

A SAXON PROVERB.

There is a jolly Saxon proverb
That is very much like this:
That a man is half in heaven
When he has a woman's kiss;
But there's danger in delaying
And the sweetness may forsake it
So, I tell you, bashful lover,
If you want a kiss, why, take it.

Never let another fellow
Steal a march on you in this;
Never let a laughing maiden
See you spolling for a kiss;
There's a royal way of kissing,
And the jolly ones who make it
Have a motto that is winning:
If you want a kiss, why, take it.

Any fool may face a cannon,
Anybody wear a crown;
But a man must win a woman
If he'd have her for his own;
Would you have the golden apple,
You must find the tree and shake it;
If the thing is worth the having
And you want a kiss, why, take it.

Who would burn upon a desert
With a forest smiling by?
Who would give his sunny summer
For a bleak and wintry sky?
Oh! I tell you there is magic,
And you cannot, cannot break it;
For the sweetest part of loving
Is to want a kiss and take it.

ASK ME NO MORE.

The September sun, straying through the vine-covered corner of a Newport piazza, flickered over two figures—a man's and a girl's. A pretty enough picture they made. She in her filmy taces, in the wide arm-chair, and he in velvet jacket and knickerbockers, stretched lazily at her feet, while beyond lay the broad horizontal bands of white sand, purple ocean and turquoise sky.

The girl slowly closed the blue and gold volume of Tennyson from which she had been reading, and dreamily repeated, half aloud—

"Ask me no more; the moon may draw the sea,
The clouds may stoop from heaven, and take the shape,
With fold to fold, of mountain or of cape,
But O too fond! when have I answered thee?
Ask me no more!

"Do you think he ought to have asked her again after that?" she continued.

The young man tossed a pebble out over the water, and waited to see the last ripple vanish before he replied. "I have no doubt that he did ask her again, and I have no doubt that she would have been awfully disappointed if he hadn't."

Hilda Grey looked down at the speaker with a smile, half-veiled, half-amused. She was a Boston girl, and Eustace Payne was a New York man, and therefore, as she told herself, it was a case of imperfect sympathies. The old battle of realism versus idealism was perpetually waging between them. Payne ridiculed the Concord Philosophers, and burlesqued their philosophy. He boldly declared, not that he could not understand Harris, which would have been received as a tribute, but that Harris did not know what he meant himself, Emerson, he said, was saved by a sense of humor which made him half a New Yorker. The mind cure he called Boston witchcraft, and professed to think as dangerous as the Salem delusion of old. Yet the aggressive campaign was not all on his side.

When he maligned the mind cure, my lady retorted with contemptuous references to Irving Bishop; when he belittled Boston divinities, she challenged him to produce their peers in Manhattan; and when he sneered at Concord she jeered at Chautauqua. The "Grove" she called a *lucus a non lucendo*.

The Chautauquan method summed up, so she said, the New Yorker idea of culture—prize questions in English literature, historical tableaux and scripture conundrums with black-black illustrations, the whole crowned by a diploma certifying that the holder was able to compete with any university giant, like David with Goliath, armed simply but sufficiently with the Chautauquan sling. So the war of words had been carried on through the long summer days and the moonlight summer evenings, floating on the bay, driving on the avenue and strolling on the bluffs. Often, under flag of truce, other subjects had been discussed on friendly terms, and yet each evening left Hilda with a sense of discontent in herself and her companion. Sometimes they seemed to draw very near each other in spiritual sympathy, and then all at once a discordant note would be struck which set her oversensitive nerves quivering.

Their discords often came when as now, she was led on to speak out her psychological questionings. In Eustace Payne's mind, to produce one's serious thoughts and deep convictions in ordinary conversation was like a woman's wearing diamond earrings to market, justifying suspicion that they were paste, and branding the owner as to the world of culture. To Hilda Grey, on the other hand, it seemed that all talk, to be good for anything, must dig down into the verities, and it was with a shade of impatience in her tone that she took up the thread of the conversation.

"I am not discussing the heroine's feelings. The question is, should you think a man would care to marry a woman who wanted not to love him?"

"Certainly not, unless her unwillingness could be overcome."

A lawyer's snub. Let me if possible, make my idea clear enough for your comprehension. I mean would a woman's determination not to care for you be an incentive to you to strive to win her love? I say you, meaning the average man."

"Payne slowly drew himself up to his full six feet of height, and with his cap waved a mock salute as he answered:—

"'Tis an old maxim of the schools
That flattery's the food of fools,'
but if you really think me competent to speak for the average man, I should say, Yes, in a certain way. I do not care for pigeon shooting; I prefer shyer game; and I can understand that pique, that last infirmity of noble mind, might lend an added zest to courtship; but after all, the motive of her aversion in marrying me would make all the difference in the world. If, for instance, it were disparity of rank and fortune, I confess I have no fancy for playing Bertram to any Lady Goraline."

"Excellent! Here we have the gauge of the average man, and, behold, it is vanity. Affection may go to the wall, but his precious self-esteem must not be wounded. So long as your pride would be gratified by conquering her indifference you would strive for her regard like a politician for office, but if winning her acceptance of her fortune, you prefer to button up your coat over your bursting heart, and, as you would magnificently call it, 'conquer your passion' as I should say, 'sacrifice yourself and her on the altar of vanity.'"

Payne unclasped the knee which he had been holding as he leaned back against the pillar, and he stretched himself out as if to make his position as comfortable as possible for a long argument. His face calmed to its old superior smile which Hilda always found specially aggravating, as he made the somewhat irrelevant reply:—

"Woman is generally brilliant, sometimes inspired, seldom consecutive, and never logical."

"Sententious sage!"

"She blazes up and goes out like the electric lights on Fifth Avenue, the flashes of her illustration only illuminating the darkness of her reasoning. Now that you have finished your summary of the average man, let me show you the flaws in your argument, though it is like pointing out the holes in a mosquito netting; let us go to the situation of the poem, imagining me the hero, and you as the ideal woman (mark my superior civility), the heroine."

"In the first place, then, wanting not to love me is not indifference. The very resistance implies that I have reached the strong hold of your heart, and your only hope at best is to hold the citadel. It is a question of driving me out, not of preventing my entrance. Now this indicates one of two states of mind. You think either that you are not worthy of me, or that I am not worthy of you. If it be the former, I will defend the case to the last appeal, with Cupid as referee and Hymen as witness. If it be the latter, I would ask, 'Why do you doubt me?' If my fortune is too small, 'farewell!' My pride says it, and pride is the mortal foe of vanity, though you seem to confuse them. If you doubt my constancy, I claim the right to prove it. If you scorn my intellect, I have at least enough to appreciate your merits. Yes, and your faults, too, by Jove!"

"Sir, you forget that you are speaking of the ideal woman, who presumably had no very glaring faults, even in the eyes of so intellectual a lover as a New York lawyer."

"There comes in your provincial acerbity, as usual; but you shall not draw me off from the main line of battle to any inter-civilic skirmishes. Suppose we take a fresh start, and let me turn inquisitor. I should like to have you interpret for me the heroine's state of mind. I confess I have always thought her an arrant coquette, who withdrew only to make the pursuit more eager."

The young man looked up with a triumph of delight in his brown eyes as he saw that the last shot had told, and by the interlaced fingers and rising to the discussion in dead earnest. He often wondered at his own perpetual disposition to quarrel with Miss Grey, and yet he told himself that she was never so charming as when she was downright angry, and descended from her transcendental hobby to fight on foot. Slowly and somewhat disdainfully she replied to his sally:

"If you choose to put so flippant a construction upon such a subtle and beautiful revelation of a woman's heart, you are of course at liberty to do so, just as you would be at liberty to lithograph the Sistine Madonna, or parody 'Paradise Lost,' but you must excuse your friends from sharing your enjoyment of the productions. For myself I do not care to discuss the subject further, for I will not hear it handled like a second-class flirtation. A man's touch on the strings of sentiment is always heavy and makes one cringe like a child's crash on the piano."

"On the contrary, 'the hand of little employment hath the daintier sense,' and a woman's on the keys is too professional; but proceed, priestess, with the sacred rites of interpretation, and I will bow to the East like a dervish till the service is ended."

"To tell the truth, a somewhat more reverential attitude of mind toward things intellectual as well as moral would do you no harm. Perhaps that was just the lack which the heroine felt in her lover."

"Not she! She saw that he was

growing thin, and she not hollowed cheek nor faded eye, and altogether did not like the prospect of nursing him through a long siege of consumption; so she preferred to go into a decline herself."

"Flippant again, and too literal. His palor was the result of his emotion, sickled o'er with the pale cast of thought," but seriously I think this was one of those cases of subtle, mind-reading which Tennyson so often flashed out before he was overtaken with his passion for the peerage and footlights. He makes the girls foresee that incompatibility of mind and temperament which, generally discovered after marriage, makes grist for the divorce mills; and though she feels the magnetic power of her lover, and is drawn to him by force stronger than her own will, she appeals to him to save her from herself, not to allow her to act from this mistaken though inevitable impulse against the judgment of her saner hours. She says to him in substance:—

"I love you, but you are not my ideal. Our aims and purposes, our whole theories of life are at odds, and though we do not feel the clashing now, or feel it only as the stimulus to keener thoughts we should feel it more and more when we were joined together in the unyielding bonds of matrimony. Ours that want to browse in different corners of the meadow feel the fret of the yoke."

Hilda Grey paused to take breath, and bringing back her gaze from the vague stretch of ocean, let it fall on her companion. Started at something she saw rising in his eyes she suddenly realized with a sense of dismay that she had drifted out from the safe footing of abstract ideas, and that the undertow was fast carrying her beyond her depth into a sea which she dreaded for herself, and had still less mind to be followed into by her comrade.

But it was too late. Before she could open her lips he had plunged in. "May I tell you what his answer would be? He would tell her that life was a question not of browsing, but of plowing, and that in spite of the fretting of the yoke, the oxen could do better work together than alone; that he would be accommodating enough to browse in her corner in off hours; that she was his ideal if he was not hers and that perhaps (pardon the average man's vanity)—perhaps her ideals were drawn from poetry, fiction, and transcendental philosophy rather than from real life, and that he might do as well as another for a lay figure to be dressed up into a hero by her imagination; that though he had hitherto wasted his valuable talents by keeping them hidden in a napkin—"

Interruption: "That is a waste, what a dolly would cover them."

"I scorn to notice the impertinence. As I was saying, he would plead that though he had idled away his opportunities, he was not yet like Portia, so old but he might learn if he had some motive for ambition to lay hold upon, clear and practical, not vague and illusory. In short, suppose that I, the average man, should ask you, the ideal woman, to marry me, what would you say?"

The amused twinkle this time lay in the girl's eyes, though she kept them demurely lowered as she answered, "I never reply to hypothetical offers."

"Well, then, for heaven's sake, answer a direct one! You have virtually refused me a dozen times in the last fortnight by choking me off when you saw that I wanted to speak. You have taken pains to mention as your ideals the men you thought most unlike me. You have dosed me with Concord and bullied me with Boston. Now, to crown all, you try to persuade me that it is dishonorable in me to try to make you care for me. Yet hear me you shall. I love you, and I ask you now, once for all, will you marry me?"

"No more, dear love, for at a touch I yield. Ask me no more!"

The Latest Parisian Colors.

Indigo—Indigo blue.
Leman—Gobelin blue.
Mousse—A moss green.
Bronze—A bronze green.
Suez—Light water green.
Dante—Yellowish brown.
Vieux bleu—Grayish blue.
Santal—Sandalwood brown.
Bois de Rose—Light rosewood.
Russe—A darkish yellow green.
Acajou—Deep mahogany brown.
Marine and Amiral—Navy blues.
Eucalyptus—Light bronzy green.
Amandier—Light pea or apple green.
Bresil—Red ash or chip logwood color.
Modore—Londres and Louvre, shades of brown.
Ezable and Florentine—Golden-Yellow browns.
Boa—Herculeanum and Carthage shades of ashen grays.

Mr. Parnell has chosen O'Gorman Mahon as his candidate for the representation of Carlow County, Ireland, vacant by the death of the late member, Mr. Blake. The new candidate served under Mr. Parnell from 1880 to 1885 in the House of Commons. He also served under O'Connell. He was an Admiral of the Argentine Republic once upon a time, and has won fame as a duelist. He embodies in himself many of the characteristics of several of Lever's Irish adventurers.

Bill Hutton, of Bunker Hill District, was the most frightened man in ten territories last Tuesday, says the Tombstone (A. T.) Epitaph. He was unarmed. He had been off somewhere, and heard nothing of the outbreak. On arriving at Ashley's camp and finding it deserted he was surprised, and on going to the corral he was more than surprised to find a dead mule, which he thought at first had broken its neck, but on examination and discovering that it had been shot, he made an exclamation, "Indians, by—!" He immediately started for Scanlan and Diehl's camp, three miles distant, to warn them. Approaching cautiously to the house, he found that deserted and a general state of confusion existing around. On looking up he discovered several saddled horses of cowboys hitched to a tree near by, but did not observe the cowboys, who at that moment were digging the grave for poor Diehl, about a block off. He didn't stop on the order of going, he just simply started as if the whole Apache nation was after him. He lit on that horse of his in a twinkling. The rowels of his spurs dug deep furrows in the ribs of his steed, whose blood was not of the pride of the Baldwin stables, and whose speed was no more than the honest cart horse, but still he flew as best he could. Trails had no charms for him; he broke into the brush. A cowboy, just observing him at this time, shouted to him. The sound was as unmusical as a war whoop of the entire Indian nation, and he flew. The cowboy, apprehending the situation mounted a fleet horse and started in pursuit. It then became a race for life. Hutton never looked back, but he could hear, and on he sped. The race was now a go-as-you-please for two miles and a half, when the cowboy overtook him and shouted his name just as he was about to dismount and make a fight for life.

Our fashionable ladies were talking a great deal last season about "The Elephant Grey." That it was the "prettiest color," "the handsomest tint," "the very best style," &c. Now they say, that for a cold, the best cure is one bottle of Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup—and the ladies know.

How Some New Yorkers Lunch.

The only conspicuous New Yorker who lives near enough to his work to go home to his luncheon if he wants to is Chauncey M. Depew, presiding genius of the Vanderbilt roads. Jay Gould has his modest luncheons brought in from a restaurant and served in his office. Erastus Wiman eats at the Merchants' Club—a combination restaurant and day club, of which there are two in this city. The editors of the Sun, Tribune and Times are often to be seen at a famous old restaurant opposite the Postoffice in Printing House Square. Henry George uncovers his bald head in a French restaurant in Fulton street,

where an Irish stew is called a ragout de mouton, and Roscoe Conkling is fond of diving down an old lane called Thames street and eating in a dining-room that has not altered a jot or tittle since it was opened next door to the Sign of the Crooked Stoop by a gentleman in smalls, silk stockings and huge silver shoe-buckles a little more than eighty-seven years ago. The bill of fare is distributed on some white earthenware plates on a table at the open street door in the shape of raw steaks, outlets and kidneys and uncooked vegetables. The great lawyer looks the larder over, sits down at a pine kitchen table on a painted chair and waits while his meal is cooked.

Elizabeth Cady Stanton is sitting in Paris for a portrait and a bust. But both painter and sculptor are American artists who have achieved distinction in Paris. Mrs. Stanton believes in her own countrymen on either side of the sea.

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