

**THREE PROPOSALS.**



**H**OW many lumps?" she asked anxiously. "One, two, three?"

She holds my fate with my cup in her fair hands.

I see the slow juices of the Florida cane rising from the moist earth under the sun's compelling kiss. I hear a rustling among the yellow stalks of sorghum as the wind waves their silken tassels. Visions of blood red beets, dissolved in the lecher of their souls, visit me. Verily, all these are sugar. And yet—these are not all!

"Three," I make shift to reply, regarding her gravely as she poised the old Dutch sugar tongs tentatively over my cup.

As she offers the Assam-Pekoe in its jeweled bauble of a chalice, a wave of the fragrant liquor overflows upon my wrist.

"Oh, I have hurt you!" she cries, "Irremediably," I reply. The word, as I utter it, staggers with significance. She lifts her eyes, under puzzled brows, to mine.

"Surely," she hazards, softly, "the pain will soon be gone?"

"It is undying," I aver solemnly, "and yet," I add, "I cherish it."

"Then I may give you another brimming cup, since you woe pain?"

Alas, might she not have said more truly, "Since you woe painfully,"

"No, I will have no more tea."

"I may give you coffee, then?"

"Nor coffee."

"Chocolate?" Her hand rests upon the fantastic lid of the silver box which contains the perfumed powder. She has lifted the carved handle of an apostle spoon to her lips. At the sight my passion breaks its bounds. I bend over her until my breath stirs the lock of hair in its warm resting place on the nape of her white neck.

"Would you care a dead apostle with a living disciple so near?" I whisper.

Her answer comes so low that I am fain to ask for it again, and yet again. The apostle hears it, and laughs in his long beard.

For has not he, too, been kissed?

**II.**

A shadow from the old church tower falls upon two figures, the shadow of a cross.

Within their walled garden mission priests chant midnight prayers for souls in purgatory.

Betty's black eyes burn, her breath comes fast; she is young and bold.

As she leans against a slender cottonwood, the south wind whispers to its heart-shaped leaves, and the girl thrills with the tree's tremulous reply.

Or do her pulses march with her lover's at the touch of his arm against her sleeve?

"Betty?"

The man stoops to the black eyes, out of which there leaps a sudden fire—nearer to the red lips, ripe as the blossom of a cactus. From a clump of high sage, ghostly gray even in the splendor of the night's high noon, the soul of the hour speaks in an owl's cry, once, twice, three times, the thick, soft, echoless notes robbing it, in a breath, of all its safety and sweetness.

"They passed me in the canon. I crouched behind a boulder and heard them curse each other for having lost my trail."

The man shakes his shoulders at the recollection. In the luminous haze which has overspread the sky, the scarlet handkerchief about his throat changes oddly to the likeness of a gaping wound.

He takes the girl's dusky face be-

lieves across the sunset, brow thoughtful as the Matterhorn's sky before its stars have risen, heart brave and tender.

"But I am not a common traveler," I answer, boldly.

Light laughter drifts down to me, as the golden notes that swim in a sunbeam.

"How may my house serve me?"

"With a sight of its fair mistress."

"I hear a step upon the stair. The bolt of the door is drawn. A flood of light streams out into the night."

A withered old woman bids me enter. My feet sink in the silken pile of eastern rugs. I hear a gold hammer strike nine resonant strokes upon a bronze shield. Upon a spit before the fire place two birds are roasting. The air is redolent of their juices and the banquet of newly decanted wine. I have journeyed from where the Matterhorn climbs its last height, and my student dress is splashed and stained with mud and snow.

Dropping upon a velvet couch I stretch my hands to the fire.

"Say to your gracious chatelaine that she shall dine with me."

The old serving woman turns away, mumbling.

I draw a heavy table into the middle of the hall, and set upon it platters and trenchers. The firelight flashes merrily on jeweled flagons and crystal carafes.

Placing her chair where the lamplight will strike upon her face and bring out the gold in her hair, I seat myself and fancy her figure on the other side of the table.

Two sleepy love-birds twitter overhead in a gilded cage.

One stirs, and flutters its downy feathers against my hand. "Elsie, Elsie," it murmurs.

"Elsie!" I cry. "Elsie!"

There is a rustling among the curtains that hide the stairs. All my veins run fire at the music of her reply, "I am here."

I turn and see a slender figure in violet velvet embroidered with gold. Above the low fair brow riotous locks make sunshine in curling tendrils, but whether the eyes beneath are violet like the tips of the satin slippers under it, or turquoise or sapphire, like the stones that glimmer on my mistress' white hands, who can tell? Not I.

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"Why are you not in your proper station, you who would grace a court?" I cry.

"I am tired of courts. Ah, you think the Princess Elise may not say so much?"

The Princess Elise! She, whose name is upon every tongue, my people's queen, mine, if—

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One strikes the door of the chalet.

"Sire, sire, admit us. In six hours we were to seek you. The time is up."

Time? Ah, but the game is still to be won.

I drop upon my knees before the princess.

"Elsie," I cry, "my throne is empty. I love you. Reign with me. Speak to me in the voice I have loved since first it fell on my listening ear. I wait for your yes."

Was it the echo of the bird's note in his jeweled ring overhead, or did my love reply? "Alexis! My king!"—Mary Wakeman Botsford in Four O'Clock.

**III.**

It stands under a shoulder of the Matterhorn, where, even in the heat of August, the quaking aspens shiver and shadows of the spruce make twilight out of noon. I knock at the chalet's door.

A woman's voice from the lattice overhead replies to my summons.

"This is not an inn."

By the silver fuses of the great god Pan—her voice! All the charms that I cannot see are expressed in it—grace of the fawn, eyes of dawn, hair of the silky fineness of the spider web as it

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two women to own the same bonnet; and also that no woman wishes to own a bonnet after it has been worn by another woman. Consequently it was a very easy matter for the two fiancées to agree, when they formed each other's acquaintance that evening in the hotel, that they were both done with the young man. He was expected to call that evening early upon fiancée No. 1. But they both met him in fiancée No. 2's drawing room, where they said, "We thought we'd save you trouble and give you only one pang instead of two, for we've both decided to break our engagements." And now the young man has added a new word to Sam Weller's warning, and he says, "Beware of vidders, and also of milliners."

**Quite Evident.**

Lamb—I don't understand how a man can afford to take public offices when it costs more than the salary comes to to get elected.

Wolf—It is evident you were not cut out for a statesman.—Boston Transcript.

**Difficult.**

Fair Visitor—"I suppose, Mr. Palette, that true art is very difficult to understand?"

Mr. Palette—"About as difficult to understand, madam, as it is to sell."—Detroit Free Press.

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**TIERS' FIRST SUCCESSES.**

**Always Went Straight to the Heart of Affairs.**

Thiers' great achievement at Aix was in winning a prize offered by the academy for an essay on Vauvenargues, says the Chantauquan. The way in which this prize was secured was characteristic of Thiers. He wrote one essay which would have been successful but for the fact that it was known to be his. The essays were sent anonymously, but Thiers had been unable to refrain from reading his to a literary society. The royalists on the committee, knowing its authorship, were unwilling to grant it the prize and postponed the decision. Thiers at once wrote another in a different style, which Mignet copied and sent anonymously. This essay won the prize, and the whole town laughed at the clever scheme. The money which he received enabled him to go to Paris. He had hoped to practice law, but found he had not money enough to be admitted to the Paris bar. He tried unsuccessfully writing, fan painting and the duties of a private secretary, but earned barely enough to keep from starving in his garret. Finally he got a chance to write for the Constitutionnel. The editor, to whom he had an introduction, had thought to get rid of him by asking him to write a review of the salon for that year. He supposed that Thiers must fail in such a task. The artistic taste which had been developed at Aix made his review a literary event. While doing justice to David's great service to French art in the past, Thiers urged emancipation from the fetters with which David had bound the French school, and in contrast called attention to Delacroix, then an unknown painter. This single article did much for French art, and also secured the author a good position as a journalist. For this he was eminently fitted, as he was clear headed, went right to the heart of affairs and always wrote with his audience clearly before his mind. These same qualities were afterward prominent in his speeches.

**AN ENGLISH GALLANT.**

**He Was Very Gorgeous in the Elizabethan Days.**

Glancing across the surface of everyday life in the Elizabethan days of robust manhood, it is interesting to notice the lively childlike simplicity of manners, the love of showy, brilliant colors worn by both sexes, and to compare these charming characteristics with the sober habiliments and reserved manners of the present day, says the Nineteenth Century. Here is an example of the man of fashion, the beau-ideal of the metropolis, as he sallies forth into the city to parade himself in the favorite mart of fashionable loungers, St. Paul's churchyard. His beard, if he have one, is on the wane, but his mustaches are cultivated and curled at the points, and himself redolent with choicest perfumes. Costly jewels decorate his ears; a gold brooch of rarest workmanship fastens his bright scarlet cloak, which is thrown carelessly over his left shoulder, for he is most anxious to exhibit to the utmost advantage the rich hatchings of his silver-hilted rapier and dagger, the exquisite cut of his doublet (shorn of its skirts) and trunk hose. His hair, cropped close from the top of the head down the back, hangs in long, love-locks on the sides. His hat, which was then really new in the country, having supplanted the woolen cap or hood, is thrown jauntily on one side; it is high and tapering toward the crown and has a band around it, richly adorned with precious stones, or by goldsmith's work, and this gives support to one of the finest of plumes.

**Only Jim Didn't.**

In a ball game the other day Jim Corbett put out twelve men and his share of the receipts was \$300. And yet there was a time when Jim could have made \$20,000 by putting out one man.—Ex.

**MISSING LINKS.**

The bicycle, as well as the Bible, now forms a part of the missionary's outfit.

In August nearly 3,000,000 pounds of fish, valued at \$116,000, were landed at Gloucester, Mass.

In ten years the school attendance in though the population has not increased in any such proportion.

Sutton-in-Ashfield, in Nottingham, has given birth to more famous cricketers than any other town in England.

"Shaw's Saw Shop" is a sign in Portland, Me., and a paper there suggests that it is a good test for articulation in a prohibition state.

It is estimated that more than 75,000 fishermen go out of New York every Sunday and that they spend on an average of \$2 each on the sport.

In a Boston court, a few days ago, a man engaged in manual labor testified that he was obliged to work twenty-one hours out of the twenty-four.

A number of Roman graves have recently been laid bare at Cologne. The Buffalo has more than doubled, although has been secured from spoliation by an extensive inclosure.

"I don't see how a brilliant man like Professor Dundertrunk can put in so much time talking to that insipid Mrs. Moktaque." "Oh, he's only stropping his intellect."—Chicago Journal.

Caller—"Nellie, is your mother in?" Nellie—"Mother is out shopping." Caller—"When will she return, Nellie?" Nellie (calling back)—"Mamma, what shall I say now?"—Harper's Bazar.

He—"I understand Scribbler has made a big hit with his novel. I didn't know he was clever." She—"He isn't clever; he's shrewd. His characters don't talk about anything but bicycles."—Philadelphia Record.

**What Shall She Wear?**

The first revolution in the season's wheel of fashion has come like a thief in the night to disturb the peace of the last days of a restful summer, which brought no thought of how to fashion our garments, no tiresome visits to the

cup of coffee and hear the song of the lark on Saturday morning at 5 o'clock. N. B.—Dancing in the dew." The poster-script seems to indicate that the party was merged into a Knelp-cure affair.

Old-timers are making remarks about the difference in traveling paraphernalia of today from that of a few years back. The average summer traveler in the 80's managed to get along with a carpetbag and a cloth-covered receptacle hardly large enough to contain one puffed sleeve. Even in hoop-skirt days things seemed to accommodate daily fold up into a small space, but today when there is no crinoline and girls wear simple shirt waists and plain skirts, they require enough trunks to stock a store. Even the men are obliged to have bags galore, bicycle trunks, golf-bags and Saratogas and old people travel with medicine bags, a half-dozen shawlstraps filled with wraps besides their trunks. That all this amazing mass of bags, trunks and boxes is so swiftly and safely handled by the so-called baggage-smashers is a subject of wonder.

two women to own the same bonnet; and also that no woman wishes to own a bonnet after it has been worn by another woman. Consequently it was a very easy matter for the two fiancées to agree, when they formed each other's acquaintance that evening in the hotel, that they were both done with the young man. He was expected to call that evening early upon fiancée No. 1. But they both met him in fiancée No. 2's drawing room, where they said, "We thought we'd save you trouble and give you only one pang instead of two, for we've both decided to break our engagements." And now the young man has added a new word to Sam Weller's warning, and he says, "Beware of vidders, and also of milliners."

**Quite Evident.**

Lamb—I don't understand how a man can afford to take public offices when it costs more than the salary comes to to get elected.

Wolf—It is evident you were not cut out for a statesman.—Boston Transcript.

**Difficult.**

Fair Visitor—"I suppose, Mr. Palette, that true art is very difficult to understand?"

Mr. Palette—"About as difficult to understand, madam, as it is to sell."—Detroit Free Press.

**FOR WOMAN AND HOME.**

**ITEMS OF INTEREST TO MAIDS AND MATRONS.**

**Some Current Notes of the Modern—Problems for Winter Styles Various Matters of Interest to the Fair Sex—Vanity Fair.**

**Love Lives On.**

TOOK from their hiding place last night your letters, sweetheart, and read. And their passion thrilled in the waning light. Though I said, "My love is dead." But tears came back to my worn eyes. As I thought of a golden June. And lovers who sang, "Love never dies. While boats drift under the moon."

For white wings come and white sails go. Drifting out into the dawn. While memory comes with reluctant flow. It is true as ever it was, I know. That love lives on and on. —Emma Playton Seabury in New England Magazine.

**It Comes with the Touch of the Glass of a Hand.**

Or the glance of a stranger's eye. Or a kindly act in a foreign land. Or the gleam of a starry sky. Or a drifting boat on a silver lake. Or a lily you touch with your ear. Or the sound of the winds and waves that break. Till melody on the shore.

But as long as white wings come and go. Or drift in the rosy dawn. While memory comes with reluctant flow. It is true as ever it was, I know. That love lives on and on. —Emma Playton Seabury in New England Magazine.

**A Pretty Design.**

—Lawn parties are a new society experiment. Invitations recently sent out from a Long Island country house read as follows: "Mrs. S— requests the pleasure of your company to drink a

cup of coffee and hear the song of the lark on Saturday morning at 5 o'clock. N. B.—Dancing in the dew." The poster-script seems to indicate that the party was merged into a Knelp-cure affair.

Old-timers are making remarks about the difference in traveling paraphernalia of today from that of a few years back. The average summer traveler in the 80's managed to get along with a carpetbag and a cloth-covered receptacle hardly large enough to contain one puffed sleeve. Even in hoop-skirt days things seemed to accommodate daily fold up into a small space, but today when there is no crinoline and girls wear simple shirt waists and plain skirts, they