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My Brothers Tutor

My inclinations were masculine, my tastes masculine, my courage masculine. I felt a sentiment closely akin to chivalry for the gentler sex, and a desire to be the "fellow well met" with the men.

I did not possess a single feminine accomplishment. The little articles of fancy work with which the dainty fingers of women are always busy were riddles to me, while I could handle a gun or row a boat equal to any man; and with such masculine proclivities I lived until my sixteenth June.

Perhaps my bringing up had something to do with my fallings, but you may judge for yourself.

My mother died when I was four years old, leaving three sons, two older and one younger than I. My father had too much good sense to invite any woman to become nurse and housekeeper to us, under the title of his second wife, so under the care of hirelings I grew up.

We did not live in the city, but in a beautiful town on the banks of the Hudson, and my father's business being in New York, he boarded there only coming home Saturday afternoons to spend Sunday.

His visits were hailed with delight by his children, as he always brought something in the way of toys, or a treat in the way of candies for us, and we would sit munching a sugar nurse, or a candied orange, as we listened to some of his marvellous adventures with breathless interest.

As I since arrived at years of discretion I am quite convinced my father's conduct was very elastic, or his imagination remarkably vivid.

Our nurse was as good a soul as ever lived, bless her; and gave us our way in everything she permitted me to ride a broomstick, climb trees, swing on the garden gate, and did not scold if I swung on behind a farmer's wagon, provided I did not soil my gown very much. I played ball, flew kites, boated, fenced, hunted, and went to school with my brothers.

I was sixteen when it was thought proper for my youngest brother to have a tutor, his health being too delicate to allow of his attending school, and Fred and Arthur were at Yale.

The coming of Professor Clifton was an event of great moment to John and me, and the first supper taken with him was painful in the extreme. John, who was always quiet, that evening was particularly so, and the stillness which reigned about the table was not broken until he rose to go out after supper.

"I blushed crimson at the prospect of a table-aleut; but finding no excuse for my blushing, I got up and ran off to the hall table, and started off."

"I have said I dreaded this table-aleut, and yet I was no coward, as I have already stated, but where is ever seen the masculine courage that would not quail at sixteen in the presence of a tutor of eight-and-twenty?"

However, my bashfulness soon vanished, and I conducted my companion through the flower garden, and thence to the boat-house. The moon, rising above the silver light upon the beautiful river, wooing me to sail upon its waters.

"Wouldn't you like to take a sail?" I asked.

"Yes," replied he, "but unfortunately I cannot row."

"I can!" cried I, with a proud toss of the head. "I always beat Arthur in a boat race, and he's a first-rate oarsman. You are not afraid?" seeing he did not follow as I advanced and loosed the skiff from her moorings.

"Why there's not a fellow in town that can outdo me. I have the advantage of the other girls about here; the gossamer has given me my head all my life, and now old Sun never dares to tighten the check-rein, and there's no one else to interfere."

I saw an amused twinkle in his eyes as he followed me into the boat, and we pushed off from shore. After a while I drew in the oars and let the boat float. Professor Clifton spoke at once.

"I know you are tired," said he. "I am ashamed to have a young lady row me a bag, Miss Maggie, you will return to me."

"Not I!" replied he, "as to your being ashamed, don't see that you have any occasion to be I dare say if you had lived by the water you'd have learned to row, wouldn't you, now?"

I rested my elbow on my knee, and supporting my chin on my hand, looked up at him curiously. He smiled as he answered.

"Yes, I dare say I would."

"Can you drive? And oh, don't you love hunting?" I asked hastily; and not waiting for his reply, I informed him of my skill in both directions, and ended by challenging him to a race on the following day.

"But I am no horseman," Miss Ross, he said, as soon as I would give him time to answer.

"How stupid! What can you do?" I asked rudely.

"I st upon returning home at once or we shall be overtaken by a storm. See! the moon is hidden and the clouds are

"Pshaw!" cried I, with no attempt

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at concealing my impatience. "I'm glad I am not a fair weather bird. And turning the boat toward the shore I rowed back in silence."

"Can I assist you?" he asked, jumping out and offering his hand.

"No, thanks," and bounding over the edge of the boat, I added, "I am one who helps herself."

He secured the chain, and we walked toward the house.

The acquaintance that opened thus ripened into a warm friendship, and my brother's tutor became the companion of my rambles, and, under my tuition, learned to row and hunt.

As last he took a vacation of six weeks, John almost made me angry by wishing he would double it, but I missed him very much.

"What is the matter, Maggie?" inquired my father, as I came down from my room equipped for church on the third Sunday of vacation looking pale and miserable, with eyelids red from crying. "Are you sick?"

"Yes, sir," I answered, "my head aches."

That was a dreadful story, unless folks hearts lodged in their heads. So father insisted on my remaining home. Accordingly, my head was bound up in vinegar, and I was nursed and petted all day. Thoroughly ashamed of myself, I went to bed, and came down in the morning quite myself again.

My father kissed me most affectionately at parting, and Mrs. Smythe promised to send for him if I seemed at all indisposed. Poor, dear father! I am glad he did not guess the truth. These weeks came to an end at last, and the professor was to return that day at eleven.

I did not feel that I could meet him down stairs with them all, so I hid myself behind the half-closed blinds of my own room, and peeping at him through the curtains as he walked up the avenue fanning himself with his broad brimmed hat, his linen duster hanging over his left arm, and his traveling satchel strapped across his shoulders, I thought I had never seen him look so handsome before.

OUR move, Mr. Stanley, and if you observe your queen is in danger.

"If I lose her, I may yet win another."

"Not at your rate of playing, sir. You would have to advance a pawn."

"ardon, Miss Cheswick, but do I play the game so badly? The loss is mine. I would play better if I could. Teach me how Miss Cheswick."

"I will guide you through this one move, but I fear you do not attend to my instructions. My bishop may be removed by your knight, which, however, is at once sacrificed to my rook, which commands that square. If I choose to take him."

"Thank you. I take your bishop, then, and offer you this knight emblem of myself."

"I am not obliged to take him."

"No, but I hope you will not reject him."

A short pause, while the dark, rich face of the young lady beamed suddenly over the glittering board of mother-of-pearl and pink cornelian, while the pallid, russet-bearded face of the gentleman quivers and waxes paler yet.

"Not obliged to take him," murmurs the lady again, her white hand hovering over the mimic field of war. "In fact, if I do you will win the game, in spite of all your bad play."

"Take him—pray, pray do!" almost whispers her admirer.

Miss Cheswick's hand descends on her rook, and twisting it undelicately, she lifts her eye with a look of surprise and admiration to Mr. Stanley.

"Are you so very anxious to win a game of chess?" she asks.

He looks at her silently. That "white flush," as the poet has aptly called it, is drifting over his countenance. In his eyes there is a look which no woman can misunderstand.

"This is but the emblem of another, he says at last, in a low, but intensely passionate tone.

The lady drops her eyes and ponders. Her gay smile has faded; there is a troubled frown faintly carved upon her smooth brow.

"We will consider this a drawn game," she says, very quietly; "and instead of playing another, I will, if you choose, tell you a story. It will amuse and— and instruct you."

Pale and hopeless, Mr. Stanley leans upon the shining chess-table with his eyes half-shut by his hand.

With a quick glance at his dejected attitude, and deepening of the troubled frown, the lady speaks.

"Have you ever been at Baden-Baden? But of course you have, who has not? Do you remember Die Lohb Felsen, and Das Alte Schloss, on the side of the hill, and how the road winds down into the valley through the Black Forest, with the lovely village lying beneath?"

"Some years ago I was spending a few months at Baden with my mother," she glances at her black garments with a heavy sigh, "who was ordered there to drink the waters. One afternoon we had driven up to the 'Alte Schloss,' and while my mother rested there I climbed up above to see the 'Hohb Felsen.' You know they are within ten minutes' walk of the castle, and I never dreamed of danger. However, it was imprudent. It was so early in the season that the forest was not swarming with tourists, and pleasure-parties—in fact, it seemed quite deserted."

"I sat down at the foot of one of the rocks and was soon lost in contemplation of the sublime view below. It was not long before I heard voices, and before I could rise, from the sort of niche which I had chosen, two rough-looking Frenchmen flung themselves upon the moss within six feet of me, and, all unaware of my presence, began to discuss a plot which caused me to tremble with horror."

"It appeared from their conversation that a certain baron was becoming celebrated in the Kursaal for his unprecedented run of luck at the gaming-tables—that, in fact, the bankers had that day entreated him to seek some other field wherein to pursue his success, as they were well-nigh ruined; that he was, in consequence, going to leave Baden-Baden, and should drive through the Black Forest on his way to Freiburg, starting at midnight."

"The plan of the two robbers—for to my terror I discovered them to be nothing else—was to waylay the baron's carriage near the 'Alte Schloss,' demand his money, and, if he resisted, to back the horses over the precipice, and descending after the wreck, help themselves to the plunder. It was not without much wrangling, however, that they finally agreed upon this splendid course of action, and meantime, I crouched in my nook, quaking lest they should discover me, while the sun sank low, and the music from the 'Conversationsbeza Gardens' stole upon the breeze, warning me that it was time for mother to be at the 'Trinkhalle' for her draught of water, and that she must even now be in a state of great disquietude concerning my long absence."

"I think I have told you that my mother died of heart-disease, and that for years before her death, our great aim was to preserve her from every mental shock. Imagine, then, my extreme anxiety to return to her, and to return safely."

"So urgent did this necessity become, that at length I rose, determined to slip away so softly that they should not perceive me. I had not gone many paces, however, until an angry exclamation from one of them warned me that I was discovered. I rushed down the path at the top of my speed, without looking behind, but I heard their heavy feet close on my heels, and knew that did they but lay a finger on me my life was gone."

"Scarcely had this last thought shaped itself in my mind, when my foot slipped, and I stumbled to my knees. The next moment I was in their hands."

"Spy!" hissed one, furiously; "who sent you here?"

"If I had had any presence of mind, I would have feigned ignorance of

French; but I began to explore their meery, and to explain how I happened to be alone on the 'Hohb Felsen.' "Throw her over the rocks, or mutilated one of the wretches, or she'll alarm the whole duchy before morning."

"They threw one of their cloaks over my head, and began to drag me back to the 'Alte Schloss,' despite my frenzied struggles. All at once there was a crashing among the fallen branches, and a soft, strong hand caught mine, a threatening voice cried out in English, my own blessed tongue:

"Unhand her, you villains! or I'll shoot you through the heads!"

In an instant I was in the grasp of the stranger, who whirled me behind him; and before I could tear the cloak from my head, the sharp report of a pistol told me that he was as good as dead. When I could see, I found them all engaged in a fierce melee, while my deliverer, a fair-haired young Englishman, cried, frantically:

"Fly, madame, to the Alte Schloss—fly!"

"You may be sure I obeyed him. In five minutes I had reached the old castle, and was telling a party of French tourists, who had just arrived, of the combat going on.

"My mother was wild with alarm. She had heard the report of the pistol, and marked with terror my pale face and disordered appearance. I calmed her as well as I could, saying, I had lost the path, and then I hurried her into the carriage, and we drove down to Baden-Baden in hot haste, lest news of my peril might reach her ears.

"That night I told my adventure to the councillor, and committed to his care a letter, expressing my gratitude to my brave deliverer, when he should make himself known."

"We left Baden-Baden the next morning in a telegram from home requiring our immediate presence there; and so I never met again the fair-haired Englishman. But he did a heroic thing, did he not?"

"He could scarcely do less, could he?" replied Mr. Stanley, with a deep red stain in each cheek.

Miss Cheswick marks the grudging praise, the flushed cheek and her face grows stern.

SONS OF ADAM.

Americans drink tea hot and wine cold. The Chinese drink tea cold and wine hot.

A child born in Washington county, N. Y., has been christened Christopher Columbus Cleveland Chase.

The receiving vault of a cemetery at Marion, N. Y., is used as a cooler for drunks and disorderlies.

Captain Whelen, who died in England from injuries received in falling from his balloon, had made 315 ascents in perfect safety.

A new kind of beer, made of the extract of rice, has a very peculiar effect. Sometimes a weak classer after drinking it before it causes any exhilaration; then its fuddling quality is unmistakably shown, and is said to be quite staggering.

Now that theyachtsmen are talking about royal spunkers it is apropos to remark that Emperor William is one. He frequently gives his oldest boy a thoroughly old-fashioned spanking by way of keeping down the youngster's impressions that he, too, is a war lord.

A cousin of Herbert Spencer lives in San Francisco and pursues the peaceful occupation of selling newspapers and stationery as a clerk in a little store. His name is Moira Spencer and he is seventy years old, but he has not yet read any of his famous cousin's books.

A professional man of Buffalo, who, for the past few months, has been paying \$31 a month for two rooms, which he had to furnish himself, recently discovered that his landlady paid only \$20 a month for the entire house. The landlady is now looking for another tenant.

Three tailors—an Englishman, Welshman and Irishman, were bragging of their attainments. Says the Englishman "Why, if a man happened to be walking on the other side of the street I could take his measure at a glance!" Says Taffy: "That's nothing. If I could see the tip of his shoulder coming around the corner I could measure him, look you!" Pat—Oh, by the Virgin! show us the corner he wint round and Old' d him!

THE TOLD ME AN OLD STORY.

He cast his eyes up at my window. I felt as if he saw me, and shrank back. I heard him enter, and presently heard him coming up to his room. I opened my door and went out, meeting him in the full light of the sun, that streamed down through the stained sky-light above.

"How do you do, professor?" I asked, extending my hand. "Glad to see you back again. Have you enjoyed your vacation?"

"Yes, thank you, very much; but I am truly glad to be at home with you again. I have missed you very much, Miss Maggie. I wish you could say the same to me."

"Oh, I can—I do," cried I, heartily, forgetting the little subterfuge which might have been more becoming than my frankness. At all events it would have been more feminine. "I thought the six weeks dreadfully long!" I blushed deeply as I felt his earnest gaze beat on me, and added hastily: "Have you had your lunch? some down, please, and I will give you a plate of delicious strawberries." And I hurried away to the dining-room, where he soon joined me.

The same evening I was sitting upon the wide steps of the piazza, with the old cat sleeping in my lap, and dreaming. In a few moments the professor came out whistling, and I joined in the tune, whistling shrilly.

"Ah, you here," Miss Maggie," he called, leaning down and seating himself beside me. "I am very glad to find you alone. I want to speak to you."

"Well, said I, as I pulled pussy's ears between my fingers carelessly. "I am ready. What do you want to say?"

Sitting there in the soft twilight, watching the stars peep forth one by one from out the gathering darkness, and dear old pussy purring her joy in tune with the quick puffs of my glad heart, he spoke. He told me an old story—one that every girl thinks her lover tells her, but so I won't say what he said; but when we parted for the night, he held me for an instant to his heart, called me his dear little Maggie as he kissed my eyes, my lips, my brow, for I had promised, if papa was willing, I would be his wife.

Papa was willing, and to-day I am the proud and happy Mrs. Clifton.

Dear papa made him his partner in business, and it is very well he did, for my husband's salary as tutor would have kept us out of the poor-house, all through my experimental housekeeping.

My hair is not so dark as it once was, nor my step so light, but my heart beats just as warmly at my husband's pleasant voice as it did eight-and-twenty years ago. I have not neglected to teach the accomplishment of my youth to my pretty daughters, but at their father's suggestion I have added that which was neglected in mine, and what I know will be useful to them in the future.

"I think you are right, dear old boy," I said, as I leaned over the table at which my husband sat writing, and took his hand. "Men will be men, and women, women, for all time, and, as you say, Alice and Grace are happier that they know some of the duties devolving on them as women. Oh, it is very well you came as you did, and meant to, I crouched in my nook, quaking lest they should discover me, while the sun sank low, and the music from the 'Conversationsbeza Gardens' stole upon the breeze, warning me that it was time for mother to be at the 'Trinkhalle' for her draught of water, and that she must even now be in a state of great disquietude concerning my long absence."

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"Are you so very anxious to win a game of chess?" she asks.

He looks at her silently. That "white flush," as the poet has aptly called it, is drifting over his countenance. In his eyes there is a look which no woman can misunderstand.

"This is but the emblem of another, he says at last, in a low, but intensely passionate tone.

The lady drops her eyes and ponders. Her gay smile has faded; there is a troubled frown faintly carved upon her smooth brow.

"We will consider this a drawn game," she says, very quietly; "and instead of playing another, I will, if you choose, tell you a story. It will amuse and— and instruct you."

Pale and hopeless, Mr. Stanley leans upon the shining chess-table with his eyes half-shut by his hand.

With a quick glance at his dejected attitude, and deepening of the troubled frown, the lady speaks.

"Have you ever been at Baden-Baden? But of course you have, who has not? Do you remember Die Lohb Felsen, and Das Alte Schloss, on the side of the hill, and how the road winds down into the valley through the Black Forest, with the lovely village lying beneath?"

"Some years ago I was spending a few months at Baden with my mother," she glances at her black garments with a heavy sigh, "who was ordered there to drink the waters. One afternoon we had driven up to the 'Alte Schloss,' and while my mother rested there I climbed up above to see the 'Hohb Felsen.' You know they are within ten minutes' walk of the castle, and I never dreamed of danger. However, it was imprudent. It was so early in the season that the forest was not swarming with tourists, and pleasure-parties—in fact, it seemed quite deserted."

"I sat down at the foot of one of the rocks and was soon lost in contemplation of the sublime view below. It was not long before I heard voices, and before I could rise, from the sort of niche which I had chosen, two rough-looking Frenchmen flung themselves upon the moss within six feet of me, and, all unaware of my presence, began to discuss a plot which caused me to tremble with horror."

"It appeared from their conversation that a certain baron was becoming celebrated in the Kursaal for his unprecedented run of luck at the gaming-tables—that, in fact, the bankers had that day entreated him to seek some other field wherein to pursue his success, as they were well-nigh ruined; that he was, in consequence, going to leave Baden-Baden, and should drive through the Black Forest on his way to Freiburg, starting at midnight."

"The plan of the two robbers—for to my terror I discovered them to be nothing else—was to waylay the baron's carriage near the 'Alte Schloss,' demand his money, and, if he resisted, to back the horses over the precipice, and descending after the wreck, help themselves to the plunder. It was not without much wrangling, however, that they finally agreed upon this splendid course of action, and meantime, I crouched in my nook, quaking lest they should discover me, while the sun sank low, and the music from the 'Conversationsbeza Gardens' stole upon the breeze, warning me that it was time for mother to be at the 'Trinkhalle' for her draught of water, and that she must even now be in a state of great disquietude concerning my long absence."

"I think I have told you that my mother died of heart-disease, and that for years before her death, our great aim was to preserve her from every mental shock. Imagine, then, my extreme anxiety to return to her, and to return safely."

"So urgent did this necessity become, that at length I rose, determined to slip away so softly that they should not perceive me. I had not gone many paces, however, until an angry exclamation from one of them warned me that I was discovered. I rushed down the path at the top of my speed, without looking behind, but I heard their heavy feet close on my heels, and knew that did they but lay a finger on me my life was gone."

"Scarcely had this last thought shaped itself in my mind, when my foot slipped, and I stumbled to my knees. The next moment I was in their hands."

"Spy!" hissed one, furiously; "who sent you here?"

"If I had had any presence of mind, I would have feigned ignorance of

French; but I began to explore their meery, and to explain how I happened to be alone on the 'Hohb Felsen.' "Throw her over the rocks, or mutilated one of the wretches, or she'll alarm the whole duchy before morning."

"They threw one of their cloaks over my head, and began to drag me back to the 'Alte Schloss,' despite my frenzied struggles. All at once there was a crashing among the fallen branches, and a soft, strong hand caught mine, a threatening voice cried out in English, my own blessed tongue:

"Unhand her, you villains! or I'll shoot you through the heads!"

In an instant I was in the grasp of the stranger, who whirled me behind him; and before I could tear the cloak from my head, the sharp report of a pistol told me that he was as good as dead. When I could see, I found them all engaged in a fierce melee, while my deliverer, a fair-haired young Englishman, cried, frantically:

"Fly, madame, to the Alte Schloss—fly!"

"You may be sure I obeyed him. In five minutes I had reached the old castle, and was telling a party of French tourists, who had just arrived, of the combat going on.

"My mother was wild with alarm. She had heard the report of the pistol, and marked with terror my pale face and disordered appearance. I calmed her as well as I could, saying, I had lost the path, and then I hurried her into the carriage, and we drove down to Baden-Baden in hot haste, lest news of my peril might reach her ears.

"That night I told my adventure to the councillor, and committed to his care a letter, expressing my gratitude to my brave deliverer, when he should make himself known."

"We left Baden-Baden the next morning in a telegram from home requiring our immediate presence there; and so I never met again the fair-haired Englishman. But he did a heroic thing, did he not?"

"He could scarcely do less, could he?" replied Mr. Stanley, with a deep red stain in each cheek.

Miss Cheswick marks the grudging praise, the flushed cheek and her face grows stern.

ODD PHASES OF LIFE.

A minister in his Sunday sermon attacked the local sheriff for falling to close the saloons. Reaching his climax about the sheriff's neglect, the minister cried, "Is he blind? Is he blind? Is he blind? A well-informed man in the audience could answer the triple interrogation. "The sheriff is only blind in one eye," he explained to the astonished preacher.

A unionist member of parliament who has been to Montenegro tells a story. Before his departure, he was entertained by the prince to a farewell banquet, which in its way was a very stately affair. The prince prides himself on his intimate knowledge of Englishmen and affairs, and in the course of the banquet he remarked that he had one great reproach to address to Mr. Gladstone. The member pricked up his ears, anticipating some difference on home rule. "Yes," proceeded the prince, "Mr. Gladstone has been long in office and he has done nothing to discover Jack the Bipper!"

A jolly couple from Virginia, visiting the Columbian exposition, brought up at the exhibit of jewelry in the French section. The husband had his interest taken by a magnificent cascade spray of diamonds. He looked at it intently for a few minutes, and then, turning to his wife, said: "Well, old girl, how would you like that?" His wife, who is pretty and young, was not there. But a real old "girl" was there just where his wife had been. His wife was around the corner, looking at something else. The "old girl" looked at him indignantly and started to tell him what she thought of his impertinence, when she caught his look of surprise and consternation. Her indignation changed to a smile, as she asked her pardon, and she said: "I don't mind telling you that I would like it very much."

WEDDINGS AND THE WEDDED.

In all countries more marriages take place in June than in any other month.

Engel considers that a child of ten years represents an outlay of \$400; a youth of fifteen \$700.

Seventeen children in less than ten years is the record made by Mrs. Ellsworth Miller of Cold Springs, N. Y.

The recent marriage in Philadelphia of a Mr. Tarr and Miss Feathers is said to form the most harmonious union of tar and feathers known to history.

According to a report by the French minister of finance 148,808 families in France have claimed exemption from certain taxes recently voted by the parliament on account of having seven or more children.

Miss Eleanor Munger of New Haven, who has recently married Philip P. Wells of Boston, wore at her marriage a gown 125 years old. It had been worn as a wedding dress by her mother and her grandmother.

A Bucks county, Pa., couple crossed the Delaware the other day to avail themselves of the easy marriage laws of New Jersey. The groom was Bartlett A. Downs and the bride Miss Elizabeth Ups, and their runaway wedding moved a rural post to sing:

In matrimony's happy state,
Through Cupid's smiles and frowns,
We find in life however straight,
There will be Ups and Downs.

From Ireland comes an account of a wedding where the bride was attended by no less than ten bridesmaids, nine of whom were her sisters. The earl and countess of Belmont have ten daughters, and the family spell that has bound them together was broken for the first time when, Lady Florence Lowry-Corry became the wife of Colonel Edger.

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