

overshadowed by her daughter. The daughter; how shall I describe her! Of medium height, with a slight, willowy figure, she was the personification of grace. Her hair, black and glossy as a raven's wing, clustered in dainty ringlets about her head. With features, as clear-cut as Cameo; her face was, nevertheless, not lacking in expression, as is so often the case when the features are too regular. Her eyes, which were of unusual size, and under delicately penciled brows, were probably brown although they appeared black at night.

My heart went out to her at first sight. It was not alone for her perfect features and glorious eyes that I loved her. Mere physical beauty has no charms for me. It was the refinement and culture which was shown in her every look and action. "Here," I thought, "is one who would make a help-mate such as I have often dreamed of. Possessing not only beauty, but intelligence and education; she will be able to appreciate and respond to my every thought. Such an one I am certain to love after her beauty has fled."

I soon saw that they were looking for their carriage. As they appeared unable to find it, I decided to offer my assistance, and thus make the acquaintance which I so much desired. Accordingly I approached them, and was just about to offer my services, when she turned and addressed her companion. I leaned eagerly forward, so that not a single inflection of that sweet voice should escape me.

A slight frown appeared on her broad, fair brow. There was an anxious expression in the beautiful eyes. The sweet, red lips gathered into a delicious pout as she exclaimed: "*I don't see nothin' of it nowheres.*"

I rushed off and drowned my disappointment in a glass of soda water.

Eighty-five new stand of new rifles will be received shortly from the government arsenal at Rock Island, making 275 stand of arms in the department.

Literary.

"The strange things we do and the strange things we see, they are English, you know," Dixey used to sing. The strange thing of which I wish to speak is not English, but it is connected with something English. It is and has been for years, a mystery to me why the editors of Harper's Magazine, who display such good taste as a general rule, insist in inflicting one of George DuMaurier's impossible pictures and pointless "jokes" on a long-suffering public nearly every month. Those short-waisted, hook-nosed smirking women may exist in England, though it is doubtful; but thank heaven they do not in America, in any part of it I have visited at anyrate. Of course it may be in accord with eternal justice that we should bear part of the woes of our cousins "across the pond." Most of us however are selfish enough to leave the sight of such woebegone females entirely to them. And the jokes! Well they are bearable because the knowledge that they are intended for jokes makes them really funny. There is a story (an English one, so you may not see the point,) of a man who climbed Table Mountain in South Africa. He came down very much disgusted because "it was" he said, "no mountain at all, but just a bit of a plain stuck up in the air." That has always been my experience with DuMaurier's jokes. After I get to the place where the point ought to be it doesn't materialize. It is like the top of Table Mountain, very flat.

Speaking of pictures of English women reminds me of something even more out of place in the literary column than criticism of poor illustrations. The most striking thing at the Fair (apologies to the Hesperian for mentioning the Fair) to most of the University students, at least to the boys, was the number of pretty women. From what most of them say (I freely confess it for my part,) they spent about as much time admiring their country-women as they did looking at the exhibits. It was a great relief after fill-