WHEN THE HEART BEATS RIGHT.

When the heart is beatin' right,
All the world is full o' light;
Sun by day and stars by night,
When the heart is beatin' right.

When the heart is beatin' right,
Storms bring only rainbows bright,
And the soldier wins the fight,
When the heart is beatin' right.

When the heart is beatin' right,
Roses blossom red and white;
Weakest souls are souls of might—
Earth a garden of delight,
When the heart is beatin' right.

Frank L. Stanton.

THE ACTOR'S DOUBLE.

"I do not think your experience was half so remarkable as one of mine," said Gilbert Dane, the well-known actor and manager of the Howard theatre, who happened to be at the Thirty-nine Club the other night, while Dr. MacPherson was relating a ghost story of a double. Dane is not a member of the Thirty-nine, but had come with MacPherson. Most of the brain specialist's friends are in the profession, a fact which is perhaps due to the year which he himself spent on the stage as a young man.

"My story begins prosaically," said the actor, when we begged to hear it. "I lost the latch-key with which I let myself into the theatre and took somebody else's to the locksmith's to have a duplicate made. I agreed to call for it the following morning, as I was going up to town for rehearsal. I was living at Putney then, and we were actively preparing a play which deserved a better fate than it received, if thought and preparation go for anything, for I came near making myself ill over it. I was feeling out of sorts on the morning that I called for the latch-key, and when the locksmith swore positively that he had given me the thing already—that less than ten minutes previously I had come in for the key, paid for it and taken it away with me, I will confess that I lost my temper and stormed at the fellow; but I could not get him to budge a line from his story. He seemed to have an idea that I was playing a practical joke, and the only result of my talking was that I nearly lost my train to Waterloo It was moving when I reached the platform, and I had to run for the only compartment of which the door was open near the end of the train.

"The compartment contained two other passengers, but if I glanced at them at all, I noticed nothing except that each was pretty well hidden behind a daily paper I had fortunately bought my own paper before calling at the locksmith's and I speedily followed their example.

"I had become rather interested in my paper and did not notice my companions talking, until one of them started telling an anecdote. Then it gradually dawned upon me that the story he was telling was one that I consider my own particular property, and when I listened it struck me that the story was being told, not only in my exact words, but also in my own voice. They say that a man does not recognize his own voice—when he hears it in the phonograph, for instance—but that is possibly the fault of the phonograph, and, at any rate, I know that I recognized mine instantly.

"The story and the voice startled me but it is difficult to describe my feelings when I put down my paper to glance at the narrator."

"It was yourself?" asked Major Dennett, excitedly, as the other actor paused, and Dane nodded.

"Yes, gentlemen, I saw seated at the other end of the compartment by the window, opposite his companion, a figure that was an exact fac simile of the reflection which I see in my glass every day when I have dressed for the part of a respectable citizen. It was myself, complete in every detail of face and attire."

"An optical delusion, I suppose?" I suggested; and the actor shook his head.

"No; that was the first idea that occurred to me—that I had been working and worrying too much over the new play and my brain had played me a trick. The unconcerned way in which the third man glanced at me encouraged me in the belief, for the likeness, unless I was imagining it, was enough to attract instant attention. I wondered whether there was actually a man sitting and talking where I saw and heard my fac simile, for the third man, an every day individual, had not spoken a word to him, and might, from his expression, have been listening to his anecdote or simply thinking. I was relieved when he laughed at the point when 'my double,' as I began to call his companion, came to the joke of the story, but when he opened his mouth it was only to increase the mystery of the affair, for it showed me that 'my double' possessed my name, as well as my voice, my dress, my face and figure.

"I began to wonder, then, not whether the man at the window was a reality, but whether I was a reality myself, and it really would not have surprised me if I had looked in a mirror at that moment and found it reflect back a face that was strange to me. It is strange how quickly a single phenomenon will sometimes change all one's fixed opinions on the subject of the supernatural. I felt that I must speak to the men if only to prove whether I was awake or dreaming, and I seized the opportunity of introducing myself offered by hearing 'my double' called by my name.

"'Excuse me, I said, addressing him, 'but I heard your friend just now call you Mr. Dane.' I wonder whether we are related at all, for that happens to be my name and we seem to bear a striking similiarity to one another.'

"'My double' turned and surveyed me through his single eyeglass in exactly the same manner as that which I should have surveyed a stranger who addressed me in the train.

"'I really do not know whether we are related,' he said, in a voice I use when I want to be slightly patronizing. 'I am Gilbert Dane, of the Howard theatre,' and he actually handed me one of my own cards.

"There was something in the substantial nature of the familiar bit of pasteboard that brought back a little of my common sense and relieved me from the state of stupefaction into which the phenomenon had driven me.

"'Come, this is a very clever trick,' I said, with a smile which I am afraid, was rather feeble. 'You have certainly succeeded in startling me. Now I should like your own card, so that I may know whom to congratulate on a very clever performance.'"

"And what did the mystery do?" I inquired, with interest, when the actor paused.

"He did exactly what I should have done if a stranger addressed me in the same manner. He became angry and asked me what I meant and who I called myself.

"Well, until to-day I have been in the habit of calling myself Gilbert Dane, of the Howard theatre, ——,' I was beginning, keeping as cool as I could, when 'my double' interrupted me in a tone which I still recognized perfectly as my own.

"'Well, you had better not do so any more,' he said, sharply, 'or you will find yourself in the hands of the police. I see that you have been imitating my dress, too, which I cannot help, but the use of my name is another thing.'

"We had just reached Vauxhall, our first stopping place, as he spoke, and a ticket collector who knows me by sight, came to the door. 'My double' caught his eye first.

"'I wish you would tell this gentleman who I am,' he said, and the man answered promptly.

"Certainly, sir; you are Mr. Dane, the actor."

"He looked startled when I asked him the same question.

"'I should call you a very good imitation,' he said, when he had recovered from his surprise.

"This was becoming decidedly uncomfortable, and I began to wonder how I could prove to anybody that I was not a very good imitation of myself. The ticket collector's ready acceptance of 'my double' as the real 'Mr. Dane' showed me how helpless I should be in an appeal to any one who did not know me well. But I felt that it would not do for two Gilbert Danes to remain at large; the question which one surrenders the title must be settled at once. It struck me that the easiest way to do it would be to go together to the theatre and submit the question to the company assembled for the rehearsal. I suggested this course to my fac simile and he surprised me by accepting it readily.

"You may not believe it, but I felt really uneasy as I approached the stage door, and the fact that I had no latch-key to open it for myself seemed a calamity. My double calmly produced his and marched me into my own theatre with the air of a proprietor. Then he closed the door behind him and, changing his voice and manner, suddenly turned toward me and said quietly: "And now, Mr. Dane, I will puzzle you no more, but apologize for giving you so much trouble, which I hope you will think repaid by the enjoyment of a unique sensation. The fact is that I am very anxious to go on the stage under your auspices, and I thought that this would be the best way to obtain an introduction to you and, at the same time, show you a specimen of my acting in the part of your understudy. You will admit at least that I understand the art of making up. Now, are you going to give me an engagement—or send for the police?'

"And you gave him the engagement, I suppose?" I asked.

"Yes; I have always regretted that he threw it up before the year was over, and returned to his former profession, that of a medical man."

"It was he of course that called for the latch-key in the morning?"

"Yes; he had been in the shop when I ordered it, and the fact finally determined him to carry out the affair, which he had been pondering some time."

"But he must have haunted you like a shadow beforehand," put in Major Dennett, "to learn all your gestures and that. I should hardly think the result was worth the trouble."

MacPherson, who had been quietly sitting in the background, surprised us by replying for his friend.

"Excuse me, Major," he said, in his usual quiet way, "you make a mistake there. Any man would have been glad to give £100 pounds down for the engagement which Dane offered me straight away. It cost me less than £10 for clothes and about a month of study; and my time was not worth £90 a month then, or I should not have thought of giving up medicine and taking to the stage.—Herbert Flowerdew in Pall Mall Gazette.

A Strange Wooing.

Mortimer Mempes, while travelling in the east in search of subjects, came upon a curious form of courtship. Sketching one day in Burmah, he noticed a man a little distance off glaring fiercely straight ahead of him at some object he could not see from his position. The man sat with the same fixed gaze the whole afternoon, and was there again the next morning. Mr. Mempes had the curiosity to ask an English visitor what it meant. The reply was: "Oh, he is in love." It was explained that this was their method of courtship. The object of this man's attentive gaze was a girl in a neighboring bazaar. When a man falls in love he has to seat himself at a certain distance from his adored one and wait for her to do the rest. If she looks in his direction once or twice on the first or second day he is mildly encouraged, and if on the third day she nods at him and smiles it is time to go to the parents with reference to the marriage settlement.—Chicago Journal.

Woman and Music.

Rubenstein said about women at the piano: There is no question but there are twenty musical women to one musical man, and they study more, have more pose, and acquire quicker than men. But what is the result? When a young lady has become a finished artist some handsome moustache crosses her path, and she prefers the moustache to art.

Serious Matter.

"I got off a good one just now said the janitor of the apartment building as the bell of the church around the corner stopped ringing. "I said this was a wicked elevator, because it broke every Sunday."

"There's no joke about that!" panted the man who had just climbed eight flights of stairs.—Chicago Tribune.

OUR FASHION LETTER

STAYS ARE MILITARY, BUT LINGERIE MUST BE YIELDING.

The Straight Front Corset Actually Calls For an Increased Waist Measurement—New Corsets Made With the Idea That They Help to Stand Up.

Actual measurement of the waist which wears a straight-front corset shows it to be at least two inches larger than the same waist incased in stays which curve in at the belt line. Corsets are numbered as formerly, however, so the shock of the fact does not come until the woman in her new stays wishes to have herself fitted with belts to wear over her dresses. In the main the belt-makers keep to former measurements. Thus, a belt intended for a twenty three inch waist shows the first eyelet at twenty-three inches. But the stay-maker known that a twenty-three inch waist of a few seasons past now needs a circlet which extends along the yardstick two inches further.

The nature of each woman comes out when she stumbles upon this curious resules of following the fashion. In one breast there is panic and a desperate intention to do something to restore the old measures immediately. But the least reflection shows that there is literally nothing which can be done to increase the belt size so long as one would remain in fashion. Tighter stays than are necessary simply give a look of being pinched at the waist.

Other women are merely amused by the fact of increased waist measure and the tactful ignorance of it by the makers of these important garments. In the words of one of the women: "For some time glovers and shoemakers have had to give to us larger shoes and gloves for the same old sizes; why should not our waists expand, too? Women certainly are growing larger, but our eyes admit the fact long before our minds do."

One result of the general acceptance of the straight-front corset is the enormous increase in the work of satisfying individual customers. Every shop of any pretension has its series of new fitting rooms, and in most cases corsets selling for a dollar or over may be tried on there. The attention which a woman receives during this operation is based upon what she pays—so much cost, so much opinion. A cheap stay evokes only the conclusions of the saleswoman, who may or may not know anything about fitting. Perhaps she has been called in to help during the unprecedented demands upon the attendants at the corset counter.

A corset selling for from three dollars up is worthy the critical glance only of the head of the department. The saleswoman puts the stay onto the patron, then she excuses herself to find madame who is the manager of this department, usually a middle-aged woman with many years' experience.

She frequently is autocratic with the saleswoman, who has to pick up most of her experience from daily examples of what is and what is not right. At one popular shop two young girls are busy continually lacing corsets which have been selected for trying on. Actual charges for services in fitting are made only when changes must be undertaken in the body of the corset. These vary from fifty cents to almost anything. Madame's time is too valuable for much consultation with a patron unless she means to spend twelve dollars or more for her purchase.

"Who are your most troublesome customers?" The question was put to the head of a corset department. The reply was given without hesitation. "Women who have bought one or two pair of stays in Paris. You cannot tell them anything to their advantage. Paris corsets have a reputation which they seem likely to enjoy for a long time yet. They do not deserve it altogether. For while it is true that nearly all the best ideas about stays originate in Paris, it is true, too, that there are as bad stays made there as anywhere else in the world.

"Well, no," laughingly. "Not as mad as they are made in England. All the best low-priced corsets are of American make now. This is because the American manufactures have adopted good French models, and they make them in such enormous quantities that they can afford to sell them for much less than the same corset imported, would bring. But no fingers can make these things as well as the French, if a woman can afford to pay a good price for them, $18 to $20.

"We have no trouble with women who have bought many pairs of French stays, because such women have learned in what respect they are superior. Indeed, they are the first to appreciate the clever work of American makers who have adopted the French styles."

All of the new corsets are made with the idea that they help women to stand erectly. The words "straight" and "front" enter into the naming of most of them. The majority are commended by the salespeople as giving a military effect.

"The 'lily' and 'daisy' corsets are completely out of style," said an attendant. There is considerable freedom in the new stays, because they are so short above the waistline, but there must not be anything above them which suggests drooping.

"There are more than fifty-seven kinds of good corsets, but not all are good for the same figure. Unless one has her stays made to order she should try on several pairs which she thinks will do, and from them make a selection. The receipe for the right sort of stay is: 'Short and curving in the bust, long and close over the hips, straight front and laced in the back with three strings.'"

Summer stays are made on precisely the same lines as winter ones, but lighter weight materials are used, not in boning and steeling, usually, but for the cloth cover. India linen, French batiste and a fine self-colored polka-dotted chambray are high-class materials. The net corsets which sell at a dollar have a good sale if the weather is excessively warm. But they cannot be made to keep their shape long.

"Corsets never were so much worn as at the present time; women do not discard them with their negligees, for fear of becoming too large at the hips. But corsets never were worn so sensibly," said the woman at the head. "There is only one possibly bad thing about them, and that is the fashion of fastening the stocking supporters to the front of the stay too tightly. If two sets of supporters are used, one rather tightly at the hips, the other fastened lightly to the front steel, there will be no harmful result. The nearest approach to a negligee which women permit themselves with their tea gowns is the girdle made from ribbon, with front and back steels and side bones."

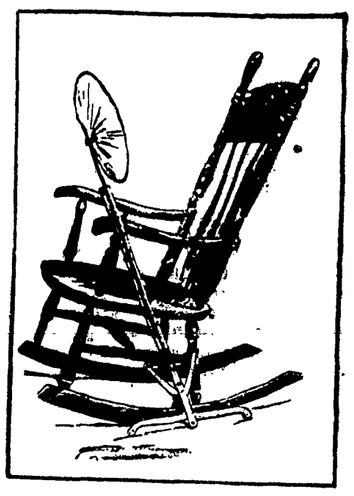
The most extravagant of the new stays show real lace used for finishing the corsage line.

There is little change between the making of summer and winter styles of lingerie. Novelties in night robes possibly are the exception. Certain of these have low or lower necks, short sleeves or none at all.

Angel sleeves are a feature of a novel soft linen robe which is delightfully becoming to a tall figure. The front of the garment is made in surplice fashion, the decoration being fine French embroidery. The ribbons are two bows of two-inch blue wash ribbon, and none is run through beadings. There is a puff at the top of the sleeve, and there are some close shirrings half the depth of the upper arm. Then comes the fall of material which is known as an angel sleeve. It is dependent for its charm upon the softness of the material, which must be absolutely innocent of starch throughout its period of use as an angel sleeve.

There is apparently no limit to the Yankee's ingenuity in the invention of useful and labor-saving devices. Among the latest useful novelties is one which will commend itself to all, now that warm weather is here, and the question of how to keep cool is so important—a simple and perfect fan attachment for rocking chairs.

This appliance (the invention of a greatgrandson of the patentee of the common bucket and tub) is fastened quickly and neatly to an ordinary rocking chair, and the natural motion



of the chair without any additional effort of the occupant gives a most delightful breeze.

To the invalid this certainly will be a great boon, and so far no legislation has been enacted which will prohibit the rest of sweltering humanity from sharing its delights. Mosquitoes and flies now have no chance to ply their favorite vocations, and one now can sew, read or rock baby to sleep without any of the heretofore attendant discomforts of "ninety in the shade."

The Recamier nightgown is an indulgence of certain folk who go in for artistic raiment. It is made of white india silk, with tiny puffs at the shoulders for sleeves, a low, rounded neck, short waist line and long sweeping skirt, not a speck of ribbon is used to belittle the classical lines of the Recaimier gown, which is worn happily by a woman who not only is artistic, but rounded, and these qualities do not always go together.

Perhaps the greatest advantage which the plump sisters find is in a little French model, which is low in the neck. The fullness of the body of the gown is gathered at the neck into a puffed band an inch wide. Through this a ribbon of something more than an inch width is run, and tied in front. The elbow sleeves are finished in the same fashion, with a puffed band and upon the use of a sheer material, through which the runnings of ribbon show as pink hints rather than certainties. There is not a scrap of lace upon it. Pink is used for ribbon on this style of robe oftener than is any other color.

THE ROSE SHE GAVE.

This—the rose she gave to me,
With its crimson tips;
Red—as any should be,
Having touched her lips.
And with something of her grace,
And the beauty of her face.

This—the rose she gave to me,
Bloomed where south winds stir;
Hid its honey from the bee
For the lips of her!
Through long days disquieted
For those tips to kiss red!

This—the rose she gave to me;
Never rose so sweet!
Here the heart of springtime see—
Lean, and hear it beat!
Life, and all its melody
In the rose she gave to me!

—Atlantic Monthly.

IN BROAD DAYLIGHT.

On Sunday, April 30, the Odeon gave a classical matinee at 1 o'clock; that is to say, 1 o'clock "pour le quart." Do not forget the fact that in the theatre everything is false, even to the time of day it is.

Fanny Peres, that irretrievable coquette, had awakened very late, and was in a frightful humor. Yesterday evening she had had but one "call" in the new piece, the first night of which had run anything but smoothly. Her fiance, Solomon Cerf, the stock broker, who was not prodigal in his entertaining, had insisted upon having three of his business friends to supper with them, and their conversation throughout the meal had turned upon a good speculation in the Rio-Tinto stock. They had lingered a long time over the cold meats and Russian salads, and the poor girl (she was no longer young, by the way; she admitted to thirty; read it; thirty-three, "pour le quart") and retired at an unreasonable hour.

This afternoon the first piece was "Les Fausses Confidences," in which she played the part of Araminta. Mariette, the maid, had guessed by the irritable manner in which the bell was rung that it was one of Madame's bad days, and she hastened to bring the chocolate and morning journals. While breakfasting in bed Fanny ran over the criticisms of the play. She was barely mentioned—two or three times in the same breath with others who had only played minor parts; there was not even a special mention made of her. And the piece was horribly cut up. It was anything but pleasant.

Ding, ding, the clock was chiming the half after 11! Fanny must be at the theatre at noon, the very latest, in order to have time to "make up." "Mariette! Mariette!" and Madame dressed in a hurry, snubbing the lady's maid unmercifully.

She is ready to set out at last. She is pretty, but pale! A yellowish tinge overspreads her drawn features, tired with the nervous exhaustion of a bad night. Fanny, without noticing the radiant sun and the bright sky, throws herself into the cab, wraps herself in her furs, and after a few moments' ride (excellent; it is only five minutes after 12) she reaches the theatre, slowly climbs the staircase and enters her dressing room, where the hairdresser awaits her, her powdered wig in his hand.

"Bonjour, Mme. Fanny."

"Bonjour, Auguste; but we must hurry!"

The actress disappears for a moment behind a screen, takes off her street gown and dons a wrapper. Finally she seats herself before a mirror, between two feebly whistling gas jets.

Due, how homely she looks this morning! Happily, there are unguents and cosmetics scattered over the toilet table. Cold cream, rice powder, white cream, vegetable red, veloutine, nothing is wanting. A whole arsenal of temporary beauty is spread before her. Mechanically, the actress commences her skillful "make-up." She opens the pots, boxes and bottles, like one to the manner born; fills some little cups, wets the sponge, bathes her face and her neck; manoeuvres the hare's brush, pencils her eyebrows; and toc! toc! two strkes of a blue pencil under her eyes, and "my arms, which I came near forgetting;" and yet again, a little more black on the lids, a dash of red on the nails and tips of the ears. She embellishes and transfigures herself in full view, the comedienne! Her glance is humid and luminous now! Her smile discloses lips, like half opened pomegranates.

"Quickly, Leontine—my dress!"

The dresser approached, holding a beautiful stage dress at arm's length, a rose satin gown, covered with furbelows. Fanny rose and dropped her wrapper. She slid into the tendered dress, as a circus rider goes through the hoop, and there she stood, in less than half an hour, dressed, coiffured, powdered, sparkling in the pompous grace and style of her old-time costume.

Her gayety has returned to her. This matinee, this representation, before the bourgeoisie; the strangers in town, who would eagerly scan the playbill, and the whole families crowded in the boxes, no longer appeared such an arduous task, as it did a few moments ago. On the contrary, Fanny was delighted at the idea of playing the role of Araminta once more, in which she knew she was good and a perfect success. And the Saint-Cyriens in the orchestra chairs, holding their shakos with white and red plumes, on their knees, would applaud so vehemently that they would endanger the palms of their gloves; and they would all dream of her to-night in the college dormitories. And, as she dreamed, her mind reverted to the third scene, and proud of her beauty of an hour, the actress smiled at the delicious pastel reproduced in the mirror before her.

It is finished! The dresser knelt as she fastened the last pin. The hairdresser had placed a rose in the powdered wig. Fanny is ready, and, as triumphant as a sub-lieutenant in full dress on a parade day she descends toward the stage, her train over her arm, her fan in her hand, by the labyrinth of dark and winding stairs.

But the drawling voice of the call boy had not yet sung through the shadowy ways: "They—are—going—to—commence." Fanny, as usual, was ahead of time.

"No one has come down yet, ma belle," said Bonamy, the old comic actor, whom she met in one of the corridors.

And the actress waiting for the rising of the curtain, entered the green room. But in the doorway she paused, dazzled.

By the open window the sun poured in and inundated the immense room with a flood of golden brightness. It was springtime. Splendid, divine spring, which had just burst over the earth that morning. How blue the sky was! How clear! And how soft the first breath of the new season, tiny, barely warm and as pure as an infant's breath! Yesterday the weather had been gray and damp, the pedestrians under their umbrellas had paddled about in the mud. But during the night all that had changed as if by magic. It was April. And all the world was outdoors, in new Sunday clothes, the outside of the omnibuses were full and the crowd was pressing around the Luxembourg gate. For this old garden is adorable, with its flowering lilacs, its birds wild with joy, its old trees, newly burst forth to-day in a tender, delicate green, so sweet, so welcome, that it brings tears to your eyes. Oh, divine morning! The end of winter! The mute witness of the bounty of God!

Before this burst of sunshine the actress, whose love for country pleasures was not of the strongest, reflected bitterly:

"With such weather as this we are going to play to empty benches. I will wager that there are not 1,200 in the house."

Then wishing to assure herself that her costume was becoming, she looked into one of the long green room mirrors, in which she could see herself from head to foot; she recoiled with a gesture of stupefaction, almost of horror. The sun is conqueror of all the powders and pomades, and in this clear, bright daylight and sunshine she was hideous. What! Could this dressed up doll, painted like a picture, this waxen head, plastered with grease and pomades, be her? This faded dress, this pile of powdered hair on top of her head, this pastry cook's nose, this mass of glass trinkets, suitable for a negro king or a clown, constitute her beautiful costume? No. Say, rather, it was a hideous masquerade!

As I said, Fanny was not very impressionable. When one has knocked about the theatre for fifteen years, one is hardened to any very fine sensibilities. Is not that true? But, really, the contrast between this delicious April morning and the phantom, faded and laden with tinsel, which Fanny saw reflected in the mirror, was too cruel? For the first time in her life she felt a confused sense of shame at her personality and her profession. Was it possible that she was faded and used up to such an extent, in the shadow and dust of the wings? And in a few moments, notwithstanding this joyous sun, she must go on the stage, into that illuminated cave, must recommence her grimaces, feign complicated sentiments and speak a literary language, which was almost incomprehensible to her; she must, in a word, ply her trade, that of a monkey or a parrot. Spring! Ah, yes! but that was no longer existed for her.

She allowed herself to drift into a very bitter retrospective revery. She saw herself at home—her father a bookbinder in good business. Then her mother took her to the conservatory. They had a neighbor, a blonde, who was not displeasing to her and by whom she knew she was beloved. He was employed in one of the public offices, and if she had only renounced the stage, he would have gladly married her. Her father knew of his intentions and was willing they should marry. But her mother was ambitious and Mr. Regnier had affirmed that she would carry away the first prize in comedy. If she had been sensible, she would to-day have been the wife of some worthy man, at the head of a department, and, in this bright sunlight, on her husband's arm, she would have been walking like the couple she had just seen enter the Luxembourg Gardens, preceded by two young collegians. But, she was condemned forever to her enervating and artificial life. And, not altogether certain of renewing her engagement either. What a dreary future! And, perhaps, she would be obliged to play in traveling companies, growing old thus and one day sinking to the post of duenna.

Just then old Bonamy—he was to play Dubois in "Les Fausses Confidences," and in his costume of Marguis he really looked like a jack-in-the-box of mi-Careme—came into the green room, looking into the mirror in his turn and in a cynical, familiar manner said:

"My dear Fanny, you are always beautiful. But there is no use in denying it, we are not good to look at in the broad daylight."

The poor comedienne wanted to cry, but the call-boy's voice was heard in the passageway: "First act. They—are—going—to—commence!" And Fanny was forced to keep back her tears on account of her make-up.—Translated by Belle M. Sherman.

Witchcraft in Roumania.

At Bucharest the trial has taken place of two boys aged six and fourteen respectively, who confessed to having deliberately drowned a child two years old. They declared that the long drought and total lack of rain had to be put a stop to by—magic. This extraordinary defense is explained, our Vienna correspondent says, by an old custom of the country by which rain is attracted by magic. The children of the villages in times of great drought are made to throw a miniature of a child into the water. The boys drowned the child merely because they had no clay figure. The elder was sentenced to two years imprisonment, the younger was left to his mother's chastisement.—London Daily News.

A Difficult Determination.

A man accused of arson admitted his guilt to one of the jurors on a train—the other eleven being fortunately for him his friends—and promised him $5,000 to secure a verdict in the second degree.

"Well," he said to the foreman when the jury had come in with a verdict in the second degree, "you have a hard time breaking around."

"Indade an' it's the [illegible] weary [illegible] of the [illegible] this other [illegible] got [illegible]