

A PREHISTORIC LEGEND.

BY PERTINAX.

Upon this plain, where rich Chicago stands
And rears aloft her palaces of trade,
The unbred savage ruled the virgin land,
Hunted the deer and wooed the dusky maid.
Then Wahneke was Chief of all the bands
That wandered on the hillside and the glade.
A mighty people were the Illinois then;
Wahneke was Chief of fifty thousand men.

He reared his lodge down by the mighty lake,
Whose placid waters change not with the years.
The young men of his tribe he oft would take
And school them how to hide their hopes and fears.
And he loved glory, not for glory's sake,
But that it sounded well in other ears.
But that he had led his tribe against the Sioux,
Surprised these wily foes, and whipped them,
too.

Wahneke, on many a field had shown his
might,
Well was he skilled in Indian ways,
To cunning march and then as boldly fight.
No one was like him in those early days,
Whether in council, passions to incite,
Or upon Angler's omens he did gaze.
He was a Chief, the mightiest in the land,
Born to the purple, and bred to command.

He lived his time, and then Wahneke died,
The Chieftain grand, the grandest of his race.
His warriors grieved, his wife and children
cried.
Then with the earth they covered up his face.
To happy hunting grounds Wahneke hid,
And a new Chief was chosen in his place.
The entire tribe has passed away from earth
And left no record of its death or birth.

LUCIA'S DUTY.

BY CATHARINE CHILDAE.

"You do not love me, Lucia!"

The speaker was a tall, good-looking
young fellow, dressed in the picturesque costume
of the shepherds of the Albano Mountains,
but his handsome features were spoiled
by an expression of petulant ill-humor.

The girl whom he addressed as Lucia
sighed deeply, but she did not raise her
eyes nor make any answer.

"Is this your last word?" continued the
young man. "You mean to say you prefer
that wretched foundling—that miserable,
nameless cripple, to me?"

"See here, Enrico; what you ask me is
impossible! How can I turn out of doors a
helpless child of six years old? Who is to
feed him? Who is to take care of him?"

"But we are poor people. Why are we
to keep a stranger's child?"

Lucia lifted her head eagerly; the "we"
sounded encouraging.

"Dear Enrico, you shall have no expense.
He shall not cost you a farthing. The
English signora who taught me to knit has
promised to buy all I do. I shall earn a
good deal, I am sure. See, I have already
begun a stocking, and the work goes on—
goes on; whether I watch the goats, or the
soup upon the fire, I knit and knit. Look,
how fast it goes!" and Lucia made the
steel needles glitter in the sunlight.

"Bah! That is nonsense, and the Eng-
lish lady will very likely never come again.
Those foreigners are not to be relied on.
Besides, when we are married you will have
more to do. There will be my clothes to
see to, and why are you to be saddled with
a foundling? He is no relation of yours."

"True, but he is almost like a brother.
Did not my dear mother find him lost
among the hills four years ago? Did she
not take care of him as if he were her own?
Has he not always shared our food and our
home? And now that she is dead—she that
was his best friend, always patient when I
was angry, always gentle when I was se-
vere—now, before she has lain a month in
her cold grave, I am to turn out the poor
child she rescued from death? No, Enrico,
such a thing is not possible. As for
loving you, ah! you know—!" Here the
poor girl's voice broke, and she said no
more.

But Enrico did not seem convinced either
by her glowing words or her silent tears.
He made no attempt to console her; he
stood there frowning, and kicking the loose
stones of the road, looking just what he
was, a bad-tempered, selfish fellow. He
had been brought up with Lucia, and had
loved her after his own fashion ever since
they were children—that is to say, he had
tyrannized over her himself, but had fought
her battles with others—and Lucia had re-
paid his championship with the deepest
love and admiration of her little heart.

Enrico had taken to spending his winters
in Rome, picking up what he could get as a
model, and returning to his native moun-
tains during the summer months. His af-
fection for Lucia had become a habit,
though, as she was poor, he looked upon
himself as a very magnanimous young fel-
low for offering to marry her, considering
how many girls were fascinated by his per-
son and manners. But as to the cripple,
the little orphan that Lucia's mother had
been silly enough to adopt, that was quite
another matter. He wasn't going to be
saddled with him, a useless creature, that
could never be turned to account.

Just then the poor child who was the
cause of the lovers' estrangement came hop-
ping and wriggling toward them. One leg
dangled, perfectly useless, but he had a
crutch, and by means of this and his un-
injured leg he managed to get over the
ground tolerably fast. Enrico saw the child
coming, but took no notice; he only kicked
the stones more viciously than before.

"Take care, Enrico!" cried Lucia, anx-
iously; "you very nearly hit his head."
She spoke too late. Enrico had sent a
sharp flint full into the little cripple's face.
It struck his lip and made him cry. With-
out a word of regret or farewell, Enrico
turned on his heels and strode quickly
away.

The two creatures he had wounded so
cruelly wept in each other's arms. Little
Pipino's face was cut, and the smart was
hard to bear, but what was that compared
to the pain in the true and loyal heart of
Lucia?

"Do not cry," whispered Pipino, forget-
ful of his own hurt, and stroking Lucia's
face with his small, thin hands, "do not
cry. He is a bad man. When I grow big
and strong I will kill him!"

"No, dear little one, you must not say
such things. It is very wicked to be re-
vengeful. Enrico did not mean to hurt
you."

"Yes, he did. He told me yesterday he
should like to wring my neck. He would
have boxed my ears too, if Nicolo Prato
had not come up just in time. Enrico is a
coward; he ran away when he saw Nicolo."
"Hush, Pipino!" said Lucia, angrily.
"Little boys know nothing about men.
Nicolo Prato can box people's ears too, I
dare say."

"Ah, but not ours," said Pipino, with
such a comic expression that Lucia could
not help smiling and blushing. She knew
very well why big, rough Nicolo Prato was
so kind to the little cripple, but she tried to
pretend ignorance.

"Come, come," she said, when she had
washed Pipino's face and dressed his

wound, "a plate of soup, and then off to
bed."

"I don't want any soup. Nicolo gave me
some, and I took it all, because I knew
there would be more for you."

"That was very naughty of you! You are
never to do so again—do you hear?"

The child made no answer. He took his
reproof with an air of tolerant superiority,
and walked off to his primitive couch.

He was soon asleep, but Lucia lay awake
all night. Her love for Enrico was deep
and sincere, and now an end had come—an
end to all her fond hopes and bright plans
for the future.

Enrico had never been a model character
by any means, but his winter in Rome had
made him worse. He had come back more
idle, more selfish, more careless than ever;
before that he had never talked of turning
poor Pipino adrift. It was a night of sor-
row and tears for Lucia, but she adhered
firmly to her purpose. It was a cruel, un-
just thing that Enrico wished her to do, and
great as was her love for him, she
dared not yield.

The autumn days drew on. Visitors were
flocking to Italy. Without a word of fare-
well to Lucia, Enrico left Genzano and
went down to Rome.

It was a long dreary winter. People
never remembered so much snow. There
was much distress about, and Lucia, in
spite of her hard work and her constant
knitting, began to despair. The English
lady had never come back, and it was diffi-
cult to find food for herself and Pipino.
But Nicolo Prato never forsook them. He
was always bringing small presents, osten-
sibly for Pipino, and Lucia could not be
ungracious to the child's benefactor. She
recollected with shame and regret how
often she had laughed at the big, rough
peasant—how she had encouraged Enrico
to make fun of his awkward ways, and how
she had mimicked his bashful speech. And
now he was the only friend who stood be-
tween her and starvation.

News sometimes came of Enrico. It was
a cold winter, and Rome was crowded with
strangers; the models were "coining money,"
so Enrico sent word. But never a message
for her; she was nothing to him now. She
had only the tiny, clinging hands of the
cripple to caress her, and his baby talk to
give comfort for the future. And while
she sat and grieved in silence, Nicolo, the
warm-hearted, awkward peasant, stood
timidly aloof, longing, but not daring, to
cast his love and devotion at her feet.

One evening Pipino was later than usual.
Lucia grew alarmed. What could have
happened to the child? The twilight grew
deeper, still Pipino did not appear.

Suddenly a firm, heavy tread was heard,
and Nicolo stood in the doorway.

"What is it?" cried Lucia. "Where is
the child?"

"Don't be alarmed," said Nicolo, stand-
ing awkwardly on the doorstep, uncertain
whether to retreat or advance. "He is at
my house—"

"Your house? Why? Has anything hap-
pened?"

"It is nothing serious. His crutch slipped
upon a stone; I carried him home."

"But why did you not bring him here?"

It was too dark for her to see the flush
of embarrassment which spread over the hon-
est fellow's face as he stammered his reply:

"It was so much farther—my house is
bigger—he thought—I thought—"

"Whatever you thought, it was foolish,"
cried Lucia, stamping her foot impatiently.

"If the child is in your house, how can I
go and nurse him?"

"Ah, Signorina Lucia!" sighed Nicolo,
and then he was silent. Lucia grew em-
barrassed in her turn—neither spoke for a
few seconds.

"This is folly," exclaimed Lucia. "Why
are we wasting time while the child is
suffering? I must go and fetch him here."

Nicolo felt it was now or never. He
stepped further into the room and seized
her two hands eagerly. Lucia was too
amazed to utter a word.

"Yes, Lucia," he said, "let us go; but if
you come to my house, you must never
leave it again. I want you there—to stay
with me always—so does Pipino. I will
work for you both. I am strong. I can
earn enough for us all. You will not mind
my mother living with us. She loves you
already, and she is not old; she is no
trouble. You can mind the house together."

Lucia was so bewildered by this avalanche
of words that she could not speak. The
shy, bashful Nicolo, emboldened by her
silence and the semi-darkness, came closer
still, and put one arm around her, holding
fast her other hand.

"Come!" he said gently, drawing her to
him—"Pipino wants you."

"Ah, no!" she said, suddenly rousing
herself with a cry, and pushing Nicolo vio-
lently away. "How can you say such
things to me? It is only a few months
since—"

"You were betrothed to Enrico. I know;
do not think I forget it. I know, too, I am
a poor, rough, ugly fellow by the side of
him, but I will take care of the child."

Lucia sank panting into a chair. Her
old love for Enrico, her affection for Pipino,
her gratitude to Nicolo, all fought and
struggled in her heart. Then she started
up again.

"Why do you keep me talking here and
the child is suffering? Is it a bad accident?"
"It is not dangerous, and my mother is
with him. Give me an answer, Lucia. I
love you with my whole heart; will you
marry me?"

The girl burst into a passion of tears.
She knew what Nicolo said was true. Even
when she had laughed and scoffed at him
the most she had always known he loved
her. And yet—and yet her foolish heart
clung to Enrico.

"Nicolo," she cried, and at the sound of
his name the honest fellow thrilled all
over—"Nicolo, forgive me. I can not for-
get Enrico."

"Ah!" came like a gasp from the breast
of Nicolo; then he was silent, and nothing
was audible but Lucia's sobs.

"I know," she said pleadingly—"I know
I am foolish. He is perhaps careless and
idle; but if he were to return and say to me,
Lucia, marry me and marry me, why,
then, Nicolo—"

"He will never say so," interrupted
Nicolo harshly. "Yesterday he married
Maddalena."

"Maddalena!" panted Lucia, a hot flush
tingling her whole body. It was the name
of the worst girl in Genzano, who had gone
to Rome that winter.

"Tell me that again," she said quietly—
"Enrico has married Maddalena?"

"Yes," answered Nicolo, very quietly
also.

A wave of outraged love and indignation
swept over Lucia, and overwhelmed for-
ever in its depths the memory of Enrico.

"I did not speak before," said Nicolo, in
a broken voice. "I was afraid I should
have no chance, but I have loved you as

long as Enrico. I have toiled and slaved
to get a home for you, and I will work for
you all my life. Come—Pipino wants
you."

She rose with an hysterical laugh, wrapped
a shawl round her, and went out with
Nicolo into the twilight.

It was a grave and solemn walk; both
realized what was implied in it.

Nicolo's mother met them at the door,
and welcomed Lucia with a silent embrace;
the two young people went on to where
Pipino lay upon the bed.

He greeted them with a shout of rap-
ture.

"I told you so," he said. "I knew she
would come if Pipino wanted her."

He threw an arm round each of their
necks, and drew their faces down to his and
kissed them. Then he said, half roguish-
ly, half gravely:

"Now kiss each other."

But Lucia rebelled, and rising from his
hold with flushed cheeks, began to reprove
him.

"How is this, Pipino? Is it a trick you
have played upon me?"

"No, no," cried the child eagerly. "The
doctor says I have hurt my leg badly; but
I don't care if it makes Nicolo happy."

And so the little orphan, who had severed
one love-match, cemented another, and
Lucia became the wife of Nicolo Prato.

The spring days came, and all things
seemed to prosper. The English signora
took up her abode again in Albano, and
often visited the young wife and little Pipi-
no, who had not only recovered from his
accident, but was getting less lame under
the skillful treatment of the kind doctor.

The boy was very clever, too. People be-
gan to shake their heads wisely, and proph-
esy that he would do great things some day.

"Ah!" they said, "it was a lucky hour for
Lucia when she took that child. He will
turn out a genius."

Sad accounts came from Rome—sad
stories of the life led by Enrico and Mad-
dalena, but they never reached Lucia's
ears. Nicolo guarded against that. To him,
also, the mere mention of the names
brought bitter memories, and no allusion
to them ever crossed his lips.

And so Lucia's life went on, passed in
tranquil happiness. The love she had ac-
cepted was honest and sincere, not full of
stormy gusts, like the passion of Enrico,
but patient and unselfish, filling every day's
commonplace duties with sweet and
thoughtful attentions. With her husband
at her side, Pipino growing up, and baby
voices calling her mother, Lucia has reason
to bless the day she took the name of
Prato.

Cause and Nature of Meteors.

It is now known that meteors can not
originate on the moon, or within the
regions of the earth's atmosphere. It
is also universally conceded by all ob-
servers of natural phenomena that in-
numerable minute bodies fill celestial
spaces, moving around the sun in every
possible kind of orbit. Of the exact
nature of these small bodies compara-
tively little can be known, but it is cer-
tain that our earth is continually en-
countered in its passage through
its orbit. They are burned in passing
through the upper regions of our at-
mosphere, and the shooting-star is
simply the light of that burning. The
question how they can be burned so
quickly and with so intense a light
puzzled astronomers until it was seen
that these phenomena could be fully
accounted for by the mechanical theory
of heat. It is now established that heat
is only a certain form of motion; that
hot air differs from cold air only in a
more rapid vibration of its molecules,
and that it communicates its heat to
other bodies simply by striking them
with its molecules, and thus setting
their molecules in vibration. An exact
measure has been found for this in-
crease of heat, a velocity of 125 feet per
second being shown to increase the
temperature one degree, and higher
velocities increasing temperature in
proportion to the square of the veloci-
ty, as 4 degrees with a velocity of 250
feet, 16 degrees with one of 500 feet
second, and so on. To find the heat to
which a meteor is exposed in moving
through our atmosphere we divide its
velocity in feet per second by 125; the
square of the quotient will give the
temperature in degrees. Now, the earth
moves in its orbit at the rate of 98,000
feet per second, and if it met a meteor
at rest this velocity would create a rise
in temperature corresponding to about
600,000 degrees, which largely exceeds
any temperature that can be created on
the earth, even by artificial means. If,
as is commonly the case, the meteor is
also moving to meet the earth, the in-
crease of temperature will be even
greater. It can not be said that the
meteors are actually heated up to this
temperature, but the air acts upon them
as if it were heated to this point; that
is, it burns them instantaneously with
an enormous evolution of light
and that, just as a furnace would if
heated to a temperature of several
thousand degrees. Nor are the light
and heat of ordinary burning even
mentionable in comparison with the
fusing temperature, the intense blaze
which such heat would create in the
hardest, most non-combustible sub-
stance in nature. Now, if the meteor
is so small and fusible that the heat
can act upon it instan-
taneously, it is all dissipated
in the upper regions of the atmos-
phere, and we have simply a shooting
star or brilliant meteor. But some-
times these bodies are so large and
firm that the heat has not time to pen-
etrate into their interior, but spends
itself melting and volatilizing the outer
portions; the body then passes through
the atmosphere and falls upon the
earth as an aerolite, or meteoric stone.
Sometimes when the body strikes the
denser part of our atmosphere, the resis-
tance is so great that the aerolite is
broken to pieces with great violence,
causing a tremendous detonation. This
is usually spoken of as an explosion,
but there is a good reason to believe
that the loud sound and bursting of
the stone are both due to its striking
the rapidly moving air with an enor-
mous velocity of its own.—*Inter-
Ocean.*

PISCATORIAL STATISTICS.

Universal Fish Culture Necessary to Supply
the Harvest of the Sea.
From Turf, Field, and Farm.

If Mulhall's statistics are reliable,
says an angling journal, there are not
far short of 160,000 vessels engaged in
Europe and North America in fishing.
Between 600,000 and 700,000 men are
employed in this industry, and the
total annual product of fish is not far
short of 1,500,000 tons. Few people
realize the meaning of these latter
figures. A ton of fish is equal in
weight to about twenty-eight sheep;
and hence, if Mulhall's estimate is ap-
proximately correct, a year's fish sup-
ply for ten European countries, in-
cluded in this estimate, and the United
States and Canada might be repre-
sented by 42,000,000 sheep. Of this
amount the United Kingdom, Canada,
Russia, and the United States alone
aggregate 1,000,000 tons, equivalent to
28,000,000 sheep. It has been truly
said that we talk in a metaphor of the
harvest of the sea, but we have only
lately been able to realize what the
metaphor means. The Fisheries Ex-
position in London in 1883 did a great
deal to encourage the study of marine
biology, and it is with no small degree
of satisfaction that we are able to say
that in this much-needed work the
United States ranks second to no
other.

On the other hand, Great Britain,
whose fisheries are of vital importance
to her for food, has done little, and can
not yet boast a laboratory on the sea-
shore. Indeed, Professor Lankester,
an eminent authority on marine biol-
ogy, declares the British fishing indus-
tries still barbaric. The produce of
the sea is recklessly seized, regardless
of the consequences of the method, the
time, or the extent of the depredations.
According to English authority, the old
proverb that there are as good fish in
the sea as ever came out of it no longer
holds good. The harvest of the sea in
the future, like the harvest on land,
needs cultivating. It was shown not
long ago that in eight months twenty-
eight boats engaged in the haddock
fishery at Ryemouth, England, used
620 tons of mussels—about 47,000,000
mussels—in the capture of the haddock.
Yet Professor Lankester says that no
pains are taken to cultivate or preserve
the mussel, and knowledge of its re-
production and growth is still incom-
plete, as is of other bait. Soles are
every year becoming scarcer, and
oysters are becoming more difficult to
obtain. At present, said the same au-
thority, absolutely nothing is known of
the spawning of the sole; the male fish
is not even recognized. The reasons for
oysters being scarce are not known,
nor how to make them abundant.
There are many economists in England
who maintain that the haphazard and
improvident methods of fishing are ex-
hausting the fish supply of that coun-
try as sure as mining is exhausting the
supply of coal. The supply of many
kinds of fish is rapidly diminishing,
and the only way to check the waste is
by systematic study of the conditions
which regulate the supply. It is un-
doubtedly true that "the world could
not be fed if men sought their food on
land with as little forethought and
system as fishermen cast their nets into
the sea." To what extent these facts,
which are causing considerable discus-
sion in England, apply to the United
States we are not prepared to say.
The excellent work for many years of
our fish commission exonerates our
Government from the accusation of
total neglect of this important industry.

The great variety of colors and dyes
obtained from common plants, growing
so abundantly almost everywhere, is
apparently known to but few persons
except chemists. The well-known
huckleberry or blueberry, when boiled
down, with an addition of a little alum
and a solution of copperas, will develop
an excellent blue color; the same treat-
ment, with a solution of nut galls, pro-
duces a clean dark brown tint, while
with alum, verdigris, and sal ammoniac
various shades of purple and red can
be obtained. The fruit of the elder, so
frequently used for coloring sprits, will
also produce a blue color when
treated with alum. The privet, boiled
in a solution of salt, furnishes a ser-
viceable color, and the over-ripe ber-
ries yield a scarlet red. The seeds of
the common burning bush (*euonymus*),
when treated with sal am-
moniac, produces a beautiful purple-
red. The bark of the currant bush,
treated with a solution of alum, pro-
duces a brown. Yellow is obtainable
from the bark of the apple tree, the
box, the ash, the buckthorn, the pop-
lar, elm, etc., when boiled in water
and treated with alum. A lively green
is furnished by the broom corn.

For an American to marry in Mexico
is a somewhat serious business. He
must be three times married, twice in
Spanish and once in English, besides
having a public notice of his intention
of marriage placed on a bulletin board
for twenty days before the ceremony.
This is the law. The public notice can
be gotten around by the payment of a
sum of money, but a residence of one
month is necessary. The three cere-
monies are the contract of marriage, the
civil marriage—the only marriage
recognized by law since 1858—and the
usual but not obligatory church ser-
vice. The first two must take place
before a judge, and in the presence of
at least four witnesses and the Ameri-
can Consul. The civil marriage is the
legal form of marriage. These cere-
monies are necessarily in Spanish.
Most weddings are confirmed by a
church service.

Love is a little confidence game in
which both parties are taken in by the
clergyman.

HUMOR.

A TIGHT fit—a drunken one—

DARKNESS visible—a negro taking a
sun-bath.

A RUSSIAN prefers lemon-juice in his
tea to sugar. No wonder they are so
acidulous in their Nihilist belief.

How WOULD you like to be the cover
on a Bible when a pretty woman in wit-
ness in court kisses it with a smack?

THE only persons in the world who
do not like to see redeeming qualities
in the human race are pawnbrokers.—
National Weekly.

WHEN Shakespeare wrote "My king-
dom for a horse!" he showed that, with
all his great knowledge, he was not
ignorant of the ruling charges of the
Long Branch hackman.—*Puck.*

QUEER, isn't it? A man who will
swallow any kind of a dish with an im-
posing French name will be scared to
death if he catches a cold with a Greek
or Latin title.—*Lowell Citizen.*

IT NEVER COMES BUT ONCE.
Her face she seeks from his gaze to hide,
And her heart is wildly beating;
See, in her cheeks, how the rich, red tide
Is advancing and retreating!
Her lips are burning with love's first kiss—
Ah! life holds few such moments as this.
—*Boston Courier.*

"WHAT do these letters stand for?"
asked a curious wife of her husband,
as she looked at his Masonic seal.
"Well, really, my love," he replied,
encouragingly, "I presume it is because
they can't sit down." She postponed
further questioning.—*Merchant Travel-
er.*

"I DON'T wonder that people talk of
the good old times," said the President
of the gas company. "At one time it
was dark for three days and three
nights on a stretch in the land of
Egypt. What a big thing it would be
for the gas companies if we could have
something like that in these days!"—
Boston Courier.

THE BAD BOY'S FRIEND.
Grandma is old and wrinkled and gray,
The bloom of her beauty has faded away,
But the words of affection still fall from her
tongue,
And her heart is as warm as when she was
young.
She's kind to the young, and it makes her heart
glad
To shield the bad boy from the wrath of his dad.
Ah! let him be grateful to her while he may,
He'll lose a warm friend when she passes away.
—*Utica Observer.*

A CURIOUS sect in Russia, called the
"Folk of the Godly Nest," dig graves,
which they call nests, in their earthen
floors or gardens, into which they re-
tire at certain times and "fast and see
visions of saints and devils." It is a
queer notion. In this country "folk"
can see such visions, if not worse, by
simply eating a mince-pie and a pickle
before retiring to their nests.

"MRS. PRIMP is a beautiful woman,
isn't she?" "Yes, she is quite hand-
some, but they say she paints." "Well,
suppose she does, what of it?" "I
don't like to see a woman resort to such
dodges to make herself attractive." "I
don't see why she shouldn't. When it
has got to be all the rage to decorate
potato-mashers, scoop-shovels, and so
on, you can't blame a woman for giv-
ing herself a dab with the brush now
and then."—*Chicago Ledger.*

LITTLE Charley was presented with
one of these new brand of cheap watches
which keep pretty good time, but con-
sume half the existence of a boy in
winding them up. The other morning
he was four hours late for school, and
when taken to task for his tardiness,
he told his mother that he stopped on
the way to wind up his watch, and be-
fore he had finished the job the school-
ers were coming home to dinner.—*Norristown Herald.*

M. DELAUNEY, a weather prophet
of France, predicts several destructive
earthquakes next year, and says that
Saturn will present a part of his ring
in the shape of a comet that will eclipse
the famous comet of 1858. Delauney
is not a very pleasant man to have
around, but his prognostications might
have been worse. He might have pre-
dicted that several French "stars"
would appear in this country next
year.—*Norristown Herald.*

Possibility of the Portiere.

The portiere is a creature of mischief
When I think of the conspicuous part
which the nice-to-hide-behind curtain
plays in novels, anelent and modern;
the jealous lovers that have used the
drapery as a covert, the mischief-mak-
ers who have found the folds of the
noiseless portiere a sure refuge for their
eavesdropping, I feel a sense of horror
at the renaissance of the portiere.

A wooden door gives forth an honest
"Look out!" sort of a bang, and the
rattle of its knob or latch enables a
young couple to have some sort of
chance in preparing against an unwelcome
intrusion. But the portiere is a snake.
Its sinuous folds betray neither the
coming nor the departing one. In ab-
solute silence the cruel father, the stern
mother-in-law, the suspicious husband,
can part its treacher