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THE TRAGEDY OF LIFE.

I.

I heard a sound of wailing in the night
Throughout the air in feeble quavers won,
The warning notes that told another fight
For life had just begun.

II.

I saw a child stand by a pallid form
Within whose veins life's tide no longer pulsed,
And tears poured down in a torrential storm
O'er features grief-convulsed.

III.

I saw a youth whom Innocence had fled,
Whose steps towards life's lowest depths were bent,
Still daily into deeper darkness led
By his environment.

IV.

I heard a sound of sliding bolts and bars,
And saw the clanging doors shut out the day
And hide from sight the crime-engraven stars
Of one who lost his way.

V.

I saw the last faint light of hope forsake
Laocoon, within the deathly coil
Of hunger's folds he had not strength to break,
So worn was he with toil.

VI.

I saw a form that famine ne'er had sought,
Robed from the rarest looms with costly cloth,
The summing up of all whose life was nought
Through rust and utter sloth.

VII.

I saw the mixed and moving throng of trade,
A dervish-dance within the market gates,
Where they who whirled the shrieking piper paid
In coin of petty hates.

VIII.

I saw a sombre curtain downward go
To jangled chords with harmony at strife,
And fade the jack-o'-lantern lights that show
The Tragedy of Life.

—The Current.

POISONED BLOSSOMS.

A Young Girl's Love Ignored and her Honor Blasted.

The Terrible Sight a Young Husband Witnessed on his Return from a Night of Festivity.—A Letter of Explanation.

"Some men might be base enough to deceive and wrong those who never injured them, but Senor Herique Crespo is the very soul of truth, and he would never deceive me—me."

These words were spoken by Senori a Adele Trojuilla, a young and ravishingly beautiful girl, the daughter of a widow lady residing in the extreme outskirts of Sonoita, in the northeast of Mexico.

"Do you think he means to be honest to you?" asked her mother.

"I do. I have met Henrique so often, and although I know he belongs to a proud and rich family, that does not prevent me from worshiping him."

"No," returned the mother, "but it may prevent him from caring to make a little unsophisticated country girl, who has scarcely ever gone beyond the limits of her mother's apron string, his wife. Henrique is very gay, and Adele, loving you as earnestly as I do, I must tell you that I have looked with fear and trembling upon this dangerous intimacy, and now, when you tell me that he has asked you to share his name and fortune my heart grows sick, for I see in your soft eyes that the great treasure of your young life has been given. I shudder, Adele, when I think of it, for the feeling you have cherished for this man you heart will never know for another; and should he be trifling, which I greatly fear he is, the consequences to you, when you shall waken from his pleasing dream to the stern reality of life, will be dreadful."

Adele's only reply to these doubts of her mother was a little unbelieving smile which curled her red lips. She

DID NOT SHARE HER MOTHER'S FEARS.

She could not understand why such a weary look of care should rest upon her mother's brow. Adele was scarce past her seventeenth year, she knew little of the world, its sorrows and wickedness, and could not believe that the words to which she had listened were not as true as the responses she had breathed. And as she thought of the hours when in their long rambles over the hills, and, as shrouded in the pale moonbeams, she listened to those thrilling tones, the pleasure of that memory was only exceeded by the rapturous joy that swept through her being when she thought of the blessed future, and her child yet unborn. That Henrique could be false to her, she had never dreamed; and she could not realize how their relative positions should affect their ever being happy together—for did not love make them equal? With the great love surging through her heart, she knew that were she queen of the world and he nameless and penniless, no other than he would ever claim a thought.

Time passed in its ceaseless course, and as months had escaped since Henrique had visited the humble home of Adele, the whisper had traveled that a beautiful heiress was soon to wed Henrique. At this announcement a little shiver of pain seemed to pass over the slight form of Adele, which only her mother, watching every motion, saw. And then the pulses of life stood still for a moment, and the rosy cheek and warm, ripe lips blanched to the livid whiteness of death, and so remained. But in the eyes once so soft and mild, there was

A FIERCE, WICKED GLEAM,

while the only words that passed the rigid lips were spoken in a hoarse unnatural voice, and her mother shuddered as she heard them.

"I am sorry he has done this, for his sake, mother. For myself, it matters not now what I may do."

Henrique Crespo was a man naturally bad, and when he ruined and forsook Adele, he did so with as little consideration of the inevitable consequences to one or both of them as he would have in drinking a glass of wine. He had met Adele in her country home, and admired her fresh, young beauty, her simplicity, innocence and sprightliness, and he wooed, won, and ruined the girl.

He liked Adele; she amused him, and it was but natural, he thought, that he should hold the little hand between both of his own, and say a thousand things that escaped his memory as soon as uttered. He did not calculate upon the misery for which he was recklessly laying the foundation, or dream of the hopes these fond, flattering words were feeding. A few times he visited his "Wild Bird," as he was wont to term her, though not acknowledging even to himself that it was expressly to see her that he went. There was fine fishing, hunting and boating in that vicinity, and he was always sure of welcome at the farm house; beside, it was agreeable in that out of the way place, to have just such a little companion as Adele—one who would not faint at the sight of a rabbit, or fear to guide a boat among the rocks and rapids of the river.

And what mattered it he thought? She certainly would not be wild enough to believe any of

HIS CRAZY ROMANCES

about love, marriage, etc.; and when she found he came no more, she would probably forget him.

It was his custom at the club to tell the story of his country love, and at times he grew eloquent over the burnished, golden-brown curls, and bright eyes of the "woodland nymph," laughed heartily as he recalled her artless gayety and the fund of wit and merriment with which her heart seemed ever overflowing.

But suddenly a shaft from the blind boy's bow was aimed at Henrique. It struck and quivered in the heart that now for the first time throbbed with a passion he could not control. It was the handsome brunette, with the raven-black eyes and gentle voice—the rich, accomplished, and petite heiress—who had taught to him the supremacy of a passion at which he was wont to sneer.

Weeks went by—weeks in which he reveled in an intoxication of his new-found happiness. And when the evening arrived that was to see them united in holy bonds, when the parlors were ablaze with light, when beauty and fashion had assembled, and the fair bride in her sweeping robes of snowy satin, the misty vail enveloping the fragile form, leaning upon the strong arm of Henrique Crespo, and bowed response to the holy words that bound them to each other, none saw

THE PALE, THIN FACE

that peered in through the half-opened doorway, or saw the wild, glittering eyes that seemed to fasten upon the young bride with an earnestness that, could she have seen, would have haunted her to the grave. No one observed her as she quitted that scene of happiness, and went forth into the chill and darkness of the December evening.

A week of happiness to Henrique went by, and then, for the first time, he yielded to the entreaties of some friends and went out to spend the evening with his old associates. Merrily the hours flew by, and ere he knew it the clocks chimed forth the hour of twelve. Hurriedly he arose, and with a word of apology to his friends he hastened homeward.

A something like a dark presentiment of ill seemed to weigh down his heart. He feared he knew not what. If his wife were safe, it was all he asked; but if aught had happened to her—the thought was maddening—and with quickened footsteps he hastened to her room. She was there reclining in an arm-chair, while over the bright head and down upon the shoulders floated a wreath of late woodland blossoms—such blossoms as he had woven amid the clustering tresses of his woodland dupe. He knew them in a moment, and

A TERRIBLE FEAR

shot through his heart. Could his wife be asleep? He approached her side and lifted the jewled hand. It was cold in death. Upon the table at her side lay a note. It was addressed to him. He tore it open, and his eyes rested upon the words:

"HENRIQUE CRESPO: With the flowers you once crowned me, do I now crown the favored bride. Yet I am more merciful than you. I give her death. You gave to me a life-long sorrow, from which there is no escape. Every flower is poisoned, and ere you return, her pure spirit will have passed into the keeping of the just God, who will one day judge between you and your victim. ADELE."

As Henrique turned to approach his wife, the victim of his base ingratitude sprang from a closet, and ere he could ward off the blow, a dagger blade pierced his heart, and he fell to the floor without a gasp. The mad girl was revenged. Turning to a window which overlooked a rugged precipice, Adele approached it, and with a scream that was heard the distance of a mile, the unfortunate woman flung herself headlong from the window. Her dead body, cut and lacerated, was found between the rocks, and in the bosom of her dress was a letter giving the whole history of her ruin by Henrique, his subsequent marriage, Adele's intention of killing the newly married couple, and the poor woman's determination to end her life in such manner as she finally did.

Petting a Buffalo Bull.

The other day a party consisting of Mr. Henry Kelly, merchant, of St. Louis, Thomas Brown, and J. M. Ross, drove out to Stony Mountain to see Mr. Bedson's menagerie. The buffalo attracted Mr. Kelly's attention particularly. In an enclosure was an old bull, solitary and alone. Mr. Kelly thought he would like to fraternize with the monarch of the plains and pat him pleasantly on the back. He accordingly leaped into the enclosure with a cheerful smile, and approached the gloomy brute with an easy nonchalance that made him the envy of the spectators. In the mean time Mr. Ross, and Mr. Brown on the other side of the fence, winked unostentatiously at each other and waited for developments. Presently they came. Mr. Kelly loafed dreamily up to the bull, called him a pet name or two, and patted him on the back. The buffalo eyed him for a moment or two with stoical indifference, and then made a lightning pass at him with his horns, one of which pierced Mr. Kelly's leg and ripped off about six inches of cuticle, together with a little raw flesh.

The scene was instantly changed. Mr. Kelly struck for the fence at a Maud S. gait, and the bull gathered himself together for another charge. In the mean time, Mr. Brown, fearing mischief to his friend, leaped recklessly into the arena and grabbed the animal by the tail. This distracted the bull's attention from Mr. Kelly, and gave that gentleman time to climb over the fence. The trouble now was to get Mr. Brown out of the dilemma. The bull was getting warmed up, and had a decidedly belligerent aspect. Mr. Brown dare not let go of the animal's tail, because the bull would instantly have turned the other end toward him, in which case Mr. Brown felt that the situation would be exceedingly awkward. So he hung on to the tail, and every time the bull turned Mr. Brown would turn, too. Meanwhile, Ross, Mr. Kelly, Mr. Bedson, and old John took up reserved seats on the fence, and encouraged Mr. Brown to hold on, as it was only a question of a day or two when the bull would become tired out. Mr. Brown did not require much encouragement, however. He felt that the necessities of the hour were such that he could not afford to let go. He asked for help, but the audience on the fence only mocked him and jeeringly mentioned that they would call back after lunch and see how he was getting on. Finally the now infuriated animal and his tormentor approached the fence, when Mr. Brown, to the utter disgust of the spectators, suddenly let go the tail and passed over the fence like a streak of lightning. He was saved, but it took about a quarter of an hour and a little of something else to restore him to his normal condition. Manitabo Free Press.

Initiation in an Indian Tribe.

Sebastian Beck is a plain honest looking German, probably 50 years of age, and lays claim to being considerable of a linguist and capable of speaking seven languages in addition to Sioux Indian, which he speaks with great fluency, apparently. During nearly ten years Beck was a member of the Sioux tribe. His story of how he ran the gauntlet is thus told:

"We did not know what fate awaited us. But we had scarcely arrived at the Indian camp than we were given to understand that we would have to run the gauntlet. This consisted in running between two lines of braves, five hundred in each line, and taking all the blows that they could give us while we made the run, which was twice up and twice down the line. The lines were just far enough apart to give us room to run, a line of guns being placed along on each side between us and the Indians, which could not be crossed by either us or the Indians.

"We were compelled to keep within this line, and the Indians were not allowed to leave their positions in the line but could inflict all the punishment possible while we were within reach of each of them in turn. The Indians were armed with sticks, moccasins, and everything that could be used to strike with of a nature that would inflict pain without doing great bodily injury, but chiefly with a kind of cat-o'-nine-tails used by the Indians in riding their ponies.

"This is a terrible weapon, having a large number of strings on the end of each of which is a chunk of lead. There were a large number of squaws in the lines in addition to the braves, who appeared to take as strong an interest in the matter as the latter. We were stripped naked, with the exception of breech clouts which were given us. I was placed first in the line of twenty-five, the run being made by all together in single file.

"This was a decided advantage to me, as I could go as fast as I liked, not having to depend upon the speed of others. A friendly Indian, the one who had encouraged me at first, signaled me, giving me to understand that I was to run as fast as I could. I did not heed the advice after I got well started, but it served me until I got past the first dozen, as I started while they were chatting among themselves.

"But the rest of the way I got it I tell you. I just ran for dear life, taking the blows as they came. I could not repress some exclamations of pain as the whips cut into my flesh, but I managed to keep from disgracing myself in the minds of the Indians, although suffering terribly at every blow received."

"Did many of them miss you?"

"After the first dozen none that I know of. They laid on the blows as hard as they could, but conformed strictly to their law, which is not to leave their place in the line to inflict further punishment.

"When I reached the end of the line the first time I was covered with blood and thoroughly winded, being scarcely able to stand. We managed to get through with our lives, not one of the twenty five failing or giving up. We were then admitted to the membership in the tribe."

Beck is now traveling among the Indians looking for his wife and children, whom he lost when captured years ago. Denver News.

A Woman's Nature.

I think I have several times alluded to the very curious kind of thing woman is. I came across a French place which illustrates one phase of the female nature most amusingly. A young man has run away to escape a woman he has been flirting with. He is making love to a fresh flame, when the deserted one hunts him up. After a few bitter reproaches she says:

"Henry, darling, I love you. You know it. I have never hidden it from you. Tell me that you love another and I will say no more. Tell me frankly you do not love me, and I will leave you without a murmur."

"Well," says the youth, "frankly, I do not love you."

Then she proceeds immediately to tear all his hair out, and leave him on the floor a battered wreck. San Francisco Chronicle.

SIMPLY SHOCKING.

His eyes were dim and his cheeks were wan,
His step was feeble and slow,
He seemed to be an unhappy man,
Who soon to his grave would go.

He had no hair on the top of his head,
"Snatched bald" he had been, no doubt:
From a vigorous frame the strength had fled,
Or rather had been thrashed out.

A few stray hairs, and only a few,
Remained where his beard had been;
He seemed as if he'd been drawn through
A patent thrashing machine.

But the fault was his own, the people said,
He had braved an awful peril;
In an hour of infatuation he wed
A Georgia electric girl.

—Somerville Journal.

THINGS WORTH KNOWING.

Beeswax and salt will make your rusty flat irons as clean and smooth as glass. Tie a lump of wax in a rag and keep it for that purpose. When the irons are hot rub them, first with the wax rag, and then scour them with a paper or cloth sprinkled with salt.

When soaking salt fish before cooking add a little vinegar to the water; it improves the fish.

Steel knives which are not in general use may be kept from rusting if they are dipped in a strong solution of soda; one part water to four of soda; then wipe dry, roll in flannel and keep in a dry place.

Fish may be scaled much easier by dipping into boiling water about a minute.

For "greasing" the griddle, cut a white turnip into halves and rub the griddle with it. It causes no smoke, smell, taste or adhesion, and is better than butter or grease.

The value of crushed ice as a dressing for burns and scalds, first pointed out by Sir James Earle, is confirmed by Dr. Richardson. The ice, after being reduced by crushing or scraping, is mixed with fresh lard into a paste, which is placed in a thin cambric bag and laid upon the burn. This is said to banish all pain until the mixture has so far melted that a fresh dressing is necessary.

Flowers may be kept very fresh over night if they are excluded entirely from the air. To do this wet them thoroughly, put in a damp box and cover with wet raw cotton or wet newspaper, and place in a cool spot.

Milk which is slightly turned or changed may be sweetened and rendered fit for use again by stirring in a little soda.

Stale buns may be made to taste as nicely as when fresh if they are dipped a moment or so in cold water, then put in a hot oven for five or ten minutes. They will turn out as light and crisp as when first baked.

To scour knives easily, mix a small quantity of baking soda with your brick-dust, and see if your knives will not polish better.

Kerosene will soften boots or shoes which have been hardened by water, and render them as pliable as new. Kerosene will make tin tea-kettles as bright as new. Saturate a woolen rag and rub with it. It will also remove stains from clean varnished furniture.

When one has had a fever and the hair is falling off, take a teacup of sage, steep in a quart of soft water, strain it off into a tight bottle. Sponge the head with the tea frequently, wetting the roots of the hair.

The Scientific American says if a bottle of the oil of pennyroal is left uncorked in a room at night, not a mosquito, or any other blood-sucker will be found there in the morning. Mix potash with powdered meal and throw it into the rat-holes of a cellar, and the rats will depart. If a rat or mouse gets into your pantry, stuff in its hole a rag saturated with a solution of cayenne pepper, and no rat or mouse will touch the rag for the purpose of opening a communication with a depot of supplies.

Salt will curdle new milk; hence, in preparing milk porridge, gravies, etc., the salt should not be added until the dish is prepared.

Hartshorn applied to the stings of poisonous insects will allay the pain and stop the swelling, or apply oil of sassafras, which is better. Bee stings should be treated in this way.

Found His Home.

A boy who could not have been more than fifteen years old, walked, or rather slowly dragged himself along the street. Although his clothes were old, and although you could see his brown hair through a rent in his hat, yet, without a moment's hesitation, you would have pronounced him a little gentleman. Bravery and kindness of heart, more than any other traits of the human family, are illumined on the face, as though the soul were a candle and the countenance a transparency. The candle of this boy's soul had been lighted and his face was beautiful with the glow of bravery and kindness.

Crossing the street, dragging himself wearily along, until he reached a flight of stone steps coming down from the broad door of a great house, he sat down to rest. He had been there but a few minutes, when a large man, in dressing gown and slippers, emerged from the door, decended a few steps and said:

"What are you doing here?"

"I have stopped to rest, sir."

"Is there no other place where you can rest?"

"I suppose so, sir, but I haven't the strength to look for places that extend the most welcome, for I am paralyzed."

"Well, I am sorry for you, and all that but a boy with the sense you seem to possess must know that your sitting around on these steps cannot speak very well for my house. Where is your home?"

"I have none—that is, not now. When I was stricken down, the people with whom I boarded, kept me until my money was exhausted, then turned me out. I was taken to a hospital, where I have since remained."

"You look like an honest boy. The Lord knows that honest boys are scarce enough. What caused your illness?"

"I was first taken with fever, which resulted in paralysis. Two months ago yesterday, I went on a steamboat excursion. We had landed near a grove, when suddenly a little child leaped from its nurse's arms into the river. I jumped in and seized the child. I succeeded in holding the little fellow above the deck until the nurse secured him, but the current carried me under, the last sound I heard being the cry of the mother as she seized the child and pressed him to her bosom. I don't know how long I was in the water, for I regained consciousness on a sand-bar—"

"My God!" exclaimed the man, "that child was my little boy. Come, this house is your home." Arkansaw Traveler.

Surreptitious Photography.

"Clara Belle," writing from Newport says:

There are two things at Newport that have combined to raise the dreadful deuce with the equanimity of a certain girl. One of them is the scent bottle, which is ever in the hands and at the nose of every fashionable soul in the place. It is made of cut glass, and mounted with gold and jewels until it attains an expensiveness satisfactory to the most extravagant millionaire's daughter. It has lengthened rapidly as the season has advanced. Beginning at about six inches, it has extended to more than a foot; and the next innovation will probably be to utilize it as a walking-cane. We won't know what to do with our hands for a while after it goes out of fashion, so inseparable has it become.

The second of two things is the amateur camera, which is the diversion of a good many fellows, who use it surreptitiously and villainously. They provide the infernal instrument with what they call an instantaneous lens, with which they take a picture like a flash, leaving the negative to be developed at leisure. Don't you catch the idea that nobody knows when she is safe from being photographed unawares, except when she is locked in her own room? and I wouldn't be surprised to see a camera invented that would squint through a key-hole.

Now, one of the consequences is the entire suppression of pantomimic courtship. What I mean is that the judicious girl does not permit herself to strike any attitude when hanging on the arm of a sweetheart or conversing with him in a presumable shaded corner, that would look badly if reproduced in a picture. There is safety after nightfall, however, except in spots illuminated by electric light; and so I don't think that flirtation is on the whole subdued in quantity by compressing it in hours. Well, the girl I began to tell about isn't a flirt anyhow; and yet the amateur caught her shamefully. But she is an earnest, wriggly sort of creature, with a swivel-joint in the middle of her back, I guess, so distortive and pliant are her positions sometimes.

She sat on a secluded veranda the other day reading a novel, a big mosquito bit her on that wonderfully toggled spinal column at the point where the bodice ceased to be velvet and began to be filmy lace. Please endure to imagine the temptation to outdo herself in grotesque contortion. There was the mosquito bite itching on her back; in her hand was a scent-bottle with a cut-glass surface, exactly adapted to scratching. I suppose she beat the limberest India-rubber man that ever performed in a circus by the manner in which she reached the bite with the bottle. Would you believe it? A camera was at that instant aimed at her from the shrubbery and a few days later she was presented with a neat photographic picture of herself at she had appeared on coming to the scratch.

THE PUNSTER'S PARADISE.

Does a girl who elopes with a coachman go on a "bridle" trip? Boston Star.

Mare's Island is a good place for our one-horse Navy to go. Yonkers Statesman.

No wonder the coachmen are so popular. All girls like hansom men. Philadelphia Call.

Young men while sowing wild oats should be careful not to harrow the feelings of others. Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

At what age does a farm usually become worthless? Inquires a correspondent. At about mortgage. Burlington Free Press.

The sot, taking yet another glass, is an illustration of the text, "The spirit swilling, but the flesh is weak." Yonkers Gazette.

A Milwaukee rag-picker is said to be worth $40,000. So much for the business that is always picking up. Lowell Courier.

"For mercy's sake, what have you got on?" "Don't Jer-sey!" It is needless to waste words on such a pun as this. Boston Transcript.

A great many men commit suicide through gambling, and a great many women stake their lives on the hazard of the dye. Boston Budget.

Get Hooks in him First.

The officers of a West side medical college advertised for a man of all work and a big negro applied.

"We will want you to look after the fires and sweep up a little," said the doctor in charge, "and sometimes it will be necessary for you to help us hook up subjects out of the vat or pack one away in the ice-house."

"W-which? W'at's dat? Boss, am dis yere the medical college where the students are?"

"Yes, this is a medical college. Will you go right to work?"

"Yes, boss. Er yes, boss," said the man; backing up to the door and keeping his eye on the professor. "Doan yer touch me. I'll jes run downtown after a 'spress wagon to fetch de trunk. Oh, I'll be yer, boss, I'll be yer."

When he got to the door he opened it and looked out to see if the coast was clear, and then addressing the advertiser he yelled:

"Yo can't cotch dis chile. Not dis yere time, boss. Golly, but dat was a narrer 'scape. Wouldn't yo like to get yo clamps on me? W'ar's yer bag? W'ar's yer hoodoo? W'ar's de rabbit's foot, eh? 'Day, doctor. De nex' time you cotch a cullud pusson jes yo get yer hooks on him fust." Chicago Herald.

FASHION NOTES.

Bonnet strings must match the material of the dress.

Red and turquoise blue are combined in new flannel suits.

Buckles instead of buttons fasten many handsome corsages.

Black laces come with embroidered edges and net to match.

Silk plush and fine cloth turban caps are worn by small boys.

Feather thistles appear among other eccentric novelties in millinery.

The embroidered and broche crowns are works of art this fall.

Tan is the favorite color for fall gloves, whether of kid, silk, or lisle thread.

Demi-trained dresses are again adopted for carriage wear and demi-toilet at home.

Evening toilets are worn with high or low bodices, according to the fancy of the wearer.

Large loose cloaks easily put on and off will be in high favor as the season advances.

The stocking with the lacing above the knee is intended to make the use of garters unnecessary.

Tufts of ostrich feathers decorate the skirts and draperies of many elaborate evening dresses.

Bonnets covered with stuff like the dress and lined with velvet are destined to rival those of felt.

Pomegranate red, Eton blue, and Alderney cream are the colors most used in combination in Paris this month.

The Moliere house shoe with a large velvet bow on the instep is the favorite for house wear this season.

Trains are a feature in toilets of high ceremony prepared for dinner, evening reception, and ballroom wear.

Bretelles are again worn on bodices; they run over the shoulder and down both back and front to the waist line.

What shade of blue is a king's eye? The shade of blue worn by Parisians this fall is dubbed œil de roi bleu. It is most frequently combined with ruby red.

Among the costumes seen at Lord & Taylor's opening last week the use of the new lavo relievo or intaglio velvet broches was a striking feature.

Lace is used to excess in millinery, and even forms the entire bonnet even for midwinter wear in some cases, the trimming being feathers and bands of fur. An odd combination, but fashion has no rules.

At a late fashionable wedding in England the bride wore a petticoat and waistcoat of gold brocade, bodice and train of ivory satin marveilleux, trimmings of Limerick lace, and her mother's bridal veil of old Limerick lace.

Loose fitting gloves, wrinkled all over the hand in the style of the portraits painted by Sir Joshua Reynolds and the fancy pictures of Angelica Kauffman, are worn this season. It is not considered good taste to wear a tight-fitting glove.

The Princess Louise of Wales is soon to be confirmed in Whippingham Church. Her confirmation dress, of finest white mull, is trimmed only with a full-pleated flounce edged with tucks and a gathered trimming of the muslin round the neck and no embroidery or lace. The long, full overdress is looped very high on the hips, but falls low over the front and back of the underskirt. The bodice is full gathered in front and pointed back and front.

The Fence of the Future.

What shall the permanent fence of the future be? In the eastern and southern portions of the country, where timber was plentiful, the old Virginia rail fence is yet to be seen; but these, with the old log cabins, will soon disappear. No fences, or very few, are made with this material now. The Osage orange has largely taken its place. The country can show numerous well-kept hedge fences—and when well kept they present a beautiful appearance. But there are serious objections to them. They are expensive to keep in repair, and if not kept neatly trimmed they are a nuisance to their owners and to all travelers. Another serious objections to them is, they make such safe harbors for rabbits. Barbed wire is being extensively introduced and may become the fence of the future. But many do not like it because it is dangerous to stock. Can not some inventive genius give us a fence cheaper and better still than any of these, or devise means by which we may do without fences altogether? Prairie Farmer.

Undoubtedly a Dude.

Texas Citizen—"Did you sell that property to the stranger who was looking at it?"

Texas Real Estate Agent—"Sell it? No. That feller is the wust dude I ever did see."

"Did he think the place would be lonely?"

"No; he seemed to like the location well enough."

"Afraid of the soil, maybe?"

"He didn't mention the sile. I never did see such a feller in my life. I've heard of dudes, but he beats 'em all."

"Well, what did he object to? Why didn't he take the place?"

"Just 'cause there hain't no water there." Philadelphia Call.

Out West the girls work their names on their gentlemen friends, suspenders. It is considered bad luck to have a pair of suspenders crack in the middle of a girl's name, while the owner is hugging some other girl. Burlington Free Press.

THE PHANTOM BEACON.

A Mysterious Light Over the Wreck of the Marine City.

Detroit Post.

A few years ago the steamer Marine City, plying between Detroit and Lake Huron ports, caught fire just off Harrisville, and was run near shore, when the passengers were nearly all rescued, after a struggle in the water, and the hull sunk.

She had been at one time a fine craft and a favorite passenger boat. In one of my trips along that shore I chanced to fall in company with a dweller of that country and the conversation turned upon the mystery that followed the destruction of that old craft.

"Have you ever heard of the phantom light which can be seen at midnight on the anniversary of the burning of the Marine City?" asked an intelligent old fisherman.

"I never did; no, what is it?"

"Come out here on the dock with me to-night at twelve o'clock and you will see."

I accepted the invitation, and at the appointed hour we strolled out on the pier; and while we were on the way, "There, look," said he; and sure enough, as plain as the stars that twinkled in the heavens a light, apparently a lantern, hovered above and around the old wreck.

I confess I was somewhat startled, and rubbed my eyes to make sure it was no optical illusion. It moved about slowly, as if carried by some unseen hand. Was it not some boatmen moving about? No, for it was not so dark nor so far away but a small boat could have been seen and heard.

I did not like to give it up, and so we engaged a boat and rowed up the shore toward the light. The crisp, evening air was as still as if hushed in sleep, and as I bent to the oars with a vigorous will I instinctively feathered them and handled them as noiselessly as if engaged in some midnight adventure requiring nerve and daring. Somehow the love of adventure does not seem to desert us as we creep out of our boyhood and enter the sedate period of manhood; and the desire to fathom the unfathomable is a part of most men's nature. The old fisherman entered heartily into the spirit of the occasion, and offered to relieve me at the oars.

"You're a good 'un at the oar, but if your hand is not in you'll lame yourself for it's a good mile up there.

Easing up a little and pulling up cautiously, I glanced over my shoulder toward the light. It seemed to be receding, a kind of ignis fatuus, and again I doubled over the oars.

Soon we were at the old sunken hull, but the light had disappeared. We rowed around the burnt wreck resting in shallow water, and looked down into its coal-black depths, but could see no cause for phosphorescent lights. Then we rowed to the shore and examined the banks—sand and gravel—nothing else; no swamp or rotten wood, nor stream of water, near; in fact, nothing that I could discover that would cause this will-o-the-wisp.

We got into the boat and my companion seemed depressed and inclined to silence, and I saw that he was seized with a sort of susperstition, and so I thought to distract his thoughts a little and draw him out as to his theory regarding the mystery, and this was it:

"You believe that men have souls that live after death?"

"I most certainly do."

"Well, don't you believe that souls have the power to talk to us in one way or another?"

"I am not sure about that."

"You've heard of folks dreaming about some of their friends being in danger and soon after get word that the danger was real, and possibly their friends died in the very hour they were dreamed. Now what would you call it?

"Well, I should call it a communication with the spirit world that I don't care to have any thing to do with until I have done with this world."

"Then you are not a spiritualist, I see?"

"Not if I know myself, unless in the sense that all professedly Christian people (whether really or professedly I do not say) are spiritualists, to a certain extent. But what about the light? You are getting onto theology; the light, what is it?"

"Well, sir, I'll tell you what I think it is. It was said that the Marine City was set on fire by one of the deck hands or firemen out of revenge for some real or imaginary wrong, and that he was one of the few that was lost, and my opinion is, if that is true, that he is doomed as a punishment to bring that light here every night during the month in which the boat was lost, to light the others that were lost safely over the 'dark river,' and possibly as a warning to others that may be like tempted to murder or other wickedness. We can't tell what God's ways are, but we can see the warnings all around us, and I believe this is one of God's beacon lights."

"Well, my friend, there is certainly no harm in the thought. I am at least ready to give it up as a mystery that I can't fathom—and here we are at the dock again."

IT COULDN'T BE.

Why a Married Woman Denied Her Husband.

"Mrs. Jones," said Mrs. Blinkin to her next door neighbor, "you have the stubbornest husband I ever saw."

"You don't say so," was the quiet answer. "What's the matter, now?"

"Why, he stood right in front of my husband to-day and wouldn't budge, though he asked him to do so."

"It wasn't my husband."

"But I know better."

"Well, I say it wasn't. I've known that man for thirty years, and if he ever refused to budge when anybody invited him to, then he ain't my husband, that's all."

Mrs. B. got a slang dictonary to see what "budge" meant. Merchant Traveler.