

THE PARTISANS.

"Darling," she said, "I am so glad to see you. I would not part with you for the world. I am so glad to be with you."

ONLY KITTY.

BY THELWIND HAY.

Portland Evening Telegram. Come around to dinner to-morrow afternoon, Earl," said Alfred Summers as he was passing, with his friend, Earl Stanhope.

"Thanked, with pleasure," replied Mr. Stanhope, with the peculiarly winning smile which belonged to him alone. "I will try to be punctual."

"My sisters have just returned from Europe you know," went on Alfred, "and I am sure you will admire Helen's drawing; and if you like music you will go wild over Clara's playing, for she is a fine musician. Ta-ta, old fellow; be sure to come!"

And the two friends parted with a warm hand-clasp. They had been schoolmates and college chums together, and were still the best and warmest of friends, although Alfred was only a poor, young barrister, while his friend was very wealthy and very idle, and spent the greater portion of his time in traveling.

"Girls," said Alfred delightedly at supper that evening, "I invited Earl Stanhope to dinner to-morrow, and he accepted very eagerly. I think I am sure you will all like him."

"Earl Stanhope," echoed Clara, a tall, beautiful blonde, her eyes lighting with pleasure. "Dear me! I am so glad! I must practice some new pieces, and—Kitty—turning to her youngest sister who sat behind the tea-urn—you must not forget to arrange your music nicely—I never could make things look neat or respectable. I was never intended to do housework—I saw for nothing but music—it is my recreation."

"And a great pleasure to us, too, dear," said Alfred with a fond, admiring glance at his pretty sister. "I am sure you will do a great deal of good in the world just by playing to others with your beautiful music."

"I wonder why Earl Stanhope does not marry," said Helen, a plump, rosy-cheeked beauty, tossing back her curls. "He must be thirty by this time. I wonder if he will admire my drawings! O, by the way, Kitty, you must do my hair up to-night; I do look horrid without my hair curled."

"Earl admires long curls," remarked Alfred, smiling across the table at Helen. "I hope you will have a few, like him, girls, so he will come again."

"Oh, yes," said Clara, with a languid smile. "I will play for him, and Helen can show him her drawing and her curls, and Kitty can let me see—oh, yes! Kitty can superintend the dinner. What a shame it is that Kitty is so plain, and has no accomplishments! Do tell me, Alfred, when you are going over the list of your sisters' charms, for Mr. Stanhope's benefit, what does he say for Kitty?"

Kitty could not help stealing a saucy glance at Earl, and was rewarded by a knowing, mischievous reply from his dark eyes.

All during the dinner hour, Kitty kept making the most horrible remarks, as Clara termed them, frequently causing her stylish sisters, the greatest consternation.

Once, Mr. Stanhope said something in praise of the cocoanut cake, and instead of maintaining a discreet silence, as a well-bred young lady would have done, Kitty exclaimed, innocently, "O, do you like it? I'm so glad—I made it! We only have one servant, you know," she went on, pretending to not notice her sisters' frowns and confusion, "and I have to help her a good deal—I made those rolls, too—aren't they nice?"

"You're a regular goose—I'm ashamed of you!" exclaimed Clara, after their guest had departed. "The idea of opening the door yourself, and confessing that we only have one servant—and he is so rich and stylish!"

"Well," said Kitty, coolly, "when any one is as poor as Job's turkey, and every body knows it, I don't see the sense of putting on airs! If Mr. Stanhope don't like to come here because we only have one servant, he'll have to stay away—and that's all there is about it!"

However, it soon became apparent that Mr. Stanhope did like to "come here," as Kitty expressed it, and almost every evening found him sitting in the little parlor, listening politely to Clara's music, and admiring, with real wonder, Helen's drawings, while Alfred smoked out on the piazza, and wondered which of the two brilliant sisters would win the prize, and Kitty, seated in a corner, and worked at her embroidery, occasionally throwing little, mischievous, winking glances at Earl from under her long, brown lashes, when Clara would innocently make some very conceited remark about herself, or when Helen would get off one of her long French words.

And once, after a great deal of coaxing and teasing, Mr. Stanhope persuaded her to leave her quiet corner and sing for him; and, though the girls looked horrified, she bravely went to the piano, and, playing a soft, low accompaniment, sang that sweetest of old love songs, "Then You'll Remember Me"—sang it with such pathos and expression as Earl had never heard it sung before, and Alfred came in, smiling with pleasure, but stopped short when he saw Kitty, and said, "Why, is that only Kitty singing? I was sure it was Clara!"

But, after that one evening, Kitty never came into the parlor when Earl called. He asked for her repeatedly, but she was always "engaged," or had a headache, as the girls said. Early one morning he was passing the house, and saw Kitty out in the garden gathering flowers for the breakfast table. It had not been three weeks since he saw her last, and he was really quite surprised at his pleasure in meeting her. She turned at his approach, and a soft, delicious smile suffused her face, and her eyes, as he took her hand and retained it for a moment.

"Why have I not seen you lately?" he asked, reproachfully. "I have asked for you so often, and you were always 'engaged.'"

Kitty gave a slight start of surprise, which was not lost on Earl. "I was never so busy," she said, slowly, "as you look like a busy body." "I was with a warm pressure of the little hand he left her."

"O, Mr. Stanhope," said Clara, as he approached, "I am so glad you came. Helen and I are going down the river for water lilies, and you must go with us. I will be sure—that's a good fellow."

Earl consented, smiling down into Clara's face, and thinking what a very pretty girl she was. He almost wished he had not asked Kitty to meet him under the willow that night. And afterwards, what had he asked her for? She was only a sweet, sunny, independent little thing, and it would be impossible to fall in love with her, even though she was so good and sweet; so what was the use of asking her?

He returned from the excursion after water lilies in rather an unenviable state of mind. He was half tempted to ask Clara to marry him—she was so pretty, so regal, so accomplished, and he would feel so proud when introducing her as his "wife."

Eugene's Son and France.

The first published description of the death of the Prince Imperial reveals the possession by that youth of qualities which make it probable that his removal from the world was an event of much more importance to France than is usually supposed.

The facts which Sir Evelyn Wood collected while with ex-Empress Eugenie in Zululand, from the independent narratives of eighteen Zulus who were in the attack upon the Prince's party, show that he was very brave, fighting like a tiger until overpowered by a dozen antagonists. The possession of the courage which would have made him a great soldier might have had an important effect upon the future of France, had he lived. Like his father, he entertained the notion that he was destined to be a conqueror, such as Napoleon Bonaparte, and his ambition to regain the throne which was lost at Sedan was so ardent that he would doubtless have figured at some time in a struggle for the renewal of the Empire. The intense interest of Queen Victoria in the young man was significant, and it is by no means certain that she did not favor his union in marriage with her daughter, Princess Beatrice. But however that may have been, she did desire the restoration of the French Empire, and whatever she could do without injury to England she would have gladly done to place the Prince on the throne of his father. Her interest in the triumph of the imperial theory of government is well understood, but besides her dislike of a republic, she had much admiration for the Napoleons, so that the accession of the Prince to power in France would have been to her gratifying in the extreme.

Now, it must be admitted that a brave Prince, who, fired by an ambition to imitate Napoleon the Great, should become a member of the family of the Queen of England, would have been able to excite the enthusiasm of a strong Imperialist party in France, and in the frequent commotions to which the politics of the young Republic are subject, it would have been strange had he not imitated his predecessors by an attempt to seize the government. The bravery of his death shows that he would have made a formidable antagonist of the French Republic. His death leaves no claimant who inspires a following or who is determined enough to struggle to become Emperor. His death was the death of French imperialism. Gambetta, who died with his face toward a dozen savage Zulu assailants, Gambetta's assertion might have been less confident. His death was an event of an importance to France which the world is not likely to exaggerate.

Cucumber Pickles.

The pickles or small cucumbers should be carefully assorted as they come from the field, and all the large ones salded by themselves or thrown away. The large ones need more salt; are harder to keep and to prepare for sale, and will turn yellow, or in too large to count one hundred to the bushel, should not be salted at all. The medium sized ones, counting about three hundred to the bushel, and fine ones, containing about seven hundred to the bushel, are the sizes mostly wanted. As soon as they should be placed in empty brine barrels or molasses hoppers, and covered with brine. The brine is made strong enough to float a potato, and the pickles are kept under by a head fitting the barrel loosely, and loaded with one or two stones of about twenty pounds weight each for a hoghead. The brine soon becomes weak by absorbing the fresh juice of the pickles, and will need to be drawn off and poured on again in order to thoroughly mix the stronger brine at the bottom of the package with the portion at the top, which is weaker. This should be repeated two or three times at intervals of two or three days, and if the brine is on large pickles a few handfuls of salt added each time. If carefully kept under the brine and the surface of the brine kept equally mixed with what is below, there will be no trouble in keeping them.

A Possible Relic of De Soto.

The Tallahassee (Fla.) Floridian says: A few years ago, about two miles east of Tallahassee, was found a ponderous spur, of unique and curious workmanship, the like of which has not been seen in modern times. The spur was one and a half inches in diameter, and the end proportionately heavy. On either side of the rowel dangled small pendant bells, that gave forth a tinkling sound in response to each step of the wearer—doubtless some steel dial and bonneted warrior of the long ago. Not many days since, while parties were plowing near the identical spot, a solid and shapeless mass was turned up, which, upon closer examination, proved to be an iron stirrup of ancient pattern, as heavy and massive in proportion as the spur spoken of first, and firmly imbedded in a thick coating of clay and rust. When this was removed the stirrup was found to be in a remarkably good state of preservation. The sides represented two Ethiopian figures standing upon the foot-rest, leaning forward facing each other, while they support with outstretched arms what forms the top of the stirrup, or that part which is connected with leather. Some like are both these relics to anything known to the generations of this day and time, and both being so near the same place, it is not unreasonable to ascribe them to the same era and individual. Nor is the supposition at all improbable that one of the knightly followers of De Soto, lured on through this then unknown region and wilderness, like that dauntless son of Spain, by a thirst for the yellow heaps of gleaming gold that loomed up ahead of them in vain visions and heated fancies, here to die in vain, to tomahawk and scalping-knife of the wronged and revengeful red man; and no doubt some of the Tallahassee tribe, of which Tiger Tail claimed to be a descendant, as he displayed at his belt a pale-bloody scalp, that he had "killed a yale-face."

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Our Stocking.

Few of the ancients had any clothing for the lower part of the body, and most have had extreme difficulty in sheltering themselves from the severity of the seasons. The northern nations first had a hose or trowsers; their stockings were made of pieces of cloth sewed together. We cannot say with certainty in what country the art of knitting originated. France, England, Spain and Scotland respectively claim the useful discovery. Some believe it originated in Scotland in the sixteenth century, because when the French stocking-knitters' guild made choice of a patron saint to select St. Francis, a native of Scotland. On the other hand the invention is attributed to a Spaniard, on the strength of Menardi, who asserts that silk stockings were worn by Henry II. of France at the marriage of his sister in 1559, but before Edward VI. had graciously accepted a pair from the merchant prince, Sir Thomas Gresford, who imported them from Spain, the lambs which they were first manufactured. The story goes that a loyal grandee, the happy possessor of one of the first pairs made in Spain, thought he could not do better than present the novelties to his queen, and to that end placed them in the hands of the first Minister of the Crown, greatly to the astonishment of that modest man, who astonished the innocent-meaning noble by returning him his stockings and bidding him remember that "the Queen of Spain had no legs."

"Queen Elizabeth of England," not ashamed to own that she had legs, received a similar gift in a very different manner. In the third year of her reign (1564), Sir Miles Montagu, tendered her as a New Year's gift a pair of black silk stockings—the first of the kind made in England. Elizabeth lost no time in putting the gift on her "limbs," and was so pleased with the result that she sent for Miss Montague and inquired where she procured such comfortable foot-gear, as if she could get any more of them. "I had them made," she carefully of purpose only for Your Majesty," replied the silk woman; "and seeing these please you so well, I will presently set more in the bank." "Do so," said the Queen; "for indeed, I like silk stockings so well, because they are pleasant, fine, and so delicate, that henceforth I will wear no more cloth stockings." It is not probable that she displayed her silk-stinked legs to the best advantage during her flirtations with Sir Walter Raleigh—Troy Times.

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Quite a number of darkeys, young and old, were fishing down on Kalan's wharf a short time since, when a boy of twelve fell off and would have met with a watery grave had it not been for the energy and presence of mind of Uncle Mose. As the boy was safely landed, a bystander took occasion to praise old Mose for the heroism he had displayed. "Is the boy your son?" asked a sympathetic spectator. "No, he's just the most jolly fellow I ever saw. He had all the bait in his pocket."—(Galveston News.)

Misfortune of a Punctual Man.

He said nothing but led me into the dining-room, and my family, arrayed in traveling costume, hats on, dinner eaten, was waiting for me. And the luggage, they told me, was all packed. And more than that it had all gone down to the depot, and was there now. And they were all ready and were only waiting for me. And on the top of all this the faithful clock proclaimed that it was two minutes past train time.

The Poor Man's Eden.

To find a place to live on an once comfortable and cheap is usually a vain search, for all travelers know, as a rule, that the cheapest and most comfortable and that comfortable places are not cheap. St. Michael, the largest of the Azores, seems to be an exception, from the account of an American, who has been spending some time at Ponta Delgada and Ribeira Grande, two considerable towns on that island. He calls it, on the whole, the best spot on earth, and the poor man's Eden. The soil fertile, the climate healthful, mild and delightful, the scenery charming, and the inhabitants are noted for simplicity and kindness. Labor is very cheap, and consequently the streets of the towns and roads leading there are kept very clean and in excellent order. Eggs can be bought for five cents a dozen; good beef for three cents a pound; fowls for twelve cents a piece, and comfortable dwellings hired for \$7 a month. For \$800 a year one can live well, for \$700 handsomely, and for \$1,000 superbly, keeping carriages and horses. The whole island is picturesque, containing many beautiful gardens, which are well taken care of. The land is owned by a few rich people, and rented at the rate of \$50 to \$80 an acre. The peasants perform all the labor in the country proper, go barefooted, and live so economically that \$100 a year suffices for the expenses of a small family. The fashions in dress have not changed for a century, either among the upper or lower classes. The women wear copious garments reaching down to the ankles, and by the other sex, and reaching the whole length of the figure. The head covering, termed a capilla, attached to the copakes, is like one of the old New England bonnets, and is pulled over the face when a stranger approaches. The natives never attempt to see the countenances of their friends, whom they meet as they pass anybody on the street or on the road. St. Michael, which is about thirty miles wide, appears, indeed, to be a miniature paradise, at least for men of small means. It is very questionable, however, whether women would like it. How could they enjoy an island where fashions never change, and a lifetime and a half in only one sort of garment is worn? So much of the contemporary woman's time is occupied in ordinary civilization, with taking off and putting on clothes, that she would suffer excessively at St. Michael for lack of congenial employment.

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