

THE AUTHOR OF TRILBY.

Du Maurier's history is very peculiar. He was born just sixty years ago, in Paris, of English parents who had been French refugees during the Revolution. They wished him to be a chemist, and at twenty he had a laboratory of his own in London. But somehow the laboratory got turned into a studio. Finally, he went to Paris, studied at Diisseldorf and elsewhere, and a few years later began work in London as an illustrator. But at the very beginning of his career he had a sad accident which deprived him of his sight for a long time, and he never more than half recovered it. This, however, seems not to have interfered with his work in the least. In 1864, soon after he was thirty, his first work appeared in *Punch*, a very short time before Leech died. Naturally, he fell into Leech's place and very soon made his own reputation, and Henry James declares that then, for the first time, *Punch* got a reputation as an art as well as a comic publication. Du Maurier also drew for *The Cornhill Magazine*, representing every possible situation in the modern novel of manners. He wrote dialogues of greater or less length, and occasionally short sketches which appeared for the most part in *Punch*. But "Peter Ibbeston" was his first serious literary attempt. He wrote it at the suggestion of no publisher or editor; but simply because he wished to produce a novel to please himself. The manuscript, when finished, was sent to *Harper's Monthly* and accepted. Of course "Trilby" was the natural result of the first success. One imagines it as a realistic and truthful account of his own experience in the art schools of Paris in his early twenties. Everything is natural enough and truthful enough, though there is such a sentimental glamour as memory is likely to give to events that happened more than thirty years before.

PROVING THE POINT.

The prosecuting attorney in the breach of promise case thought he would make life a burden to the unfortunate young man who was the unwilling defendant.

"Do you mean to say," he asked, after a lot of embarrassing questions, "that after you had been absent for an entire month, you did not kiss the plaintiff, to whom you were engaged to be married, when you first saw her on your return?"

"I do," responded the defendant firmly.

"Will you make that statement to the jury?"

"Certainly, if necessary."

"Do you think they would believe you?"

"One of them would, I know."

"Ah, indeed. And why should he, pray?"

"Because he was present when I first saw her. He was at the gate when I rode up, and she stuck her head out of the second story window, and I told her 'how d'ye,' and said I'd be back to supper in half an hour. I'm no giraffee," and everybody in the court room smiled except the attorney.

A HINDOO POEM.

A Hindoo died—a happy thing to do—
When 50 years united to a shrew,
Released, he hopefully for entrance cries
Before the Gates of Brahma's Paradise
"Hast been through Purgatory?" Brahma said,
"I have been married!" and he flung his head.
"Come in! come in! and welcome, too, my son!
Marriage and Purgatory are as one."
In bliss extreme he entered Heaven's door,
And knew the bliss he ne'er had seen before.
He scarce had entered in the garden fair,
Another Hindoo asked admission there.
The selfsame question Brahma asked again:
"Hast been through Purgatory?" No. What then?"
"Thou canst not enter;" did the god reply.
"He who went in was there no more than I."
"All that is true, but he has married been,
And so on earth has suffered for his sin."
"Married? 'Tis well, for I've been married twice."
"Begone! We'll have no fools in Paradise."

"WHY HE ASKED FOR A VAGATION."

"Dear Jack: It's delightfully gay here—
Old Paris seemed never so fine—
And mamma says we'er going to stay here,
And papa—well, papa sips his wine
And says nothing. You know him of old, dear,
He's only too happy to rest,
After making three millions in gold, dear;
He's played out, it must be confessed;
And I—I'm to wed an old baron
Three weeks from today, in great style
(He's as homely and gaunt as old Charon,
And they say that his past has been vile);
And I've promised to cut you hereafter—
Small chance, though, we ever shall meet—
So let's turn our old love into laughter,
And face the thing through. Shall we, sweet?
Can you give me up, Jack, to this roue.
Just because we may always be poor?
There's still enough time, dear, et tu es
Un brave—you will come, I am sure.
Put your trunk on the swiftest Cunarder,
And don't give me up, Jack, for—well,
There are things in this world that are harder
Than poverty. Come to me! NELL.—Tom Hall.

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