

THE LILY OF THE VALLEY.

There's a little floweret,
White and pure as snow,
Hides within the woodland,

MODERN AUTHORSHIP.

A famous hen's my story's theme,
Who ne'er was known to tire
Of laying eggs—but then she'd scream

MY FATE.

"It is of no use, papa! The idea
Of disposing of me in any such style
—as if I were to have no voice in the matter!"

"Oh, I suppose he is perfect!" said Edith, saucily. "But let me hope he has found his 'true love' if not, he may object to having a wife selected for him."

"Well," said the doctor, laughing, "I think I have some works of that description; and if your mother will allow me, I will bring them over."

"I shall consider it a great kindness," said Edith, smiling. "So he called that afternoon, and Edith managed to get remarkably well acquainted in so short a time."

One day they started off, and Edith found just the nicest kind of a nook, and, having established herself to her satisfaction, prepared to enjoy it, Fred leaving her alone as usual.

She had brought a book to read, but leaning back in lazy enjoyment of the day, she watched the white sails with a dreamy look in her eyes, as if her thoughts were miles away.

"Looks as if he had been a fixture there all the afternoon," thought Edith, trying to look as if she was not aware that he was looking at her, which attempt was rather a failure.

"Of course," said Edith, with a roughish look; "it would have been very improper."

"Since the all important ceremony of introduction cannot be dispensed with, then allow me," said he, at the same time taking a card-case from his pocket and handing her a card.

"Edith" and, looking down, they discovered Fred limping along with a doleful look. The interesting youth had sprained his ankle.

"How did you manage to do it?" asked Edith, as she and her new friend assisted him home.

"I was playing Robinson Crusoe on a desert island," growled Fred, "and fell off the rock."

"John Smith!" exclaimed Edith, with a grimace. "Certainly not a high sounding title."

"Not for a four day's," said the doctor. "Rather hard work for you, isn't it? Do you like to read?"

"Yes, I like books if there are lots of bears and alligators and fighting in them."

"Well," said the doctor, laughing, "I think I have some works of that description; and if your mother will allow me, I will bring them over."

"I shall consider it a great kindness," said Edith, smiling. "So he called that afternoon, and Edith managed to get remarkably well acquainted in so short a time."

"But I shall not marry him now," said Edith, "unless," with a roguish look, "you particularly desire me to."

"And you will not marry this man?" "Of course not," said Edith. "And you are sure you love me, darling?"

KING MTESA.

Death of a Friendly African King—A Ruler Who Sent His Watches to Europe to be Mended.

The death of King Mtesa of Uganda removes an African potentate of whom the record of travelers in the Dark Continent gives rather a picturesque glimpse than a complete and satisfying description.

"A new and novel way of fishing," said he, with a smile, as he deposited it at her feet. "Perhaps you will thank me, though you did look so dignified when you discovered me on the opposite rock."

"How very fortunate he should have been near!" said Mrs. Raymond. "I wonder who he is?"

"Edith said nothing to correct the impression that her aunt had received, but, after gaining her own room, drew the card from her pocket and read it."

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FEMALE FREAKS.

The two girls who attempted to popularize Mother Hubbard dresses at Collins, Col., thereby excited a mob to hostile demonstrations.

Several beautifully arched eyebrows were discovered in a room on Grand avenue, just vacated by a young lady who is spending the summer months at Lake Minnetonka.

The Allee des Acacias, Paris, is entered by three Cuban women in a superb carriage. Each evening they appear in new toilets, now in blue, now in white, now in aesthetic combinations of color.

A colored girl in Atlanta, Ga., was knocked over by an engine, and in a few minutes got up as if nothing unusual had happened, and, looking after the engine, said: "You've got a heap ob politeness to serve a lady dat way!"

Some young ladies have invented a new plan for securing husbands. They go out boating with the man of their choice, contrive to upset the boat, then grab him and save his life, the victim generally showing his gratitude by marrying his preserver."

Madame Hurtelle, a lady of position in Paris, has been arrested for drunkenness. In defense she stated that she had read that the surest way of preserving furs from the ravages of moths was to stow them away in an empty spirit case.

Mrs. Louise Chandler Moulton is the guest of some of the English nobility of Devonshire.

Mme. Michelet announces a volume upon the early life of her husband, based upon autographical memoranda found among his papers.

Miss Agnes Emery won the Howland prize, at the commencement of the University of Kansas, for the best essay on "Civil Service Reform."

In the Cambridge mathematical tripos this year the name of one of the young lady students at Girton College is ranked between the twentieth and twenty-first wranglers.

Lucy Stone was horrified when a Mormon elder out West told her that there was a flourishing Mormon Church in Boston. We can show her worse things than that in Boston and not half try.

A grand daughter of Robert Burns, is, it is asserted, at present in receipt of relief from the London Scottish Corporation. Her name is Mrs. Pyrie. She is the daughter of the poet's eldest son, Robert.

Mrs. Abigail Scott Duniway is writing a remarkable serial story for her paper, the The Northwest, at Portland, Ore., in which she develops certain phases of woman's rights and wrongs with great vigor.

Mrs. Abram S. Hewitt had made for her, just before her departure for Europe, a large cameo portrait of her father, the late Peter Cooper. It is oval, about two inches in diameter, and was made by the artist Zollner.

A new cigar is appropriately called the "Mother in Law." It is always sure to get the best of a fellow.

GLASS EYES.

What Was Seen in a New York Taxidermist's by an Observing Reporter—Shapes of the Cats Eye.

As a Sun reporter glanced at a glass showcase in front of a taxidermist's store on Williams street his glance was returned by a hundred eyes of various colors and dimensions.

A sign on the case read: "Artificial eyes for stuffed birds, etc." and a painted hand pointed upstairs. In a small front room on the second floor were a number of show cases full of all kinds of fancy articles of glass-ware, and among the cases was one containing eyes like those below.

Scattered over a table were thin bars of glass of various hues. From the back room a combination of sounds like the whirr of a sewing machine and the spurr up of a gas flame in draught. Mingled with these were complaints of the heat, and directions to a small boy to take a tin can and get ten cents worth of something cold.

Before the glass had cooled, the first man had heated another piece of crystal glass, molded it, and handed it to the second man, who again worked in a piece of yellow glass.

"We've got enough owl's eyes now," the Superintendent said. "I guess you had better make fifty pair dolls' eyes, fifteen pair blue and the rest brown."

"You see," he continued, turning to the reporter, "baby dolls mostly have light hair and blue eyes, while large young lady dolls are brunettes. As the baby dolls are cheaper there is more demand for them, and so I have to keep more blue glass eyes on hand."

As he finished speaking, the first workman pressed the soft, heated crystal glass into a tiny mold, drew it out a tiny white human eye, and handed it to the second workman, who inserted a small blue iris, just as he had inserted the yellow pupils in the owl eyes.

"Now that we've made eyes for babies and young ladies, we'll make some for full-grown women—milliners' wax lay figures, you know. Brown eyes this time, because we've got blue eyes enough on hand."

"This time the heated crystal glass was pressed into a mold as large as a woman's eye, and a correspondingly large iris was worked in."

"Is your principle trade in eyes for dolls and lay figures, or in artificial eyes for beasts and birds?" the reporter asked the Superintendent.

"In the latter. That is my specialty. I have two diplomas from the American Society of Taxidermists."

"Do you sell your goods at retail to people who have had pets stuffed?" "No. I am simply a manufacturer, and sell to dealers in artificial eyes, though I also sell to taxidermists."

"Of course for artificial eyes for stuffed household pets—dogs' eyes, cats' eyes, and small birds' eyes."

"For what animal or bird do you make the largest eyes, and for what the smallest?" "I make the largest eyes for moose, and the smallest for thrush."

"Do you use other colors than brown and yellow in making eyes for beasts and birds?" "For some fancy South American birds I have to, or they wouldn't be natural."

"As the reporter went down the sun was streaming into the case on the street, but the eyes had blank.—[New York Sun.]

APHORISMS OF OLIVER WELLES HOLMES.

You may set it down as a truism which admits of few exceptions that those who ask your opinion never want your praise.

Memory is a net. One finds it full of fish when he takes it from a brook, but a dozen miles of water have run through it without staining it.

God bless all good women, their soft hands and pitying hearts, we must all come at last. Put not your trust in money, put your money in trust.

When a strong brain is weighed with a true heart it seems like a weighing a bubble against a weight of gold.

Controversy equalizes fools and wise men in the same way—and fools know it.

I find the great thing in the world is not so much where we stand as what direction we are moving.

If the sense of the ridiculous on one side of an impressive matter is very well, but if that is all that is in a man he had better have an ane and stood at the head of a profession at once.

Travelers change their guineas, but their characters.

There are three little wicks to the lamp of a man's life, brain, blood, and breath. Press the brain a little, light goes out followed by both the others. Stop the heart a minute and out goes all three of the wicks. Choke the air out of the lungs and presently the fluid ceases to support the other centres of flame, and as soon stagnation, cold and darkness.

The scientific study of man is the most difficult of all branches of knowledge.

There are a good many real miseries in life that we cannot help ourselves at, but they are the smiles that make wrinkles not dimples.

We must have a weak spot or two in a character before we can love much. People that do not laugh or cry or take more of anything than is good for them, or use anything but dictionary words, are admirable subjects for biographers. But we don't care most for these fine pattern flowers that press best in the herbarium.

Faith always implies disbelief of a lesser faith in favor of a greater.

The Broad Church, I think, will never be based upon anything that requires the use of language. Freemasonry gives the idea of such a church. The cup of cold water does not require to be translated for a foreigner to understand it. The only broad church possible is that which has its creed in the heart and not in the head.

I would have a woman as true as death. At the first real lie, which works from the heart outwards, she should be tenderly chloroformed into a better world, where she can live an angel for a goddess and feed of strange fruits, which shall make her all over again, even to her bones and marrow.

Why can't somebody give us a list of things which everybody thinks and nobody says, and another list of things that everybody says and nobody thinks?—[Exchange.]

WHAT WIVES ARE FOR.

What the true man most wants of a wife is her companionship, sympathy and love. The way of life has many dreary places in it, and man needs a companion with him. A man is sometimes overtaken with misfortune; he meets with failure, and defeat; trials and temptations beset him, and he needs one to stand by and sympathize. He has some stern battles to fight with poverty, with enemies and with sin, and he needs a woman that, as he puts an arm around her, feels that he has something to fight for, will help him fight; who will put her lips to his ear and whisper words of counsel, and her hand to his heart and impart new inspiration. All through life—through storm and sunshine, conflict and victory; through adverse and favorable winds—man needs a woman's love. The heart yearns for it. A sister's and mother's love will hardly supply the need. Yet many seek nothing further than housework. Justly enough, half of these get nothing more. The other half, surprised above measure, obtain more than they sought. Their wives surprise them by giving a nobler idea of marriage, and disclosing a treasury of courage sympathy and love.—[Cleveland Sun.]

A young merchant wants to know how long a surety is good on a note. Well, generally as long as the note or the surety lasts. We don't know much about the length but we can tell you about how often a surety is good on a note. Once. Just once. Only w-o-n-s-t. You can't catch him a second time young man.

NOT RELATED TO ANYTHING ELSE.—The latest style of breakfast is a banana and a cocktail served in the room. At long Branch this is known as the dude breakfast.

When a woman wants to be pretty she bangs her hair, and when she wants to be ugly she bangs the door.