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HUMOR

BEFORE ALL THE WORLD.

A Dramatic Interview and Why It Took Place In the Street.

It was noontime of an October day. The air was chilly and frosty, and the many people who crowded the streets had quickened their steps to a winter gait. They jostled each other as they hastened along, and the languid confusion of the summer time was overcome. Suddenly two of the many stopped—a man and maid. They were passing in opposite directions, and this was a meeting entirely by chance, too, as the surprised manner of each so plainly showed.

They stood with clasped hands, gazing happily and earnestly into each other's faces, unmindful of the passing throng for a few brief, blissful moments.

And then she spoke:

"Oh, Lawrence, then you have not forgotten me?"

"Forgotten you, little one!" he replied. "Could an angel sent to earth forget heaven?"

"Papa told me you had. He has told me frequently that you—you—did not—care for me—any"——

"Forgive me, dearest, but your father has lied," he interrupted fiercely. "His opposition to our love is so strong that he would be so base even as that to keep us separated. Ah, my love, I can stand it no longer. You love me?"

"Dearly."

"Then let us fly. I am strong and will protect you from your father's anger. Darling, answer. Shall we brave the storms of life together?"

And she answered bravely, "Yes."

By this time a great many interested spectators had gathered about the young couple, who, so engrossed were they in the story of their hearts, failed to notice the incongruity of the place.

Suddenly an old man burst through the crowd which had encircled the young lovers and confronted them. Anger was plainly written on his wrinkled countenance.

Grasping the maiden by the wrist, with a fierce and sudden movement he swung her about, placing himself between her and her lover.

Then, shaking his fist in the face of the young man, in broken accents he spoke:

"Oh, you villain! you thief! Is it thus you would repay my kindness? You would rob me of my child? You would destroy the happiness of my home? You would take my greatest treasure? Never-r-r-r, sir-r-r! Come home with me, my child."

But the maid only sought to regain her position by the young man's side.

The crowd was increasing rapidly and surged about the trio who had chosen to bring their private affairs to public view.

The old man and the young began a stormy conversation and invectives flew from one to the other. The poor girl gazed reproachfully from out her large, expressive eyes at the father.

In the height of his anger the old man, releasing all hold upon the maid, raised his cane aloft with both hands and would have dealt the lover a mighty blow. But the young man was too alert, and ere the blow could fall had grasped the old man's arm, and giving him a violent twirl sent him reeling against the foremost of the crowd, which fell back and allowed the old man to sink to the ground.

Without a further glance at the prostrate father the man and maid elbowed their way through the crowd and quickly disappeared.

Slowly the old man rose and gazed about at the crowd, which was viewing him with the greatest curiosity.

Then he spoke:

"Ladies and gentlemen, it is a sad and touching scene that you have witnessed. If you would follow further the fortunes of the unfortunate trio who have appeared before you, attend the performance at the Blank theater next week, every evening and the usual matinees. The regular prices will prevail. Good day, all."

And the crowd faded away, and the streets were as before.—What's Odd.

A Last Request.

Uncle Isaac—Wha's dat yo'm er sayin, Becky?

Becky—I done sayin, Isaac, dat I mos' done shovel off dis yere mo'tal kile. Mer braff come mighty sca'se, an mer eyes sorter seem like day'en cobwibs in de a'r.

Uncle Isaac—Is de doctor say yo' kyan' sholy git well, Becky?

Becky—Dat's jes' what he done say, Isaac. He tell me de ve'y mos' what I kin speck am dat I las' twell Chuseday.

Uncle Isaac—Umm! Dasso? Well now, look yere, Becky. Don' you tink, jes' to fabor yo' berlubbed podner, yo' c'u'd strain a p'int an las' ober twell Friday? Dat'll gimme time ter run down ter Lynchbu'g an pick out anudder spouse an fotch her ober yere so yo' kin gib her some idees erbout runnin de domestic gober'men' fo' yo' step out. Jus' yo' try, Becky. Hit's de las' fabor dat I done ax yo'.—Boston Courier.

Bound to Stay.

The only way Mrs. Rural can keep a servant in the country.—Harper's Bazar.

At a Mark Down.

His Girl—What a pretty tie you have! Her Fellow—Ain't it a beauty? His Girl—Lovely. Where was the fire? —Detroit Tribune.

THE GIRL OF THE PERIOD.

She Has Fortitude Unbounded, Yet Now Inclines to Pensive Ways.

There seems to be a mode in maladies as well as in mantles, styles in suffering as novelties in dress. Just at the present time it isn't fashionable to have any physical ailment unless it is something vague and peculiar under the general name of "nerves," and the odd thing about it is only the more robust and vigorous women, so far as looks are an indication of virility, that have this nervous prostration perpetually on hand. If a woman looks pale and delicate, she never will admit that she is not strong.

The fin de siecle girl glories in bearing physical pain without a complaint. She will seat herself in the dentist's or oculist's chair as unconcernedly as if posing for the photographer and submit to the most painful operations without a groan; in fact, assuring the operator "that it really was less painful than she expected." A car driver would cry like a baby if subjected to half as much suffering.

But we are returning to the days of sloping shoulders, of parted pensive tresses, of fullness and frivolity in dress. The up to date girl is sweetly submissive, not smart and self reliant. She wears flowers in her hair and occasionally even ventures in what the girl in the old novels is always doing, putting a rose in her bosom, your rose that you have given her. And she does it with such a shy and modest little blush. Now the question is, Will the "vapors" and "swoons" and "sobbings" of that period come in again? The Amelias and Delias and Carolines of that day were always in a dead faint over something. They fainted for joy and fainted for sorrow. A girl of that time swooned off when her lover proposed, and when she came to she was always lying in his arms, and of course it was all over and no use trying to tell a fellow about being a sister to him after that.

There was another feature about this swooning fit of the old time heroine, and that was that her dearest friend was always within call with the scissors to cut her corset laces. How is any one in this time of hidden hooks ever to loosen a bodice before the heroine passes over the border line in her faint? It will be rather difficult for the modern girl, who has trained herself to smile when her heart breaks, to die rather than reveal her heart, to conceal her joy and preserve her serenity alike through death or divorce, to learn this graceful art of collapsing at just the proper time to bring a wary suitor to his knees.

There's something dangerous to a chivalrous man's theories against marriage to find himself suddenly with his arms full of limp, sighing, pale faced girlhood. He is more apt to call her pretty names than he would be if she stood radiant and defiant before him, apparently ready to laugh at his endearments.—New York Sun.

Pathetic Heroism.

A pathetic heroism was that shown by a woman, a devoted wife and mother, whose life, after months of invalidism, went out in this first month of the new year. It had been the intention of herself and husband to redecorate the home about the time her illness declared itself, and when last autumn it became evident that not much more time among the things of this world would be accorded to the sufferer she decided that the work should be carried forward under her supervision. Her illness was of a nature to permit her to be up and about a few hours every day, and during these stronger moments artists and decorators consulted with her, carrying out her wishes in every detail.

From garret to cellar the home was gone over, and the family spent their last united Christmas in their beautifully renovated home. "You will be glad by and by," said this wise and loving woman, whose artistic soul must have painfully appreciated the loveliness she had created only to leave; "glad that I did it all, and it will be a comfort to live surrounded by my fancies and my taste."

And so it will undoubtedly prove to the husband and sons and daughters, who now feel only their deep bereavement.—Her Point of View in New York Times.

Alexander III's Courage.

The czar has been frequently accused of cowardice—an indictment to which, it must be admitted, many undeniable facts lend a strong coloring of probability. Thus it has been alleged in support of the charge that he seldom drives about the city alone, and when not escorted by a body of Cossacks is invariably accompanied by her majesty the empress. His profound seclusion at Gatchino, where for a considerable period he hid himself even from the bulk of his own officers, likewise created a most unfavorable impression, which is by no means yet removed.

Again, the sight of the armies that guard the railway lines along which he happens to be traveling, the elaborate system of espionage, and the practice of employing agents provocateurs, who sometimes organize the crime which they discover, have contributed to impart consistency to a charge which his creditable career as an officer should have amply sufficed to refute.—Contemporary Review.

She Injured Her Pride.

"Are you hurt?" said a gentleman to a young woman who had just fallen down in a most ungraceful heap on the sidewalk on Chestnut street the other day. "No, thank you; only my pride," and she brushed off her gown and got out of sight as quickly as possible. It is woman's nature to really wish if she has to fall that she will hurt herself rather than to have all the ignominy for nothing. When a man tumbles down, he is up again in a minute, his clothes intact, and no one gives more than a passing thought to the occurrence. But the poor woman usually drops her purse, knocks her hat awry, is never certain how much lingerie she has exposed and is helped up a miserable wreck that will take several pins and 10 minutes before the mirror to make presentable again, to say nothing of the humbling her pride undergoes by the operation.—Philadelphia Times.

A Rural Region Near New York.

Just west of the Hudson and above Weehawken is a region as rural and antique as any 150 miles from New York. Although this region is almost within rifle shot of Riverside drive it is sparsely settled and difficult of access. Its inhabitants are descended from Dutch settlers, who found their way into the region after better and more accessible lands had been occupied. It was part of this district that was bought up ten or fifteen years ago by a syndicate including William Walter Phelps and Rutherford B. Hayes. The expected developments never followed, and those of the syndicate who were not rich enough to hold on sold out to those who could afford to wait. Mr. Phelps now holds a great deal of the syndicate's original purchase.

One of the purchasers has held on to his land amid all sorts of difficulties and at the expense of much self sacrifice on the part of himself and his family. The prophecy that a region so near New York must in ten years have a population of many thousands has fallen ludicrously short of fulfillment, as even now the inhabitants scarcely number more than they did twenty-five years ago. —New York Sun.

Had a Long Beard and Despised Doctors.

Matthew Robinson (Lord Rokeby), a prominent but eccentric Englishman of the last century, became famous for his long beard and his pronounced hatred of medical practitioners. In regard to the former it is said that upon one occasion when going to an election he stopped at an inn where the country people, who had assembled from miles around, took him for a Turk, and through this mistaken idea almost worried "me lord" to death.

His dislike for physicians was carried to such an extreme that he left a codicil to his will which was to the effect that a favorite nephew was to be disinherited should he (the nephew) in the last illness of the lord let his sympathies cause him to send for a doctor. This having been made known to the nephew when his uncle the lord, was in good health, it is needless to add he allowed that person's spirit to take its flight without calling in any of the "infernal surgical fraternity."—St. Louis Republic.

One of Whittier's Letters.

Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, in a paper on Whittier in The Century, quotes the following extract among others from the poet's letters to her:

Thus far the summer has not brought me the release from pain and weakness which I expected. I am only comfortable when body and mind are idle. Time passes so swiftly, there is so much I want to say and do, and this enforced leisure is so barren of results! I have been reading Samuel Johnson's "Oriental Religions"—the last big volume upon Chinese ethics and faith, if faith it can be called. I am more and more astonished that such a man as Confucius could have made his appearance amid the dull and heavy commonplaceness of his people. No wiser soul ever spoke of right and duty, but his maxims have no divine sanctions, and his pictures of a perfect society have no perspective opening to eternity. Our Dr. Franklin was quite of the Confucian order—though a much smaller man.

An Aeronaut's Terrible Experience.

During the year 1794 Gay-Lussac made a balloon ascension alone in which he reached a height of 22,000 feet. This ascension was made from one of the many pleasure resorts of Paris in the heat of summer. When he quitted the earth the Fahrenheit thermometer registered 86 degs. in the shade; within an hour he was in an atmosphere that only showed a pressure of thirteen inches on his barometer, while the thermometer marked 18 degs. below zero! The lack of atmospheric pressure caused the blood to flow from his eyes, nose, mouth and ears, and the extreme cold gave him a rigor from which he never fully recovered.—St. Louis Republic.

Soldiers and Pocket Handkerchiefs.

Some years ago pocket handkerchiefs were not considered a necessary part of a soldier's kit. I myself knew a sergeant major who, when drilling a squad or battalion, would not permit any man to use one, although one day he did order a recruit to fall back and blow his nose, scolding him at the same time for not having "blowed it."

"Please, sir, I did blow it," answered the man, "but it wouldn't keep blowed."—Leeds Mercury.

An Ideal Place for a Vacation.

"Enjoy yourself during your holiday, Smyth!"

"Tremendously! Came upon a place where there was no band banging away three times a day; no servants after tips; no complaints when the children yelled and no extra charge for anything."

"Where was this ideal spot?"

"At home."—Exchange.

The Queen's Verses.

It may not be generally known that Queen Victoria once had poetic aspirations and carried them so far as to write a book of verses. She sent this to a publisher under a nom de plume and had the pleasure well known to some humbler folk of having it promptly "returned with thanks."—Chicago Herald.

MEN AND WOMEN.

Mr. Labouchere got $450,000 for his share in the London Daily News.

Robert Garrett's Baltimore residence has a noble hallway, 30 by 40 feet, and with a ceiling 40 feet high.

Miss Ray Frank, a highly educated young woman of Oakland, Cal., is about to study for the Jewish pulpit.

Mrs. William Seward Webb's eldest daughter is named Frederika, after Mrs. Webb's favorite brother, Frederick Vanderbilt.

In the house of representatives the man with the largest name is Archibald Henderson Arrington Williams of North Carolina.

Mrs. Mary Mapes Dodge suffers the usual penalty of being famous. She receives about eight letters daily requesting autographs or sketches of her life.

Aunt Rachel Hawkins, who was a slave in the Surrat family, lives in Washington. No one knows how old she is. Asked when she was born she replied, "Why, bress yo' heart, honey, de Lawd only knows w'en."

Three great brewers have been raised to the peerage by Queen Victoria. Allsopp of Burton-upon-Trent is now Lord Hindlipp; Bass, the pale ale man, is Baron Burton, and Guinness of Dublin stout fame is Lord Ardilaun.

Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett believes in the benefits of walking as an exercise and takes a long "constitutional" before breakfast every morning. In the summer time she is frequently out of doors before 6, returning to breakfast at 8. By 9 she is at work with her pen.

General Trochu, the defender of Paris in the closing days of the Franco-Prussian war, is a descendant of Racine. He was invited to attend a recent histrionic ceremony in honor of the eminent dramatist, but so busy is the old soldier with his memoirs that he could not spare the time to accept.

TURF TOPICS.

Diamond, trotting record 2:15¼, will be out with green pacers when the bell rings next season.

The Grand Rapids Driving club of Grand Rapids has decided to hang up $25,000 for the meeting on Aug. 7 to 13.

Nightingale, 2:13¼, by Osgood's Patchen, was foaled a natural pacer and never trotted a step till converted as a 2-year-old.

The hackney stallion Danegelt has changed hands at 5,000 guineas, which is said to be the highest price ever paid for a hackney.

Trainer Geers says that a sluggish horse makes the best campaigner, as he never frets and always learns something in every race.

The old turf queen Flora Temple won during her career in purses and stakes alone the sum of $69,500 and lost in stakes only $6,000.

William M. Singerly of Philadelphia is driving Gabrielle, 2:22¼, and Three Tips, 2:25¼, to pole in that city this winter. They make a great team.

The fastest time for a quarter on record on the running turf is 21½, which rate of speed, were it possible to maintain it, would give a mile in 1:25.

Old Jim, the mule which General John A. Logan rode during the war, died at Newport, Ark., recently. She was about 40 years old and was as gray as it is conceivable for an old mule to possibly be.

Don J. Leathers of Grand Rapids has created no little excitement among the drivers located in that city in telling them of an aluminium pneumatic sulky he will show them next season that will only weigh 25 pounds.

THE LATEST NOVELTIES.

Pearls of different colors are popular in combinations.

A brooch called the "Sunburst" is made of pearls—black, white, cream, brown, pink, yellow.

Silver knitting balls, silver knitting needles and silver knitting needle cases are for the industrious.

In watches old styles are reproduced. They are little, flat timepieces with rings of pearls and enameled pictures on one side. The other is open faced.

A new chatelaine pin is an enameled sword with a jeweled hilt, which passes through the dress. From the sword a chain hangs on which swings the watch.

The bonbon spoon in perforated silver and silver gilt has grown into a great shovel-like ladle for serving nuts and raisins at dessert. These are wonderfully decorated.

A new souvenir ladle is a facsimile of that used by Washington and bearing his crest. The head of Washington is on the handle, with dates of his birth and death. On the reverse side is Washington's autograph in facsimile.

Jeweled and enameled swords and daggers of gold representing the weapons of all nations; flowers in natural colors, with or without gemmed centers, and still later a thistle of white enamel are designs for hatpins.—Jewelers' Circular.

WORLD'S FAIR NOTES.

The Swiss national council has voted 80,000 francs' subsidy in connection with the Chicago fair.

Oliver Wendell Holmes is to be invited to furnish an ode for the opening of the World's fair next May.

The Reading Railroad company is preparing the first locomotive used in its system for exhibition at the World's fair.

Miss Ida J. Burgess, a Chicago artist, receives $5,000 for decorating the woman's library and reception room in the Illinois building at the World's fair, receiving the award over many competitors.

Thomas Pugh, assistant general superintendent of the New South Wales exhibit at the World's fair, has arrived in Chicago with about 250 tons of minerals, woods, wines, wool and other products. Some 500 or 600 tons more are expected.

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