

I LOVE YOU SO.

So, my every thought is sweet, or commonplace because of it, you so, that should I love one that I don't love more than I do.

PARADISE.

Armand was married day yesterday at St. Clotilde's church. Arrived there was a great crowd, ceremony was going forward.

Armand had taken her left hand, and drew her on that side, saying: "Maud, my dear Maud!" She had two Christian names, and it seemed in better taste to her, in the intimacy of married life with her second husband, not to be called by the same name the first had made use of.

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hastened to add: "I shan't be detained—shall I be able to go away again? For you know, however delightful Paradise may be, I have a few more good years to spend on earth I don't care to miss them. Life is only for a time, and Paradise is for all eternity."

"Don't be afraid. They'll let you out. Come with me." And he led me to St. Peter. "Make a note of this gentleman," he said to him. "He is a visitor—he only wishes to go in and look about and come out again."

"Pass in, sir; pass in. I shall know you again." Then I was in Paradise, and in the nick of time Armand and Gaston, who had been scanning the passengers as they arrived, had already rushed to their wife. Gaston had taken her right hand, and drew her on that side, saying: "Jeanne, my dear Jeanne!"

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you," said Gaston, "I resigned from the army because you didn't like living in a barracks. "So I joined the Imperialists for you!" cried Armand. "This gentleman had accustomed you to the riot of Second Empire balls, and rather than that you should give them up, I scandalized my whole family by showing myself at the Tuileries. I, accepting the hospitality of a Napoleon!"

"So politics!" said St. Joseph firmly. "Above all, nothing derogatory to Napoleon III. Suppose he should withdraw his troops from Rome, what would become of the pope?" "I shall obey you," said Gaston. "I have stronger claims than mere political affiliations. Our love, Jeanne! Remember! I was the first, the first! Our walks on your father's estate. Those shady little paths, when your head sometimes lay on my shoulder; our wedding day, when we came to my home, our home, at midnight, that bitter cold weather. The ground was white with snow, do you remember? What a roaring big fire there was at the chateau to welcome us! How still the room was, how frightened we both were!"

"Sir," interrupted Armand, "your reminiscences are in execrable taste." "Very possibly, sir, but I may certainly be allowed to recall my confidence. My confidence was simply unbounded. How many of my friends came to me perfunctorily to say, 'Keep an eye on Armand!'—meaning this gentleman. 'Keep a watchful eye on Armand. He is very fond of you, we all know that, but there's something he is fonder of, and that's your wife.' I disclaimed his gossip."

"I have my own record on the ground of confidence," said Armand proudly. "After, sir, when in my turn I was the husband, little calamities were coming about. It was M. de Sericourt, but he told me to watch, Sericourt, my best friend—how ridiculous!" "I observed that Jeanne could not control a little start when she heard the name of M. de Sericourt. I observed it, but Armand observed nothing, and continued: "As when Sericourt was killed in Mexico, and you, my dear wife, permitted the unchecked outburst of your natural and proper grief. I received an odious anonymous letter: 'Your wife,' it said, 'sheds more tears for the friend than she will ever give the husband.' I never mentioned the letter to you. Suspect you, Sericourt?"

"Who is this Sericourt who has got mixed up with all this?" said St. Joseph. "Is Sericourt a third husband? I am very much perplexed." "Just one word, St. Joseph, just one, but a clincher. The day I married this lady, a priest, an excellent priest, promised me at St. Clotilde's church that our temporary union on earth should be followed by an eternal union in heaven."

"But St. Joseph," cried Gaston, "the day I was married, at the Madeleine, a bishop—see!—not a priest, a bishop, made me the self same promise in the self same terms." "This is becoming very embarrassing," murmured St. Joseph, "very embarrassing indeed. The representatives on earth sometimes act very inconsiderately. But come, madame, I revert to my first decision: it is for you to choose. You have not spoken. Speak!"

Then the little widow, rosy and much moved, said: "If you are infinitely good, St. Joseph, you will permit me to rejoin M. de Sericourt, who is over there in that little cloud on the left. He has been beckoning to me for the last quarter of an hour." I turned my head, and perceived Sericourt, in fact, at the left, in his little cloud, expressing his affection and wishes in highly sentimental pantomime.

"Serious! Another of my friends! This charming woman was, I repeat, destined to contribute even, to all eternity, in this world and the next, to the happiness of my friends. "Why didn't you speak at once?" said St. Joseph; "this solves everything. Make your arrangements with M. de Sericourt. What do I wish, myself, except that you may be happy in Paradise, since you have been a good Christian!"

A Physician's Fantasy. There is a very well known physician in town who believes in the transmigration of souls. His theories in fact are not unlike those of the Buddhist, who believes that his soul has climbed to its present estate through successive dwellings in the bodies of brutes. The doctor is convinced that during his last incarnation he was a cat. Therefore he pays his respects to cats in every manner possible. His house is the asylum of "strays." He blinds up their wounds, he restores their coats, he feeds and pets them and he has them by dozens.

When the house becomes overrun he will consent to let "good and reliable" families take some of his pets. In addition to these unfortunates the doctor has some aristocratic cats—cats with a pedigree. These are marvels of beauty and of pride, varying in color from the one of ebony coat to the lithe maltese and the tortoise shell, whose mew is musical above all others.

The scarf pins of the physician are cats made out of moonstones or agate, with ruby or topaz eyes. His cuff buttons are cats, and a sort of conventionalized cat presides over his stamp in the blank leaves of his library books. It is indeed his coat of arms, and silver and china both bear it. But the crowning curiosity is the enormous Persian cat which, stuffed, sits in a niche in the hall to remind the doctor of a perished pet.

It is but fair to say that this admiration for cats is no affectionation on the part of the physician, who is a very sincere and simple man, but is really the result of a deep conviction. He has a theory concerning each of his friends, and the animals which he considers the ancestors of their souls are not always those which would be chosen if one had an opportunity of choosing.—Chicago Herald.

An Intelligent Horse. Talk about the intelligence of the noble horse! A fish dealer on Third avenue has one of the best organized equines in this big town. The animal referred to is a sorrel, not a high stepper, nor a thoroughbred like Salvo. Neither is it a swayback like Tenny, but a good, common, every day horse that attends strictly to the fish trade when regularly fed.

But when its meals do not arrive on time it organizes a strike, and is always successful in getting its demands. Early one morning the owner of said horse had an unusually large amount of business to transact, and a boy, who attends to the animal in a stable in the rear of the fish store, rushed the horse out into the avenue and hitched it up to a wagon.

The fish dealer gaily stepped into the vehicle, and seizing the reins yelled "git up!" The horse did not "git up" a little bit, it stood still. The driver looked at the animal, and the animal scratched its back and whistled something into its left ear. The horse pricked up the right ear and answered in the negative by staying right there. The boy bethought himself that the horse had not had its breakfast, and hitching the animal led it back to the stable, where it was fed a pailful of oats. That horse was not going to work until it had had its breakfast, and as soon as it had eaten sufficiently it went right off to business. Moral—Feed your horse before you send it to work.—New York Telegram.

A Soldier in Time of Peace. One of the many advertising schemes in New York is that of having a man dressed in a soldier's uniform march up and down on the top of a building in a part of the city crowded with women who are out shopping. He apparently has not the slightest objection to making a ludicrous exhibition of himself, and he is ridiculous, for more than half the people who stop to look at him burst into laughing at the sorry figure he cuts. The helmet, the belt, the military trousers, the blouse, the musket and the bayonet at his side are all there, but they do not seem to fit. They were probably out for a real soldier. At any rate, the man must serve his purpose, for people do stop to look at him, but, as a little girl said after staring at him with round blue eyes, "He ain't half so funny as my brother's painted soldiers."—New York Tribune.

STYLES IN STATIONERY. Here is the Proper Thing in Note Paper and in Visiting Cards. Styles in stationery have not materially changed from last season, though some of the distinctions are a little more marked. New varieties of note paper with florid decorations, eccentric dimensions, and conspicuous tints are produced, but fail to become standard. The most elegant as well as genteel paper sold is a heavy cream white sheet folding once into a square envelope. This sheet may have a rough finish and the curiously mottled appearance of coarse wrapping paper, by the irregular arrangement of water lines, when it is known as Grecian antique. It may be smoothly finished, with no gloss and very heavy and silky in texture, when it is called "kid finished."

It may have a rough cloth finish or a peculiar rough effect known as "parchment vellum." Quite the latest paper used is a so called "etching paper," which has a rough surface with various irregular depressions, and rougher still, almost like Bristol board, is the so called hand made parchment. A new variety of paper has broad water lines stamped across the paper horizontally, and diagonally applied to the envelope.

The same styles, too, are carried out in the thin lined papers for those who like a thin paper for the purpose of letter writing. In all notes of invitation or regret and formal correspondence the heavier varieties are employed. The one new tint produced this year is a very delicate violet shade, which is sometimes used by aesthetic people. Another shade known as azure, which is in reality a dull, soft blue, is also somewhat popular. Dull stone color and chocolate are also sometimes seen, but the conservative woman of good taste selects always a plain cream tinted paper.

At the top of the page, and in the center instead of the corner, is her address stamped in colored letters, surmounted by her monogram, or coat of arms if she has one. The monograms are much more used this season than they have been previously, and the fancy is to stamp them in embossed, letters colored with metallic colors. The three initials in script are sometimes used instead of the monogram. For ordinary use the letters and accompanying monograms are of a clear scarlet or blue, printed smoothly upon the paper.

Gentlemen's visiting cards are a trifle longer and quite as narrow as those of last year, and have the address in the lower left hand corner. The lady's visiting card is large, square and imposing, and engraved in large script, especially if the name is a short one. Wedding invitations are in every respect the same, engraved on a sheet, note size, which folds once, to be inclosed in the envelope. This envelope contains sometimes three cards besides the invitation proper—the card to be presented at the church door, another for the reception at the house, and a third which may give the future at home day of the bride. A card is sometimes used for church weddings indicating the hour and place of the wedding, and the party take the train, and which is practically an invitation to see them off on the wedding journey.—New York Sun.

Lady and Woman. Mrs. Lynn Linton calls attention to the curious fact that whereas fifty years ago gentlemen said "mammy" and women called "daddy," while humbler people said "mother" and were called "women," we have now made a kind of verbal somersault. What used to be the sign of dignity has become the shibboleth of vulgarity among gentility, while the old badge of the common folk has been adopted by the upper classes. The philosophy of the matter lies, we are told, in the strange desire to be thought socially better than we are, which leads in time to the universal adoption of a title that once had a definite meaning.

The inevitable consequence is the return of the higher to the simple conditions abandoned by the lover, for "the fine lady" always separates itself from its immediate imitators and prefers to adopt the style and manner of those who are too far removed for the possibility of confusion. "Woman," in Mrs. Linton's opinion, is taking an almost Jungian symbolism—grand, supreme, all embracing, which "lady" has fallen to the ground like an overripe plum in the heart of which the wasps have been at work.—London News.

Possibly a Sample of Many. I met a lady acquaintance a few days ago who walked as though she was seriously lame. I sought the cause. At first glance the symptoms would indicate that the trouble lay in her shoes, as she was large enough to take a No. 5 shoe, but still she wore No. 4. She limped along painfully, so I inquired what ailed her. "It is my nerves," she replied. "Nerves" is my great affliction, and now my feet are so affected that I can hardly walk." "Nerves, eh?" I rejoined. "Do you usually experience the same sensation when you take off your shoes?" "Oh, no," she said, "but if I take them off in the day time and put on my slippers, I find that I cannot get my shoes on again; my feet seem to swell." "I had no more remarks to offer.—Exchange.

Legal Protection for Working Women. The Working Women's Protective Union, which has its office in Clinton place, was organized twenty five years ago. It was named before the word "union" meant what it does now, and therefore in some degree misleading. It is not a union in the sense of being a labor organization officered and directed by working people but it is a society of those who recognize that working women need something they do not get, a society of helpful men and women, who by their influence, aid and capital protect their wage frail and hard working sisters against overbearing and brutal employers. By making a complaint at the offices of the organization, working women with the exception of those in household service, have their wrongs inquired into and their rights procured even if the law has to claim them.

Statistics show that over 11,000 applications for help have been made during the last year and claims upon unprincipled employers, even to the small sum of \$1 have been wrung out of them by means of the law. These things are accomplished without cost to the applicant. Lawyers and directors give their services to the cause, but there are many expenses connected with the organization which reach the sum of \$5,000 a year. This is subscribed for in small amounts. Ten dollars makes the donor a member for one year. The payment of \$50 during any one year makes the subscriber a member for life. It hardly seems credible that ladies in society, who live luxuriously, drive out daily in their own carriages, and have attendants at their beck and call to gratify every whim, can be oppressors to their own sex, but this has been proven over and over again by the books of the society and the actions of the lawyers. These very women, perhaps only from thoughtlessness, certainly from carelessness, if not a more ungenerous spirit, turn away or cast aside by turned away the hard worked seamstress or the tired out dressmaker with her bill unpaid.—New York Press.

Chains for Russian Prisoners. A point on which false information has been spread relates to the manner prisoners wear their chains, which some, like the author of "Called Back," would have us believe is under their trousers. But this is purely a hoax. I have in my possession pairs of Russian handcuffs and leg chains, and a prison suit which I obtained in Siberia, where also I saw scores, not to say hundreds, of leg chains. The last consist each of two rings, to be riveted around the ankles, and attached by a chain thirty inches long, which, for convenience in walking, is suspended in the middle by a strip of leather from the waist. Between the rings and the prisoner's skin there is worn first a coarse woolen stocking and over that a piece of thick linen cloth, then come the trousers, over which is bound round the shin a leather gaiter. How, then, could these chains be worn under the trousers? The chains in my possession weigh five and a quarter pounds, the handcuffs two, but of these latter I should observe that in going across Siberia and through its prisons I saw only one man manacled, and he a desperado, who, to the crime for which he was judged, added that of murder in the prison.—Henry Lansdell, D. D., in Harper's Magazine.

Parisian Lack of Comfort. Each day that I live here, certain things strike me more forcibly in this great city, and just now I am trying to solve the problem of why the French people have not the many comforts about them that we Americans have in our so much younger country. To begin with, they are only beginning to have gas put into their houses from garret to cellar, telephones in private homes are few and far between, and the messenger boy system is not even known. You can get a messenger, it is true, but he is not the bright, agile American boy, but a man grown old with hard work. Then he is called by the dignified name of commissaire, and expects to be made much of accordingly, and never half does his work. I have already spoken of the poor arrangements for fires. Could we transfer some of our fire brigades to this fair land, the good people would fairly marvel at such a wonderful institution. Then, again, the general use of elevators is only just making headway, and a hundred other things that have become second nature to us are still to be heard of in the city of Paris.—Paris Cor. The Argonaut.

Arr of a Smoking Car. "Here is a curious thing," said a doctor, as he walked through an Erie railroad train the other day. "This smoking car seats fifty persons, and yet there is seldom a chance for a seat after the train starts out of New York. The men in this car have gone into the country at considerable expense and disadvantage for the sake of their health. The only time they spend at home is first cigar. It is safe to say that the health of these men would have been better guarded had they stayed in town."—New York Sun.

The Young Art Critic. A bright youngster who visited the Corcoran art gallery the other day was apparently very deeply impressed with that famous little example of Italian sculpture, "The Forged Prayer." It will be remembered that the statue represents a small boy in a very abbreviated garment who holds his chubby hands together in front of him in an attitude of prayer, while his small face represents every possible shade of disgust and rebellion. But our youngster had a different explanation of the motive of the statue, which he tersely stated to his father, on his return home somewhat in this wise: "An' papa, I sawed a little image by a boy what had been chasin' a little chicken in his night gown. An he des catch de little chicken up in his hands an' he squashed it."—Washington Blatet.

New Artesian Well at Paris. The artesian well of Place Hubert, at Paris, has just been finished. After twenty-two years' work on it, it was necessary to bore to a depth of 2,360 feet to reach water, and such depth was attained only with the greatest difficulty. The work had to be stopped several times, either on account of the hardness of the strata traversed or of the crushing of the metallic tubing caused by the pressure of the earth. The new well is the third of the public wells of Paris, the others being those of Grenelle and Passy. Its diameter is 5 1/2 feet and the weight of the tubing about 880,000 pounds. The temperature of the water that it furnishes is 54 degrees. The cost of this important undertaking was \$500,000.—Scientific American.