

NONE BUT MOTHER.

Nobody knows of the work it makes To keep the home together; No one knows the steps it takes, Nobody knows—but mother.

THE LADY OF LONE LAKE.

One beautiful summer evening I was rowing with a friend on one of those romantic lakes in the west of Ireland. The day had been a hot one, and the midsummer sun looked like a ball of fire, as it slowly sank behind the horizon.

We lay aside our oars, and for a time floated silently over the glassy surface of the lake, enraptured by the beautiful scene. I was a young artist, living in London at that time, and now taking my summer vacation.

The scenery was indeed charming; but as yet I have been more charmed with my host's fair sister, Nora, who, as their parents are dead, and the heir yet unmarried, was acting as the lady of Glendale.

As we floated the glow faded, and the soft moonlight bathed the lake and rocks and meadows with silver. The lake was quite isolated, being on the border between the estates of Glendale and Larrimoor, and was seldom visited by anyone but the members of these two families.

"Ah," said my companion, "that is only a spectre. Did you never hear the story of the 'Lady of Lone Lake'?" "No," said I, "but methinks she roves remarkably well for a spectre; let's give chase."

"The present Lord of Larrimoor, who lives in the hall yonder, is a very hard, stern man, and he rules everything in his power with an iron hand. His wife, a beautiful woman, has been dead these many years. He married her to gain possession of her large estate. While wooing her he overcame his harsh manners as much as his nature would permit.

"The high-spirited girl rebelled. The father insisted, and in spite of her remonstrance, preparations were made for the wedding. The daughter said no more and the father thought he was going to have his way. The wedding night came. The guests were assembled. The bridegroom was waiting. The hour came but the bride came not. Complaining of weariness she had retired to her room soon after dinner, promising to appear at the appointed time if they would not disturb her.

"Next day a shawl belonging to the girl was found down by this lake. As it was the only trace of her, people concluded that, to escape a fate so repulsive to her, she had drowned herself. A little after that the spectre you have just seen began to frequent those waters. Many have tried to overtake it as you did, but it always vanishes among those rocks; and so they think it is Lucia, the lost heiress of Larrimoor."

"The young lord seemed greatly moved by the sad story he had just related, and I could not help but feel that he had taken more than a passing interest in the unfortunate girl. After a moment of silence, during which he began to pull for the homeward shore, I said: 'Had the lady no other admirers?'" "Oh, yes; many," he replied; "but few dared to approach, and these her father repulsed."

After a minute he continued: "It is useless for me to try to conceal my feelings from you, for I feel that you have already divined them. I, also, loved the beautiful lady, though she knew not of my affection. My parents were the only people in the country with whom Lord Larrimoor was on friendly terms, and during his lady's last sickness my mother attended her constantly. After her death she took great interest in the child, who was about the age of my sister, and used to bring Lucia home with her to stay a week at a time. Then we three would have grand times flogging about the hall and playing in the park. Some times we were allowed to accompany Lucia home and stay to tea; but I never enjoyed these visits. The old hall seemed so dark and gloomy, and its master so stern and taciturn. As we grew older we were together even more. Cantering over the hills on horseback, or taking rambles in the woods. But most of all we liked to row about on this very lake. My father taught me to row as soon as I was large enough to handle an oar, and I instructed the girls. Lucia became very skillful, and could outrow both of us. Afterwards my mother died, and my sister and I were sent away to school. As long as my father lived we spent our vacations at home. But he survived my mother only two years. After his death we made our home with an aunt in Dublin, and Glendale Hall was closed. After I finished my course, we spent three years in travel. After an absence of five years I returned to Glendale to find my playmate, whose memory I had cherished during all the years of our separation, a beautiful and accomplished young lady. She and my sister resumed their former friendship; but she seemed shy of me, and before I had an opportunity to open my heart to her, she sought refuge from her father's cruelty in a watery grave."

"During this recital we had left the boat, and were now picking our way along the uneven path which led to the house. It was quite late when we reached the hall, and we soon separated for the night."

Lay down, but not to sleep. The occurrences of the evening filled my mind, and banished sleep from my eyelids. I longed to fathom the mystery. I had no faith in the supernatural, and I no more believed the boat we had seen was rowed by a spirit, than I believed myself to be a ghost. I could not help but think that it was the unfortunate girl, whom my friend was mourning as dead; and that she was in hiding somewhere among her native rocks, though how she managed to evade pursuit and vanish so suddenly, was more than I could make out. My convictions were strengthened by the fact that the body had never been recovered, though the old lord had offered large rewards, and every peasant in the country had been on the lookout. Before I went to sleep I had formed a plan, and determined to investigate the matter the next night; with my friend's help if he were willing; if not, alone."

When I disclosed my project to Lord Glendale, he shook his head dubiously, and tried to dissuade me, assuring me that he had tried many times to capture the mysterious rover; but always in vain; but seeing that I was determined to go, he was too gallant to refuse to accompany me. About sunset we took our way to the lake, and embarked in separate boats. I felt that little could be accomplished by pursuit. It was this mysterious vanishing we must prevent if possible. So I determined to take my place near where the boat disappeared. Lord Glendale, who was a rapid rower, was to wait on the opposite side, and at the right moment give chase, while I would stand guard over the mysterious rock. The evening was not as bright as the preceding one had been, for the sky was overcast by filmy clouds which partly obscured the moon. I pushed my skiff as much into the shadow as possible, and waited in silence. In a few minutes I heard the sound of splashing waters. It seemed to come from behind the rocks. Presently a boat, rowed by the most beautiful creature I had ever seen, parted the vines which had hung down over the rocks near by, and shot away across the lake and down the stream. I stationed myself at the exact spot whence the boat had emerged, and waited anxiously for my friend to act. At last it came slowly back. Lord Glendale was on the alert and immediately gave chase, and pursued and pursued shot towards me with incredible rapidity. I tried to keep down my rising excitement. I felt that now or never was the time, and I crouched low, fearing that she might see me and dart off in some other direction. She was evidently wearied with her long row, for my friend was close upon her. She did not see me until her skiff touched mine. Quick as a flash she turned but we were both close upon her, and by some unlucky movement, her frail bark was overturned, and, with a wild cry for help, she sank out of sight."

Glendale was in the water in an instant. He caught her the first time she rose, and we soon had her in the boat. She was no ghost, but a dripping, half-drowned, frightened girl. She reproached us for molesting her, and begged piteously to be released. Glendale wrapped the dripping form in my coat, assuring her that we were friends and would be most happy to serve her. She seemed to recognize him, and I felt sure from their conversation that she was indeed Lucia, the lost heiress of Larrimoor. As the other boats had floated away, Glendale explained to her that it would be necessary for us to convey her to her place of abode, and that we must go quickly, for both of them were dripping wet. To this she seemed reluctant to consent, but, being assured of our good-will, she showed us an opening in the rocks entirely concealed by overhanging vines. Through this we passed into a shallow channel. It was a very singular place. This channel, enclosed between two high and rocky banks, was about three rods long, and perhaps, half as wide in the middle, narrowing at each end, its inner wall became continuous with the shore of the lake. Our fair guide directed us to the upper end, where we found a natural landing, which led us up to a door in the rocks. In answer to her call this door was opened by an aged woman. She seemed very much

frightened on seeing us; but after a few words from Lucia, she bade us enter, and busied herself making a fire and otherwise ministering to our comfort. The apartment was low, but roomy, and divided by screens into parlor, sleeping rooms and kitchen. While Glendale dried his drenched garments and we drank the cheering cup of tea prepared for us by the old woman, Lucia told her story, which was briefly this:

Despairing of escape from the hated alliance in any other way, she had appealed to her old nurse for aid. This woman, then nearly eighty years old, was living with her son in a cottage on a neighboring estate, having quarrelled with Lord Larrimoor some years before. She and her husband, now dead, had been servants to Lucia's grandfather. The old woman readily espoused Lucia's cause, and, the day before the wedding, she entered the hall unnoticed and found her way to Lucia's room. She disguised Lucia as a beggar, and in the bustle of preparation they managed to escape."

The cave had been discovered and occupied by some English fugitives during the troublous times of Cromwell. It was afterward occupied and enlarged by a wizard hermit. But he had been dead for half a century and the cave deserted. Its entrance had been overgrown by vines, and those who had known of its existence, except the old nurse, were dead or gone away. Even she had not thought of it for years, until her anxiety quickened her failing memory. Hither she had conveyed her charge, and hither they had lived in seclusion for five years. A lonely life indeed for a beautiful young woman; but she chose it rather than sell herself for gold. She besought us not to reveal her hiding place. We reassured her of our friendship, and asked permission to visit her again. This was readily granted, and we were invited to return again next evening and bring Nora with us."

Great was Nora's surprise when we recounted our adventures to her. At first she could hardly believe us; but, seeing we were really in earnest, she gladly accepted the joyful news, and expressed herself anxious to visit her old friend in her strange abode. After that we frequently visited the cave, but always with great secrecy. Indeed, it was seldom that the gathering shadows of evening did not find Lord Glendale thither, and his radiant countenance gave us assurance that his visits were in vain. As for Nora and I, we loved better to walk in the fragrant garden, or wander among the grand old trees that surround the hall."

I had already extended my vacation to unprecedented length, and was beginning to think seriously of returning to my work, when Glendale, one evening, informed me that on the morrow he would wed the fair Lucia. It was a quiet wedding, in the rocky cave which had sheltered the beautiful bride for so many weary years. An old priest performed the ceremony, of which Nora, the nurse, and I were the only witnesses."

A few days later I took my departure with a light heart, for Nora was my promised wife. The Lord and Lady of Glendale passed their honeymoon quietly at Glendale Hall. The hard old lord had long looked upon his daughter as dead, and was so overcome to receive her again that he forgave her entirely, and became from that time forth a changed man."

All this happened years ago. Nora and I are married now, and our home is in London; but every summer we spend our vacation with the Lord and Lady of Glendale, at their beautiful country seat.—Mary Keim, in The Current.

An Elwin Forrest Anecdote.

When Clark Mills was casting his statue of Gen. Jackson on a balancing horse, now in Lafayette square, Edwin Forrest, then playing an engagement at Washington, asked permission to witness the casting of a large part of it. On the day appointed for casting the statue Mills notified Forrest, who with other gentlemen and ladies assembled within the inclosure. The party gathered around the pit, while Forrest placed himself on a plank laid directly across the pit. At a given signal Mills removed the plugs from the furnace, and the molten bronze began to pour out from the furnace into the mold below. Unfortunately, some water had got into the mold and a terrible explosion took place; the earth, sand, and molten metal flew in all directions. Mills was knocked heels over head; one of the sides of the inclosure was blown out; half the guests were knocked down or covered with earth; some were scorched, the others led in dismay. When the smoke and steam had cleared away Mills rose from the earth and discovered Forrest still standing on the plank across the pit. "Great heavens!" exclaimed Mills, as soon as he could get his breath. "Mr. Forrest, I hope you are not hurt." "Hurt," replied Forrest, "what is there to hurt anybody?" "Thank God," cried Mills. "But ain't you frightened?" "Frightened," replied Forrest, "why should I be frightened? I thought this was a part of the performance."—Boston Budget.

Multurn in Parvo.

A bachelor's miss-shun is not a mistake. Oaths are passwords to Hell's outer door. A false-hood never covers an honest head. Memory is the storehouse of much mental rubbish. Elasticity of imagination often governs the grade of merit. In life's great army you can find the bummers at the front. Kind words are like an oasis to a man in the troubled desert. To think you can do another's task better than another is human. Hope is an incentive to action—and the froth on the cup of life. A ship is often saved by its anchor, but men are as often lost by their rancor. The person who speaks a kind word to a fellow-man in trouble sticks a pin in the devil.

A MUSEUM FOR THE BLIND.

A Curious and Interesting Exhibition That was Opened Recently in Paris.

A museum for the blind was opened to-day in the Rue de Rousselet, writes a Paris correspondent of The London News under date of Nov. 12. It has been established by the blind Dr. Guilbeau, one of the professors in the Institut des Jeunes Aveugles, and contains specimens of nearly all the objects invented for a long course of years for schools (primary, technical and others) for sightless pupils. Persons having blind relatives or friends will on Tuesdays obtain any information they may want without books, maps, writing apparatus, teachers, and so on, for their special benefit. Not the least curious part of the exhibition is what is contained in the book cases. There is here a large collection of quarto volumes, all the printed characters of which are raised on the Braille system. This is now more in use than any other in Italy, Prussia, Alsace, and the United States. It is said that it has the merit of being very simple; but to an unaccustomed eye it is as hard to make out as shorthand. The English blind alphabet is quite different, looking like a Ninevite inscription. The letters, raised on the Braille system, are made like the French sign for the acute accent, and are set in squares. The relative angles at which they are placed one to another give them alphabetical meaning. Blindness is much more the scourge of the poor than the rich. If, therefore, charitable societies did not bring out books for the blind it would be impossible for this unfortunate class to obtain them. Most of those in the Braille type are for school classes. There are already eight volumes of Littré's Dictionnaire, some works of reference, La Fontaine's "Fables," Florian's "Fables," Boileau's "Lutrin," selections from the great French authors in prose and verse, and a bible which has been printed by a society to further education among the blind. But the efforts made in this direction in France are poor when compared with the results won in England, although the alphabet used there seems less easy to learn and covers more space than the Braille one. In England there have been as many as a hundred thousand volumes printed for sightless readers, including the bible, the "Pilgrim's Progress," Milton's works, and all Shakespeare's plays, but, as Dr. Guilbeau says, these facts should not discourage him and his fellow-workers, because the English-speaking peoples form the most reading nations in the world, or, at least, the nations who give the most business to the printer and publisher. An encouraging fact is the existence in France of three periodicals for the blind. One Le Louis Braille, is monthly, and costs 3 francs a year. Its fortnightly edit costs 7 francs, and embraces a great variety of topics, which enter into the common range of journalism. Les Trois Mondes is the second. It appears at Marseilles, where the number of sightless persons is great, and there appears in the same city a weekly paper chiefly devoted to musical topics. It has a circulation of about six hundred, and 480 blind persons subscribe to it. When sight goes in youth the sense of hearing becomes intensely acute, and music is a source of the deepest pleasure. The sense of touch acquires such delicacy and power that the blind may be said not only to see with the tips of their own fingers, but with their whole bodies. Those who recover sight are a long time learning how to use their eyes. According to Dr. Guilbeau, who to-day was at the museum of the Rue Rousselet to give any information visitors might want, such persons often, when told to fetch objects which they have already seen and learned the names of, instinctively shut their eyes and feel for them. A variety of maps for the blind shown at this museum display great ingenuity, and the cost prices of them are low. Among them are celestial atlases. There are no more steady and ingenious benefactors of the blind than the brothers of St. Jean de Dieu, who devote themselves to the sick and infirm of their own sex, and have won a name for the intelligent care with which they attend to eye diseases. When M. Sarcely, the famous theatrical critic, was threatened with loss of sight he placed himself in the hands of his brotherhood. I should not forget the various means for enabling the blind to write and correspond with each other and with persons who see. In the former case they use the Braille characters, and in the latter the ordinary Roman characters, but the pencil with an agate or other point moves from right to left. Its course is marked by lines of strong thread stretched on a piece of cloth, beneath which there is a sheet of paper. When the paper is taken out and turned the words that have been traced are in relief, and to be read from left to right. The chess boards differ little from those used at sea by naval officers. The playing cards have all tiny marks in relief on the inside corners, which on being felt by a blind player enable him to understand his own hand, and know what his partner or opponent has played. The sightless thus can play rubbers of whist with persons who are not sightless. Marseilles, because of its hot and glaring aspect, and perhaps its frequent relations with Egypt, is greatly afflicted with eye diseases. So is Prussia, for different reasons. Alsace is the region on this side of the Rhine where there are the most sightless children. The cities of Italy most unfortunate in this respect are Milan and Florence, and in the United States the large New England towns.

Another Lockout.

Editor's wife (from second story window)—"You can't get in this house at any such hour of the morning as this." Editor (appealingly)—"But, my dear, I was necessarily detained at the office. You see we had late news of a tremendous big lock-out and—"

Wife—"All right, you've got news of another now," slamming down the window.—Cincinnati Telegram.

THE REPTILE GERANIUM.

A Slimy Horror of the Vegetable World—Hideous, Repulsive, Yet Strangely Attractive.

"A snake geranium?" "Yes, that is what I call it," said the doctor.

I stooped down to examine the flower. Hideous, repulsive, and yet strangely attractive, the snake geranium seemed to hold me under a spell.

To describe this flower one would have to paint life and motion. Mere color is not enough. As I looked the evil thing glared at me with sinister intelligence. There was nothing remarkable about the stalk and the leaves of the plant. The blossom was what riveted my gaze. Black, sinuous and slimy, it looked more like a snake than anything else. As I changed my point of view the thing changed its aspect. Its scales were a purplish black, then a dirty brown. Two little glassy beads in the monster's head glittered with prismatic hues and looked straight into my eyes. Was I mistaken? I could have sworn that this awesome bloom turned and twisted with the uncanny freakishness of a reptile.

"You know something of botany," said the doctor, "how do you classify it?"

"It is not to be classified," I answered. "It is a monstrosity. There is nothing like it. Is it poisonous?"

"I think so," was the reply, "the old African who found it called it a 'pizen plant,' but I renamed it."

I have seen nearly every thing worth seeing in the floral world, but this singular plant blooming unnoticed in an obscure corner of a country doctor's garden amazed me beyond expression.

From the first the sickening odor of the flower had been terribly oppressive. In fact, it had prevented a close examination. Suddenly my brain seemed to be numbed, a cold chill seized me, and with a face of deathly pallor, I reeled and would have fallen to the ground but for the doctor's strong arm.

I was half sick, or rather in a dazed, half stupefied state, for days after my return to town. One evening a negro called at my house with a note from my friend the doctor, and a covered basket. The messenger was gone before I could read the note. I glanced at the paper and then opened the basket. I did not know whether to laugh or be angry. Comfortably fixed in a big jar, the snake geranium gave a flirty twist and snapped its wicked eyes in my face.

To have this floral horror in my house was out of the question, and yet I was proud of the monster. I made a servant carry it to a sunny nook in the back yard. She returned with chattering teeth.

"De Lawd hab mussy," she exclaimed, "dat ting's alive. Hit'll bite, sho's yer vabun!"

Sometimes I carried my friends to see my pet. I invariably had the satisfaction of hearing them swear, and generally I had to send them away in a carriage. One whiff of the snake geranium was enough to make a totter-wreck of the strongest man.

A little girl living next door took a wonderful fancy to the flower. Frequently she came over when I was absent and spent an hour at a time fondling the plant and looking at it. Of all the persons who saw it she was the only one not affected by its peculiar odor. Sometimes I fell into a deep study over the mutual attachment existing between my monster and the girl. I call it mutual because it was impossible to view my snake geranium without giving it credit for life and intelligence. The girl was a queer little creature, with midnight hair and velvety eyes. She had a certain impish beauty that made me shudder. Between the girl and the geranium I came near being deviled to death.

As the weeks passed on the girl continued her visits. She grew thinner and paler, and her eyes grew larger and blacker. More than once I overheard the servants whispering that the snake geranium was killing the child. This alarmed me, and one day I told my young neighbor that the plant was poisonous, and that she must not go near it. She rather shrank from me, and with a sorrowful look, sped homeward without saying a word.

I came home unexpectedly one day, and found the girl paying a surreptitious visit to the flower. I went to her full of wrath, but was disarmed by what I saw. The poor thing had fainted, and wriggling and squirming over the side of the jar was that diabolical geranium!

I took my visitor home and told her mother all about it. We spoke with some severity to the little offender, but we thought it was for her good. I never once thought of destroying my monster.

No words can express the horror I felt the next morning when I heard that my girl neighbor was dead. She had been found lifeless and cold in bed at an early hour. Her appearance, I was told, was that of a person who had been poisoned. On the pillow was a slimy mark that resembled a serpent's trail.

When I heard this I rushed frantically out to the corner containing my geranium. One of the servants divided my purpose and followed me. In the jar we found the stalk of the plant with a few leaves attached to it, but the horrible blossom, where was it?

The snake geranium was gone. I could not utter a word. I had no inquiries to make, and I wanted to hear no explanations. I ran back to the house, but I heard the old negro cry out:

"Hit's gone! Hit done crawled ober into de next yard. I see hit's track.—Atlanta Constitution.

Wouldn't Help a Fool.

Mendicant.—"Could you help a poor man with a few cents, sir?"

Old Porter.—"Well, I don't know but I might. Are you married?"

Mendicant.—"Yes, sir."

Old P.—"Poor devil! I guess I'll have to give you a half dollar."

Mendicant.—"Yes, s'r, I have been married twice."

Old P.—"Well, then, you just skip along. I'm not wasting money on a bigged fool."—Chicago News.

OUT OF THE JAWS OF DEATH.

Count de Lavallette's Escape from the Fate of Marshal Ney—How He was Saved by His Courageous Wife.

The presence of Col. Noy in the United States as a delegate from France on the occasion of the dedication of the statue of Liberty lends an added interest to the death of the Baron de Foyet, which occurred a few days ago in this city, writes a Paris correspondent of The New York World. When Col. Noy's grandfather, Marshal Ney, "The Bravest of the Brave," was shot in 1815, with his comrades, for having given his allegiance to Napoleon after the latter's return from the island of Elba, the only one who escaped was the Count de Lavallette, father of the late baroness, who was the daughter of Emilie de Beauharnais, niece of the Empress Josephine, was at that time 21 years of age. The father, who so narrowly escaped death, was prefect of the Aude in 1832, and was drowned while fording the River Allier in 1836.

Horace Vernet, in his picture of "Evasion de la Conciergerie," has immortalized the scene in which the late baroness played so conspicuous a part. On Nov. 20, 1815, Count de Lavallette was condemned to death by the jury of the Seine, and was to be executed the following day for his allegiance to Napoleon.

His wife, accompanied by her little daughter, the late baroness, and a faithful old femme de chambre, came to the conciergerie at 3:30 P. M., and asked permission of the jailer to dine in the prison with her husband before his execution. The jailer, who was a tender-hearted man, assented, when the child begged to spend a last hour with her father. At 7 o'clock the child and the old femme de chambre appeared at the prison gate and asked the jailer to let them pass. Leaning on the arm of each was Mme. de Lavallette, her face hidden in her handkerchief. The child, who was crying bitterly, kept the attention of the jailer diverted from her mother. All the employees of the prison were present and saw the two women and the child leave. Their "identity" was established and written in the jail register.

A few minutes later the concierge entered the cell of Count de Lavallette and found there the condemned man's wife dressed in her husband's clothes. "Ah, madame," he exclaimed, "I am lost! Madame had gone for him for a while to gain time, while her daughter was leading her husband to safety. The concierge, on realizing his position, spread the news, and in a few moments the gendarmes were in full chase after Count de Lavallette. But the count, accompanied by his little daughter, had mounted a cabriolet, and was galloping toward the Belgian frontier. After many hair-breadth escapes he reached Belgian territory next day. His safe arrival in Belgium, he always said, was due to the presence of mind of his 12-year-old daughter, the late baroness.

When King Louis XVIII, newly restored to the throne and filled with hate toward the Bonapartists, heard of the count's escape he remarked to the Duc de Dunois, his prefect of police: "Mme. Lavallette and her little daughter have only done their duty." And after a pause he added: "But the chamber of deputies will say it was me who did it."

Mme. de Lavallette, her daughter, and the femme de chambre were brought to trial, and were defended by the then famous lawyer, M. Dupin. A curious feature of the trial was that the three were acquitted by the same jury that had condemned Count de Lavallette to death a few days before.

The late baroness kept Horace Vernet's picture of the "Escape" in a conspicuous part of her salon. No. 59 Rue La Rochefoucauld, for many years. Opposite was a splendid picture of the Empress Josephine and her two children, Prince Eugene and Queen Hortense, mother of Napoleon III. Among the other ornaments of the salon were a white marble bust of Napoleon I, by Canova; the field-glass which Napoleon used at the battle of Austerlitz when directing his legions; the saber of Mont-Bay, presented by the then Gen. Bonaparte to his ad-je-camp, Count de Lavallette, on the evening of the day of the battle of the Pyramids.

Mme. de Lavallette, mother of the late baroness, died in 1855, in the same mansion where her daughter died the other day. The episode of her husband's escape haunted her all her life, and a few minutes before her death she arose from her pillow, and, addressing her daughter, shrieked: "Quick! quick! I can not detain the jailer much longer!" The Baroness de Foyet, though always painfully mindful of the daring episode, could never be induced to talk about it.

When Napoleon III, came to the throne he did not forget his cousins, the Lavallettes, but Mme. de Lavallette would receive no favors from him and would have nothing to do with him. She never even visited the Tuilleries. When she died Napoleon III, sent his ad-je-camp, in full uniform, to represent him at the funeral, for which the late Baroness de Foyet simply returned a formal note of thanks. The baroness held a conspicuous place among the aristocracy of Paris, but was always noted for her aversion to luxurious display. She was much noted for her wit, amiability, and charity, and her knowledge of politics brought many politicians of all parties to her salon on reception days.

Not His Fault.

"What! you say you can't pay for your drinks?"

"That's just the size of it."

"Why, this is the most infamous swindle yet. I'll just wipe up the floor with you. I'll put the ceiling with your boots, you miserable dead beat."

While the barkeeper was partially engaged in carrying out his threats, the victim managed to say:

"Oh! shay, don't worry. Be calm. Don't tear your shirt. Don't exch to yourself unnecessarily. It ain't your fault that I haven't got the money, ish it. Taint your fault."—Texas Siftings.