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[CONCLUDED FROM LAST WEEK.]

SYNOPSIS.

CHAPTER I.—The story opens with a picture of garrison life at Fort Ryan, on the frontier. Capt. Lane, commanding Co. H, 9th Recruit, attracts the attention of Col. Morris, the commandant. Lieut. Hearn, of the 22d, detachment, is the officer detailed as the perfect attendant of Miss Georgia Marshall, a friend visiting the family of Capt. Lane.

CHAPTER II.—Corp. Brent is found on the carriage ground mortally wounded from a blow received while in the line of duty from some person unknown. Miss Marshall is a witness to signs of indecent familiarity attending the injury. Private Welsh, of the cavalry troop, is suspected of being the assailant, and is placed in arrest. Suspicion also points to Private Welsh, a chum of Gess, and a disreputable soldier and chronic "shirk."

CHAPTER III.—Explains some of the domestic history of the Lanes and of Miss Marshall. The latter is a brave young girl, who has seen trouble, and is invited to the post by Mrs. Lane for a change of scene and "to marry in the regiment."

CHAPTER IV.—Explains the suspicion on the person of Levi Schonberg, a neighboring trader. The Jew is attended by another Israelite, Mr. Abrams, of Chicago, and the pair, who are interfered with by the garrison, are ordered away by Lieut. Hearn for tampering with Welsh. In a moment of excitement Hearn lays his hands violently upon Welsh for gross insubordination and the Jews witness the affair.

CHAPTER 5 AND 6.—Explain how Lieut. Hearn is an alleged debtor to Schonberg for a considerable sum of money, and important evidence in the case has mysteriously disappeared from the lieutenant's quarters. Corp. Brent's situation is dangerous, and Gess, the suspected assailant, breaks the guard house and disappears.

CHAPTER 7.—Schonberg's friend, Abrams, proves to be a reporter on The Chicago Palladium, and takes up the cudgel of the press in behalf of the abused creditor and the bullied private. Lieut. Hearn's [illegible] as Hearn is pictured. Col. Morris, the commandant, summonses Welsh from the guard house to a private interview.

CHAPTER 8.—The nervous and apprehensive colonel is alarmed by a telegram from his superiors demanding an investigation into the press charges about irregularities at Fort Ryan. Lieut. Hearn is privately reprimanded by the colonel, and Abrams, the reporter, is received at headquarters with subserviency.

CHAPTER 9.—Col. Morris parades the command for the entertainment of a large crowd of the populace, attracted to the fort by the newspaper scandal. Abrams is ejected from the parade ground, behind the colonel's back.

CHAPTER 10.—The Judge advocate of the division, Col. Garner, arrives at the post with instructions to investigate the Hearn case, and meets the garrison society at a dinner at Capt. Lane's. Miss Marshall naively admits to the judge her interest in Lieut. Hearn, and at the same time discovers that the case has been prejudged by that official, whose rule to "convict an officer" whenever possible is evil to Hearn.

CHAPTER 11.—Col. Lawler leaves the fort without taking official action. Private Welsh, who has been made out a hero by the press, is released from arrest on a new charge, by order of the colonel, and is placed on duty at Hearn, whom he is forced to assist in public, much against his will. Abrams still hangs about the fort, and is often in the company of Welsh.

CHAPTER 12.—The cavalry is ordered away on a parting tete-a-tete with Miss Marshall in Capt. Lane's parlor a telegram arrives ordering him in arrest.

CHAPTER 13.—The members of the court martial arrive at the fort. Col. Lawler appears as judge advocate. Lieut. Hearn's mother holds out strong inducement to her son to save himself by resigning. Georgia Marshall, on learning that the accused has no counsel to conduct the defense, confides to Mrs. Lane the thought, "I wish I were a man."

CHAPTER 14.—Welsh and Schonberg describe to the court the alleged assault on Welsh, and Schonberg tells of Hearn's indebtedness to him and his bullying refusals to pay. Hearn is apparently in danger of disgrace and dismissal.

CHAPTER 15.—The Jew's account books are before the court, and Miss Marshall, who is among the spectators, accidentally discovers a contradiction in dates that ruins Schonberg's case.

CHAPTER 16.—Gess, the runaway suspected of the assault on Corp. Brent (described in the earlier chapters), returns to become a witness, and impeaches Welsh, meanwhile explaining how Hearn's receipts from Schonberg had been stolen. Corp. Brent, who has recovered, also brings important evidence for Hearn.

CHAPTER 17.—Hearn is acquitted and ordered away to his command at the summer camp. Judge Hearn, father of the lieutenant, urges his son to quit the service where he is subject to such injustice. Miss Marshall coolly avoids Hearn, who is madly in love with her, and their parting when Hearn goes to rejoin his troop is mysteriously abrupt.

CHAPTER 18.—Hearn writes to his father that he will "stick to the old flag" despite the trials of the service. Miss Marshall inadvertently learns of this determination, but reveals no her distant home, soon to be followed and won by the ardent lieutenant.

CHAPTER XVIII.



For a minute she was held in close embrace.

When it was generally understood around Fort Ryan the following afternoon that Mr. Hearn had taken the first train and gone after the regiment early that morning people were somewhat surprised. Along toward sunset the ladies began to think it time somebody went to call at the Lanes' and see why it was that neither Mrs. Lane nor Miss Marshall had been abroad during the day. Incidentally, too, it might be possible to find out whether congratulations were in order. Nobody could account for the sudden departure of the lieutenant. Kenyon knew of it of course, but to all questions would only reply, as though in surprise:

"Go? Why, of course he went! What else would you expect of a man like Hearn? He was all ready to join his regiment—why shouldn't he go?"

Still, as Mr. Hearn had not said a word about going, even when questioned the night before, every woman at Ryan felt sure there was some sudden reason, and equally sure that Miss Marshall, if she only would, could tell it. Very probably the first caller fully expected to be told that Miss Marshall was not well and begged to be excused. That would have settled the matter to their entire satisfaction. But, on the contrary, Miss Marshall, looking every bit as fresh and cool and animated as ever, came tripping lightly down the stairs the moment they were announced. She perfectly well knew that they would be coming, and was fully prepared to meet them. She had heard, too, of Mr. Hearn's sudden departure; a brief note had come to Mrs. Lane early in the morning, over which that bonny matron had had a good cry. The visitors only succeeded in finding Miss Marshall as brilliant and entertaining as ever, but more provokingly impenetrable. It was impossible to determine from her manner of speaking of Mr. Hearn and his departure whether there was an engagement or not.

Nor was any one a whit wiser at the end of the week. "If she is engaged to him," said the dames and damsels, "she is receiving rather too much attention from the major, who lets no day go by without—and every one knows how long he has been single!"

Mabel Lane, who had looked pale for a day or two, was blithe and sunshiny as ever, so far as Ryan society could judge, and in the absence of any local sensation some people were disposed to regard the situation as decidedly disheartening. No woman rests content who suspects an engagement and cannot prove it.

Letters from the regiment gave no clew. Lane wrote to Mabel every day—another thing that made him culpable in the eyes of lords less studious—and she was besieged by the other wives with questions as to what was going on in the field. But what he wrote her of Hearn she would tell no one, not even Georgia—who never asked.

"It has been a hard ordeal for Hearn, as any one can see," wrote the captain. "He has aged and changed greatly. The youngsters had planned a sort of love feast for him, but he begged them that nothing of the kind be held, and he has really shunned society since rejoining. He claims that all his time is taken up with his troop, and of course we are very busy; but there is something behind it, and I think you know."

She did know, and yet could not tell. It was her penance for breaking faith with Georgia. The latter had forbidden that she should tell to any one the fact that Mr. Hearn had indeed offered himself and had been refused.

But Lane learned it soon enough. From the moment of his return to the regiment the young soldier spent most of his time, when off duty, in the society of the captain, and one night in the fullness of his sorrowing heart he told his friend of the bitter disappointment that had come to him. He loved her deeply, had asked her to be his wife, and she had gently, even tearfully, but positively, said no, it simply could not be. He had begged her to give her reasons, and she refused. She assured him of her faith, respect and esteem, but pointed out to him that in every way possible since the trial she had striven to avert the declaration which she frankly confessed she could not but foresee. He was forced to admit this, and could no more than—very hard.

Lane simply could not understand. "Is there any one else?" he wrote to Mabel, and Mabel said she was sure there was not; but she was equally sure Georgia meant no. Mabel herself was even more perplexed than the captain, since Georgia had gently but resolutely forbidden any further mention of the subject between them. And now, with the utter inconsistency of her sex, pretty Mrs. Lane was all eagerness to discover and demolish the barrier to a match which a month ago she would have opposed because it seemed inevitable.

Then came a joy in which Mrs. Lane for the time being forgot her perplexities. Capt. Fred obtained a seven days' leave from the regiment and flew as straight to her arms as a circuitous railroad route could carry him. He greeted Miss Marshall as cordially as ever, but he did not call her Portia as he had intended, because Mabel warned him in a letter that it served to revive associations which were not all joyous. "I called her Portia long before she met Mr. Hearn," was Lane's stout reply; "but if she doesn't like it, that's enough." Maj. Kenyon was bidden to dinner the evening of his homecoming, and of course many of the garrison people happened in, and so there was nothing but general chat. But two evenings later, when the major was sitting in the big armchair and discoursing on some of his favorite hobbies, he broached anew the matter of Judge Hearn's letter urging his son to quit the service.

"Have you never heard Hearn's answer, major?" said Lane. "He read it to me before sending it, and I thought it so good that I kept a copy. Here it is."

Miss Marshall was sitting at the table under the bright lamp as Lane began to read. Mabel noticed that she leaned forward, shading her eyes with her hand.

"I have thought it all over, my dear father. The offer you make me is one for which I thank you with all my heart. Few men could quit the service under better auspices, or return to a home more loved or friends more loving, and yet—I cannot. Ten years of my life, perhaps the best ten, have been spent in a profession which with every year presents new fields, new studies and new requirements. I have worked honestly, have won friends and, in all modesty may say, a good name. Admitting all you write of this recent attempt of the papers to blacken it, my friends here tell me that it but proves the strength of my record that even concerted newspaper assaults could not harm me in the eyes of right thinking people.

"I love the duties. I am deeply attached to many of my comrades. I can be a very fair soldier, and might only make a very poor lawyer. For these reasons I think I ought to stand where I am. But there is still another reason.

"Father, when I bound myself to the United States as a cadet I received at the hands of the nation a schooling such as I could get at no other institution in the world, and was molded by the intention for its service. If in after years I found myself better fitted to serve in some other way, then there might be excuse for tendering a resignation. But when I feel and know that I am far more soldier than I can ever be anything else, it all the more convinces me that my efforts belong now and for a lifetime to the nation that trained me and that I have sworn to serve.

"The dear ones at home know me best, it is true. The class in whose supposed interests I have been so unjustly assailed, it is also true, is very different from that in which we move. But, in the broad light of a soldier's duty, neither the love of the one nor the unreasoning hate of the other should swerve me. The hardest knocks a soldier has to bear come sometimes from the very men whom he is sworn to defend. You would not have me yield because of a stinging wound or two, nor would I be worthy of your name if I faltered now. It is my belief, that, despite apparent apathy, there is still north or south a place in the hearts of the people for every soldier who seeks faithfully to serve them, and in that faith—God helping me—I shall follow the old flag to the end."

"By Jupiter!" said Kenyon, as he sprang to his feet and strode excitedly up and down the room, "isn't that enough to make one damn the liberty of the press, to think that a month ago it was holding up that fine fellow for everything that was low and contemptible! Miss Marshall, if I were— Why, she's gone!"

"Just stepped into the dining room a moment," said Mrs. Lane promptly, though her eyes were brimming. "Now, isn't that Mr. Hearn all over?"

But Georgia Marshall had not gone into the dining room. Mabel found her over at the end of the veranda gazing at the distant night lights across the dark and silent valley.

September came, and the Eleventh would soon be on its last march. Letters to the regiment made frequent mention of old Kenyon's devotion to Miss Marshall, and even Hearn had to hear occasional bits of conversation that told him that in quitting Ryan he had abandoned the field to a rival. But when orders reached them there was other news: Miss Marshall was to return to the east at once. "Despite every plea," wrote Mabel, "she persists in it, and adamant is no more yielding than is her determination. I am utterly heartbroken, but cannot prevent it. She has been making arrangements for a new position of some kind for the last six weeks, and she will leave before the regiment gets back."

And when the Eleventh came marching into Ryan late in the month, and a host of tanned and bearded troopers rode in behind the band on its dancing grays, Georgia Marshall had vanished from the scene.

Presently Kenyon took a long leave and disappeared. "Having it out with his newspaper friends in Chicago," was Martin's suggestion. But the next thing heard of him he had turned up in Cincinnati and Mabel knew well what that meant, and waited with bated breath. For a month there came no further news, and then he was reported at St. Augustine, more crabbed than ever.

"Then he, too, has been rejected," said Mabel. And she was right. Kenyon did not rejoin until long after the Christmas holidays.

Old Blauvelt by this time had been sent before the retiring board, which recommended him for permanent shelving, and he was still on leave until the needed vacancy should occur. Hearn meantime remained in command of his troop, no longer encumbered by the presence of Trooper Welsh, who had been formally "sent to Leavenworth." Corp. Brent had won his sergeant's chevrons, and was looking forward to examination for promotion.

Everything was going blithely at the post, but for the sadness that seemed to have clouded one young soldier's life, and for the anxious look on Mabel Lane's face when Portia was asked for, as Portia often was. "Teaching children all the fall and winter, and then—" Lane would say, and shrug his shoulders, though her own letters made no mention of it. The family would move to their country seat in a week, and she would be so glad, she said, to see the trees and birds again.

* * * * * * *

The first of May had come. The lovely suburbs of a bustling city were shrouded in the richest, freshest green. The sweet breath of the early summer, laden with the perfume of lilac and honeysuckle and of myriad blossoms, was sighing through the foliage of a park of grand old trees and rippling the surface of a grassy lawn. Robin and bluebird, oriole and crested woodpecker flashed and flitted through the sunshine, now splashing in the basin of the fountain, now chasing each other in chattering glee through the slanting light and shadow. The drone of beetle and hum of dragon fly fell soothingly on the drowsy ear.

The little knot of Jerseys browsing in the paddock down the eastward slope huddled together sleepily in a shaded corner. The tennis court was deserted, the mallets lay sprawled about the croquet ground, and a pair of Maltese kittens that had been scampering about playing hide and seek among the currant bushes, seemed at last overcome by the langorous spell in which all nature was hushed, and with the confidence of kittenhood proceeded to clamber into the slowly swinging hammock, hung well back in the shade, wherein was reclining the one human being visible in the entire picture—a tall girl with big dark eyes and a wealth of somber braids of hair—a girl whose soft cheeks were almost as thin and pale as the slender white hands loosely clasping an open letter that lay in her lap. And it was this that the foremost pussy, after clambering by swift springs up the pathway afforded by the trailing white skirts, now impatiently pawed to one side and curled herself up in its place; there she was promptly joined by her playmate. Slowly the thin white hand was lifted and gently stroked the fur of the pretty, graceful creature.

"It is a holiday for us, isn't it, Fluffy-kin?" murmured the girl. "The children and doggy, both gone, and it's almost time for us to be thinking of tea—tea all alone. There's the whistle of the sunset train now."

For a moment the wooded slopes on both sides of the valley echoed to the rattle of the incoming cars, the sharp hiss of steam, the distant sound of voices at the little station down the winding village street, arched over with rustling foliage. Then the clang of the bell and the hurrying engine again pushed northward, impatient of delay. A few light carriages and pony phaetons came driving swiftly by; a few of the occupants waved hand or handkerchief to the reclining figure in the hammock, but far more passed by on the other side without a sign or token, and presently silence and solitude again settled down upon the shaded lawn, and the last rays of the westering sun kissed the tree tops good night and slowly died away.

"Surely there should be another letter from Mabel to-night; this one is a week old now," said Portia. But, old as it was, there seemed one page which deserved re-reading, and the white hands sought and found the letter and lifted it before her eyes:

"Mr. Hearn has been gone a week now, and we miss him sadly. He has almost made his home here with us during the winter, and rarely spent an evening anywhere else. His father's death seems to have been very sudden, and it was a great shock. He has a month's leave, with permission to apply for an extension. Georgia—Portia—I could say so much, so very much, if you would only listen. If you would only release me from that promise! I was thinking but yesterday how I blessed the day that my pride broke down and gave me Fred and happiness. Sometimes I doubt not but think that really pride, foolish, unwise pride-aside, stands between you and a life as blessed as my own."

Impatiently the letter was hurled upon the grass, and, half turning, Georgia buried her wan face on her arm. Of what was she thinking? Surely those were hot tears trickling through the long white fingers; surely there was little evidence of stubborn pride in the abandonment of that silent, lonely sorrow. All day she had been at leisure, the family and children away in town, and, though neither her duties had been very onerous nor the trials of her new position very great, she had drooped all winter long. This was the first real day of rest; yet, with all its sweetness and sunshine, had it not been full of tears?—full of vague unrest and longing? And now even the sunshine was going, and the gloaming was slowly settling down upon the valley.

Far over the eastern heights the silvery shield of the soft May moon was peeping into view; but the fairy shafts of her gentle light could not yet penetrate the shadows that lurked in the grove where swung the hammock. Still the hot tears came trickling down between the white fingers and, yielding at last to the mournful influence of the dying day, Georgia Marshall wept unrestrainedly—wept while great sobs shook her frame; and while one fluffy kitten, disturbed in her intended nap, stretched forth a furry paw and lifted up a querulous note of remonstrance, her companion, suddenly dislodged from her cozy nest in Georgia's lap, clawed vigorously back upon the heaving folds of the summer fabric, glared around in excited search for the possible cause of such seismatic disturbance, and instantly set back a pair of tiny ears, arched a furry back, bristled her stiffening tail, and gave vent to spiteful challenge at the fell disturber of her peace. There stood a man.

A tall young fellow, erect and powerful in build, clad in civilian garb, but striding across the lawn with the swing of a trooper, halted suddenly not ten feet away and lifted from his shapely head a hat banded heavily with crape. The next instant he had hurled this aside, stepped quickly forward, utterly ignoring pussy's hostile guise, had thrown himself on one knee beside the hammock, and the drooping mustache almost swept the soft, white hands as he impetuously seized them.

"Georgia," he whispered.

Heavens! what a start! In her wild consternation she recoiled from his touch, striving at the same instant to sit erect. Hammocks are not made for combinations so eccentric. The next instant the flimsy thing had slipped from under her and she felt herself going. Drowning men catch at straws; drowning women seize the hand they would have shunned. But for his sudden spring, but for prompt clasping arms, she would have gone headlong to the ground on the opposite side. For a minute she was held in close embrace, a confused mingling of dusty braids, of throbbing femininity, of hotly blushing, tear wet face, of cool linen lawn and clinging hammock netting. Then her hands regained their cunning and found his broad shoulders and she pushed herself free, and those hysterical laughter notes forced their way, and at last, as she sat there restored to equilibrium and striving to regain her whirling senses as he stood patiently bending over her, half praying that the inspired hammock might yet attempt some new freak, she glanced up at him through smiles and tears and disordered bangs only to say:

"How utterly absurd!"

To which philosophical remark he vouchsafed no reply whatever.

It is a full minute before she recovers, even partially, either breath or self possession. Then she holds forth her hand, and he assists her to rise.

"This is not the welcome I should give you. Shall we go to the house?"

But even as she asks and her eyes glance nervously, shyly, up into his face, she knows he will accept no invitation that will peril this tete-a-tete. She sees how the lines have deepened in his frank, soldierly face, and that a sadness not all of his recent bereavement has left its traces there. She would lead him from the shaded grove to the parlor, where the lamps are already beginning to twinkle, but he will not budge one step. He stands confronting her.

"No! I have come solely to see you. Is there any reason why we cannot stay here a moment?" And she can think of none. Oh, what infamous fate that he should have found her weeping—bathed in tears!

"I hardly thought to see you at all, especially after—the great—sorrow of your father's death," she falters, her heart leaping and bounding despite her effort to be calm.

"I am taking mother north," he answers simply. "It was a cruel blow to her and a hard one to me. It was all over before I could get home. Mother will spend the summer with her sister on the St. Lawrence, but she has to rest in Cincinnati until to-morrow night. I left her with old friends this afternoon and came out here to find you. I must go back this evening. And now have you no word of welcome for me? Did you not know that I would come, loving you as I do?"

What answer can she make? Her head is drooping low, her hands are clasped together, her bosom heaving, her breath fluttering away, and yet how wild a joy, how exquisite a hope is throbbing in her heart of hearts!

"Georgia"—he speaks impulsively, his deep voice trembling—"you made me accept your answer then and bear my bitter disappointment without a word; but I have borne it too long now. Had you been at the other end of the world I must have followed you, for the longing to see your dear face, to hear your voice, to look into your glorious eyes, has overmastered me time and again. I had to come, and now I will hear what it is that stands between us. God knows my love and honor have been yours a long, long year. God knows there can be no content or joy for me if your answer be final. You have bound my life in yours. You won my whole heart, my deepest gratitude. No; you cannot check me by impatient gesture now. You must hear. You told me there was no other man. Is that true?"

"Perfectly," she answers proudly.

"And yet you would not listen to me. You would not be my wife."

"You forget it was just after the trial. You seemed to think you owed me such a world of gratitude; and—do not men sometimes mistake gratitude for love?"

"Oh, heaven!" he interrupts her impetuously, his hands outstretched. "You do not mean you doubted me, Georgia! If that were your reason, is it not banished now? Look—look up into my eyes, my darling, and tell me, if you dare, that it is gratitude, not deep and fervent love, I offer you. Nay, you shall see." And before she could retreat his strong, trembling hands had seized her drooping head, and between them her face, with its dark, lustrous, swimming eyes, with cheeks still tear wet, yet burning with blushes chasing each other in very prowl, her soft red lips quivering and trembling at the slumbering corners—all now lifted to his worshiping gaze, and she can repel no longer. One swift glance, and if ever vestige of doubt remained it vanished then and there. No woman on earth could have looked into his eyes and denied the love that burned within them—all her own, all her own.

"Speak to me, Georgia. Do you believe me now?"

"Yes," she whispers, and her face would have hidden itself but for those strong hands again.

"And you have no love to give in return?"

A little silvery beam is peeping through the foliage now. The kittens, forgotten, are rolling over each other in mad frolic at their very feet. The last chirp of drowsing bird has died away. The silence of the sweet summer night has fallen on all surrounding nature, yet he can hardly hear her whisper——

"You never asked it—until now."

"But it is mine, really? Georgia, tell me," he implores.

"It has been—all yours ever since the night I heard your letter—ever since you wrote that you would follow the old flag to the end."

THE END.

WHERE JEWSHARPS ARE MADE.

A Family of Smiths Do All the Manufacturing Outside of New York.

The village of Bath-on-the-Hudson, though its manufacturing interests are few, can boast of possessing the only jewsharp factory in the United States outside of New York city. Simple as the jewsharp is, it requires, nevertheless, no little skill in construction.

The proprietor of the factory in Bath is John Smith, and he has perfected himself to such an extent that his work is recognized as among the best in the world. The factory is a small building situated a short distance off Third street, and although unpretentious contains every facility for the manufacture of jewsharps.

Twenty years ago, in England, Mr. Smith began his apprenticeship at the trade. Hearing from friends in this country that here would be found a better market for the sale of his specialty, he determined to emigrate. Arriving in New York he failed to secure employment, and deciding to start in business for himself he went to Troy and opened a factory there. He was but moderately successful in Troy, and after a short time moved to Bath, built a factory and is perfectly satisfied with the location. The Smith jewsharp is sold principally to firms in New York, Boston and Chicago. These firms sell the goods to retailers throughout the United States.

When the factory is running at its fullest capacity over two gross a day are turned out. The busiest time of the year is that just preceding the holidays. During this season the factory employs five people—the proprietor, his two sons and two other Englishmen, who live near the factory.

The manufacture of the "harps" is an interesting process, and but few people are aware of the large amount of work expended in making a jewsharp of good tone. The frames of the instrument are not made by Mr. Smith. He buys them from a foundry. Upon these frames is bestowed the least work; it is in setting the steel tongue in the frame and filing the longer or shorter tongues to the required.

The first work done on a jewsharp is to place the frame in a vise, file off the roughness and taper down the points, so that each side presents a sharp edge, between which the tongue is to vibrate. The most delicate work then begins. A piece of steel wire is cut from a coil, hammered flat at one end and left round at the other, and tempered with the greatest care. The flat end is then set in the arc of the frame, and then the two ends are carefully pressed and hammered until they come as close as possible to the tongue without touching it.

The round end of the tongue is then bent in the form of a right angle, the point is turned over, and the "harp" is ready to be placed in the hands of a finisher. There are seven sizes and four kinds of finishing—the common, gold bronze, lacquered and tin plated. The harp can be toned to any pitch. To make the tone high the tongue is made small and pressed back toward the frame; to make the tone lower it is bent forward. Mr. Smith is not only a good maker of the harp, but can extract quite a little music from the little instrument. He can also play two at once, which he tunes so that they are in harmony, by filing the frames.

When business is rushing Mr. Smith's whole family is pressed into service, and each member excels in his or her particular work. Mr. Smith prophesies that within a few years the instruments he makes will be in more general use than now. He has once enlarged his factory, and expects to do so again.—Albany Journal.

Conversational Equality.

For conversation society must not be very unequal. By inequality I do not refer to the doubtful distinction of banking accounts or family trees. So far as these are concerned there is nothing so democratic as conversation. But it does demand some approach to a similarity—not in opinions; with good temper these may widely differ—but in manners and taste, and, above all, in intellectual capacity. When people are brought together without care for these similarities we know what happens. If their number be large enough they invariably split up, not by cold exclusiveness, but by natural selection, into mutually appreciative groups, of which each member has some affinity for the rest.

Where this instinctive distribution is, through smallness of numbers or the rudeness of a host, impossible we may expect a dull time. All know Bret Harte's tale of a man who had never heard of Adam before and asked "What was his other name?" But there have been talkers in real life also who had to endure much at the hands of the ignorant.—Gentleman's Magaz