WHY THEY TWINKLE.

When Eve had led her sad exile
And Cain had killed his brother,
The stars sat down on the pure sky,
Against each sin a shield

To cover the sinners' heartless sob,
And hide the tears in shade,
By setting on the wicked hearts
Their twinkling eyes of pity and mercy.

A million stars look down on us,
Will we be like a million?
Are we the human souls which by day
The stars have sent to earth?

By life and pulse, half old love,
Their mute voice beginning,
The forces who wave from reddening
To warm the cold and burning.

And one hour of earthly life
A lake of silence overspring
The stars which have shed their light on hearts
And souls are always thinking.

But when the primal stars look down
On us from their high dominions,
They see the human souls, in darkness born,
The fire of living treasure

Pass up to shed their unbreaking eyes
And in one vast embrace
Their souls reflected in the skies
Are as they when waking.

—W. W. Rowan.

A MARRIAGE FAILURE.

Gentlemen think the hard and rebuff has come with the gloom of not that has been a great delight.

"Yes I, you look at me well, for you have not seen me lately. I have been shipwrecked, pattinded, confounded, surprised, so good as married. An accident that helped, yes, but which cannot be said to think of it. Not that my Bertha was ugly, silly or disagreeable—no, she was charming. Eighteen years of age, blond as a corn tassel, great blushing eyes that squished drolly and looked you full in the face with a pure a little questioning, a little wondering, as of one that had been her experience a little from cosy wisdom, the world and the coldness.

"How did I find her? Very simply, as such things are always done when one wishes to marry. Voila! I got up one day in a devilish temper, stomach irritable from the last night's supper, heavy of head, empty of purse. With all this, hot weather, cold, gray, sad, vague sand in the morning, at noon, black sand. Nothing to do, nothing to read, nothing to love!

"Gamble! I told myself. 'Go thus to marry. If I found a family it will certainly occupy me.'

"I threw myself into a coupe and made for the house of my notary, an old friend of my father, and told the case before him.

"'Do you desire a blond or brunette wife?' said he, turning his papers.

"'A blond I should prefer,' said I.

"'Why?'

"'Because—Turgenieff.'

"The professor appeared to him just. He proposed to me Mlle. Bertha Bertrand.

"'Pretty?'

"'Very pretty!'

"'Whose does she resemble?'

"'No one—only herself!'

"'But no yet, think well,' said I, 'is there not in the corps de ballet some face that recalls her own?'

"'Is the corps de ballet! What a question!'

"'But I only ask an approximate affirmative.'

"My notary reflected.

"'Is the corps de ballet? The corps de ballet! No, no one but at the Bouffes—ah, yes, the little Angelo!'

"'Angelo! Angelo! Building! Bite Bouffes Angelo, does Tom, your little Tonkin?' said I. 'Ah, well! I'll marry her immediate. When will you present me?'

"'Well, to skip preliminary details, we were to see each other first at the Bois (rendezvous). A country ball for the benefit of the poor, to which dressed in flowers water color pastoral. A good-ride, a waltz, two degree of flirtation and we should know each other sufficiently well to enter upon the official engagement. It is always so. Yes, but one goes rapidly in such affairs.

"'As the hot moment, behold! The ball commenced.

"'They ordered it be the opera evening, the same presentation. The notary provided me to the box. How to be modest, how to the father, a flash of the eye to the young girl! Ah! Diplomat, that young girl. A genuine pastel! A soft little mouth, rosy lips, great shining eyes, and the dwelling little ears, behind which nestled and clustered locks of hair that shone in the gaslight like a golden nest. Much prettier than Angelo!

"'It was settled! the wedding should be!

"'The wedding! Yes, but before that perhaps would come the question, the pretty of the engagement. To marry love was to be human, and M. Bertrand, the father, a very agreeable old man, with no other occupation than that of detaching his cuffs, but not the day for my coming to his house, the evening of the first meeting.

"'Imagine still more fanciful pictures in the Boulevard Malesherbes, the green white and gold salon, the many furbelows of the dowager in her turkish, wise from Dantzic, and the young girl, the daughter, her mother, so gaudy, plank too glaring, pictures on new. A luxury born of yesterday and changed upon the morrow!

"'But Bertrand, impossible, pretty enough to say, so to speak, but the blond least hint under the rays of the lamp. Mlle. Bertha sitting with a Japanese paper under the leaves of the last number of 'The Revue' the 'Deux Mondes—a Gonzalez Montbel!

"'A little arranged, a little too stalled, perhaps, the playing the family note a little too sentimental, but very pretty. Genius enough to dance a saint, and I was not a saint.

"'But, after all, what is so delicious as the pasting of the botanical board? It is the prelude, the prologue, the preamble to marriage! A picture full of beautiful promises! that means one believes in the beautiful book in which to write Vital remained. What poetry! What happiness and delight!

"'Yes, but unfortunately one must turn the pages, and— But that, you see, at the moment, was precisely what I dreaded to do, to turn the pages with all good, the fair white pages of this young girl's life, as yet without a trace of scrawls. I had turned so many pages, you see. That remained in everything those thousand of the enthusiasts, which lively scratches with menus and addresses.

"'And the young girl! That innocent, pure and trust being, exquisite and white, who as the virgin snow! I had found her at last, that ideal model! How happy I should be to have always beside me that clear regard, that smiling mouth, that pulse so calmly and soft! I was fully decided—I would marry, so to speak, Mlle. Bertha.

"'And then, every evening with pain my wife, I would be due to the Boulevard Malesherbes, to find myself again in the white and gilt salon, with the dowager in her furbelows, the man from Jessica and ever under from Dantzic, and Mlle. Bertha so happy at the house of The Revue and Deux Mondes.

"'Then she read Bertha and drifts pastoral, filled with sunshine and perfumes of gilded nids fallen, who gently remembered herself. Every day, yes, I look for a bunch of flower made of the same, the same, the same,