"Yes, Mademoiselle; this is my life,—one of sacrifice."

"But what will you say?"

"Oh, I shall just imagine myself with my hand in that of Mlle. Metz, and that I am my brother, speaking from his heart." So the letter, written by the sister, and signed in the brother's name, that vraie perle of men, went its way. Weeks passed again, still no word from A. Metz in reply to her impassioned love-letter.

"I have told my brother that he really must shave his whiskers, and let them come out fresh again; they are too thin for one about to marry himself," said Madame, reflectively, while awaiting the response. At length it came. Up came Madame, fairly screaming with laughter, the letter in hand. "Elle ne le veut pas," she cries, merrily; "elle ne le veut pas!"

"Why, Madame, I fear your love-letter was too cold; that you forgot 'to put your hand in hers,'" I say, laughing, too.

"No, no," said Madame, very seriously. "On the contrary, it was a marvel; my poor brother could never have written it; he has a small imagination, chère homme; that is in part owing to his mode of life—always at his range," and she draws a long, soft sigh.

"Well, I am quite satisfied. She had a hard manner, and those dreadful English eyes so false,—and then wishing me to pension her, the vilainous creature!"

"And how does your brother take it, Madame?"

"Oh, that 'true pearl,' Mademoiselle! He gave me the letter without a word, and went on shelling his peas with a perfectly unmoved manner—pauvre chère homme; he has sentiment without the ability of showing it. I find him more than content."

A certain Junior, reciting upon the parts of the steam engine, described the eccentric as a wheel with the centre not quite in the centre.

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Noticeable Articles.

The *Athenaeum* for March 2d has a long review of the two volumes of the Correspondence of Motley, the historian, just published under the editorship of Mr. George William Curtis, which would seem to be one of the most interesting and entertaining, as Bryce's *American Commonwealth* is the most important, book of the day. Motley saw a great deal of the best European society, and was the fellow-student and life-long intimate friend of Prince Bismark at Göttingen, and his letters seem to be full of notices of all the famous people of his day. As a historian, the reviewer compares him with his friend Prescott. "Prescott has been fascinated by the great European movement in the fifteenth century, of which one result was the discovery and colonization of America, and of which one impulse rose in Spain. Motley was a sturdier Republican than Prescott, and he seems, from a very early date, to have been impressed with the superiority of Holland over Spain as a centre of civilization. 'The Dutch have certainly done many great things,' he wrote to his mother during his first visit to their country. "They have had to contend with two of the mightiest powers in the world, the ocean and Spanish tyranny, and they conquered both. Neither the Inquisition nor the Zuyder Zee was able to engulf them." 'I flatter myself,' he says in another letter, 'that I have found one great, virtuous, and heroic character, William the First of Orange, founder of the Dutch Republic. This man, who did the work of a thousand men every year of his life, who was never inspired by any personal ambition, but who performed good and lofty actions because he was born to do them, just as other men have been born to do nasty ones, deserves to be better understood than I believe him to have been by the world at large! ' He has made him to be better understood and surely such men are the ones for young Americans to read about, and as far as they can to imitate, especially in these days of corruption in high places.

In the *Academy* of the same date is a notice of another very interesting biographical work, "Three Generations of Englishwomen," by Janet Ross. In the days before railways, at the beginning of the century, the quaint old town of Norwich, with its crooked streets and fine cathedral, down in the eastern counties of England, was a noted literary centre, and among the best-known families there were two, the Martineaus and the Taylors. The