

POETRY.

WHERE IS THE FLAG OF ENGLAND?

And the winds of the world made answer, North, south, and east and west;

"Wherever there's wealth to covet, Or land that can be possessed;

"Wherever savage races roam, To Congo, Congo and to Senegal;

"To the South African Republic, To the British East Africa;

"Where is the flag of England? Seek the lands where the natives rot;

"Where decay and assured extinction Must soon be the people's lot;

"Go! search for the once glad islands, Where disease and death are rife;

"And the great of callous commerce Now battens on human life!

"Where is the flag of England? Go! sail where rich galleons come

"With shoddy and 'loaded' cottons, And her and Bible and rum;

"Go, too, where brute force has triumphed, And hypocrisy makes its lair;

"And your question will find its answer, For the flag of England is there!"

—LORDS TRUTH.

SELECT STORY.

VANQUISHED.

BY EDWARD BROOKS.

"He has accepted your invitation, then?" says Miss Virginia Moir, impatiently.

"I'm sure he will," says the young man, who is in his high school of life.

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luster neck and arms, her only ornament

A low bow from the stranger, a slight inclination of the head and one flash of the great eyes into his face, and the introduction is over.

She has seen a tall, muscular man, about thirty years old, with tawny hair and mustache, and whose keen gray eyes and firm mouth cause her to shiver.

The conversation is general at first; but after a time Mr. Moir leads his young friend, with whom he seems thoroughly pleased, to speak of his parents.

Mr. Moir proposes that they smoke their cigars upon the veranda, and Jeanne, who does not usually dislike the smell of smoke, retires to the drawing-room.

Presently the gentlemen enter, and Mr. Moir asks for some singing. Jeanne, after vainly expecting Mr. McGregor to offer to turn her music for her, dashes off into a brilliant Italian concert piece.

Her voice is good, and has been well trained, but is entirely untrained for such class of music. She knows it, but is nervous. Her uncle listens, amazed and uneasy for awhile.

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Strange to say, somebody else has the same thought also, as he looks up from

his book as the riders sweep past him like the wind.

"I was beastly rude," he mutters; "but I could not help it. She looked so awfully sweet as she stood there that I almost gave in; but she shall not have the pleasure of adding me to her list of victims."

The major is invited to dinner, and eyes jealously the young Adams seated opposite him.

But he need not fear, for Miss Moir rarely dines here, if at all while he is apparently engaged in a discussion with her uncle.

After dinner, music: Jeanne bravely singing the insular operatic airs, the major leaning entranced over her, turning the leaves of the music.

Mr. Moir challenges McGregor to a game of chess, in which the former comes off victorious, much to his own surprise and delight and the younger man's chagrin.

Suddenly, after a great crashing of chords, there is a lull at the piano, and then tenderly, and with a strange fervor, Miss Moir sings that sweet old Scotch song, "Auld Robin Gray."

Her voice rings out plaintively and passionately, and no one could accuse her of lacking soul now. When she ceases there is a profound silence in the room, and something very like tears stand in the eyes of the three men.

Three days later Miss Moir sits on the old bench by the water-fall, her hands clasped together in her lap, and—surely she is not weeping?

Yet there are large tears slowly coming their way down either cheek. But she heeds them not. She is thinking, thinking hard.

He has told me that important business calls him, but it is not true. It is pride, only pride," she says, bitterly, clasping her hands tightly together.

Stephen McGregor is slowly walking toward the water-fall. He will finish that sketch at any rate. He does not see Jeanne till he is close upon her. Then he gives a start—he will turn back; but no, it is too late, and besides, something is the matter. It must be something indeed to make that naughty girl weep.

He steps up to her quickly. At the moment she sees him and colors hotly. "You have hurt yourself," he says, in a low voice.

"Can I help you?" "She holds up her hand. "It is a silver, quite a large one, in the little white hand."

He takes out his knife quickly, kneels down, and takes the trembling little hand in his large, strong one. But his own trembles, too, a little, and it is some time before he can extract the silver.

She is not sobbing now, but the big tears are still rolling down her cheeks. "You will think I am very silly," she says, faintly; "but indeed—indeed this is not all."

"What is it, then?" he asks, quickly. "The major," she says, tremulously. "His face grows a shade paler."

"You have returned him?" "Still he does not look at her. "And that is not all, either," she says, with a big sob.

Then she looks at her. In a moment he has her in his arms and is passionately kissing her hair, her eyes, her neck, and even her hands, and with her head on his breast and her arms around his neck, she looks at him with her glorious eyes.

"My love! my love!" she murmurs. "Why did you rebel so long?" "Do you love me?" he asks, brokenly, and looking at her with his heart in his eyes.

"No; I adore you!" "HOLY COAT OF TRIER. Garment Supposed to Have Been Worn by Christ Exhibited."

The "Holy Coat of Trier," the garment supposed to have been worn by the Saviour, will be exhibited at the Cathedral at Trier, for six weeks commencing Aug. 18th, and fully 2,000,000 pilgrims are expected to visit the place during that time.

An earnest and long controversy has been waged regarding the genuineness of the relic. Chaplain Debach, a member of the Prussian Diet and one of the committee for the exhibition of the holy robe, thinks that there can be no possible doubt as to its genuineness.

A LUCKY BLUNDER.

BY MRS. E. BURKE COLLINS.

She was undeniably out of temper. She stood leaning against the open piano, tall, pale, indignant, her great dark eyes flashing, her red lips closely compressed in a narrow line.

He was cool, calm, composed; quite alternately self-composed, as he stood beside the big white marble mantle leaning his elbow carelessly upon the shelf where, in a crystal vase a great bunch of ruddy Jacqueminot roses made a spot of gorgeous color in the room.

He would never have believed it possible. Oh, Beth! After being as good as engaged to me for so long—

"As good as engaged!" she interrupted, angrily. "Because a woman is— is fond— no, that is not the word— is somewhat partial to your society, here in this dead-end country place, and accepts your attentions, you become imbued with the idea that she is your personal and individual property. I am not engaged to you, Charlie Lyell, and— thank Heaven, I shall never be!"

"Thank Heaven!" he repeats, fervently. "And that speech, you know, would not naturally restore peace and gentleness between the two belligerents; well, hardly. It struck to Beth's heart like a blow. Up to that moment she had believed that he cared for her a little— just an infinitesimal trifle— but as the one good man redeemed the city of old, so did that same spark of supposed affection keep Beth Randolph's heart from despair."

As long as she had that one tiny ray of hope to cling to she could not entirely lose him. But the hard, harsh reiteration of her own words, spoken in Heaven knows what willful perversity to which a woman's nature is prone, that convinced her. He did not care for her; he had been amusing himself with her; he only desired now to retain her friendship that he might prove his power to the world—

"Can I help you?" "She holds up her hand. "It is a silver, quite a large one, in the little white hand."

He takes out his knife quickly, kneels down, and takes the trembling little hand in his large, strong one. But his own trembles, too, a little, and it is some time before he can extract the silver.

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had no business to indulge; dreams of clear gray eyes and a pale, angry face,

totally dissimilar to Kemp's bright, black eyes and rosy complexion. She awoke in the morning uneasy and troubled. Two days of not seeing Charlie Lyell, and two nights of those tantalizing glimpses of gray eyes with a loving look in their depths, did the business thoroughly for Beth.

"I hate Howard Kemp!" she cried, passionately. "I will write and refuse his offer at once, and be done with it. And then I will write to Charlie— Doctor Lyell! I owe him an apology for my bad temper last Thursday, and I will be brave enough to apologize."

For Beth realized that it is only the brave in heart who will acknowledge an error or fault and ask pardon for the offense. The letters were written. A kind but firm refusal of Howard Kemp; a few lines to Charlie Lyell, in which she begged his forgiveness, and by expressing a wish that they might be friends once more.

And now here is where fate intervened. She had done what half the women in the world have done at some time in their lives. She inclosed Charlie Lyell's letter by mistake in the envelope addressed to Howard Kemp, Esq., vice versa. They lay sealed and addressed upon her desk, when Beth, glancing from the window, saw Charlie Lyell driving along in his new phaeton, and at his side his interesting patient, the young lady aforesaid.

He was gazing full into the pale sweet face with a look that made Beth's heart sink. And to add fuel to the flame, a neighbor passing by the half-open window of the doctor's phaeton, glanced in with a light laugh:

"They say that's a settled thing, Beth—the marriage of Charlie Lyell and that pretty girl. He has saved her life, and she is rich."

Beth smiled with a merry reply; but as she sat on the ottoman, her head bowed and her feet straight out to her desk, and picking up the letter addressed to "Charlie Lyell, M. D.," tossed it deliberately into the fire. It flamed up in angry protest, then vanquished into feathery gray ashes.

"I will accept Howard Kemp," she panted passionately. "No, no, I will not make myself wretched forever and commit the sin of marrying a man whom I detest! I will mail this letter, and then I will be done with this both!"

And before her courage had time to ooze away, she took the supposed letter to Howard Kemp, and donning hat and wrap went down to the post office and mailed her letter.

She was sitting alone in the freit sitting room the next evening, just as the shades were coming down, when the door of the room opened and the next moment she was standing in the presence of Charlie Lyell! Charlie Lyell full of smiles, who held out his hand and took both hers.

"Oh, Beth, Beth! how could you write to me and send it to Howard Kemp?" he began at once. "The truth dawned upon her; she drew back, but he held the two hands closer. "My darling! Oh, Beth, you must know how I love you! If only I dared ask you to be my wife!"

"And— that other girl— your interesting patient?" queried skeptical Beth. "Is to be married in a month!" he cried, lightly. "Surely, Beth, you did not care?"

But she was in his arms now, her face hidden upon his shoulder. "Howard Kemp brought your letter to me as soon as he discovered your blunder, dearest!" he went on. "He was very sympathetic, poor Howard; but never could I be thankful enough for that lucky blunder!"

"WHEN LIFE IS EXTINCT. The French Academy of sciences ten or fifteen years ago offered a prize of one thousand six hundred pounds for the discovery of some means by which even the incorporeal might at once determine whether in a given case death had ensued or not. A physician obtained the prize for having discovered the following well-known phenomenon. If the hand of the suspected dead person is held towards a candle or other artificial light with the fingers extended and one touching the other, and one looks through the spaces in the fingers, a red color appears through the fingers touching each other, due to the shining of the arteries. If disturbed through the tissues which have not congealed. When life is entirely extinct the spaces between the fingers at once cease. The most extensive and thorough trials established the truth of this observation."

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Beth moved away just then, leaning upon Howard Kemp's arm, and was soon floating down the long room to the strains of the "Mandala;" but her heart was heavy with wild apprehension. She knew that this invalid lady had professed a decided penchant for the handsome young doctor; and she possessed quite a fortune—and— and— good heavens! she would marry her, and would never know of the warm, womanly heart that was breaking in secret and silence, for his sake. Beth said that it was breaking; I acquit myself of any such misstatement or romancing. Women's hearts never break; they ossify— petrify; but they break— never!

That night Howard Kemp asked a certain momentous question; and, scarcely knowing what she did, her whole heart full of the memory of a pair of clear gray eyes—a pale, handsome face with a curling, scornful lip—in short, Charlie Lyell—she refused him promptly. But Kemp, very much in earnest, begged her to reconsider, and at last Beth promised to think it over for a few days—which promise was sufficient to send the young man home in the seventh heaven of delight.

Beth didn't sleep well that night. She had strange dreams—dreams in which the sturdiest frame wife of Howard Kemp

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