Outwitted.

HOW A MASQUERADE BALL CAUSED THE COURSE OF ONE TRUE LOVE AFFAIR TO RUN SMOOTHLY.

"Surely I ought to know every girl in the house by this time," thinks Tom Stanton as he stands in a perplexed soliloquy, with his eyes fixed upon a charming little figure dancing a quadrille a few yards away from him and getting into the most graceful attitudes with the aid of her little fan. "But, of course, she might easily be an outsider, although the rule was that only the boarders should be invited to this affair."

A gay and beautiful panorama was passing before Tom Stanton's eyes, for a masquerade ball is in full progress at Gratton's hotel, and the large billiard room and parlors are thronged with a crowd of merry, bright-dressed maskers. But the scene is unnoticed by the young man, who, for the last hour, has only had his eyes for the dainty little Pierrette, who is doing such remarkable execution with her big fan. Her costume is eminently suited to her petite and perfect figure, and on her coquettish blonde head rests the most taking of caps. All that can be seen under the fall of lace that finishes her mask is the end of a rounded chin that sinks in the prettiest of curves into the loveliest neck that Tom thinks he has ever seen.

The quadrille comes to an end, and he rushes forward to secure, if possible, the next dance from the girl who has so charmed him.

"What, monsieur, another dance?" she asks in a pretty French accent, which is so perfect that Tom cannot tell if it is assumed or not. "Eh bien! I cannot refuse you."

She slipped one white arm through his, and Tom leads his prize off to a secluded part of the conservatory, to which she seemed nothing loath to go.

This is their first tete-a-tete, but to Tom's disappointment she is very silent and answers all his remarks only by monosyllables.

"I must acknowledge that I am puzzled," he exclaimed at last in despair. "I thought I would be able to discover you. Tell me if you live here. Do give me some clew."

"Non, non. It is for you to find out," answers Pierrette, with a shake of her curly little head.

"Do I know you well?" he asks.

"Just as well as I know you, Monsieur Staunton," she replies, and Tom, for the fifth time, mentally runs over his list of young lady friends, but rejects each one as impossible.

"Do tell me some place I have met or seen you," he pleads.

There is a moment's pause, while Tom gazes eagerly at her. Then she softly says:

"Ah, Monsieur, if you did care you would be able to penetrate my feeble attempt at masquerading. I would know Monsieur in any costume."

"But I am more stupid than you. It is not that I don't care, but that your disguise is so good," protests Tom earnestly; "just raise your mask a little, and let me at least see your mouth," he adds.

"Non vraiment," she says, hastily drawing the lace closer to her chin. "I must not be discovered." She seems almost frightened at the idea.

"But I will see you at 12 o'clock, when everybody will have to unmask; why not anticipate by an hour or so?"

"At 12 o'clock I may drop my character of "Pierrette," and become Cinderella, but it is not my slippers I will leave behind in my flight." She puts one hand on her heart, and casts a coquettish look at Tom.

"I shall follow you too closely to allow you to escape," he exclaimed, leaning forward and gazing into her eyes as if he would draw from their shining depth a knowledge of her identity.

"You know not what you say. I promise you that at to-morrow's dawn you will me as mystified as you are now. Alas, it cannot be otherwise."

"But tell me why," persists Tom, while all sorts of wild ideas floated through his head.

"Listen, monsieur, do you really wish to continue this—er—er—friendship?"

Her voice is softly seductive.

"Can you ask!" exclaims Tom, impetuously seizing her hand.

"But how do you know I am not ugly and old without my mask? Monsieur may be disappointed when he sees my face," she says, allowing her hand to rest on his, and faintly returning his pressure as she leans toward him.

"Impossible for you to be anything but—"

"Never mind," she interrupts. "You may tell me what you wish later. Now it is no compliment. You have not seen me."

"But it is not long until midnight now," says Tom, gleefully.

"Ah, you do not believe that at midnight there will be nothing left to remind you of Pierrette but this rose."

She takes a flower from her corsage and, kissing it, hands it to him with a flash of her dark eyes. Tom presses it to his lips.

"You shall not escape me undiscovered," he says firmly.

"But if I should," she perseveres, "what will you do?"

"I should rely upon your kindness of heart not to let this interview be the last of what promises to be so much to me," he says, raising her hand and bestowing a passionate kiss upon the small fingers.

"Monsieur," she says, half drawing her hand away, "ah, you do not mean all you say, you men."

"But I will prove to you that I am in earnest, if you will only let me, by my future devotion," cries Tom, fairly infatuated with his companion by this time.

"Very well; I will put you to the proof."

"I will go through fire and water for you."

"It is not deed of valor that I require. And, in fact, what I am about to propose is out of regard for you. Return to town the day after to-morrow, and you shall spend the evening of that day with me."

There is a moment's pause.

"Well?" questions Pierrette, drawing away her hand, "have I asked too much of you?"

Tom still hesitates. "Can I see you here?" he asks.

Impossible, monsieur. But do not put yourself out of the way. I thought I was conferring a great favor upon you, but I see you have had enough of my society." She rises and draws her small figure up to its full height. "I bid monsieur bon soir," she continues, turning away.

"O, stop!" exclaims Tom, jumping up and catching her hand in his. "Let me explain. My hesitation seems inexcusable, I know; but when you understand my position you will no longer blame me. If my sister Sue had a mother or father I would be free to follow the dictates of my heart, but as it is I am the only one to guard and to guide her, and I cannot leave her here alone?"

"So your sister is here? What costume does she wear?"

"She is one of the flower girls. She would not show me her dress, but she accidentally let slip what she was going to wear, and of course I recognized her at once."

"And why cannot you persuade her to return to town with you? Is she so epris with this place?

"No, indeed. On the contrary, she is most anxious to go home, but we have only been here three weeks, and it is really a matter of conscience with me to keep her away for at least two months."

"But why should you want your sister to stay here for two long moths? Your excuse, monsieur, does not satisfy me."

"Wait until you hear all. Before we came here I had been away on a business trip, which had detained me, unfortunately long enough for a good deal of mischief to be effected in my absence. After I had been home a few days Sue confided to me the unexpected and startling news that she was very much in love and wanted my blessing on the match she was going to make. What was I to do? I did not know whether it was Sue's money or herself that had attracted Hugh Ryland, although I liked the little I had seen of him. On the other hand, she is very young, and I was not sure she knew her own mind—er—did you speak?"

He pauses for an answer, but she only shakes her head, and he continues:

"Situated thus I decided to bring Sue away to a gay place where her mind would be diverted, and in the meantime I have been making inquiries about Ryland."

"And poor Mlle. Sue! Two months away from her fiancee in the beginning of their engagement, and all for a whim. Ah, monsieur, you are cruel! And let me tell you, if your sister is steadfast in her determination at the end of three weeks, she will be so toujours, what you call always. It is only men who are fickle. In a week you will have forgotten Pierrette."

Her voice quivers.

"I will never forget you!" he cried.

"No; the heart that has truly loved never forgets,
But as truly loves on to the close,
As the sunflower turns on her god, when he sets,
The same look which she turn'd when he rose."

"Why not apply to your sister? No more protestations, monsieur. 'Action speaks louder than words.' If you care to see me again I will be at home and alone Friday evening. Come at half-past 8, to 74 Blank street. Celeste, my maid, will receive you. Ask for Mademoiselle Pierrette, and she will bring you to me. Shall I expect you?" She leans toward him, until her head almost rests upon his shoulder, and one faintly perfumed curl brushes his cheek. With a sudden movement Tom draws her to him and presses kiss after kiss upon her round throat. She does not struggle.

"Will you come, cher ami?" she whispers.

"I will be there," answers Tom, huskily.

With an abrupt, quick twitch she slips from his arms, and in an instant she is at the door which leads from the conservatory into the hall.

"Shades of musk and patchouli, rose-colored lights and negliges, I dispel thee," she cries, reading Tom's half-formed thoughts, which perhaps she had done her utmost to conjure up.

She disappeared through the portier, and Tom, collecting himself, dashes after her in hot pursuit. Down the hall they go. Pierette has a good start, but Tom has the advantage of long legs, and he is gaining upon her. In another moment she will be caught—but no, she turns to her left and vanishes into a convenient room, and just as Tom reaches the spot he hears the key turn in the lock. He stares at the blank, expressionless door helplessly, but just then a flock of maskers come along, and seizing hold of him, draw him with a merry jest and laughter back to the scene of revelry.

As soon as Tom can make his escape he seeks the office and eagerly asks:

"Who has room twenty-seven on this floor?"

"Miss Grey," responded the clerk, and Tom utters a half suppressed but distinctly naughty exclamation as Miss Grey, a friend of his sister's but not a girl to enhance a man's fancy, rises before his mind's eye with her tall, lanky figure, small light eyes, generally covered with glasses, and remarkably large hands and feet.

"Well Tom, have you had enough of this deathly dull affair yet?" asks Sue Staunton, entering the office with her mask in her hand.

"Yes, too much," answers Tom gloomily. "Suppose we leave," he suggests. It is inexpressibly dull and wearisome to him now.

"I am only too glad to go. Gaiety can never be interesting to me when I am not with Hugh," she responded with a sigh.

Tom feels a sensation of pity stealing over him.

"Come, little one," he says, caressingly stroking her glossy, dark hair as they mount the stairs. "Cheer up. We will go home if you say so."

"Really, Tom! O, you darling brother. You are always so good to me that my conscience reproaches me for ever having an impatient thought toward you."

Tom flushes uncomfortably. "I did not know you were in a domino," he says, to change the subject and to escape her gratitude, which he feels he does not deserve. "I thought you were the domino in red and blue, and I kept away from you so you would not be known through me."

"O, no; it was so much easier to wear this than to get up a costume," she says, "and I was thoroughly disguised. See!" She holds up a small, half mask as she speaks.

"Any one who knows you well would discover you by your mouth," says Tom critically. "You should have the lace falling below your chin."

"Have you been flirting with a lace-bordered mask, sir, or how do you come to know so much about these things?"

"Everybody knows that much," responds Tom. "By the way, Sue, has Miss Gray got anyone stopping with her to-night?"

"No, Tom; why do you ask?"

"Ah, I just wondered if there were some strangers here."

Sue's thoughts are evidently far away and she does not answer.

"And you are really going to take me home, Tom?" she asks at last.

"If you want to go," he responds nobly.

"Oh, Tom," she says earnestly, "if you only knew what this separation has been to me?" Her eyes fill with tears, and she kisses her brother good night and enters her room, leaving Tom to a low whistle and his own reflections.

* * * * *

"What can be the matter with you? You do not seem to have any appetite, Tom," says Sue Staunton to her brother two nights later, as they were finishing dinner in their pretty home in town. "I think he must be in love, Hugh," she adds, turning with a laugh to her lover, who seems very much amused at her remark.

"A late lunch would explain my slim dinner better, I think," responds Tom. "but I suppose you think everybody must be in love because you are," he adds teasingly.

She colors and casts a very shy look at her lover, who is gazing at her adoringly.

"No, not at all; but you act like a man in love," she cries in defense. "What else would bring you home at 5 o'clock to begin your toilet, and at 10 minutes past 6 see you still before the glass, adding the finishing touches and letting your soup grow cold?"

"What has made you consult me so anxiously as to the cravat you should wear? What has made you choose your boutoniere with an eye to the harmony of colors, to which you never gave a thought before? I could go on for some time, but I will merely add that a lover's impatience will not make the hands of the clock move faster, even if he looks at it every minute or so."

With a mock tragic gesture Tom falls back in his chair and weakly says:

"Ryland, my boy, take her. She is yours! She has such wonderful, such truly remarkable penetration that she is not safe to have around."

They all laughed.

"Well, Hugh and I are going to the theater. I must go and get ready," says Sue, jumping up abruptly, "I hate to leave you alone, Tom. Will you not come with us?"

"Well—er—no, I don't think I feel like it to-night," answers Tom with careless deliberation.

"But are you going to be here entirely by yourself all the evening? Then we will stay with you and wait until some time when we can all go together."

"No, indeed," protests Tom, hastily, "I—er—that—is—well, thought I take a walk around the coraer. I won't be lonely. The fact is I have a call to make and—er."

He paused to light a cigarette, and Sue, with a mischievous laugh, says:

"Poor boy. Get engaged and then you won't be in such demand, hey, Hugh?"

She runs off and Tom is left wondering is she can suspect his appointment.

But no, it is impossible. It seems as if the hands of the clock never moved so slowly. Will it ever be light and time for him to start for 1074 Blank street. He sees the pretty, coquettish figure of Pierrette as plainly as though she stood before him. He remembers the sparkle of her dark eyes and the beauty of the contrast between them, and her blonde hair. He notes the golden sheen of her short, pretty curls, and feels one soft tress brush his cheek. A whiff of the faint perfume that clung to her and reminded him of freshly cut violets, reaches him. He thrills as, in imagination, he presses a kiss on her round, white throat.

"What! Did you speak? I beg your pardon, old boy."

Hugh Ryland laughs. He has spoken three times, but his remarks were all lost on Tom. Hardly has the door closed after his sister and Hugh Ryland, and Tom is alone, than he runs lightly up stairs, three steps at a time. He enters and lights the gas, and his eyes at once fall on the bed. In once glance he sees spread upon it a pointed cap, a little, fair, curly wig, a lace-trimmed mask, a white dress and a big fan.

Near these things lie a domino and a half-mask.

Pinned to the bed post is a sheet of paper, upon which is written in large characters:

"Shades of musk and patchouli, I dispel thee!"

And further down the page:

"All is fair in love and war. So thinks your sister Sue—viz., Pierrette."

POWER OF HASHEESH.

Singular Effect of the Oriental Narcotic on an American.

A Cairo, Egypt, correspondent of the Pittsburg *Leader* thus describes his first experience as a hasheesh eater:

Seeing my companion conveying a piece of this sugar eagerly to his mouth I was encouruged to do likewise. It was an aromatic, somewhat bitter-tasting pastille, dissolving quickly like soft peppermint on the tongue and leaving likewise a slight burning sensation, which, however, passed away after a few puffs from a cigarette.

Suddenly the smoking cigarette fell out of my lips. I felt myself impelled to talk—to reveal myself to my neighbor—tell him that I was no longer a common, groveling human being who had to wander through life on this hard earth with wretchedly slow legs, but that I could fly—soar like the eagle through ethereal space.

"So, you see, this is the way I do it," I remember ejaculating.

The most ineffable exhilarating sensations thrilled my inmost self. I felt myself liberated of all earthly trammels, unburdened of all carnal weight—free to range infinity's vast fields. Some strange, quickening power pulsated through my every vein.

My whole being seemed etherized. Encircled with the fragrance of Paradise, I was borne aloft on buoyant pinions through immeasurable space. On and on I was wafted unto an elysium of bliss and loveliness. There was neither beginning nor end to my aerial flight. All was boundless as eternity.

I inclined my head backward and imbibed in torrents the balmy, regenerating air, and the glorious, roseate light which was shed around me. All these momentary sensations I remember imparting to my English friend at the time. I felt that I wished him to share my etherial enjoyment. I wished to take him along on this soaring ascension into celestial solitudes.

But my spiritual trance was now nearing its end. Consciousness was gradually returning to me. I expected a peculiar rushing sensation in my ears. My mouth felt very dry and parched. Before my eyes rose big dark blotches. The beautiful, rosy glow is fast fading away, and in place of it rises a grayish fog, through which I dimly see some of the people in the room. Slightly startled, I come quite to, and find myself leaning for backward in an arm-chair. My friend is standing near me with his back towards the table, gesticulating and apparently enceavoring to push his chair away from me.

The evening glow at the window has not quite disappeared yet. I look at my watch and am astonished—the gigantic air voyage has lasted only 12 minutes.

"Blocks of Five."

Col. W. W. Dudley has for years taken a great interest in phrenology, and his library at his home here is filled with books on that subject, says a Washington letter to the New York *Tribune*. A short time ago he read that a new and wonderful book had been published, giving diagrams of the noted men of the day. Colonel Dudley at once sent for the work, and on its arrival eagerly opened it. On the first page was a head which seemed strangely familiar. Every bump was diagnosed, and some very peculiar characteristics were given to the owner of the bumps. He was treated unsparingly, and the trend of the idea throughout was that a man with such a head would have a hard time reaching the other world. Colonel Dudley read it through with vague disquiet, turned the page to finish, and saw there in small capitals: "This is the head of Col. W. W. Dudley of Indiana." He didn't read any more, and the book has mysteriously disappeared from his collection.

DOVER'S QUEER JAIL

The Revolving Cage in Which the Murderer Sawtelle is Confined.

A Prison Which is Believed to be Absolutely Impregnable—A Gigantic Squirrel Cage.

From the New York Herald.

Isaac B. Sawtelle has the distinction of being confined at present in a jail which is believed to be absolutely impregnable. This jail is the one owned and used by the county of Strafford in New Hampshire, and there is only one other like it in New England; that is at Montpelier, Vt.

Dover jail, as this place of confinement is termed, is situated on the summit of a commanding hill about one and a quarter miles from the depot. There are practically two brick buildings connected by a "neck." The front building is three stories in height and is used as a residence for the sheriff and his family. The rear building is two and a half stories in height and contains the rotating cells, while the "neck" between comprises the guard room of the first floor and four cells for female prisoners on the second. The rotating cells to the rear building form the patented portion of the jail. There are twenty of them, and there is only one entrance or exit for the entire number and that passage is separated from the guard-room by four iron-barred gates and one solid iron door. When an officer desires to see a prisoner, he doesn't go to him; he simply turns a crank and brings the man in confinement around to the guard-room.

The principle of the jail is simply this: To have an entrance to the cells and to keep the prisoners away from that entrance at all times, except when they are wanted. The interior of the rear building or jail proper resembles a gigantic cage. There is an immense circular grating around the interior of the structure, and in this circle revolves the two tiers of cells, there being on each tier ten departments. The front of each cell is almost open, except for an iron plate running from the top of the upper tier to the bottom of the lower. This offers a little more solidity to a prisoner's residence than would be afforded by the grating simply, which shows, when the jailer wants a man, an astonishing predilection for slipping away. The iron plating is also used to hold up the ends of two hammocks, which are used by the prisoners to sleep in.

The 10 cells on each tier are arranged in a circle, and it is obvious that the outer end is quite wide while the inner is very narrow. They don't quite go down to a point, however, for in the center of this big "squirrel cage," as some of the prisoners delight to call it, is a big hollow pipe, which, besides being the pivot on which the cells turn, answers for a big ventilator, and also contains the water pipes necessary to supply the prisoners.

The two circular floors of the jail are hung from the roof of the rear building so that the jail swings very easily inside the circular grating. Everthing is ball bearing except the crank gearing, and the tiers turn so easily that a 12-year-old boy can move the 20 cells and their occupants without much trouble. The interior of this square brick building looks more like a cheese-box monitor turret than anything else, except that instead of the whole turret turning only the inside of it—the cells—moves around. When a jailer desires to see a man he first unlocks the door of the compartment containing the crank and gearing by which the cells are moved. This door is fastened by a combination which is known only to the sheriff himself. Then with a key he unbolts the iron door which separates the passage way to the revolving tiers from the guard-room. This done he unlocks a padlock which holds the brake of the moving tiers in place, and then grinds away at the gearing which turns the tiers. This is so perfectly adjusted that it can be moved by the little finger and it can be turned when the prisoners are asleep without waking one of them. When the cell containing the prisoner desired is opposite the passage-way the jailer unlocks three more iron-barred gateways, each lock taking a different key, and then has his man at hand.

It would be pretty difficult for Isaac Sawtelle to make his escape from No. 17 on the upper tier, would it not?

The same work is necessary up stairs to get at prisoners in the upper cells, the mechanism there being an exact duplicate of that below.

"Gwine Back Home."

As we waited in the Louisville & Nashville depot at Nashville for a train, says a New York *Sun* writer, some one began crying, and an excitement was raised among the passengers. A brief investigation proved that it was an old colored man who was giving way to his grief. Three or four people remarked on the strangeness of it, but for some time no one said anything to him. Then a depot policeman came forward and took him by the arm and shook him roughly and said:

"See here, old man, you want to quit that! You are drunk, and if you make any more disturbance I'll lock you up!"

"'Deed, but I han't drunk," replied the old man, as he removed his tear-stained handkerchief. "Ize losted my ticket an' money, an' dat's what's de matter."

"Bosh! You never had any money to lose. You dry up or away you go."

"What's the matter yere?" queried a man as he came forward.

The old man recognized the dialect of the southerner in an instant, and, repressing his emotions with a great effort, he answered:

"Say, Mars Jack, Ize been robbed."

"My name is White."

"Well, den, Mars White, somebody has dun robbed me of ticket an' money."

"Were were you going?"

"Gwine down into Kaintuck, whar I was bo'n an' raised."

"Where's that?"

"Nigh to Bowling Green, sah, an' wen de wah dun sot me free, I cum up dis way. Han't bin home sence, sah."

"And you had a ticket?"

"Yes, sah, an' ober $20 in cash. Bin savin' up fur ten yiars, sah."

"What do you want to go back for?"

"To see de hills an' de fields, de tobacker an' de co'n, Mars Preston an' de good ole missus. Why, Mars White, I'ze dun bin prayin' fur it fo' twenty yiars. Sometimes de longin' has come till I couldn't hardly hold myself."

"It's too bad."

"De ole woman is buried down dar, Mars. White—de ole woman an free chillen. I kin 'member de spot same as if I seed it yisterday. You go out half way to de fust tobacker house, an' den you turn to de left an' go down to de branch whar de wimmen used to wash. Dar's fo' trees on de odder bank, an' right under 'em is whar dey is all buried. I kin see it! I kin lead you right to de spot!"

"And what will you do when you get there?" asked the stranger.

"Go up to de big house an' ax Mars Preston to let me lib out all de rest of my days right dar. I'se old and all alone, an' I want to be nigh my dead. Sorter company fur me when my heart aches."

"Where were you robbed?"

"Out doahs, dar, I reckon, in de crowd. See? De pocket is all cut out. I'se dreamed an' pondered—I'se had dis journey in my mind fer yiars an' yiars, an' now I'se dun bin robbed an' can't go!"

He fell to crying, and the policeman came forward in an officious manner.

"Stand back, sir!" commanded the stranger. "If you lay a hand on that nigger I'll kill you! Now, gentlemen, you have heard the story. I'm going to help the old man back to die on the old plantation and be buried alongside of his dead."

"So am I!" called 20 men in chorus, and within five minutes we had raised enough to buy him a ticket and leave $50 to spare. And when he realized his good luck the old snow-haired black fell on his knees in that crowd and prayed:

"Lord, I'se been a believer in you all my days, an' I now dun axes you to watch ober dese yer white folks dat has believed in me an' helped me to go back to de ole home."

And I do believe that nine-tenths of that crowd had tears in their eyes as the gateman called out the train for Louisville.

LINES OF THE RHYMERS.

In a California Canon.

The hills are verdured with the pines and firs;
On mossy banks the lady-fern peeps out,
And from the chasms and sunny slopes about
Nature, revivified and beauteous, stirs;
Where yonder bird his tiny pinions whirs,
The red-stemmed manganita is abloom
With delicate bells; and from the thicket's gloom
The linnet practices his trills and slurs.
Odors of pine and bay tree fill the air;
The sun shines warm on rocks and springing grass:
The white clouds break apart and softly pass
Out of the deep blue sky; and over there,
Where but a while ago the snowdrifts lay,
The hills wear all the mingled blue and gray.
—*Chambers' Journal.*

Unmasked.

We had danced together beneath the gleam
Of the warm gas-light from the chandeliers,
And I told my heart 'twas a fleeting dream,
But my heart was bold and would have no fears;
For I felt her breath as it touched my hair,
And her great brown eyes with their piercing gaze
Gleamed out from her mask, while her lips so fair
Lay close to mine in the whirling maze.

I led her away, as the music died
In a plaintive strain on the midnight air,
To a cozy nook in the hallway wide,
Where the light shone dim on the oaken stair.
And I held her hand as my heart beat time
To the rhymetic tones of the ancient clock,
And the words I whispered were set in rhyme,
While the clock kept time with a dull "tick, tock."

Then my arm stole gently around her waist,
And I pressed a kiss on her throbbing brow;
But just at that moment her mask, displaced,
Fell down at her feet, I scarcely know how.
I do not remember what followed then,
For it all seems shrouded in clouds of mist;
I only know that I fainted when
I saw 'twas my sister that I had kissed.
—*John S. Stinson in Philadelphia Society.*

Justice to the Old Man.

Whilst mothers are in every clime
Extolled in verse from time to time,
Who plods along with nary a rhyme?
Your father.

Who is it puts the key at night
Beneath the mat, just out of sight,
And in the hallway leaves a light?
Your father.

And when you seek the burlesque show
And want a seat in the front row,
Who got the last an hour ago?
Your father.

Who goes along out to the track
And puts up when for cash you lack,
And with you cheerily walks back?
Your father.

Who, when the pot is nice and fat,
Soon lays your self-esteem out flat,
And wins your seven high held pat?
Your father.

And when your head begins to grow,
Who is it warns you to go slow
And tells you lots you didn't know?
Your father. —*Washington Post.*

Dead Flowers.

A tuft of mignonette, a rose!
Numberless foolish hearts have treasured such.
Now, as I lift them from their long repose,
They turn to dust and crumble at a touch.
Poor flowers that meant so much!

They meant—pure love and limitless belief.
In summer's faithfulness, in sunny skies;
They mean—one lonely pang of silent grief,
Just one true tear that in a moment dries,
For even sorrow dies.

So with the millions who have hoarded flowers:
The frail love token lasts, the heart's love goes,
Man's vaunted strength of woman's boasted powers
Are more ephemeral even than the rose,
The frailest flower that blow!

A withered rose, a tuft of mignonette!
How passing weak must be the human heart!
For these outlive even love, outlast regret,
Abide even when grim pain, with blunt dart,
Makes ready to depart.
—*Lippincott's.*

The King and the Peasant.

From the Detroit Free Press.

One day while the king of the cannibal islands was out hunting for grizzly bears he became separated from his retainers, and after wandering about for a long time he finally came upon the cabin of a peasant. The peasant hadn't the least idea who the stranger was, of course, and he invited the king to enter and make himself as comfortable a possible. His royal nibs, seeing how the land lay, thought to get an honest opinion of himself, and after a bit he led off with:

"They say that the king is out on a hunt to-day."

"No doubt of it," replied the peasant; "he has of late seized upon every pretext to neglect the king business, and lets affairs of the state go to the dogs."

"They say he drinks."

"Alas! yes. He can guzzle more budge than any four old drunkards in the country."

"And that he is harsh and tyrannical."

"You bet! He'd grind our noses to get an extra dollar in taxes, and he is always after a new law to abridge our liberties."

"And that he is a spendthrift."

"Ah! sir; if he wasn't a king he'd be a loafer and a vagabond."

"But he must have some good features," protested the king, as he sweated under the collar.

"I never heard of but one. They say he is extremely kind to cross-eyed cats."

"I am the king!" thundered his majesty, as he rose up in all the terribleness of his awfulness.

The peasant fell upon his knees and prayed that his life might be spared, being he had no insurance, and the king took him by the right hand and lifted him up and said:

"Have no fear. You are an honest man. You are the only human being who has dared to tell me of my faults. From this moment I am a changed sardine. Here—take these seven signet rings and these thirteen purses filled with gold, and as soon as you get your potatoes dug and your corn husked, come down and be my prime minister."

Now, wasn't that nice?

Go to Peckover's for the finest brands of cigars, imported and domestic.

CONTEMPT FOR LIFE

How the Terrible Vendetta Still Survives in Corsica.

Men Killed With as Much Unconcern as a Jack Rabbit—Silence of the Corsican Press.

From the National Review.

Should a Corsican, in revenge for injury done to himself or his relations, or even to his dog or his horse, kill another with knife or coup de fusil, public sympathy sustains him, the hills shelter him, his relations feed him, and justice, in the shape of gendarmes winks with both eyes, unless the murder be very unpopular. True, he is termed a "bandit," and has to take refuge in the macqui, as the natural bush is called that clothes the mountain sides. Well informed Corsicans tell one that there are at this moment in the island over 1,000 in hiding. But please understand the bandit is no brigand. Should you, defenseless, happen to fall in with him he will not take your purse, but, on the contrary, offer you food, if he has it, and shelter in his cave, and most probably refuse any payment for his hospitality. It is only his foe's family against which he wages war, and of course in self-defense with the gendarmes. These latter he will shoot with as much unconcern as a woodcock. And yet, though the Corsican will not rob you, it is not because he does not love money. For a few francs, both Corsican gentlemen and English residents aver, you can find a man who will do your killing for you and rid you of your enemy with knife or bullet. And while this utter contempt for human life prevails there can be no hope of the extinction of the vendetta.

An English gentleman, Captain G., who has now lived for some ten or fifteen years in Corsica, on his own property, told me the following story: It seems that one of the employes of the former proprietor, fancying he had some grudge against the new owner, made himself objectionnble by breaking down fences, driving goats and sheep into the garden, and annoying Captain G. in other ways. Captain G. happened to mention the fact of the man's enmity, and deplored it as unreasonable, both to a Corsican gentleman, a neighboring proprietor, and also to a shepherd with whom he was on friendly terms.

"Let me know if he continues," said the gentleman, "and I will have the man taken over to yonder rocks, and you won't hear of him again."

"I will arrange for a little coup de fusil whenever you like to give me "the office,'" said the berger.

This was 15 years ago, but even now it is said there is in Ajaccio alone at least one murder a week, though these outrages are so hushed up by the authorities that it is difficult to get any reliable statistics. I never, for instance, saw the account of any murder in the little local French paper *Le Raillement*, the only one, I think, in Ajaccio; but this proves nothing, for there was undoubtedly one atrocious crime committed in the village of Bocognano, about twenty miles off, while we were at Ajaccto, for particulars of which I vainly studied the columns of *Le Raillement*. The official whose duty it was to investigate the matter had wanted to requisition from the livery stable keeper the carriage I had bespoken, so I heard the story from the man's own mouth. The victim was an Italian who had married and settled at Bocognano. The Italians are called lucquas by the Corsicans, and come over from Italy in large numbers. They are very industrious, and do a great deal of the hard work of the island. Their example or industry excites the Corsican's jealousy, but not his emulation; hence there is little lost between them.

It appeared that the pig of a Corsican wandered near the open cottage door of an Italian, and to drive it off the latter threw a stone, whereupon the wife of the Corsican indignantly demanded of her husband if an Italian was to throw stones at a Corsican pig with impunity. The Corsican at once went into his house and, returning with his gun, shot the Italian dead on the spot. The murderer escaped to the macqui, and is, I presume, there still, unless the extenuating circumstances of the victim being a lucqua has enabled him to return unmolested to the bosom of his family.

LOVE'S YOUNG DREAM.

Mr. Bashful: "I do so love Boston bread, you know." Miss Waiting (seizing her chance): "Now, do you know, I am Boston bred?" Tableaux—Engagement; Easter wedding.—*New York Tribune.*

Maude: "Why have you thrown Clarence overboard?" Madge: "I couldn't marry a man with a broken nose." Maude: "How did his nose get broken?" Madge: "I struck him playing tennis."—*Epoch.*

"George," she said, after she had promised to be his wife, "please don't announce our engagement until next week." "Why not, darling?" he asked, tenderly. "Because I'm going to the theater with Henry Friday night."—*Harper's Bazar.*

Clara Van Streck: "And what did papa say?" Alfred Seliers (sighing): "He said, 'What! You? Why, I'll boot you down-stairs before I'll let you marry my daughter.'" Clara Van Streck (practical): "And, of course, you let him—and now I am yours, Alfy!"—*New York Sun.*

He: "I love you, Maud!" She: "All right, Harry. And you may keep company with me this summer on a few conditions." "Name them, sweet!" "You must not try to work the bacilli-in-ice-cream racket on me, nor cut all the drowning accidents out of papers to show me, nor tell any chestnuts about poisonous serpents at picnics. They won't work! Now, I think we can get along very well."—*Lawrence American.*

They sat side by side in the street car the other evening. As the conductor walked to the front of the car to take up the fares she turned and whispered: "Henry, do you love me?" "Love you? Why, I would die for you!" "Then prove it." "How?" "By paying my fare." "Can't do it—not to-night. I've only got a nickel with me." "Then you don't love me." "Oh, but I do. You set your house on fire when you get home, and see how I will rush in and save you. Get your nickel ready."—*Detroit Free Press.*

"Now, Addie," said the lover, "this is the last time that I will ask you will you marry me?" "I am sure I don't know what to say. Is your mother a good cook?" "She is not." "Does she sew the buttons on your father's clothes?" "She does not. He fastens his suspenders with a a shingle nail." "Does your sisters keep their stockings neatly darned?" "They do not. They just wear them out and throw 'em away." "Well, I think I may venture to accept you. You can not at least throw up your mother and sisters' example in my teeth after we are married.—*Boston Courier.*

The Real Reason.

From Life.

Abou Ben Adhem (to the angel): Why doth my name lead all the rest?

Angel: Because we arrange them alphabetically.

Funeral notices neatly printed at the "Standard" office.