GOSSIP FOR LADIES.

TIME TURNS THE TABLE.

Ten years ago, when she was ten,
I used to tease and scold her;
I liked her, and she loved me then;
A boy some five years old.

I liked her: she would fetch my book,
Bring lunch to stream or thicket;
Would oil my gun, or bait my hook,
And field for hours at cricket.

She'd mend my can, or find my whip—
Ah! but boys' hearts are stony!
I liked her rather less than "Gyp,"
And far less than my pony.

She loved me then, though Heaven knows why—
Small wonder had she hated,
For scores of dolls she's had to cry,
Whom I decapitated.

I tore her frocks, I pulled her hair,
Called "red" the sheen upon it;
Out fishing I would even dare
Catch tadpoles in her bonnet.

Well, now I expiate my crime;
The Nemesis of fables
Came after years; to-day old Time
On me has turned the tables.

I'm twenty-five; she's twenty now,
Dark-eyed, pink-cheeked, and bonny—
The curls are golden round her brow;
She smiles and calls me "Johnny."

Of yore I used her Christian name;
But now, through fate or malice,
When she is by, my lips can't frame
Five letters to make "Alice."

I, who could joke with her and tease,
Stand silent now before her—
Dumb through the very wish to please—
A speechless, shy adorer.

Or, if she turns to me to speak,
I'm dazzled by her graces—
The blood rushes to my cheek—
I blush commonplaces.

She's kind and cool—ah! Heaven knows how
I wish she blushed and faltered.
She likes me, and I love her now:
Dear, dear! how things have altered.

REFUSING A DOUBTFUL HUSBAND.

New York Sun.

Miss Zerlina Jacobson is the pretty and pleasing plaintiff in a breach-of-promise suit pending in the Marine Court, in which Isaac Schiffman is the defendant. Miss Jacobson is a dressmaker, and lives at 85 Essex street. Mr. Schiffman is a cigarmaker, and has just ceased to be a resident of Ludlow-street Jail. Formerly he was the owner of a cigar-factory, but adverse circumstances have reduced him. He met Miss Jacobson at a social gathering, and about a year ago an engagement to marry resulted, the wedding to take place on the 30th of September of last year. On the appointed day Schiffman backed out, saying that he was not in a pecuniary condition to support a wife. Miss Jacobson waited until the present month, and then brought suit. Mr. Schiffman was arrested, and committed to Ludlow-street Jail for want of $2,000 bail.

On Wednesday Mr. Herman Stiefel, Schiffman's attorney, applied to Judge Goepp for an order that the prisoner be brought into court on the ground that he and the plaintiff had agreed to compromise the litigation by marrying. The order was granted, and in the afternoon a Deputy Sheriff escorted Mr. Schiffman into court, and Miss Jacobson also appeared in the company of numerous friends. When the couple stood up before the Judge, and he instructed that there was no compulsion upon either to marry the other, and that the free and uncontrolled consent of both was necessary, it was noticed that the plaintiff hesitated.

"Suppose, Judge," she asks with hesitation and in a trembling voice, "suppose that he runs away after we are married? Can he do that?"

"I cannot answer for his behavior after marriage," said Judge Goepp. "If you marry him you must take the risk. There is no means of preventing his running away, though he may be compelled to support you."

The fair plaintiff hung her head, but soon concluded not to enter the matrimonial bond, and so said to the Judge.

The defendant's attorney thereupon moved that his client be discharged from custody, on the ground that the plaintiff's willingness to marry the defendant was essential to her suit, and that his offer to marry her was a sufficient answer to the action. Judge Goepp declined to grant the motion absolutely without giving the plaintiff further time for reflection. Then the defendant told the Judge his story. He said that it was true that he had promised to marry the plaintiff, but that he was not in a condition to provide for her. On the 14th inst., he continued, the plaintiff called on him, accompanied by her brother, and inquired whether he intended to fulfill his promise of marriage. He made the same answer as before, namely, that his circumstances would not permit of it. Thereupon she went out, and a moment afterward a Deputy Sheriff entered and arrested him, thus showing that the order of arrest had been issued and was in readiness at the time when he was asked to comply with his promise.

Judge Goepp adhered to his refusal to discharge the prisoner immediately, but said that he would reduce his bail from $2,000 to $100. A friend of the defendant offered to become bondsman for that amount, and the defendant's attorney set about preparing a bail-bond. Meantime the plaintiff, all tremor, emotion, and excitement, had gone out of the Court-room, and stood in the corridor outside, surrounded by expostulating and imploring friends, who urged her to withdraw her refusal before it was too late. Their argument finally drew a reluctant assent from her, and she returned to the Court-room.

The defendant's attorney ceased his work on the bail bond, the argument of the motion was suspended, the defendant and the fair plaintiff again stood before the Judge, and the interested lawyers and spectators that filled the room supposed that now the knot would be tied without further delay; but when the query, "Do you take this man to be your lawfully wedded husband?" was put to the plaintiff, the dread of being fastened to an unfaithful and unloving spouse had again mastered her, and she returned a decided, "No, I think I had better not."

Amid the laughter that followed, the defendant's attorney insisted that there should be no more nonsense, and that the reduced bail should now be accepted and his client discharged. The bond was executed, and the plaintiff, the defendant, and their friends took their departure.

A LONG-KEPT SECRET.

Dubuque Times.

A wealthy couple here had lived together in perfect peace for forty-one years. While sitting in the parlor one evening, not long ago, the husband surprised his wife by saying, "I am going to tell you a secret you have never heard before." There was a brief pause, as the lady and a near relative who chanced to be present awaited the disclosure, and the husband continued: "Yes, you will be surprised to hear that I had another wife before I married you." Startled and aghast, the wife clasped her hands in suspense, and asked, "Am I then not your lawful wife?" "You are, my loved and lawful wife," was the prompt reply; "my first wife died four years before I came to Dubuque and met you." Then he related how he had married his first wife, and been summoned to his home to find her dead in childbirth. Then he went West and settled in Dubuque, where the second romance of his life came about. Six years ago he received a letter from the woman who had nursed his first wife. She wrote that she was upon her deathbed, and could not rest until she had confessed her share in a base crime. The wife had died, but the son had survived, and, through a large bribe proffered by the dead woman's father, the nurse's lips had been sealed and the husband told that the child had died with its mother. This man, the father-in-law, was wealthy, but his daughter's death left him without an heir, and he took this means of supplying what fate had denied. With her last breath the nurse informed her employer that she had divulged the truth to the gentleman in Dubuque, and immediately upon her death the father-in-law went West and offered a large bribe. This was refused, but the secret was kept. The son was a millionaire in the City of P., and his father was anxious to see him. The second wife was thus told the truth for the first time, and asked to go East and pay the first wife's son a visit. When the story was told the wife announced in low tones: "Since you kept it from me so long, I would rather you had never repeated it." The excitement caused by the recital proved fatal. In two days the lady was dead.

LONDON LADIES' MAIDS.

New York Times.

London ladies' maids are tremendous personages, and not to be offended with impunity. That was no fancy portrait that Dickens drew of the murderess of *Mr. Tulkinghorn*, although doubtless an extreme case. Some years ago Lady Zetland had the misfortune to offend her maid, Miss Fray, and for several years the latter became almost as well known a chronic litigant as poor *Miss Flite*. "The plaintiff in this case was formerly lady's maid in the service of the Countess of Zetland," and "Fray against the Countess of Zetland" were stereotyped sentences in the London newspaper offices. Lately the Duchess of Westminster comes into court "all along of" her former Abigail Jones, on an action brought against her Grace—for whom a verdict was rendered—for libel. This is not the first "lady's maid" in the Duchess' family who has come prominently before the public. Thirty years ago all England rang with the dreadful murder of one O'Connor by Manning, a railroad guard, and Maria, his wife. The latter, who was undoubtedly the originator and instigator of the crime, was for some time in the service of the Duchess of Sutherland, mother of the Duchess of Westminster. O'Connor had come into money, and the Mannings invited him to their house to dine, murdered him, and buried him with quick-lime, under the flags in their back-kitchen. They were not discovered for some time, but were at length tracked and taken in Jersey, one of the Channel Islands. Both were executed. Mrs. Manning appeared on the scaffold in a dress of the richest black satin, which it is more than probable had in bygone days figured in the splendid saloons of Stafford House on ducal shoulders. This incident actually rang the knell of black satin for upward of twenty years. Now it is once more in fashion.

ULSTER AND WIFE.

He was young and handsome (says an exchange), and his name was Adam Feldser. On the 3d of January last he attended a ball in New York. There a ravishing vision dawned upon him in the shape of Miss Elise Klein, with whom he fell violently in love at first sight. He wooed her that night like a tropical storm, and he had not known her three hours before he had proposed and been rejected. But her refusal did not cool his passion. He pressed his suit so ardently, so irresistibly, that, when he parted from her in the wee sma' hours, he had gained her shyly whispered "Yes." Just one month later they were married, and Adam was as happy as Adam I. in Eden, until the other night, on going home, he found that Elise's cousin, Joseph Platz, had folded his (Adam's) ulster around him and silently stolen her away. He followed and found them, but Mrs. Adam declined to forsake her cousin; whereupon Adam threatened to prosecute that gentleman for stealing his ulster. Negotiations were then commenced, which ended in Adam's releasing all right, title, and interest in and to his ulster and wife, in consideration of $250 in hand paid by said Joseph Platz. Elise, when asked if she intends to get a divorce and marry Platz, replies that she is Mrs. Platz already; why spend any more money?—she has her paper from Adam. Whereupon she produces a document couched in these words:

Joseph Platz paid me $250 for my ulster which he got in St. Louis with mine Elise.

ADAM FELDSER.

HER STOCKINGS.

Tokio (Japan) Times.

The prettiest and daintiest of Japanese belles now in Europe was recently discovered in partial deshabille by some lady visitors, who were captivated by the effect of the neat and closely fitting tabi upon her tiny feet, and pronounced them, after leaving, just too awfully nice for anything, while the contrast between the snowy whiteness of the linen sandals and the peculiar, delicate tint of the stocking beneath was perfectly splendid! They easily procured the tabi, but they searched the city in vain for matches to the lovely hose. The new color was evidently a rare Oriental dye, which had not reached the marts of Europe. In their disappointment sore they went to the Japanese lady and explained to her that they had set their hearts on producing in their morning negligees the same combination they had noticed off her feet and ankles. Would she be so kind as to lend them one of her stockings to enable manufacturers to attempt imitation? And then the little lady smiled, and gracefully whipped aside her "uwagi, nakagi, and skitagi," disclosing that the admired stockings were not the mysterious products of some jealously-guarded Eastern loom, but the dusky, unadorned tegument with which nature had provided her.

HOW HE WON ALL HER MONEY.

Rochester (Minn.) Record.

Once there was a young man who married a young woman, and she was rich and he was poor, and it made him sad to think of it. One day she told him damaging stories about some of their neighbors that she had heard at a tea-fight, and he listened and thought, and very soon he saw a way out of his poverty, for his wife believed the tale she had heard at the tea-fight. After she had finished the stories, he said: "I will go you five to twenty that there is not one word of truth in that you have just told me,"—for he did not know how sure his game was, so he wanted odds. And she, pitying his folly, said, "It's a whack," and they investigated the stories and found them false, so he won. And they continued in this sinful practice of betting on the truth or falsity of town gossip, in the same order in which they started out, and four years had not turned the corner ere he had all her wealth, and she some valuable experience.

SNUFF-TAKING GIRLS.

Atlanta (Ga.) Sunny South.

We are acquainted with daughters whose snuff-bottles are concealed in their rooms, where they use the contents constantly, without the knowledge of their parents. We have seen at boarding schools, girls go into hysterics when deprived for a day or two of their snuff, and borrow tobacco from the servants as a substitute, until they could obtain their usual stimulant of Scotch or Macaboy; and we are well acquainted with three sisters—beautiful young girls, were it not for the sallow hue tarnishing their complexion—who are at present under medical treatment for derangement of the nervous system and digestive organs, arising from the constant use of snuff.

BOYS AS "BRIDESMAIDS."

Fashion in France now prescribes two tiny pages to serve instead of bridesmaids at the wedding ceremony. These are chosen from the prettiest of the boy relatives of the bride or bridegroom. They are dressed in velvet of the bride's favorite color. At a recent wedding the tiny court-dress worn was of sapphire velvet, with white silk stockings, and velvet shoes with diamond buckles. A bouquet, composed of a rosebud, an orange-blossom, and a branch of myrtle, was attached to the left side. These pages perform the usual role of the bridesmaids, carry the bride's bouquet and gloves, and also meet her and assist her from and to the carriage-step.

FEMININE NOTES.

The puzzle which careful mothers try to solve is how to train the girls, and how to restrain the boys.

Brown says that a married man sometimes finds himself to be an April fool soon after the wedding March.

Japanese ladies paint their cheeks with a green substance, which, on exposure to the air, soon becomes of a delicate pink.

A pretty girl won a musket at a French lottery. When they gave it to her, she asked, "Don't they give a soldier with it?"

A lady in Fair Haven got her foot stuck in a soft spot in a concrete walk. "Sing hey the merry maiden and the tar."—*Yale News.*

An exchange contains the marriage notice of a Mr. and Miss Carr, and the Boston *Transcript* notices it "as an instance of Carr-coupling by a clergyman, which is something unusual."

Mr. Abell, of Wabash, was successively divorced from three wives. Then he married the first again, and now, upon her death, he has reunited with the second. The third has reason to hope.

A Choice of Evils.—Mamma—Now, Arthur, be a good boy, and take your medicine, or mamma will be very angry." Arthur (after mature deliberation)—"I would rather mamma was very angry."—*Punch.*

A Minnesota man found a beautiful young squaw almost frozen to death. He took her to his camp-fire and tried to thaw her out. When she had melted a little he proposed marriage and was accepted. They are now 1.

A Fairhaven lass, with visions of a bridal trousseau before her eyes, has recently given the gentleman who is paying his addresses to her a gentle hint, by presenting to him a neatly worked card, upon which is inscribed, "I need thee every hour."—*Boston Herald.*

Scene, a South-End horse-car. Enter an elaborately-dressed lady, diamond solitaires, eight-button kids, etc. Car crowded. At first no one moves. Soon a gentleman offers his seat. "Thank you; you are the only gentleman here. *The rest is hogs.*" Fact.—*Boston Transcript.*

A pretty girl "out West" told her beau that she was a mind-reader. "You don't say so!" he exclaimed. "Can you read what's in my mind?" "Yes," said she; "you have it in mind to ask me to be your wife, but you are just a little scared at the idea." Their wedding cards are out.

Two Kentucky lovers have centered their affections upon a damsel who would be happy with either were t'other dear charmer away. A walking match has been proposed, and the successful competitor will get the girl. She might add to the interest of the affair by running away with some one else.

The rich young lady who recently married a horse-car driver had taken to heart Sir Joseph Porter's pronunciamento, that "love is a front platform on which all ranks meet."

"It may be," says Heffelspin, "it may be that a man and his wife are one; but I notice that, when I come to pay the weekly board-bill, the landlord does not think so."—*Home Sentinel.*

A Whitehall woman offered her little son his choice between a stick of store gum or a lump of spruce. He was undecided which to take, and remarked: "How happy could I be with either were the other dear chaw, ma, away."

Lady—"You have not been out to service yet; therefore you have no character?" Applicant—"No, mum; but I've got three School Board certificuts." Lady—"Ah, well, that is something. Are thev for honesty, cleanliness, or—" Applicant—"No, please, mum, for literatoor, jography and free-hand drorin."—*Punch.*

THE AUTHORS' CARNIVAL.

Expressions of Approval of "The Tribune's" Criticisms.

To the Editor of The Tribune.

CHICAGO, May 1.—I wish to express my great pleasure at your comments upon the Carnival in to-day's TRIBUNE; and also about the sinks of iniquity. Yours, M. T. P.

To the Editor of The Tribune.

CHICAGO, May 2.—I was much surprised to see in the *Inter-Ocean* of this morning some letters from people who take umbrage at the excellent article in THE TRIBUNE of yesterday. Every word in your article was in accord with my feelings. Many other ladies who were interested in the Carnival were prone to admit its truth, yet felt as though it were best unsaid. I have never felt this way, believing that it is better to tell the truth, even if we lose a few dollars thereby. But, regarding THE TRIBUNE article, I am compelled to say it is public opinion, pretty generally felt, too. My husband prohibited our daughter from attending the Carnival after she had been present the first night. We were not in favor of it in the first place, but the lady managers made such strong exertions to have our daughter attend, and told such a pretty tale how select it was to be, and who else were to be in character, that we finally consented, and our daughter procured a costume, which, though she looked beautiful in, nevertheless we hesitated about allowing the public to gaze upon her robed thus. We accompanied her to the Exposition Building the opening evening and left her at the stage door and proceeded to the main entrance. On entering we beheld the usual mixed assemblage, and my husband remarked that he was sorry he had allowed —— to come here in that costume. We went to the stall where our daughter was to be, and found her and some twenty other young ladies in there, all dressed about alike, yet some of them were dressed far more *decollette* than our daughter. She came to me and remarked, "Mother, dear, I have had enough of this already, and I shan't come here again in this dress." I was glad to hear this, and so was my husband. During the short time we remained there we met several of our friends who had daughters there, and all told us they would not allow their daughters to come there again to be looked at in such dresses. They had been misled, as we had. We retired early, but not till we had seen enough to satisfy us that it was no place for a young lady to be in such a dress. Many of those misses promenaded the floor with the most blaze shamelessness, and I am glad to say our daughter kept in her place and far back as she could, afraid that some one else would see her. She never went again, nor did we. The commutation ticket my husband had purchased he gave away to the servants of the house, and they attended. Many of our friends did the same with their tickets. We were satisfied the Carnival was in excessive bad taste. MRS. M.

To the Editor of The Tribune.

CHICAGO, May 2.—Of all the humbugs that have taken our city by storm, the Authors' Carnival, just closed, was, I think, the greatest; yet I went there expecting to see a thorough representation of characters from leading authors, but what was my disgust when I found only about a dozen characters well taken. It showed plainly on the face of it that it was a catch-penny affair, and I am glad THE TRIBUNE came out in its bold way and showed up the fizzle, for such it proved to be. From all I hear it turned out just about the way affairs gotten up by ladies generally do. They made no contracts, excepting one, namely, a rather strong one with a man by the name of Pease, and they are being surprised every day by the enormous bills that come in. My wife is interested in one of the charities, and she says that there will be a rumpus over the settlement. In the first place, that man Pease has got them tied down to a contract awarding him 25 per cent of the *gross* receipts. This, he claims, means just what it says: *gross*,—all,—and she says that they only got 10 per cent on some of the things they sold, and thereby they lose 15 per cent clear. This is a clear case of woman's figuring, and no mistake. Then in the second place, some of the charities took some very expensive booths, and some took cheap ones. Now the "cheap" managers want the gross receipts divided first, and then let each charity pay its expenses for its own booths. Under such an arrangement the charity which my wife is connected with would be left in debt almost, or a mere pittance would be left, and she says she never will submit to such an arrangement—never! And I would tell the rest of the ladies that she is a plucky little woman and can hold her own. Then she says also that they understood that Pease was to furnish some fittings for the booths, and they had to buy trees and other stuff to trim them up, and now he refuses to pay for it. She thinks that Pease is too sharp, though he has been ever so nice to them all the time; and she says that his scenery and truck cost him more than he will make by far. Now, I pondered over this talk, and came to the conclusion that it was a regular woman's row; but, when I saw the papers taking it up, I investigated it for my wife, and I learn from Messrs. Malmshea and Rogers, of McVicker's Theatre, two well-known and reliable gentlemen on such matters, that they would duplicate all that stuff for $250, and then they would put $100 worth of properties on the stage, and give a better show than the Buffalo man ever could do. This is a settler, and no mistake. Then I investigated the contract, and found that Pease had them surely tied, and any court in the land would award him his 25 per cent of *all* moneys taken in, no matter from what source. I also looked up the printing bill and found that there was no contract, and the company that was doing the work had laid it on rather too thick for comfort. I found that they were in trouble because they had done this same thing before to one of our institutions, and were involved in a lawsuit for it even now. They no doubt need the charity money sorely, but this is not the way to secure it by overcharging a lot of enthusiastic women. I had some conversation with several of those who were prominent at the Carnival, and I learned that there were numberless dead-heads each night, and that a large crowd was no criterion by which to judge of the success of the venture. But why need I tell these well-known facts? They are matters of common talk. I trust the row may be amicably settled, and I am sure the ladies are well punished for their hard work, even though the cause was charity.

"CENSOR."

MARCO.

Nay, do not kiss me, Marco! Go and seek
Some newer love. I am so tired of thee—
Tired of thy caress on lip and cheek—
Of all thy rhapsodies and praise of me.

Thou art too constant, Marco! Is it strange
That hearts should drop the old love for the new,
Now when all Nature revels in a change,
And skies do turn from gray to azure-blue?

It is the Springtime, Marco! Everything
Doth speak of change—the earth, the trees, the skies,
The garb of man and beast, the wild birds' wing—
And, Marco, *young Amelius hath blue eyes!*

Thine eyes are dark and sombre, like the gown
I wore through all the Winter-time; but see
This new robe of pale-azure! Do not frown—
A moment since you praised its hue to me.

What—curses, Marco? Now, when Spring has come?
I thought all hearts welled full of glad delight
When in the woods was heard the partridge-drum—
Even as Amelius said to me last night.

And art thou going, Marco? Well, adieu!
Thou'lt find a fairer love, I trust, some day,
But not a heart more constant or more true
Than mine, that loved from Autumn until May!

ELLA WHEELER.

Underground Galleries.

The longest subterranean construction in the world is in the mines of Freyburg, in Saxony. A series of galleries, which were begun in the twelfth century, reached in 1835 a length of 153 miles, and had yielded an immense quantity of silver. In 1833 a new gallery was commenced, which was finished a year ago, and is eight miles long.

No Opium! No Morphia or other dangerous drug is contained in Dr. Bull's Baby Syrup, for the relief of colic, teething, etc. Price 25 cents.

CURRENT GOSSIP.

ONLY A DANCING GIRL.

From Gilbert's "Bab" Ballads.

Only a dancing girl,
With an unromantic style,
With borrowed color and curl,
With a fixed, mechanical smile,
With many a hackneyed wile,
With ungrammatical lips,
And corns that mar her tips.

Hung from the flies in air,
She acts a palpable lie;
She's as little a fairy there
As unpoetical I!
I hear you asking why,
Why in the world I sing
This tawdry, truckled thing?

No airy fairy she,
As she hangs in arsenic green
From a highly impossible tree
In highly impossible scene
(Herself not over clean);
For fays don't suffer, I'm told,
From bunions, coughs, or cold.

And stately dames, that bring
Their daughters there to see,
Pronounced the "dancing thing"
No better than she should be,
With her skirt at her shameful knee,
And her painted, tainted phiz;
Ah, matrons! which of us is?

(And in sooth it oft occurs
That, while these matrons sigh,
Their dresses are lower than hers,
And sometimes half as high;
And their hair is hair they buy;
And they use their glasses, too,
In a way she'd blush to do.)

But change her gold and green
For a coarse merino gown,
And see her upon the scene
Of her home, when coaxing down
Her drunken father's frown,
In his squalid cheerless den:
She's a fairy truly, then!

SIGISBERT LANCINET'S LUCK.

New York World Translation.

I.

"My friend," said the notary to Sigisbert Lancinet, "here are the 6,500 francs willed and bequeathed to you by your uncle. The legacy-duty, stamps, and fees have been deducted. Put the money carefully away in your pocket, be careful not to let any sharp-looking stranger brush up against you, and get home as soon as possible."

"Worthy sir, your excellent advice shall be followed," said Sigisbert Lancinet, squeezing the good notary's hand and leaving the office with the dignity of a man who does not have 6,500 francs in his pocket every day of the week.

For Sigisbert Lancinet, Bohemian both by disposition and profession, had never hitherto been the owner of ten francs of his own.

II.

When he was in the street Sigisbert Lancinet soliloquized half aloud:

"What an old ass that notary was! To fancy that I—I of all people—would be silly enough to let any one get away with my wealth. Suppose I drove home—no, that would look like a cowardly concession to the notary's fears. Besides, I am not sorry at the prospect of showing myself to my acquaintances in my new role of a bloated capitalist."

So saying, Sigisbert Lancinet approached a shop-window and took an admiring glance at the image reflected in the great mirror.

"Heavens!" he exclaimed, starting back in consternation, "can that ambulatory rag-bag be Sigisbert Lancinet? Lazarus in all his glory was not arrayed like unto this. What a shocking bad hat!—a perfect epic of decrepitude. Let me not lose an instant in shooting this title, which makes me redden as much as it reddens itself."

He went to the hatter's and bought him a hat, and when he came out he respired more joyously and said to himself: "Now that is more like the thing—I do not quite so closely resemble a—but hold on! On letting my gaze run to my other extreme I am horrified to observe that the soles of my boots are not waterproof, and that the uppers are a libel upon shoemanity. Let me not hesitate one second——"

He entered the bootmaker's.

III.

"By Jove!" he said, on regaining the street, "that job's off my hands; but, oh! the frightful discordance. The immaculate varnish of my boots makes my pantaloons look ten years older by contrast, while beside my dazzling hat my coat loses the few pretensions to respectability which it formerly possessed. To appear in such guise would be ridiculous—I—"

He crossed the street and entered a ready-made clothing establishment, whence issuing robed and crowned, he—for he had fasted since getting-up time, and had got up unusually early so as to be at the notary's office betimes—felt the inner man assert itself. He found himself at that moment at the Palais Royal.

"And to think," soliloquized the *nouveau riche*, "that not one in my brief life have I set foot within the plate-glass doors of these opulent restaurants in the windows whereof are heaped fascinating trophies of game and fruits of Tantalus! Yet I had always hoped—and, indeed, why should I not gratify myself just for once. One doesn't get a legacy every day. What stunning truffles!"

IV.

Just as he had placed his hand upon the handle of the door some one tapped him upon the shoulder.

"Hi, Sigisbert!"

"Hullo, Adolphe!"

"The same. Where are you off to?"

"Going in to breakfast—don't you see?"

"You! going in to breakfast there?"

"Certainly. And what if I am?"

"Oh, nothing, only it would be a graceful act on your part to invite me to join you, seeing that you are flush and that my pockets are as empty as my stomach."

"By all means; come along."

They breakfasted. They began with Burgundy and continued with claret, and the waiter waxed so eloquent in praise of a peculiarly fine and dry champagne for which the house was noted that they had a bottle of that. Then they had coffee and liquors.

At the third glass of Chartreuse Sigisbert Lancinet was the friend of the whole human race without exception.

Adolphe with the pilot's wary eye marked his friend's growing good humor, and whispered to him gently, "Sigisbert, old fel', I've always said that if there was a good-hearted chap in Paris, Sigisbert Lancinet was the man. For you are a good-hearted chap, as you know."

"I should hope, old boy, that I wouldn't go back on a friend, if he will allow me to call him so."

"Of course you wouldn't. I know you will stake an old friend of yours who only wants 300 miserable petty francs till next Tuesday to——"

"Never mind what you want them for; that is none of my business. Here are your 300 francs. So long as Sigisbert Lancinet has a shot in the locker he will not steel his ear against the appeals of friendship. Take my arm and let us go for a walk."

V.

In the Galerie d'Orleans some one accosted Sigisbert:

"M. Lancinet, I am glad to see you looking so well. About eighteen months ago you promised to pay me a bill——"

"A bill—for how much?"

"Five hundred francs."

"Five hundred francs,—whom do I owe 500 francs to?"

"To me. I keep the restaurant at——"

"Here's your money. Call on Sigisbert Lancinet at any hour of the day or night for money, and, if he owes it, it shall be paid instantly."

A little further on he met Cydalisa, a piquante little brunette for whom Sigisbert Lancinet's heart used to beat like one—like forty.

In her society he visited the milliner's shop, the jeweler's, the Bois de Boulogne, the Opera-Comique, and the Maison d'Or.

VI.

It was 2:30 a. m. when Sigisbert Lancinet reached his lodging.

To whom the angry janitor:

"You're a sweet duck, staying out guzzling and muzzling till all hours. You can bet your new boots I'll let the boss know what sort of a tenant he has in you. There's your bed-room candle and a letter that came for you."

"Here—I'll make that all right—this'll pay you for getting up," said Sigisbert Lancinet, opening his pocket-book.

It was empty!

Mechanically he opened the letter which the janitor had handed him. It read as follows:

SIR: I made an error this morning in giving you 6,500 francs as the net amount of your late uncle's legacy. That was the gross amount, from which should have been deducted duty, stamps, fee, etc., amounting, as per account inclosed, to 763f. 45c. Be so good as to remit me that sum by bearer. Yours very respectfully, X. Y. Z.

GETTING MORE THAN THEY PRAYED FOR.

Boston Transcript.

In a certain county town there had been a long-continued drought; the fields were parched and burnt, the foliage had withered under the sun's burning rays, the wells were dry, and it was only by going to the river, three or four miles distant, that water for the animals and household use could be obtained. Under these circumstances it was resolved in the "store" one Saturday evening to see the good parson and ask him to pray for rain. He was interviewed, and promised accordingly. The next morning the sun came out hotter than ever, and the congregation came to church white with dust which hung like a cloud over the roads. At the close of the "long prayer"—and it was unusually long—the preacher said, "And now, O Lord, we approach a subject that lies near, very near, to our hearts. Thou knowest that our fields are parched and our wells dry; Thou knowest that we choke with dust, and that our cattle are in sore need; and so, O Lord, we pray that Thou willst open the almighty bottle of the universe, and pour out its contents on this, our bedroughted country." On the evening of that day the sky looked hazy. On Monday there were genuine clouds, and "signs of rain." Tuesday brought two or three refreshing showers; the "women folk," as New Englanders of the rural sort call the fair sex, caught enough for their week's washing, and were happy, and the withered vegetation began to revive. On Wednesday and Thursday the rain fell steadily, on Friday it came in torrents, and ere Saturday evening things began to look serious. But there was no let up, and when Sunday morning came the devout ones who ventured out had to go to "meeting" in boats. Just as the dripping minister was about to climb the stairs that led to the high pulpit, a bedraggled deacon took him by the arm and had a few words with him apart. The pastor looked puzzled, but finally assented with a nod, took his place in the pulpit, and opened the service. Again there was a long prayer,—a very long prayer,—and it closed as follows: "Again, O Lord, we approach with fear and trembling the subject of which we made mention last week. We told Thee that our fields were parched, our wells dry, and our cattle were in sore need, and we asked that Thou wouldst open the great almighty bottle of the universe and pour out its contents on our bedroughted country; but, O Lord, when we made that, our prayer, *we'd no idea that Thoudst lose the stopple!*"

HE HEARD TOO MUCH.

Lewis Gaylord Clark, the editor of the *Knickerbocker Magazine*, used to tell the following story with great delight:

Some two miles up the river from St. Johnsbury, Vt., is a primitive sort of a little village called "The Centre." Here, not long since, the rustic youth of the vicinity congregated for a dance, "and dance, they did," said our informant, "with an unction unknown to your city belles and beaux." One interesting man, having imbibed too freely, became "fatigued" in the course of the evening, and wisely concluded to retire for a short rest.

A door ajar near the dancing-hall revealed invitingly a glimpse of a comfortable bed, of which he took possession with the prospect of an undisturbed "snooze."

It happened, howbeit, that this was the "ladies' withdrawing room," and no sooner had he closed his eyes than a pair of blooming damsels came in and began adjusting their disordered ringlets, the dim light of the tallow candle not disclosing the tenant of the bed. The girls had tongues (like the rest of their "sex"), which ran in this wise:

"What a nice dance we're having! Have you heard anybody say anything about me, Jane?"

"Law, yes, Sally. Jim Brown says he never saw you look so handsome as you do to-night. Have you heard anybody say anything about me?"

"About you! Why, sartin. I heard Joe Flint tell Sam Jones that you was the prettiest-dressed girl in the room."

Whereupon the dear things chuckled, and "fixed up" a little more, and made off toward the ball-room. They had hardly reached the door when our half-conscious friend raised himself on his elbow, and quite intelligibly, though slowly, inquired:

"Have you heard aryborry say anythin' 'bout me, gals?"

"Phaney their pheelinks" at this juncture.

HYPOCRISY REBUKED.

Virginia City Chronicle.

Last evening a man came into Charley Legate's restaurant and called for a rum omelet. Legate walked back into the kitchen with the solemnity of a circus elephant, and presently a waiter came out with a beefsteak. The customer looked at the steak a moment and remarked:

"Look-a-here, I ordered a rum omelet."

"I know you did, my boy, but you can't have it," said Legate, coming up. "You know last New Year's you swore off, and tied a blue ribbon to your vest. It's there yet. Now, you contemptible hypocrite, do you s'pose you are goin' round this town flaunting the ensign of sobriety in the face of the public and imagine you can come here, stuff yourself with rum omelets, and make me particeps criminis to the deception? Haven't you got any more self-respect than to observe the letter of the law and bust the stuffin' out of it? That sort of a lay don't go down here, my friend. It may do at some second-class hash-houses, where they take neither the digestion nor the morals of a man into consideration. I'm lookin' after both. I won't have speakin' hypocrisy in my house. I despise the crawlin' wretch who——"

"Oh! Legate, speak no more. Thou turnest mine eyes into my very soul," yelled the distracted patron, and he called for some more eggs, and the irrepressible caterer went back into the kitchen with the air of a man who had served his country well, as he remarked:

"I had to bluff him or acknowledge I was just out of rum."

HE WOULDN'T HAVE IT.

Detroit Free Press.

Some men can't appreciate true friendship, and they seem to rejoice in holding at arm's-length those who wish to think kindly of them. Such a man has an office on Griswold street. A number of his acquaintances were the other day canvassing his many good qualities, and it was decided to make him a present and deliver a speech. A shake-purse of 40 cents was made up, the cash invested in a large sponge, and the six or eight friends proceeded in a body to the "consignee's" office. He was in. One of the gentlemen held up the sponge, and began:

"When men desire to show their friendship for a fellow-man, they present him with some token of esteem,—something typical or emblematical of his daily life. Now, we——"

The speech ended right there. The sponge was left behind, but the crowd took a coal-scuttle, four or five clubs, and two empty boxes down-stairs with them, and there was considerable haste to see who would get into the street first.

QUIPS.

Excuse haste and a bad pun.

The combing man—the hairdresser.

If a man waits too long for something to turn up, it will be his toes.

Queen Victoria is like a machinery-wheel, because she travels in cog.

Wonder if the cattle of a thousand hills had the epizootic or the hoof disease?

"There's music in the heir," moaned the young husband, as he reached for the paregoric bottle.

The diminutive hen-fruit seen in market is another evidence that the eggs size law is not enforced.

Prince Louis Napoleon's pastime is matching pennies. He says: "Heads I win, Beatrice; tails, Zulus."

The horn of Roderick Dhu was Scotch whisky.—*Graphic.* Yes, it was mountain Dhu.—*Pittsburg Telegraph.*

Why is it that at the hotel the man who goes is called the waiter, and the man who really does all the waiting is called the guest?

Journalism is a noble calling.—*Cleveland Herald.* In which respect it muchly resembleth the Marquis of Lorne yelling for his lord-in-waiting.—*Boston Traveler.*

A Grave Rebuke.—Individual fresh from his *Club*: "My good sir (*hic*), can you tell me where this w-(*hic*)-way leads to?" Sedate Party—"To the churchyard."—*Fun.*

Making the best of it is a good rule for everybody. "What is the matter?" asked a lawyer of his coachman. "The horses are running away, sir." "Can you not pull them up?" "I am afraid not." "Then," said the the lawyer, after judicial delay, "run into something cheap."

E. C. Stedman sings, in *Scribner*, "Why should I fear to sip the sweets of each red lip?" Why? Because, Mr. Stedman, you have a conviction that the gloomy-looking old gentleman in the background, with blood in his eye and a cane like the angel of death in his hand, will make a poultice of you if you do any such sampling while he is in reach.—*Burdette.*

Connecticut Judges.

Connecticut Judges take their female relatives to court during interesting trials, and give them seats on the bench. "Chatty conversations," says the New Haven *Register*, referring to a recent instance, "have been conducted between the Court and its family representatives while important testimony has been taken, and there has been danger that the Judges might from these frequent distractions lose connections which are considered vital on one side or the other."

THE PUZZLERS' CORNER.

[Original contributions will be published in this department. Correspondents will please send their real names with their *noms de plume* addressed to "Puzzlers' Corner." Answers will be published the following week.]

ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLES.

No. 750.

DRANK
STAND
SPOIL
ESSAY
PHYSY

No. 751.

FALCON
ADORN
LOGY
ON
N

No. 752.

BIB
ILE
BEN

No. 753.

DELIAC
ERUNDA
LUFFER
INFILM
ADELIA
CARMAN

No. 754.

Tipper.

No. 755.

Capelin.

No. 756.

Cabalistic.

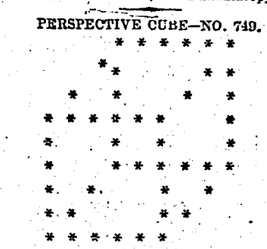
No. 757.

Photographer.

No. 758.

Philanthropy.

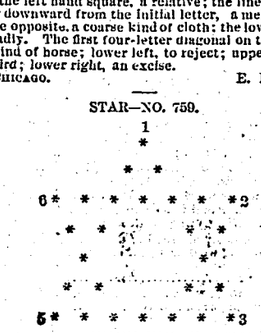
PERSPECTIVE CUBE—NO. 749.



The upper line, a girdle; the line extending down from the initial letter of this line, an Italian coin; the line opposite, a stuff made of wool; the lower line of this square, a foolish person. The top line of the left hand square, a relative; the line extending downward from the initial letter, a metal; the line opposite, a coarse kind of cloth; the lower line, deadly. The first four-letter diagonal on the left, a kind of horse; lower left, to reject; upper right, a bird; lower right, an excise.

CHICAGO. E. F. K.

STAR—NO. 759.



From 1 to 3, a masculine name; 1 to 5, relating to the heart; 6 to 4, gauzy; 4 to 2, hafts; 6 to 2, a race of people; 5 to 3, those who employ one of the professions.

CHICAGO. R. EDNEY.

DIAMOND—NO. 760.

In Sphinx; a girl's name; to efface; a celebrated Knight Templar; pale; a period of time; in Jingle. The same words are read downward.

CHICAGO. E. F. K.

RHOMBOID—NO. 761.

Across—A fish; a horse; a Greek dialect; a machine for cleaning wool; a goddess. Down—In Jack; a giant; to suit; plenty; relating to the end; a hat; three-fifths