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AN ENCHANTED PRINCESS.

I found her deep in the forest,
The teacher and wise counselor,
A princess none are more wise
"Mid snows of human ice gloom

A sorrowful, spiritual Princess
Awaking her loves to life;
She said, "Do not know me, surely,
By the tell of my golden hair

"Do seeks me the wide world over,
He seeks not the white face thought,
To pierce the chains that hold me—
My Prince and my lover true!"

She showed towards her fellows,
And shined in the midnight cold,
"My soul, with thou find her lover,
The love that thou seekest cold!"

"I saw him," whispered a blackbird,
"He passed by this way and gone,
He is young and gone, O Princess!
He passed and he knew you not!"

The cold wind rustled her branches
"Till the pulses rushed 'gainst my
"He is young and gone, O Princess!
Many a year ago!"

—Mrs. Graham Thomson.

A VICTIM OF BEAUTY.

BLUE EYES CONQUERED A LAWYER AND LOST HIM HIS CASE.

The Witness Was Lovely, Tear Stained and Collected—The Attorney Was Handsome and Clever, and Lost His Head. But He Was Sweet Revenge.

A special bill is to be passed by parliament instituting cross examination of witnesses. Her majesty is reported to have said that the present procedure of the English law courts "is far more likely to result than to assist justice, as persons able to give evidence are very liable to avoid doing so, if possible, in view of the indecent manner in which they are likely to be interrogated regarding their private affairs." Concerning this a remarkable story is told.

A few years ago an important case was tried in the probate court. A little in a valuable property was in dispute. One of the lawyers was a middle aged man, eminent in his profession. Sensitive himself, and therefore the better able to know the feelings of others, he was, moreover, a handsome man and a bachelor. The case had progressed most satisfactorily for the plaintiff—the client of Mr. Delaney, the counsel in question. Indeed, the lawyer himself felt assurance of ultimate victory. There was one more witness to be examined.

The defendant's counsel called for Miss Rose Waverly, and the name was greatly repeated by the clerk of the court. There was the delicate rustle of a woman's dress and an unconscious deference of men standing near as the lady passed them. A moment later she was in the witness box and had composedly gone through the usual formalities before giving evidence.

A BEAUTIFUL WITNESS.

Mr. Delaney, at the time of her entrance, was idly chatting with a friend, well nigh assured of his victory. He leisurely turned his eyes in the direction of the defendant's fair witness. There stood the loveliest vision of a woman his eyes had ever beheld. Even the judge looked as Miss Waverly with undisguised admiration.

All in court fell under the spell of dainty womanhood until Miss Waverly, standing there with exalting freshness of demeanor, turned with a momentary look of distress to the judge. The sympathetic mechanics of the man were touched. In a voice low and sweet Miss Waverly replied to all the questions. She must have known instinctively that the sympathies of the whole court were with her, and certainly the testimony she gave helped the defendant's case. Delaney, while listening to her replies, was where a little shrewd cross examination would somewhat shatter her evidence and throw doubt on the others, and accordingly a few pointed notes in his brief, he noted his time.

Presently the opposing counsel sat down, looking well satisfied, and George Delaney had to cross examine. It may be said that Miss Waverly was to Mr. Delaney, who had heard of the eminence and wonderful eloquence of her questioner, and resolutely sent his guns. "Many marriages," it has been said, "have been made by beauty of the eyes than by any other qualities that woman possesses."

Mr. Delaney's first questions were spoken in the usual tone of kindly inquiry that he generally adopted, a tone to lead the witness into periods of fancied security, the moment his quarry cleverly and to the point without unnecessary revelations, cuts or twins in words that seemed spoken directly to him, and those were valuable words to his ear.

LOST A CASE BUT WON A WIFE.

It was at the end of a long question to which she had unanimously replied that he paused a moment and studied some of his puzzled memoranda.

While he was studying and conferring the time he should present his questions, by a sudden action he raised was condemning the means. However, the simple duty to his client overrode the scruples of his heart. He looked up suddenly with a frown at his own indecision and met her direct gaze. Her eyes were blue as sapphires and they were full of tears.

The barrister substituted another question for the severe one he had intended to ask. There was the faintest tremor in her voice as she replied. She was frightened, perhaps tired, and the man's heart expanded and went out in pity to her.

Miss Waverly stood there in brave silence, looking with wet eyes straight before her, only the pathetic droop of a perfect mouth marking the sense of timidness so unusual without her, and George Delaney sat down. He made a remarkably clever speech, but he lost his case.

It was the custom of many of the legal fraternity that Delaney would have won the case had he not so unconsciously failed in his cross examination of the fair witness. It is reported that the judge casually mentioned to his wife that a Miss Rose Waverly had saved the case, and that his wife afterward told her dearest friend, whereby that section of the city wherein they lived were soon acquainted.

There is one other fact to be noted.

Mr. Delaney lost no time in making the acquaintance of the "lost witness" and marrying her, and as all stories should end happily in fiction, and also, if possible, in real life, it is pleasant to add that never was a couple married in London who loved each other more devotedly.—London Telegraph.

Second Marriages.

Mrs. Williams, who is principal of the New York training school for teachers, is a believer in second marriages. In an interview on this subject she said: "I believe the matrimonial state, once entered into, should be continued for, if possible, and that a man or woman left alone should seek to secure him. I don't mean by this that they should rashly jump at the first offer, but I do know that eligible husbands and wives will soon remarried again, and that they should be slow to marry, and when they do they cannot see their first love—I really think I should say their duty."

Mrs. Williams's opinion is unanimously endorsed by married. They talk into a single state again and their advice contrasts and their social influence is doubtful. The world holds too many married lives, too many that will never have any moral impress behind. Then don't you think when people have learned to which for good and bad, of marriage, which we all know is a blessing, that they ought to assume the responsibilities legally a second time?—Chicago Post.

Ready Cooked Food.

The time is spreading that food ready cooked—first class, palatable food—ought to be supplied to families at prices that will make it cheaper than to cook at their own homes. Already the plan has been put in operation in three cities of this country—New York, Boston and Providence. In Stockholm, Sweden, 8,000 persons daily receive cooked food from one establishment at a price which is lower than the uncooked food material alone could be bought for at retail.

There is no reason why the plan could not be put into successful operation in every city of 10,000 inhabitants. The central station where the food is cooked and sold is called in the three cities named a New England Kitchen, and as this is a name that conjures up the thought of first class cooking, cleanliness and economy, that will answer better than any other for all such places.

The food material is purchased at wholesale rates by experienced buyers. It is put into the hands of the best cooks. A good cook is one who never wasted anything and makes the most of everything. A good cook is one who can make the cheap portions of meat and ordinary vegetables into dishes fit for a king. The food is prepared in the most dainty, appetizing manner. It is sold on the premises, carried away and eaten. Why will not this be the coming way of keeping house? A million wretched, sooty little kitchen fires can then be avoided, a million women's lives saved of those toils and mothers among the laboring classes, can thus be saved for more important duties.

The saving in actual money that will result to each family from the New England Kitchen is an impossible item. Suppose, for instance, half a million persons in our large cities throughout the country get their the best food from the New England kitchen and save thereby an average of ten cents a day over the cost of it as prepared in the present fashion. This would result in the half million people in an actual saving of $50,000 a day or over $18,000,000 a year. The gain in the health, satisfaction and comfort to the half million is not to be calculated. Probably $1,000 would establish one such kitchen, and 200 would serve the half million. A capital of $200,000 therefore would be all that the great enterprise would call for. Co-operative stores among the working people themselves could easily secure this amount. Two or three New England Kitchens would at the least be established in any city.

One prominent feature could be the furnishing of rich soups for the midday lunches of workingmen. A quart of the best soup could be provided at fifteen cents, perhaps even at ten cents. Tea, smoking hot and savory, might be one of the most important adjuncts. Superior ladies which put into the fold against the accident drunkenness that they have sworn to deny. In any case, we need come at length to cooked food supplied from central kitchens.

The failure of enterprises of this kind everywhere has been due to the fact that the food furnished was wretched in quality. The cooking was so bad that no delicate palate could tolerate it a moment, and the management was also ugly and heathen. The New England kitchen idea is the one that will go. In a kitchen of this kind already started in New York city the buyers of the food carry it away themselves, and this on the whole is so far satisfactory. At least it is more satisfactory than a cart rattling the food over streets, slopping it hither and thither, showering it out of cart amid horse smells, dust and tobacco smoke, and then shouting it through saloon tenements and ash shafts to its final destination.

HUNTING A RHINOCEROS.

A Peculiarly Sportsman Takes a Shot at a Working Rhinoceros and Kills.

Wells Parker Gillmore was in Gaza Land he was one day taking an afternoon nap, when Sandy, his faithful Zulu guide, came hurrying into the tent, his countenance fairly shining with pleasurable excitement. He had found a black rhinoceros asleep in an open glade not far from the camp, and without waking the beast had hastened to his master. Mr. Gilmore dressed his shooting clothes and set out eagerly in search of the long desired game.

He describes the trap as follows: Our course led us through heavy timber till the mowgum lands were reached. These were started through grass and brush almost up to my hips for a distance of about 200 yards, when my attendant pointed upon me the strictest silence. From the expression of his countenance I felt sure that the game was not far distant, and I was not without fear that the inflammable of my nose might bring me closer to the dangerous animal than was desirable.

Such we halted and listened. All was silence, and we