Select Tale.

CINDERELLA.

[CONCLUDED.]

The next morning Mr. Alden announced that he was going off on a long tramp; should probably be gone all day. Laura took advantage of his absence to closet herself with her dressmaker; Elizabeth locked herself into her room, and gave orders that she was on no account to be disturbed; Aunt Tilly went down street to see a friend and do some errands.

"Now I have a chance to give Mr. Alden's parlor a thorough putting to rights," said Cindy to herself. "It has needed it this long time." And, tying a handkerchief over her head, she forthwith went to work.

She was rubbing tables and chairs with a hearty good will, when the door suddenly opened.

Mr. Alden lifted his hat, while a sudden flush crimsoned his forehead. Then he stepped quickly in the room and took the duster from Cindy's hand.

"I beg your pardon," he said; "but you do me too much honor. I took care of my own study when in college, and I can again. Let the dust gather inch deep my lady abbess, before you don that becoming white head-gear another time in behalf of a lazy fellow like me."

"That would be fine house-keeping!" she cried, snatching off the head-kerchief and hiding it in her pocket, while she regained possession of the tabooed duster. "What made you come back, Mr. Alden? You were to be gone all day."

"To catch you in the midst of your sins, Miss Cinderella," he answered solemnly, wheeling a large chair into position; "and to inflict righteous judgment upon you by compelling you to sit still for half an hour while I show you those," said he, unlocking a portfolio of rare engravings.

Cindy's eyes sparkled and her cheeks flushed. Then she turned toward the door. "But the dinner, Mr. Alden! I—"

"Dinner be—dispensed with," he said. "I want nothing but a bowl of milk. Confess, now! You did not think of dinner till I came!"

She did not reply; and she stood there with her hand on the door-knob—a pretty picture of irresolution.

"No dinner for me," he went on. "Are you fond of pictures? What shall I show you? Figure pieces—landscapes? What do you like best?"

"I—hardly know—" she faltered. "I have seen so few. Show me your own work, Mr. Alden; something you are doing now. I shall be sure to like that."

He hesitated, glanced at her curiously, half-laughed, and then laid his hand on the cloth thrown over an easel near the window.

"Did you lift this?" he asked. "Did you look at this picture?"

"Oh, no, no!" she cried, coloring. "How can you ask it, Mr. Alden. Indeed I have looked at nothing that you did not leave in plain sight."

"This is no Blue Beard's closet, Miss Cindy. I should not have killed you if you had looked. But, to make amends for my imprudent question, I have half a mind to let you see this—even at the risk of your displeasure. Look there!"

It was a quaint old kitchen; dim, shadowy, lighted only by the embers on the hearth. Leaning against the stone jamb of the great fire-place, with a weary look upon her young face, and her hands clasped despondingly, stood an unmistakable Cinderella.

Cindy took in nothing at first but a general idea of the power and pathos of the picture, holding her breath for very delight, while Mr. Alden watched her eagerly. Her eyes wandered over the canvas, grasping detail after detail, until at length, as if saving the best wine for the last, it settled upon the drooping figure in the corner. For a moment she gazed silently; then she uttered a faint exclamation, while the red blood fled from her cheeks, and she burst into tears. Cinderella's face was her own.

"Forgive me; oh, forgive me!" cried Mr. Alden, as he saw her agitation. "I could not help it! The name—and—everything! Indeed, indeed, I did not mean to wound you. But the idea has haunted me for some weeks, and I had to work it out. Tell me you are not hurt—not angry, Miss Cindy! See! I will tear the picture in shreds, if you say so!"

"No, no!" she cried, putting out her hand to stop him. "Leave it as it is. I do not care—I do not mind. But, Mr. Alden, I shall find my godmother some time—or I shall make one for myself—" and before he could detain her she had gone.

The next afternoon brought a heavy mail to Mr. Alden, and after tea he strolled down to the bottom of the garden, where there was a rustic summer-house with a table and a chair or two, to look over the new monthlies. Presently Laura followed him, with her portfolio.

"I don't expect you want to see me one bit," she said, throwing back her long curls with a pretty, childlike toss. "Not now, when you've just got news from home, and everything. But I've come, nevertheless. I do so want you to tell me what is the trouble with this sketch. I can't get it to suit me. Oh, Mr. Alden!" and she laid her white hand upon his arm, appealingly, "what shall I do when you go away, and I have no one to help me? You have added so much to my life!"

He made no reply—ungallant fellow that he was—as he took the little sketch, or design from her hand, and glanced at it carelessly. But in a moment he lost his listless air, pushed back the hair from his forehead, laid the bit of drawing-paper on the table before him and examined it carefully.

"This design is remarkable for the work of a beginner, Miss Laura," he said at length. "You are a perpetual surprise to me. You have such a way of getting at the heart of things. What did you mean by this? Put your thought into words."

He was surprised—puzzled. No man could be blind to Laura's beauty; he had enjoyed it as he had enjoyed a lovely picture. But he had soon discovered, or thought he had, that with all her little gushes of sentiment, her artless candor, she had no more soul than the Venus de Medici. Yet now for more than a month, she had brought to him, day after day, designs and speeches that betrayed a power of thought, a depth of feeling and insight, a pure womanliness beyond his comprehension. The execution was often very faulty—but the power was there undeniably.

"You meant something by this," he went on, as she did not speak. "You were not simply making a picture. I think I read your thought. But tell me what it was."

Just then a step sounded on the gravel walk without. Laura hastily gathered up her papers; but before she could reach the one Mr. Alden was examining, a sudden gust of wind caught it, and sweeping it outside the door, dropped it at Cindy's feet.

"That is mine! Do not touch it!" cried Laura. But with a quick start and an exclamation of astonishment, Cindy stooped down and picked it up.

"It is mine," said she, calmly, while her form dilated and her eye kindled with sudden light. "It is mine. Where did you get it, Laura? And what right have you to show my pencilings to Mr. Alden?"

"It is not yours—it is mine," repeated Laura, trembling like a leaf and pallid as a ghost; "I drew it today—this very morning."

Cindy colored painfully. She had spoken involuntarily; but now she shrank, with womanly sensitiveness, from exposing her cousin to Mr. Alden's contempt.

"Let it pas, then," she said, and would have turned away.

But he stopped her, laying his hand upon the portfolio. "This can hardly be a mistake," he said, gently. "It is better to have an understanding on the spot. Do you say this drawing is yours, Miss Cindy?"

She looked at Laura imploringly, but the latter stood sullen and silent as a statute.

"Is it yours, Miss Cindy?"

She took the paper from his hand. Down in one corner, following the outline of a plantain leaf, she showed him certain minute characters.

"Read that," she said. And he read aloud—"Cinderella."

"Would *she* be likely to have written that?" she asked.

Laura had vanished.

What passed for the next hour, Cindy could never have told. It was all a bewildering dream. Every sketch in the portfolio was her own. They had been taken one by one from the bureau drawer. She had missed them, but supposed she carelessly mislaid them herself, and had had no time to make thorough search. In her sweet humility she would not have dared to show them to Mr. Alden. But now he had seen them, had praised them, had spoken the kindest, dearest words of hope and encouragemet. He had recognized in her, untaught, untrained as she was, something akin to his own genius. Was it any wonder that at last she had laid her head on the table and cried from very joy? Or that he should have smoothd back her brown hair and whispered:

"Don't cry, Cinderella. You have surely found your fairy godmother!"

When they went into the house in the deepening twilight, Elizabeth met them at the door.

"Laura has told me all about it," she said in a constrained voice. "If she is my sister, I am compelled to say that it was shameful, dastardly. But, Mr. Alden, it was to gain your good opinion that she did it, and she has gone away that she may not see your face again. I do not think she fully comprehended the baseness of which she was guilty. Be as charitable as you can."

"It shall be a secret between us, never to be spoken of," he returned kindly. "Her exile will not be for long, Miss Elizabeth, for I am going away to-morrow."

She gave him a quick look of thanks. "I have something to say to you, too, Cindy," warmly clasping the hand extended to meet hers, "and I want Mr. Alden to hear it. I am not in the mood for many words, but I have been abominably selfish and unwomanly, Cindy. I see it all now, and from this day forward there is to be a new order of things in this house. That's enough, isn't it?"

What Cindy whispered, as she threw herself into Elizabeth's arms and kissed her burning cheek, there is no need for for me to tell.

You all think Cindy married Mr. Alden; and, as I did not set about telling a love story, I may as well say that she did. But it was not at once. His friendship, and that of his sister, to whom he did not fail to tell of the rare and beautiful gift he had found hidden in a Millthorpe kitchen, opened doors for her which she might have found it difficult to open for herself; and the brave, strong little hands that had worked so faithfully and so patiently there, labored no less assiduously when the work given them to do was no longer task-work, but the delight of an eager soul. It was not until she had accomplished much that she had longed to accomplish—not until, a girl no longer, the wand of her fairy godmother had transformed her into a lovely, graceful, cultured woman, in every sense his peer—that she became the wife of Winthrop Alden, and moved her easel into his studio.—*The Aldine for January.*

When is the weather like an intelligent baby? When it's knowing.

Married on a Railway Train.

The Pittsburgh *Commercial* says:—Yesterday an unusual event transpired on the eastern bound passenger train, on the Cleveland and Pittsburgh Railroad. Among the passengers was the Rev. T. J. Kennedy, a United Presbyterian Minister of Steubenville. There were also two other persons, who, in the opinion of the conductor, Mr. Jenkins, might be made happy on receiving a few words of consolation from the reverend gentleman. The conductor, unwilling to permit an opportunity to do a good turn to slip by unimproved, informed his clerical friend that a lady and gentleman, passengers in the rear car, wished to see him. Mr. Kennedy was escorted back, and on being introduced to the couple, was asked by the gentleman whether he had any objection to marrying them then and there. The minister replied that he had not, provided they were both competent to enter into the sacred relation. Being assured on this point, he requested the couple to stand up, and the ceremony was then and there performed—the train running at a speed of thirty miles an hour, between Beaver and Rochester. The groom was Mr. S. J. Holmes, of East Liberty, and the bride Miss Melinda Conner, of Carrol County, Ohio.

Lively Butter.

There is an old goat owned in Detroit which has received a great deal of training from the boys. Last Fourth of July they discovered that if they stuck a fire-cracker in the end of a cane and held it at William, he would lower his head and go for them; and they have practiced the trick so much that the goat will tackle any human being who points a stick at him. A few days ago he was loafing near the corner of Third and Lewis streets, when a corpulent citizen came up and stopped to talk with a friend. They happened to speak of sidewalks, when the corpulent citizen pointed his cane just to the left of the goat, and said,—

"That's the worst piece of sidewalk in this town."

The goat had been eyeing the cane, and the moment it came up he lowered his head, made six or eight jumps, and his head struck the corpulent citizen just on "the belt." The man went over into a mass of old tin, dilapidated butter kegs and abandoned hoop skirts, and the goat turned a somersault the other way, while the slim citizen threw stones at a boy seated on a doorstep, who was laughing tears as big as chestnuts, and crying out,—

"Oh, it's 'nuff to kill a feller!"

Punctuality.

We admire punctuality, and we can have but little patience with those persons who are so regardless of it, even in little things, as to continually break their word, under the impression that, "It is of no consequence; it will all be understood, and amount to the same thing in the end," as many often say, to excuse their everlasting habit of being false to their word. There are some people who seldom or never do as they promise. They habituate themselves to promise anything and everything, without the least thought of fulfilment. We could name some persons of this sort, who in other respects are worthy people; but they cannot command confidence because their word is not regarded. We can mention young men of promise who are constantly losing ground with their acquaintances, solely by being inattentive to their obligations and promises in little things. A man will soon ruin himself in this way. In all business transactions, in all intercourse with friends, in all engagements, let all do exactly as they say—be punctual to the minute. That is the way to make other people so, and to make them trust us.

A Useful Item.

Perhaps one of the most aggravating difficulties ever encountered by a busy housewife is that attending the lighting of fires on still, damp mornings. The stove at first won't draw; even vigorous "blowing" will not suffice; and then when it does start, it is with a sort of explosion or outward rush of air which fills the room with smoke and gas, oftentimes puffing the unpleasant fumes in the face of the operator. The trouble is caused by the difficulty encountered in overcoming the inertia of the long column of air in the pipe or chimney, by the small column of air that can be forced up through the interstices of wood and coal, at the bottom of which the fire is kindled. All this may be remedied by simply putting a few shavings or bits of dry paper on the top of the wood or coal, and first lighting that. It immediately bursts into a blaze, because the air has perfectly free access to it from all sides, the heated air forces its way in the chimney, and establishes there an upward current. The match can then be applied to the kindling under the fuel, which will readily light, and, if dry, burst into a brisk flame.

The most fickle of her sex lives in Oakland, California. When about to be married she insisted that the ceremony should be performed in French and a postponement was had until the next day. A French minister was then on hand, and she thereupon refused to be married at all.

An inquiring sort of man has been looking into the building of the new water tunnel in Chicago. He found at each of the three shafts five city inspectors superintending the work of seven workmen. The fifteen inspectors were drawing an aggregate of $90 a day, and the workmen $42.

An Ark of Safety.

A recently invented English life-boat, for which much is claimed, is "very like a whale." It is built on the cigar principle, only very short and fat. Those desiring to make use of it are placed inside, and the hatches battened down, and then it is claimed that she can withstand the highest storm waves or the heaviest surf that ever run. People who are not so fortunate as to get an inside berth on the start will have to wait alongside hanging on the chains, until the time arrives when the hatches may be safely opened.

A Veritable "Nightmare."

At a concert in Buffalo the other night a little boy who had fallen asleep tumbled off his seat. Somebody misinterpreting the noise thus occasioned shouted "fight." This in turn was interpreted "fire," and the ensuing scene baffles description. The whole audience made a frantic rush for the doors and windows. Women and children were thrown down and tramped under foot. Many actually leaped from the windows, a distance of fourteen feet. The alarm of fire was struck and the whole force turned out. After quiet was restored a committee was appointed to wake the boy.

"Fit for an Empress."

The lace dress which was made by the Compagne des Indes of Paris for the Empress Eugenie is made up over black velvet and shows to fine effect on that fabric. The underskirt is one piece, not flounced, its design being a heavy scalloped border of roses and tulips, twined with leaves, and interlacing with another border formed of finer scallops of forget-me-nots and ivy leaves. Each large scallop has a medallion figure filled with roses, tulips, and forget-me-nots imbedded in an urn of exquisite workmanship. Another medalion semi-encircles this one, and the two are tied with a true-lover's knot carried around the whole underskirt. This true-lover's knot tying the medallions and interlacing over the whole is considered the gem of the design.

Irish Wit.

The proneness of Irish wit to hyperbole is well illustrated in the story of the man who described the gluttony of a young pig by saying that he had fed him with two pailfuls of milk and meal, and then put the pig in the pail, which he didn't half fill.

Another specimen of the same exaggeration is reported by a correspondent traveling in Ireland, who overheard an Irishman describing to some companions the country he was urging them to emigrate to.

"Ameriky," said he, "is a mighty sizable place. I'm told ye might roll England through it, an' it would hardly make a dint in the ground. There's a fresh water ocean inside of it that you might drown Ireland in an' save Father Mathew a wonderful sight of trouble. An' as for Scotland, you might stick it in a corner of their forests, an' you'd never be able to find it, except, it might be, by the smell of the whisky!"

Some Facts About Paper.

The manufacture of paper is one of the oldest industries of civilization, and was in fact carried on by those who are not now considered civilized. The industry has grown enormously since the introduction of printing by movable types, and especially since all aristocracy of knowledge has disappeared from the leading countries of the world. Dr. Albinus Rudel, an Austrian investigator, estimates the yearly production of paper in all parts of the civilized world at 1,800,000,000 pounds, of which 374,000,000 pounds are made in the United States. An army of nearly 400,000 men and women is employed in this peaceful profession, and the capital involved is about $280,000,000 in gold. Every American is credited with the consumption of 10¼ pounds of paper per annum—a larger amount per person than that used by any other country except Great Britain. One-half of the whole amount of the paper made is used for printing purposes, one-third is used for commerce and industrial purposes, and the remaining one-sixth for writing paper. Besides the production in the United States of 374,000,000 pounds of paper, 300,000,000 are imported for use in manufactures and in printing offices.

Going to the City.

I dread nothing more than to hear young men saying, "I am going to the city." If they ask me, as they often do when I am travelling about the country, what chances there are for a lawyer in the city, I say, "Just the chance that a fly has on a spider's web; go down and be eaten up!" If they ask me what chances there are for a mechanic in the city, I say, "Good! good! there Death carries on a wholesale and retail business! The mechanic art flourishes finely! Coffin-making is admirable! Men are dying ten times as fast as anywhere else!" If a man's bones are made of flint, if his muscles are made of leather; if he can work sixteen or eighteen hours a day, and not wink, and then sleep, scarcely winking; if, in other words, he is built for mere toughness, then he can go into the city, and go through the ordeal which business men and professional men are obliged to go through who succeed. The conditions of city life may be made healthy so far as the physical constitution is concerned; but there is connected with the business of the city so much competition, so much rivalry, so much necessity for industry, that I think there is a perpetual, chronic, wholesale violation of natural law. There are ten men that can succeed in the country, where there is one that can succeed in the city.

Miscellaneous Items.

At Davenport (Iowa) a plainly dressed girl has been calling at city residences with the statement that her mistress wants to borrow a silver cake basket, as she expects company to tea. The girl of course had found out that the parties represented and those swindled were on intimate terms. She receives the basket and departs, never more to return. Three ladies were victimized.

"Now John, suppose there's a load of hay on one side of a river, and a jackass on the other side, and no bridge, and the river's too wide to swim, how can the jackass get to the hay?" "I give it up." "Well, that's just what the other jackass did."

A fire-proof paper is said to have been invented in England, consisting of vegetable fibre, one part; asbestos, two parts; borax, one-tenth part; and alum, two-tenths of a part. The principal ingredient in the ink to be used with this incombustible paper is graphic.

Several of the hot springs of the Yellowstone region are situated so near to the margin of the Yellowstone Lake that a person might stand on the silicous rim of the spring, extend his fishing-rod into the water of the lake, and catch trout weighing from one to two pounds, and cook them in the boiling springs without removing the fish from the hook.

Indians have a very decided way of expressing dislike for an unsuccessful doctor. A number of the Tulare tribe in California recently confided several patients to a "big medicine man," and most of them died. A grand council was called, and after a huge pow-wow it was decided that he must die. He was accordingly led out a short distance and killed.

A Bombay newspaper says that among the hill people it is a common practice to place infants beneath a constant jet of water conveyed through a bamboo spout from a mountain stream, so that the water falls upon the head of the child, which goes to keep under this cooling influence and sleeps for hours at a stretch. The water is believed to strengthen the brain and make the children not only healthy, but hardy and fearless.

The theatres and the churches in Galveston are fighting each other. On Christmas Day the churches gave their Sunday school children presents, and the theatre did the same for every child patron at the matinee. It was a nice arrangement for the children, because the Sunday schools were out just in time for them to get around to the matinee.

Shortly after the Boston fire, the employees of a large firm in that city, of their own motion, proposed a reduction of salaries. Their generous offer was accepted. Since then the business of the firm has prospered, and last week the partners presented each of the clerks with a check for the full amount of the pay surrendered, and announced that all the salaries had been put back to the old figures.

It is hard to say just how a man or woman may be thoroughly pleasing to others. There are a thousand engaging ways which every person may put on without running the risk of being deemed either affected or foppish. The sweet smile; the quiet, cordial bow; the earnest movement in addressing a friend, or more especially a stranger who may be recommended to us; the graceful attention which is so captivating when these are united with self-possession, these will ensure the good regard of all.

A BITTER CONTROVERSY.—The temperance organs are waging bitter war on the manufacturers of alcoholic bitters, and their attacks are resented with equal bitterness by the latter, who seem determined to prosecute the quarrel to the bitter end. In the meantime a novelty in tonic medicines is making immense progress in the confidence of all classes and conditions of society throughout the United States and British America. We refer to Dr. WALKER'S CALIFORNIA VINEGAR BITTERS, and we call it a novelty in tonics because it contains no alcohol—an article heretofore considered essential in medicinal invigorants. The abstemious portion of the community approve the omission, and as the new remedy is curing dyspepsia, biliousness, nervous affections, and, in fact, a majority of the diseases, external and internal, which prevail, it is difficult to see how the more self-indulgent portion of our fellow citizens can conscientiously object to it. One thing is certain: if ever there was what the French call a "grand success," the sudden and continually increasing popularity of the VINEGAR BITTERS, deserves that name. The advocates of temperance point to the salutary effects produced by this inalcoholic restorative as a proof that spirituous stimulants are not needed for medicinal purposes—a position which has been recently taken by many eminent practitioners.

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By its tonic properties it restores the capillary glands to their normal vigor, preventing baldness, and making the hair grow thick and strong.

As a dressing nothing can be found so effectual, or desirable.

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This elegant preparation may be relied on to change the color of the beard from gray or any other undesirable shade, to brown, or black, at discretion. It is easily applied, being in ONE PREPARATION, and quickly and effectually produces a permanent color which will neither rub nor wash off.

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1,000 Gold and Silver Lever Hunting Watches (in all,) worth from $20 to $300 each!
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Number of Gifts, 7,500!

Tickets limited to 75,000!

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Single Tickets $1; Six Tickets $5; Twelve Tickets $10; Twenty-five $20.

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