Sir Cupid once [illegible] Reasons Why
Determined t[illegible]
What kind of a [illegible]
Selecting for a l[illegible]
So, putting on a so[illegible]
He talked of marri[illegible]
And from the way he [illegible]
She seemed to like—[illegible]

Then, with a smile sedate [illegible] grim,
He changed his style and station:
In shovel hat and [illegible] trim
He made his visitation.
He talked of this, discoursed on that,
Of Palestine and Hyssop,
And from the way he preached, they say
She seemed to like—the sermon!

Then changed again, he came to her
A roaring, ruffling sailor;
He cried, "Ho, ho! I love you so!"
And swore he'd never fail her.
He talked of star and compass true,
The glories of the ocean,
And from the way he spun it, they say,
She seemed to like—the notion!

Then Cupid, puzzled in his mind,
Discarded his disguises.
"That you no preference seem to find,
My fancy much surprises."
"Why so?" she cried, with roguish smile.
"Why, pritheee, why so stupid?
I do not care what garb you wear
So long as you are—Cupid!"
Frederic E. Weatherly in Temple Bar.

DECEPTIONS.

When, before the altar, the priest asked her, "Are you content?" it was with all her soul Gemma had responded, "Yes!"

Oh, yes; she was content indeed. Through the cloud of costly lace which enwrapped her in its snowy transparence she saw the vast church all dotted with lights, resplendent in the dark gleam of mosaics upon golden backgrounds, animated by the slight movement of the very elegant crowd that filled it, lighted by oblique rays descending from the nave, all a glitter of gold, silks and brilliants, and it was her own future that she seemed to see thus—the years of luxury and wealth which her rich marriage was preparing for her. And had it not been the dream for which she sighed? She, the ideal blonde, of 18 years, with the tall and proud figure; the pure, disdainful profile under heavy curls like those of an archangel, with haughty eyes sparkling like blue gems under the golden fringes of her long eyelashes.

She had been for a long time a poor girl, the daughter of citizens who had seen better days, that marvelous human lily. She had experienced all the petty troubles, all the cruel daily sufferings of misery that conceals itself. The poor and inelegant gowns, painfully remodeled every year; the insolence of creditors; humiliations; continual and tormenting thoughts of money—she had experienced them all, and in her little heart, eager for pleasure and enjoyment, swollen with unsatisfied longings, a dream was arisen little by little, occupying all the room, rendering her insensible to all the rest—the dream of at last becoming rich.

She wanted it, absolutely; she was born for it; she was rich now. That "yes," which she had just pronounced, had, by its three magic letters, changed her destiny; and she was so content, so happy, that it appeared to her it was all a dream, that her Mechlin veil was a cloud that transported her into the realms of the impossible, across a sidereal heaven, of which the diamond pins thrust among her laces formed the flaming stars; and, in order to return to reality, she must cast her eyes toward her husband, Luigo Marchis, kneeling beside her in the mystic, velvety shade of the altar, lit by the tremulous brightness of the candles.

Ah, there was nothing ideal about him, poor fellow! In vain he straightened his correct person of an elegant man, with his accurately shaven face, with slender brown mustache, and a still fresh color that gave him something like look of an actor; he remained none the less old, with his powerful shoulders a little bent, with his eyelids grown heavy, and crow's feet toward his temples, with the gray locks that appeared here and there among his brown hair, with his forty-seven years, of which the weariness was more conspicuous beside that radiant and blonde spring.

Forty-seven years! How was it possible? He felt his heart so palpitating, full of tears as in youth! And he could not comprehend how so much time had passed; he could not persuade himself of the incredible fact—forty-seven years passed without knowing Gemma.

For they had been acquainted with each other only two months. Marchis, however much he had frequented society, drawn there by his banking connections, had never let himself be talked to of marriage. What! A wife, children, troubles, cares, disappointments! Not even by idea!

And at 47 years one evening, present from motives of curiosity at a ball to which the employes of his bank had invited him, he must needs be smitten by the exquisite, vaporous grace of that blonde girl, dressed simply in white, entering on the arm of a funny little man with a baby face and a big, silvery beard—her father, a modest clerk in the bank; a rather ridiculous little old man, who, beside that divine apparition, slender in her robes of snow, made one think of the gnomes of folk tales, always crouching at the feet of fairies.

Ah, weakness of hearts growing old! That apparition was enough to shake all the ideas of Luigo Marchis concerning matrimony, and as the old gnome, despite his absolute nullity, was an honest citizen, incapable of resisting the assiduities of the director to his pretty daughter, the suitor had been greatly pleased with the consent of that little maiden of 18, that beautiful creature, that blonde being, to become his wife. Now he trembled with joy. His eyes were misty with vivid emotion—not perceiving that that, too, was a sign of old age—and it was a voice choked with joy that to the question of the priest, "Are you content?" replied, "Oh, yes!"

Now it is done. United, forever united. Having arisen to their feet, she with an elegant and light impulse, like a lily wind lifted on its stem, he with a little [illegible] and difficulty, wearied by emotions, they go down from the altar arm in arm. Now they pass through the church amid the murmurs of compliments which arise amid the shadows of the aisles, among the dull scraping of feet and the rustle of gowns; there on the peristyle, among the white columns, is a living wave of sun and air which comes to meet them, like a recall to real life outside of the mystic dream of the church, the creaking of the line of carriages that advanced, the slow descent of the steps, with the white train of the bride spreading and dragging upon the carpet in folds like snow, soft and light; then the carriages depart; they are alone for the first time in the narrow space of the carriage, which a perfumed delicate fills with its whiteness, and the bouquet of orange blossoms with its acute perfume of intoxicating virginity; and it is then that, conquered by the charm of that face, so delicate and proud amid its large pallid curls, by the sylph-like of those blue eyes, the elderly bridegroom bends over her to kiss her.

"Dear me, dear me!"

And to see the tranquility with which those finely cut, rose colored lips return the kisses through the veil, the question arises whether it is the bridegroom that she kisses or the Mechlin lace, at five hundred the meter.

* * * * * *

Ah! there were adorers around that beautiful Signora Marchis, so lovely and so young, married to an old man! It was expected that this fortress would be an easy one to conquer. Precisely on her wedding day Vico Molise, the most elegant and skeptical of the journalists of Upper Italy, had propounded to his friends this theorem:

"Given a beautiful girl, very poor; given that she marries a rich old man; divide the number of his years by that of the hundreds of thousands of lire of which she becomes mistress, and you will have the number of months necessary for her to take a lover."

And as soon as he could he began, with many others, to attempt the demonstration of that theorem.

Well, this time the impeccable pyschological diagnosis of Vico Molise had been found to fail. Not only, after some months, the beautiful Signora Marchis had no lover, but it appeared also that she never was to have one.

Always dressed with an adorable elegance, with a luxury full of good taste, the beautiful Gemma loved to amuse herself, moving freely in that society new for her, finding herself in her right place as a marvelous plant in a vase of valuable porcelain, developing itself in all its splendor. She went to dances, to the theatre, enjoying the plebiscite of admiration provided by her beauty, coquetting a little with her adorers, fluttering about the fire in order to make them sparkle, her wings of a golden butterfly, but never letting herself be burned.

In the very moment of a declaration, in the midst of one of those waltzes whose notes seem made on purpose to stifle expiring virtue in their serpentine spirals, she cut short her adorer by turning her fairy head and saying serenely:

"I don't see my husband. Look a little where my husband is, if you will be so kind."

And it was known that her greatest delight was to relate precisely to her husband the declarations which she had received. When she came home with him from a ball, all wrapped in the white silken folds of her sortie du bal, with her pure throat, her snowy shoulders that blossomed still more fair from her swan-down boa; when in the evening she met him in the dining room, still in visiting costume, with her slim waist tightly compressed by an exquisitely elegant gown, with her face animated by the slight excitement which elegant conversation always produces in a young woman, she amused herself immensely in addressing to her husband some of those provoking and regish phrases:

"You know, I was at Countess Foschis'. Molise was there, you know. Always faithful and always in despair. And also Comelli, he that has such lugubrious gallantry. He has promised to kill himself for my sake within a month; we shall see. Ah! Ah!"

And sitting opposite to him, in a rustle of satin and jet, making shine like two stars the brilliants, large as hazelnuts, which adorned her small ears, she continued to laugh, with her elastic laughter, full of mischief and full of tenderness.

Ah, indeed, old Marchis could call himself a fortunate man!

Fortunate? Yes, he ought to have considered himself so. When he set himself to reason about it, to describe mentally his conjugal situation, he had to conclude that he would have done wrong to complain of his destiny. And yet——

What of the terribly unexpected had he now discovered in the depths of the pure sapphire of Gemma's eyes? Was there arisen in his soul the doubt that that faithfulness against every trial, that coldness toward her admirers, was nothing but the wish to preserve intact a position acquired with difficulty, and that precisely to that position was directed all the tenderness shown toward himself? I do not know, but the vivid and impetuous joy of the wedding was no longer in him, although his love remained the same, and a painful doubt thrilled in his voice when he replied to the playful confidence of Gemma, forcing himself to laugh, too.

"Take care, now, take care—the vengeance of the tyrant hangs over you"——

Ah, the poor tyrant, how he loved her! How she had known how to bind him with her little hands, white and perfumed as two lilies! For nothing in the world would he have discovered the truth, changed into certainty his fomenting doubt; so she had only to ask in order to obtain; for now for him that love of which he doubted had become his life, and he felt a painful stricture at his heart at the mere thought that a day might come when he would be obliged to refuse her something. Yet that day came. Suddenly, by one of those mysterious complications of business, his bank, which until then had gone from triumph to triumph, underwent a violent shock. Not a noisy downfall, one of those open, public ruins which produce great failures, but one of those deep, intimate, secret crises that must be borne without a word, a lament, under penalty of death; that can be overcome only by force of small privations, by hidden savings; it is then that strict economy in the family becomes necessary. The luxury of Gemma in those moments became absurd [illegible] for her husband; he could not [illegible] her, sought to check her [illegible] and continued to [illegible] soon came the time when [illegible] no more.

It was on the occasion of a ball to which she was to go [illegible] from Paris a new [illegible] came her to perfection [illegible] satisfied. Some days before [illegible] case of the most [illegible] the city, a diadem [illegible] all the feminine [illegible] jewel, of antique style, [illegible] of a starry pallor, where the [illegible] seemed drops of flame. Gemma wished to have it, and indeed it would be difficult to find a face adapted to the almost religious richness of that jewel, more than her snowy profile of an angel in ecstacy.

Ten thousand francs was the price of that jewel, and Marchis did not have them. Mute, immovable, his heart oppressed, he listened to Gemma's words as she described it to him. How could he tell her, how could he even tell her that he had not the 10,000 francs? It was terrible. To another woman who should have had that caprice one might have proposed to have her own diamonds reset after that model, or perhaps even to have an imitation diadem made. No one would have suspected it. But he felt that the danger lay in confessing his powerlessness. Yet it must be done. And he made an effort at courage.

Gemma had seated herself beside him, throwing back and bending a little to one side her blonde head with that irresistible feminine movement which displays the white throat, the pure line descending from the slender neck to the full bloomed bust down to the round and flexible waist.

"I would like to have it; it seems to me that I should look well. Don't you think so? I have a great wish to be beautiful. If you knew why?"

She laughed now deliciously, with the air of her roguish hours. He was silent for a moment; then fixing a vague look upon the delicate designs of the oriental carpet, paling as if from an inward wound, he murmured:

"The fact is that I do not know—I do not really know whether—whether I shall be able to buy it for you"——

"Why?"

She had quickly raised her head, much surprised, uneasy, looking at him. Such a thing had never happened to her.

Marchis wiped his forehead and resumed his discourse.

"The fact is—you see, in a bank like ours there are moments that—certain moments in which one cannot—in which it is impossible."

What was impossible for him, in that moment, was to finish the phrase. He stopped and lifted his eyes timidly to her, desolately, as if to beg her to help him. She was very pale, but in a million vibrations in all her features, in her compressed mouth, in her knit brows, in her [illegible] eyes,

"Have you not 10,000 francs? Is it possible?"

And her voice was hard and [illegible] as if addressed to [illegible] all at once her [illegible] Immediately, she recovered her [illegible] laugh, the sweet and limpid ray was [illegible] in her blue eyes.

"Come, you are [illegible] as not to buy me anything. [illegible] I am [illegible] to be beautiful in order to [illegible] Vico Molise a little crazy; he has declared to me that he is [illegible] madly. See, you deserve—do you know that I am becoming a [illegible]"

He really believed that she had hit the truth with [illegible] had so well kept up the illusion with her, he had [illegible] embarrassment that she did not know how to end in this sudden [illegible]. But meanwhile every word of hers was a fillip to the heart of Marchis; he saw her already at the ball, passing from arm to arm, with her step like a flying sound; listening to the insidious compliments of Vico Molise and his kind, and keeping meantime in her heart that leaven of rancor against him because of his refusal; and he saw himself again, as he had seen himself a little while before in the mirror, old, weary, worn, beside her so fresh, young, with eyes sparkling from the cruel scorn of one who has made an unequal bargain.

Suddenly he rose, like one who has taken a decision, passed his hand across his brow, and without replying went away to go out of the house. She believed that she had conquered, and let him go without moving herself, only with a flash of cunning in her eyes, but when he was on the stairs the door opened, a blonde head appeared between the folding doors:

"We are agreed, then?"

He did not reply, and she heard his step down the stairway, slow, heavy, weary.

* * * * * *

The evening of the ball Marchis knocked at the door of his wife's dressing room.

"Come in," and he entered.

In the little dressing room so illuminated as to seem on fire, with the air filled with fragrance from the little unstopped bottle of perfume, all gleaming white with the disorder of feminine apparel scattered about, Gemma stood erect before the mirror, between two kneeling maids, ready dressed for the ball. She was truly radiant in her gown of white satin with almond blossoms, with fresh sprays of almond flowers around the neck of the dress, at the waist, among the waving folds of the train, issuing from that covering of delicate, pale, dawn tinted flowers, she, too, was fresh as they, with her faintly rosy complexion, as if she were one of those flowers become a person. But under her lashes gleamed anon the flash of cold and cruel rancor.

Her husband had not given her the diadem.

But hearing him enter, she turned, and seeing that he held a casket in his hands she comprehended everything. With a bound she was beside him, her arms twined around his neck.

"Oh, how good you are! How good you are! How I love you!" He trembled all over and was very pale. Gemma did not even perceive it. All at once, with one of her inexplicable movements, she loosened her arms from his neck, took the casket out of his trembling hand and with the easier holding her husband's hand, she led him after her to the mirror. She opened herself and opened the casket. Among profusion of red gleam, under the burning light, the diadem sent forth sparks like a flame. She had a new outburst of joy, took the husband's head between her hands, drew it down and kissed his forehead—that the forehead of a corpse, icy and pale. Then without looking at his [illegible], his wandering eyes the offered him the diadem and bent before him her blonde head, which was so well suited to that mystical jewel.

"Come, sir, crown me!"

And while he sought to unite with trembling hands the clasp of the gems among those marvelous blonde curls, waving and breaking into ripples of gold at every movement, she, still with her bent head, lifted her smiling eyes to meet his look. And he answered with a resigned gentleness to the smile of those perilous blue eyes; he, the poor man who deceived for the sake of desire to be deceived, and who bought for himself a little mock love with—mock diamonds.—Translated for "Short Stories" from the Italian of Haydee by E. Cavazza.

Bonaparte Turns Pale.

A few nights before the 18th Brumaire a little scene was enacted at my house which would be void of interest but for the circumstances.

Gen. Bonaparte, then lodging at Rue Chantereine, had come to have a talk with me about the preparations for the eventful day. I was then living in Rue Taitbout, in a house which has since become No. 24, I believe. It stood at the back of a courtyard, and running from the first floor there were galleries which led to wings looking on the street. My drawing room was lighted with several candles. It was 1 o'clock in the morning, and we were in the middle of a very animated conversation when we heard a great noise in the street. To the rumbling of carriages was added the galloping of an escort of cavalry.

Suddenly the carriages stopped right before the door of my house. The general turned pale, and I quite believe I did the same. The idea struck us both at the same time that they were coming to arrest us by order of the directory. I blew out the candles and crept stealthily along the gallery to one of the outside wings, from which I could see what was going on in the street. For some time I was at a loss to make anything out of the tumult, but at last I discovered the secret of the commotion.

At this epoch, the Paris streets being very unsafe at night, when the gambling houses closed at the Palais Royal all the money that had been used for the bank was collected and placed in cabs, and the cashiers had these escorted by the police to have his cabs escorted by gendarmes, at his expense, to his home in the Rue de Cerclay, or thereabouts. That night one of the cabs had broken down just in front of my house, and that was the reason of the bolt, which rattled for about a quarter of an hour. We had a hearty laugh, the general and I, over our panic, very natural though it was when we knew, as we did, the tendencies of the directory and the extreme measures it was capable of taking.—Talleyrand's Memoirs in Century.

A Careless Teacher of Deportment.

Politeness, to be worth anything, must be instinctive. It is a good scheme to teach young children outward signs of courtesy, even though it be hard to make them understand the principle that what he preaches, or discredit falls on himself and his teachings. A certain professor in a popular school has been very [illegible] in teaching certain "manners" on his classes, and very properly insists that the little boys should uncover their heads whenever they meet any person in the hallways, and should give up their seats in a crowded street car to ladies who are standing. Some of the small boys questioned the latter necessity, but when he informed that a gentleman, unless he was a cripple, would never sit while a woman stood, accepted the edict as final and have doubtless acted on it. But some of these pupils have recently credited their professor with inconsistency, for they have seen him retain his seat in a crowded public conveyance, and, furthermore, he barely returns with a touch of his hat rim the courteous recognition of the young girls in his classes.—Boston Herald.

A Plea for Hypocrisy.

When atrabilarious Hamlet, in his choleric interview with his mother in the cabinet, impatiently advised her to

Assume a virtue if you have it not,

he unwittingly laid down a general conduct rule of high value to individuals and the community.

Simulation of virtue, though far inferior to the real article, is still the next best thing to it, just as whitewash, though much inferior to marble, is yet greatly superior to dirty nakedness.—John McElroy in Popular Science Monthly.

Seaside fare, which includes plenty of carbon in the form of white bread and potatoes, is an ideally wholesome diet for summer; especially in warm weather is carbon required in food, because by some chemical transformation it affords the system material for water, at least in quantity sufficient to control feverish conditions and excessive thirst.

The Archduke Francis Ferdinand, the heir to the throne of Austria, is a tall and very distinguished looking man. He has been very carefully educated, has considerable talent for art and music and is a fine soldier.

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Are abundant; but the one best known for its extraordinary anodyne and expectorant qualities is Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. For nearly half a century this preparation has been in greater demand than any other remedy for colds, coughs, bronchitis, and pulmonary complaints in general.

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Ayer's Cherry Pectoral.

I did so, and soon began to improve; my lungs healed, the cough ceased, and I became stouter and healthier than I have ever been before. I would suggest that the name of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral be changed to Elixir of Life, for it certainly saved my life."—F. J. Olliden, Salto, Buenos Ayres.

"A few years ago I took a very bad cold which settled on my lungs. I had night sweats, a racking cough, and great soreness. My doctor's medicine did me no good. I tried many remedies, but received no benefit; everybody despaired of my recovery. I was advised to use Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, and, as a last resort, did so. From the first dose I obtained relief, and, after using two bottles of it, was completely restored to health."—F. Adams, New Gretna, N. J.

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