



In good time he intended to make Dolores his own. She should learn to rely upon his strength and wisdom, to look up to him. In the meanwhile, soft dalliance and delicious wooing would be his portion.

"I like that!" exclaimed the Ancient Mariner, clapping his hands with enthusiasm. He turned to his unsympathetic companion. Jacob Deatry had disappeared.

"Most extraordinary!" mused Capt. Fillingham. Capt. Blake took a seat with Mrs. Griffith and Miss Symthe. "The Diva of to-night aspires to speedily becoming a Patti or a Neilson," he said, briskly.

"She will never soar as a nightingale," replied Miss Symthe, languidly. "Her voice lacks timbre, and her head notes quite set one's teeth on edge."

"If not a nightingale, then a lark," suggested the gentleman with unimpaired cheerfulness, and glancing about him. "She is awfully pretty, the little American. The Russian officer over yonder is quite wild about her. Ah! There is Lieut. Curzon with the Fillinghams and Miss Deatry. Decidedly our friend the sailor is in luck."

"The grand duke sails for Egypt on Thursday," said Mrs. Griffith, coldly. Miss Symthe turned a snowy shoulder to the intruder, and became absorbed in the music.

"The sea was visible, a crystal shield stretching to the horizon. A milky sail loomed with a ghostly distinctness in the track of light. The waters heaved and whispered as if some marine monster of fabulous proportions and terrible strength were about to rise to the surface, menace man, and sink once more to sullen depths."

Gradually the vague sadness inseparable to such a scene of perfect loveliness at this hour oppressed Lieut. Curzon, like a haze of mist brooding over some invisible marsh on the borders of a forest. He ceased to hum a strain from Il Barbiere. The silence was only broken by the barking of a dog, or the tinkling of a musical instrument, strummed by a desultory touch. He extended his hand and grasped emptiness. A moment before, spurred forward by ardent anticipation, he now dreaded to reach his destination and reap the fulfillment of some unforeseen disappointment.

At a turn of the road he met a man, Capt. Blake, with his cap tilted over one ear, a cigar between his lips, and bearing evidence of having dined well accented him with airy mockery. "Good evening. What! Are you moonstruck?"

"As you seem to be," retorted the sailor, curtly. "You are right. I have been far afield to seek some violets in a certain garden for Miss Ethel Synthe. I have bought them, mind you. Would you believe a man could be such an idiot?"

"A pretty woman is sufficient excuse for any folly," retorted Lieut. Curzon, indifferently. "On dit cela! Put not your faith in princes, nor any daughter of Eve," warned the gallant soldier.

"Good night," said Lieut. Curzon. "Good night," replied the sailor, grimly. "You have been seeking the watch tower," thought the former, grimly. "You have a rendezvous at the watch tower, my friend," reflected Capt. Blake, in turn. "I have a mind to spoil your little game in that quarter. I fancy I could do it."

OUR WIT AND HUMOR. CURRENT JOKES AND JIBES FOR LEAN FOLK. Man and Woman—After the Battle—An Important Item—The Irishman Who Lost a Fish Story From Africa—Flotsam and Jetsam.



LOOK IN YOUR Bible and perceive That God said to Adam and not to Eve— "To eat not the apple"—for first he was made; But Eve, being his wife, the penalty paid. Then, after eating, just like a man would, He slipped back of Eve as quick as he could.

When he heard the Lord call: "Adam," he scarce answered at all. Then suddenly said "I just took a bite. But Eve, she ate it with all of her might."

When ere there's trouble of any kind, Woman takes the brunt while man slips behind.

But he takes good care from under the cover. To find out just when the worst is over, Then gleefully shouts and heralds it loud.

How his wife of such a protest is proud. Forever must woman bear the brunt of evil. Since man was made first—then woman and devil.

—Texas Siftings.

After the Battle.



"The baby has got a new tooth, but the old lady is laid up with a cold in her head and Johnnie is down with the measles," remarked a Harlem gentleman to a defeated candidate.

"What in thunder do I care?" was the reply of the defeated candidate, scowling furiously. "Well," said the gentleman slowly, "before the election you used to take me aside every time you met me and ask me how my family was coming on, and I thought you would like to know. As I was saying Johnnie is all broken out with the measles, and the baby—"

"Go to Halifax!" roared the exasperated ex-candidate, producing a police whistle.

All of which goes to show that the defeated candidate is quite as independent as the one who is elected. —Texas Siftings.

Disappointed.

A young Irishman in want of a five pound note wrote to his uncle as follows: "Dear Uncle—If you could see how I blush for shame while I am writing you would pity me. Do you know why? Because I have to ask you for a few pounds; and do not know how to express myself. It is impossible for me to tell you, I prefer to die."

"I send you this by messenger, who will wait for an answer. Believe me, my dearest uncle, your most obedient and affectionate nephew."

"P. S.—Overcome with shame for what I have written, I have been running after the messenger in order to take the letter from him, but I can not catch him up. Heaven grant that something may happen to stop him, or that my letter may get lost!"

The uncle was naturally touched, but was equal to the emergency. He replied as follows: "My Dear Jack—Console yourself, and blush no longer. Providence has heard your prayers. The messenger lost your letter. Your affectionate uncle."

Fresh Fish.

"Domingo's nose took a Grecian turn; he scratched his head, and uttered a few expressions in negro dialect. Then he made a bait with codfish; but alas, the little fishes didn't like salt cod."

"This time Domingo was at his wits' end. Corned beef, sardines, and codfish were everything that was eatable on board. He sat silent and dejected."

"These little fishes would no doubt like fresh meat," I said to Domingo. "I haven't any," he said, sadly.

"Make some fresh meat," I said. And you may believe me or not, as you like, but he did. With his sharp knife from the thick part of his head, a little at one side where the hard flesh joins the tender, he proceeded to cut a little morsel with which he baited his hook. It was apparently exactly what the little fishes wanted, for they precipitated themselves upon it voraciously. The results were most satisfactory. And an hour later, in serving me a delicious dish of fried fish, Domingo said, proudly: "Didn't I tell you they were good to eat?"

"Excellent," I answered. —Harper's Young People.

No Fun for Him.

First Boy—Let's play something. Second Boy—No use in me tryin' to have any fun to-day. "Why not?" "Got a bad cold." "You're out doors, jumpin' around." "Yes, but I'm so hoarse that I can't yell."

WHEN PATTI WAS YOUNG. The Great Singer Began Modestly at \$100 a Week. Madame Patti began modestly enough. In 1859, when she made her debut in New York, Mr. Strakosch held her contract for five years, paying her \$400 per month for the first year, \$600 for the second, \$800 for the third, and \$1,000 per month for the fourth and fifth years. When she came to London, a practically untalented girl of 18, Mr. Gye engaged her for five years at a salary of \$750 a month for the first year, \$1,000 for the second, \$1,250 for the third, \$1,500 for the fourth, and \$2,000 for the fifth year, the lady singing but twice a week. Until her marriage to the Marquis de Caux, she never received from the Covent Garden more than \$600 per night, and Mr. Strakosch declared that Gipsy and Mario, when at the height of their fame, never got more than \$250 per night. At one time Madame Patti commanded \$100 per concert in London. She received \$5,000 a night for singing at the Cincinnati opera festival, and for a solitary performance at Buenos Ayres she was rewarded with the sum of \$11,000. No wonder that in the minds of most artists paradise is situated in the neighborhood of Craig-y-nos. There are plenty of people who think that these sums are out of all proportion to the artistic value of the singer. Such was the opinion of the Empress of Russia when Gabrielli asked \$3,000 a week to sing at a concert. "Why," said the queen, "that is more than I pay to my field marshals." "Then let your field marshals sing for you," was the reply.

At an exhibition at the events show had been fixed by his wife to take his boy to see the sights. The child was left to himself, while the father talked with the flock of advertising solicitors, agents, and men, and such like. Presently the child growing tired of being unattended and unattended, allowed his mind to wander on his Sunday school lesson, and taking advantage of a lull in the words of the big pulpit, interrupted his latest sermon with "Papa, what did I learn about the nightingale?" "Papa, what did I learn about the nightingale?" "Papa, what did I learn about the nightingale?" "Papa, what did I learn about the nightingale?"

No More Furnaces.

The Great German Coffee Berry. Coffee at one cent a pound is what it costs to grow it good. Some say that it is better than Rio. This we know, while in Europe had summer in search of good coffee, we often drank this in hot water in Holland and Germany.

Old-Fashioned Print Butter. With the wholesale market for butter there has almost disappeared from the market the old-fashioned print butter, an inviolable standard of quality bearing upon its appearance the print of the domestic market, as well as a sign of a large four-leaf clover, and the like. Butter is now made in rolls or in tubs, and it is only the country housewife that keeps the old-fashioned wooden contrivances for printing butter.

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Captured Crisp. Louis Walker, Company K, Forty-seventh Ohio, was lately in Washington to push his claim before congress for a reward for saving the entire Army of the Cumberland from capture in the fall of 1861, taking prisoner a rebel officer who was carrying messages from Gen. Hardee to Gen. Whooler. The reward for the capture was a few miles from Mason, Ga., and the rebel officer taken prisoner is the present speaker of the house of representatives, Crisp. Walker states that he was out foraging early one morning. He rode up to the door of a cabin, and stooping from his horse, saw a young girl talking to some one through an open window on the opposite side of the house. The sounds of the horse's hoofs attracted the attention of the girl, and seeing the soldier warmed him in friendly tones to leave; but before the rebel could understand the situation the youthful rebel was upon him. Walker after a struggle succeeded in taking him prisoner, and when searched the important dispatches were found upon him. The girl to whom Crisp was talking is now his wife.

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"WILL I DO?" Successful in acknowledgment of these marks of approbation, she sang, with a sweetness, pathos and finish, for which she was destined to become famous, the "Last Rose of Summer."