

TOGETHER IN DEATH.

It was a bright starlit night, a faint breeze tempering the heat that had been more than oppressive all day, and Charles Hamilton stood idly enjoying it, as well as a first-class Havana, from the veranda of the little hotel where he had taken up his abode for the time being.

He was a very handsome man, this Charles Hamilton—tall, and finely-built, with a fair face, laughing blue eyes, and a tawny silken moustache shading his handsome mouth, with wavy hair, of the same luscious shade, tossed carelessly back from a broad white brow.

Out on the night air music was floating towards him—not a very high class of music, but still inspiring or dreamy, as it was true about, it was far from unpleasant.

"I don't see," he said, taking the cigar from between his lips, "how on earth the Mexicans can stand their weekly fandango, and above all, in such weather as this. By George! it would be worth while to go over to have a laugh, if nothing else. If there was one pretty woman there, I might pass an hour or two, for it is confoundingly so here.

"In novels I have read of the beauty of the dark-eyed daughters of the sunny south, and pictured hours with my boyish brain; but alas! for dreams—even a good-looking one I have failed to see. Dark-eyed daughters, the poetry is very good, and their eyes are dark, no doubt, but then the rest of them is so very much the same way, one gets bored, by flinging the cigar away, 'I will pay them a visit, but I will not stay twenty minutes, except I meet a pretty Mexican maiden.'

A few minutes later he was in the hall where the fandango was in full bloom, and then—then he did see a pretty Mexican maiden.

Yet pretty was hardly the word to apply to the little dark-eyed beauty his eyes fell upon.

She was small and daintily formed, and her face was a picture in its coloring, form and expression.

you return," she had answered, and his kiss—ah, he had kissed it away many times on the red lips of Françoise.

A shiver fell between him and Françoise now, and he felt her hands drop from his arms as a shudder swept over her.

He glanced at her, and nothing her water felt how contemptible his act had been—felt it this time, no easy as memory of Viviane, but in sorrow for the girl herself.

He saw that her eyes had turned in the direction of the blue waves that lay below them.

She seemed to feel his gaze, and she turned her eyes suddenly back to his face, and their expression startled him.

"Do you know," she said, "I would sooner leap into that water there, never to rise again, than know you loved another; but, ah! with a low laugh, 'I could not lie there if I left you with her.'"

The next moment, without waiting for him to speak, she turned and left him.

One week later, Viviane Wentworth and her uncle arrived in Mexico, and Charles Hamilton closed the girl he loved so dearly, despite his love-making to Françoise, close to his bosom again.

A terrible fear, which he could hardly account for, took possession of him. Ah, heavens! how soon was he to know what the foreboding meant.

As Françoise spoke, the last words drew nearer to Viviane, and pointed to the water.

"That would cool my brain," she said; "but I told him I could never rest while he lived for you, and so you and I will die together."

A shriek rang from Viviane's lips, a shriek issued by her lover, who dashed up the cliff, almost realizing the truth.

Another wild agonized shriek in his ears, then a turn in the cliff, and then the two struggling forms on the top of it.

Then Françoise saw him, and a wild laugh rang from her lips, and then—ah, God! the cliff was empty.

Like a madman Charles dashed along, intending to leap off the cliff, but suddenly his foot struck a rock, and the next moment he had fallen forward, a ghastly wound in his forehead—a wound that took away his senses for many a day, but which, when consciousness did come back, he only wished he had died, for the story they told him wrecked his life forever.

Françoise and Viviane had been washed ashore still clasped in each other's arms, and the people, not knowing the truth, had buried them together, to sleep till the last great day, when all will awake together, when the light will dawn on the two beautiful faces had lain together—the blue face of Françoise; the cloud of bright hair of her love mingled with the raven tresses of the Mexican maiden; and he spoke no word.

Stormy Nights in the Lighthouse. "Yes, we see and hear some curious things," said the lighthouse keeper, "and as for monotonous, its enough to drive one mad. Married men fare better, as when women and children are around, it isn't quite so monotonous; but it's bad enough. My station for a number of years was a rock about two hundred feet long and one hundred feet wide, and in a gale of wind the house stood right in the water, with the sea rolling all around."

"Yes, it was spicy. One night I call to mind especially. It had been blowing a gale for two days; the sea was making a clean breach over the ledge, and every time it hit the house it would jump 60 or 100 feet into the air and come down on the roof like rocks. On the ledge were four or five boulders that must have weighed over two tons, and the first thing we knew one of them fellows came at the door, burst it in, and in a second we were all a-swimming. The stone couldn't get in; it just stuck there, so we took to the light and sat on the stairs, and my man took turns in going up every half hour, and 'I know, the light keeps swinging so that you could hardly keep your feet. I thought more than once that we'd go over, but she didn't. The feeling is different from most anything else. There is a shaking and vibrating all the time, and then when you feel the big gusts come you can feel the whole thing tremble and quiver, so that you'd almost lose your feet."

"One night," continued the speaker, "I remember some fishermen got blown off shore and came in there, and what a night it was! About midnight some one sings out 'The lamp's out.' And so it was. Up we rushed, half a dozen of us, scared to death, as you may suppose, and a good many lives and a vessel could come within twenty feet of our house before she struck. By the time we got up we found the place full of smoke and see something had fouled the chimney, and what d'ye suppose it was? You'd never guess. It was blowing fit to take the buttons off your coat; but someone had to get to the very top of the light and see what was the trouble. It was a close call, and we tossed for it. My mate drew and started. We tied a rope around him and up he went and did the job."

"He came back alive, but with the whitest face I ever saw on a live man. He said he wouldn't do it again for love or money. But what d'ye suppose he found in the chimney, stuck fast? Nothing more nor less than one of these 'ere Mother Carey's chickens, jammed in as tight as it could get, and dead, of course. We get regularly peeted with birds in the light, and that is the reason the glass is made so thick, as almost every night one or two birds hit against it. Sometimes in the spring and fall hundreds of 'em will strike in the course of a night. You see at this time the birds are migrating and flying off shore along the coast, and on foggy nights they only see the blaze of the light. They make a break for it, and down they go, and in the morning the rail, iron and glass will be all blood and feathers."—Rockport (Mass.) Letter in the Philadelphia Times.

What Others Have Found Out. A little box put in the water in which scarlet napkins and red-bordered towels are to be washed will prevent them fading.

It is worth recollecting that bar soap should be cut into square pieces and put into a dry place, as it lasts better after shrinking.

By rubbing with a damp flannel dipped in the best whiting, the brown discoloration may be taken off cups in which custards have been baked.

Why purchase inferior nutmegs, when their quality can be tested by pricking them with a pin? If they are good the oil will instantly spread around the puncture.

A Parliamentary in Arkansas. The negro chairman of a convention which recently met in Little Rock, rendered an important decision. During a clamor for recognition, the chairman said: "Let de cheer—let de cheer rule on dis pint. De cheer rules dat two gentlemen kain't talk at de same time. One gentleman mus' talk an' arter he gets done, de udder gentleman he ken talk."

"Who's got de flo?" demanded a delegate. "Neb'mine who's got de flo. Keep on ar xin' yer unprompventive questions an' 'erse'f'll hab de flo"—hab all ob it dat yer kin kiver. I takes dis heah mehod fur 'nounce myself de nominee fur County Judge. All in fast ob de measure will make it known by sayin' 'I' and dose opposed will please gim' dar seats to pussions what's got more sense. De 'I's hab it."—Arkansas Traveller.

Like Killa Club Duet. "Gem'lem, dar am, sartin tings dat it am well to 'bar in mind," said the old man, as he slowly uncrolled himself and stood up.

"De man who boasts dat he can't be convinced by arymint hain't wuth de trouble of knocking down." "De man who flatters hisself upon allas speakin' his mind am de very pussion who kicks hardest when criticized."

"A shillin' in money am mo' to be desired dan a dollar's wof ob credit." "It am much easier to spile a boy ob ten dan it am to reform a man ob fo'ty."

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Large audience assembled at the Crystal Palace yesterday to hear Mr. Oscar Wilde's lecture on "The Impressions and Experiences of America." Mr. Wilde (who has discarded knee breeches and resumed the prosaic trousers) said that the Americans are the noisiest people in the world, whose national occupation is catching trains. Pennsylvania, with its rocky gorges and woodland scenery, reminded him of Switzerland; the prairie of Iowa is twice as large as it should be; everywhere is twice as far as it should be. He visited Leadville, the chief characteristic of whose inhabitants is the constant use of the revolver. He lectured to them upon "Benvenuto Cellini, His Life and Works," and was reproved by his hearers for not having brought that artist with him. The explanation which he had given for some little time elicited the inquiry, "Who shot him?" Among the more elderly inhabitants of the South he detected a melancholy tendency to date every event of importance by the late war. "How beautiful the moon is to-night!" he once remarked to a gentleman who was standing next to him. "Yes," was the reply, "but you should have seen it before the war." So in finisimal did he find the knowledge and appreciation of art west of the Rocky mountains, that an art patron—one who in his day had been a miner—actually used the railroad company for damages because the plaster cast of Venus of Milo, which he had imported from Paris, had been delivered minus the arms! And, what is more surprising still, he gained his case and damages.—Pall Mall Gazette.

Honest Papermakers of Old Times. I recently saw some paper which had been printed on as long ago as 1853, and was surprised at its excellent quality. I imagined that papers were made at the present day in every way superior to those made so long ago; but after a particular inspection of the mass of these books I have been a good deal staggered in my opinion. I found the paper made about 400 years ago in the most perfect condition, strong, flexible, of a peculiar white color, and on looking through it is seen a watermark, beautiful for its clearness and delicacy. The paper is as white as can be desired, and has, as already stated, a peculiar surface, such as is never seen now. The question is: Will a modern hand-made paper stand the test of an age of 400 years with equal results? I think not. There always is used more or less chloride of lime for bleaching the fibre to a white color. It has been proved that the influence exercised by this agent exists after the pulp is made into paper, however thoroughly it may be supposed to have been washed out. The action of this chloride of lime on the paper gets hard and brittle with age.—London Papermakers' Circular.

A Literary Fraud. I came across a literary woman whose sin of plagiarism was committed through no desire for fame, but was merely incidental to a more tangible form of swindling, writes a New York correspondent. She is a young lady, and she advertised that, in order to attract her two boys, she wished a little help in publishing a volume of original poems. The work was open to the inspection of any person who desired to look at it, and she artfully intimated that she, too, was an object of admiring contemplation. Wondering if there was anything new in her trickery, I went to her. She is handsome, a good glib liar, as to remarkable poeetry, and the height of her aim was \$30. I suppose she varies it according to her judgment of the caller's pocketbook. But the curious point was that she showed a manuscript volume of poetry, made up of pieces so familiar in current popularity that "The Beautiful Snow," somewhat transposed and broken up, but all there, was included in her claims. "I am a daughter of Bret Hart," she said, "I don't mind telling you, if you can keep a secret, and I coolly named a hammarred lady well known as an authoress, and rhyming is to me instinctive." Her surroundings indicated that foolishness do get caught in so wide-meshed a net as that.

The Modesty of Man. I overheard Senator Groome, of Maryland, discoursing to a rural admirer in one of the herds on the way to the Capitol. Said he: "I never in my life have asked for an office or a vote. I believe the office should dust out and whoop a hunt for the man. When I was elected Governor of Maryland the office stole up behind me unbeknown and slugged me in the back of the neck before I had fairly begun to realize what was up."

Then when it came to the Senatorial game I was just as cool and unconcerned as you please. I said to the boys that of course I would appreciate the honor greatly, but that feelings of delicacy would prevent me from doing anything. I, of course, took pains to let my friends know that I wanted the place if it was coming my way, but that I could do nothing to influence their action. This last year, if I may be permitted the expression, I worked the same racket. I never went near one man, but when the boys came to see me I did not hesitate to tell them just what I wanted."

"Oh!" said Groome's friend, would that there were more modest, unassuming men like you in public life—men who owe their advancement wholly to the yeast-like powers of their own modest merit. Oh!"

"My friend," said Groome, "I would like to hear the rest of that song of tribute, but my public duties compel me to leave you at this point."—Wash. Cor. Philadelphia News.

OUR FACE. A quick, permanent, and certain cure for redness, freckles, sunburn, itching, and all other skin troubles. It is a most convenient and safe ever devised. The proportion of pieces which stray away from their owners beyond recovery in the course of a year, as compared with the immense number transported, is phenomenally small.

FRIDAY. In affection Williams, was lamented. He has gone on a tour. No sorrow of him now. Out down in and so he. To repose in and cold. He has ran his comfort. To know his bliss; To know his friend his heaven's safe. He has gone on a tour. Whom he loved as God! Oh strange! To take from prime of. To with so good a child. Of his wife. Oh merciful! them that. Tell they be holy will. What pen tongue of. How they fe one low. Leaving her beautiful. Little think return. Thou faithful Master! He has tak labors. Not left us before. And soon w Canada. Farr. Read before. While this is not suppose generally. duction of. ample are county exhibit first prizes. This applies. The prize. hibernian she not confined. are produced. riding, from and northern. southern, ut. tions of Ope. lake. It m understood. stably grow. there are b sufficient to produce at le family use. The caus opinion that. stably grow. the beautiful year exhibit difficult to fit. he summed up. lack of know. nessed in too. out the coun. most every. grower, from. being contr. peller until t. In order th. he better und. to show what. necessary to. find let me. in this one fund. come appare. eyes to see a. the climate in. suitable to th. development. of apples. I. than the ca. much easier. To the per. oard, the b. should be: I. growing inter. my own fami. the business. commercial e. fruit for mark. be well consid. that farmers' either too larg. large for the. too small to d. tion for. When a little. in often waned. pay for mark. stable, sheep a. help themselves. the overpays b. rust is often i. than less—so. than the spr. that can't. have seen two. variety of. Monday in th.