

A DEAD ROSE.

He stood one night and gently chose A rich and creamy half-blown rose...

WOOLING.

Mr. George Mansfield was good looking, gentlemanly in appearance, well bred, intelligent, the possessor of \$10,000 a year and a bachelor.

All those circumstances taken into consideration, Mr. George Mansfield had a right to lead a happy, jolly life and live very much at his ease.

Well, he did so. In fact, he did so too much, for, having nothing particular to do but to take care of himself, he did that so well that he brought on an attack of some kind of illness.

"Hurrah! Who said that? Well done, sir. You may send in a smashing bill on the strength of that last prescription. Why didn't you give it sooner?"

It was a pretty frame house, painted straw color, where he was to take up his abode, and when he entered he found himself in a wide kitchen, the floor of which was so clean and white that his heart was completely won by it.

The farmer and his wife welcomed him with old-fashioned politeness, the former entertaining him with a history of all the sheep, horses and cattle he had raised for the past 20 years, while his better half was careful and troubled about many things, all tending to the one great thing—getting supper ready.

The farmer's daughter was neither shy nor embarrassed. She didn't blush or look frightened; she never knew how to do either, but bowing in a manner that would not have disgraced a duchess she stood upon the hearth and warmed her feet, because the evening was chilly, though it was early autumn, and the grass in the field where she had been milking the cows was so laden with heavy dew that her boots were soaked through.

Her position on the hearth displayed her form to the utmost advantage. She was tall, admirably rounded from the sloping shoulders and full bust to the tapering waist, and the skirt of her dress worn short and raised a little in front to escape the scorching heat of the fire exposed a pair of feet and ankles that would alone have made the fortune of a danseuse.

Sarah knew she was handsome—had often been told so and never denied it. She knew equally well that her feet and ankles were the most perfect she had ever seen, but don't do her the injustice to suppose that she stood there to display them to Mr. Mansfield.

When she had warmed her feet sufficiently, Sarah turned away, and going over to the table assisted her mother in completing the preparations for supper.

This done, the farmer and Mr. Mansfield moved their chairs over to the table and prepared to do justice to the meal. Never had the man of the world eaten a meal like that.

Mrs. Ford would have been insulted had her good, old-fashioned cooking been compared to anything so flimsy as the food of the gods.

and did not once awake till the warm morning sun had bathed the room in a flood of golden glory.

Then, when he arose in the morning, how pleasant it was to have clear, pure rainwater, just caught as it fell from the clouds, instead of Croton; a coarse towel that made his face glow when he used it, and above all a tract of country, rustling forests, blue sky and golden patches of sunlight to look out upon instead of the gables of tumbledown houses or the everlasting fronts of the gay shops, the paved sidewalks and the never ceasing rumble of innumerable carts, carriages and cars.

After breakfast he went out to walk about the farm and came in to dinner as hungry as a bear. He repeated the experiment in the afternoon and came into supper ditto.

Sarah had been occupied in her own room nearly all day and had not come to dinner, but when supper time came she was down in the kitchen, precisely as she had been the evening previous, except that instead of having her sleeves rolled up to her elbows they were unbuttoned at the wrist.

The bachelor spent an hour or more admiring her as she sat after supper knitting socks for her father, the glittering needles glancing in and out in the firelight and her long, shapely fingers looking like beautifully molded wax tapers.

She did not speak much; it was impossible to tell why. There was no diffidence about her, and Mr. Mansfield was forced to the conclusion that she didn't think him of sufficient importance to bestow a thought or word upon him. The reflection was not a pleasant one.

A couple of weeks passed in much the same manner, his acquaintance with Sarah progressing very slowly; his appetite variable, and a fidgety way of moving about and looking out of the window that surprised himself very much when he at length observed it.

One morning he rose a couple of hours earlier than usual, and animated with the praiseworthy determination of hunting up such an appetite that he would no longer be obliged to mortify Mrs. Ford by continual "Not anything—more—thank-yous," when he had not eaten enough to "keep a sparrow alive," as the good woman said, he went out for a morning walk. In returning he met Sarah coming from milking, a "can of strip-pings" carried in her right hand.

"Good morning," said Sarah. "Good morning. Will you not allow me to assist you?" "Oh, no. Thank you."

"I am afraid you are taking too much upon yourself. You will make your hand ache. Do let me carry it." She allowed him to take the pail, and then walked on erect and straight as a young poplar before him.

When they reached the door, she took it from him, and seeing the broad red mark upon his hand, made by the pail handle, she laughed merrily. She entered, leaving him standing there, thinking to himself that the voices of all the nightingales whose tongues had been stolen by the ancients had come to her for consolation, and mingling together produced the clearest and sweetest one he had ever listened to. There he stood for nearly five minutes in very earnest thought, not only about the nightingale voices, but something else. Finishing up by an emphatic "I'll do it," he entered the house, and for the first time in a week ate a breakfast that almost astonished Mrs. Ford.

The very first good opportunity that offered her "did it" and asked Sarah to marry him. It was hard to tell whether she was surprised, but certainly she was not at all overcome and showed no evidence of feeling herself particularly honored.

It was in the evening of the same day that he had determined to "do it." They were alone in the kitchen, Sarah standing upon the hearth, her elbow leaning on the mantel and her glowing cheek upon her hand. She listened attentively in grave silence till he finished, and then, raising her glorious purplish blue eyes to his, she looked at him for some seconds and burst into a pleasant, musical laugh.

"A pretty wife I would make for you," she said then, and turning away, before he could utter a single word, she passed from the room, and he heard her singing "Old Hundred" five minutes later, as she went about her work up stairs.

"By Jove! I love her; there's no use in trying to hide it," and the captive taken bachelor sighed drearily and wondered what he would do next, and he could only keep his courage up by repeating "faint heart and fair lady" adage till he wore it to shreds. A splendid opportunity occurred the next evening for trying again.

Sarah was standing out by the gate in the mellow moonlight looking up at the sky in a way that she didn't often do. Mr. Mansfield had heard somewhere that the moonlight was a softener of a woman's heart, so he thought he would just prove the truth of it, but when he came close to Sarah she darted away like a frightened fawn and hurried into the house by the back entrance.

He didn't see her again that night, and so, being unable to do anything better, he went to bed and dreamed of her—dreamed of her glossy black

hair, her glowing cheeks, of her crimson lips, of her milk white teeth, of her snowy brow and her purplish blue eyes with their silken lashes.

She avoided him now; she gave him no opportunity to see her alone, and only remained in the kitchen when her father or mother were there. Then she would sit knitting industriously, her needles glancing, her lips sometimes compressed, sometimes half apart, and her cheeks glowing; her lashes bent down over her eyes, which she kept studiously averted, while her bachelor lover sat looking at her, trying to catch her eye that he might tell her with his how much he loved her, but failing in that he had to content himself with merely looking at her and thinking what a beautiful picture she made.

Thus matters went on for a week. He tried every conceivable way of obtaining a private interview with her, of finding her alone. He way-laid her when she went out to milk in the morning and when she came home from the same in the evening, but she escaped him each time.

One evening Mr. Ford was from home. Sarah, her mother and their boarder were seated in the kitchen, Sarah, as usual, knitting, and Mr. Mansfield at some distance watching her and comparing her to Rembrandt's most beautiful pictures, for the glow from the crackling fire illuminated one-half of her face, and from the candle not yet being lit the rest was in shade.

Fortune, as if tired of trying the lover's patience any longer, sent Mrs. Ford out of the room, and they were left alone.

No time was to be lost. Such an opportunity might not occur again for weeks, and the door was hardly closed behind the retreating form of the matron ere he crossed the room, stood beside her, and putting his hand gently upon her shoulder said: "What have I done to you?"

"Nothing." The knitting needles few as if the lives of the whole present generation depended upon their rapidity.

"Why do you avoid me then?" "Avoid you?" "Yes, you know you do. Have I offended you?" "No."

"Then why do you run away from me whenever I approach you?" "I never have time to waste in stupid nonsense." The needles flew with alarming rapidity, as if reproaching him for intruding upon her valuable time.

"I was not going to ask you to waste it in stupid nonsense." "How do I know that?" the knitting needles glancing like sheet lightning.

"Put away that knitting and I'll tell you. Do—you make my eyes ache." "You needn't look then." "As if I could help it." "What—why not?" "You know quite well that I must look at everything you do."

"I know quite well nothing of the sort." "Will you put away that knitting?" "No." "There, then." He snatched it and pulled two needles out.

"How dare you! Now, I can't lift those stitches again till the candle comes." "I know it. I'm glad of it." "I'm not five minutes wasted." "Don't say so. Spend them upon me. You will find me grateful."

"Indeed! You're not worth them." "True; but still, be generous. We would none of us have much if we only got our due in this world, but you haven't answered my first question—why do you avoid me?" "I did answer."

"Ah, but I am not going to waste your time in nonsense. I wanted to tell you that I loved you." "You told me so once before." "May I not repeat it?" "I don't happen to have the control of your tongue, and therefore I can't prevent your using it as you please."

"Then I use it thus: Sarah, dearest, I love you and want you to become my wife." "Do you?" "Yes; will you?" "Mr. Mansfield, you know well that I am no wife for you."

"I know well that you are the only wife in this world for me. There is not another woman in existence upon whom I can bestow the title." "How highly honored I am!" "Don't mock me; I am too serious. Don't sneer; your lips are too beautiful."

"You do well." "I am glad you are pleased." "I did not say so." "You are trying to quarrel with me." "And if I am—I think it would be capital fun."

"To you perhaps; not to me." "Ah! And suppose I choose to enjoy myself at the expense of your royal highness?" "Don't trifle, dearest, just now. Answer me, and then do everything you please afterward."

"Generous man!" "Sarah—Sarah! I hear footsteps—your mother is returning—answer me—a single word." "She didn't unclothe her crimson lips, but she shot a single, quick glance at him from the blue eyes, and he was answered."

The bachelor's wooing was over, and so, being unable to do anything better, he went to bed and dreamed of her—dreamed of her glossy black



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COLLEGE GIRLS' FUN.

A Lot of Freshwomen Give a Sensational Rise to the President.

"They may talk about the college boys and their hazings and tricks, but for real, genuine fun you can't beat the college girls," said a young freshman the other day.

"Last year—you know the men's college is right near our seminary and so they call on us every evening—the president made a new rule.

"He declared that we must dismiss our guests at 9:30, and we decided we would not do it. After a great deal of plotting and planning, we hit upon a delightful plan, and it was a great success. The boys secured a big basket and two ropes and a pulley for us, and this we hid during the day and at night fastened two great hooks on the sill of our study window. The boys sent up their cards in the basket, and then after inspecting them with a lantern to make sure they were not burglars we hauled them up.

"But one night the grave and dignified president caught us and planned a little surprise for us. He found one of the boys' cards in our rooms and placed it in the basket. It worked beautifully, and we hauled him half way up before any one thought of using the lantern.

"Then Miss Flyaway held it out the window and took a peep at him. One glance at the spectacles and bald head was enough. It was lucky for that president that we did not let him fall to the ground in our horror and amazement, but we held on to the ropes until we decided what to do.

"We couldn't let him down again, he would only come up and catch us, and we couldn't drop him, bad as he was, and we certainly didn't intend to help him carry out his plan by hauling him up, so we compromised by securing the ropes and letting him hang there in midair.

"He begged and implored to be let down, offered us any bribe we could wish for and wasted more eloquence on us in that first hour than he did during his yearly lectures. But we had no visitors that night. He amused us, and we wanted revenge, so we left him.

"He tried to jump, to climb down the wall and up on the rope, but failed in everything. At last he howled, yelled like an Indian, till every one in the town was aroused and even the boys turned out to see the terror of their worst nightmare, crimson with rage, suspended in midair in a clothesbasket."—New York Advertiser.

Sir Augustus Harris has renewed for another year his existing tenancy of Covent Garden theater, London. In all probability he will produce the opera "L'Attaque du Moulin," by Zola.

Madam Marie Roze laments the want of historical accuracy in opera. She has seen singers impersonating characters that belong to the Plantagenet period attired in empire costumes.

Mlle. Reichenberg has been achieving triumphs in the Dutch towns she has visited. From Amsterdam, where she played various roles, come enthusiastic reports. Many had to be turned away.

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BALD HEADS!

What is the condition of yours? Is your hair dry, harsh, brittle? Does it split at the ends? Has it a lifeless appearance? Does it fall out when combed or brushed? Is it full of dandruff? Does your scalp itch? Is it dry or in a heated condition? If these are some of your symptoms be warned in time or you will become bald.

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Low Comedian—Here's the latest! Who is it that both pleases and scares the public? Soubrette—Terry—fie! Give us something easier! Low Comedian—Well, how's this? Who plays the devil with William Terriss? Soubrette—Irving, in "Faust." Ta! Ta!—Hallo.

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Assertion of Woman's Rights. That Cincinnati woman who assaulted a "masher" with a floor mop, beat him soundly and then threw him out of doors, procured an officer and had him arrested, is a credit to her sex. Woman's rights will never be disturbed in her vicinity. Her right is her might.—Cincinnati Commercial Gazette.

Heroic Salad. "This is a lucky head of lettuce," said Mawson. "Plucky!" asks Hicks. "Yes," returned Mawson. "Full of grit."—Clink Review.

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