

A SATIN SLIPPER.

"Oh, Lilly—Lilly, that it should come to this! Little did your great-great-grandmother Lorrimer, who danced with George Washington, and shook hands with Lafayette, and was called the 'Rose of Richmond,' dream of such a thing. Your grand-aunt, who married an English nobleman, and I, myself—though I have just one black gown to my back, and that mended—I myself would have doubted an angel if he had told me on that day I was a bride that my child—my only child—would come to doing chamber work in a hotel. Better to starve, my love."

"Not a bit of it, mamma," said Lilly. "I shall do something better some day. But for three months I shall make beds and dust bureaus without shame or sorrow. Those fine ladies will neither know nor care anything about it. Mrs. Glenn will let me come home at night to sleep, and twenty dollars a month is not to be despised in our circumstances. Two or three of the farmers' daughters hereabouts have promised Mrs. Glenn to come to her—to be sure, they will keep their wages to buy autumn finery with, and I have solid use for mine. Of course I'd rather

"Sit on a cushion and sew up a seam, and dine upon strawberries, sugar and cream."

like the lady in Mother Goose, but I am going to do what I can to help the family fortunes along, just as if I were a boy."

"The only thing an impoverished young lady of good family can do is to make a wealthy marriage," sighed Mrs. Lorrimer.

Lilly hurried out of the room. No doubt the family was good; no doubt they had once lived elegantly, but that was in the generations past. As long as Lilly could remember, there had been nothing but poverty and trial. Her father was an inventor, who always hoped to make a fortune, and spent his little all on patents and in defending them against infringements. He was robbed right and left, and her mother was continually in tears over blighted hopes of a handsome home and better gowns. Still, while he lived, there was something like a provision for absolute daily needs, and Lilly had loved and sympathized with him and understood him and believed in his "some day" anticipation.

Now he was at rest and she must earn the bread and butter; she had no accomplishments, or no doubt she would have tried to teach. Dressmaking involved a long apprenticeship; if she found a place in a store, she could only support herself. At Sand Top they actually owned a little cottage of four rooms, built by her father as a summer home years before, though they had lived there winter and summer for years, and food for two cost very little. Besides, the kindly landlady, Mrs. Glenn, had said:

"There's many a thing wasted that you and your ma might as well have, and I'll see that you have it." Mrs. Glenn knew all about Mr. Lorrimer's hopes and struggles, his sad death, his widow's family pride.

"I'm a plain woman myself, Lilly," she had said to the young girl. "I've lived out in my own time, and I make you the offer to come to me, feeling it's the best you can do just yet."

And Lilly was going, despite her mother's lamentations.

Soon, in her blue calico dress, white apron and tiny ruffle of a cap, she was busy at her work, which was done, of course, when the rooms were vacant. She was very quick and active, and nothing was neglected.

Two weeks had passed, without her having actually met one of the guests, face to face.

The other girls were generally very curious about these fine people, and glad to hear whatever the waiters could tell them about their costumes and jewelry—and there was a great deal of talk about the Ackland family—Mr. and Mrs. Ackland, and a younger brother of the gentleman, who was said to be the handsomest of men.

"We're going to have a hop, Lilly," said Mrs. Glenn, "music and dancing. Now, you're an old friend of mine—at least, your ma is—and I'd like you to have a little amusement. You've got a pretty white frock, and I'll give you a roll of ribbon to fix it up with. Come in and take a look and enjoy the music—why not? You are just as much of a lady as any of them, and will look as nice. A little gayety will do you good."

Lilly pondered a little and then said that she should like it very much, and before the night of the hop her white dress was in good order. The pretty ribbons, knotted to hide defects, and a bunch of rose buds in her belt and one or two in her dark hair, made a simple ball costume—good enough, at least, to sit and look on in, she thought.

Her only trouble was about her shoes—a pair of slippers that she wore about her work. However, she polished them as brightly as possible and adorned them with two little bows.

"You look lovely, my dear," said Mrs. Glenn. "Prettier than that Miss Gennons, who is such a belle—there now!" Lilly was pleased. Her spirits rose and her color heightened.

When the dancing began it was a little tantalizing, to be sure, for she danced well, being one of nature's born dancers; but she had known from the first that she must only be an on-looker, and resigned herself to what she supposed inevitable.

At that moment, however, Mr. Ackland—the young, the handsome Mr. Ackland himself—had approached the landlady who, attired in black satin and lace, occupied a large chair with dignity.

"Mrs. Glenn," he said, "I have been trying to get an introduction to one of the ladies present. No one, however, seems to know her. Will you introduce me?—the pretty girl in white and rose buds standing near the window. I suppose she has just come down."

"That," said Mrs. Glenn, beaming, "is a little friend of mine, that I asked in myself, and she's as nice as she's pretty."

In a moment more she had introduced Miss Lorrimer, and the two went flying down the room together.

Afterward Mr. Ackland's sister-in-

law said that he acted shamefully that evening, devoting himself to one girl, whom no one knew, to the exclusion of every one else; and, in fact, this was true. In the ball room, on the long piazza, where they promenaded, and at the supper table, he kept by Lilly's side.

Love sometimes approaches slowly, but at other times he comes in a moment and without warning—so, this never-to-be-forgotten night, he came to Robin Ackland, and, to tell the truth, so he also came to sweet Lilly Lorrimer. It was all like a dream to her, and she was as happy as a child.

The hours wore on, supper was over, but there was to be more dancing. Some of the married folk had gone off to bed, but the young folk were not tired yet. The band played a mad gallop; Robin caught Lilly lightly in his arms, and away they dashed down the long room and back again. Suddenly Lilly cried:

"How beautiful those decorations over the door are, Mr. Ackland! do look at them."

He turned to look; they were not particularly striking, and he wondered at the girl's enthusiasm on the subject, and quickly turned toward her again—or rather, toward the spot where she had been a moment before—she was no longer there. Behind him was an open door; he hastened through it and looked down the long passage, but Miss Lorrimer was not to be seen; only upon the matting lay a small object, which he recognized—a tiny slipper, split entirely across, but still decorated with the pale blue rosettes which he had noticed when her feet, "like mice," peeped in and out as though they feared the light."

In fact, Cinderella's fate had befallen Lilly Lorrimer. The old, cheap slipper had not borne the strain of the dance, and she had fled just as the clock struck 12, leaving it behind her.

Robin understood; he picked up the little shoe and hid it carefully away. For some time he waited for Lilly to return. But at last the music ceased, the lights were put out and the ball-room was deserted. He should not see her again that night.

It was an unsatisfactory parting. He was restless—almost unhappy. He could not sleep, and instead of going to bed, he sat down in the dark upon the piazza on which the ball room windows opened.

At last there was no sound in all the house, and all the night was still save for the dash of the waves upon the rocks. It was a time for ghosts and visions.

Suddenly one appeared to Robin Ackland—a little ghost in white and lilac. It came from the door that opened to the long passage, and holding a candle in its hand, it paced the ballroom floor.

"Oh, dear, dear, dear!" it sighed. "What shall I do if I cannot find it—oh, dear, dear!" Then suddenly the little ghost uttered a squeal, for before her stood a dark figure.

"If it is your slipper, Miss Lorrimer," said the voice belonging to this form, "here it is." And Lilly knew her partner of the evening, and stood abashed before him.

"I waited, hoping you would come back for it," he said. "But I had given up hope. And now, before you go, let me speak to you. I suppose you will think me very presumptuous, but though we have known each other but a few hours, I adore you."

"I wish to pay you my addresses; I hope to win your hand, to make you my wife. I am well known here. I am not poor—if I say it myself, I will make a wife happy—tell me I may hope."

And Lilly felt that she could return his love, but knew her duty.

"Mr. Lorrimer," she said, "I think you speak under a mistake. I am not a girl of your own circle of society. I am of good connections, it is true, but just now I am only a chambermaid at this hotel. I must do what I can to win my mother's bread, and I was only at the ball as an on-looker, by the kindness of Mrs. Glenn. Good-night."

"Good-night," he said, "but not goodbye. What you tell me does not change my feelings, but only increases my respect for you."

He kissed her hand and she vanished into the darkness, but not forever.

"I made that match," says Mrs. Glenn beaming with satisfaction, as she watches the wedding in the seaside church, not long after. "I knew Lilly had only to be seen to be fallen in love with; that's why I asked her to the ball."

But not she nor even Mrs. Lorrimer will ever know why Robin's pet name for his little wife is "Cinderella."

Plowed up a Meteor in California.

About a year ago a great meteor fell at or near Table Mountain. The fall of the visitor from unknown spheres and the consternation it caused among those who were witnesses was told in a graphic manner to a reporter of this paper by Professor George H. Stout, superintendent of schools, and created wide interest. Searching parties were organized, and several scientific gentlemen came here to get if possible, a piece of the meteor. Mr. Stout received letters from all over the United States and even from Europe. But despite strenuous efforts no trace of the mysterious mass could be found. The other day, however, Charles E. Bloomfield, who reside some miles to the west of where this meteor was supposed to have struck, discovered what is undoubtedly a fragment of the same. He was plowing his field when the implement turned up a mineral mass which Mr. Bloomfield immediately recognized as not being of the ordinary character. He brought the same to Oroville this morning, and it is now on exhibition at Norton & Ekman's drug store. The fragment weighs fifty pounds, is of a flint or brownish color on the surface and for its size is remarkably heavy. Assayer Ekman says that the mass is mostly composed of iron; although he has as yet made no regular assay. He says that there is no doubt of its being of meteoric origin and he will at once test it and find out what its component parts are. He will also send samples of the meteor to different scientists.—Oroville Mercury.

Saxon women never appeared in public without the hood, which covered the hair and a large part of the face.

The sheep of the world annually grow 2,456,773,600 pounds of wool; those of the United States 307,100,000 pounds.

LAUGH AND GROW FAT.

SOME LATE PRODUCTIONS OF THE FUNNY MEN.

He Thought Paris Must Be a Wonderful Place—The Lawyer in the Case—The Safest Way to Do It—In the Same Boat.

A tall, well built young man lounged into a London barber shop a day or two ago, closely followed by a sleek, intelligent Italian greyhound. The man took his place in a chair, and the dog quickly reclined on the floor near by. The barber stopped to pat the graceful creature, and jocularly said:

"Th' tap av th' mahruim' to yez, Rover."

The dog cocked his ears and looked inquiringly at his master. The latter observed:

"Ze doggie do not speak Angless. He's a Parisian." Then he looked at his pet and continued: "Bon jour, Baptist."

The dog enthusiastically wacked his tail upon the floor and replied to his master's salutation by a low, throat-like gurgle of satisfaction.

"Can he do any tricks?" asked the barber, pausing in his work.

"Certainly," replied the young Frenchman, still speaking in broken English; "tell him to roll over."

The barber did so, but the dog merely remained quiet, and a worried anxious expression spread over his face. Then his master repeated the command in French, and the graceful pet, with a short bark of pleasure, at once rolled over and over.

"The barber told him to sit up, to charge, to shake hands, etc., but doggie could not understand until his owner repeated the suggestion in his native tongue."

As both left the shop, the barber shook his head doubtfully. "Next!" he called out, and then added in an undertone, "It's meself as must go to Paris. Sure it's a quar' town where even the dogs spake Frinch."—Exchange.

Had to be loud.



Penrose Pennington—Say, Mose, ain't that suit a little low?

Mose—Yes. It belonged to a man dat was deaf.

The Lawyer in the Case.

One day, when I was in one of the mountain county seats of Kentucky, I dropped into the courthouse to listen to a case in which one man was suing another for the recovery of a horse. A couple of hours after the case had been decided I met the defendant on the street.

"Well," I said to him, "that fellow didn't get your horse, did he?"

"Not much," he replied, but not as cheerful as I expected.

"There was a time there," I went on, "when I thought you'd have to walk home, sure."

"Yes," he said, "it did look that a-way, but that lawyer ur mine was too penit for him. Fine lawyer, he is."

"Very good," I affirmed. "How far do you live from here?"

"Ten miles, the way I've got to go." "That isn't so bad when a man has a horse to ride."

"But I ain't," he said, lugubriously. "Why not? Didn't you just recover him?"

"Ya-as," he hesitated, "but I had to give him to that dern lawyer for his fee."

The Safest Way to Do It.

Binks—Well, sir, I gave it to that man straight, now, I can tell you. He is twice as big as I am, too, but I told him exactly what I thought of his rascally conduct, right to his face, and I



No Profit in It.

Fagin, Jr.—I wisht I'd never come to de world's fair. It ain't no good fer fellers in our line.

Artful Dodger—In course it ain't. How in der world is a feller ever goin' ter find der pockets uv jay heathens wed wear dogs like dem round der corner?

called him all the mean names in the dictionary.

Minks—And didn't he try to hit you, Binks?

Binks—No, sir, he didn't. And when he tried to answer back I just hung the telephone up without a word and walked away.—Somerville Journal.

An Unreasonable Rule.



Uncle Hiram—"Wa-al, Wa-al; I'm not used to sleeping in a room with a light burnin' in it, but of that's the rule of the house I'll have to do my best."

It Is With Some People.

Frank, aged eight, is trying to explain to his little sister Ethel what the soul is.

"You know, Ethel, your body doesn't go to heaven; it's your soul."

Ethel—What is the soul?

Frank—Well, it's something inside you—not your heart; it's something you feel, but can't see."

Ethel Oh, I know! You mean the dinner.

Bill's Picnic.

"What's Bill Jones takin' so much time thumpin' that one trunk around for?" asked one railway employe of another.

"S-S-Sh! Don't bother him. He's enjoyin' himself. That's the first trunk marked 'glass' that has come his way in a month."—Washington Star.

Society Note.

Wife (at an evening party)—Don't you think dear, that Miss Alice has something manly about her?

Husband (after a glance at the young lady in question, who is sitting in a remote corner of the room in close proximity to a devoted admirer)—I perceive nothing except the arm of that dude, Gus De Smith.

Worse Than The Scarlet Fever.

"When your practicing friend across the way has learned how to play the cornet he will entertain the whole neighborhood," said Mrs. Brown.

"Yes," said Mrs. Jones, "but by that time there won't be any neighborhood here."

A Logical Deduction.

Mr. Murray Hill—There is one virtue nobody can boast of having.

Mrs. Murray Hill—What is that?

Mr. Murray Hill—Modesty, for as soon as a person brags of having it he hasn't got it any more.

Level-Headed Tommy.

Teacher—Now, Tommy, if you were a man and had \$2,000, and you wanted to buy a house worth \$10,000, what would you do?

Tommy—I guess I'd try and marry some woman with \$8,000.

Considerate.

Clergyman (lately come to the parish)—Your neighbor, Smith, says my sermons are rubbish.

Farmer—Ah! You needn't mind 'im, sir; 'e's merely a mouthe-piece for other folks.—The Sketch.

The Mule Knew.

Driver—Can't help swearin', mum. That dar mule knows every time I swear at him.

Old Lady—I noticed he looked sort o' disgusted.—New York eWeekly.

ALL IN EVENING DRESS.

A WONDERFUL FAMILY OF ENGLISH ACROBATS.

Girls Perform in Ballroom Frocks, Their Brothers Appear in Clavhammer Coats—Tumbling Without Tights and Spangles.

The word acrobat calls up to the mind's eye a picture of flesh-colored tights that incase swelling muscles; but when the Frantz family now performing in New York, glide out hand in hand before the footlights, unless you knew about these clever young people—three women and two men—you would fancy that they were about to give a musical entertainment or a "sketch," says the Advertiser. Appearances are deceptive, and, as a daring western critic remarked that Herr Paderewski's hairy aureole distinguished him from a large band of equally competent pianists, so does the dress of the Frantz family give them a unique appearance as well as distinction in their profession, with the important difference that they honestly occupy the pedestal to which this peculiarity of dress first raised them.

It seems absurd to think that these fresh-faced, ladylike, half-dressed young women and agile, evening-dressed men are going to do anything else than give a refined "sketch." As they trip back to the center of the stage the chappies in the audience laughingly arouse themselves as if expecting to hear the brother song to "Daddy Won't Buy Me a Bow-wow." Emily, a well-built woman of twenty-three, steps forward as if she were to sing a solo, when presto! she is performing a solo in the air, so to speak, with the plaudits of the excited audience for an accompaniment. Over and over she goes in a series of somersaults so rapid that you are reminded of the clown's stick and whirling hat performance and wonder whether Richard or Pedro, her brothers, are whirling her round with an invisible stick. A chappie who has taken too much lemonade voices the sentiments of his crowd when he declares that he

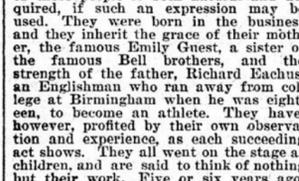


The Gentleman Will Not Catch the Lady.

Isn't sure whether it is the fringe of Miss Frantz's fluttering dress that he sees most or her waving back hair.

The ease with which one of the girls next climbs Richard's back and somersaults over to Pedro, six feet away, dissipates all idea of effort and embarrassment of female impedimenta. It is a new sensation to see these young women somersault, flip-flop, take headlong flights through the air in dresses that display only the tops of their boots and wriggling in their aerial passage like the tails of dolphins leaping from wave to wave.

There is not a second's time lost in the performance. While this act is going on the other girls, Louise, the eldest (a blonde apparently about twenty-seven years of age and the strongest of the women) and Marie, a 17-year-old lass, are racing around the stage in head over heels somersaults at a speed that makes the audience dizzy. But the endurance of these people is both natural and acquired, if such an expression may be used. They were born in the business and they inherit the grace of their mother, the famous Emily Guest, a sister of the famous Bell brothers, and of the strength of the father, Richard Eachus, an Englishman who ran away from college at Birmingham when he was sixteen, to become an athlete. They have, however, profited by their own observation and experience, as each succeeding act shows. They all went on the stage as children, and are said to think of nothing but their work. Five or six years ago,



Looks Easy Doesn't It?

while they were in Buenos Ayres, they saw a small company of acrobats perform several simple feats in evening dress and music they can execute acts that would be difficult to do in tights.

For example: Louise plants herself firmly and Richard or Pedro climbs on her shoulders, while Emily swarms up their backs as easily as if she were climbing up a ladder. The column sways a little and quick as a flash the man somersaults forward from Louise's shoulders, while Emily's feet twinkle in the air as she goes over in a backward somersault. This is done with such neatness and dispatch that Emily's feet don't seem to have been resting on her brothers' shoulders, and the massive Louise does not appear to mind the extra weight and strain to which she has been subjected any more than an amazon in the country of Umslopogas. Probably the trick is not difficult, but it startles the rounders to see female hosiery come down in a shower and yet see so little of it in a descent of ten feet and a quick somersault.

Have Never Met with Serious Accident.

Next comes an exhibition of strength by Louise. Richard pops up on her shoulders and standing there, takes Emily and Marie by the hand. Louise takes their waists in her hands, while Richard lifts, and thus Louise supports the weight of three. She swings around two or three

Changes in the Boulevards.

"In a short time," says the Paris correspondent of the London Daily News, "there will probably not be a restaurant or cafe on the old boulevards. Between the competition of the gambling clubs and the brasseries or beer saloons and their own conservative tariffs, they were bound to disappear. A cup of coffee at a cafe was 50 centimes. It is 30 centimes at a beer saloon. A meal at Brebant's was really expensive; the 'Bouillon,' therefore, crowded it out. Tortoni's used to be the center of the fashionable world. But the transfer of power to the chamber of deputies, the growth of the west of the Champs-Elysees, and the rise of the many aristocratic and other clubs where the menu is luxurious and cheap have left that famous house stranded. Its last ray of prosperity was due three years ago to the patronage of the grand dukes and duchesses who then flocked to Paris and patronized it. But they have since learned to go to other places, and, after languishing visibly it is about to close its doors. The boulevards formerly were like a salon, but we are now rowdy. Beer shops and bars, and the electric light remain open until 3 in the morning, and the habits are the fastest of the f—"

times, when Richard suddenly lets go, somersaults backward, while his sisters flip-flop in different directions. There is more skill in Richard's next act than in Louise's share of it, although her endurance is phenomenal. She stoops and Richard stands on the man's head, grasping her hands he gives a quick jump, and up go his feet in the air. They claw away at the atmosphere as if seeking an invisible ladder and suddenly his head alights on his sister's neck,



From an Instantaneous Photograph.

and there he sticks, his feet waving a salute to the audience, and his coat tails flapping a jubilee.

A man who knows nothing (or overmuch) of the mysteries of female attire wonders how the Frantz girls can always jump to the right place, or turn somersaults without ever entangling themselves in their draperies! But they do. The fact is that the family has not yet had a serious accident. When Emily turns a somersault from a column made up of Louise and Richard to Pedro's shoulders, she "cuddles" her feet, and the evicious drapery winds around them as she descends head down; nevertheless her feet "plant sure" on Pedro's shoulders when they come down.

The whole family seem to be as vigorous as ever when they go off the stage. Richard, who appears as the spokesman of the family, tells the modest story of his brothers, sisters and himself with a cockney accent "as an Englishman," he says, "and Frantz (please spell it with a 't') is our stage name. We have played together for fifteen years now, appearing in England, France, Spain and South America. This is the first time we have visited the States. It was hard for the girls to get used to wearing long dresses in performing our specialties, and several times we were on the verge of giving up the idea. We stuck to it, however, and finally made the experiment in Bordeaux, and I tell you, sir, when we heard the audience cheer we felt happy and rewarded. The whole family is in the business, and we have not only played in nearly every country in the world, but also before the crowned heads of Europe. Yes, we like the life, but we have to work hard all the time."

DR. CARTER'S CLOSE CALL.

It Required Quick Work With a Pistol to Save Him From Indians.

A friend of mine who knows the expert shot intimately told me the other day of a thrilling experience of Dr. W. F. Carver, in the unsettled part of Minnesota, while trapping with a comrade named Brewster. They caught some Indians robbing their traps and fired upon them with effect. For two months after this they were forced to play hide-and-seek with members of the band of Indians. They had a dug-out in a little valley and felt secure in this against a reasonable number of the foe. Late one evening Carver was alone in the dug-out making biscuits. He had thrown all his weapons aside, and with sleeves rolled up was working the dough, when a shadow was cast from the entrance of the little cave. Thinking it was his comrade, he said, "Hello, partner, you are back soon." In guttural tones came the reply, "How Koo-ah, and whinee!" He saw three Indians, White Antelope, Whistler and Fat Bear, all well known named, was interested in his occupations. They had noticed that he was alone, and instead of attacking him, Whistler, who appeared to be in authority, signed to him to continue his work and prepare a supper for them.

Carver obeyed, making the biscuit ready for baking and placing a beaver's tail on the fire. Then he started for some wood, indicating by signs that wood was needed. Whistler motioned Carver to remain, and the others went after the fuel. He brought with others one stick about the length and size of a base ball bat. Carver placed one end of this in the fire and laid supper for his savage guests upon a buffalo skin. The Indians began to eat in a manner which made Carver, notwithstanding his danger, grieve for the biscuits which were so rapidly disappearing.

Realizing the fate which awaited him as soon as the supper could be disposed of, Carver was devising some means for reaching one of his pistols, which were not many feet distant. Making a pretense of stirring the fire, he drew out the blazing stick of wood, dealt one of the Indians a stunning blow on the face, gave the second a vicious kick and leaped over the third, who was dazed by the flying sparks and suddenness of the attack. The next instant Carver's pistol rang out three times as rapidly as a skilled hand could pull the trigger, and the three Indians, as speedily became "good Indians," for they were dead Indians.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

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