

THE STOIC IDEA OF PERFECTIONS.

(Translated from Seneca by Professor Goldwin Smith.)

What makes the king? His treasure? No:
Nor yet the circlet on his brow,
Nor yet the purple robe of state,
Nor yet the golden palace gate.

The king is he who knows not fear,
Whose breast no angry passions tear,
Who seems insane ambition's wreath,
The maddening crowd's inconstant breath,
The wealth of Europe's mines, the gold
In the bright tide of Tagus rolled,
And the unmeasured stores of grain
Garnered from Libya's sultry plain,
Who quails not at the levain stroke,
On raging storms can calmly look,
Though the wild winds on Adria rave
And round him swells the threatening wave,

Who trembles not at thrust of spear,
Feels of the flashing steel no fear,
Who from his spear's height serene
Looks down upon the troubled scene
And, uncomplaining, when his date
Has come goes forth to meet his fate.
With kings in grandeur let them vie
Before whose arms wild Dahans fly,
Who o'er Arabia's burning sea
Stretch out their gorgeous empery,
Who dare Sarmatian horseman brave
And march o'er Danube's frozen wave
Or the strange land of fleecy trees.
True kingship is a mind at ease,
No need is there of charger's might,
Of Partisan arrow shot in fight;
Of engines dire, whose hurdling showers
Of missiles shake beleaguered towers.

The king, a king self-crowned, is he
Who from desire and fear is free.
Who would the power of courtiers share
May mount ambition's slippery stair;
To live by all the world forgot
In ease and quiet be my lot,
And as my noiseless days glide past,
To rest unnoted to the last.
Well may the man his end bemoan
Who dies to others too well known,
A stranger to himself alone.

MRS. BRADSHAW'S DIVORCE

Mr. Garraway stood up as young Mrs. Bradshaw rose from her seat at the dinner table. It had been rather a quiet dinner, and he had to do nearly all the talking.

Bradshaw opened the door and Mr. Garraway (of Gray's Inn Place) noticed that each avoided looking at the other.

Ernest Bradshaw closed the door and came back to the table. He cracked a walnut, and, on opening it, threw it into the fire.

"?" said Mr. Garraway.

"Yes," said young Mr. Bradshaw, violently. "Of course its bad. Worst of it is you never know until you try."

"But all the nuts are not bad, Bradshaw," Bradshaw grunted. "Anything wrong at Whitehall?"

"No. Whitehall's all right."

Mr. Garraway owed his success as a solicitor mainly to knowing exactly when not to do the wrong thing.

"I want to ask you something, Garraway. Do you ever have people coming to draw up deeds of separation?"

"Oh, yes; pretty often."

"Well, would you mind being of some use to me—and to Helen?"

"Why, certainly. But you don't want to be separated? Why, man, alive, you haven't been married a year!"

"Garraway, look here. We have had a row—a dispute, or whatever you like to call it. We have agreed to part."

On the piano in the dining room upstairs a chord or two were struck, and the clear voice of Mrs. Bradshaw rang out.

"You see," said Bradshaw, perfectly jolly over it, "There was a sudden stop and a crash on the piano, as though the player could keep it no longer."

"Look here, Bradshaw!"—Mr. Garraway passes his hand carefully over his smooth hair—"look here. Call at my office as 11 o'clock tomorrow morning and I'll do what is wanted."

"Thank you, Garraway."

"Shall we go upstairs? I must arrange with her."

The demure, precise little clock on the mantelpiece in Mr. Garraway's chamber struck 11. A small boy entered with a card.

"Thank you, Jud, show the lady in."

Mr. Gibson withdrew with his work to the outer office, stepping aside at the door to permit a slim, girlish figure to enter.

"I had no chance of speaking to you last night," said Mr. Garraway, "excepting to ask you to call. But I had a brief conversation with Bradshaw, and he assured me that you had quite made up your mind about the matter."

"He is, in this particular instance, quite right." She put her lips together.

"And so I am to draw up the deed of separation?"

"If you please."

"It's rather rough on me," went on Mr. Garraway, with an effort at humor. "Why, it seems only yesterday that I was his best man, and you and he went away to Neufchatel, and we cheered you as you left Victoria station. Do you remember?"

"Would you mind telling me, please, when the document can be drawn?"

"And do you remember your first dinner after your return, and how jolly we all were? Why, you were as comfortable as anything, until a week or so ago."

"What I propose to do," said the stern young lady, with just the suspicion of a catch in her voice, "is to go abroad with my aunt for a year or two and leave the house just as it stands for Ernest to live in. He can get a housekeeper, you see, and—"

"By Jove!" cried Mr. Garraway, "not a bad idea."

"You think—you think it will work all right, Mr. Garraway?"

"Oh, yes."

"It was our quarrel of last week parted us, and—"

"Well, will you allow me, as an old friend, to give you a little advice?"

"I should advise you to make up this difference of opinion with Ernest. I'm told—of course I'm only a bachelor—but I'm told

that all young couples have their quarrels to begin with, and they do say—here again I speak, of course, as a mere bachelor—that the making up is always the most delightful part of it."

"Mr. Garraway, I thought you would argue in this way, and it is very good of you. But my mind was made up before I came here, and nothing that you can say will alter it. A woman must judge for herself in these matters."

"It shall be put in hand at once."

"I should like to leave London this day week."

"I dare say," said Mr. Garraway, with great ability, "that that can be managed." There is only one question of a housekeeper. Somebody must be there to look after the servants."

"It is there, I think, I can be of some assistance to Ernest," Mr. Garraway spoke with genial assurance. "It so happens that a client of mine is looking for precisely a situation of that."

"How extremely fortunate."

"She is a good manager. She is a widow and has had charge of a house similar to yours."

"That's capital. As I say, I shouldn't like the house to go to rack and ruin. When could this old lady come, do you think?"

"This—who?"

"This old lady—this widow. When could she come?"

"Oh, but,"—Mr. Garraway smiled pleasantly, "you are laboring under a slight mistake, Mrs. Bradshaw; the lady is not old." "Oh, she is not young, I suppose."

"Well, as a matter of fact, she is rather young. By-the-bye, I ought to have her portrait here somewhere."

It had cost Mr. Garraway one shilling, this cabinet photograph, in a shop that morning. The shopman couldn't tell him who it was; she was an exceedingly pretty girl in demure black, and the wily Mr. Garraway was content.

The bunch of narcissus at the lady's bedside was bobbing up and down as she continued to look at the photograph.

"You see, the thing is to get some one who would make poor Bradshaw comfortable and not compel him to be always at the club."

She put the photograph down on the table.

"This lady," said young Mrs. Bradshaw, definitely, "shall never come into my house."

"No," agreed Mr. Garraway, sweetly; quite so. Not in your house. She will, of course, be in Ernest's house. I am sure that on my recommendation—"

"Do you mean to say, Mr. Garraway, that you would recommend a person like this for such a position?"

Mrs. Bradshaw had risen from her chair, and spoke indignantly.

"Now, Mrs. Bradshaw, pardon me. I can't allow you to speak ill of any client of mine. I have every reason to believe that she is a well-bred young lady and comes from one of the best families. I have no doubt in my mind that she will make my friend Bradshaw very comfortable indeed."

There was a tap at the door, and the smart boy entered with a card.

Mr. Garraway went toward the door to receive the newcomer. Not before, however, he had seen the handkerchief go to the eyes of the young visitor.

"Bradshaw," he whispered at the door, "listen to me, man. Your wife is in there, crying. Go and kiss her and make it up."

An hour and a half later Mr. Garraway sauntered back. The small boy Judd followed him into the room and put some more coals on the fire.

"Mr. and Mrs. Bradshaw gone, Judd?" demanded Mr. Garraway.

Master Judd said "Yessir."

"What the deuce are you grinning about, Judd?"

The excellent Judd said it was nothin' special. Being pressed, however, Master Judd confessed that entering the room about 20 minutes after his master had left he saw the gent and lady kissing each other like 1 o'clock, and as appy as—

"Judd," said Mr. Garraway severely, "I am surprised at you. I am surprised that a man just now of tender years, but one who is possibly destined for the highest honors, should be guilty of the highest impropriety—the gross, unprofessional impropriety, sir—of noticing a matter of this kind. I am surprised at you. Would you like to go to the theater tonight, you young scoundrel?"—St. James Budget.

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If one wants to succeed in some kinds of business he must make a sensation of some kind. Here is one that has worked successfully for an apple grower who hit upon a novel plan for branding his apples. He selected a fine tree bearing apples of his principal variety. Then he prepared slips of sized paper, and on these stenciled his name. A couple of weeks before picking time, he bound a slip of paper around each apple on the sunny side of the tree, having the part containing the name on the side toward the sun. When the apples were picked, the slips were removed, and the name of the grower was plainly shown on each apple. One of these apples was wrapped in tissue paper, and placed in the top of each barrel. On the head was stenciled the advice, "Look for the name." The novelty of the thing has attracted great attention to his apples.

There is nothing new in this but in the application of it. It is the sunlight which colors the fruit, and to shade any part of it in the way mentioned will print any device on it. It will be a good thing to do with everything to be sold. Let the consumer know who the producer of what he consumes is. It evokes a sort of companionship and acquaintance that is useful in business, and creates confidence between the two, which is not likely to be abused by any attempt to cheat or take undue advantage.

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Little Peter (for the fortieth time): "Aunt, what do they call it when a king is crowned? Mrs. Malaprop: "Don't be so importunous, Peter. He is said to be coronised."

Proprietor (to Editor): "Well, the first number of our new paper looks well, but here is one thing I don't like." "What?" "Why, this communication signed 'An Old Subscriber.'"

Bobby: Say, mamma, was the baby sent down from Heaven? "Why yes," Bobby: "Um! They like to have it quiet up there, doesn't they?"

Bink: "Yes, I thought of marrying Miss Nay at one time, but the affair was broken off owing to an impediment in her speech." Jinks: "How is that?" Binks found it impossible to say "Yes."

She—This road is very steep. Can't I get a donkey to take me up? He—Lean on me, darling!

Little Girl—Mother told me to come and tell you that she left her liver and shin bones on the counter when she left here just now, and I've come after 'em!

Dyer—What is your business may I ask? Boorish Stranger—I'm a gentleman, sir. That's my business. Dyer—Ah! You failed, I see.

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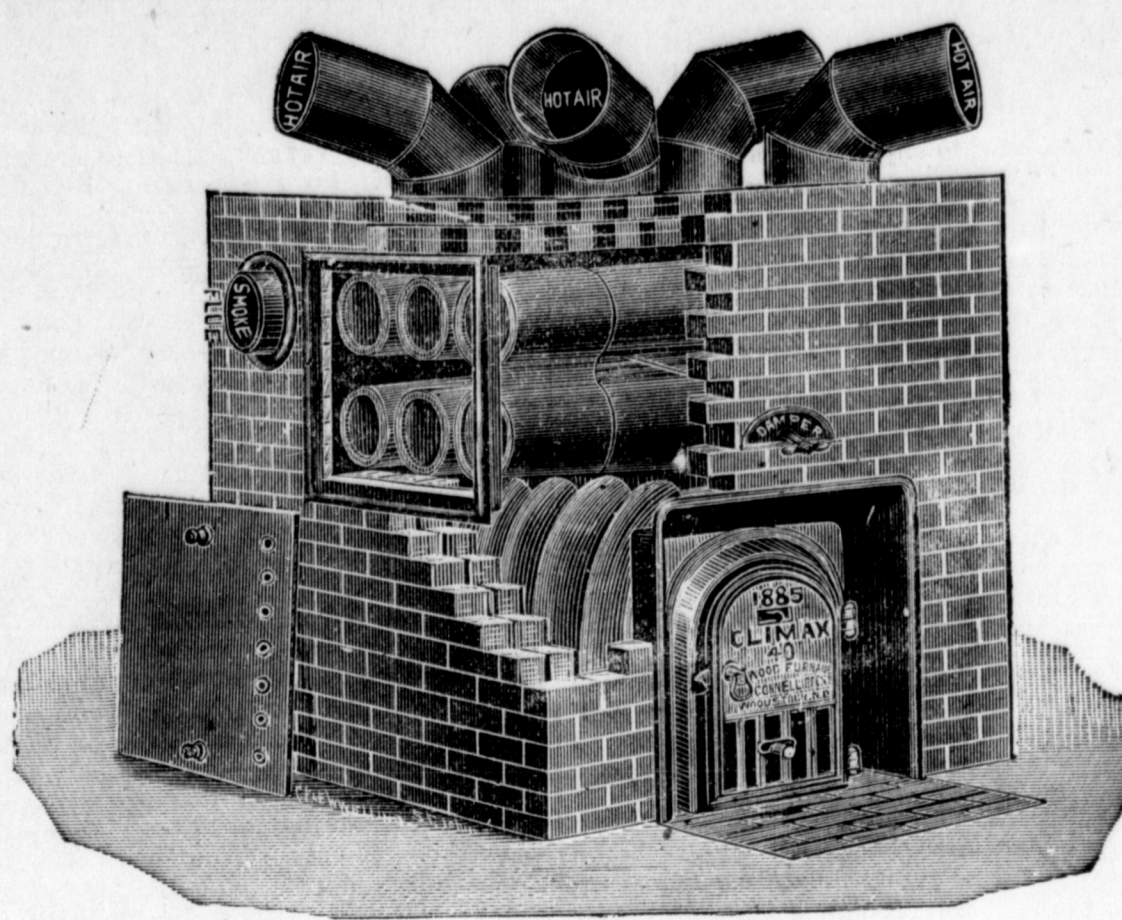
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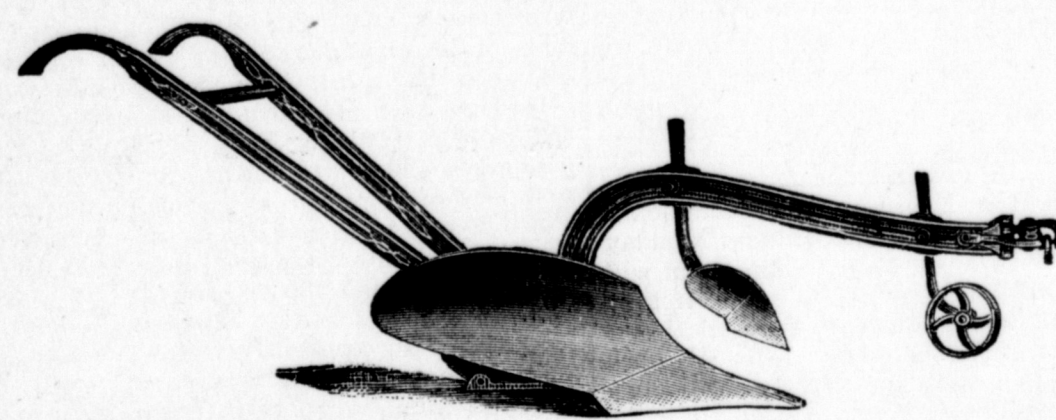
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