to foolish Ophelia. Listen! there's the Dream Faces again; let us see if we can dance it in our right minds," she said, as she rose with a nervous smile quivering in the corners of her lips.

And so it happened that in a month they both came to their right minds, and the doctor was at the wedding.

How to Make the Hands Soft and White.

I am a believer in that kind of pride that makes a woman careful of her hands, for a pair of beautiful, well kept hands is a delightful possession. Unfortunately, Nature has not favored us all with well-shaped hands; still, with reasonable care and attention, we can make such hands as we have had given to us, white, soft, and more shapely.

When a girl, I sorely grieved over my ugly stubs of fingers—broader at the ends than at the base—and could glean but faint comfort from grand-mother's of repeated saw, "Handsome is that handsome does." To begin: the hands and nails must be kept scrupulously clean. Use soft water, not too cold or too hot, and good soap. A few drops of ammonia or a pinch of borax will soften hard water and make it pleasant to the skin. The hands must be thoroughly dried before going into the air, and sudden changes of temperature should also be avoided. Glycerine, vaseline, cream, mutton tallow, or a paste of fine oat-meal, honey, and the white of an egg, whichever agrees best with the skin, well rubbed in, and a pair of gloves worn over-night, if preserved in, will do much towards making red, rough hands white and smooth. Fine white sand, corn-meal, oat-meal, or a piece of lemon will remove dirt and stains. After the hands have been thoroughly washed, press back the skin from the base of the nails, so that the "half moon" can be seen, and, if necessary, scrape or cut away the superfluous parts; trim the nails to the same shape as the ends of the fingers, only a trifle longer, and rub with a bit of chamois until a high polish is attained. When the hands and nails have once been put in order, it will take but a short time each day to keep them looking nice, and I for one think the time well spent.—Rural New Yorker.

THE ENGLISHMAN'S DINNER.

His Enjoyment of It on a Sound Steamer.

Within fifteen minutes after the summons the dining-room was packed, writes a correspondent who is describing a trip from New York to Fall River. The throng came in like a great wave, and submerged the place. Right upon the crest of the wave came an Englishman, and took a seat opposite me, near the end of a table which accommodated ten persons. Hardly had he reached his chair before he began to shout, "Waitah, waitah, where's the waitah?" A moment later he had found one, who gave him a bill of fare and an order blank, and then disappeared. The Englishman looked the bill through, and then felt the need of a pencil. He turned for the waiter, but could not find him. Then he shouted for him several times in vain, and, finally adjusting his single eyeglass, looked over to me and exclaimed:

"Fancy! He gives me an order card then goes away without giving me a pencil! Really, this is the most extraordinary performance I ever saw!"

I smiled as sympathetically as possible, but ventured no remark. After a few minutes he borrowed a pencil, wrote his order, and began to shout again for the waiter. When the latter appeared he handed him the order with injunctions to be quick about it, and waited about five minutes. During the next five he commented frequently upon the "extraordinary" absence of the waiter, and when ten minutes elapsed without any sign of his return, trouble began in earnest.

He called the head waiter and cashier and told them of the "extraordinary" manner in which he was being served. They in turn explained about the unexpected crowd and assured him that they would do everything possible to have him waited upon. In the midst of the colloquy the missing waiter appeared, and dropped a dish of some sort before the Englishman's plate. He caught the side of it and exclaimed: "What's that? I didn't order that. I ordered soup, and then fish, and then a veal cutlet with tomato sauce! That's something else. Take it away! Really, this is the most extraordinary!"

Soon after this he got his soup, ate it, and turned to his fish. With about the third mouthful he dropped his knife and fork, and began to call again for the waiter. The head waiter appeared, and asked what was the matter.

"Matter" roared the Englishman, "why I ordered bluefish—now, I don't know what bluefish is; never saw one, never ate one; but that's mackerel! Take it away! Take it away! Then, adjusting that eyeglass and surveying the table of passengers, he said once more, "Really this is the most extraordinary thing I ever saw. In Europe, you know, this thing could not happen at all. I don't eat any lunch to speak of in the middle of the day, you know, and when night comes I want me dinner. It begins to look as if I would get no dinner to-night."

After this burst of unsolicited confidence, his veal cutlet arrived, and he took a mouthful. With the first taste he omitted a groan, so full of anguish that my right hand neighbor, who had previously been on the verge of a convulsion several times, and who at that moment had raised a cup of coffee to his lips, exploded, scattering coffee to the right and left, and starting the whole table in a roar, the Englishman put up his eye glasses and exclaimed:

"Really this is monstrous! monstrous!"

"What is it?" asked the head waiter.

"I don't know what it is," said the tourist. "I ordered veal cutlet breaded with tomato sauce. He brought me that. I don't know what's in it, but it's awful. Take it away and bring me a cut of beef."

Just then the poor waiter, who had been thoroughly incapacitated since the first outbreak, reappeared from some mysterious quarter and asked the sufferer if he had ordered potatoes.

"Potatoes!" he ejaculated with unutterable contempt. "I never eat potatoes. I hate them! Oh, Lord, this is really the most monstrous thing I ever knew."

Overhearing a remark that the steamer was not going to Fall River, but touch at Newport, from which point the Fall River passengers would be forwarded by rail, he said:

"What's that? Stop at Newport? Am I to be carted out upon the wharf at three o'clock in the morning? Really, this whole thing is the most monstrous ever heard of. Really, you know, this could not happen at all in Europe!"

Then I, who had had no trouble in getting my dinner, left him. I don't know how or when he finished. No other passenger made the slightest disturbance, and all others so far as I could see, were satisfactorily served after a delay, which under the circumstances, was not unreasonable. What he expected to gain by such an uproar I could not understand. He seemed to be unconscious that he was amusing everybody about him. In personal appearance he was very like the other passengers, being, I surmised, a respectable member of the English middle class, or possibly an English shop-keeper.

It is believed in New York that Ferdinand Ward, while so mysteriously absent from Ludlow Street jail on Tuesday, was closeted with certain prominent gentlemen who may have reasons to fear the disclosures that he is supposed to contemplate regarding his business transactions. The rumors to this effect cannot be verified, and the story is persistently denied by the jail officials, but there is some reason to believe in its truth.

WATERLOO.

A Graphic Account of a Visit to the Famous Battle-Field.

A Buffalonian Abroad.

The battle-field of Waterloo as it lies to-day is an uninspiring spectacle—a good place to sit down and muse on life and men and the vanity of human things; but we had a vivacious little guide who spared no time for musing, but engaged us with a very dramatic recital in broken, though quite intelligible, English of the stirring things that happened on that bloody Sunday in 1815, when Bonaparte's brief candle went out and the European kaleidoscope rattled itself into a fresh combination.

I can't help sympathizing with the bottom dog. The dramatic symmetry of Napoleon's career wins us against our reason.

I went out to Waterloo with some Englishmen, and I took solid comfort in giving them my small opinion of their Iron Duke, although we must allow that he did this business very handsomely.

But that guide. I shall not soon forget him. He made more of an impression on me than all the books I have read on the subject of Waterloo. He omitted nothing. He opened his soul to us, and he suited the action to the world. He gesticulated, he attitudinized, in short, he fought the battle over again for us. His English was doubly English. He was especially happy in his "hup, guards, hand hat hem!" He recited this thrilling incident over his shoulder as he led us down the two hundred and odd steps that mount to the summit of Mound of the Lion, and it was only by the most extraordinary presence of mind that I grasped the railing in time to escape a fall.

The Mound of the Lion is an artificial elevation which has been reared (very ill-advisedly, I think) in the midst of the field and of its earth, thereby modifying the configuration of the landscape, so that one can now gain so accurate an idea of the battle-ground as might otherwise have been obtained—unless indeed, the loss is compensated by the fact that the summit of the mound affords a commanding view.

The tranquility of the scene is impressive, and one is reminded of Byron's line:

"How that red rain made the harvests grow!"

I never saw a fairer stretch of country—hills and valleys and winding roads and shining villages. Every feature of this sweet landscape played its part in the drama of that day. On the right is the Chateau of Hougomont, against which, all day long, the French lines beat like the waves of the sea—the key of the English position, held to the last by the gallant Coldstreams Guards, though the house was burned over their heads. The old brick wall around the orchard still stands pierced with loop-holes, worn away by the pelting rain of musket balls. If you have any sort of imagination you can stand there to-day and see the fight. I suppose there has scarcely been a closer, hotter, bloodier battle in modern times. The lines were posted only a mile apart, and from the moment of the first assault upon Hougomont to the low despairing cry of the French General, "Tout est perdu! Sauve qui peut!" the battle was like the straining struggle of well-matched wrestlers.

Shot by a Dynamiter.

Toronto, Ont., Special.—Dr. Casse of Chicago, who caused so much excitement a few months ago at Ottawa and Toronto in connection with attempts to blow up the house of parliament, early Wednesday morning shot and killed William Hamilton in a house of ill-fame at Orillia, a little town 100 miles north of Toronto. When the row in which he shot Hamilton occurred, he was writing up a jewelry robbery. He went to Orillia to look for the robbers, and while in a house of ill-fame met Hamilton, who, it is said, knew more about Casse's connection with the dynamite gang than was calculated to please the latter. Hamilton threatened to expose the doctor, and in an altercation was shot dead. Casse was arrested and will likely be found guilty of murder by the corner's jury.

Patents.

No Patent. No Pay. Send model or drawing. Stoddard & Co., 413 G Street, Washington, D. C. Patent Attorneys.

Samuel J. Tilden Declines.

Samuel J. Tilden has written a letter to the chairman of the Democratic State Committee of New York, positively declining to run for President. He closes as follows: At the present time the consideration which induced my action in 1880 have become imperative. I ought not to assume a task which I have not the physical strength to carry through. I am therefore constrained to say definitely that I cannot now assume the labors of an administration or of a canvass grateful beyond all words to my fellow countrymen who would assign such a beneficent function to me, I am consoled by the reflection that neither the Democratic party nor the republic for whose future that party is the best guarantee, is now, or ever can be, dependent upon any one man for their successful progress in the path of a noble destiny. Having given to their welfare whatever of health and strength I possessed or could borrow from the future, and having reached the term of my capacity for such labors as their welfare now demands, I but submit to the will of God in deeming my public career forever closed.

Special from Waltham, Mass.

Fifteen hundred watches are now made daily at Waltham, and they are better in quality and lower in price than ever before.

The growth of feeling against the Jews in the Austrian capital is shown by the announcement that an anti-Semitic daily newspaper is to be established at Vienna. It is said that the first number will make its appearance at the beginning of October, and that ample funds have been obtained to insure the success of the enterprise.