

AFTER THE BALL

"You're an angel!" she said as she nibbled the pheasant. (How her ravishing voice thro' my memory rings!) And I lifted my glass, and I tried to look pleasant. As I said: "Mis cars, I haven't the wings!"

"But you're rich!" she replied, my red Romanesque scolding. And I answered her back in the soberest tones. "Yes, to-night, cars mis, but think of the morning—Who shall tell of the future of Bell Telephones?"

"You're an angel!" she cried, as the bill they presented. For a thousand and one of the choicest of things; And, remorseless, she smiled at the score I presented— "You're an angel, I tell you, for riches have wings!"

LOVE OF A CONVICT.

"I really do not know," said Jairas, "why I should tell you these things, for you will probably not believe me, and nevertheless it would be easy for you to find out that I have not changed one word of the story, which everybody has heard, and which I first related to the judges."

"I am from Bordeaux—a foundingling, brought up anywhere and anyhow. My first recollections are about a mother who used to kiss me and a father who beat me as if I were without feeling. Then I don't remember anything more. Mother was dead and father had gone somewhere. Some charitable folks put me in a Brothers' school, where they taught me to read and write. That was all. I was thick-headed, but I grew up solidly. When I left the school I was strong and muscular. I became a boatman; then I hired myself out as a laborer on those great flat-boats which unloaded the merchant vessels along the Gironde."

"Rolling hogsheads and casks, carrying heavy packages—that was my trade and a hard one; but it pays well. I spent my life at it. A brutal sort of a life, if you like, but an honest one. I never injured anybody. I earned my bread and spent my money as fast as I made it. Perhaps I was a little too ready to strike, for I am quick-tempered, but I had an open hand. And even if I did fight sometimes for a mere trifle, I did so without any real hatred, and never refused to do a favor for a friend."

"I must confess that I like to drink a little once in a while, but not too much. No one ever saw me do as some men do—stagger from one cabaret to another, and lie down to sleep it off in all sorts of disreputable places. But I liked the company of the young girls who served the mild wine, and whose eyes were soft and gentle. I was just twenty-three; and was no more afraid of work than I was of fun."

"Well, there came a hard winter that year. Even at Bordeaux the snow fell thick and fast; and the wind lashed one's face like a whip. As I was going along close behind a wall my foot struck a heap of rags—regular tatters, and a cry came out of the rags."

"So I stooped down and picked the bundle up. It was one of the good God's own creatures, freezing there to death in the snow. I carried the thing under a gas-lamp and looked at it. It was a little girl about twelve or fourteen years old, and as pretty—as pretty as love. "She had lost consciousness. I carried her into a drinking place, and started to rub her, shake her, and make her swallow a few mouthfuls of hot wine."

"Take me away from here; I want to live with you. I do not like it here." "It was hard to refuse her; for I belonged to her body and soul, the little wretch! and she knew it. Still I remained firm. "When you can read, write and count well," I said, "you can leave here—not before."

"Where shall I go then?" "Just wherever you like." "And she would always answer: "I want to go with you, and to your home; I want to be your wife."

"She was there three years. At last one morning the superioress sent for me. She said that they could not keep the little one any longer. She was insolent to everybody, passionate as a cat, and incurable as an itch. "And when I told the superioress that I was going to marry the girl, she lifted her eyes to heaven and cried: "May God help you!—may God watch over you!"

"The little one did not know much—she would never study. But she had grown tall and beautiful. At that hour she was lovely as an angel. And I—great clumsy brute that I was—I was crazy about her. "I married her, and I was happy—madly happy. Even now, in spite of all she has done, when I think of that bliss, it makes me tremble in every limb. I had worked so hard, so constantly, that even while paying her board, I had been able to lay something aside. Ah! dame! I had no high living in those days; and I ate more bread than I did anything else. But when she left the church she found waiting for her a complete housekeeping set—a neat, clean, cheerful home. I had done the best I could. "And when we went out on Sunday, she leaning upon my arm—Lord! how proud of her I was! How everybody turned around to look at us! But, then, you have no idea how beautiful she was! Ah! she was a wonder—a marvel of God's creation—I could not describe her."

"My friends knew of her beauty, while she was with the sisters. I could not keep my adventure to myself—I told everybody, like the big fool I was. "She had kept her gypsy name. Her skin was golden as a mandarin's. Some fools called her black. They then ended by nicknaming her La Tarpiande on account of her brown skin; and she was the first to laugh when my friends called her by that name."

"How happy I was! "But I tell you I paid dearly for that happiness, for I had a terrible time of it afterwards. Need I tell you that I kept on working as hard as ever—yes, working beyond my strength—in order to get her, to spoil her, to get her everything she wanted? There was one thing which always fretted me in the midst of my joy. She was lazy as a dermouise—had no idea of putting her ten fingers to the least good use—doing nothing all day but reading trashy books, without even taking the trouble to mend her dresses. And greedy!—and a liar! It was no use not trying to see it—no use having a web over my eyes! Though I was really drunk with love—blind drunk—though she could not help seeing how disorderly her life was. But I used to say to myself: 'She will change for the better as she grows older.' And I used to think that if the good God should send us a child she would have to take care of it, and that would make her a better woman. Luckily for me, we never had a child! What would such a child have been? O miserable!"

"That happiness lasted two years—two years that passed as quickly as two days. Now it is the hours that drag along as slowly as if they were years. "Already several times, when I came home, I had not found her there; no dinner ready, the house all dismal and empty and cold. It was very trying. A moment later she would come in, all out of breath, and excuse herself by saying that she had been taking a walk with some of her girl-friends. Still I didn't say anything. You see, whenever I found fault with her, she would pout, and then it was I who was in the wrong and had to beg pardon. "But one evening she was out much later than usual, and I was at the window watching for her to come. At last I saw her shape at the corner of the street, but at the same time I fancied that she was not alone. I thought I saw a man with her. I knew that man, a man they called Dalto, an Oalabrian—handsome fellow he was—who used to work at the wharf with me. It was only for a moment—like a flash! The shadow of the man disappeared, and La Tarpiande, bursting into the room like a summer breeze, flung her arms about my neck. I must have been mistaken. Men like me are made to make mistakes, it seems, and to be deceived, when they love anybody."

"Next day when I went down to the port I fancied that Dalto shunned me; anyhow whenever I looked at him he turned his head away and seemed embarrassed. And the same evening he quit work before the rest of us. My blood had been boiling all day; my mind was full of suspicions. The mere sight of Dalto filled me with silent rage. I felt like leaping upon him and strangling him with my hands. It seemed as if he knew how I felt, for he kept at a distance from me. When I saw him going away I could not stand it any longer. I quit work also and followed him. I had to be cautious about it, for he seemed to be afraid of

something, and every now and then stopped to look behind him. I crept along, edging to the houses. It was spring time, but the sun sank rapidly, and it was soon dark. Dalto kept on, quickened his pace; I followed him and came closer to him. "And all the while I was blaming myself. It seemed to me that I was doing wrong in spying the woman I loved—the child I picked up in the snow and made my wife. "Misere dien! Dalto stopped, and a creature came to him. It was she! It was La Tarpiande! "And she threw her arms about his neck, just as she had done with me only the evening before, when she came in late. "I was about to spring forward, but contained myself by a tremendous effort. I wanted to know all. "She had taken his arms and was walking along with him, lolling upon him, laying her cheek upon his shoulder. "Just as with me!—just the same thing!"

"It was at the Quinconces—among the trees and flowers. The promenade was deserted, for the weather was still cool; the trees which overshadowed the walks gave me a good chance to follow them closely. I never lost a single movement. Every moment they kissed each other, and the sound of their kisses felt to me as though something burned me to the very marrow of my bones. I bit my lips; I buried my finger nails in my breast. But I still followed them. They sat down upon a bench, and I hid behind a great chestnut tree to listen. I heard him say: "No, no! We must not remain longer together this evening. I am sure Jairas suspects something; he never took his eyes off me all day. We were foolish to remain together so long yesterday evening. He suspects us." "She burst out laughing. "He! peenire! ah, the poor fool! You don't know him! I could make him cut dandelions, believing they were asparagus. Why, whenever I let him kiss me he sees stars and all sorts of things, and goes crazy—really crazy?" "Yes, she was right. I was crazy, mad, frenzied. I leaped upon them with the roar of a wild beast. "Curse you," I cried; "curse you, I shall kill you both." "But I still controlled myself. "Here!" I said to Dalto, striving to keep myself from leaping at his throat. "I do not wish to murder you. You have your knife. I have mine! Defend yourself, and remember, we fight to the death." "And I put myself on guard, my knife in my hand. He also flung off his jacket, and rolled it about his left arm. "I had a narrow escape, for as I was just on the point of burying my knife in his heart, I stumbled forward, stung by an atrocious pain. La Tarpiande, crawling upon the ground, had got behind me and bit my leg in hopes of making me fall. I knocked her from me with a heavy blow; and as Dalto rushed forward, we grappled. His knife grazed my cheek; but at the same moment I buried mine in his chest. "It was time! La Tarpiande had attacked me again, and bit me a second time. "When she saw her lover fall, she uttered a smothered cry and fled. Ah! I never even thought of running after her. I had killed a man, loyally, however, in staking my own life against his. And if La Tarpiande, the wicked thing, had succeeded in making me fall, they would both have murdered me. "When you, fashionable folk, have cause for offence—when your honor is outraged—you fight with pistols or swords. But we others—working-men, men of the people—we have only our fists to resent an insult, and our knives when we fight a duel to the death. "I did not think of running away. I remained right there—my teeth chattering—repeating to myself all the while: 'I have killed a man! I have killed a man!' "People passing by saw Dalto lying stiff and dead, and shouted 'Murder! murder!' The police easily captured me, for I made no effort to resist them. "The police commissary questioned me. When I told him my story he only laughed in my face. He declared that I had had a private quarrel with Dalto, and had lured him to the Quinconces in order to murder him. He did not believe in the duel story for a very good reason. When I was arrested I still had my knife in my hand, but the dead man's knife could not be found. "And then I remembered having seen La Tarpiande stoop down just before she ran away. I had thought it was to see whether her lover still breathed. It was not; it was in order to make a murderer of me. La Tarpiande had revenge herself well. "What use my explanations to the judges. They only shrugged their shoulders and looked at each other, smiling with incredulity. They believed me a common assassin, nothing more. "La Tarpiande had shrewdly guessed the whole force of the blow she was able to deal me. "Worse than that! Because they were never able to find her, I was accused of having murdered her also and hidden the body away. "And then I was condemned to the galleys or to hard labor for life, as they call it in these days."

A young man looking over a pretty girl's shoulder while she was playing cards, observed: "What a lovely hand!" "You may have it if you want it," murmured she, and all that evening he was wondering what her intentions were.

THE BAD BOY.

He Plays a Scandalous Trick on His Pa With a Bottle of Indelible Shoe Blacking and Calls the Police.

"See here, you coon, you get out of here!" said the grocery man to the bad boy, as he came into the store with his face black and stinging. "I don't want any colored toys around here. White boys break me up bad enough."

"O, philopene," said the bad boy, as he put his hands on his knees and laughed till the candy jars rattled on the shelves. "You didn't know me. I am the same boy that comes in here and talks your arm off," and the boy opened the cheese box and cut off a piece of cheese so natural that the grocery man had no difficulty in recognizing him.

"What in the name of the seven sleeping sisters have you got on your hands and face?" said the grocery man, as he took the boy by the ear and turned him around. "You would pass in a colored prayer meeting, and no one would think you were galvanized. What you got up in such an outlandish rig for?"

"Well, I'll tell you, if you will keep watch at the door. If you see a bald-headed colored man coming along the street with a club, you whistle, and I will fall down cellar. The bald-headed colored man will be pa. You see, we moved yesterday. Pa told me to get a vacation from the livery stable, and we would have fun moving. But I don't want any more fun. I know when I have got enough fun. Pa carried all the light things, and when it came to lifting he had a creak in the back. Gosh, I never was so tired as I was last night, and I hope we have got settled, only some of the goods haven't turned up yet. A drayman took one load over on the west side, and delivered them to a house that seemed to be expecting a load of household furniture. He thought it was all right, if everybody that was moving got a load of goods. Well, after we got moved pa said we must make garden, and he said we would go out and spade up the ground and sow peas, and radishes, and beets. There was some neighbors lived in the next house to our new one, that was all wimmen, and pa didn't like to have them think he had to work, so he said it would be a good joke to disguise ourselves as tramps, and the neighbors would think we had hired some tramps to dig in the garden. I suggested that we take some of this shoe blacking that is put on with a sponge, and black our faces, and the neighbors would think we had hired an old colored man and his boy to work in the garden. Pa said it was immense, and told me to go and black up, and if it worked he would black himself. So I went and put this burnt cork on my face, 'cause it would wash off, and pa looked at me and said it was a whack, and for me to fix him up too. So I got the bottle of shoe blacking and painted pa so he looked like a colored coal heaver. Actually, when ma saw him she ordered him off the premises, and when he luffed at her and acted sassy, she was going to throw boiling water on pa, but I told her the scheme, and she let up on pa. O, you'd a dide to see us out in the garden. Pa looked like Uncle Tom and I looked like Topsy. Pa and I worked till a boy threw some tomato cans over the alley fence and hit me, and I piled over the fence after him, and left pa. It was my chum, and when I caught him we put up a job to get pa to chase us. We threw some more cans, and pa come out and my chum started and I after him, and pa after us both. He chased us two blocks and then we got behind a policeman, and my chum told the policeman that was a crazy old colored man that wanted to kidnap us, and the policeman took pa by the back of the neck and was going to club him, but pa said he would go home and behave. He was awful mad, and he went home and we looked through the alley fence and saw pa trying to wash off the blacking. You see that blacking won't wash off. You have to wear it off."

"What kind of a fate do you think awaits you when you die, anyway?" "Well, I am mixed on the fate that awaits me when I die. If I should go off sudden with all my sins on my head, and this burnt cork on my face, I should probably be a neighbor to you, way down below, and they would give me a job as a fireman, and I should feel bad for you every time I checked a nuther chunk of brimstone, and thought of you trying to swim dog fashion in the lake of fire, and straining your eyes to find an iceberg that you could crawl up on to cool your parched hind legs. If I can't die slow, so I will have time to repent, and be saved, I shall be toasted brown. That's what the minister says, and they wouldn't pay him two thousand a year and give him a vacation to tell anything that was not so. I tell you, it is painful to think of that place that so many pretty fair average people here are going to when they die. Just think of it, a man that swears just once, if he don't hedge, and take it back, will go to the bad place. If a person steals a pin, just a small, no account pin, he is as bad as if he stole all there was in the bank, and he stands the best chance of going to the bad place. You see, if a fellow steals a little thing like a pin, he forgets to repent, 'cause it don't seem to be worth while to make so much fuss about. But if a fellow robs a bank, or steals a whole lot of money from orphans, he knows it is

A NEW REFLECTOR

An Infant Whose Skull Reflects a Most Brilliant Light, Sufficient for It's Mother, Read by as She Rocks the Baby to Sleep.

The most remarkable phenomenon yet, discovered in the history of anatomy has come to light in New York in the case of a male infant 26 months old. Though perfectly healthy it's head is semi-transparent and reflects with almost incredible intensity the light of a lamp, and any other illuminating power may be placed near it. So strong is this radiance that its head, when exposed within full light of the sun will cast a reflection similar in respects to a pinkish opalescence.

Several experiments were made. The child was taken into a dark room; a lamp was held near the top of its skull and the reflected light was so clear that through it the head the frontal division of the brain and the veins and arteries of the anterior portion of the head were distinctly observable. Upon placing the hand upon the forehead the faint felt no pain nor inconvenience of any kind, and as the lamp moved in various directions so was the light reflected at an opposite angle.

Perhaps the most singular fact of this extraordinary case is that the child's eyes are only partially observable, the upper portion of the pupils being alone distinguishable. Yet the infant sees plainly and what is taking place. The reflection already referred to is not merely confined to the brain, but also appears on the eye-cells or sockets, two distinct balls of light appearing visible in illuminating power.

The head of the child, from measurements taken by the reporter, inches round the temples; from base of the forehead to the crown 12 inches; from ear to ear, measured from the top of the head, 16 inches; and from temple to temple, 12 inches. The infant's weight is about 15 five pounds. Its flesh is soft and firm, of good color and plump. It has a plentiful and beautiful golden hair, which is usually heavy for so young a child. In an interview with the mother, Mrs. Cannady said: "My baby born in Wayne county, West Virginia. When about eight weeks I first noticed the peculiar reflection given from its head when a light applied. At birth the top of the head was perfectly flat, but gradually developed in shape until it is now as you see it. When seven months its head measurement was 17 inches, but it has not grown any within past year. The power of reflection may be imagined, though you that its head being placed in a calcium light through an illumination upon a portion of a newspaper strong enough to make the type feetly distinguishable."

"Do you give it any special diet?" "No. It will eat everything that other children of its age usually eat, such as vegetables, milk, meat, eggs. Franky is generally a good tempered, and except that it scarcely strong enough to support the weight of his head, he is in all respects a remarkable strong child."

Dr. Piffard called to see the phenomenon during the afternoon. He pronounced the novelty to be a case of chronic hydrocephalus, one instance of the kind having been recorded and that was in 1811. "I absolutely the most wonderful of nature I ever saw," he remarked, "and is simply a case of an extraordinary amount of water present, which accounts for the reflection. What astonishes me is that the child should be so perfectly free from other ailment. I never saw anything to equal it of the kind, but it is possible to say whether the child will live many years. It is possible that the size of the head may diminish, but whether it survives or it is an extraordinary case.—[N. Y. Mail]

SMALL FRUITS ON THE FARM.

The season for planting for small fruits has come, and the purpose of this article is to lead farmers who are readers of the Tribune to this spring dedicate a sufficient patch of ground to the fruit patch, so that in years to come there will not only be an abundance for family use during the winter season of fresh fruit, but supplies for canning and for drying, so that during the entire year the table may be supplied with home-grown fruits in some form as a regular article of diet. For this purpose half an acre is ample, or a strip four by twenty rods. This shape is preferable, because it allows everything to be planted in rows, so that it can be worked with a horse cultivator, thus saving as far as possible all hand labor. It should be at a little distance from the house, for chickens are especially fond of berries and grapes, and if too near may take more than their share. A level-headed, practical farmer located his fruit patch on either side of a road which he had to travel in going from his barn to his fields with his teams, and almost the entire cultivation was performed by running through the rows with the cultivators in going and returning, thus practically saving all expenditure of labor.

An exchange says: "In Wolverhampton, England, a female fortune-teller is wanted by the police for exacting money from a man under promise of producing paralysis in her client's mother-in-law." This is probably the sharpest fortune-teller that ever breathed. She knew how to tackle a man on a scheme she knew worked. A fortune-teller who could go around paralyzing mother-in-laws at so much per head ought to make a fair living even in England.

OFFICERS ON THE FRONTIER

I know very little about social at the post, but from what I see I incline to the opinion that very gay. The army officer's good pay and he spends it right away. Even here, on the very edge of civilization, he receives from friends in the States big contributions of literary matter and baskets of spiritual refreshment, has his billiards and lawn tennis croquet and his poker. He is the society of many agreeable males, his brother officer's wives, cousins and their aunts. He is well, rides a fine horse, lives on the best, and but for the red-tape and martensism would have a very good time of it. When he goes on after Indians it is a gigantic party and if upon his return he is reported that two ponies were captured or one old squaw was killed by gallant troopers, he forthwith comes an object of reverent admiration at that post and is made the hero of the latest "great Indian battle" the newspapers in the States. He honors come easy, and from his own brave deeds so much more than half believe to be true, and takes air accordingly.—[Cor. Phila. Times.]

The Alabama Supreme Court has the revenue law of the late Legislature void because of an omission of certain words in the bill as passed. The new law reduced the bill as mills.