

## AN ADVENTURE.

I am a single lady.

There is no disgrace in that. I believe. I might have married, more than once, had I pleased, when I was a silly, rattled girl, with more yellow curls than ideas, and a general mania on the subject of waiting and hand maids. I thank my guardian stars that I have outgrown that callow and silly age. I am quite independent now, and behold to nobody. I make my living lecturing, and a very little snug living it is. I came to be a success, after a little practice, and a good deal of hard work, and made money. I took a suit of pleasant rooms in a quiet family hotel, and kept my own little coupe.

But one day there came a request that I would deliver my lecture upon "The Woman of the Period," at Baggsville.

I sent the waiter for an atlas and a gasometer, and hunted up Baggsville. It was an unpretentious village, among the hills well up towards the northern lakes.

"Baggsville, indeed," said I to myself. "A place with a church, a post-office, and seven or eight young men who call themselves a Lyceum. They're mistaken in the lectures they want. They never can afford to pay my price."

So I wrote back to Squire Jones—at least I fancied from the big fat shapes of his capital letters, and the general pomposity of his phraseology, that the "Orville Jones" who wrote to me, as "Chairman of the Literary Committee," was an esquire, with a bald head, a blunt nose and light blue eyes. I politely mentioned my terms, and straightway forgot all about the matter until a letter came back, asking me to fix a date for the delivery of my lecture at Baggsville Lyceum.

I looked over my engagement book—I had become so popular a character that it was quite necessary for me to keep such a volume—and settled on the night of the twenty-third of December.

The twenty-third of December was a day of driving storm and tempest, and it was nearly six o'clock when we reached the station at Baggsville.

"Thank goodness," I said to myself, "I shall have time for a good rest and a cup of strong tea."

But, to my dismay, when I got out of Baggsville station, blinded by the lights that shined through a driving rain, confused by the everlasting groaning machinery, I learned that the village of Baggsville itself was ten miles further up the hilly road.

"We've just been telegraphed from there," said the station-master, "and all of the accommodations at the Lyceum are filling up. You'll have a good audience, miss, in spite of the weather."

"But how can I possibly get there in time?" I demanded, in hopeless perplexity.

"Squire Jones, the chairman of the committee, is here with his close carriage," said he complacently.

"And you'll find it mighty snug and comfortable," added the little man, rubbing his mittened palms together. "Here he is now."

Through the flying snowflakes, I could just discern the dark opaque body drawn up close to the platform. I stepped into what seemed to me a bottomless pit of blankness, guided by the station-master's hand; and was relieved by finding myself in a warm carpeted carriage, with well-stuffed cushions, and a figure seated opposite.

"Here she is, esquire!" cried the station-master, banging the door to. "Now go aboard, Perkins," to the driver, "and don't let the snow drift under your horse's feet!"

There had been so much noise and confusion that I felt awkwardly conscious that I might have been addressed by the esquire without answering, and as a silence reigned in the carriage, I said hesitatingly:

"I beg your pardon?"

"As I received no reply to the remark, I repeated it in a somewhat louder key. Then I waited a little, and heard:

"A very stormy night?"

"Still I received no acknowledgment of these conversational efforts. I began to feel somewhat offended, but then I remembered just in time to arrange my rising collar, that Squire Jones might very possibly be deaf. I could always get along well with deaf people. My voice was clear, and my enunciation was distinct; so I tried again.

"Bad weather for the lecture?" I hurried off in staccato accents. The driver stopped and leaned down to the carriage door:

"Oh, miss? said he, 'did you want anything?'"

"No," I said somewhat confusedly.

"Thought I heard you better," said the driver, "but he's been the wind howling down the gorge."

As we started again I began to think I must have been mistaken as to the fact of there being anyone in the carriage with me. Determined to solve the problem, I put my hand softly out towards the opposite side of the carriage. To my embarrassment, it encountered another warm human hand, which was drawn away with electric quickness.

"Pardon me," I said, awkwardly

enough. "I—I dropped my bag, and I was feeling for it."

"Still no answer. I begin to feel seriously angry.

"If you do not feel disposed for conversation," said I, with some spirit, "pray, hold your tongue!"

Apparently my *vis-à-vis* took me at my word. Total silence reigned, except for the occasional voice of my charioteer, shouting at his horses. Had I come to the land of total barbarism? Had I left civilization behind? Was Squire Jones—or an idiot?

While I was revolving these questions in my troubled mind, we reached a little hamlet where lights glistened, human voices sounded, and drew rein before a large square brick building, with rows of flaming lamps above the door. The carriage door was opened from outside—a portly gentleman with a very bald head, blunt nose, and light blue eyes of my imagination, presented himself.

"Miss Speakwell," said he, "you are welcomed to Baggsville. Pray, alight."

"Sir," said I. "I have made up my mind not to do so. Will you have the goodness to tell your coachman to drive me to the nearest hotel?"

"But it's fifteen minutes to eight," said he; "the audience is waiting!"

"I don't care if it's fifteen minutes to twelve!" said I. "I have already experienced some of the civilities of Baggsville. Squire Jones is a brute—a savage!"

"Eh!" said the gentleman. "Did I quite understand you, Miss Speakwell? I am Squire Jones!"

"Then who is that in the carriage?" asked I.

A light of comprehension began to dawn on Squire Jones' bewildered face.

"Oh!" said he, "I see. It's a deaf and dumb gentleman, Miss Speakwell."

"A deaf and dumb gentleman?" I repeated.

"And he is not quite full witted, either," added the Squire. "I'm sure I beg your pardon for exposing you to the least annoyance—but he was on his way to the asylum, eight miles beyond here, and his friends had sent an open box-wagon to meet him, and the poor fellow was half perished with cold, already. So I just rode up in the box wagon myself, and put him into the carriage. I suppose Butts had told you all about it."

My short-lived indignation melted at once.

"Squire Jones," said I, "you are a philanthropist. Take me to the dressing-room at once. If I don't give the Baggsville people their money's worth to-night, it will be because I don't know how."

I made a success of that evening. I was applauded again and again. I was called before the curtain twice at the end of my lecture; and I was entertained by Mrs. Squire Jones that night, in a little parlor of comfort and luxury.

I have never visited Baggsville since. And I shall never think of the name without recalling my adventure of that rainy night.

A Disappointed Policeman.

New York Tribune: "Well, that's the worst I ever saw," said Policeman Double X, as he stood mournfully twirling his club on a corner on Harlem street at 3 o'clock one chilly morning last week.

"What's the matter, officer?" asked a sympathizing and curious newspaper man.

"Matter enough. Ye see, there's a new man at the saloon at the corner beyond, and not knowin' him well I to't I'd hit him easy-like for the first time. So I dropped in at the family entrance and set I to him, friendly-like ye know:

"Could you give me a drink of water?" set I, winkin' mildly betimes. "Av coorse I will," set he, handin' me a glass through the growler hole. An' phat do you tink? 'T'wuz a glass of water. Begorra, phat some men don't knowa would blash a rock."

She Was Honest Anyway.

One of the funniest incidents, in which a dorky and I played our parts, was one day not long ago when a judge and his bride from Rochester were riding with me in a Victoria to see a famous old plantation on the outskirts of Savannah. The judge had never seen anyone "toting"—that is to say, carrying burdens on the head—and there all the colored working folks carried basket and bundles in that way.

Noticing the judge's interest in the custom, and seeing a colored "santy" ahead with a bundle on her crown, I said aloud:

"Look, judge! here's more totting. Ain't the colored woman heard me."

"Yes," said she, "I've a toin', sho' nuff. I've only a po', hard workin' woman, and I has to tote for a livin'; but I thank Gawd I've home. A don't ride in no carriage, I don't. I've got a plain totin' woman, but thank Gawd I've home."—Julian Ralph in Chester.

Calvin's Methodism University.

The great Methodism university at Calver, founded in 1778, with its 50,000 pupils and its 570 professors, is the largest in the world. The pupils have no benches or chairs, but study, eat, and sleep on a blanket or straw mat. The horn is the only book used for grammar, law, philosophy, and theology. The professors have no salary, but are supported by private contribution, giving books, and by presents from rich students.

## Palmistry.

The most important line is, of course the line of life—that line sweeping around the base of the thumb from the wrist. Long, clear direct in its course and well colored, it denotes long life, good health and good character and disposition. Pale and broad it indicates ill health, evil instincts and a weak envious disposition. Thick and red, it betrays violence and brutality. The age at which events have happened may be told by the points at which they have marked the line. The shorter the line the shorter the life; and (this is rather startling) from the point at which the line terminates in both hands may be accurately predicted the time of death.

A break in the line is always illness; if in both hands, there is always a grave danger of death, especially if the lower branch of the line turns in toward the thumb. Rays across the hand from the base of the thumb always denote worries, and the age at which they occur is always shown by the point at which the rays terminate. The "line of head," which is the next great line—it extends from between the thumb and forefinger across to the third finger—should be clear and well closed, without fork, break or ramification. Pale and broad, it indicates feebleness or lack of intellect, but if it is long and strong it denotes self control. The third line is the line of the heart—the line sweeping from the forefinger across the hand. If it goes right across it indicates excessive affection, resulting in morbid jealousy. If it is chained the subject is an inveterate flirt. Very thin and bare, it is the sign of murder. The fourth great line in the hand is that of fortune, which rises through the whole hand from the wrist to between the second and third fingers. If it starts from the line of life it shows that one fortune results from another; rising from the wrist, it is always a sign of good luck. Twisted or ragged at the base, it indicates ill luck in early life. Clearly traced, it seldom exists in a hand, but when it is found it is a sign of good health, gayety and success. There exists, of course, in every hand lines which do not come under any of these rules, but the expert in chirology has no difficulty in reading such by reference to their position with regard to the principal lines.—Good Housekeeper.

Emperor William's "Uncle."

It is said that the extraordinary deference and regard shown by the German Emperor William to King Christian, who is old, poor, dull, and of no political consequence, is due to the fact that ten years ago, at the castle of Rumpenheim, in Hesse, on occasion of some meeting of potentates, young William—who had accompanied his grandfather as his presumptive and showed himself very presumptuous as well as severely snubbed by the assembled royalties, with the single exception of "the beauteous majesty of Denmark," who declared that the lad had the marking of a great man in him and treated him with an affectionate politeness and assumption of equality which won the heart of the youngster, who has ever since called his defender "uncle."—Harper's Bazar.

The Fire Escape and the Vine.

Very foolish to cling to me. Suppose an accident were to happen, where would you be? Torn, trampled, crushed under hurrying feet. Look at those sunflowers. They stand on their own stems, they do. Catch them sticking their saucy yellow heads between my bars; not much! I like independent ones, I do."

Thus spake the Fire Escape.

"How hard hearted you are," murmured the Vine, flinging an tenderly lovingly about the upper railing.

"I was born so," replied the Fire Escape, grimly.

"And how cold," continued the Vine. My nature," growled the Fire Escape.

"But I love you," whispered the Vine, "because you are so strong and so tall and such a help to me! When I was a little thing, and a stranger in this street, I looked up and saw you, great and dark reaching almost to the sky. Ah! you looked so terrible, and, you will pardon me, so ugly, that I was frightened at first; but then it was pleasant and restful to lean against your mighty frame. I quite myself up to it, and grew and grew, and budded and blossomed, till, as you know, the passer-by stop in amazement, saying:

"How beautiful that Fire Escape looks!"

"Still ours is not a suitable union," persisted the Fire Escape. "I have a great mission to perform; I am here to save human life. You should have cast your lot in with some nice country cottage—not a coarse old tenement like me."

"Love goeth whither it is sent," sighed the Vine meekly, and clung closer.

"That night a woman with a babe at her breast dropped a litged lamp. Flames darted here, there, everywhere; hungrily, gleefully. People madly flung their poor possessions from the windows. Engines rattled through the streets. Brave men carried the sturdy Fire Escape, and dived children and women down its iron sides. Splendid streams of water played upon the blazing building. Morning dawned pale and blue. The Fire Escape stood tall and dark, but the poor, pretty little Vine lay dead at its feet, a victim of misplaced affection."—Spartan Eyings in the Dramatic News.

## THE STORY OF A PICTURE.

It is about 10 o'clock p. m., the hour when life in its lightest and most frivolous form is on parade in the upper part of the city's great artery of traffic—Broadway.

Madison Square is brilliant with a thousand lights; the great hotels are thronged with idle groups, while up and down the side-walks continues the steady stream of foot passengers which will not diminish much before midnight. The crowd upon the pavements and in the hotels is frequently augmented for a few moments by persons leaving theatres in the vicinity during the entr'acte for an airing, refreshments or cigars.

The crowd on promenade is a motley one, composed for the most part of well dressed men and women, and from the animated tones and gestures, the gay jests and light laughter, distinguishable above the steady tramp of the rattling of cab wheels and the jingling of car bells, one might think that care rested lightly on the shoulders of the most who are here.

Among the crowd of busy talkers, thoughtless idlers and devotees of pleasure walking at a leisurely pace and with a thoughtful air, comes a man whose genius has already made his name a household word in many lands. It is Geoffrey Vail the artist. The handsome, scholarly face, with its delicate white complexion, its large, soft, black eyes and sweeping black moustache which fringes his sensitive mouth, his graceful carriage and the plain but faultless style of his attire, stamp him easily as a man of superior type even to those who do not recognize in the lone individual the well-known figure of metropolitan life.

Above the jargon of sounds in the streets rise occasionally from a side street the tones of a piano-organ accompanied by the voice of a person singing some Italian songs. The artist pauses for a moment to listen to the pathetic ring of this voice, and as he approaches is struck by the appearance of the singer. It is a young girl, about sixteen years of age, with a Madonna-like face touched with a look of most exquisite sorrow. Is it possible that the coarse-looking Italian yonder can have any connection with this lovely child? It is not of this the artist thinks as he lingers, throwing coin into the old man's hat. It is of how that lovely face he sees on canvas.

Suddenly the girl sees his ardent gaze, and her eyes droop to the ground, while a color like the first blush of sunrise mantles her cheek. The artist is yet more charmed, although he diverts his gaze, still following the couple from street to street.

Finally the organ is closed up, and the two performers prepare to go home. Geoffrey Vail approaches the Italian as he is about to go home and touches him on the shoulder.

"Is it your daughter?" he asks pointing to the girl.

The man nods his head.

"I am an artist and would like to paint her picture," said Geoffrey.

The man shook his head in disappointment.

"If you will allow her to come to my studio everyday for a month I will pay you liberally."

"How much?" asked the man, gruffly.

"One hundred dollars," answered the artist, after a moment's hesitation.

"He will earn more than that with the organ."

"Then we will say two hundred."

The man's greed was satisfied, and he consented to the terms.

"When shall we commence?"

"To-morrow, if it suits you," said the artist.

"Very well," answered the man, and Geoffrey handed him his card.

Geoffrey turned homeward, pleased with his discovery. For a long time he had meditated painting a series of pictures representing the emotions.

"Here is my 'Angel of Sorrow' idealized already," he said to himself, as he pursued his way through the still crowded thorough-fare home.

The pretty Italian found Geoffrey Vail in his studio awaiting her visit on the following day.

The strong light in the studio, where the curtains were purposely drawn back, revealed to the artist that he had not been deceived with regard to her appearance. The face was delicate, refined and indescribably sad.

She had evidently put on her best clothes—a dress of some soft black stuff and a shawl of the sameable hue wrapped round her head and shoulders.

"You have posed as a model before?" asked Geoffrey, noting the artistic effect of this simple costume.

"No," said the girl, "never before."

"What is your name?" asked the artist.

"Consuelo," repeated the artist, "and you look inconsolable."

The girl did not understand his remark, but her large dark eyes were turned upon him wonderfully.

"Well, Consuelo, we must make the best of our time," said the artist. "Come I will arrange you as I wish you to sit," and he placed a chair for her, arranging with some care her attitude and drapery.

"You do not feel timid, do you?" asked Geoffrey, kindly.

"Oh, no," answered the girl, looking

at him with wonder again. It was inconceivable to her that she should feel timid in his presence.

The grave gentle face of the artist had won her confidence completely. Accustomed to rough looks and sometimes blows, the chill seemed in the atmosphere of this elegant studio to breathe the air of paradise. But the look of sorrow did not leave her face; it was too deeply imprinted there.

Geoffrey was soon busy with his pencil. An artist, his soul was in his art. To him the animate beauty was only a stepping-stone to the inanimate, everything lovely created that it might be copied on the canvas and immortalized.

Consuelo's sitting was not a long one. He thought it best not to tire her too much the first day, and at the end of the third hour rose from his easel and thanking her, dismissed her till the morrow.

"You will come again, won't you?" said Geoffrey.

The girl's look answered him.

For the first that she could remember Consuelo went to her miserable home happy. A new vista had been opened to her. She had caught the glimpse of another world, with which she seemed to feel a strange kinship.

How gladly those days glided by while the "Angel of Sorrow" half real and half the creation of the artist's superb fancy, grew upon the canvas.

The last sitting came. Artist and model were to part.

Geoffrey, who had grown familiar with the child, took her hand in his own when he bade her adieu. Suddenly Consuelo burst into tears.

The artist himself felt unexpectedly and strangely moved. Even to him the parting seemed painful. Why? Alid egotism! unknown to himself he had learned to love. Only at this crisis did the truth dimly dawn upon him. But why these tears of hers? strange infatuation! Then the child must love him also.

She then turned away to weep.

"Consuelo," he said gravely, "come Consuelo came at his bidding. "Look me straight in the face."

"I cannot," she sobbed.

"Consuelo, why do you weep?" The face could be doubted no longer except by the blind.

"Consuelo, would you like to stay here always—to be my wife?" he said rather nervously, half frightened himself.

The girl looked at him and seemed to make some sudden resolve.

Withdrawing her hand from his, she wiped her eyes, and then without another word or look fled from the studio.

"She is frightened, but I must follow her," said the artist. How soon she had become infinitely precious to him! He hastened to the door, but no trace of Consuelo could be seen.

He did not know even her address. The Italian had already called for his money. How should he find her? What strange impulse had caused her to turn and fly so suddenly? It was inexplicable, but he must find a key to the mystery. How? Would she not return to her old avocation, accompanying the organ? If he searched the streets for a few days he would soon find her again.

But days, weeks and months rolled by, and no trace of Consuelo or the Italian rewarded his anxious search.

So his passion died away into a vague and hopeless regret. Nothing remained of Consuelo but the blending of her beauty with his own dreams in the picture. So he devoted himself with renewed ardor to his favorite pursuits. The "Angel of Sorrow" was completed; extravagant offers were made for it, but the picture was not for sale. Money could not buy it.

It hung in the artist's own studio—his greatest achievement—and many wondered as they gazed upon the sorrowful face whence came the inspiration for it.

Geoffrey Vail received many visitors at his studio. Wealthy patrons and personal friends brought others often to see the great artist's work's artist sadly interrupting him when he wished to be alone, but courteously received.

Five years had gone by since his brief love dream had its sudden birth and tragic finale. His gentle face had grown gentler, and perhaps a tinge of sadness crept in between the handsome lines; but he had little to complain of so far as success was concerned.

He is busy in his studio when some callers are announced. They are foreigners, evidently, from their names. Geoffrey glanced carelessly at the card, and, not recognizing the names, is about to excuse himself, but suddenly changes his mind.

His visitors are shown into the studio.

A gentleman refined and distinguished in appearance, and a lady some years his junior. A vest partly occludes the lady's face.

Geoffrey bows politely, and advances to meet them as they are announced. The gentleman, speaking in French, apologizes for their intrusion, and asks permission to look at some of the artist's work, and the lady, who had observed the artist's favorite picture, leads her companion towards it. After viewing it for some minutes, and exchanging remarks of admiration in their own tongues the gentleman, turning to Geoffrey, asks him if the picture can be purchased.

"On no consideration," replied the artist. "It is reserved at a price even the most extravagant never care to go."

"Which means that you do not to sell it," replied the visitor.

The artist bowed in acquiescence. "And did you ever see a face suggested such beauty?" asked the visitor, adding: "Pardon me, but I have purpose in inquiring."

"I have seen one," replied the artist, "with which this creation of mine could but feebly compare."

As he said this his eye caught the face of the lady, who had removed her veil.

"Consuelo!" cried the artist, forgetting his visitors for a moment. But they were smiling at him pleasantly.

"Pardon me," said he. "Some uncied resemblance compelled me to utter that name."

The lady approached nearer to Geoffrey.

"Do you remember me, then," said softly.

The artist looked puzzled and perplexed. "Surely it is Consuelo, pardon me, you have changed your name." And he glanced significantly at her companion. "Ah! and you no more the 'Angel of Sorrow' might now pose for the 'Angel of Joy'."

Consuelo seemed to enjoy his perplexity. "And have you not found lately?"

The artist shook his head sadly.

"Pa, this is Mr. Vail," said Consuelo, turning to her companion, who offered his hand to Geoffrey with a pleasant smile.

"You are wondering what it means," said Consuelo, also smiling. "But it is a long story: papa will tell you while I look at some pictures around the studio and if you wish to repeat the question which you ask me so long ago, which I never answered, repeat it to him."

The story was briefly told.

Consuelo had been kidnapped from her home in Italy and shipped to New York. After many years she had been traced and returned to her parents; she had fled from Geoffrey's presence because ashamed of her humble origin and parentage, believing the padrone to be her father, and had been rescued immediately after.

Such a story could have but one sequel—a happy marriage. It was assuredly a happy one, and soon after Geoffrey commenced the twin picture, having found in his beloved wife a suitable subject for his celebrated artistic creation—"The Angel of Joy."

A Battle Between Doctors.

Although the matter has been to a great extent kept secret, a battle between homeopathy and allopathy has

Henrietta of Flanders precisely similar to that which occurred at the commencement of Lord Beaconsfield's fatal illness. Her mother, who is an ardent homeopathist, called in Dr. Martiny, the head of that school of medicine and all the eminent orthodox physicians declined to meet him in consultation. The attitude they assumed necessitated the summoning of a provincial practitioner by telegraph, and has given a wonderful opportunity to a young and able military doctor, who considers obedience the first duty of his calling.—London World.

Did Not Want Freckles.

A handsome young woman, who is well known for her philanthropy and who devotes a great deal of her home to making light the burden of poverty which other folks bear, recently found a family worthy of her assistance. It consisted of a mother and several children, the eldest a girl of 20 years, wretchedly dressed. The young woman cast about and finally secured a position in a wholesale candy store for the girl.

The salary was fair, the hours were not long, and all the girl had to do was to pack candy. She accepted the situation gladly, and the young woman placed the girl in a position to earn enough money to support them.

About two weeks later she called at the tenement where the family lived and was surprised to find the girl at home.

"Why, what's the matter?" she asked.

"Are you not working today?"

"No, ma'am, was the reply. "I'm not working at all."

"When did you leave your place?"

"Last week."

"What was the matter? Didn't they pay you enough money?"

"Oh, yes, ma'am, the wages was all right. It wasn't that."

"Was the work too heavy for you?"

"No, ma'am, the work was light enough."

The young woman began to feel very uneasy. She dreaded what might follow. But she faced the situation bravely and asked:

"Were you not treated right, then?"

"Oh, yes, ma'am, they put me to work in an alcove near a sunny window, and the sun came in nearly all day, and I was afraid I'd get freckled, so I left."

New York Herald: Ethel—Clara went to Europe to get married, did she? I'd like to see the man I'd go to Europe to marry.

Maud—Without doubt; or Timbur too either, I fancy.