

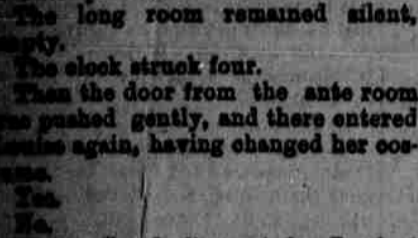
ONCE AND FOREVER.

God take our own forever, God take our own forever, God take our own forever, God take our own forever...

ROSE TO THE RESCUE.

BY WILLIAM GRAVE.

The drawing-room of General Lawford's country house, Person—his niece, Louisa Lawford, a very pretty girl...



She rang. The butler came. "This for the post, please," said Louisa, plainly. "Yes, miss."

Louisa sighed and went out by the door which communicated with the conservatory. Ten minutes passed. The long room remained silent...

The clock struck four. Then the door from the ante room was pushed gently, and there entered Louisa again, having changed her costume.

"Walk! Surely it must be Louisa! And yet—What was this charming puzzle? The height, the slenderness, the features, the coloring, the gold of the hair, the brilliant eyes, were identical in both who went out and the girl who came in...

with five flirtations, an impending offer from her host's eldest son, three new gowns—in all of which she was disappointed—and the prospect of a week full of dancing. To Mrs. Cunningham she had said that she was wanted at home. Now she turned true. Louis did want her.

Rose, the capricious, had left her boxes at the station and walked up through the lanes. She took the short cut across to the house by the orchard and the Near Field; the homely old doors stood open and not a soul had been seen to arrive.

His eyes met hers. He made a kind of salute. He took her for Louisa. The expert maiden, perceiving his quickly averted glance, instantly had her mind set at rest on one important point.

"Why, he's got it very badly indeed," she said to herself as she left the window—"as badly as Louisa, every bit. Poor little thing! Poor Babe in the Wood! What's to be done?"

He stopped with an awkward air. "Starting for the parsonage, Miss Lawford?" "No, for the cedar tree."

"Really, it is too late." Louisa looked a little bit brighter. "I suppose you haven't noticed my eyes anywhere?" he went on.

"I can't lay my hand on them." "Never mind now," said Rose gently. "Why not come and be idle."

"I can't recite poetry when I've just been stung by a wasp—almost." "But—you remember the evening of the day before yesterday?" "Of course."

"You shouldn't think so much about it," murmured Rose. "But it would have made me extremely happy."

"Well, I haven't much more time for bagging and praying in. Come! I do want one badly. I believe you're yielding! I see you're yielding!...

"That was just my difficulty," she said. "In an ordinary way I don't give my photos to men. Girls do, I know. My sister Rose, for instance, she scatters hers freely among her—among man friends; but, somehow, I can't like to do it, Mr. Saumarez."

"You shall have the photograph," said Rose, quietly. "You see how it was, I didn't know if you really cared."

"It was, indeed—it was a very wrong thing to do, my darling Rose." "Did he remember to say again that you're Miranda—Imogen?" "Hush! Oh, such joy!"

"All I want to know is, what happens to afflicted pairs, like you and Mr. Saumarez, when they haven't a Rose?"—Modes and Fabrics.

MANY TIMES IN DANGER.

SEVEN ATTEMPTS MADE ON QUEEN VICTORIA'S LIFE.

The British Ruler Has Had More Hairbreadth Escapes From Death Than Any Other Sovereign.

A SINGULAR fact about Queen Victoria is that she has not only always enjoyed exceptionally good health, and that even at her present advanced age she is unusually strong and well, but that she has had more hairbreadth escapes than any other sovereign in history.

Hyde Park was the scene of the first attempt on the Queen's life, which was made by a youth of seventeen, who, on the 10th of July, 1840, fired at Her Majesty with a pistol.

Only two years passed away before the second attempt, when, almost on the same spot, a man named Francis fired at the Queen as she was again driving with the Prince.

A bricklayer was the next seeker after notoriety. He fired at the Queen as she rode in her carriage, on July 9, 1849, but his pistol missed, and he was sentenced to seven years' transportation.

Less than a year after this, as Her Majesty was returning from a visit to the deathbed of her uncle, the Duke of Cambridge, an ex-captain of hussars rushed forward and struck her on the face with a small stick.

It was 1872 before another attack was made. In the early part of that year a boy ran up to the Queen with a pistol and a petition.

On many other occasions the Queen has been within an ace of death. When a child, six months old, she was at Sidmouth, on the Devonshire coast, when a boy shooting sparrows accidentally discharged his gun at the window of the nursery in which the princess was playing.

When Queen Victoria was four years old her life was saved by an Irish soldier who happened to be passing when the royal carriage was overturned. But for the soldier's intervention the carriage would have fallen on the Queen.

A fishing excursion was the occasion of an alarming accident when the Queen was a girl of fourteen. The young princess stood on a yacht watching a storm that had suddenly arisen, when the topmast became dangerous.

There appears to be no limit to scientific curiosity, especially in Germany. Recently Herr Regnard at Leipzig, wishing to ascertain whether fish are warmer than the water they live in, stuck a needle connected with a thermo-electric circuit into a living fish in an aquarium.

The uses of the egg are as numerous as the ways of cooking it. A late recommendation for making old leather-covered books look like new is first to clean the leather by rubbing it with a piece of flannel, then to fill up any holes with a little paste or very thin leather.

MURDER OF THE DAY.

Nothing is more discouraging than unappreciated sarcasm.—Life.

Teacher—"Now, Tommy, tell me what ruminating animals are?" Tommy—"Them what chews their cubs."

Lallem Field (at the door)—"Kin I see de lady of de house?" Hanyppek (whose wife is out wheeling)—"I am in."—Puck.

"Mr. Duffington hasn't any society manners whatever." "Is he awkward?" "No, but he doesn't like tea."—Chicago Record.

"I didn't realize how short he was until I heard that Miss Pinkerley said about him." "What was that?" "She said he was every inch a gentleman."—Puck.

"It is, indeed, hard," said the melancholy gentleman, "to lose one's relatives." "Hard?" snorted the gentleman of wealth. "Hard? It is impossible."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

"Willie, what was the preacher's ex't?" "Somethin' about havin' faith like a grain of some kind of seed, an' ayin' to the mountain 'git a move on you' an' it'll 'git.'"—Chicago Tribune.

"Well, did you hear anything about that Jones-Prown affair?" She—"Oh, yes! I can't begin to tell you all I heard." He—"I suppose that means you won't be able to stop."—Puck.

"I flatter myself this last picture of mine is an excellent one." Another Artist—"My dear fellow, you don't flatter yourself half as much as you flatter the picture."—Roxbury Gazette.

Bunson (amazed)—"That your uncle! Why, man, you told me your uncle had both his legs carried away at Sedan." Jimson—"So he did. He carried them away himself, pretty fast, I tell you!"—Tit-Bits.

"What a liar Featherhorn is!" "Eh?" "Now that everybody is going about saying 'I told you so,' Featherhorn is pretending that he never had any idea how the election would go."—Indianapolis Journal.

"But what real objections can you have to women riding the wheel, Mr. Grovel?" "To tell the truth, I don't mind admitting that I object to it mostly because so many of them ride better than the men."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

"And you, my friend," shouted the street corner orator, "are you a supporter of our American institutions?" "Me?" answered Weary Watkins. "Lord bless you, mister, no. The institutions support me."—Indianapolis Journal.

Little Ethel—"I wonder why men like to talk about their old school days?" Little Johnny—"I s'pose after they got growed up they is always tryin' to find out where the teacher lives, so they can lick him."—Comic Outlets.

Gold by the Yard. The beating of the innumerable little square pieces of gold which are used to cover domes and signs, and so on, forms a distinct industry in the gold trade which employs a large number of hands and requires no small amount of skill.

The long, low building in which the work is carried on is filled throughout the day with the sound of hammers. On every side little boxes containing tiny rolls of gold are to be seen, which, although only measuring an inch and a half in length, are each worth about \$50.

The skins in which the gold is beaten are so delicate that they will tear as easily as paper, nevertheless they are of so fine a quality that they will withstand the continual hammering for several years. The gold, which is finally beaten down to 200,000th of an inch, is rubbed with "brine" before being placed in the skins, in order that it shall not adhere to them.

Easy as this work of beating out the gold may seem, it is, in reality, an art of a very delicate description. The workman must know to a nicety precisely how hard or gentle the blows of his hammer must be, and also the exact spot on which they should fall. Accordingly a very superior class of men are employed in the business.—Pearson's Weekly.

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