LOVE AT LAST.

"Why will you not give up this mad scheme of becoming a public singer? You know I love you, Daisy, and in two years I shall come into my fortune. Until then we can manage to get along if you marry me."

"I cannot break up the plans your family have made for you. You must go abroad and study as arranged. If, when you return——"

"Never!" he said, savagely. "Choose between me and this profession!"

"I have chosen," she said, with dignity, and so Francis Mayburn left his cousin, Daisy Stanley, feeling very angry at her determination. Two years afterwards they met again. She was with his uncle, Col. Mays, whom he had not seen in year Mrs. Mays introduced them. Dr. Mayburn offers his hand, but Daisy does not see it.

She was looking past him at Fred Mays, who was elbowing his way to Miss Stanley's side. Mrs. Mays brought her to consciousness, however, by saying:

"Daisy, my dear, do you not see Dr. Mayburn's hand?"

Then she laid her fingers in his, coldly, as any stranger might have done.

That night at the hall, as she came down to dinner, she caught sight of Dr. Mayburn in the drawing-room with a kid glove in his hands. He thrust it hastily in his pocket on seeing her.

"So you found my kid glove," she said, indifferently. "Thank you." And she reached out her hand for it. But Dr. Mayburn, instead of giving the glove, said:

"Will you not allow me to keep it, Daisy?" The name was pronounced, oh, so tenderly.

She opened her dark, dreamy eyes in astonishment, and speaking in the third person, replied: "Dr. Mayburn is mistaken in Miss Stanley. In all the years of her public life," and she emplasized the word public, "no gentleman ever before dared to take such a liberty."

He put the glove silently into her hand.

"Forgive me," he said, kindly; "I see I have no longer any right to ask a favor of you."

Just then Rose Mays and three or four other young girls came dancing into the room and the conversation was broken off. Presently the gentlemen followed and dinner was announced. Col. Mays took Daisy out, as his favorite, and placed her at his right hand. Dr. Mayburn led out Mrs. Mays, and the rest followed in order. After dinner others came in, a score and more, all young, and there was a dance and then a supper, and the merry party was kept up till the small hours of the morning.

In all that time Dr. Mayburn had little or no chance to talk to Daisy again, so surrounded was she with admirers. He could dance with Rose Mays or anybody but Daisy. She was always engaged.

Noticing this at last, good Mrs. Mays interfered and said, half laughingly, half earnestly:

"It isn't fair, gentlemen, for you to monopolize Miss Stanley. Dr. Mayburn has tried in vain to dance just one set with her. Some of you ought to give way to him, as he is a stranger."

"Oh, never mind my wishes, Mrs. Mays. It doesn't matter in the least," the doctor interposed, embarrassed, and hardly knowing what he said.

Daisy overheard him, however.

"Of course not, doctor," she replied, coolly. "Yet we all commend your self-sacrificing spirit and laudable ambition in asking to dance with a public singer."

It was an ill-bred thing to say, and Miss Stanley knew it. But she meant to shock Dr. Mayburn. The past was very vivid in her mind to-night, just as it was in his, and she meant to be revenged. Fred whirled her away in a mazy waltz, and the doctor stood back, gnawing his mustache in undisguised chagrin.

But only for a moment. Concealing his mortification under a gay smile, he led Rose Mays out, and they, too, were soon going round and round in perfect time to the throbbing, sorrowful sweetness of "The Beautiful Blue Danube."

Daisy saw it, and a new feeling came over her, a feeling of angry pain, the pain of jealousy.

"After all, he doesn't care," she thought, wearily. "He despises me because I have worked for a livelihood." For, you see, she loved Dr. Mayburn as fervently as ever.

She felt she would break down if she remained. There was a little boudoir quite at the other end of the house, where she knew she would be undisturbed, and thither she fled for refuge. A large bay window almost filled up one end of this apartment. It was a beautiful moonlight night, and, the curtains being drawn, the little room was flooded with effulgence. Daisy knelt down on a rug, and, leaning on the seat, looked out. "Oh," she thought, "what perfect peace is there! If I could only be like that." Her golden hair glittered in the moonlight and her dark eyes were full of appealing pathos.

Tears came. She almost broke down. She wiped the tears from her eyes resolutely, however. "Oh, pitiless, pitiless moon, cold and unsympathizing!" she cried. "Do you ever heed the griefs you witness, the hearts that break before you?"

A step made her start. She recognized it at once and sprang to her feet.

"Daisy," said a voice, full of emotion, beside her, "after all these years will you not forgive me? Have you no pity? Overlook what the prejudiced boy said. Be at least just to the repentant man."

She looked at him, half incredulously for a moment. The next she was in his arms.

A Cyclone in Thorold.

Yesterday, while business was proceeding in its usual course at McCleary & McLean's mills, a whirlwind suddenly picked up a dozen inch boards, fourteen and sixteen inches wide, from a pile, carried them fully forty feet, and dashed them against the side of the planing-mill, some of them entering a window, which was torn entirely out, not a bar remaining. —*Thorold Post.*

Professor Rogers, of Washington, has just mathematically proved that the dynamic power of a pound of good steam coal is equivalent to the work of one man for a day, that three tons will represent his labor for twenty years, and that one square mile of a four-foot steam will effect as much as one million men can do in twenty years.

A HUMAN MAGNET.

An Infant Child to Whose Finger Tips Articles of Metal Adhere.

Late in August last, while taking a vacation in a country town, I heard of a case that was causing considerable discussion and wonderment among the people. Lovers of the mysterious, who are always ready to attribute any manifestation at all peculiar to supernatural agencies, were indulging in various wise speculations as to the true nature of the case. The child is termed a "human magnet" by the believers in and practisers of magnetic rubbings, while the Spiritualists declare the child a chosen medium. My curiosity became aroused and I asked permission to see this wonderful prodigy. Permission was granted and I saw the child at two different times, making my visits some days apart. I found a pretty, delicate child, Dolly C., aged three and one-half years, an only child, blonde, with a pale and rather waxy complexion. Her manner of speech and conduct were characterized by a womanly grace much in advance of her tender years. Last February the phenomenon I described was first noticed. While playing with some spoons the mother was surprised to see her arranging them on her finger tips, where they hung with perfect ease. She will place the palmar surface of the finger tips in the concavity of the spoon-bowl near the end, and lift from the holder, one by one, without otherwise touching them, until a spoon is suspended from each finger tip. If the spoons do not strike too violently against each other she will carry them about the room without dropping them. The spoons will adhere to the nose and chin as they do on the fingers. I examined the case in various ways. First I tried four teaspoons with a magnet; one pure silver, one pewter, one triple plated and one single plated or washed. The pure silver or pewter spoons were not influenced by the magnet; the heavier plated was only partially raised, while the washed spoon was raised entirely clear of the table. I carried these four spoons with me, for the child to exercise her anomalous power of prehension upon. Each one was suspended with equal ease exeept the one of pure silver. This one was lighest in weight, and the bowl was considerably flatter than any of the other three. But after arranging it upon her finger a few times she succeeded in making it "stick." Asking her to put two fingers under the spoon-bowls, I found a very appreciable resistance in taking it off. The spoons would hang from the tip of the nose and chin with as much security as from the fingers. Thinking the adherence might be due to an excessive clamminess of the skin I tested its surface with my own finger tips. Not discovering any, and to make sure I was not deceived by my own sense of touch, I had the hands, nose and chin carefully washed with soap and water and dried with a warm towel. I found no perceivable difference in the adhesiveness. The child could not pick up a steel needle, that is so sensitive to the magnet, nor would a penny "stick" to the fingers, chin or nose. I could discover nothing unusual in the shape of the finger tips. The skin was soft and velvety to the touch and I could be sure of clamminess nowhere except on the pinna. The hands and feet were warm to the touch when I saw her, and her mother states that she is not often troubled with cold feet or hands. The little patient's mother also told me that her sister's daughter, a young lady of 19 years of age and "always sick," as she expressed it, manifests the same singular power. This case I did not see, but have no reason to doubt the lady's statement, as she and her whole family are known to be truthful and honest. I have been thus particular in giving all the available points in the family history of the case, hoping thereby some light might be thrown upon the singular phenomenon.—*Dr. E. H. Root in the Medical Reporter.*

A Remedy for Burns.

Many remedies at one time or another have been proposed for the surgical condition following the application of excessive heat to the body, and, while some of these are of value, still all are more or less unsatisfactory. The alleviation of the pain and suffering attendant upon burns is one of the most important points in the case toward which the surgeon directs his efforts. The shock from this cause alone is sufficient often times to produce death, and always is great. Accidentally I recently discovered a remedy which is easily applied and exceedingly prompt in its action. I was called in some haste to a little child, about three weeks ago, who was badly burned about the hands and face, from falling on a hot stove. The burns were deep, the pain excessive and the shock very considerable. I sent to the drug store for a mixture of lime water, olive oil and carbolic acid. While waiting for this, I prepared to give the child a hypodermic injection of morphine, with which to allay the agony, which was so great that convulsions seemed imminent. While I was getting ready to do this, I espied upon the shelf a bottle of pinus canadensis (colorless). Remembering its wonderful soothing influence in acute inflammation, I at once concluded to try it. Taking a corner of a soft handkerchief, I rapidly painted the injured parts, when, like magic, the pain ceased. You can well imagine my surprise and delight at the result. I directed a camel's hair brush to be purchased, and had the mother make free applications, and the case had no more treatment, save a little iodoform ointment later on. Since this I have tried it in several cases, both slight and severe, and with the same delightful results.—*N. Y. Medical Journal.*

Effect on the Patient.

Young Physician (pompously)—Yes, I've called at Mr. Brown's three times a day for a week. He is a very sick man, Miss Smith.

Miss Smith—He must be by this time.

Little Bertha tries to feed the cat some grapes, and on the cat refusing them, tells her that she will have them again tomorrow. "But, Bertha dear," says her mamma, "cats don't eat grapes. "Neither do I eat spinach," Bertha retorted "and yet I always get it again."

The Los Angeles real estate boom has collapsed and the boomers are sawing wood and doing other odd jobs. Several thousand promising sub-divisions have relapsed into a state of pastoral quietness. When the crop of mortgages is harvested the land will be planted in potatoes, as usual.

EGYPTIAN SLAVE GIRLS.

Comparing Them With English Drudges —Circassian Maidservants Said to Lead Pleasanter Lives Than Their More Highly Civilized Sisters.

The English drudge rises early and goes to bed late, working eight or twelve hours a day, either in her miserable garret or in a huge manufacturing hive. Pinched with hunger and cold, worn out with labor, exposed to temptation and degradation, her joyless life stretches behind her and before her, with no pleasures to look back upon, no hope to look forward to. The wages she earns, those wages which proudly separates her from the slave, are barely sufficient to keep body and soul together, till at last the body gives way or the soul revolts. Then comes the inevitable end, and a verdict of "Death from starvation" or "Found drowned" closes the scene.

The Soudani girl is taken from her parental hut of sticks and mud and sold to a respectable family or perhaps a very rich one. In the first case, she will probably be alone; in the second, she will find others like herself. She represents so much capital invested, and is looked after with equivalent care. She is a servant whose wages have been paid twenty years in advance. It is true they have not been paid to her, but that is all the better for the girl. She is well housed and well fed, and wants for nothing. She is immediately provided with decent clothes and set to house-work. She has charge of the family washing and cleaning, and of the kitchen, and generally fulfills these duties much better than a native paid servant would do. She is under no special restraint, accompanies her mistress shopping or does the marketing herself, and gossips her fill with the neighbors as she hangs out the linen on the house top, or sweeps the door step.

Her work is by no means hard, and after the fashion of Egypt, where every man is a brother and every woman a sister, she is looked upon by the family quite as one of themselves. Speaking from personal observation, we may affirm that the black women are almost invariably treated with the utmost kindness and indulgence, and are often spoiled like children by the too great good nature of their masters or mistresses. They constitute a very merry, happy portion of the population, and it is seldom one can find a black girl without an infectious broad grin on her polished face. If she chooses to marry, as she often does, with her owner's consent, she receives a dower, and goes forth a "free" woman in the letter, though often, as she finds to her cost, a greater bond slave in the spirit than in the days of her servitude.

Now let us go a step higher in the social, scale, and place the middle class English girl, compelled to work for her living, side by side with the Circassian, and we shall find again that all material advantages, of which alone we speak, are not on the side of the free. The Circassian is a little fair haired lass from a far village in Turkestan (pace Dr. Tanner). Her father is a robber or a herdsman, and she will perhaps be a princess. The Prince Charming, whom the governess is always looking for, but who never comes, is a very strong potentiality in the future of the white slave girl. One day a bearded and venerable old Turk arrives from Stamboul, and picks out our little girl. She is not carried away by force, but gold is counted out, and she is perched on a mule, and bids good-by forever to barbarism. The purchaser takes every imaginable pains with her education and appearance. She is taught to read and write, to dance and sing, to embroider in silk and play the guitar, and further initiated into all the mysteries of the toilet. When she has grown into budding womanhood the dealer lets his best customers know that he possesses a treasure almost priceless, and all her virtues and beauties are detailed with the usual Oriental exaggeration. Finally, some royal princess or rich pasha's wife expresses a wish to see her, and extra care having been taken with her bath and dress she is presented for inspection. She gives amples of her accomplishments, musical, gymnastic and otherwise. Accepted, she is at once clothed with a rich silk dress, and receives a present of a necklace or bracelet as an earnest of favor before she joins her fellow slaves. Beyond assisting her mistress in the toilet, accompanying her in her drives, and handing her coffee and cigarettes, she has little to do. She is an ornamental appendage rather than a servant. A household such as one of these Circassians would enter would contain a crowd of men servants and black women to do the work, and perhaps ten to twenty other girls like herself, and a very gay time they have together. The great ladies are very fond of exchanging visits and giving musical entertainments, at all of which some of the slave girls attend. When she goes out with her mistress in the natty little brougham, almost the only difference between the lady and the maid lies in the former taking the right-hand seat. The girl is dressed in a way to do credit to the house she belongs to, and often sparkles with jewels, chatting freely with everybody at the places she visits, and enjoying herself as fully as any of the emancipated. When the time comes for her to be married, her owner chooses a suitable husband and gives a rich dower, and many of the marriages of slave girls eclipse in magnificence those of even the wealthier classes. The erstwhile barefooted, ragged little Circassian from Turcoman's Land is now a princess or pasha's wife, with slaves of her own; but she would laugh if you suggested to her that there was anything degrading in their position or had been in her own.—*London Saturday Review.*

Slightly off the Key.

"In regard to what I shall eat," observed the Boston youug lady, pleasantly, yet with dignity, as she regarded the dish before her, "I never take anybody's *ipse dixit*."

"I told you, James," said the embarrassed hostess, a St. Louis lady, "that Miss Howjames wasn't ready for mince pie yet."

To a request of the eloquent Dr. Hawks for an increase of salary, giving as his reason that his family expenses were increasing, an officer of the church replied: "Do not trouble yourself, the Lord has promised that He will care for the young ravens when they cry." "I know that," said the witty minister, "but nothing is said about he young Hawks."

NEW COIFFURE.

Graceful Style of Hair Dressing Named after Mrs. Cleveland.

There has been so little variety in the way of coiffure during late years that hair dressing in an artistic sense has very nearly become a lost art, causing the hand of the professional hair dresser to well nigh "lose its cunning," hence the announcement of an innovation introducing new and graceful styles in this essentially important part in the toilet of every lady will be received with more than ordinary interest by our fair readers.

Bangs straight, bangs crimped, under various catching names, bangs in every degree of puffiness or the reverse, from the quiet bit of fringe just touching the forehead, to the heavy, the bristly or otherwise conspicuous, have had a long day and promise in a modified form to continue in favor. But the simply arranged back knot so much in vogue of late, together with the style of cutting off the back hair, is going out, in fact it may be said to have gone out, and in being replaced with a new and by far more elegant form of coiffure.

A woman's "crowning glory is her hair," and since the earliest times the art of dressing the hair has occupied the time, attention and ingenuity of women, a pleasing and gratifying pastime from which they have been debarred during the rather protracted reign of no hair, so to speak, or at most the easily arranged bang and Grecian knot at the back. The new coiffure named in honor of Mrs. Cleveland and which bears her name is the most graceful of the several novelties lately introduced and will beyond all doubt become the most popular. While fulfilling its mission of displaying the hair to the best advantage at the back, it admits of any arrangement of the front hair that may suit the features and the taste of the wearer, and can be worn with any style of hat. This mode consists simply of three strands of long hair curled about four inches at the ends and arranged as follows: Twist all the hair on top of the head almost close to the forehead, place a front piece dressed in loose fluffy rings, or in any style which the wearer may fancy, over the twist so as to raise it high towards the crown, then take one strand of the three into which the long hair must be divided, make into a plain knot and place in the centre so that the curled ends just reach the neck; the other two strands are then twisted loosely in the form of a "rope twist" and wound around the knot in the centre just above the curls near the neck and so shaped as to give a long and narrow effect to the coiffure. The curled or crimped ends of the "rope twisted" strands will by this arrangement be brought to the top of the coiffure and mingle with the curls of the front piece, which completes the head dress. For full dress occasions the Cleveland coiffure is in admirable keeping, as it admits of jewelled pins, aignette, etc., which are so effective in artificial light, and can be as easily formed with an ordinary switch and a few pin curls as with one's own hair.

The Smallest People of the World.

Prof. Flower, of the London Natural History Museum, recently delivered a lecture on the Akkas, the diminutive tribe of black people in Central Africa, discovered by Schweinfurth in 1870. The Akkas he believes to be the smallest people on earth, their height usually ranging at maturity from 3 feet 10 inches to 4 feet 5½ inches. The types most nearly allied to them are the natives of the Andaman Islands and the bushmen of South Africa. It is possible that the Akkas gave origin to the stories of pigmies so common in the writings of Greek historians, and whose habitations were often placed near the sources of the Nile. The name Akka, by which Schweinfurth says the tribe now call themselves, has singularly enough, been read by Mariette Pasha by the side of the portrait of a dwarf in a monument of the ancient Egyptian Empire.

The Plumber who Stopped a Rat Hole.

A few years ago John M. Dowling built for his own use a handsome three-story and basement residence at 290 Huron street. Winning a ten thousand dollar bet on the presidential election, he put it into a barn, for which he has little use, save as a monument to his good judgment. He then set about filling his house with everything that money could purchase in the way of furniture, and the latest appliances for utilitarian and sanitary purposes, and had just settled down to enjoy life when one day the servant girl reported a rat in the basement. The plumber was sent for and given orders to stop up the rat hole without regard to expense. He did so, and yesterday handed in his bill. It called for $1,333.35. He had found it necessary to completely overhaul and change the sewerage and drainage system of the premises to keep out that rat.—*Chicago Times.*

Highlanders as Soldiers.

If you depopulate the Highlands, said Scott, where are you to find your Highlander in case of war? The same question is asked by a Highland officer. He says: "For thirty-seven years I have commanded and associated with Highland soldiers. But of them all I never found an equal to the man from the Lewis for a combination of martial aptitude, sublime courage, childlike obedience. In a word, they are mentally as well as physically the finest soldiers I have ever seen in the course of a life which has taken me into all the capitals of the world and some of its hottest campaigns. These are the men for whom expatriation is proposed. "Grander weapons for the defence of a country," says the Highland officer, "God never gave to any rulers."—*Edinburgh Evening News.*

A Point for Feminine Reformers.

It takes the skins of three seals to make a sealskin sacque and boa. And yet the dear, delightful feminine reformers, who eschew the feathers of our forest songsters on their bonnets, will rob three seals of their comfortable winter coats and leave them shivering in an icy climate that they themselves may go warmly clad.—*Buffalo Express.*

A Recent Club Set-To.

First club man (heatedly)—All I have to say is that I consider you a puppy. Second ditto (coolly)—If that were the case I could take the first prize at the dog show, and that's more than you can say. First man—How so? Second ditto—You lack the necessary pedigree and breeding.

HARD TIMES FOR CHILDREN.

Parents Who Keep Crying "Don't Do This" and "Don't Do That."

It is as natural to a child to be happy as it is to a fish to swim, says a writer in the March number of "Woman." But for this they need a certain amount of "letting alone." It is a great mistake for parents to hamper their children with foolish restrictions. We pity the little B's, our next door neighbor's children, from the bottom of our heart. There is a picket fence in front of the house and they are scarcely allowed to go near it lest they should climb and hurt themselves. They cannot climb a tree for the same reason. They may not skate or swim or have a gun. The consequence of this training is that their parents have made cowards of them all with the exception of little Bessie, who is the most darling little mischief that ever wore a sun bonnet, and she has learned to be deceitful and plays all her mad pranks well out of sight of her parents' eye. We caught her the other day walking the railing of a bridge that crossed the track of a railroad a hundred feet below. The railing was not a foot wide and she triumphantly told us that she had walked it while the train was passing under. It was enough to make one shudder. Don't fancy your boy is made of glass. Grant a reasonable request and let him feel that when you refuse it is for his own good. Between the Jellybys and the Gradgrinds of life children have a hard time of it. The youngest child needs some sort of agreeable occupation and a certain amount of physical freedom. There is nothing more painful to young people than to feel that life is one dull routine and that "nothing ever happens," as we once heard a disconsolate lad remark.

A HEADSMAN'S EXPERTNESS.

Taking Off a Criminal's "Top" While He Was Playing Nine Pins.

We have observed several wonderful stories of late respecting the skill of the Chinese executioners, who, it is said, can strike off the heads of their victims so skilfully that the poor fellows themselves never discover their loss until a moment or two after they are dead. We recall to mind, however, the story of a German executioner who far surpassed the Chinese in professional dexterity. Upon one occasion it happened that a criminal had a singular itching to play nine pins, and he implored permission to play once more at his favorite game before he died. Then, he said, he would submit to his fate without a murmur. The judge, thinking there could be no harm in humoring him, granted his last prayer, and upon arriving at the place of execution he found everything prepared for the game, the pins being set up and the bowls all ready. He commenced his favorite sport with enthusiasm. After awhile the sheriff, observing that he showed no inclination to desist, made a sign to the executioner to strike the fatal blow while he stooped for a bowl. The executioner did so, but with such exquisite dexterity that the culprit did not notice or feel it. He thought, indeed, that a cold breath of air was blowing on his neck, and drawing himself back with a shrug, his head dropped forward into his hands. He naturally supposed that it was a bowl which he had grasped, and, seizing it firmly, rolled it at the pins. All of them fell, and the head was heard to exclaim, as it rebounded from the farther wall: "Hurrah! I've won the game."—*Chambers' Journal.*

A Story of Lord Cockburn.

Lord Cockburn's looks, tones, language and manner were always such as to make one think that he believed every word he said. On one occasion, before he was raised to the bench, when defending a murderer, although he failed to convince the judge, and the jurymen of the innocence of his client, yet he convinced the murderer himself that he was innocent. Sentence of death was pronounced, and the day of execution fixed for, say, the 20th of January. As Lord Cockburn was passing the condemned man, the latter seized him by the gown saying: "I have not got justice, Mr. Cockburn; I have not got justice." To this the advocate coolly replied: "Perhaps not, but you'll get it on the 20th of January."—*Chambers Journal.*

The Latest Fad in Photographs.

"The girls are having their pictures taken in threes," said a photographer the other day.

"What is that for," I asked.

"Nothing but a whim, an English whim, maybe. The three daughters of the Princess of Wales are pictured on one card, and possibly that started the craze. There are more orders just now for groups of threes than for single pictures. The dear girls pose in the prettiest attitude their hands can be coaxed into, and the latest thing in albums is a collection of these groups. Bunches of buds, they call them three of a kind, is the name that presents itself to me."—*From a New York Letter.*

The angry ocean has eaten away so much of Coney Island that the water comes up to the veranda of the Brighton Hotel, and that immense structure is to be moved back, 135 trucks running on a great number of tracks have been placed under the building for the purpose.

"Will you love me when I'm old?" sang the ancient soubrette. "How old?" came in a shrill voice from the gallery. The singer did not reply, but the audience smiled when the curtain dropped showing a century plant in full bloom.

A New York school teacher received the following note excusing a pupil's absence: "Miss ——: It is not neseter for my darter to come to scule, for she don't lean nuthin' this is the six scule she has ben to she mites well stay to home."

The morphia habit among women is much more common in Philadelphia, says the *Times* of that city, than many suppose. Even in the late severe weather women, young and old, could be seen hurrying to the drug stores and in most cases the only medicine they were after was morphia in its different forms. The most fashionable method of indulgence is by hypodermic injection, and some of the syringes used are gold and silver mounted and both expensive and elaborate.

Ringgold Cooper, the American who was arrested in Paris for passing a forged cheque on the London & Westminster Bank, was sentenced to fifteen years' penal servitude.