

Last night I had...
The girl that I love...
She was so kind to me...
I held her little hand in mine...
And kissed her o'er and o'er...
But then you see she's barely nine...
And I'm sixteen...
And if it happens that I be...
A granddad that adores...
The grandchild that takes after me...
It's no concern of yours.

AT MINX

Kitty TRELAWNEY, a Miss MARION HANCOCK, an Angel, GROVER FORTESQUE, a Man.

SCHOOL—A drawing room.

Kitty (Jumping up from the piano as Miss Harcourt is announced)—O Marion, it is you. What a relief!

Marion—Are you expecting anyone else?

Kitty—Yes and I was afraid—but it's you! I'm glad. Did you get my last letter? And have you come back for good from your travels—nearly two years, isn't it? And is your father better? When did you get back? Can you guess what a wicked girl I am, all how miserable this unhappy secret makes me—at least part of it, for some of it's happy, you know; but I do want your advice and sympathy and—

Marion—O my dear Kitty, stop! Sit down and let us talk quietly. I want sympathy, too.

Kitty (smiling)—You! You want sympathy! I thought you were above that weakness.

Marion—Not a bit. I want all you can give me.

Kitty—Oh, do tell me; but you must hear me first—my troubles are more pressing. I'm in such a fix! I've got a letter from him to say—

Marion—Him! Whom?

Kitty (impatiently)—The him, of course. There's only one him at least, there ought to be only one. That's just it.

Marion—What do you mean?

Kitty—I mean—that there are two.

Marion—You are engaged to two men at once?

Kitty—Well, you see—they overlap—for the moment.

Marion—You take my breath away. Explain!

Kitty—You remember my writing to tell you about my engagement to an awfully nice clever fellow, a lawyer, about eighteen months ago, and how he had to go to India—to take evidence on commission they call it. I think—a few weeks after we were engaged?

Marion—Yes, and you were to be married as soon as he came back? Hasn't he come back?

Kitty—Oh, yes, he's come right enough. I am expecting him here now—immediately—any—every moment; and I don't want him!

Marion—Explain! Explain!

Kitty—Last summer, I went to stay at Mrs. Fairlight's place on the Hudson, and, of course, there was lots of boating, tennis, picnics, and—(hesitates) moonlight walks.

Marion (gravely)—Oh, my dear Kitty!

Kitty—The situation's got to be faced. I know I'm a wicked girl, and all that; but oh, Marion, he is such a darling, and I really, truly want to be his wife.

Marion—Then why weren't you true to him?

Kitty—Which him? I'm speaking of the—the well, the new one.

Marion—Kitty, you are dreadful. You never can have loved truly, deeply, seriously, for true love is constant—it lifts one out of oneself, and—

Kitty—Thanks; I've read all that in novels.

Marion—But you have never felt it—not deeply, I'm sure.

Kitty—You're in love, Marion. You never talked about it like this before. Who is it? Tell me, quick!

Marion (after a pause)—I, I don't feel that I can talk to you as freely as I could once have done.

Kitty—Oh, I shall get it out of you. You met him abroad. Where was it? Who is he, and when were you engaged?

Marion—We are not engaged.

Kitty—Broken off! Oh, Marion, I'm so sorry, dear.

Marion—No, not broken off. He was engaged before we met.

Kitty (whistles)—And he fell in love with you so?

Marion—No.

Kitty—He never told you he loved you?

Marion—No, not in so many words.

Kitty—Well, when shall you see him again?

Marion—I do not expect ever to see him again.

Kitty—And you love him very much?

Marion—I could love him very much.

Kitty—Poor thing! Marion, it's 4 o'clock, and you've never helped me out of my fin' bit! He may be here, at any moment, and what am I to say to him?

Marion (bewildered)—You're speaking now—

Kitty—The—the original one. Don't you understand? He returned from India yesterday. I have to tell you that I love some one else, and I can't... Hark! there's the bell! Marion, I can't see him—I won't! (Suddenly) you must.

(Rises.)

Marion—Don't be absurd. I can see a perfect stranger.

Kitty (making for the door)—Say, you're a friend of the family, and I'm a silly, bare-brained girl who doesn't know her own mind. Say anything you like; but get me out of this, and I'll love you forever. (Flies out of the room by a side door as the servant enters by another, and announces Mr. Fortesque.) Marion rises.)

Mr. Fortesque—Miss Harcourt!

Marion—Mr. Fortesque!

Mr. Fortesque—You here! I—I had no idea you knew the Trelawneys.

Marion—Yes, Kitty and I are old school-fellows!

Mr. Fortesque (with some emotion)—I never thought to see you again. And Miss Trelawney, has she told you all about me?

Marion—She told me she was engaged to—some one very nice.

Mr. Fortesque—Ah, why did she run away as I came upstairs?

Marion—I will go and ask her to come back.

Mr. Fortesque—Please tell me first why she ran away.

Marion—She shall tell you herself.

Mr. Fortesque—Then there is something to tell me... What is it? She has changed towards me. I half guessed it from her letters of late. She is afraid to tell me herself, and has left you to do it for her. Isn't it so?

Marion—Yes.

Mr. Fortesque—And she loves some one else?

Marion—She has not come, and speak to you herself. I'll fetch her. (Goes towards the door.)

Mr. Fortesque—Stop! did you tell her of our previous acquaintance?

Marion—No, but I must now. (Marion retires, and in a few minutes

she enters in a rather shame-faced man-

er.)

Mr. Fortesque—How do you do, Kitty?

Kitty—O Geoffrey, I'm so sorry; are you dreadfully angry?

Mr. Fortesque—Do I look angry?

Kitty—No, no, I can't say that you do. I thought you would be. I think you ought to be. You ought to look—well—little unhappy.

Mr. Fortesque—You want me to look unhappy because you love some one else?

Kitty—I think it would have been rather nice of you.

Mr. Fortesque—But supposing I love some one else?

Kitty (eagerly)—But you don't, do you, Jeff?

Mr. Fortesque—My dear Kitty, what can it matter to you now?

Kitty (doubtfully)—No, no. Of course, it oughtn't to matter. But I didn't think—

Mr. Fortesque—That I could be as faithless as yourself!

Kitty—How horrid of you!

Mr. Fortesque—No, I'm not, and I haven't been faithless. I have been true to you, Kitty, and would have married you. You wish to be free. Well, I give you your freedom.

Kitty—Oh! I never thought you'd take it so coolly. You want to be free, too?

Mr. Fortesque—Naturally.

Kitty—To marry some one else?

Mr. Fortesque—I'm sorry if the idea hurts you. Yes, I wish to marry some one else. You want to do the same, I understand. What could be better?

Kitty—Oh! but I didn't think you would be so glad to get rid of me. I—I—Jeff, who is she? Is she pretty, and young, and clever? Is it any one I know?

Mr. Fortesque—Yes, it is, your old schoolfellow, Marion Harcourt.

Kitty (amazed)—Marion! I—I! Why—you've only known her five minutes!

Mr. Fortesque—No, we met on the way home. She and her father joined our boat at Colombo.

Kitty—Then who are the man she has been telling me of—who was engaged to some one else and with whom she parted forever?

Mr. Fortesque—We thought we had parted forever.

Kitty—I should think so—when you were engaged to me.

Mr. Fortesque—Don't you mean, Kitty, when you were in love with some one else?

Kitty—I'm not sure that I am now.

Mr. Fortesque—Good heavens! What a complication!

Kitty—Oh! it's all right as far as you are concerned, Mr. Fortesque. Don't mind me!

Mr. Fortesque—Kitty, you can't possibly be such a—

Kitty (coolly)—Dog in the manger, are you going to say? At any rate, I'm a dog with two strings to my bow, and I know now I never loved you. It's nice to have one's mind made up for one, so send for Marion at once, and I'll wish her joy. And I must send a telegram!

Mr. Fortesque—Whom to? Oh! I beg your pardon.

Kitty—You'll see. You may hand it in for me if you like. You pass a telegraph office, don't you?

Mr. Fortesque—Certainly, with pleasure.

Kitty (sets down and writes)—There!

Mr. Fortesque—Can you be polite in ten words?

Kitty—Read it, and seal it. (Watches him.)

Mr. Fortesque (reads)—To Trelawney Club: Please come congratulate me.

Kitty—Who is Trelawney?

Kitty—Why the other one, of course. Go and hand it in, quick.

Mr. Fortesque (going out)—Little minx—Society.

Electricity in Housework.

Electricity promises to solve the domestic problem. It is simply press a button and dinner is ready. An electric oven will cook a 12-pound turkey in two hours and forty-five minutes and no thought need be given it, while the kitchen is entirely free from heat and unpleasants. The upper shelves of the oven warm the dishes to exactly the right temperature. Press a button and the coffee will be steaming hot; another button, and the eggs are beaten; another button, and the meat is chopped. The electric washing machine, irons and sweepers will change housework from drudgery to a scientific economy of power. There seems to be no reason why the electric oven should not soon take the place of the coal stove. But we draw the line at the food cooked. We eat with too much electric speed already. —Lewiston Journal.

His Case.

Courts of law are now and then enlivened by the unintentional comicalities which will occasionally crop up even in most serious cases. In a certain lunacy case, tried in the Court of Queen's Bench, the last witness called by Mr. Montague Chambers, leading counsel for the plaintiff, was a doctor, who, at the close of his evidence, described a case of delirium tremens treated by him, in which the patient recovered in a single night.

"It was," said the witness, "a case of gradual drinking—slipping all day from morning till night."

These words were scarcely uttered when Mr. Chambers, who had examined the witness, turning to the Bench, and unconsciously accenting the last word, but one said—

"My Lord, that is my case."

Roars of laughter convulsed the Court.

Count Tolstoi.

Count Tolstoi is thus described by his late visitor, who found him at home: "After passing down long corridors, which are like to many entrenchments around Tolstoi's study, I at last stood before this remarkable man. I saw him just as the celebrated picture shows him—in his full peasant's smock, a belt round his waist, the white beard, the melancholy, deep-set eyes, the coarse gray hair, the thoughtful, wrinkled brows, the strong hands accustomed to work, which during his conversation he keeps passing through his belt, and the whole, touching, earnestness which surrounds the man." Count Leo Tolstoi makes the impression of a figure out of the Bible."

High Priced Stamps.

Collectors may be interested in the high prices brought lately by certain stamps at a sale in London. Among the principal lots disposed of, were: Great Britain, the V. R. (damaged), £3; Naples, 1/-; Arms, £15; Moldavia, 108 para, £17; Spain, 1851, 2 reales, £20; Geneva, the double stamp, £22; Vaud, 4c., £14; Winterturk, 2 1/2 rappen, a block of four, £17; Postage Local, a made-up plate, £32 10s.; Tuscany, 60 centesimi, £14; ditto, 8 lire, £26; a collection of Russian local, £110; Cape of Good Hope (woodblock), 1d. blue, £42; and Mauritius, 2d. blue, very fine, £31 10s.

THRILLING CHAPTERS IN VICTORIA'S REIGN.

GREAT BATTLES WHICH HELPED TO MOLD THE DESTINY OF BRITAIN.

The Crimean War and Battle of the Alma—Siege and Fall of Sebastopol—Battle of Inkermann and Massacre of Cawnpore—Siege of Lucknow and Cause of Sepoy Mutiny.

position was impregnable and boasted that they would drive the invaders into the sea. About midday the allies attacked the Russians along the whole line. The French occupied the right, next the sea, and the British the left, about two miles inland, the Highland brigade, under Sir Colin Campbell, being on the extreme left.

The engagement was not a bloody, and for a time the issue was doubtful. At last, Sir Colin Campbell, at the head of the three Highland regiments—Forty-second, Ninety-third, and Seventy-ninth—advanced, and crossed the river under a storm of bullets that made the water like a shower of hail. They gained the opposite bank, and advanced in line in gallant style, pouring in deadly volleys on the dense Russian columns.

The visit of a Chinese ambassador to Great Britain, the more recent visit of the Czar of all the Russias, are two outstanding events in the closing years of the century which have focused the gaze of Christian and heathen countries upon the first of the Great Powers in peace and war. The unprecedented length of time during which our beloved Queen has ruled over the destinies of a vast empire and the progress of the arts and sciences under her reign, are topics toward which the whole world, civilized and pagan, is having its attention directed by the press. The present Armenian difficulty recalls some of the deadly bat-

man, which has been called the "soldiers' battle," was fought on the morning of Nov. 5, memorable as the anniversary of the Gunpowder Plot. It was a dark morning and a drizzling rain falling when the Russians crept out of Sebastopol, and under cover of the darkness surprised the British outposts. For hours a fierce hand-to-hand battle raged among the rocks and valleys, the British soldiers fighting the mad, drunken Russians with bayonets, clubbed muskets and stones.

By daylight the French came to the assistance of their English comrades and after a bloody encounter the enemy were hauled back to the fortress. The siege dragged its slow length along. During the severe winter the soldiers suffered from want of proper food, clothing and shelter. The Government had neglected the army, and Lord Aberdeen's Ministry was compelled to resign. Lord Palmerston, took the reins of Government. Lord Panmure, afterward Earl of Dalhousie, was appointed Minister of War, and under his management the army was better organized and equipped, and took the field. The mutineers were defeated as every point. Lucknow was relieved, and finally captured after a severe struggle, and eventually order was once more restored and India reduced to the British rule again. As a result of the mutiny the East India Company was dissolved, and the empire placed under the Queen, who was subsequently proclaimed Empress of India.

FACIAL PECULIARITIES.

A Study of the Features May Produce Strange Results.

If one is interested in the study of physiognomy a close scrutiny of the faces of those with whom one comes in daily contact will reveal many interesting inconsistencies. Writers have so elaborately descended on the subject that it would seem that nothing of novelty were left for the investigator, yet while the traits of character revealed by the eyes, nose, mouth, ears, chin, teeth and even the wrinkles, have been so exhaustively treated, another subject replete with inconsistencies and interest has escaped the general optimizing.

Were a line drawn directly down through the center of the face the two halves would discover marked differences. The half begins to grow, will vary materially, giving decidedly distinctive outlines, adding in many cases, at least one-half inch to the height of the forehead.

Regarding the eyebrows, in many faces the difference is hardly perceptible, yet when they measured mathematically, the curves would show variations of outline. Of the eyes, a careful analysis will discover the right one not only larger, but differing in expression as well as in color, in some instances. The difference also in the slanting of the orbits will be noticeable. It is in the eye that the greatest difference is likely to be found. The upper lids differ materially from the lower, the former being drawn up to support the galant little hand holding up the base of the British operation. Then there occurred one of the grandest and most heroic achievements that has ever been recorded in the annals of modern warfare—the charge of the Light Brigade.

The Russians were still at the head of the valley, and were harassing the British with their artillery. An order came to Lord Cardigan, who commanded the light cavalry, to charge the guns. The order was cheerfully obeyed, though it was said "that someone had blundered." The Light Brigade, numbering 600 sabers, rode into the valley of death, charged the Russian batteries, cut down theRussians who still at the head of the valley, and were harassing the British with their artillery. An order came to Lord Cardigan, who commanded the light cavalry, to charge the guns. The order was cheerfully obeyed, though it was said "that someone had blundered." The Light Brigade, numbering 600 sabers, rode into the valley of death, charged the Russian batteries, cut down theRussians who still at the head of the valley, and were harassing the British with their artillery. An order came to Lord Cardigan, who commanded the light cavalry, to charge the guns. The order was cheerfully obeyed, though it was said "that someone had blundered." The Light Brigade, numbering 600 sabers, rode into the valley of death, charged the Russian batteries, cut down theRussians who still at the head of the valley, and were harassing the British with their artillery. An order came to Lord Cardigan, who commanded the light cavalry, to charge the guns. The order was cheerfully obeyed, though it was said "that someone had blundered." The Light Brigade, numbering 600 sabers, rode into the valley of death, charged the Russian batteries, cut down theRussians who still at the head of the valley, and were harassing the British with their artillery. An order came to Lord Cardigan, who commanded the light cavalry, to charge the guns. The order was cheerfully obeyed, though it was said "that someone had blundered." The Light Brigade, numbering 600 sabers, rode into the valley of death, charged the Russian batteries, cut down theRussians who still at the head of the valley, and were harassing the British with their artillery. An order came to Lord Cardigan, who commanded the light cavalry, to charge the guns. The order was cheerfully obeyed, though it was said "that someone had blundered." The Light Brigade, numbering 600 sabers, rode into the valley of death, charged the Russian batteries, cut down theRussians who still at the head of the valley, and were harassing the British with their artillery. An order came to Lord Cardigan, who commanded the light cavalry, to charge the guns. The order was cheerfully obeyed, though it was said "that someone had blundered." The Light Brigade, numbering 600 sabers, rode into the valley of death, charged the Russian batteries, cut down the