

THE BLINDNESS OF VANITY.

One day a monkey chanced to look in the clear water of a brook. Which, like a mirror, served to trace the features of his ugly face.

PLATONIC.

Mr. Harper and Miss Kingsley were the editors of the Smoky City Independent, or rather he was the editor and she was his assistant.

Miss Kingsley did not object to tobacco smoke, which was a fortunate thing, since they had but one office between them, and Mr. Harper did not write unless he had a cigar in his mouth.

Miss Kingsley held her pencil poised over the paper, thinking that it wished to make some correction. "Kingsley, you kissed me the night I was hurt."

"What do you think of that?" asked Miss Kingsley, tucking her pencil behind her little ear.

"Of the Independent and things in general. To tell the truth, Kingsley, I don't see the use in trying to run the concern much longer.

"Not on my account," said Miss Kingsley quickly. "You have done enough for me already. You took me when I was as ignorant as a goose and let me learn the business. I suppose I shall find another opening after a while."

"I had nothing to tell. I have been an orphan since I was 10 years old and have knocked about the world since then.

Harper put out his hand and gave hers a friendly shake. "Yes, yes," he said eagerly, "we must go to Chicago. I feel that I cannot get along without you."

The Independent fell further in disfavor when its editor took sides with the reform party on the temperance question. The editor of the rival paper sided with the popular party and wrote offensive editorials concerning "our esteemed contemporary" and his policy.

Miss Kingsley responded in dignified paragraphs and stated a few facts about the Banner man which cut him keenly because they were strictly true.

Brad was badly injured, and a serious illness was the result of the wound on his head. He pulled through, thanks to his good constitution and the faithful nursing of Mrs. Smart, his landlady.

Virginia did all the work of the paper while Brad was ill, but as soon as he had sufficient strength she began taking her editorials to him for criticism, and before long he was able to dictate to her.

Through this long speech Miss Kingsley had been trying to find her voice, and as Brad paused for a reply she said hoarsely:

"I intend to tell you, Mr. Harper, that I shall leave Smoky City as soon as you are able to take the helm again."

"Brute," he called himself, under his breath, but even then he could not resist teasing Miss Kingsley. Harper. Can't you think of something more tender? I much prefer 'Brad, darling.'"

"I am a brute," Virginia Kingsley—I almost said Harper—I love you. I should have said so like a man at first, but was sure that you knew my feeling for you, and I did enjoy teasing you a little. Forgive me! I am going to marry you as soon as I am well, if you will have me."

VENICE OF TODAY.

MODERN LIFE IN THE FAMOUS CITY OF THE DOGES.

Costumes Now and 500 Years Ago—A Constant Fete in the Streets All Day Long. Market Men Discuss Politics Across the Street—Not All Poetry and Romance.

The Venetians themselves do not seem greatly to have changed their character, or their clothes, or their customs of life, from those of old paintings and plays and histories.

In the matter of clothes I refer of course only to the working people. Our seigniorial selves have changed from the courtly garments of the Moenigos and the Foscaris sadly for the worse.

In the narrow streets, the dark little shops, which hug each other closely, side by side, are the same queer, open air sort of bazaars and boutiques of hand workers, unchanged since the first days of the republic.

"It is a scandalous late, nearly noon," she said, "and press day too. I have ever so many galleys of copy here, to say nothing of the editorial which you did not write."

"Do you see what the clock tells? When I put my glasses on, Oh, here they are. Good morning, Mr. Harper."

Smoky City has filled the predictions of the leading newspaper, and its editor is a rich man. Mrs. Bradley Harper keeps her carriage, and no longer wears an ink stain on the index finger of her right hand.

The latest proposal is that the government should guarantee loans for, say, \$250,000,000 to enable the carrying out of a national system of foreshore reclamation all around the coasts.

There is no reason to doubt that in the London district alone the reclamation of the foreshores of the Thames, from the metropolis to the sea, is perfectly feasible, and would provide work for thousands for many years, be of immense public benefit, and yield a good return on the outlay.

To Be Determined at Leisure. A Milwaukee heiress was introduced to a young man the other day and remarked that she did not like the cut of his whiskers.

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ALBANY NURSERIES.

It will pay you to write to us, or come and see us before placing your order, for we will NOT BE UNDERGOLD.

ROLLING ACROSS THE OCEAN.

The Curious Craft That is Proposed by a French Engineer. In these days of revolutionary projects in matters mechanical and scientific unusual engineering exploits have lost much of their tendency to create surprise.

M. Bazin proposes, in brief, to build an Atlantic liner on eight rollers, with the view of securing speed much higher than any thus far attached, arguing that the wheels or rollers on which the vessel is to rest will so greatly diminish the resistance offered by the waves that 30 knots an hour will be easily within the bounds of possibility.

A MYSTERY OF DREAMLAND. While the Doctors Were Helpless a Boy's Visit Effected His Cure.

In Savannah, Mo., last June, Thomas, the 11-year-old son of a farmer named Alexander Gilpin, was stricken with rheumatism of the right side and leg. The pain was so severe that his parents were obliged to keep anything from touching the body or limb.

A Workingman's Discovery. Some years ago a tobaccoist discovered the utility of tinfoil for wrapping tobaccos.

I do not mean that you live in a constant ecstatic state of poetry and romance. A cook, whose name is Angelina, will sometimes make an omelet too hard, even in an old fifteenth century palace.

Dr. Parker, pastor of the City Temple of London, has been indulging in a wholesale prophecy for 1894. "Next year will be one of the brightest in the history of England. Russia also will have great prosperity and will make great advance. Germany, especially north Germany, will have a hard time of darkness and suffering."

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