

ON THE BRIDGE

leaning over the parapet to gaze into the awful water. There was a great darkness underneath, and in it he could imagine dead faces rising, eyes wide with a fixed despair.

Suddenly he started. There was a thing gliding past—a woman.

With a strange, rapid motion she wandered to and fro. Her hands were clasped as if in distress of mind, and her face, dimly visible in the starlight, looked thin and haggard—a woman surely with a ruined life.

Mr. Butterfield could not watch her calmly. Up till then he had contrived to believe himself actuated by an impartial spirit of investigation, but something in her gait, in her averted face, reminded him of another woman, and that lent a curious pain to his disturbed regard. At first he had thought a little whimsically of bringing this waif—with a check—to the Rev. Johnson, to be penned in one of his institutions. Would the parson feel remorseful when he saw the man at whom he had glared reproachfully march up thus? But the half smile faded, and he put away the fancy. He could only think of the woman.

She was leaning over the parapet as he had leaned, and gazing as he had gazed (but with, alas, how much more horrible fascination!) into the lightless water. How black, how fatal it was, and yet how quiet! Watching her, he began to fear that any instant might find her disappearing into its awful depths, but if he were to hurry forward would not alarm and the instinctive terror of being frustrated cause the poor, mad, despairing soul to fling herself into the river?

Anxiously, prudently, he sidled along the wall as if contemplating the rushing water, with his right hand ready to grip her arm. He was near at last, and she lifted her eyes with a wild glance at him. What should he do if she fought for the chance of leaving a bitter world? How could a man unused to violence control a desperate woman? What if she would not hear him, would not be rescued and led away?

There was a sound of wheels. If only Providence would send that late cab across the bridge! Failing the police, who were all away, he could enlist that driver. But had he the wherewithal? Mr. Butterfield felt in his trousers pockets and knew he had. With straining ears he listened to hear if the wheels were indeed approaching.

The woman grew agitated. She was getting her arms free of her long black cloak. Mr. Butterfield started forward, and then she sprang at him and clutched him by the coat.

He saw her face clearly, then. Her eyes were glistening, and tears were running down her cheeks.

"Don't despair!" she cried. "Oh don't despair! Life is worth living if you will be brave."

Mr. Butterfield was dumb.

"Oh, I am glad I came," she went on, still holding his coat in a tight clutch, unable to see distinctly through her tears.

"I thought at first it was one of the nights when the bridge is deserted, and I was going back to my maid, and then I saw you. Poor man! I watched you, and I feared—I knew what you would attempt. But I stopped you in time—in time."

The voice and the daring of the expedition, without the sight of her face close to his in the starlight, would have told him it was Miss Lavender. He listened, speechless, with all his ideas overthrown. He had been judged, and, though admiring her he had judged her also. In his utter astonishment a single thought was all that his brain could hold. After all, she was the woman a man might want for a wife.

The wheels had not been idle, and a carriage came hurrying up the bridge. It stopped, and a lady got impatiently out and walked toward the two. Surely Mrs. Chatterton's eager, excited face!

"Poor souls! Poor souls!" she cried impulsively. "I could not sleep. I knew there were others houseless in this bitter

night. Life has been hard for you, hard and cruel, but I will change it. What money can do—and pity!"

Then Mr. Butterfield found speech.—*Windsor Magazine.*

Mendelssohn and Liszt.

Liszt appeared in his Hungarian costume, wild and magnificent. He told Mendelssohn that he had written something special for him. He sat down and swaying right and left on his music stool played first a Hungarian melody, and then three or four variations, one more incredible than the other. We stood amazed, and after everybody had paid his compliments to the hero of the day some of Mendelssohn's friends gathered around him and said; "Ah, Felix, now we can pack up. No one can do that. It is over with us."

Mendelssohn smiled, and when pressed to play something in return he laughed and said that he never played now, and this to a certain extent was true. He did not give much time to practicing then, but worked chiefly at composing and directing his concerts. However, Liszt would take no refusal, and so at last little Mendelssohn, with his own charming playfulness, said, "Well, I'll play, but you must promise me not to be angry." And what did he play?

He sat down and played first of all Liszt's Hungarian melody, and then one variation after another, so that no one but Liszt himself could have told the difference. We all trembled lest Liszt should be offended, for Mendelssohn could not keep himself from slightly imitating Liszt's movements and raptures. However, Mendelssohn managed never to offend man, woman or child. Liszt laughed and applauded and admitted that no one, not he himself, could have performed such a bravura.—*Max Muller's Recollections.*

Stand Out.

What ever you do, stand out. Don't be one of the mob. Make a sharp mark. Don't be faint and spidery and common. Be unique, remarkable—be first. Throw out your commercial chest. Hold high your commercial head. Don't be one of the mass. Be the captain, the leader. Make your store the biggest, the brightest, the best. Have your things the best. Your clerks your windows, your waggons, your stationary, your methods, your everything—have them of class A. The world is full of mediocrity, full of shadow. Avoided that zone and plane of effort which the prism marks as gray. Be bright, be startling—that is, be successful. Be a nonpareil.—*Dry Goods Chronicle, New York City.*

Good for Advertisers.

The remark is frequently heard that the war is a good thing for the newspapers. If those who have rushed to this conclusion had any accurate idea of the vastly increased cost of gathering news at this time they would promptly revise their opinion. But the effect of the war is to largely increase newspaper circulation, and advertisers would do well to take note of that fact.—*Watertown (N. Y.) Standard.*

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