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AN OPTICAL ILLUSION.

As sweet as love first spoken, And fair as the lily's pose, She stands in the window looking out When the day is at its close.

She's half concealed in the curtain. And I, in the twilight haze, Am watching the sun's last splendor die And tint her cheek with its rays.

Her eyes, like a limpid current, Reflect while past me steal The calm of a heart inured to pain, Or the peace of a promised weak

I fancy her lips like rose leaves, Fresh curled at the wake of day, When the dew comes out from the sw

hawn grass To honey them with its spray.

Her throat's adorned by a necklace, She must be dressed for the ball, And, tos, her coffdre is powder'd white, And o'er her shoulder's a shawl.

The sun has sunk in its setting—
That circle which bands the skies—
And stilly drop the curtains of night
Till my vision numbs my eyes.

But still she does not see me-Intent on my evining star. Like a Venus there in the new moon's light She beams so near and yet so far.

When, lo, the room is lighted, And the candelabra's gleam
Reveals a "statue" of Venus there—
"All things are not what they seem."
—Robert Pitcher Woodward.

#### JACQUITA.

Midway between Enrope and Africa, its shores washed by the blue waters of the Mediterranean, lies the little island of Minorca. Out of the beaten line of travel, overlooked by energetic tourists. it holds its only direct communication with civilization through tramp steamers and an occasional yacht.

Minorca has well nigh forgotten the outside world, and with true southern indolence dreams over its own petty interests unless wakened to sudden but evanescent activity by some event out of the common.

The largest city-Port Mahon-clam bers up and down the cliffs of its lovely harbor in an aimless way, and on first approaching two things strike you, the dazzling whiteness against the intense blue of sea and sky and the monotony of the flat roofed, chimneyless houses.

The cobble paved streets are marvelously clean, and the people, in their quaint, gay costumes, stand out with picturesque effect against the stuccoed walls which line the way.

On a cliff overhanging the harbor and the city is a plaza called the Alameda,

where a few ilex trees afford a grateful shade. On one of the low stone benches many a pleasant hour may be dreamed away, watching the shadows chase each other over the swelling hills and mead-ows beyond. Now and again the soft wind wafts perfame from the almond blossoms which lie like flakes of snow on the bare fields stretching away to the blue water.

One evening not long ago a young girl was seated on the low wall watch-ing the sun shaking in the cloudless sky. The usual three cornered mantilla draped her graceful head, and her long, slender fingers toyed with the ends hanging over her shoulders. She represented one of the better class, with the intense southern beauty of the peasant idealized. Her black hair waved R. A Simpson, off a low forehead, guiltless of the pointed "friz" which disfigured the face of those who ape the Parisian fashince of those who ape the Parisian fash-ion. Her brows were heavy, and her dark eyes, riveted on the harbor below, seemed to reflect the sunset light. She was watching a large yacht which, with all sails set, was gliding slowly, like some stately bird, to its anchorage.

The rattling of the anchor chains roused her and broke the long silence which she had so persistently maintained with her companion, a young man of Spanish type. A mixture of northern blood lightened his olive complexion and refined his sensuous southern features. His waist was circled by a red sash, and his workworn hands twisted a bright colored turban, fashioned from a large handkerchief.

His passionate gaze contrasted strangely with the girl's indifference.
"La Bella Jacquita" she was called, and well did she deserve her name! What was he that he should win her,

Jacquita looked up and smiled. As when the sun, breaking through the clouds, bathes the fields in warmth and light, so did that smile transfigure

the girl's fair face. The distant church clock struck 6. Rising, she drew the folds of her man-

Rising, she drew the folds of her mantilla closer, and lifting her eyes to his said softly, "A Riverdel, Felipe!"

His gaze met hers—pride, anger, passion in his eyes. Mastering his excitement, he spoke: "Jacquita, be careful! I am not like those silly lads who come and go at a girl's nod. Today I offer you my life, my heart! A man's dearest. you my life, my heart! A man's dearest

hopes and desires have I laid bare. How have you answered?"

He waited. Jacquita pushed the gravel petulantly with her foot, watch-

ing the pebbles fly, with a half mocking smile on her lips. Again he spoke:

"I know you are 'La Bella' of Mahon, but I, too, have pride! Keep your scores of admirers, but know that from today there is one less—one man more is nothing in the tale of your conquests. You are 'La Bella,' and the man who makes you love him must needs be more than human—stronger than Felipe. Never again will I be ridiculed, mocked,

as I have been today!"

Jacquita trembled slightly, but sell smiled. She waited. Then, looking up, she said, "Felipe, I am sorry"— but

Next day the party from the yacht made the tour of the town. A little boy a sailor suit, his golden curls waving under his white cap, he formed a strong contrast to the dark skinned children who stared as he passed them by. A

pretty blond girl followed with an elderly gentleman, and as she went along Jacquita, seeing her exquisite fairness, thought, "The angels must look like

All that day Felipe came not, and the speech of gentle reproof which Jacquita had prepared was not delivered. She began to wonder whether she had bet-ter accept him. The fun would then be over, but—supposing the other thing! Life would be as nothing with Felipe left out!

Evening came and found Jacquita and her mother seated at their door conversing with the seighbors, leaning out of window or strolling past. The "summer-winter," as they call our "Indian summer," lingered late that year.

A group gathered, among them Francesca, the rival beauty. She was larger in every way than Jacquita. To many she was more attractive, being less chary of her brilliant smiles and jests.

"Hast heard the news?" she was saying. "As the 'Inglesi' were walking back to the yacht this afternoon down on the quay the little boy, catch-Evening came and found Jacquita

on the quay the little boy, catching sight of a large dog ahead, ran after him along the edge of the water. Suddenly, 'Ah, Santissima Maria!' he cried out—and then the wa-ter closed over him! Félipe was there and jumped in after him. There was no danger," she added, glancing mali-ciously at Jacquita's pale face, "and in a moment more he was being embraced by the paetty young lady. But Felipe! Milord overwhelmed him with thanks, offered him money, which the fool re-fused, and finally asked if he knew the sea and would care to come with him as a sailor. For a moment Felipe hesitated, but'—and here the bright look on Jacquita's face faded—"he finally said, 'Yes, Milord,' and so he goes tomorrow! Ah, but he is a brave lad, that Felipe, and a lucky one! Some of us will care, but to those who have no hearts"—and here she glanced coldly at the girl sitting silent beside her—"to those it will make no difference."

Just then Felipe himself sauntered up. There was a difference between this nonchalent young sailor, bearing his honors so lightly, and the passionate lover of the night before. "Good luck, Felipe!" some one called, and Francesca,

Felipe!" some one called, and Francesca, again the spokeswoman, cried, "Your fame has flown before you, and your good fortune makes us envious."

Felipe turned to Jacquita. She was talking animatedly to a young fellow beside her—seemingly oblivious of all else. Felipe's face darkened. Then, laughing, he turned, saying: "Come, friends, let us have a merry time on this our last night together. Come, drink our last night together. Come, drink my health and prosperity with me!" "Si! Si!" they answered.

Jacquita alone declined. She was 'too tired,' she said haughtily. Francesca, shrugging her shoulders, mur-mured: "One of her ugly moods! San-

mured: "One of her ugly moods! Santissima—what a temper!"

Jacquita listened to the setreating feotsteps, and her downsast eyes filled with tears, why, she would not own to herself. A quick step sounded, a voice said, "Jacquita!" Something — false prido perhaps or fear lest Felipe should see her weeping—held down her eyes, but she smiled.

"Then didst not say 'Addio,' or even

"Thou didst not say 'Addio,' or even a lucky wish, Jacquita!" Silence, then a smothered oath broke from his lips, and ere she could frame the words of farewell still lingering on her tongue she heard him striding down the street. As he turned the corner, smatches of a waltz—one of Francesca's favorites—came floating back to her.

Early the next morning, while the

Alameda yet lay wrapped in sleep, a girl leaned over the sea wall, gazing with burning eyes at the beautiful boat be-low. The bustle of departure reached her straining ears, and she saw a row-boat speed out to the ship. A cheer rose from those on shore as with a final pull the anchor was hauled aboard. The broad sails filled slowly, and she slipped away as silently as she came-away into the purple mists of the morning, away, and bearing with her a whole life's grief

and disappointment.

"'La Bella Jacquita' is going daft,"
cries Francesca as every night the girl
walks to the Alameda, watching for a

boat that never comes.

One evening she sat gazing at a tramp steamer just anchored. She recalled that other night, and the boat now so far away. Alas for the pride of "La Bella of Mahon!" The setting sun covered her with its golden light. Her dark eyes grow larger with unshed tears. Then a voice said softly, "I have come back to see if thou wilt yet say 'Addio,' mia Jacquita!" — Raymond Hunt in Ro-

Names of Mining Claims. "In traveling through the mining region of Colorado one is often surprised and amused at the queer and fanciful names given by the miners to their claims and mines," said a Denver man. "Down in a deep gulch I came upon a brawny, full bearded man wielding a pick vigorously in the tunnel of the 'Baby Belle' mine. Near by was the 'Girl I Left Behind Me,' owned by a handsome, strapping young fellow, who no doubt had many happy, helpful thoughts of the girl he had left behind thoughts of the girl he had left behind him while working eagerly and hope-fully on the claim that might make them both rich. In another gulch were claims called 'Little Sassbox,' 'Daddy's Delight,' 'The Pzetty Polly Pemberton,' 'Thompson's Mulc,' 'Starvation,' 'Bust-ed' and numerous other claims whose names were equally interesting. The owners of these claims are likely to be ouite as happy without as with the for-Felipe had gone.

That night Jacquita wept with fear, excitement and the triumph of having brought Felipe so low as to beg her as he had done that evening. "He will return," thought she. "They always do."

Next day the party from the yacht made the tour of the series of these claims are likely to be quite as happy without as with the fortunes for which they seek. In many cases they are better off seeking wealth than they would be in the sudden possession of it."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

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