

RAPHAEL

He doth not sleep; for how can he be dead? Who lives immortal in the hearts of men? He only drank the precious wine of youth. The outbreak of the grapes, before the vintage was trodden to bitterness by the feet of men.

ROSWELL'S WARD.

Roswell has returned from Spain and the strangest stories are wafted back about him. He is accompanied by a little girl, a brown Spanish child, ugly as Meg Merrilies, with not more than ordinary intelligence to warrant any one's interest in her.

Perhaps he will educate, then marry her—no woman will ever elicit his commendation unless molded after the design his conservative ideas prescribe.

Worshiped at the shrine of a brown eyed nun, I conjecture, and she intrusted a protégé to his care as a slight tribute of her regard, etc., etc.—think to my subtle powers of divination. Am I right, dear?

No; order more cognac—see the champagne, and I will give you an authentic version.

The bull ring at Madrid, the Plaza de Toros, is crowded with his 12,000 spectators; crashing music, punctuated by tumults from the crowd, roaring bulls, deafening cries of aqueducts with water jars, old women with pomegranates and oranges, now and then glimpses of fighters in tawdry glaring paraphernalia, relays of horses and a profusion of feline; all this permeated with excitement and expectation.

Money and birth covereth a multitude of sins, ducness, and a grey, light laugh complements the remark. "It is requisite that he should fall in love—it will prove an antidote to his acid temperament and divorce him from this irrational life."

Her vainly supercilious lip wisdom and she imagines him already her vessel; a rebellious spirit is worth conquering. I have found away hearts as lightly as I would urticaria, but to own his would be holding the unattainable sapphire apple. No one can resist my charms—he will be plastic in my hands. I will return, mold him to my mood."

The entrance of the Englishman terminates the scene, and the crowd gravitates to the girl who killed bulls in a recent corrida, and who appears today. Dona Inez is a feminine sword of Damocles for a vulnerable hearted man—a beautiful, soulless coquette, whose teleology is to ensnare and vanquish. Her costume is studied; a large mantilla—that most dangerous of weapons—frames her face and is fastened in her hair and around her perfect shoulders with costly jewels. The fan assists chivalry from dark eyes, and proves that her mentor's injunctions have fallen unheeded on barren soil.

Trumpets sound as the gate under the royal box opens, and two marshals enter the list, mounted on richly caparisoned Andalusian steeds, whose heads are half hidden under their manes. They clear the lists, report readiness, a flag is waved, and the music sounds a march as the chulos enter, escorting two picadores. The former, commonly termed "cheats," serve to irritate the bull and divert his attention. The animal rushes out, the chulo flutters a bright cloth right and left, this constantly motion retarding the progress of the beast, and the former, on reaching the barrier, leaps over. A picador is next attacked, horses are killed and two men maimed. Until now torcs has been the aggressor, and the others on the defensive, but amusement has reached meridian—enough carriage for today, and his time must come. Frangos comes forward, and if any latent interest is betrayed it is dispelled with her appearance. A typical Spanish girl on a large scale, strongly developed muscles, symmetrical limbs, rather sinewy, and consistent with this, keen, serene, penetrating eyes. Her costume borders on the Turkish style, for convenience sake, and there seems to be perfect understanding between herself and the horse she rides. A thunderous salutation greets her, to which she appears oblivious. She makes the banderilla attack several times with swiftness and dexterity, then aims herself for the final office of matadore. A sword is handed her, which she conceals in the folds of a red banner. Twice she advances, evading her combatant's aims and diagnosing her target well. The third, the sword disappears, is entered full length in the shoulder of the victim and the cross at the hilt alone shows. The creature rushes at the matadore, dying agony stimulating his fury, but each time the blows are received on a deceptive shield of red banner. Twice people are very much attached to their countrymen; and even the French infidels have not kindly to the substitution of cremation for sepulture. One reason for this probably is that the national love of ostentation can be more fully satisfied by the old than by the new method of burial.

YACHTS AT REST.

SLOOPS AND CUTTERS READY TO GO INTO WINTER QUARTERS. A Visit to the Docks of South Brooklyn.

What a Yacht Looks Like When "Laid Up"—How the Vessels Are Cared For—What Becomes of the Sailors.

To realize that the yachting season is indeed over one need but visit the line of docks extending along the curve of the shore from South Brooklyn to Bay Ridge. In that line there are no less than 150 yachts of all degrees now laid up for the winter.

But if one really wishes to know what a yacht looks like when "laid up," he must go to such a place as Tebo's dock at South Brooklyn. And what is she like? Miss Beauty in morning wrapper, with her hair in curl papers! She is stripped of all that goes to enhance her charms.

This is a practical age, and when the time of the sailing of yachts ends the question that naturally is of most importance to their owners is how to take care of them during the severe season. To leave as little as possible of what is liable to injury exposed is what is aimed at, and when the yacht is towed reluctantly into the dock after her contests, trials and triumphs, she is straightway mercifully stripped and left to the hands of the dockkeeper.

When in winter dress the single stickers look, perhaps, the most disconsolate of all. It is in single stickers that public interest has centered of late, influenced by the international and other great races in which they have taken part. A schooner with the monotony of her appearance relieved by two masts never looks so dreary as the single sticker, which by her metamorphosis is reduced in appearance almost to the plebeian level of a fishing cobbler.

Some yacht owners adopt a more elaborate method of sheltering their craft. They build a stiver house of wood resembling a little frame house right over the deck, so that all below is kept safe and sound. This mode, if more thorough than the other, is more cumbersome. It is also more expensive, for a canvas suit once made will last for several winters, and the wooden shelter house has to be solidly built and painted for the season.

The indignant corporal was on the point of collaring Fondou, when the latter's little companion ran up, exclaiming impudently: "Say, you, what do you want with M'isic Fondou?"

The Ind seemingly gave him the address, upon which Briceford took from his pocket his writing tablets, crying out: "I shall make a charge against you, Fondou!"

Such was the account of the affair given by the accused to the court, which strove in vain to preserve its dignity, while the audience seemed to have forgotten altogether the respect due to the august presence of justice.

An Ambulance System for Paris. Dr. Henri Nachtel, who worked to establish in the New York hospitals a night medical service, has returned to America after a long sojourn in Paris, where he has been making efforts to establish an ambulance system like that in use in all American cities of any size.

Attached to Their Cemeteries. On the distinctively Christian festival of All Souls, the Free-thinkers of Paris always join with the Christians in making a pious pilgrimage to the cemeteries. The French people are very much attached to their cemeteries; and even the French infidels have not kindly to the substitution of cremation for sepulture.

DEPRIVED OF THE DRUG.

The Profound Depression of a Morphia Habitue—A Terrible Struggle—Health.

Who then can wonder if the wretch yielded again to the drug which has so long enslaved him? Covering between a longing to be free and a feeling of utter incapacity to endure his agonies, he asks reproachfully whether it is true that science has discovered no means of relief, no substitute for morphia, which may be given him until the storm be past.

But severe as the ordeal is, he has this consolation and this great inducement to submit to it—namely, that it is short. A few days will see him through the worst, and although he may not be comfortable for a week or two, his discomfort is endurable and becomes less and less, until it gradually passes into ease and health.—Nineteenth Century.

Georgious Texans in Washington. A Texan of some distinction came to Washington the other day in what was considered for Washington a shabby outfit.

That's all right at home," said the congressman, "but it is very different here, you know. Look at this," and the congressman took from the wardrobe in his lodging a nice new evening dress suit.

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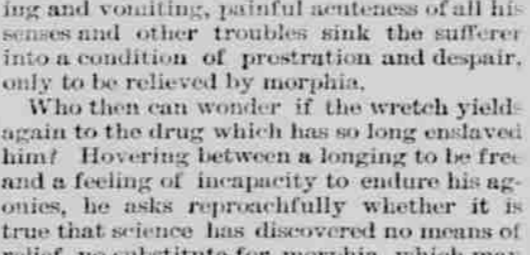
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