

NONE BUT MOTHER.

Nobody knows of the work it makes To keep the home together; Nobody knows the steps it takes, Nobody knows—but mother.

THE LADY OF LONE LAKE.

One beautiful summer evening I was rowing with a friend on one of those romantic lakes in the west of Ireland. The day had been a hot one, and the midsummer sun looked like a ball of fire, as it slowly sank behind the horizon.

During this recital we had left the boat, and were now picking our way along the uneven path which led to the house. It was quite late when we reached the hall, and we soon separated for the night.

I lay down, but not to sleep. The occurrences of the evening filled my mind, and banished sleep from my eyelids. I longed to fathom the mystery. I had no faith in the supernatural, and I no more believed the boat we had seen was rowed by a spirit, than I believed myself to be a ghost.

As we floated the glow faded, and the soft moonlight bathed the lake and rocks and meadows with silver. The lake was quite isolated, being on the border between the estates of Glendale and Larrimoor, and was seldom visited by anyone but the members of these two families.

The present Lord of Larrimoor, who lives in the hall yonder, is a very hard, stern man, and he rules everything in his power with an iron hand. His wife, a beautiful woman, has been dead these many years.

Glendale was in the water in an instant. He caught her the first time she rose, and we soon had her in the boat. She was no ghost, but a dripping, half-drowned, frightened girl.

Through this we passed into a shallow channel. It was a very singular place. This channel, enclosed between two high and rocky banks, was about three rods long and, perhaps, half as wide in the middle, narrowing at each end, its inner wall became continuous with the shore of the lake.

The young lord seemed greatly moved by the sad story he had just related, and I could not help but feel that he had taken more than a passing interest in the unfortunate girl.

few dared to approach, and these her father repulsed. After a minute he continued: "It is useless for me to try to conceal my feelings from you, for I feel that you have already divined them. I, also, loved the beautiful lady, though she knew not of my affection. My parents were the only people in the country with whom Lord Larrimoor was on friendly terms, and during his lady's last sickness my mother attended her constantly.

Despairing of escape from the hated alliance in any other way, she had appealed to her old nurse for aid. This woman, then nearly eighty years old, was living with her son in a cottage on a neighboring estate, having quarrelled with Lord Larrimoor some years before. She and her husband, now dead, had been servants to Lucia's grandfather.

The cave had been discovered and occupied by some English fugitives during the troublous times of Cromwell. It was afterward occupied and enlarged by a wizard hermit. But he had been dead for half a century and the cave deserted.

An Edwin Forrest Anecdote. When Clark Mills was casting his statue of Gen. Jackson on a balancing horse, now in Lafayette square, Edwin Forrest, then playing an engagement at Washington, asked permission to witness the casting of a large part of it.

A bachelor's mis-shun is not a mistake. Oaths are passwords to Hell's outer door. A false-hood never covers an honest head.

Another Lockout. Editor's wife (from second story window)—"You can't get in this house at any such hour of the morning as this."

Wouldn't Help a Fool. Mendicant—"Could you help a poor man with a few cents, sir?"

Another College Rebellion. Omaha Girl—"And so there is a real rebellion in the Highstone Seminary?"

Wouldn't Help a Fool. Mendicant—"Could you help a poor man with a few cents, sir?"

A Curious and Interesting Exhibition That was Opened Recently in Paris. A museum for the blind was opened to-day in the Rue de Roussealet, writes a Paris correspondent of The London News under date of Nov. 12.

A Snake Geranium? "Yes, that is what I call it," said the doctor. I stooped down to examine the flower. Hideous, repulsive, and yet strangely attractive, the snake geranium seemed to hold me under a spell.

De Lawd had mussy! she exclaimed, "dat ting's alive. Hit'll bite, sho's yer bawn!"

Another Lockout. Editor's wife (from second story window)—"You can't get in this house at any such hour of the morning as this."

Wouldn't Help a Fool. Mendicant—"Could you help a poor man with a few cents, sir?"

Another College Rebellion. Omaha Girl—"And so there is a real rebellion in the Highstone Seminary?"

Wouldn't Help a Fool. Mendicant—"Could you help a poor man with a few cents, sir?"

Another College Rebellion. Omaha Girl—"And so there is a real rebellion in the Highstone Seminary?"

Wouldn't Help a Fool. Mendicant—"Could you help a poor man with a few cents, sir?"

Another College Rebellion. Omaha Girl—"And so there is a real rebellion in the Highstone Seminary?"

Wouldn't Help a Fool. Mendicant—"Could you help a poor man with a few cents, sir?"

A MUSEUM FOR THE BLIND.

A Curious and Interesting Exhibition That was Opened Recently in Paris. A museum for the blind was opened to-day in the Rue de Roussealet, writes a Paris correspondent of The London News under date of Nov. 12.

A Snake Geranium? "Yes, that is what I call it," said the doctor. I stooped down to examine the flower. Hideous, repulsive, and yet strangely attractive, the snake geranium seemed to hold me under a spell.

De Lawd had mussy! she exclaimed, "dat ting's alive. Hit'll bite, sho's yer bawn!"

Another Lockout. Editor's wife (from second story window)—"You can't get in this house at any such hour of the morning as this."

Wouldn't Help a Fool. Mendicant—"Could you help a poor man with a few cents, sir?"

Another College Rebellion. Omaha Girl—"And so there is a real rebellion in the Highstone Seminary?"

Wouldn't Help a Fool. Mendicant—"Could you help a poor man with a few cents, sir?"

Another College Rebellion. Omaha Girl—"And so there is a real rebellion in the Highstone Seminary?"

Wouldn't Help a Fool. Mendicant—"Could you help a poor man with a few cents, sir?"

Wouldn't Help a Fool. Mendicant—"Could you help a poor man with a few cents, sir?"

THE REPTILE GERANIUM.

A Snake Geranium? "Yes, that is what I call it," said the doctor. I stooped down to examine the flower. Hideous, repulsive, and yet strangely attractive, the snake geranium seemed to hold me under a spell.

De Lawd had mussy! she exclaimed, "dat ting's alive. Hit'll bite, sho's yer bawn!"

Another Lockout. Editor's wife (from second story window)—"You can't get in this house at any such hour of the morning as this."

Wouldn't Help a Fool. Mendicant—"Could you help a poor man with a few cents, sir?"

Another College Rebellion. Omaha Girl—"And so there is a real rebellion in the Highstone Seminary?"

Wouldn't Help a Fool. Mendicant—"Could you help a poor man with a few cents, sir?"

Another College Rebellion. Omaha Girl—"And so there is a real rebellion in the Highstone Seminary?"

Wouldn't Help a Fool. Mendicant—"Could you help a poor man with a few cents, sir?"

Another College Rebellion. Omaha Girl—"And so there is a real rebellion in the Highstone Seminary?"

Wouldn't Help a Fool. Mendicant—"Could you help a poor man with a few cents, sir?"

Birds of Paradise.

Mr. Darwin has said: "Birds appear to be the most esthetic of all animals, excepting, of course, man, and they have nearly the same taste for the beautiful as we have. This is shown by our enjoyment of the singing of birds, and by our women, both civilized and savage, decking their heads with borrowed plumes and using gems which are hardly more brilliantly colored than the naked skin and wattles of certain birds."

De Lawd had mussy! she exclaimed, "dat ting's alive. Hit'll bite, sho's yer bawn!"

Another Lockout. Editor's wife (from second story window)—"You can't get in this house at any such hour of the morning as this."

Wouldn't Help a Fool. Mendicant—"Could you help a poor man with a few cents, sir?"

Another College Rebellion. Omaha Girl—"And so there is a real rebellion in the Highstone Seminary?"

Wouldn't Help a Fool. Mendicant—"Could you help a poor man with a few cents, sir?"

Another College Rebellion. Omaha Girl—"And so there is a real rebellion in the Highstone Seminary?"

Wouldn't Help a Fool. Mendicant—"Could you help a poor man with a few cents, sir?"

Another College Rebellion. Omaha Girl—"And so there is a real rebellion in the Highstone Seminary?"

Wouldn't Help a Fool. Mendicant—"Could you help a poor man with a few cents, sir?"