

The Masked Lady.

It was the carnival season in Paris, and Colonel Eugene Merville, an attaché of the great Napoleon's staff...

Through in so mixed an assembly, still there was a dignity and reserve in the manner of the white domino that rather repulsed the idea of a familiar address...

"Ah, lady, your every word convinces me to the contrary," replied the enraptured soldier, whose heart began to feel as it had never felt before...

The young French Colonel becomes moody; he has lost his heart, and knows not what to do. He wanders hither and thither, shuns his former places of amusement...

"Well, monsieur, what would you wish me to do?" asked the soldier. "You would know the name of the white domino?" was the reply.

"How can it be done?" "To the end of the earth if it will bring me to her," "But you must be blindfolded."

"Step into this vehicle." "I am at your command." And away rattled the youthful soldier and his strange companion.

"Talk on forever, lady! Your voice is music to my heart and ears." "Would you marry me, knowing no more of me than you do now?"

At last he met the young Baroness Carolina Von Waldroff, and in spite of his vows she captivates him, and he secretly craves the engagement he had so blindly made at Paris.

The saturno domino is no longer the idea of his heart, but assumes the most repulsive form in his imagination, and becomes, in place of his good angel, his evil genius.

Well, time rolls on, he is to return in a few days, it is once more the carnival season, and in Vienna, too, that gay city. He joins in the festivities of the masked ball, and wonder fills his brain.

"I have been faithful to your promise," "I am sure you are," "You would, perhaps, be disappointed."

"No, I am sure not," "Are you so very confident?" "Yes, I feel that you are beautiful. It cannot be otherwise."

"Don't be too sure of that," said the domino. "Have you never heard of the Irish poet Moore's story of the Veiled Prophet of Khorassan—how, when he disclosed his countenance, his hideous aspect killed his beloved one?"

"Ah, lady, your every word convinces me to the contrary," replied the enraptured soldier, whose heart began to feel as it had never felt before; he was already in love.

She eludes his efforts at discovery, but permits him to hand her by her carriage which drives off in the darkness, and she throws herself upon his fleetest horse he is unable to overtake her.

The independent calls the rabid Reds of Paris the French Ka Kiaz.

The eccentricities of editors would form a curious volume. It is possible that other classes of men may have as many distinctive marks, but the editor stamms himself so clearly in print that the observer has in him a first-class opportunity to get at some of his characteristics.

A noticeable feature in the profession is the names they often throw at each other. These expressions are oftentimes indulged in by the Southern and Western press, and from them pass, in the form of a two or three line paragraph, from Maine to California.

"I come, Colonel Eugene Merville, to hold you to your promise," she said, laying her hand lightly upon his arm. "Is this a reality or a dream?" asked the amazed soldier.

"Indeed!" "It is too true, lady, that I have seen and loved another, though my vow to you has kept me from saying so to her."

"You would, perhaps, be disappointed." "No, I am sure not," "Are you so very confident?" "Yes, I feel that you are beautiful. It cannot be otherwise."

"Don't be too sure of that," said the domino. "Have you never heard of the Irish poet Moore's story of the Veiled Prophet of Khorassan—how, when he disclosed his countenance, his hideous aspect killed his beloved one?"

"Ah, lady, your every word convinces me to the contrary," replied the enraptured soldier, whose heart began to feel as it had never felt before; he was already in love.

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put on a piece cotton and checked into a hollow tube will shut up its aching so quick that you will want to hug us for telling you; but you cannot, unless you have a certificate of a good moral character, are a married woman, and not over twenty five.

"They sent home with our washing yesterday a thing that branches off in two ways a little below the top like a railway junction, and has puckered frills edged with 'tattling' on each end of the divide. We don't know what it is, and we're a poor, friendless man, with only our virtue, and none but villains would seek to injure that."

"Once in a while, even a country editor will improve the sex,—as the man in Michigan, who kept as a standing heading for marriages, 'Melancholy Accidents.'" "In obituaries we have seen eccentricities enough to make an article of themselves. As they are mostly of the same nature, however, we will give but two as samples."

"John Garder was blind of an eye, and in a moment of confusion he stepped out of a receiving and discharging door in one of our warehouses into the ineffable glories of the celestial sphere."

"The reader will perhaps remember the celebrated notice already in print: 'While we cannot undertake to write obituary notices gratis, we will make those of our friends with pleasure,' and almost every one has seen specimens like the following: 'A New Hampshire paper, announcing the death of a man, says: 'He leaves a wife and child by a former husband.'"

"In requiems of departed cotemporary sheets, editors are sometimes eccentric. Here is a single example: 'Leaf by the leaf the roses fall, While the daisies of the spring run dry; One by one beyond recall, Mushroom papers drop and die.'"

"While giving poetry, we may as well insert a curious specimen of brotherly love (?) clipped from a Western paper: 'Free-love! we love him, and who shall dare To write us for laughing Sams, Sunders, Or on certain occasions, as, for instance, when the paper has gone to press just too soon to insert a leader containing important news, the country editor will get over the difficulty in a very ingenious manner. Here is a simple leader from a Republican paper, expressing the editor's regret at the result of a recent election: 'New Hampshire has gone Democratic.'"

"Could a double-headed article have said more? A late exchange says this of an equally eccentric election notice: 'The Norwich Bulletin heads its Connecticut election returns with the sombre likeness of a solemn owl, and gives as a tail-piece to the whole, the likeness of a drooping wren.'"

From time immemorial editors seem to have had a fancy for fish stories, and in this country particularly it is not unrequently the case that a half dozen writers will take up the quill to surpass the exaggerated tales of their brother editors. The public are often amused at these tribulations of skill, but after three or four exhibitions of its something new is necessary. Here is the latest attempt. The New Orleans Times commenced: 'A bar round in our city has a peripatetic oyster of the Barataria breed, which is thoroughly domesticated, and wanders all over the lower part of the house, but never attempts, however, to mount the stairs.'"

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