My birthday! "How many years reo? Twenty or thirty?" Don't ask me! "Forty or fift;?" How can I tell? I do not remember my birth, you see!

Les hearray a vidence-nothing more!
Once on a time, the legends say,
A girl was born and that girl was f.
How can I vouch for the truth, I pray?

I know I am here; but when I came, Let some one wiser than I am tell! Do you think this flower you plucked for me Knew when its bud began to swell?

How old am 1? You ought to know Without any telling of mine, my dear? For when I came to this happy earth Were you not waiting for me here?

A dark eyed boy on the northern hills, Chasing the hours with flying feet, Did you not know your wife was born. By a subtle prescience, faint yet sweet?

Did never a breath from the southland come.
With sunshine laden, and rare perfume.
To lift your hair with a soft caress.
And waken your heart to richer bloom? Notone! O mystery strange as life!--To think that we who are now so dear, Were once in our dreams so far apart, Nor cared if the other were far or near!

But—how old am I? You must tell.
Just as old as I seem to you?
Norshall I a day older be
While life remaineth and love is true.
-Good Company.

THE PRICE OF A CURL.

"Alice Grey, I was under the impres sion that you were rather a sensible young girl, but I am now heartily ashamed of you; behaving like a baby because circumstances are not as you would have them don't help you out of your difficulties, so you had better dry your eyes, and think of earning a living, like a sensible young woman.

The young lady who had thus admonished herself, hastened at once to bathe her face and arrange her dress. While is slender and graceful, about the medium height. Her form is nearly perfect, but her face is hardly pretty. The features are irregular, and almost too strongly marked for a woman. The features was something unusual in her. marked for a woman. The forehead is high and broad, and the hair is combed and for the last time she descended the away from it, revealing it in its full proportions. Her skin is very fair, and her eyes are a soft gray, but alas! she is very short sighted, and has to hide them behind spectacles. Now, my lady readers, I know that you are hardly satisfied with my heroine, but if you had her face I know that you would render it almost beautiful, by surrounding it with soft laces and wavy tresses. Alice was a trust herself to speak. During the week, practical little body, and thought it of no use to spend half her time in arranging her toilet. She wished her friends to love her for herself alone, and not for her beauty or wealth, if she had either. Her one beauty was her hair, and her one failing was her vanity of it. She was standing before the patched mirror, her fingers, soliloquizing as she always busy with her thoughts. did when alone.

"Now, Miss Alice Grey, I know that you are in a bad fix, and you must make an effort at once to help yourself, for an empty purse won't sustain an empty stomach. I almost expected to get an

"How stupid not to have read to-day's advertisements, there might have been something suitable for me.

Taking up the paper she read over the list of Female Help Wanted. There was nothing there, and she was turning the paper over with a sigh, when her eye caught something which attracted her attention.

oung lady who applied in Thursday's paper for a position as governess, will send her address to No. Clay street, she will hear of a place.

Her heart stood still for a moment, and then commenced to beat in a most uncomfortable manner. "I'm so glad! I will hasten there immediately," she said, standing before the mirror to don her hat and threadbare jacket. "I wonder why I curled my hair to-day! These long "I wonder why curls are quite an improvement on the bob at the back of the head. I do believe that they make me almost pretty. Well, when I am comfortably settled, I shall have curls every day, and then perhaps I shall eatch a lover, or rather they will catch one for me." She laughed merrily at the idea of having a lover, and hastened down the creaky stairs that intervened between the garret and the first floor of a four-story, third-class lodging house.

On arriving at No. - Clay street, she was informed that the gentleman was not in, but he had left a note for her which sho eagerly read:

DEAR MADAM:-If you are willing to take charge of two headstrong girls, six and eight years old -salary three hundred and fifty dollars a year-leave your address, and I will call for you next Saturday afternoon at half-past two, and take you safely to your new home.

"Yours respectfully, JOHN BALFOUR. Leaving her address, she was hastening home when she became conscious that she was hungry, and was without money. Happening to pass a hair store, the thought suddenly occurred to her that she might sell her hair.

"I must get something to cat, for I am very hungry, and it is a long time until next Saturday. This is but Monday. I hate to part with you, my dear old curls, but I suppose I must, so here goes.

She entered at once, and noticing a gentleman sitting behind the counter, marched straight up to him and de-manded of him in her decided fashion "How much do you give for curls such as these?" holding up one for in-

"Really miss, I'm not in the habit of buying any curls."
"Very well," and she turned to go

"One moment, miss, I will take one if you are willing to sell it."

'And why not all?" she demanded. Well, you see, I have no immediate use for them.'

"But why do you keep so many of those artificial things (pointing to some) when you can get these natural ones which I think you could sell much | doesn't it grow?" demanded Cassie.

"Yes, they would sell much better if the price were the same, but you It is made from hair just the color of must know that natural curls costs us yours, and he won't tell us where he got more than those. I cannot afford to it. buy your curls at present. Business is dulf. I will take one however, as I haps he thinks that little girls should not have an order for a watch chain of that

I suppose I must. I need the mon-

Taking a pair of shears which lay on the counter near him, the gentleman snipped one off, and held it up in the sunlight."

"How very beautiful!" exclaimed a voice behind them.

It suddenly occurred to Alice she had made a most absurd mistake, and that the gentleman whom she had been addressing was not a barber at all. Alice stood blushing, while the gentleman asked gayly—
"What do you think of my purchase,

monsieur? "It is lovely. The color is exquis-te! Would the young lady like to sell another?"

"I believe she would," replied the gentleman. "But I must pay her for Will ten dollars be sufficient, mine.

miss "Oh! indeed sir, I think it is too

much. "Not at all. It is worth that to me. I suppose that monsieur would give you a hundred or so for the rest, but I think

you had better keep them.

He looked so kindly and spoke so ear nestly that she could not help replying: "I will."

How happy she felt as she hastened home. The cloud that was so black in the morning was broken, and the sun was shining around her. As she sat sewherself:

'Tho' sad and drear our days may be, "Tho sad and drear our days may be,
A subbeam shines thre' all;
If it do but rest on our bearts and minds,
As it rests on the cottage wall.
For the golden sunshine of the heart
Will charm away every !!!;
And will make us feel that the darkest cloud
Has a silvery lining still."

Alice had everything in readiness when Saturday came. The curls were replaced by the bob on the back of the

creaky stairs. She started when she looked into the gentleman's face. Could it be? Yes, it must be, for a golden hair chain hung from his vest.

"Miss Grey, I believe." She bowed. "I presume you know my name, John

Balfour.' She bowed again, for she could not she had never ceased to think of the gentleman in the hair store. Would he recognize her? She had no right to ex-

pect, but she almost hoped he would. She wished he had been some one else, but yet she felt a thrill of gladness, because it was he. Little was said during the twenty miles ride. Mr. Balfour was winding the long golden strands around | busy with his newspapers, and Alice was

John Balfour had been a widower some five years. He was but thirty-seven, handsome, rich and talented. He was very quiet, and spent much of his time alone. His servants were warmly attached to him, and his children thought answer to my advertisement to-day, but I suppose I will be disappointed as decad why he had never married the condered why he had never married the second time. All the mammas in the neighborhood had tried to eatch him for their

daughters, but unsuccessfully.

The housekeeper informed Alice, however, that Mr. Balfour was to be married soon to a distant relative of his, Miss Addie Gaylor. The children often spoke of Cousin Addie, but they did not seem to love her.

"Cousin Addie is in Europe, and is to visit us on her return," said Mabel.

"I presume your consin is very beautiful and accomplished," ventured Alice. "Yes, she's pretty, but I don't like her, because she won't play with me, and she is always so afraid of soiling her dress," said Cassic

"She is very fond of music, but papa says that you play with more expression, and better time," said Mabel.

"She promised to bring me a big wax think that's kind of her, because I tease her so much."

"Cassie teases everybody except you. She told me the other night that she loved you next to papa." "Well, Mabel, you said that you wished papa would marry Miss Grey in-

stead of Cousin Addie.' "Hush, children, you must not talk

so," said Alice. None of the group had noticed a tall, manly figure standing in the open door. His face wore an amused and rather

pleased expression. June came, and with it, Cousin Addie. "The children will have a holiday while Miss Gaylor remains," said Mr.

Balfour, one morning.

Alice bowed. She felt as if she would

like to cry, and for what reason she knew not.

The house was filled with company There was much merry-making in the parlors and on the lawn; there were walks and drives and pienics, but poor Alice seemed to be entirely forgotten by everyone, and, oh, how homesick and weary she was! She watched the merry throng from the nursery window, and how could she help noticing how much than tickled, even although she had not Mr. Balfour and Miss Gaylor were together. Miss Gaylor was tall and ministered it was not the same one who stately and beautiful; and plain little so disordered her nerves in the street! Alice did not wonder that men should But one bright American girl met these

fall in love with her. Alice was in the habit of walking with the children in the garden when the company were off on excursions. One day they three were seated on the grass under a shade-tree, making rosy wreaths, when Cassie suddenly exclaimed-

"Can't we take down your hair, Miss Grev?

"If you wish to."

Four little hands were soon at work and Alice's hair fell in curling masses on "Why don't you curl your hair, Miss Grey?" said Mabel. "It is so pretty." "You may curl it for me," she an-

swered "Why, Miss Grey, here is a piece ever so much shorter than the rest. Why

"It was cut off." "Did you ever see papa's watch chain!

know everything." A footstep sounded on the gravel walk and in an instant Mr. Balfour stood be-Even a little would be a great fore them. The children ran to kiss him, and Alice stood blushing and confused. Corr. Chicago Inter-Ocean.

"You have been making a picture of Miss Grey, I see. That's right." "Don't you think that she's pretty,

papa, when she has her hair down?" inquired Cassie.

"I know you think so, Puss," he answered, pinching her cheek. "When Miss Grey has had her hair dressed, I would like to see her alone. I will pass again soon.

The children repaired to the house and Alice sat wondering what Mr. Bal-four had to say to her. Was he going to be married soon, and was some one else to take charge of the children? Her master stood before her holding out his hand. She laid hers in it, and wondering why he held it so tightly and so long. "I am glad I got back from town before the company returned, for I was anxious to see you alone to-day. I have something to tell you."

Alice tried to take her hand away. But he clasped it tighter than before.

"One day I was in a hair store in the city, when a young lady entered and offered to sell me her curls. They were very much like these. I bought one and had it made into a watch chain, which I am now in the habit of wearing. I like that curl so much that I fain would have its mates. But I won't take them unless I can have the dear little head on which they grow. Alice, will you be my wife? ing that afternoon, she sang softly to I have loved you ever since I knew you, and my love for you grows stronger every

She turned her face toward him. It was radiant with happiness, and John Balfour drew the golden head on his shoulder, and kissed the warm blushing

"I thought you intended to marry Miss Gaylor," said Alice, a few hours later. "I did not think of marrying any one but you," he answered. "I want a wife who will be a companion to me, and a mother to my little girls. You are the only woman that I know of that can be

John Balfour introduced his affianced wife to his company that evening. None of them had ever seen her before, and many inquiries were made concerning her, but no one discovered who she was. Alice looked very pretty that evening, in her lace dress and curls. Her forehead was partly hidden by a little cloud of ringlets, which helped to soften the rest of her face.

She danced with the gentlemen, conversed with the ladies, played and sang for all. Even Miss Gaylor admitted that she was charming, and in the course of time they became fast friends.

John and Alice were married quietly after the company went home. They live happily together surrounded by a large family of curry headed children. Mr. Balfour claims that his chain brought him a wife, and Mrs. Balfour adds, laughingly-

"I knew that my curls would catch a lover for me, some time.

Italian Street Gallantry.

To such a pitch of perfection do the unesse doree of Rome, Florence and Naples carry this street business of woman admiration, that a wife upon her husband's arm is no more exempt from it than a pretty seamstress carrying a dress home alone to its owner. For these golden youth have a manner of elevating the eyebrows and of pushing up the lips to the shape of these familiar epithets, so that though not a sound of them is heard, the wayfaring woman, though a fool, cannot fail to understand the intent. One day, in speculative and inquiring her morning meal might be baked in the mood, we watched a natty young Roman, drawing room, and the carriage in which behind whom we walked for nearly the she takes her drive is hermetically closwhole length of a corso, and when, ed. She may realize winter by seeing finally, we mounted the steps of the cap- the streetsweepers blowing on their finitol just behind him, and heard him whis- gers in front of her windows. It is bedper "sympatica" in the ear of a rather time, and we are once more in the hands dry-looking spinster, whose astonish of our guide. He, however, stands disment thereat nearly made her drop the creetly in the background until his inter-English guide-book in her hand, we calesting patroness has assumed the reteculated that she was the eighty-ninth or | ment ordinaire. He then comes forward ninetieth woman of every age and all na- to recommend a second garment-a sort tions to whom he had whispered since we of ulster, of white plush, trimmed with doll from Paris," said Cassie. "And I first noticed him. Silly American girls, ostrich feathers at the neck and wristsjust arrived in Italy, are very apt to be misled by this habit of Italians, and to nighteap of white satin should be trimed come home from their promenades, or return to their own country, with tremendous stories of the tidal wave of admiration that followed them everywhere they went. One American bride, not long ago, chose to view the matter very differently, much to the amusement and ridicule of the other ladies-older to bed is to be heated by the fumes of Roman ways-who dwelt in the same hotel. This bride, who was neither very young nor very beautiful, came home one day and took to her bed, from which she

> did not rise for two days. To all inquiries concerning the cause she replied, with tears and blushes, that a great, nasty, horrid Roman had spoken to her in the street, and told her how lovely she was, and that the shock to her sensibilities had been so great that she had not been able to hold her hand up since. "But you must expect these tributes from the gallantry of our people, you are so surprisingly beautiful," said a fat old Lothario, to whom she told her story the first time she descended to dejeuner. At this fulsome flattery the bride's sensibili ties were evidently much less shocked the slightest proof that the man who adfrequent occasions much better. She was really very pretty, and in seeing her | You'll find her in the house." youth became quite convulsed in frantic efforts to make known the approbation of grandmother in that way." she went often into the street alone, and that followed her everywhere absolutely unbearable. Finally she invented a each one of the value of a fifth of a cent, and whenever a man spoke to her pretended to utterly mistake his words, she would graciously extend her hand towards the creature, who would be in a seventh heaven of rapture at such speedy saying in her pretty, broken Italian,

A Parisienne's Winter foilet.

The Vie Parasienne had a grimly terri-

ble article on the art of keeping warm in

winter. The article was addressed to the typical reader of the journal, the jolie Parisienne, the spoiled child of public opinion, but the counsels of perfection to her as to the art of keeping herself warm may be read with general profit as a sort of last word on the subject of Parisian luxury. The directions are under sixteen heads, and they constitute in their ensemble a sort of whole duty to milion aire women toward her own precious skin. "An hour before you get up, says the author, "your maid will light your fire and screen it with a silver framework, lined with rose silk, which will temper the heat and give to the whole room a sort of rosy morning light that warms where it illumines." she will bring you on a silver platewarmer your cup of chocolate, hot and foaming, which you will drink from the warmer itself, munching the while your rusks, served on a little gold toast-rack, kept hot in its turn by a little live charcoal, sprinkled with vanilla to perfume the air. After you have taken your chocolate you will snooze again for a couple of hours. Then you will put on a deshabille of pink satin, lined with swansdown, enveloping the whole body from head to foot. The waistband and the fastening of this garment must be in velvet, so as to be warm to the touch. You may now pass into the bathroom, the atmosphere of which will be kept at an agreeable temperature by little gusts of rose-scented vapor pumped through an aperature in the wall. The next part of our subject is a delicate one; but honi soit que mal y pense. It is now time to draw on the stockings lined with flossy silk, long and perfumed, and gartered with Russian sables clasped with cat'seve stones set in diamonds. The boots are to be lined with swansdown, and trimmed with Russian sables as well. Our precious product of of high civilization is now in her dressing-room, whither we may, perhaps, be allowed to follow without any offense. This is to be made comfortable by means of an immense foot-warmer, some two metres square, which is to form a kind of second flooring all about the dressing table. The blinds may be colored to represent the 'ardent rays of the sun," and the padding to keep out the draught is to be trimmed with natural flowers. This will make the place look feel like a summer bower in the depth of winter. The maid may now 'fumigate the nape of the neck" with a little benzoin to make it supple-an exquisite characteristic provision, for witha supple neck how could a French person possibly got through the duties of politeness for a day? We must not forget the hands. These

may be kept warm by holding in them two little vessels filled with warm water and shaped like apples-rather in bad taste in this direction as tending to remind our Parisenne of the frivolity of taste by which her sex first came to grief The promised advantage of this arrangement is that it gives the hands that attractive rosiness that warmth alone can impart. So much for this, the beginning of the day. There are no directions for the middle of it, as this has no immedinte connection with the subject; but it is easy to supply the omission. The Parisenne simply continues all these precautions by avoiding, as though it were laden with the breath of pestilence, every touch of cold air. The rusks that form which is to be worn as an overall. with feathers of the same bird, and, for additional warmth, a little turtle dove may be fastened above the left ear. very hands are to have their night capgloves of pink kid, lined with plush and fastened by elastic (in pink chemille), so as not to check the circulation, burned lime flowers and violets. "These agreeable and calming emanations replace advantageously the old-fashioned warming pan." "Enfin," he says in conclusion-and the word has all the solemnity of a blessing—" enfin you will drink just before going to sleep, a light creme de Sabaillon, nice and hot, made with two fresh eggs and a small glass of Madeira. By earefully following these directions one may hope," he says piously, " not to suffer too much in the winter time."—Paris Gassip in London World.

A CHIPPER OLD GRANDMOTHER,-A says that a few days ago a physician of Windsor, Vt., was called to visit a patient living some miles out of the village. He drove out, and, as he was a young woman with a child in her arms came out. They greeted each other, and she said: "Oh, you are the doctor, come to see grandmother. She's pretty sick the brows and mouths of the Napolitan in and found a woman about, who said: "Oh, you are the doctor. You will find their owners. As an American girl, and to which he was directed he found an traveling only with an invalid mother, aged, white-haired lady lying on the bed, with her face the other way. She was therefore found the masculine chorus quite deaf, and did not notice his ap preach until he sat down and began to feel her pulse. She turned and said: novel method of rebuffing and putting "Oh, you are the doctor. I'm not siek. her admirers to the blush. She provided It is mother you want to see. You will herself with a pocketful of centesimi, sind her in that room." So into the next room he past, and at last was in the presence of his patient, whose daughter, granddaughter, great-granddaughter, and great-great granddaughter he had encountered. He found her so reduced by disease and old age (she was 97) that response to his admiration. She would he saw no chance of her living more than then drop this fifth of a cent in his hand, a week. He told the family so, but, at ther request, left medicine and direc-"Hungry, are you, poor man? Well, tions. Some three weeks after he was take this and buy some bread!" For a driving by, and saw an old lady picking Neapolitan Adonis to believe himself up chips. He pulled up his horse, inmistaken for a Neapolitan beggar, is tending to ask when his patient had died, enough to shatter the Adonis's brain, and when she looked up and said: "Oh, you we may be almost sure that no one of are the doctor that came to see me when those exquisite lady-killers spoke to an I was sick." She is still living, as chip-American girl again for at least a day. - per an old lady of 97 as you will not often

Famous Maryland Families.

Elizabeth Carroll, the eldest daughter

of Charles Carroll of Carrollton, was the most elegant woman of her day. Her fascination of manner won all hearts, and Washington in particular was extremely partial to her. She was thereigning belle at Annapolis, and Washington often visited her in his postchaise with four horses, accompanied by Miss Custis and his retinue of servants. Judging from his ac count books, he used to go to the Annapolis races in a grand way, and while there used to spend his money like a "gentleman." He was a constant contributor, too, to the Annapolis "clubs, of which there were a great many. He bet on the horses and bet on cards. He went to the theatre and took his friends with him, and he apparently enjoyed ble. Two combatants, one of the regularity to the full. The following is a army and a federe, had mot at trancript of his account of the expenses at the Annapolis races in 1762: "Traveling expenses, £2 10s 11d; servants in trip, 17s; sundry tickets to the play there, £I; sundry tickets to the ball there, 12s; two boxes of claret, £25 in Maryland currency, £20 14s; horse, £50 in Maryland currency, £40; charity, £2 3s; cash los; on the races, £1 6s; cash paid for a hat for Miss Custis, £4 4s; cash to Miss Custis at Annapolis, \$2 11s.

place two weeks earlier, and Washington was promptly on hand with his retinue of servants and with money to spend, though with not so large an amount as he scattered about the year before. His acpenses, £4 16s 10d; sundry play tickets,

He was probably restrained by the presence of young Mr. Custis, who made his first appearance at the races, and whose expenses amounted to £3, not

itemized. Miss Carroll finally married in Nov-ember, 1786, Richard Caton, an English gentleman, who came to this country the year before. He was considered at this time a poor young man, and her father opposed the match. When he found all his arguments in vain, he called in the assistance of his friend, Thomas Cockey Deve. At the earnest treaty of Mr. Carroll, Mr. Deye conversed with the daughter, but found her mind was not to be changed. Mr. Deve informed Mr. Carroll, when he resorted to the last extremity. "Go," said he, "and ask her if he gets into jail who will take him out." The friend delivered his message, when she raised her beautiful hands, and with countenance filled with all that is lovely in woman, exclaimed: "These hands shall take him out." On hearing this, her noble father hesitated no longer they were married, and he gave them a princely fortune. Catherine Carroll, the second daughter of Charles Carroll of Carrollton, married about the year 1802, the distinguished lawyer and statesman, General Robert Goodloe Harper, of South Carolina. Mr. Carroll having purchased the splendid house built by Hugh Young, in South Gay street, presented it to his daughter, with an income sufficient to keep up the elegance of their establishment. It was the first house in Baltimore where the drawing-rooms were thrown open once a week for the reception of their friends. At these brilliant soirces congregated all the beauty and fashion of the city. General Harper was an eminent statesman, politician and ora tor, and his office was always filled with tudents of law. Three children survived him-Charles, who married Miss Chafelle, of South Caaolina; Robert, who died on one of the packets returning

from Europe, and Emily, who inherited all her father's benevolence. Charles Carroll, the only son of Charles Carroll of Carrollton, married Harriet, the beautiful daughter of Benjamin Chew, of Germantown, Penn., whose other daughter had married Col. John E. Howard, of Belvidere. Charles Carroll of Carrollton built for his son 'Homewood," on what is now Charlesstreet avenue, and his son lived there until his death. Charles, his only son, who married Mary Digges Lee, a granddaughter of the Hon. Thomas Sim Lee the second Governor Maryland, inherited Doughoregan Manor, so called by Charles Carroll of Carrollton's grandfather after an estate of the same name in Ireland, which he lost by confiscation. Charles Carroll, of Doughoregan Manor, was the father of Honorable John Lee Carroll, the present Governor of Mary land; Mary Carroll, who married Richard H. Bayard of Delaware; Louisa Carroll, who married Dr. Jackson, an American representative at a foreign court; Harriet Carroll, who married Honorable John Lee, State Senator from Carroll county, and Elizabeth Carroll. who married Dr. Richard Tucker.

Richard Caton had three daughters who were handsome, witty and accomplished. The oldest, Marianne, married correspondent of the New York World first, Robert Patterson, whose only sister, the late Elizabeth Patterson, married Jerome Bonaparte, afterwards King of Westphalia. The marriage ceremony was performed in the chapel hitching the horse, the door opened and in Charles Carroll of Carrollton's house at Annapolis, and was attended by all the clite of the city. The bride was attended by three of the then distinguished belles of the city as bridesmaids, and the entertainment on the occasion has never been surpassed in Maryland. Mrs. Patterson traveled in Europe with her husband, where she attracted the attention of Sir Arthur Wellesley, afterwards Duke of Wellington, who followed her over half the continent, and by his un guarded devotion caused not a little scandal. Mrs. Patterson and her husband returned to Maryland, and her admirer for many months wrote a minute diary of what occurred in the gay world abroad, which he transmitted in letters by every packet for the United States. When she became a widow she revisited England with her two younger sisters, the Misses Caton, but the future hero of Waterloo was now himself married, and therefore unable to offer his hand; he, however, introduced his younger brother, Colonel Richard Wellsley. Richard, second Earl of Mornington, and risk the chances!" Marquis of Wellesley, Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland and Governor-General of street, hat in hand, and after him came India. She died at Hampton Court on number two, holding his hat on with one the 17th of December, 1853. Her sister, hand and reaching out for the back hair George William, Baron Stafford. Her the door, looked after them, and said: daughter Emily married Mr. McTavis for a long time the British Consul in has fallen from a wagon and busted."

Baltimore, the father of Charles Ca McTavish, a Member of Parliament Dundalk, and Miss McTavish, married the Hon. Henry Howard, 80 the Earl of Carlisle. The third dange of Mr. Caton, Louisa Katherine married Sir Telton Bathurst Her Baronet, and subsequently, in Francis Godolphin D'Arey Duke of Leeds. These three sisters their attractive graces and wim manners, were the belles of Engli society, as well as that of Maryland

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During the Commune.

Fighting was going on at Clamart

Menden. General Duval, having b

made prisoner by General Vinoy, shot dead. The foaming rage with whi

the fighting was carried on is indescrib tablishment on the Avenue Neuil They began fighting, until by success attacks made on one another, they read ed the roof of the house. When by there, they threw away their rifles a began a hand-to-hand struggle, trooper trying to free himself from grasp of his enemy and to make his cape. Steing this, the federe drew knife fron his pocket, and as he was a ing to stib him the trooper laid flat of This was an extraordinary large the roof, and by a rapid movement go amount for Washington to spend, even hold of the of his enemy's legs, and be after he had deducted "£13 won at fell on the payement a height after he had deducted "£13 won at fell on the pavement, a height of twent cards." The next year the races took five yard. Neither of them were killed but the tooper had his face besmeare with blood and dust. The federe, har ing falles on the trooper's body, had the best of t, and killed him by stabbin him in the head. One could not be count this year stood : For travelling ex- being stanck with the contrasts present in the city itself, destruction an £5 16s; ticket to the ball, 6s; cards and death raging in some of it racing, £3 16s; servants, £1 15s 3d. quarters intersected by barricades while cannonade was leveling to the ground is beautiful environs; at the same time its fashionable boulevards crowded with elegant folks loitering and smiling as if nothing was going on. The theaters were open. Light-hearted pso-ple were heard saying, "Well, the fight there, let us onjoy ourselves here!" The cafes were ordered to he shut by midnight useless precaution-you could see the light through the interstices of the shutters, and men and women chatting, smoking, playing and drinking while the annons were roaring in the distance, the mitraileuses rattling inces. santly, and the musketry crackling with out intermission. This was not all; after spending part of the night in these dens of infanny, it was considered a good joke to spend the rest in hiring a cab, and, the weather being fine, to drive to the Arc de Triomphe and see how the fight was "progressing." The troops of the National Asembly, re-inforced by the arrival of the prisoners made by the Prussians at Sedan, grew in strength, and their assaults against the forts occupied by the federes and the wall of the city became more successful. Con-fusion and despair began to reign in the camp of the Commune. They tried to restrain the advance of the regular army by deeds of violence and cruel retaliation. They arrested during the night of the 5th M. Dugnerry, the cure of the Madeline, the Archbishop of Paris, and several other dignitaries of the church and political men of high standing. The same night the Archbishop's residence was pillaged. A man named Raoul Rigault had been appointed Prefect of Po-lice; unprincipled, daring and unfeeling. this officer issued a decree by which any person suspected of being a partisan of the National Assembly should be immedistely agreeted and tried. He might well have stated, "Shot without trial. The delivery of letters was interrupted gas was cut off: Paris was in the dark. with the exception of a few lamp posts. To make good the deficiency by death or wounds in the army of the Commune, groups of armed men were ordered to enter the house at night and seize in their beds every fit man to carry a rifle. Men above sixty years were exempt. Finding, however, that this method of recruiting did not answer their expectations, owing to many avoiding to sleep in their own houses, they had recourse to the following stratagem, which I saw myself from a window carried into effect with the utmost brutality : Ten men were posted at each side of the two ends of a street with their backs close to the wall. The street had no other issue except by the two extremities. As soon as the street was seen to contain a sufficient number of passers-by worth catching, the soldiers coming from both sides formed a barrier at both ends and arrested everybody. Women, children and elderly men were set at liberty; all the others were armed and sent to the front to fight against the regular army. Terror and distraction were at the high est pitch. The inhabitants of Neuilly, Courbeyoie, and those who were still in the military zone had been left houseless. With whatever they could get hold of they took refuge in Paris. Hundreds of small vehicles were seen coming in loaded with mattrasses, blankets, kitchen utensils, etc., to take shelter wherever they could find it .- Count Orsi in Fraser's Magazine.

Taxing the Chances.

At 10 o'clock vesterday morning a rag tag boy with a very short coat on stood and looked through a gate on Lewis street at another ragtag boy about his own age who sat on the doorstep and tried to look very meek and humble. "Tryin' to be awful sweet, ain't ye?"

sneered the first ragtag. No reply.

"Tryin' to make the naburs believe yer a reg'lar little lamb!" continued the aggressor, who evidently ached for a row. No reply; but ragtag on the steps heaved a sigh and seemed inclined to spit on his hands. "But everybody knows ye fur a snide

and a coward, and I'm going to lick ye fust time I catch ye outside the gate! "See here, Jim," softly replied number two, as he rose up, "I'm tryin' to be good, so as to get a Shetland pony in my

Christmas stockin'. Ma said if I didn't have another fight she'd git me one, but In she's near sighted and a little deaf, and a short time she became the wife of I'm goin' to pound the ground with you Then ragtag number one flew up the

Elizabeth Caton, married in 1836 Sir of number one, while a woman opened "Must be that another barrel of cider