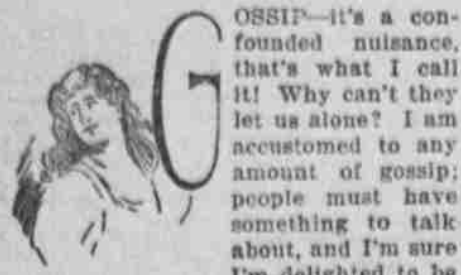


MONTHS AFTERWARD.



GOSSIP—it's a confounded nuisance, that's what I call it! Why can't they let us alone? I am accustomed to any amount of gossip; people must have something to talk about, and I'm sure I'm delighted to be able to afford them any amusement, but when it comes to being smacked on the back and congratulated six times in one afternoon, it's coming a bit too strong. I don't mind for my own sake—a man can look after himself—but I'm thinking of you. I was in hopes that you had not heard."

"Not heard, indeed! I had two letters this morning, and three this afternoon; four wanting to know when the wedding was to be, and a fifth from a girl asking to be bridesmaid. I am afraid to go out. People fly at me at every corner, shake my hand off and say how delighted they are and how charming it is and how they always knew it would come to this, and that we are made for one another—they never did know two people so exactly suited."

"Extraordinary! That's what they say to me. I never was so taken aback in my life. Of course, we've always been good friends, but—"

"Certainly not."

"And I don't think—"

"Neither do I. It's absurd! Utter nonsense!"

"No, but really—let us have it out while we are about it. What can have given rise to such a ridiculous report? We have been a good deal together, of course, because we are in the same set, and always seem to hit it off, and you are such a jolly good dancer, and all that kind of thing, but I can't see what we have done to set people talking at this rate. Honestly, now—I am anxious to know—did you ever imagine—that is to say—did you think—I mean, have I ever—"

"You never have! No, Captain May and I have never imagined! On the contrary, I don't mind admitting, now that we are upon the subject, that I have cherished a secret grudge against you because you have never given me an opportunity of refusing you. That sort of neglect rankled in a woman's mind and now you see for yourself the awkward position in which it has placed me. When people ask if I am engaged to you I am obliged to confess that I have never been asked. You ought to have thought of this and provided against it. It would have been so easy some night at a ball, or in an interval at the theater—the whole thing might have been over in five minutes, and then I should have been able to say that I had refused you, and everything would have been happy and comfortable. I don't feel as if I could ever forgive you!"

"Sorry, indeed! You see I should have been most happy, only I could never feel quite sure that you really would re—"

"How odious you are! You need not have been afraid; there never was anything more certain since the beginning of the world. I wouldn't marry you to save your life! I would as soon think of falling in love with the man in the moon! We have always been friends, of course, but that counts for nothing. One may like a person very much, and yet find it quite impossible to go any farther. I could better love a horse man!"

"Same with me! I think no end of you, but when Lewis came and congratulated me the other day I was struck all of a heap. If he had said the same thing about a dozen other girls I should have been less surprised, but it never occurred to me to look upon you in that light."

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"DON'T CONTRADICT!"

"O, indeed! I'm awfully obliged, I'm sure, but I don't think much of your taste. There are a dozen other men who wouldn't agree with you, that's one comfort. Am I so utterly repulsive in your eyes, I think I had better say 'Good afternoon' at once, and relieve you of my presence."

"What nonsense you talk! I never said a word about your appearance that I know of. That's the worst of arguing with a woman—she flies off at a tangent and there's no doing any good with her. I don't see why you should be offended. You seem to think it just as impossible to fall in love with me."

"That's different—I mean, I don't care what you think; but other people think—that's to say, I have always been told—Some people think I am very nice if you don't. I think it's perfectly hateful of you to say such things! I should like to know, just as a matter of curiosity, what it is in me that you object to so much?"

"You won't like it, you know, when you do hear—you'll be in a bigger rage than ever. Much better leave it alone. Well, if you will have it, I dislike the way you do your hair. Wait a moment—it means more than you think. It is not only ugly in itself, but it shows a fatal want of perception. Your beauty—if you will allow me to say so—is of a classic order, and if you adopt a more natural style of coiffure, your appearance would really be—uncommonly fetching! Stead of that, you persist in

fashion, which destroys your individuality and is utterly unsuited to your style. It seems a small thing in itself, but it has far-reaching consequences. The moment we meet I notice it, don't you know, and feel annoyed. The whole time I am with you I am worrying about it. It sets up a chronic state of exasperation. Perhaps you don't understand the feeling—"

"Oh, yes, I do! Perfectly! I feel the same toward you because you will insist on wearing enormous stand-up collars. I call that a want of perception, if you like! I wouldn't be personal for the world, but I have seen men with longer necks. When you want to speak to your neighbor you have to twist your whole body. It makes me die with laughing to see you."

"Delighted to afford you so much amusement. Sorry I make myself so ridiculous! You are excessively polite, I'm sure!"

"You were a great deal worse yourself. You said that I—"

"Nothing of the kind! You misunderstood me. I simply remarked—"

"Don't contradict! You said I was an ugly thing, and that it exasperated you only to see me. You did! It makes it worse to deny it. I can't think how you can look me in the face!"

"Why get excited? It's really not worth while, and you will make yourself hot. It's not becoming to be hot. I was about to say, when you so rudely interrupted me, that you had misunderstood the meaning of my remarks. I simply observed—"

"I don't care a little bit what you observed. I'm not going to talk to you any longer. Good afternoon, Captain May. You needn't dance with me at Lady Bolton's this evening, as my hair annoys you so much!"

"I shall ask Miss Cunliffe instead. She is a capital waltzer. Your mother is waiting for you at the door. Fourth and sixth, wasn't it, and the first extra? I must ask her at once, as she is so much engaged. Good afternoon, then, Miss Blanchard, if you will go, and as the good little boys say, 'Thank you so much for the pleasant afternoon!'"

"He never thought of such a thing. It never occurred to him to think of her in that light. Hateful creature! And why not, I should like to know? Doesn't he think I'm nice? * * * I never cared for him, but he has no business not to like me. What horrid taste!"

"And to talk of a dozen other girls! That means Lucie Charvie, I suppose, and Adeline Rowe. I have noticed that he dances with them. * * * I don't see why he should like them better than me. I'm the prettiest, and I can be awfully nice if I like. I have never been really nice to him—not my very nicest, or he wouldn't have talked as he did today. * * * I might try the effect this evening."

"I meant to be offended, but perhaps the other would have more effect. I believe I'll try it. No one can ever say that I am a flirt, but there are occasions when it is a girl's duty to teach a man a lesson, and he had no business to say that about my hair. * * * I wonder if he was right? He has awfully good taste, as a rule."

"I believe after all, it would be rather becoming. * * * I'll get Elsie to try tonight, and wear my new white dress, and the pearls, and I'll say to him the very first thing that I'm sorry, and ask him to dance with me all the same. Then, when he sees how nice I am he will be vexed with himself for being so nasty. It will do him no end of good."

"I'd give worlds if he would only propose to me before the season is over! I'd refuse him, of course, but that wouldn't matter; it would be kind of me to take the trouble, because it is dreadful to see a man so conceited, and, if it were not for that, he would be quite charming. * * * I'll begin this evening. How exciting! Poor Captain May!"

"She looked disgracefully pretty! Nothing like putting a girl in a good stand-up rage to see what she's made of. I never knew she had so much in her before. And she would just as soon think of falling in love with the man in the moon, would she? That's pretty tall! Hang it all! Why do they put things in a fellow's head? I was happy enough before, and now this has unsettled me altogether. * * * A man may not want to marry a girl, but that's no reason why she should be so precious indifferent."

"I always fancied that she had a decided weakness. * * * So she wants to laugh at me, does she? Little wretch! She is always up to some mischief."

"I wouldn't object if it was at some other fellow, for those dimples are uncommonly fetching."

"I believe she is right about the collars, all the same—thought so myself more than once. If another shape would suit me better, it seems rather absurd to stick to these. 'Man in the moon,' eh? Humph! Well, it doesn't do to be too awfully sure, it's a bad thing to get into the way of boasting. How would it be if I took her in hand and tried to work a cure? Do her all the good in the world to be brought down a peg or two, and find her own level, and the process would not be unpleasant. Hi, cabby! stop at the first decent hostess's you come to, I want to get out."

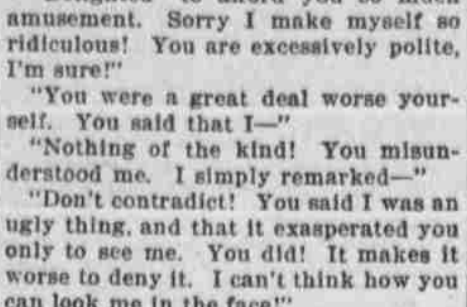
Extract from the Times of four months later:

On the 28th instant, at St. George's, Hanover square, by the Rt. Rev. the bishop of Oxbridge, assisted by the Rev. Noel Blanchard, the brother of the bride, Cyril Aubrey May, captain of Royal Horse guard, second son of James Eaton May, Esq., of Brompton manor, Hants, to Phyllis Mary Olivia, only daughter of Major Blanchard of Barcombe, County Wicklow and Floralire.

WONDERFUL AIR SHIP

MONSTROUS VESSEL, DESIGNED TO CARRY MEN AND ARMS.

Supported by Balloons and Propelled by Sails—A Greyhound of the Air, the Creation of a French Inventor for Use in Cuba.



HE Cuban Junta threatens a fine de siecle system of warfare against Spain in Cuba which promises to revolutionize all other modern methods. Since February 24, 1895, the brightest military minds of the Cuban army of liberation have been trying to overcome the troops of the young King Alfonso, but beyond gaining an occasional victory, keeping out of harm's way and showing the world how well they can outgeneral and outwit their enemies, the Cubans have accomplished little toward gaining independence, says the New York Herald.

Spain has been forced to spend a vast amount of money and sacrifice the lives of thousands of her young men, but her towns and provinces are still crowded with patriotic youths.

"The war in Cuba is sure to last two or three years longer," wrote President Cisneros a week ago to a friend in this city, "unless some quicker agent of destruction is employed against the Spaniards here. The old methods of warfare are too slow for the topography of Cuba. As soon as we reduce the enemy in one quarter the home government sends out a fresh installment of young soldiers to take the place of those who have fallen victims of the machete and fever. Any honorable means of warfare will be gladly hailed as beneficial to the Cubans if it is only swift and destructive, and ahead of any means now at our disposal."

This answer had been written in reply to a representative of a French syndicate now in New York, who had submitted to the Constituent Congress at Cufitas a plan to make war on the Spaniards from the clouds by balloon. The matter was referred to General Carlos Roloff, the Cuban minister of war, and he at once gave favorable consideration to the scheme of the Frenchmen. General Roloff, who is an expert in the manufacture and manipulation of high explosives, thought well of the arrangements and plans submitted to him, because he is a firm believer in the use of balloons for signaling and despatching messages in war times.

While the Cubans were negotiating with Capt. E. Lagriffoule, of Marselles, who came to this city about two months ago, other aspirants for fame and fortune appeared in the persons of Dr. Rufus Gibson Wells and Senors Morel and Hardinas, of the Junta, who claim to have discovered the secret of navigating a balloon in the upper regions so as to drive it in any direction they choose. Dr. Wells is so confident of the success of his aerial invention that he is now attempting to raise \$20,000 at St. Louis, where he claims to be well known, for the purpose of making a practical test of his machine.

I understand that the Cubans who frequent the Junta, at No. 56 New street, that the invention which finds the greatest favor is that of an American in the military balloon corps of the French army, and which is now controlled by French capitalists. Captain Lagriffoule, who has greatly improved upon the American's air ship, and who calls it his balloon, called upon Allen S. Williams, general manager of the Newark Cuban festival, last week, and after showing him the plans of his air ship and exhibiting his credentials from the proper authorities he tried to secure the services of Mr. Carl Meyer, a noted balloonist, who made a balloon ascension at Waverly, N. J., on July 4 under Mr. Williams' management, and who has twice crossed Weyler's famous trocha in Pinar del Rio in an air ship of his own construction with dispatches from Antonio Maceo to Jose Maria Aguirre.

Captain Lagriffoule is to begin the construction of one of his air ships at once, in a secluded grove in Florida. When it is completed, which will be, so he claims, within a few weeks, Mr.

aluminum braces securing the belts or girths to the car below. These braces are also the stays for the sails forward and at the sides for steering purposes. The principle upon which this wonderful airship is steered is the same which governs the sailing of a yacht. A series of uprights over the car and just under the lower valves of the balloons sustains a shaft, which is revolved by electricity and turns an immense fan, or screw, at the rear of the ship, which acts as an air rudder as well as a propeller. Every piece of metal in the entire construction of this greyhound of the air is of aluminum, and every rivet or piece of machinery for the Cuban boat is already made and packed for shipment to the mysterious shipyard where the sections are to be put together.

The Inferior Heavens.

Tommy—Paw, the Chinese invented gunpowder, didn't they?

Mr. Figg—Yes; but it never really amounted to much for killing purposes until the Christian nations took hold of it.—Exchange.

Mean Enough for Anything.

He—Would you like to look at a beautiful ring? She (blushingly)—I—yes—that is, I wouldn't mind looking at one. He—Let us go to the window and look at it. There is a beauty around the moon to-night.

Dressed for It.

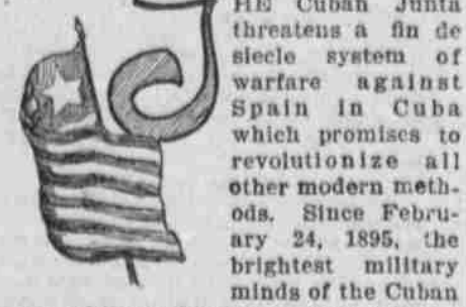
Mr. Twynn—They say Mrs. Van Huffer, the new society leader, is right in the swim.

Mrs. Twynn—H'm, she dresses for it.—Vanity.

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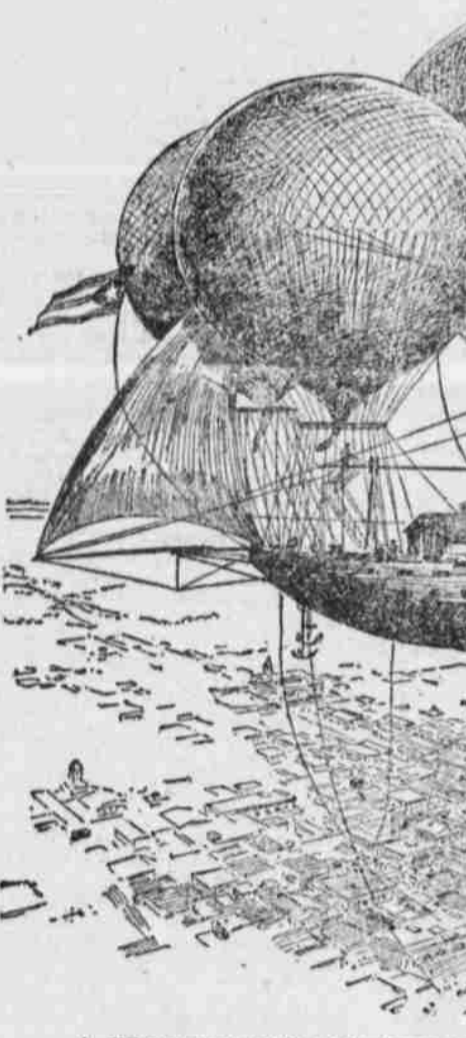


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A FRENCHMAN'S INVENTION FOR CUBAN WARFARE.

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Carl Meyer will pilot the balloon, or rather the cluster of balloons, for of such is the ship constructed, to Cuba. This one air ship will carry 125 men, 1,000 rifles, a half million rounds of rifle ammunition, material from which to make dynamite and a large quantity of hospital stores, to be sent out by the Cuban Army Sanitary Corps.

I saw Captain Lagriffoule when he called on Mr. Williams at the Market street headquarters in Newark, and in reply to my questions about his project and his balloon, he said:

"In this age of progress there is nothing impossible. Some things may look very difficult to do, but human ingenuity can surmount all obstacles. The upper atmosphere is not an unknown region to aeronauts, who have made a scientific study of it. Ballooning is a science, like anything else. The ordinary balloon crank who ventures into upper space without knowing the region generally ends up with an accident. It is much safer up there in the cloud region than down here, because if a cyclone or corkcrew storm breaks down here you are at its mercy on the earth, while up there we can see it coming or gathering hours ahead, and can ride above, in the bright sunshine, while the poor mortals below are fighting it for their lives."

"The balloon in which I propose to go to Cuba will be the first complete and efficient airship ever directed through upper space by the hand of man, and I am proud to let the Herald have a sketch of it. This is no day dream—it is a scientific fact, and it is going to solve the problem of rapid transit through the cloud regions. I have everything ready and shall proceed to build my airship just as soon as I can conclude some business arrangements with the Junta."

The airship is one of the most remarkable things of its kind ever conceived by an aeronaut. Its chief feature, which excites the greatest wonder, is its extreme lightness considering its tremendous strength.

The airship consists of a boat shaped car that does not swing, but is held solidly, though pendant, from a cluster of five balloons.

These balloons are held steadily in place by five aluminum belts, which go around the girths of the balloons and are connected at the points of contact by easy working ball bearing joints, so that there can be no strain, and each belt can give gently one way or the other, as the balloon it holds might sway, without getting away from its mate. In this way the balloons are always manageable.

Besides the system of network which surrounds the balloons and which holds them attached to the car there are

aluminum braces securing the belts or girths to the car below. These braces are also the stays for the sails forward and at the sides for steering purposes. The principle upon which this wonderful airship is steered is the same which governs the sailing of a yacht. A series of uprights over the car and just under the lower valves of the balloons sustains a shaft, which is revolved by electricity and turns an immense fan, or screw, at the rear of the ship, which acts as an air rudder as well as a propeller. Every piece of metal in the entire construction of this greyhound of the air is of aluminum, and every rivet or piece of machinery for the Cuban boat is already made and packed for shipment to the mysterious shipyard where the sections are to be put together.

Balzac on Color Influence.

Balzac's curious speculations suggest the extent to which color influences our human life. He had noticed that a woman who had a taste for orange or green gown was quarrelsome; one who wore a yellow or black apparel, without apparent cause, was not to be trusted; preference for white showed a coquette spirit; gentle and thoughtful women prefer pink; women who regard themselves as being unfortunate prefer pearl gray; lilac is the shade particularly affected by "overripe beauties"; therefore, the great author held, lilac hats are mostly worn by mothers on their daughters' marriage day and by women more than 40 years old when they go visiting.

These theories are founded upon the principles of color, as already laid down—namely, that red and yellow excite; green, tempered by blue, is bilious; orange is fiery; gray is cold and melancholy; lilac is a light shade of purple, the most retiring color of the scale.—Popular Science Monthly.

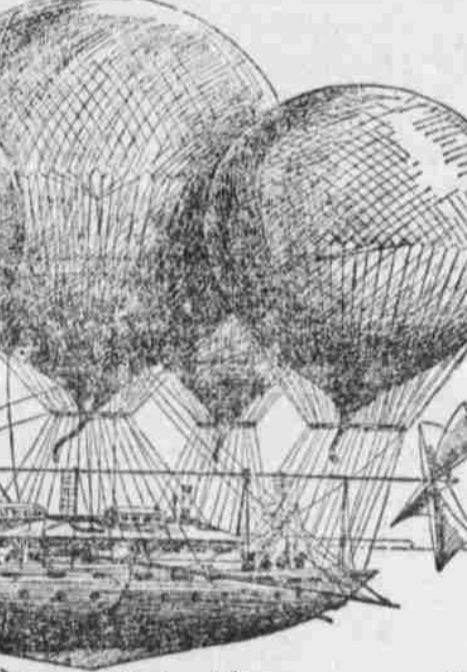
The Secret Out.

Her Sutor—I'm going to get you a pony some day, Boddy. What kind do you want?

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Been There Himself.

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We pay the highest market prices for poetry, by the ton, and always weigh it on standard scales.

Our wife says that our new book on the "Home Life of a Married Man" will not be published as announced. Subscribers can get their money back if they call before it is spent.—Atlanta Constitution.

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CARDINAL CASCAJARES' CAREER

Prince of the Church Exchanged His Sword for a Scales.

The principles of phrenology as laid down by Gall, Lavater and other teachers have their ardent disciples as well as their disbelievers; but whether they be true or false there is a cardinal, a member of the present college, who ascribes to their theories the crowning success of his life, says the New York Tribune.

Some weeks ago Don Antonio Cascajares, archbishop of Valladolid, Spain, called upon Senor Bosch, the Spanish minister of public works, to announce his elevation to the rank of cardinal and receive his minister's congratulations. They were heartily given, and the new cardinal then made the following explanation of his visit:

"I wished you to be the first to congratulate me. I shall tell you why. One day when you, Senor Bosch, were about 12 years old, your father, Miguel Bosch, took you to his friend, Senor Indalecio Mateo, then master of ceremonies at the court, in order to have him admire your peculiar talent for the exact sciences. As you and your father entered the room of Mateo, the latter was talking to a captain of artillery. You were subjected to an examination, and the three men, Senor Mateo, your father and the captain, were astonished at the unusual talent of the boy. The subject of phrenology then came up. Your father was an ardent advocate of the teachings of Gall, but the captain, on the other hand, had no faith in them. After your father had defended his point of view with all possible arguments he proposed, half in jest and half in earnest, to examine the head of his adversary, the captain. The latter readily submitted. After Senor Bosch had passed his fingers over the captain's cranium, he said:

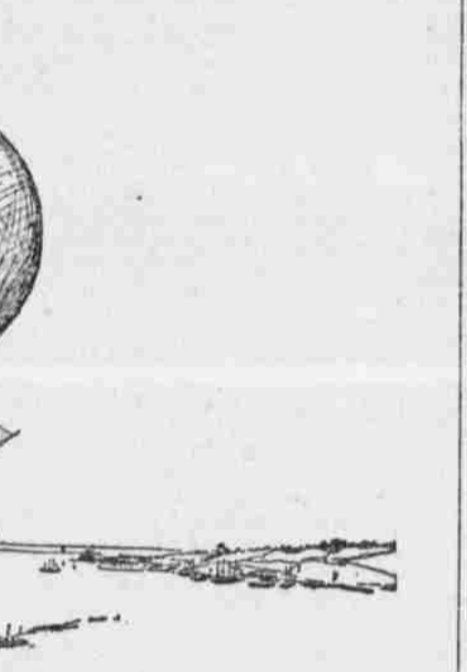
"My examination proves that you will never amount to much as a soldier. The bump of combativeness is unusually small. On the other hand, mildness, humility and religion are extremely highly developed. I feel certain that if you exchange the sword for the stole and the uniform for the priest's coat you will become a cardinal."

A short time after this meeting the captain resigned from the army and entered a seminary, and the prophesy of your father was fulfilled. The captain is a cardinal—for I was the captain."

Literary Billville.

Col. Jones has just finished his "History of the War." Nobody knows that he was never in it.

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United States Patent Office Report.

TRANS-MISSISSIPPI INVENTORS.

351 patents were issued to United States inventors the past week, of which number Nebraska inventors received 2 patents, while 10 Iowa inventors were rewarded. James Gilbert of Omaha, Nebraska, receiving a patent for a thrust-bearing for marine engines while W. H. Fairchild, Diller, Nebraska, received a patent for a corn planter.

Amongst the notable inventions are found a railway track layer; a sand paping machine; a fence comprising a split tubular rail having a projecting serrated tongue; a vegetable cutter, grader and dish strainer, a pad attaching attachment for sewing machines; a machine for forging car wheels; a pocket for prize fruit; a hair curler comprising a pliable web provided with longitudinal rolls; a self-feeding muclage brush; a new tubing for bicycle frames, comprising two half sections provided with projecting flanges, between which half sections and flanges is held a web plate; an electric igniter for gas engines; an improved carpet sweeper; a golf club; a support for musical performances; a tire shinker attachment for anvils; a bicycle shoe provided with an outer sole comprising a layer of fibrous material; a field anchor for check row corn planters; a step cover for stairs; an improved bicycle pump; a folding brush; a collapsible chair; an inflated bicycle tire comprising a plurality of tubes arranged to form tamponations with intervening air spaces; a fire proof floor or roof; a combined child's wagon and velocipede; a combination blossom and divided skirt; and a lap board in the form of a cylinder.

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