

**CUPID'S MESSENGER.**

How a Stern Parent Was Outwitted by Two Lovers.

Unknown to Her Father as a Postman for Years Between His Daughter and Her Husband—A Case of Love Laughing at Obstacles.

"Love laughs at obstacles," no doubt of it," said a jolly old fellow in a car of the elevated railway the other day, as he spread his newspaper on his knees and leaned back to have a hearty laugh at the story of an elopement he had just been reading in the "Sun." "He used to live-over in Brooklyn and part of my manager wages were taken out in bond and lodging at his house. Of course, I left my bed in the attic and went to sleep in love with his pretty daughter for all that."

"She returned my feelings if I may say without vanity, as I have been married now thirty years and I stepped around in the seventh Heaven for a time, but the old man soon spotted us and I narrowly escaped a severe thrashing. Now, however, he is as good as dead, and I have no one to worry me."

"You're not in your family or among your friends or servants whom you could trust to carry your notes back and forth?"

"No, no," she replied, with a sigh. "I have thought and thought and thought, but I have not found a way. I have suddenly clapped my hands. I have found one at last, and she burst into a peal of laughter so long that I could hardly contain my impatience to hear her discovery."

"Who is it?" "Tell me quick," I said.

"Who?" she gasped, and went off into another fit of laughter.

"Your father?" I said, astonished.

"Jane you're making fun of me," and I turned my back on her in a huff.

"I am not," she said, "but I will tell you what I mean. I mean just what I mean. I mean your father's old servant who will insist on wearing nine months in the year to spite of all that every body can say. Well, I'll hide a little note to you every day, and I'll tell him the contents, and when he says it is up to you to get it out and hide your answer. It is funny, isn't it? Well, my father is so old he can't see a thing, and he never notices anything. I have been carrying my love letters back and forth from one to the other every day, and now I have another merry peal of laughter, in which I joined heartily this time."

"Well, we adopted the plan and it worked to a charm. The old bug was our faithful postman for years, and I often used to tremble as I thought of the possible consequences if he should ever discover one of my burning love missives in the safe of his trunk. But he never did, and in due course of time I worked my way up to a place in his business where he could no longer ignore another merry peal of laughter, in which I joined heartily this time."

"Unhappy without love."

The best of women longers for some one to love.

I am curious to know whether a woman into whose life love has never entered can ever have been what I should call happy. I have read in the Ladies Home Journal, I do not think so. She may have found the quiet garden which content keeps the keys. She may be remembered to her fate, and not know it until she is thinking how much better off she is than if she were unhappily married; but such dull resignation is not even first cousin to the nature of a woman. It is full and empty when he is gone no matter how many others may remain, she begins to be tremendously, deliciously, religiously happy. But that is only the beginning, and if love holds happiness by the hand, fear stands at the other elbow. A word too many or too few—a smile that does not go for love and the civil smile as much as she has just enjoyed. Her very soul longers within her for some dear certainty. And when that comes—when her heart is plucked—is that her happyest moment? She does not think so; then for she is looking forward to her bridal morning.

The happiest days come at last, and the new life begins. It is that, the happiest moment. Hardly for the very most loving people who ever lived are not quite one to begin with, and they must learn to live together. A year or a year of mutual forbearance of getting well acquainted—a happy year and they look into each other's eyes fearlessly. They are one at last and for all time!

Surely that is the happiest moment? I had made up my mind to say so; but—

Al! I think, after all, the happiest moment is when Love is a sweet shy newcomer, and hope leads by the hand.

The News Tried It.

When he was a boy, no long ago, the Car visited the barracks, which had, of course, been newly-painted and cleaned for his inspection. The commandant, with the idea of impressing the troops with the care taken of the barracks, hired a lot of warm, bright blankets and sheepskin mats, which were placed on and by the side of the men's cots. The Car was highly pleased, and, in passing, turned to one of the sentries at the entrance to the dormitory and asked him if he found the blankets warm enough. "I never received any," said the man, who was innocent reply; "we have no blankets but our overcoats."

The Weekly Metropole.

The London of today, with its millions of inhabitants, is thus more South than there are in Edinburgh, more Irish than there are in Dublin, more Jew than there are in Palestine, and more American than there are in Kansas.

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**M. D. KITTELL, Attorney-at-Law.**

**WHAT A VOICE CAUSED.**

The True Story of How President Harrison's Election Within the White House.

Edging the river column of a daily in a flourishing Kentucky city on the banks of the Ohio is a genial old gentleman of about sixty years, but for a lieutenant-in-chief would have out President Harrison out of his wife Thaddeus Conant is the name of him who got left in the race for the hand of Miss Charlotte Scott, and it all came about in this way:

In the country just back of Cincinnati there used to be a school for boys kept by a fatherly minister named Scott. As an accommodation he sometimes boarded those boys who lived elsewhere, and among his pupils who lived in the house were Harrison and Conant. These two lads succumbed to the charms of pretty Carrie Scott, the sixteen-year-old daughter of the school-teacher. Very soon the contest for Miss Scott's favor was narrowed down to Harrison and Conant, with post odds slightly on the latter. Harrison was a dangerous rival however. He spent every other day in the school, and Miss Scott's favor was sometimes boarded those boys who lived elsewhere, and among his pupils who lived in the house were Harrison and Conant.

There also took up in the house a younger named Torian, and he was the cause of all the trouble. Torian was not different from other boys save in one thing—he had a good deal of money. He sounded like a pipe-organ with his human stop pulled out. It was a physical infirmity and never changed to the guttural tones of manhood. Tall Torian and Conant had become the choice of the principal's daughter.

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**WOMEN SPECULATORS.**

Marie Antoinette Nathalie Pollard, a Virginia woman who has become well known in the South and on the Pacific slope, intends to apply for a seat in the Consolidated Stock Exchange, says the New York Press. Several brokers have told her that they can see no reason why she should not become a member, even though she is a woman. If the board of managers act favorably on Mrs. Pollard's application she will probably be the first woman in the United States to become a member of a stock exchange. She speculated in California mining stocks a few years ago and says she made \$20,000.

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**THE RUSSIAN PRINCESS.**

A Poor Little Princess of Russia had a little white horse. When she first met him, she was in the Hotel Bristol, a beautiful hotel in the city of St. Petersburg. She was a beautiful little lady, a little over twenty years of age, with eyes that were blue and bright, and a smile that was like a sunrise. She had a little white horse, and she was very fond of him. She had a little white horse, and she was very fond of him. She had a little white horse, and she was very fond of him.

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