

some one I love better, as you know."

"Does she know, this poor betrayed,

"Certainly not. It would only-dis-

"It is infamous!" exclaimed Sera-

"Not at all," he answered, "She is

When the time comes, and it

very happy in her ignorance, I assure

her the truth and she will quietly go.

There was a long pause. Scraphine

continued to smoke her elgarette and

to glance from time to time with no

very admiring eagerness at her com-

panion. It was clear that the frank

confession of his villainy had not

raised him in her esteem. Seeing her

coldness, and anxious to change the

subject, he rang for the waiter and or-

dered the bill. While that document

was being prepared he opened his

purse and looked into it. The act

seemed to remind him of something he

had forgotten. He felt in the pocket

of his coat, and drew forth a small

Seraphine glanced up carelessly.

"I have something to show you," he

"It is this," replied Caussidiere,open-

ing the box and showing a gold brace-

let richly wrought. "Do you think

it pretty? Stay! Let me try it on your

So saying, he clasped the bracelet on

Seraphine's left wrist. Holding out

her arm, she looked at it with assumed

carelessness, but secret pleasure, for she

was a true daughter of the theater

"I see," she said, slyly, "A little pres-

"No, thank you. Please take it

"Then I will throw it into the

er, there was very little left in the

"You will wear the bracelet for my

sake," said Caussidiere, softly, as he

assisted theactress to put on her cloak.

without attempting to take the brace-

let off. "Apropos, Leon, where do you

get your money? You do not work

much, I think, and yet you spend your

cash, sometimes like an English mi-

"I wish I were twenty times as rich

He drew her toward him and kissed

her on the lips. The present of the

bracelet had prevailed, and she suffered

the salute patiently; but there was an

expression in her face which showed

that she rated her admirer exactly at

A few minutes later Caussidiere, with

the actress hanging on his arm, gayly

CHAPTER XXVIII.

tist's studio-a grimy enough apart-

ment, situated in a back street in the

She was posing for the benefit of the

artist immediately in front of her, but

her eyes were fixed not upon him, but

upon the figure of a young man who

was working hard at the other end of

the room. Ever since she first came to

had watched the young man very cu-

His behavior interested her. He

seldom spoke, but worked at his pic-

ture with quiet pertinacity. Presently

the young fellow dropped his brush and

walked sliently from the room. Adele

"Who is your friend, monsieur?" she

The artist, deeply engaged in his

work, failed at first to notice her ques-

"Yes; the young man who works al-

"Naturally, monsieur, since he zhares

your studio. But where does he come

"Who is he?" she asked again.

turned her eyes upon her companion.

neighborhood of the Madeleine.

N the morning aft-

er her strange in-

terview with Mar-

jorie, Adele of the

Mouche d'Or.

dressed in the wild-

ly extravagant cos-

tume of a petro-

leuse, and holding

a flaming torch in

standing in an ar-

was

her hand.

for your sake!" cried Caussidiere, evad-

ing the question. "Ah, my Seraphine

"No, no," answered Seraphine, but

and loved ornament of any kind.

ent for madame!"

will accept it."

to another.

street!

purse

lor.

I adore you!"

his true worth.

quitted the cafe.

riously.

asked abruptly.

is a child, too, is there not?"

what you have just told me?"

tress her!"

phine

vou.

home."

cardboard box.

said, smiling.

arm!

What is it, pray?"

"Yes," replied Caussidiere.

CHAPTER XXVII. - (CONTINUED.) tered, being no other than the fairy according to the French law. prince he had admired so much from the first. Seen closely, she was a young woman of about five-and-twenty, with bold, black eyes, and a petulant mouth, away. significant of ill-temper. Directly she saw him she tossed her head and made in your heart. I tell you, Leon, I am a grimace.

"So it is you!" she cried. "I thought

you were dead, and buried." "And you did not mourn me?" returned Caussidiere, softly, with his most winning smile. "Wel!, I have come to ask you to sup with me tonight at the Cafe des Trente Etolles."

"I shall not come! I am engaged!" "Nonsense, Scraphine! You will come.'

"Of course she will come," cried the low comedian, breaking in. "My children, live in amity while you can, and drink of the best, for the Germans are approaching. Papa Corbert commands you-be merry, my children, while you may. Seraphine, Caussidiere is a king tonight; you will join him and drink confusion to the enemies of France."

"Why did you not come before?" demanded Seraphine, sharply. "It is a week since I have seen you. Were you nursing the baby at home?"

"Ah, Caussidiere is a model husband," exclaimedMademoiselleBlanche; "he rocks the cradle and goes to bed at

"Ladies," said Corbert, with mock solemnity, "I conjure you not to jest on such a subject. I am a family man myself, as you are aware. Respect the altar! Venerate the household! And since the Germans are approaching-

"Bother the Germans!" interrupted Seraphine. "Let them come and burn Paris to the ground. I should not care. I tell you, Caussidiere, I have an engagement.'

"Don't believe her!" cried Corbert. "Seraphine will sup with you. She loves Brunet's oyster pates too well to deny you. Think of it, my child! A little supper for two, with Chambertin that has just felt the fire, and cham-.

An hour later Caussidiere and Mademoiselle Seraphine were seated in one of the cabinets of the Cafe des Trente Etoiles amicably discussing their little

When the meal was done and the waiter had brought in the coffee, the pair sat side by side, and Caussidiere's arm stole round the lady's waist.

"Take your arm away," she cried, laughing. "What would Madame Caus-

sidiere say if she saw you?" Caussidiere's face darkened

"Never mind her," he returned. "Ah, but I do mind! You are a bad man, and should be at home with your wife. Tell me, Caussidiere," she continued, watching him keenly, "does she

know how you pass the time?" "She neither knows nor heeds," replied Caussidiere. "She is a child, and stupid, and does not concern herself with what she does not understand."

Seraphine's manner changed. The smile passed from her face, and the corners of her petulant mouth came down. Frowning, she lighted a cigarette, and, leaning back, watched the thin blue wreaths of smoke as they curled up toward the ceiling.

"What are you thinking of?" asked Caussidiere, tenderly.

"I am thinking-"Yes."

"That you are incorrigible, and no: to be trusted; you have given this person your name, and I believe she is your wife after all; and if that is so, what will become of your promises to me? I am a fool, I believe, to waste my time on such a man."

"Seraphine!"

"Is she your wife, or is she not?"

"She is not, my angel." "Then you are free! Answer me truly; no falsehoods, if you please."

"I will tell you the simple truth," replied Caussidiere, sinking his voice and nervously glancing toward the door. "In one sense, look you, I am married; in another, I am not married at all."

"What nonsense you talk! Do you think I am insane?"

"I think you are an angel." "Pshaw! Take your arm away."

"Listen to me, Seraphine. The affair is very simple, as I will show you." "Bien! Go on!"

"In a moment of impulse, for reasons

which I need not explain, I married her of whom you speak, according to the English law. It was a foolish match, I grant you, and I have often repented it from the moment when I met you." 'Apres?" murmured Seraphine, with

a contemptuous shrug of her little shoulders. "Apres? Well, the affair is clear

enough. I am a French citizen, my Seraphine!"

He looked at her smilingly, with an expression of wicked meaning. She returned the look, laughing petulant-

"What of that?" she asked.

"Do you not perceive? So long as I remain in my mother country, where no ceremony has taken place, this person is not my wife at all. The law is very convenient, is it not? A marriage in England with an English subject is no marriage unless it has been properly ratified in France."

to know concerning him?" The girl shrugged her shoulders.

"Wish to know!" she exclaimed, "Ma foi! I have no wish to know, monsieur."

"Then I don't mind telling you. He is a countryman of mine. He was born in a village near where I was born. I knew him when he was a boy; and when he came to Paris a few months ago, determined to work hard and compelled to live on slender means, I offered to share my studio with him. and he is here. There, you have lost "It is abominable. Why do you not your fierce look and got quite a tame Presently the object of his search en- | do what is right, and acknowledge her | one into your eyes. You see no longer a wild creature of the Revolution. You are also stiff. I perceive. Take a few "For a very good reason. There is turns about the rooms, mademoiselle, But the actress drew herself angrily then we will go on."

The artist walked over to a table littered with all kinds of debris, filled a "You love no one. You have no love well-colored briar-root pipe, and began sorry for her and for her child. There to smoke.

He was a tall man, slight in build, rather good-looking, but very carelessly dressed; when he walked, he did so with a slight limp, though he appeared to have well-knit limbs; and when he spoke French, he did so with a very strong insular accentuation. From himself Adele had learned nothing of his personal history, for he was chary of giving that kind of information, and at times more inclined to work may come when you please, I will tell than talk.

Having received permission to rest. Adele shook herself like a young papther, and leaped lightly from the rostrum, while her employer, having lit his pipe, strolled off and left her in half to himself: "Phyllis would like sole possession of the studio. She stood for a moment to stretch her limbs, already cramped with posing, then strolled thoughtfully to the further end of the studio, where the younger of the two men had been which he worked so assiduously, covered with a green fold of baize. Adele longed to have a peep at it. She listened; returned to the door; there was no sound; then she ran lightly across the room, lifted the loose baize and exposed the picture to full view.

"Holy Mother!" she exclaimed, starting back with raised eyebrows and hands.

"You are startled, mademoiselle," said a voice. "Do you consider the

picture a bad one?" Adele turned and saw her employer gazing at her from the threshold of the room.

"If you please," he continued, advancing, "we will return to our work. Your face has got some expression now; the rest has done you good."

Without a word she turned from the picture, mounted her rostrum and fell

into her accustomed pose. "Diable! No, it is for you-if you For a time the artist worked again silently, and Adele, glancing from him you're a knowin' old cove, aren't you?" to the picture, seemed deliberating as away. I will not take what belongs to what she should do.

Presently she spoke. 'How long has he been in Paris?" At this moment the waiter returned movement of her head the person who with the bill. It amounted to a considerable sum, and when Caussidiere had usually occupied the other end of the settled it, and liberally feed the bring- room.

"Several months, as I informed ou," returned the artist, without

ing up from his work. "Who is his model?"

"Which one?"

"For that picture."

"No one. He paints from memory. "Ah, then, he has known her? He is a compatriot of madame?"

"Of whom?" "Of the original of that picture-

Madame Caussidiere." "Ah, you think you trace a likeness

to a friend." "I do not think it, monsieur; I know it. It is madame, not as she is now -ah, no-but as she must have been years ago, before she married that

chouan of a Caussidiere!" (TO BE CONTINUED.)

HAND TO MOUTH.

In America People Leave Nothing for

Their Children to Spend. In America it is the custom-very nearly the universal custom-for par- and stammered: "Do I understand you ents to spend upon the luxuries and to ask me if I know anything about pleasures of the family life the whole love philters?" income, says the North American Review. The children are educated ac- genially. "I want a love poshin to give cording to this standard of expenditure and are accustomed to all its privileges. No thought is taken of the time when they must set up households for themselves almost invariably upon a very different scale from the one to which they have been used. To the American parent this seems only a natural downfall. They remark cheerfully that they themselves began in a small way and it will do the young people no harm to acquire a similar experience, forgetting that in most cases their children have been educated to a much higher standard of ease than that of their own early life. They do not consider it obligatory to leave anything to their children at death. They have used all they could accumulate during their own lifetimethe studio, just three days before, Adele let their children do the same. The rethree generations from shirt sleeves to of them old books?" shirt sleeves." The man who acquires wealth spends what he makes. His gle unsuccessfully against conditions to her chair and said abruptly: which they are unused, and the grandchildren begin in their shirt sleeves to toil for the wealth dissipated by the fore you need no love philters. Believe two preceding generations.

Negro Marvel.

of age, living near Savoyard, Ky., has and is always up in algebra, geometry, astronomy, calculus, and the continued: higher branches. He is said to be a many respects



HE scholar sat in his study before his writing table, but he did not write. He leant his elbow on the table and his head on his hand, and he was thinking of Phyllis far away in Ral Pindi with her husband. The table was piled

with books several stood open invitingly- and a fair white sheet of paper lay on his blotting-pad-but he did not write

Presently Jakes opened the door and said: "There's a young woman, sir, asking to see you; shall I say you're engaged?"

"A young woman, Jakes?" queried the scholar. "What sort of a young woman, and from whence?" "Well, sir," and Jakes closed the door

behind him, "I do think she's from the circus as is on the village green." "From the circus!" repeated the schelar. "What can she want?"

"She won't give no name nor yet no message, sir. Shall I say that you're engaged, sir?" Jakes considered it the "height of

Impudence" that a bussy from the circus should dare ask to see his master, and longed to send her about her business. Fine doings indeed for such as she to be asking for gentemen, as bold as brass!

The scholar pondered, then he said, me to see her-she was always kind Jakes, you can show her in."

Jakes departed, much displeased, and presently ushered a young woman into the room and shut the door after her carefully, and in a fashion that said as working. There stood the picture at plainly as possible. "Well, I wash my

hands of this footbardy proceeding." The young woman advanced into the middle of the room and then stood awkwardly and said nothing. She was a tall, slight girl, attired in a variety of garments, startling in bue, and having apparently no connection with one another. Her hair was brushed about her forehead and stuck out in a series of large "rolls" behind. The hair was crowned by a hat of portentous size adorned by several rather dejectedlooking feathers. But under the furzebush of hair the face was oval and almost beautiful in its regularity of feature and pure color.

The scholar rose and bowed, then with old-fashioned courtesy he set a chair for her, and having seen her seated, murmured something shyly as "to what he was indebted for the pleasure of this visit?"

The girl stared at him with wide blue eyes, then said abruptly: "I say,

The scholar started a little at this description of himself, and waved his hands in deprecating wise. The girl went on: "I've 'eard in the village as she said, indicating by a sidelong you are always a-s'udyin' old books, and knows all sorts of heathenish lingo; now do you know 'ow to make a love poshin?"

The scholar gazed at her in speechless astonishment, then he grasped the



"CAN YOU MAKE A LOVE POSHIN? edge of his writing-table for support

"Yes, that's the ticket!" said the girl my young man. 'E's been and took up with Mad'selle Leonore, what does the trials of strength, and I wants to bring 'im back to me. You give me the perskiption and I'll ask the galipot to make it up. I was sure as you'd know."

The scholar felt quite sorry for her when he realized the disappointment he was about to inflict, she smiled so prettily and looked so pleased. shook his head, then he said gently: "I'm afraid I am quite unable to help you in this matter. I know nothing of such things, neither do I believe that they can have the smallest effect."

"But I thought you was always a-studyin' ancient days," said the girl in an argumentative voice, leaning forward in her chair. "Do think-in some of them old books" (waving her hand sults of the system are cyrstallized in in the direction of the book-lined the American saying, "There are but walls). "Ain't there semethink in some

"I fear not," said the scholar almost sadly, she was so eager, so much is children, brought up in luxury, strug- earnest. The girl drew herself up in "I'm a honest girl, I am.

> "That I am sure you are, and thereme, you are quite pretty and good enough to inspire love, an honest love, without recourse to magic." The

J. R. Thompson, a negro boy, 11 years scholar spoke persuasively. his voice was very gentle and his manner courtalready mastered the common school ly. The girl winked her wide blue eyes rudiments of his scholastic education, and made a little swallowing motion with her throat, then she coughed and "My father's brought us up strict, 'e

women; and if we was light 'e'd lay deaths.

moiselle," he said. "What do you wish "WHO MAKETH ALL." the 'orse w'ip about our shoulders, 'e

There was silence for a minute in the big library, then the scholar said gent-"Why do you want a love philter? Is the man you are engaged to fickle?"

Well, 'e runs after Mad'selle Leonore, and I can't stand it, and I rates 'im, and 'e laughs at me, and I'm beastly miserable, Lam!

The girl's voice broke, and great tears rolled down her cheeks. The scholar was much distressed. He was a very learned man, and instructed in the best wisdom of many lands, but he had also studied diligently a book that it requires no great erudition to understand, but only what is quite as rare, a humble heart. A certain saying in that book which runs: "But thou hast mercy upon all, and winkest at the sins of men, because they should amend." came into his mind, and the trouble of this poor circus girl was very real to him. She wiped her eves with a gaylybordered pocket-handkerchief, and said:

"What would a lidy do?" The scholar pondered for a moment, then said diffidently, and with extreme shyness: "I think that she would not show that she minded. That she would try to be always sweet and goodtempered and gracious, above all to Madam What's-her-name. Don't let him think himself so precious, my child. We all value what is hard to obtain. He's too sure of you or he wouldn't tease you. If you are wise, and if he is worth having-if he's worthy of you and of your good father, you'll find that all this nonsense will

come to an end as a tale that is told." It was a long speech for the scholar to make; he flushed a little as he made it, and the circus girl gazed at him ad-

miringly, exclaiming: You are a knowin' old cove!" The scholar shook his head and said humbly: "I fear I am ignorant in these matters. I have only known three

mother, my wife, and my daughter." "Is that what your daughter did-the young lidy as is just married?" she asked eagerly .

women intimately in my life-my

"I don't know what she did," answered the scholar gently; and indeed it was true, for the engagement had come upon him as a bolt from the blue while he was thinking of Phyllis as still in pinafores.

'Was she very 'ard to please?" persisted the girl.

Had Phyilis been hard to please? the scholar asked himself. He did not know. It had not taken long to please her, anyhow; so he said: "I don't know if she was hard to please, but I know that whatever she did was right and sweet and womanly, and you can do all that yourself my dear."

"I wish I was a lidy!" sighed the circus girl; "but father says as one can be as good a girl in a troupe as if one was a scripture reader, 'e do. I see as you're a sky pilot by yer choker. What do you say?"

"I quite agree with your father; he must be a most sensible man, and I wish I knew him. Believe me, a circus lady can be just as useful a lady as any other if she will only try, and I am sure you'll try."

The girl rose from her seat, so did he scholar; she held out her hand to him and he took it, and the old man and the girl looked into each other's

"Good-bye," said the girl; "I'm glad came, though you are so ignorant about love poshins!"

"I'm very glad you came," said the scholar heartily; "and, believe me, you need no 'love poshins,' you are quite charming enough without!" The girl flushed up to the roots of the furzebrush. Then the scholar said: "Would you like some roses?" The girl said: 'Please, sir," in the shyest, smallest voice, and the scholar held the door open for her to pass out. Then he followed her across the hall and through the open front door. He took his pruning-knife from his pocket and he cut her a great bunch of the roses that were famed throughout the county, then he walked down the drive with her, and at the lodge gate he bade her good-bye,

She started down the road, and then ooking back and seeing him still standing at the gate, she ran back, saying breathlessly: "I wish you'd come and see me ride. I can jump through the 'oops beautifu', I can: I should like to show yer."

but he shook his head, saying: "I'm getting an old man, my dear; I hardly ever go out at night." "But there's a matinee—an afternoon

The scholar's eyes were very kind.

show"—she explained, "this afternoon." The scholar wavered, then the be-

seeching blue eyes caught his and held them. "Phyllis would like me to," he murmured; then-"I will come and see you ride this afternoon." "I shall look out for you, mind," said

the girl; "don't you forget!" The scholar did not forget-he went!

Windsor Magazine.

Six Fingered Monkeys.

New York Sun: In several places in Cape Colony and the Orange Free State of South Africa caves have been discovered which yielded hundrads of mummified remains of a queer species of six-fingered monkeys. All of the full-grown specimens of this remarkable race have the tail situated high up on the back-from three to five inches higher up than on the modern monkey-and other distinguishing marks, such as two sets of canine teeth, beards on the male, etc.

A High Death Rate.

Of the thirty-eight sultans who have ruled the Ottoman empire since the conquest of Constantinople by the lightning calculator, and a marvel in 'have. 'E doan't 'old with swearin' for Turks thirty-four have died violent

WHAT THE LAW DECIDES.

A contract extending the .nonopoly of a patent to an unpatented and unpatentable article necessary to the operation of a patented machine by a provision that this article shall bebought exclusively from the patentee is sustained by the United States court.

A patrol of strikers in front of a factory is held in Vegelahuv vs. Guntner (Mass.) 35 L. R. A. 722, to be a private nuisance when instituted for the purpose of interfering with the business, and it is no justification that the motive or purpose of the strikers is to secure better wages.

A statute authorizing the killing of animals found neglected or abandoned, or which have become useless because of injuries, disease or age, is neld, in Loesch vs. Koehler (Ind.) 35 L. R. A. 682, to be unconstitutional as depriving the owner of property without due process of law so far as it permits such killing without notice to him.

The power of a district attorney to enter a nolle prosequi after the conviction of the accused is completed is denied, in State, ex rel. Butler vs. Moise (La.) 35 L. R. A. 701. The annotation carefully analyzes the authorities as to the power of a public prosecutor to dismiss a prosecution.

The right of an attachment creditor to have a prior attachment set aside because it was without legal grounds and based on a false affidavit, and was permitted by the debtor to give a preference, was denied in Blaser Bros, vs. First National bank (Ark.) 35 L. R. A. 765. But an attachment issued upon a debt not due was held, in Davis vs. H. B. Claffin Co. (Ark.) 35 L. R. A. 776, to be subject to attack by a junior attaching creditor, where the statute did not authorize attachment for debts not due under the circumstances of that case. With these cases is a very extensive note reviewing the decisions on the right of creditors to question the validity of attachment.

Imprisonment for more than 2,160 days in default of paying fines aggregating \$720, for the violation of an ordinance respecting trespass upon public parks, is held, in State, ex rel. Garvey vs. Whitaker (La.) 35 L. R. A. 561, to constitute unusual and unreasonable punishment, where it appears that the accused, upon what was essentially one complaint, was found guilty of seventy-two distinct violations of the ordinance within 1 hour and 40 minutes. In the annotation to this case a very great number of decisions on cruel and unusual punish. ment are reviewed

EYES ON QUEER PLACES.

Primitive eyes appear in animals very low in the scale of life. The most remarkable instance of these early organs of sight is in the jelly-fish, around whose umbrella-shaped body are certain little cell-like organs, which are said to be rudimentary eyes.

The snail carries its eyes in telescopic watch-towers; this animal is for the most part nocturnal, and its vision is in a comparatively high grade of development. The eyes are situated at the tips of the "horn" or "feeler" and actual observation has proved that the tiny creature can note a white ball at the distance of two feet.

The periopphthalmus, a fish of China, Japan, India, the Malayan archipelago and eastern Africa, is probably the oddest of creatures with its eyes out of place. The poor fish gets its name from its eyes; all the terrible cognomen means after all is roundeyed. These organs are very large and prominent, and possess, for a fish, the rare property of looking around on all sides; they are situated at the top of the animal's head. This fish is peculiar also in that it hops out of water to pursue its prey, jerking along on its pectoral fins and breathing the oxygen from quantities of water which it has stored up in its immense gillcavities.

There is alive today a little creature which rejoices in a third eye, directly in the middle of its forehead; it is a lizard, called the calotis. A tree lizard found in the mountains of East Tennessee and Kentucky, and called by the natives the "singing scorpion," reveals a third eye, when it is dissected, just underneath the skin, showing a lens, retina and optic nerve.

A Negress Attorney.

Lutie A. Little, a 23-year-old negress, with bright, round face and intelligent eye, entered the criminal court at Memphis, Tenn., one day last week, with all the aplomb of an old practitioner and presented her duly authenticated claims to the privilege of practicing law in the courts of Tennessee. She was admitted without a question. She is the first representative of her sex of any color to be admitted to the bar of Tennessee. She is the only colored woman in the south licensed to practice law. She is the only living colored woman in the United States probably in the world, a member of the bar.

Mutual Benefit.

"Did your husband's wheel trip do him good?" "Yes, and it did me good, too. didn't have to help him clean his wheel

for three weeks."-Detroit Free Press,

The Rod of Iron.

Inexperienced Maiden-But tell me who really rules the household-you or your husband? Experienced Matron -Neither, dear-mamma lives with us, you known.

"Oh, but you are traitreux," she cried.

The artist smiled. "You seem curious about him, made-

ways and never speaks."

'He is a friend.'

from?"