

AN ARCHITECT'S WIFE.

A Spanish Tale.

It was lawful to add another to the eight Beatitudes given in the catechism, I would add the following: "Blessed are they that marry a sensible woman, for theirs shall be domestic felicity." And if it were lawful to illustrate the Beatitudes with historical notes, I would append to the aforesaid ninth the following explanation:

In the middle of the fourteenth century the Bastard, Don Enrique de Trastamara, was besieging Toledo, which offered a brave and tenacious defense, being loyal to that king called by some "The Just" and by others "The Cruel." Many a time and oft had the faithful and courageous Toledanos crossed the magnificent bridge of San Martin, one of the handsomest and most useful architectural treasures of that monumental city, and hurling themselves upon the camp of Don Enrique, established in the Cigarrales, they had wrought bloody havoc amid the besieging host. To prevent the repetition of such sallies Don Enrique determined to destroy the bridge of San Martin, which, as has already been said, was the noblest of the many that from the girdle of the city of martyrs, of councils, and of cavaliers. But what value have artistic or historic monuments in the eyes of the ambitious politicians whose dream it is to bury a dagger in the breast of a brother, that they may seat themselves in the throne he occupies? Well known it is that the Cigarrales of Toledo, to whose fame so much has been contributed by Tirso and other great Spanish poets, consist of multitudes of villas and country-houses, with their lovely gardens and fruitful orchards, all shut in by hedges.

One night the leafy branches of these trees were lopped off by the soldiers of Don Enrique, and piled upon the bridge of San Martin. The dawn was beginning to open, when a glow of wondrous brilliance lit up the devastated gardens, the waves of the Tajo, the ruins of the palace of Don Rodrigo, and the little Arabian tower reflected in the waters of the river, at whose foot, so history hath it, the daughter of Don Julian was bathing when the ill-fated king set eyes upon her fateful beauty. An immense fire blazed on the bridge on San Martin, and the cracking of the massive carven beams, wrought with all the skill of the chisel which created the marvels of the Alhambra, seemed the pitiful pluck of art crushed by brute force. Toledanos, awakened by the sinister glow, ran to save their beloved bridge from the imminent ruin which menaced it, but they ran futilely, for a frightful crash that resounded lugubriously through the hollows of the Tajo told them that the bridge stood no longer. When the rising sun gilded the domes of the imperial city the girls who went to fill their jars with the cool and crystalline water of the river turned homeward again with the vessels empty and their hearts full of sorrow and indignation, for the current of the Tajo ran turbid and boiling, carrying on its whirling waves the ruins of the bridge of San Martin, which still were smoking.

This act of vandalism roused to fury the indignation of the Toledanos, who saw thus cut off their only direct passage to the paradise-like Cigarrales, which they had inherited from the Moors, together with the Moorish passion for groves and gardens. The valor of the citizens, which had grown feeble, gained unexpected vigor, and ere many days had blotted out the camp of Trastamara, the blood of whose soldiery ran in torrents over the Cigarrales.

Many years had passed since the fratricide of Montiel destroyed the bridge of San Martin. Kings and archbishops had exerted all their powers to have it replaced by another which should be its equal in strength and beauty. But the genius and endeavor of the best architects Christian and Moorish, had not been able to gratify the ardent wishes of the Toledanos, for the rapid current of the river always swept away foundations, piles, and stagings before the placing of the gigantic arches. Don Pedro Tenorio, one of the great archbishops to whom Toledo owes almost as much as to her kings, sent proclamations to almost every city and village of Spain, calling for architects to rebuild the bridge of San Martin.

One day a man and a woman, entirely unknown, entered Toledo by the Cambon gate, and, after inspecting the ruins of the bridge, they hired a house close by, and shortly thereafter the man took himself to the archiepiscopal palace. The archbishop, surrounded at the moment by cavaliers and prelates, was overjoyed at the arrival of an architect, immediately gave him audience, and welcomed the stranger kindly.

"My lord," said the new arrival, "my name, no doubt unknown to you, is Juan de Arevalo. I am an architect, and am brought here by your proclamation summoning such."

"Do you understand the difficulties involved in rebuilding the bridge of San Martin, friend?"

"I do, but I believe myself capable of overcoming them."

"Where have you studied architecture?"

"At Salamanca."

"And what works testify to your skill?"

"None whatever." Noting the frown on the face of the archbishop, the stranger hastened to add: "I was a soldier in my youth, my lord; but leaving the profession of arms I

devoted myself to architecture, and if on firm and well-proportioned pie attests my knowledge, it is that for the sake of bread I have relinquished to others the credit of more than one edifice of my construction across the Tormes and the Duero. And for the rest, I offer you my life in pledge of my competency."

"How so? you speak in riddles. You must know that men are no longer put to death for failure to perform the conditions of a promise."

"Aye, true, my lord; but when the main arch of the bridge should be completed the place of its architect is on the keystone, and if the arch prove false and fall, its builder would fall with it."

"That offer is surely fair," said the archbishop, "as a proof of your earnestness and sincerity. Let the work be begun to-morrow."

Juan de Arevalo hastened to the humble dwelling, in whose embrasured window sat watching the woman who had accompanied him to Toledo; a woman still young and beautiful, notwithstanding her face bore the traces of vigils and privations.

"Catalina! my Catalina!" exclaimed the architect, embracing his wife fondly, "among these monuments that glorify Toledo there will be one that will transmit to posterity the name of Juan de Arevalo."

No longer could the Toledanos, approaching the Tajo over escarped rocks and masses of ruins, exclaim: "Here was the bridge of San Martin!" for already the new bridge reared itself in shapely proportions upon the rent foundations, now made solid, of the ancient structure. The archbishop and other wealthy Toledanos were showering rich gifts upon the fortunate and skillful architect who had succeeded in throwing the three great arches of the bridge, in spite of the gigantic daring of the work and the furious currents of the river.

On the eve of the day of San Yldefonso, patron saint of the city, Juan de Arevalo informed the archbishop that his task was completed, saving only the removing of the scaffolding from the three arches. It was a perilous task—the taking down of the complicated scaffolding of heavy iron beams, and of delicately carved timbers; but the calmness with which the architect awaited the issue, which he promised to meet standing on the central keystone, filled those about him with confidence. With proclamations and pealing of bells was announced for the following day the solemn benediction and dedication of the bridge, and the Toledanos, from the heights commanding the vale of the Tajo, contemplated with joyous emotion the beloved Cigarrales that for years had been sad, lonely, almost deserted, and which were now to recover their old-time beauty and animation.

Toward nightfall Juan de Arevalo climbed upon the scaffolding of the central arch to see that all was in readiness for the morrow's ceremony. Meanwhile, he was gayly singing: All at once the song died on his lips, the light faded from his face, and sorrowfully he descended, and slowly took his way homeward. His wife Catalina came forth to meet him, full of love and contentment; but a frightful pallor overspread her face at the sight of the despairing countenance of her husband.

"Oh, Father in Heaven!" she cried; "what is it, then, my dear one? Art thou ill?"

"Ill—no! dead—yes—in hope, in power, in honor! Aye! in life itself! for I will not survive the dishonor of to-morrow. Nay, the only shred of honor I can wrest from fate will be mine but in dying!"

"No! no!" cried Catalina; "Juan, thou drest! Thy great excess of labor has deranged thy thought, my dear one. Come hither, let me call the doctor and heal thee!"

"Not so! it is the truth I tell thee. When I was the most sure of success, most confident of triumph, now on the eve of the test, I have discovered an error in my calculation that to-morrow will bury in the Tajo the bridge and the unfortunate that unsuccessfully planned it."

The bridge may fall, beloved, but thou shalt not go with it. On my knees I will entreat the archbishop to exempt thee from that horrible promise."

"And if he yield, then will I not accept the absolution. I care not for life without honor."

"Now I swear that thou shalt lose nor life nor honor!" murmured Catalina, softly, yet with infinite resolution.

It was already almost dawn. The cocks were crowing. Catalina seemed to sleep, and her husband, soothed in spite of himself by her calm demeanor, at last fell into a fitful, feverish slumber, that was full of nightmare horrors. Catalina arose, as silent in her motions as the passing of a shadow, and, opening a window on the hearthstone, she saw the Tajo. No sound was heard but the murmuring current of the river and the wind that whistled through the timbers of the scaffolding above the city, and from its gloomy bosom darted, now and then, lightning rays of terrible brilliance that blinded the beholder. As yet no rain was falling; and the terror of the impending storm seemed concentrated in the thick palpable darkness, the ominous brooding silence, and the sultry, breathless thickness of the close atmosphere.

Closing the window the wife of the architect caught up an unextinguished brand that smoked still on the hearthstone. Out into the night she went, and, for all the pitch-black darkness that marked that last black hour before the day should quicken she sought not to guide her steps by the light of the fire-brand, but rather to conceal its gleam with the folds of her raiment, as she hurried over the broken and littered way to the river, and with pain and peril climbed upon the planks of the staging. Below her the wind shrieked among the timbers, and the river roared and bellowed as it hurled itself upon the opposition of the piles, and Catalina shuddered. Was it for the solitude and the dark-

ness for the danger of losing her footing and tumbling headlong? or because she realized that those about her, overlooking the sacrifice of affection, would see in her movements only the odious deed of a criminal?

She recoiled her calmness with an effort, shook until it burst into a blaze in the blast the torch that until now she had hidden, and applied it to the lighter braces of the staging. The resinous wood caught with a vigorous flame, and, fanned by the wind, leaped abroad, and climbed with terrible rapidity up the scaffolding.

Not less swiftly, by the light of the spreading fire, Catalina recrossed the dangerous path she had trodden, and reached her home and her chamber while her husband was still sleeping.

By this time the massive sleepers of the bridge of San Martin were cracking. A little latter a dull and prolonged murmur was heard throughout the city, and from a hundred bell-towers tolled the ominous fire-alarm, to which lugubrious signal ensued a crash that called from the Toledanos the same cry of distress that they had uttered when the bridge succumbed to the vandal attack of Don Enrique the Bastard.

Juan de Arevalo awoke with a species of spasm. Catalina was at his side, apparently sleeping. Juan clothed himself hurriedly, and, as he reached the street, his heart leaped with joy as he realized that the fire had obliterated the proof of his faulty judgment.

The archbishop and the Toledanos attributed the fire to a bolt from heaven, and the sorrow they felt for their own loss was tempered by the sympathy felt for the architect, whom they deemed to have seen the results of his labor destroyed even in the hour of triumph; and the architect himself, who was a pious soul, of a profound faith in the protection of heaven, was devout in the same conviction.

As for Catalina she assured her husband that she was entirely of the same opinion, and, as women are rarely guilty of falsehood, surely no venial lie may be forgiven to one who had saved the honor and the life of her husband.

The conflagration only retarded for a year the triumph of Juan de Arevalo, for a few months later, to a day, on the feast of San Yldefonso, the Toledanos crossed the bridge of San Martin to their beloved Cigarrales, and the successful builder of the structure was the boast of the occasion, and the honored guest at the banquet spread in joyous celebration.

A Daring Feat.

From the Atlanta Constitution.

Dock Cockburn, a moonshiner from Murray county, escaped from the custom house at the peril of his life. He was sitting in the little prisoners' room on the third floor in a group of moonshiners. The door was locked. All at once Cockburn sprang to his feet and went to a small window which overlooks Marietta Street at a height of 100 feet. He raised the sill, and stepping out on the granite ledge, which is hardly six inches wide, and straightening himself against the side of the building, with his face to the wall, moved slowly along the perilous path. The slightest misstep would have hurled him from his dizzy height to the flagstone below—a mangled mass. The coping extends to the balcony, a distance of about ten feet. He made the trip in safety, and, raising his left leg with the greatest care, stepped over the wall of the balcony, walked into the hall, down the stairway, and got away. The court was in session at the time, but Cockburn was not missed until an officer happened to look into the little room to see if the prisoners were all right. Of course no one dreamed that any sane man would dare death in the attempt to tread the coping to the balcony. Cockburn is the same man who, in 1883, jumped from a car window near Marietta while the train was making thirty miles an hour, rolled down an embankment and made good his escape into the woods. He is 29 years of age and weighs 186 pounds. He has the agility of one the toughness of a lightwood knot, and the nerve of an iron man. Dock has been brought to law a number of times and he feared a heavy sentence—so he risked his life in getting away.

The Age of Speculation.

This is an age of speculation. Thousands crowd around the stock-ticker every day; thousands more watch the grain gambling; all the pool rooms are filled with men and youths whose faces show how often the right horses do not win. All the lotteries, all the policy shops, all the gambling dens have their victims, and the supply is undiminishedly large. The poor sheep are sheared, and are sent, poverty-stricken, to do the best they can; but other sheep come tumbling into the pitfalls, and the gamblers roll up their bank accounts and drive their fast horses, and wonder why anybody complains of hard times. The mania of speculation is ruinous to correct business methods. It unsettles a man, makes him inconsistent and vacillating, injures his usefulness as a straightforward worker and destroys his steady principles and honest purposes. Young men starting out in life should avoid it as they would a curse.—Baltimore American.

Embroidery in Men's Dress.

It is probable that embroidery will soon play a prominent part in men's dress. Thus far it has only shown itself in connection with dress vests, which are embroidered with a degree of elaboration depending upon the taste and the pocketbook of the wearer. The coming fall will, however, witness the introduction of embroidered coats, vests and trousers. Thus far none of these garments have been made up in America, but the material has been made for them, and considerable quantities of West of England cloths have been sent to Paris to be embroidered to the order of leading New York tailors, in patterns for vest, coat and trousers.—Pittsburg Bulletin.

A Love-Song to a Wife.

We have been lovers for forty years. Oh, dear cheeks, faded and worn with tears; What an eloquent story of love ye tell; Your roses are dead, yet I love ye well!

Oh, pale brow, shrined in soft, silvery hair; Crowned with life's sorrows, and lined with care; Let me read by the light of the stars above thee, Those, fond, records of faithful love.

Ah, those, fond eyes of my own true wife! Ye have shown so clear through my checkered life!

Ye have shed such joy on its thorny way That I cannot think ye are dim to-day.

Worn little hands that have toiled so long, Patient and loving, and brave and strong; Ye will never tire, ye will never rest, Until you are crossed on my darling's breast.

Oh, warm heart, throbbing so close to mine! Time only strengthens such love as thine; And proves that the holiest love doth last When summer and beauty and youth are past.

—Quiver.

SHATTERED IDOLS.

My poor Leila! is there nothing I can do for you?" asked Margaret Hammond pityingly, as she bent over her sick friend.

Both girls were young, but in all other respects no stronger contrast could be imagined.

Leila Norton was a frail little creature, with fluffy yellow hair, a fair complexion and baby-blue eyes. Nature seemed to have designed her to pose as the type of those women whose clinging dependence is so alluring to the protecting tenderness of many men.

Margaret Hammond, on the contrary, had a quick, decided way of moving and speaking, which indicated independence of character and opinion of her own. Her clear gray eyes showed intellect and soul, while they served to make interesting a rather plain face. She was tall and slender, but not graceful, and her chief beauty was a mass of wavy, dark brown hair.

She was paying a visit to Leila, when the latter became seriously ill, and Margaret at once installed herself as chief nurse.

"Tell me," she repeated, "is there nothing I can do for you?"

Leila turned towards her with eyes like dewy forget-me-nots.

"Oh," she sobbed, "if you would only write to John!"

"Certainly, and what shall I say?"

"Oh, I don't know. Say I'm sick and I send my love. It is such a pity you don't know John. He is so nice."

Margaret smiled and said: "I believe girls usually admire their own lovers, but what do you mean by 'nice'?" Tell me some of his characteristic traits."

Leila pouted. "He is not 'characteristic' at all. He is just lovely, and he says the sweetest things about me."

"Of course, but I know about you, and what I am trying to find out is about him."

"And I am trying to tell you, but you won't let me. I don't know how to describe him, and—yes! He is 'characteristic' in one thing, for he will not have his picture taken, so I have none to show you."

"Never mind, I have already painted him to suit myself, and now I am ready to write if you will dictate the letter."

"Oh, make it a note, and you know what to say."

So Margaret wrote as follows:

"My dear Mr. Lessing—My friend, Miss Norton, has requested me to inform you of her serious illness, which deprived her of the pleasure of writing to you. We hope she will be better in a few days, when she will speak for herself and express to you, more eloquently than I can, the love which she cherished for you."

"Sincerely your friend's friend,"

"MARGARET HAMMOND."

This note was received by Mr. Lessing in a Western city, and the return mail brought to Leila a letter overflowing with sympathy and love. He sent kind regards to Miss Hammond, and begged that she would be his friend also, and write to him daily during Miss Norton's illness.

Quite a correspondence followed for the fair invalid was sure "John would be unhappy if he did not know the details of each day's convalescence, but in the course of a week or two her health was fully restored, and after an affectionate farewell, Margaret returned to her own home.

How many changes take place in ten years! Not only those caused by death, but the inevitable changes of life. Youth is transformed into maturity, and how many of its loves and friendships are discarded as outgrown garments.

But the friendship of Margaret and Leila has withstood the test of time, though the love of Leila and John has long been a dream of the past.

Leila's heart now thrills with other hopes, and she is soon to be a happy bride. She is making a visit to Margaret—the last one before her marriage. She is but a little changed, has still the same winning, childlike face and figure.

Margaret has become thinner, a few threads of gray gleam through her beautiful hair, and her manner with strangers has a touch of primness. She has many friends, but is still unmarried.

"Leila," said she one day, "what became of John Lessing?"

"I believe he went farther West. How strange his name sounds! I have not thought of him for years, and were once so devoted to each other. He used to sing me such a pretty song about—'Thine eyes so blue and tender.'" One verse was something like this:

Thy lips are like the roses
Under an azure sky,
Alured by their marvellous sweetness
How can I pass them by!

"and just there he always kissed me. Poor fellow! he felt dreadful when I broke the engagement. He said he could never love again, but here comes the postman. I wonder if he has a letter for me from Clarence."

There proved to be one, and Leila was soon so absorbed in it that she did not notice Margaret was also reading a letter.

HOUSEHOLD.

A word on plant culture. Don't overwater.

Hang up the brooms; they will last longer.

The best thing to clean tin-ware is common soda; rub on briskly with a damp cloth, after which wipe dry.

To protect children's clothing from fire; Add one ounce of alum to the last water used in rinsing clothes. This renders them unflammable.

A simple remedy for a disordered stomach is salt and water. Allow a teaspoonful of salt to a glass of water, and drink.

A little borax put in the water in which scarlet napkins and red-bordered towels are to be washed will prevent them from fading.

A peck of powdered charcoal in shallow dishes in a cellar will absorb much of the bad smell, and a bushel of lime much of its dampness.

A tallow candle or piece of tallow wrapped in tissue paper and laid among furs or other garments will prevent the ravages of moths.

Never treat superiors with servility or inferiors with arrogance. Speak as kindly to a day laborer as to one occupying a high position.—Good Housekeeping.

Horse-radish cut in thin stripes length-wise and a dozen or more of these stripes placed on the top of each keg of pickles will keep them from becoming staled or mouldy.

To clean porcelain saucers fill them half full of hot water, and put in the water a tablespoonful powdered borax and let it boil. If this does not remove all the stains scour well with a cloth rubbed with soap and borax.

Never hang a picture so that it will be necessary to mount a step-ladder to view it. Hang it so that the center will be about five feet and a half from the floor, a little below the line of vision of a person of average height.

A physician in the American Magazine, illustrating the evil custom of talking to an invalid about his pains, says that once he requested a mother to mark a stroke upon a paper each time that she asked a sick daughter how she was. The next day to her astonishment, she made 109 strokes. A three-months' visit away from home was prescribed.

KEEP THE COFFEE-POT CLEAN.—Not even milk-pans require more scrupulous care than the coffee-pot. It may be rinsed after each time of using, and yet be far from clean. There is an oily property about coffee which adheres in spite of rinsing out, and the pot must be daily washed (not rinsed) scalded and dried.

Analysis of steamed and boiled potatoes has been published which seeks to establish the fact that the former are more nutritious than the latter. In the process of boiling, the vegetables give up considerable portions of nutritious salt, while they also take up more water than when steamed, and become proportionally weaker.

Here are a few points to be considered in cake-making. When you paper a square tin, cover the ends first, then lay in a strip to paper the bottom and sides, as using only one piece makes too many wrinkles. For a round tin, cut out a circle and slash down the sides. This will be found to lie more smoothly than folding. Always turn a cake out on to a cloth, as it is liable to stick when hot to a board or a plate. Angel cake should be baked in a moderate oven and handled about like sponge cake. When cake is mixed run a knife around the edge of the dish and mix in thoroughly all the bits of dough. If they are scooped into the baking tin without thorough mixing, they will make a heavy streak in the cake. When making anything with sour milk, add the soda last or put it in last, so as to save all the effervescence.

Send Your Own Tinware.

Housekeepers may often find it convenient to know how to keep their tinware in order, besides it helps to economize. For the benefit of such we will say it is easier and just as satisfactory to solder such things yourself as to pay a traveling tinker two prices for mending them, says an exchange. Take a sharp knife and scrape the tin around the leak until it is bright, so that the solder will stick, then sprinkle on a little pulverized rosin, lay your solder on the hole and with your soldering iron melt it on. Do not have the iron too hot or the solder will not adhere to that. After two or three trials you can do a job that you will feel proud of. If you do not own a soldering iron, procure one by all means; when hard pressed use a smooth piece of iron. Anything is better than stopping leaking pans with beeswax or rags. Your pans should be perfectly dry when you commence work. Try it, young housekeeper.

Work no Hardship.

There is no hardship in true work. It is as far removed from drudgery as is the free movement of clouds in the upper air from the cheap imitations of shy scenery on the stage of a theater. True work has something of play in it; it is the joyous overflow of a full nature, the natural out-going of a full heart that cannot contain its own life, but must find speech for itself in manifold activities. It is only after we drive ourselves after the natural impulse is spent, when we urge ourselves to the task after the joy of it is gone, that work becomes monotonous, and then wearisome, and finally dangerous. Working days are spent in dealing with human adaptations and means

and in perfecting human skill. Vacation days ought to be spent in broken fellowship with truth and beauty. They are the recurring Sabbath which leave an open road heavenward through our years of toil.—Christian Union.

Not All Heat Eaters.

All the heavy work of the world is not done by men who eat meat. The Roman soldiers, who built such wonderful roads and carried a weight of armor and luggage that would crush the average farm hand, lived on coarse brown bread and sour wine. They were temperate in diet, regular in exercise. The Spanish peasant works every day and dances half the night, yet eats only his black bread, onion and watermelon. The Smyrna porter eats only a little fruit and some olives, yet he walks off with his load of a hundred pounds. The coolie, fed on rice, is more active and can endure more than the negro fed on fat.—The Dietetic Gazette.

Fearful Responsibility of Parents.

How mindful parents should be of the fact that nature decrees they shall pass to their descendants, as it were, themselves. Those children, or some of those children's descendants, are sure to contain in their very organisms tendencies, inherited from you, that make it a foregone conclusion that in some respects they will resemble you, even if they never see you. If, for instance, you are the slave of drink, of the tobacco habit, or of profanity, you may be morally certain that these vices will crop out somewhere among your descendants, if you have any. The inevitableness, the subtlety and the infiniteness of a man's or woman's influence, regarded in this light are almost dizzy.—Boston Jour. of Health.

Sheriff Steele's Fix.

From the Pittsburg Commercial-Gazette.

A remarkable case of mistaken identity occurred recently in the Cincinnati court. William J. Long was arrested during the centennial on a charge of robbing Mrs. Comerford of \$300 at the West Penn depot. While incarcerated in jail Long allowed his beard to grow, presumably with the object of changing his appearance. When placed in the dock Long sat with his hand on his chin, concealing his beard, and the close resemblance the prisoner bore to Deputy Sheriff Steele, who by the way, is a remarkably handsome man with a magnificent mustache, was commented upon by the court officials.

The case was called for trial, and Long took a seat behind his counsel at the table while Sheriff Steele busied himself about his duties in the court-room. Mrs. Comerford took the stand and related the incident of the theft. District Attorney Porter asked the witness if she could recognize the thief. "Yes," she replied, "why there goes the man now who stole my money; he's leaving the court-room," pointing to deputy Sheriff Steele, who was making a trip to the jail for a prisoner.

The deputy sheriff was surprised to hear himself accused of such a crime, but Mrs. Comerford was positive that she was correct in her identification. Mr. Steele thereupon took the witness stand, and effectually dispelled any belief that might linger in the minds of the lobby that he was in the habit of varying his official duties with raids upon the pocket of ladies. Long was then ordered to stand up where Mrs. Comerford could see him, and, after a close inspection, she decided that she had been mistaken and that Long was the man who had robbed her.

The prisoner appeared to enjoy the perplexity of Mrs. Comerford, and probably expected that it might result favorably to him, but in this he was mistaken, as he was convicted and remanded to jail for sentence.

Vain of Her Eyes and Lost Them.

From the Los Angeles Times.

About a year ago one of the most lovely girls in the state lived at 40 Orange Avenue, in this city. A pair of large liquid blue eyes set off a face that would put any picture to shame, and her form was simply perfect. The young lady was highly educated and possessed all the qualities that go to make up a society belle. Her parents are well-to-do and she has wanted for nothing since she was old enough to prattle. But she had one fault and that fault has proved her undoing. It is called vanity. She faithfully worshiped her own eyes and did everything in her power to make them more beautiful than they were. She used numerous drugs before she found what she wanted. This last drug made her eyes sparkle like diamonds, and she used it to such an extent that her right eye began to shrivel. This brought her senses and the family physician was called in. But he came too late, and informed the poor girl that she must lose one of her eyes sure and probably both. The right eye was taken out some time ago and she has lost all sight in the left and will be blinded for life. It is one of the saddest cases that was ever brought to light in this city.

One of the Penalties of Curiosity.

From the New York Herald.

Curiosity has its penalties. The other day, out West, a bright, handsome Auburn-haired youth saw a tin can in the path. He kicked it, not knowing that it contained nitro-glycerine. That handsome youth satisfied his curiosity entirely, completely, to much so. He left suddenly; indeed, he left in several directions at the same time, and it is rather doubtful if he will ever be able to "pull himself together" again.

He Had No Fever.

Dr. Holmes relates the following to illustrate the significance of small things in the sick room: "Will you have an orange or a fig?" said Dr. James Jackson to a fine little boy now grown up to goodly stature. "A fig," answered Master Theodore, with alacrity. "No fever there," said the good doctor, "or he would certainly have said an orange."—Herald of Health.