

The Lightkeeper's Daughter.

Never a fairer maiden lived Than bonny, blue-eyed Alice: Her hair was like the daffodils, Her brow like lily's chalice.

BEHIND THE SCENES.

I feel as though it would ease my mind to make a confession of all the circumstances which have led to my lying here.

"Here" is the Westminster hospital, and I am lying on one of the narrow beds in the accident ward, crushed, maimed and helpless, crippled for life, even if I recover, which is doubtful.

In the early part of the winter I was engaged as principal dancer at the Drury Lane theater. They were giving a series of English operas, with ballets afterward; and when those performances were over a grand Christmas pantomime was forthcoming.

Dancing had been my profession for some years. I was very happy in it. I had good looks. I was successful and popular; but I delighted chiefly in the ease and comfort which my employment enabled me to bestow on my aged father, who lived with me and was my constant care.

It took only one evening to proclaim her superiority to me. Every person in the audience was ready to worship her, and I was forgotten, or at best my appearance on the stage was the signal for a few faint claps, not worth the

name of applause. The Easter extravaganza was a marvelous success, and it was all ascribed to Marie Goubaud.

One night I was sitting up beside my father, who was still very ill. I was in a frightful state of despondency at my subordinate position as second favorite. It was after eleven o'clock, and the theater was closed, but even at that late hour I had a visitor.

It was a young man who wrote for the stage, and sometimes consulted me with regard to theatrical affairs. He came to tell me that he had just completed a new burlesque which he had written expressly for me. It was very good indeed. The part he destined me for was witty, sprightly, and exceedingly taking. I secretly determined to act it at any cost, and win back the favor of the public.

Between this young author and myself there had sprung up a sort of liking, and I do not doubt that if matters had been left to grow we should have married; but such happiness was not to be my fate. I expressed great delight at the part my friend had written for me, and he went away well pleased.

The next night I saw him at our theater. His eyes were riveted on Marie Goubaud. I trembled, and my jealousy flamed out anew.

I went home after the performance. He followed me, came into my little sitting room, sat down, and hesitated. I saw at a glance it was as I feared. He wanted my rival to take the part he had written for me. However, I talked and laughed as if I suspected nothing. I rehearsed a few lines which I had arduously learned, and sang the principal song, and thus hoped to persuade him to let me keep the part; but I could not move him. The memory of Marie's bright eyes and vivacious presence was too strong. Presently he said:

"Jenny, I must succeed in life. I want reputation as a writer, and I want money; and if heaven has bestowed on me any dramatic skill, it would be very wrong for me not to employ all the means in my power to make success certain."

"Yes," I said, knowing what would follow. "Marie Goubaud is very beautiful." "Yes," I said again. "And she is very popular." "I nodded. I could not speak. I felt my hopes slipping away from me, and a train of bitter thoughts rushed into my very soul.

"Then," he said frankly, "Jenny, do you think it possible she might be a trifle more lucky with that part in my burlesque than you would be?" He spoke so kindly that I could not give vent to all the feelings which surged within me. I could not forget that the sacrifice on my part was for his benefit, not altogether for Marie's. So I attempted to be generous. I told him, with all the calmness I could muster, that Marie should have my part and welcome, and I hoped she would do it every justice.

He seized my hand with grateful warmth, and I went into my little bedroom, trembling, pale as ashes, and filled with the most violent envy and rage.

strike the wood-work, but she fled too swiftly, and I waited.

The burlesque went on to the third scene. The audience were wrought up to a high pitch of excitement, and seemed ready to rush upon the stage and bear off their favorite in triumph.

The fatal moment approached. I grew cold from head to foot. My lips were parched and dry. Suddenly I seemed to see a vision of Marie all in flames, with three awful bluish, burning patches on her face—one on each cheek, the other on her forehead. I was horror-struck.

In the midst of this vision the real Marie came running on to the stage, brilliant and laughing. She saw me standing at the wing and smiled, showing her white row of teeth. She looked away; she drew nearer; she stood directly under the lamp.

I savagely struck my hand upon the side of the scene. The terrible lamp flared up and tottered, and I turned faint and almost fell to the ground.

Like a flash of lightning my vision came back again. I sprang forward with a desperate effort. From the corner of my eye I caught a glimpse of the flaming shower, and I rushed upon Marie and dragged her away.

I was too late. A shriek of agony burst from her lips, and a purplish flame appeared upon her right temple near her eye.

Then I was attacked myself. The most exquisite pain seemed to be raging in my shoulders and cheeks, but I scarcely heeded it. I saw the burning stuff fall upon the floor. I heard the screams of the actors, the cries of the audience. I instantly felt that the theater was in danger. I knew every part of it and the whereabouts of everything. I tore away and got a large basket of sand. I was half blind. I dragged it out and flung it upon the rising flames, and with some handful I brushed the flaming lime from my own face and arms.

The scenery caught fire. I ran back for the hose, which hung upon the wall, turned on the tap, and flew out again upon the stage, drenched with water, and struggling with the writhing pipe. In five minutes all was over, and all was safe.

ed him as horned, or having horns, then, to be true to the language of Scripture, he put these horns on the head of his statue of the great lawgiver of Israel. So strangely may one translation mystify and mislead for ages interpreters as well as artists.—Rev. Tryon Edwards.

What Birds' Nest Pudding is Made of. Eatable birds' nests are found for the most part in the islands of Java, Borneo, Sumatra, and the Celebes.

The general subject of the taxation of property is one which affects every citizen, and should engage earnest attention—especially of those officers whose duties require them to take part therein.

The Cause of the "Sploshin." I would invite you to my house. Brudder Jackson," said Johnson, "but I dunno as we'll get any supper dis night, de cook stobe am so dreffully out ob repair."

Old Si—His Precaution Against Grave-Robbers. Old Si, after building the fire, edged up to the table and asked: "Is dey done foun' dem remains ob Mister Stewart's yet?"

Why Michel Angelo Put Horns on His Moses. Why did Michel Angelo put the horns on the head of his Moses? The answer is found in a wrong translation by Jerome, from the Hebrew into the Latin Vulgate, which is the accepted Bible of the Roman church.

Old Si—His Precaution Against Grave-Robbers. "Well, I thot I'd ax, kase dere's somefin down dar on Decatur street dat smells awful like hit wanted to be foun' an' burried ob agin."

Of Boards of Equalization. The general subject of the taxation of property is one which affects every citizen, and should engage earnest attention—especially of those officers whose duties require them to take part therein.

A German, telling the story of his campaigns, gives the following interesting item: "In this battle we lost the brave Captain Schultz. A cannon ball took off his head. His last words were: 'Bury me on the spot where I fell.'"

To Assessors and Boards of Equalization. GENTLEMEN: The following suggestions, relative to the assessment of property for taxation, are respectfully submitted:

The general subject of the taxation of property is one which affects every citizen, and should engage earnest attention—especially of those officers whose duties require them to take part therein.

Real estate is subject to biennial assessment only, and its value once established, cannot again be changed until its next regular assessment.

Of the Assessment of Personal Property.—The law requires the Board of Supervisors to "classify the several descriptions of property to be assessed for the purpose of equalizing such assessment."

Twenty-five years ago, in New England, all shoes were made by hand, and a man seldom sat at the bench all day, but usually plied some other trade till nightfall, and then went to his last.

Stuffed Potatoes.—Wash good sized potatoes; bake them in the oven for thirty minutes; take them out, and with a fork carefully remove the inside, preserving the shells whole; season the potatoes with salt, pepper and butter; fill the shell with it, put them in the oven a few minutes, and serve them steaming hot.

Have you cologne? "No, ma'am," replied the druggist, "I have no scents at all." She said he didn't look as though he had.

valuations of personal property. In those counties which contain incorporated towns and cities, the work of equalization is quite difficult, in order to reach the correct standard of comparative value between city and county property.

It will thus be seen that the responsibility of the assessor cannot be over-estimated, inasmuch as no general review of his action can be had. The Board of Supervisors should carefully consider their classification of property, and when the schedule has been finally adopted, every assessor of the county should respect it accordingly.

Particular attention is also directed to the requirement of the law that the assessor shall administer an oath to each person assessed. This should never be waived. The assessor has authority to propound any proper question concerning the property of the party he is about to assess, which must be answered; or, if refused, that fact should be reported to the proper authorities. Respectfully submitted. BUREN R. SHEPARD, Auditor of State.

Leading a Calf. He was a small but muscular boy, and the calf was probably two months old with a development of unadulterated cunning that would credit to a Gurgis Ku-Klux Klan Captain.

"Come back here, you infernal clod-buster, and pay for this melon." "Say, mister! whoa—give me my thunderation on you—hat won't yer?"

Our Foot Wear. Twenty-five years ago, in New England, all shoes were made by hand, and a man seldom sat at the bench all day, but usually plied some other trade till nightfall, and then went to his last.

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