SOLITUDE.

Laugh, and the world laughs with you; Weep, and you weep alone, For the sad old world must borrow its mirth, But has trouble enough of its own. Sing, and the hills will answer;

igh it is lost on the air. The echoes bound to a joyful sound, But shrink from voicing care.

Rejoice, and men will seek you; Grieve, and they turn and go. They want full measure of all your pleasure, But they do not need your woe Be glad, and your friends are many Be sad, and you lose them all. There are none to decline your nectared

But alone you must drink life's gall. Feast, and your halls are crowded; Fast, and the world goes by. Succeed and give, and it helps you live,

But no man can help you die. There is room in the halls of pleasure For a large and lordly train But one by one we must all file on Through the narrow aisles of pain -ELLA WHEELER.

A Fair Exchange.

"Diana! my own darling Diana!" With a low cry of utter gladness the young man hurried forward and clasped the girl to his breast-clasped her and kissed her, and looked down joyfully into the startled violet-blue eyes, but she, laughing and blushing in love embarrassment, tore herself out of his arms and stood shyly before him.

"I'm not Diana-I'm only Dolly," she said. "And you must be Roy Douglass, though I did not know Diana was expecting you home so soon."

"She was not expecting me, I planned to take her by surprise. Is it possible this is little Dolly? You were in short You are the living image of your sisgled look of surprise, confusion and ad-

not particularly flattered. "But she is a great deal older than I am."

"Of course," murmured the young pale and quiet and cold, man, more and more confounded; "you are the picture of what she was five years ago when I saw her last."

"I am eighteen and my sister is twenty-three," remarked Delly, with a little air of superiority, looking straight | chrysanthemums flamed in the garden, | sad-and to fall in love with my sister." up into the eyes of this tall fine-looking | but the heliotrope and mignonette were fellow whom she thought quite the no more. A perfect glory of moonlight most "taking" gentleman she had ever flooded the long porch which gave grace | Dolly for you, and I admired her bemet, and who, she knew, had made a to the plain roomy cottage where a cause she was like you. In my heart I in the attempt. clear twenty-five thousand by his five widowed mother had reared her two laughed at her girlish vanity, and conyears' labor.

"But Diana is just as pretty as ever," she added patronizingly, "and will be awfully glad to have you back, I suppose, she doesn't have much fun, you at last, before she gets to be a downright old maid. Shall I run to the house and of lovers—Dolly, clinging lightly to the me—how you shrank from me. And, and down the read a few times; then foot, while others are quite flat in front, tell her ?"

to your mother; Diana was out here in had promised to marry-a suitor who fond little Dolly threw herself into my the garden, she said, and that was one had fallen in love with Dolly first, but arms and asked me to take her instead. the hill. reason I made the mistake, I suppose," on being refused by her in favor of Roy, I never can love her: but I will be he said dreamily, his eyes still lingering had turned to the older sister, apon the beautiful flower-like face so fresh, so piquant, so perfect.

Dolly was a born coquette, and selfish to the core of her vain little heart. She was fully aware of the impression she was making; even now she was thinking "would it be possible to cut Diana out, and catch this handsome and generous fellow for herself?"

For the Davenports were poor, and Dolly longed for costlier dresses and jewels to set off her beauty, she envied her older sister her good luck; beaux Dolly had in superabundance, but among them none such as this-rich and fascinating. She glanced up at him from under her long curling lashes.

"It's too bad I got the first kiss," she laughed, the soft color flying to her wild-rose face. "Diana will be furious," "Don't tell her then," murmured Roy, laughing a little, too, and unable to withdraw his admiring gaze from the lovely young girl. "Five years," I never thought about their changing Diana; yet of course I am older as well

as she," "Oh, but a man-a man ought to be eight or ten years the older."

"You think that, do you, Miss Dolly?" he asked. "Why, of course. My lover must be

all of that." "Have you any one in particular in

your mind's eye, Dolly?" laughing because she laughed.

"Not yet," with a little affected sigh. "Somehow the youths of our rural neighborhood hardly come up to my ideal. But really I must look about for my sister. You must be dying to see her, I know, after all these years. Why, five years to me seem like half a lifetime! I wonder you've had the patience to stand here listening to my a while, Di. I'll give you Roy to keep nonsense; I wont tell Diana how you for a few minutes, as a little girl lends

took me for her. Roy Douglass himself wondered why he had remained by Dolly and let her "I'm afraid he's sullen to-night-or talk without demanding to see his sweet- sorry, who knows ?-- and I'd rather heart. He had come into that sweet have Mr. Burleigh." June garden, eyes and heart aglow, his whole soul rushing in advance of his with safety. People only smiled at her hard, representing the Reno Rock Com footsteps, for now, at last, after "long folly as at that of a pretty child. But pany of New York, were killed at Corntoil and enleavor," the supreme hour Roy's face flushed dark as she dragged wall, Penna., while making a trial blast

leve round him once again."

He had seen her, he thought, fairer arbor, dressed in white, and he had stolen forward and caught her to his breast in a burst of rapture; and, after all it had not been his Diana, but that little sister of her's grown up. He was conscious of a slight shrinking from the idea of the first meeting now with the real Diana. Meantime, not six feet away, outside the leafy arbor, sitting in the deep, fragrant grass, a book in her lap, showers of rose-petals drooping over her gold hair and pale blue dress, was Diana Davenport, a moment ago dreaming happily of her coming lover, but now white as death, her hand

clenched, her lips quivering. She gave no token of her nearness, and the two moving away in search of heard their little chat.

"Dolly was always entirely selfish," she whispered to herself, after a time. "I have given up everything else to her, and now she will try to win him." She crept carefully out of the garden

into the house. "My dear, Roy has come," her mother called out joyfully, as she was to have comforted yourself, Roy."

slipping up to her room. "Yes, mamma. "I must smooth my hair."

Once safe in her room, she looked at herself long and sadly in the mirror.

"If I am pale and grave and thoughtful," she murmured, "I have become so waiting and watching for him. If I had loved him less I might not have pined away my roses. Yes, Dolly is frocks when I went away, my dear. lovely-soft and tender and lovely as the roses out there-and as soulless. ter," he said, regarding her with a min- But he will see only her girlish bloom, and she will break my heart."

It was half-an-hour and over before "Oh, indeed!" answered Miss Dolly, Dolly brought Roy to the house in the search for Diana, who was waiting in the cool, dim, jasmine-scented parlor,

> The fiery trail of red October was over all the land. There were coral seed-cups on the vines over the trellis,

parently as well satisfied-a widower from the city, out in the country for his health: a wealthy merchant who could offset Roy's twenty-five thousand with ten times that sum; fifty years of age, with courtly manners and refined

"He was not a bad match for Diana," her friends said.

"She was so quiet, the great difference in their age would not be so observable; and really, after the way Douglass jilted her for her sister, it must be quite a triumph for her to make such a match before his very eyes."

Oh yes, it must be a great triumph!

Doubtless Diana felt it so, as she walked proudly and calmly by Mr. Burleigh's side, her fair face fairer still in the brooding whiteness of the moon, her beautiful eyes lifted to the shining

heaven with a strange look in them. To many she seemed lovelier than her more blooming sister, a lily purer and more gracious than any rose. As they passed and repassed each other in the moonlit promenade, Roy's eyes were always lifted from the piquant face of his own partner and fixed with troubled scrutiny on that other quieter face, but his anxious look was never returned,

"I declare, Roy," pouted his bride elect, "you seem to be waiking in your | that it was me he first and last and sleep. "If you are going to be silent only wanted, though my sister was and stupid, I'll steal Diana's fellow and | awfully nice and all that; and I liked let her have you. Come, Mr. Bur- his money, and now I have come to leigh, let us run away and hide, like ask, please, may I have him, Diana?poor Ginevra. It's a glorious night for | 'a fair exchange is no robbery,' they a walk."

Dropping Roy's arm she ran up to the other couple, with that pretty, sparkling, half-defiant ways of hers.

"You have got to lend him to me for her dolls. Be sure you are careful of him, and 'don't let him get broke.'

Dolly could say all sorts of things

he should "feel the arms of his true trothed, nothing loth for a lark with his jolly sister-in-law to be.

"Turn about is fair play," he said sothan ever, standing there in the old rose berly. "Diana, will you take my

She would not refuse it, though he observed her hesitate. In a minute they were walking along the graveled drive, on into the frost-kissed garden, along the winding path shining in the moonlight. Finally in the very arbor where he had met and kissed Dolly, Roy suddenly stopped and threw at his companion a look that turned her pale cheeks even paler.

A cry of anguish, long, stifled, uncontrollable, burst from him in a few desperate words-

"Diana, why have you treated me so, since I came back? I came to you, after five years' toil for us both, faithher did not learn that she had over- ful, loving, ardent, and you froze me with a look! In one cruel moment you allowed me to see that your love for me was dead. What I have suffered under the blow none but myself will ever know. It is late to speak to you now, but I must ask why you treated me so very cruelly ?"

"It is late, as you say; and you seem

"Ah, now you are bitter. Would you like it better if you had crushed all life and hope out of me? You tried hard On his return he was somewhat surenough! Little Dolly was kinder-she liked me and was sorry for me. I was grateful to her-I shall try to make her | read as follows ; happy; but there will be only one love for me in this world." "Roy !"

The passionate ring of pain in her voice thrilled him with wonder.

"Diana!"

"It is wicked-deceitful-terrible, for you to say this to me now! Roy, I was within hearing of your every word, mare and the side saddle were gone. when you came back that day, met my Darting to the manger he hauled out sister on this very spot, mistook her for his corpulent demijohn of gin, and susme, kissed her for me-and then-loved her for herself. She was to you what once I was. Oh, she was fair and gay, and the pink of her cheeks was more to you than the white of mine, worn white and thin for love and longing for him but roses no longer. Great clumps of who came home to find me faded and

"As heaven is over us, Diana, you do me strange injustice. I did mistake lovely daughters—daughters, whom to- demned her selfishness; in five minutes morrow she was to lose, as mothers lose | I saw that her soul was not like her girls whom they give to men in body, the image of yours; when I found you at last, my very heart melted There were a dozen merry young in speechless love at the sight of the the hill she paced up and down the road see, for the fellows all understand she's people promenading the porch, in the grave, noble, beautiful girl whom I for a time; then she rid up and looked engaged; I'm glad you've come for her, white glory of the night-bridesmaids thought my own; you know how you and best men, as well as the two pairs received me, Diana-how you chilled strong arm of Roy Douglass, and Diana Diana, the very day you asked to be went up to the brow o' the kill again. "I have been to the house and spoken | pacing side by side with the man she | free of your engagement, poor, foolish, good to her for your sake, Diana. It seems so strange to me that you, of all women, should be cold and worldlyfor it is the money alone for which you must be marrying this other man."

He stood and looked at her as if trying to understand and read the beautiful woman who baffled him. He looked haggard in the moonlight-unutterably sad and hopeless. Her dark blue eyes searched his for a moment, then her white face was buried in her hands.

"It is all a mistake on both sides," she said. "I was too proud-too sensitiveand Dolly was too artful. She has hurt me, Roy, to the death. I thought that you liked her best-that I was forgetten -that you would be glad to be free. And so I spoke; but it broke my heart. Oh, Roy, why do I tell you this now? It is too late."

"Oh, Dolly, cruel Dolly!" mocked a voice, but it was not Roy's.

"Oh, wicked Dolly!" went on the merry, mocking voice.

And then Diana raised her startled face from her hands and looked wonderingly about. There, close beside her, stood her naughty sister.

"It's the very strangest thing," she went on, unblushingly; "of all coincidences it is the luckiest-that Mr. Burleigh should just have been telling me say, and it will be such fun to surprise. everybody."

The Supreme Court at Montgomery, by the late Legislature void, because of last he got it, and the two horses gradthe omission from the bill as enrolled | ually slowed up till they finally stopped and signed of certain words in the bill I mounted my gate-post all of a tremwhen passed. The new law reduced the | ble, expectin' to see somethin' dreadfu tax to five and a half mills.

W. A. Levan and Augustus Everso intensely longed for was here, when the elderly fiancée away from his be- of the rend rock powder,

A Race for a Kiss,

How a Nevada Woman Cured Her Husband of Tippling.

A butter-peddler from Honey Lake relates, with great glee, how a neighbor of his was cured of too frequent tipping the gin bottle. This neighbor married a young, handsome and spirited lady, and for a month or two all went well The wife remonstrated, and, for a time, the husband reformed. Presently, however, she became satisfied that the "bottle tipping" was again going on. When she spoke to her husband about the matter he swore that the "aroma" she detected was that of a colic medicine he was taking, he having developed a most intractable colic, for the relief of which he had brought home and paraded a bottle of medicine.

The wife was confident that there was kept somewhere about the premises a considerable store of a very different kind of medicine. She kept her own counsel, and, at the same time strict watch. In a day or two she discovered under a manger in the barn the secret hoard. She said nothing of the discovery to her husband.

Soon after the husband had business at a neighbor's some two miles away. prised at seeing a note pinned upon his front door. He hastily advanced and

BEN: You will find the key of the house where you keep your colic medicine. I have taken Kitty and gone home to my mother. Father and brother Bob skirt bouffantly drapped, is the favorite will come to-morrow for the trunk in which I have packed my things. NELLIE.

The husband rushed to the barn. At a glance he saw that Kitty, his wife's pended from its neck found the key of

Securing the key, he sent the demijohn whizzing and crashing against the post of the barn. Bounding forth, he ran to and mounted the horse he had left standing in front of his house.

Away he dashed. It was ten miles to the house of his father-in-law, and he was determined to overtake his wife before she could reach it or kill a horse

Said the butter man : "Now, I seed Ben's wife come over the hill, half a mile south of my house, on her little mare Kitty, and begin to perform some queer abolutions. After she'd got over over the ridge for a while. After lookin' a bit she turned about and rid up So she kept doin', an once or twice she got off and led Kitty up to the top of

"I was puzzled as to whether she was waitin' for somebody or had lost something while her on way to her father's place some four miles beyond my house. I was just about to walk out that way when I seed her wheel Kitty round from the brow o' the hill and begin to ply her

"In half a minute she was flyin' past my place like a wild woman. I stood at | toire collar of darker stem green velvet ; my front gate by the roadside, ready to hollor out at her to know what was up, but, bless you, she never looked to'ards me. Her eyes seemed sot in her head, her face was pale and at every jump she let into Kitty with a whip. I swar' her ridin'-skirt fairly cracked as she bounded past.

"Jist then I heerd a tremendjus clatter behind me. Turnin' about, I seed Ben acomin' over the pitch of the hill on his big black hoss, like a wild Comanche. He was ridin' with loose reins, checked without being brocaded, forms leanin' away for'ard and diggin' his live wide double box-pleats down the big spurs into his horse like he'd rip his

insides out. "He passed by, with hair and coattails sailin' back in the wind, and never turning his head to right nor left. I thought the foot. The brocaded checked silk I seed murder in his eye. I tell you, a drapes the upper part of the front diagomillion thoughts went through my brain hally, and four breadths of it are bunched even with the top layer; now cover in a second. All the stories I'd ever up in the back and fall to the foot. heard about jealous husbands and insane husbands went through my head in a lump, and I do believe if I'd my gun in my hand I'd have taken a wingshot at him on suspicion.

"I seed Nell look back once and then lay the whip on Kitty hotter'n ever. Ben was goin' like the wind. I knowed Nell was headed for her father's, and I seed plain as day that Ben would get her 'fore she was safe landed.

"At last he was upon her. It was neck and neck for a time, with Ben Alabama, holds the revenue law passed | reaching out for Kitty's bridle. At bappen, ball slastel to sol A

> "They stopped in the road talkin' thar two heads come together.

"'What the mischief !' says I, 'kissin'

fracas gits me!' After the head-bump- ends of the front, or else it is kept in ly joggin' along back.

"As they passed me I called out to Ben to know what in the living jingo it all meant. Ben began to stammer something, bout half of which never got through his big beard, when Nell sings out to me: 'Only a race for a kiss!' and givin' Kitty a cut that made her in the house and about the farm; then | bound ten feet, she called out to Ben: the husband fell back into his old tricks. Come on! A race to the top of the hill for another !' and away they both

"That was five year ago, and I never knowed the meanin' of that wild harumscarum ride till 'bout three months ago, when the story bout the 'colic medicine' leaked aut among the wimmin' folks. For a good while after the ride, howsumever, I remember of the neighbor men wonderin' what had come over Ben that he had shut down on his gin all of a sudden, and wouldn't so much as take a glass o' Oregon

her father, and his mother-in-law; and I've never said a word to him 'bout how she fooled 'long under the brow o' the hill."

For the Fair Sex.

HOW TO MAKE SPRING SILKS .- A

short, jaunty basque, with a box-pleated

design for the new spring silks, but this simple plan is varied in divers ways, and illustrates many of the new features. The upper part of the corsage, the top of the sleeves and the fronts of the skirts seem to be the points of attack for trimmings. There are plastrons of velvet or of embroidery, or else velvet Directoire collars, notched and pointed to the waist line on most of the basques. The sides are short on the hips, and have one, two or three piping cords, or else they are turned upward and faced across, or there is embroidery or lace placed along the edges to roll outward and hang with points down. The back middle forms of Worth's dresses are very carelessly box-pleated, not pressed flatly, and many have these forms shaped plainly, and edged with two or three rows of embroidered lace. The sleeves are rounded out very high and full at the top, and many have a puff inserted that slopes to a point half way between the shoulder and elbow. and is ornamented there with an odd little bow of velvet ribbon. the skirts have very low front drapery, curving in folds or pointed almost to the with rows of wide velvet ribbon and lace placed there to outline a flat Roman apron. When higher drapery is preferred, a soft puff is put around the hips above a box-pleated skirt, or a Greek fashion. A dress of stem green Try this cake. It is a favorite. checks of the smallest size, says Harper's Bazar, has strawberry red sprays brocaded upon that part used for the basque and drapery. This short basque, pointed in back and front, has a Directhis is netched, and is pointed down to the waist line, while close around the neck is a standing collar of velvet fastened by a green velvet bow of many loops of narrow ribbon, and a similar thickly clustered bow is on the back of the basque instead of box-pleats. The small flat buttons are wooden moulds covered with any scrap of the silk, some of the buttons showing the red brocaded figure, and others merely checked. The lower skirt, front and side breadths, separated by between the pleats. Five rows of inch-BLACK SILK WRAPS .- In Ottoman silk these are short round visites with

high shoulder effects and very bouffant behind, or else they are mantillas with cape-like back and half-long fronts cut in points that slope away from the waist, or with square corners, or else gathered to a tassel of chenille fringe. On the visites there is fullness on the lower part of the sleeves that makes the sides bouffant, and this forms the bishop sleeves; or else the high-shouldered dolman effect is merely rounded on the arm, it may be separate sauce-pans; when the vinegar folded under in square sleeves; all such | boils add butter, sugar, salt and pepper, arrangements and the two or three rows and stir in about two quarts of finely of trimmings across the sides are chopped cabbage; cover, and let scald features of the visites, and these, as well and steam-not boil-for a moment; as the bouffant back forms, are brought meanwhile remove milk from stove, out more conspicuously by having strings | cool a little and stir in the well-beaten underneath that tie around the waist, and strained yolks of four eggs; return and make the back sit very closely to to stove and boil a moment. Dish the nigh onto half an hour; then I seed the figure. The new passementeries of cabbage and pour custard over it; stir Ben lean over and Nell lean over till satin cords in large figures that may be rapidly with a silver spoon until well cut apart and set about as single orma- mixed and set at once in a cool place. ments are used on these in separate pieces | Serve when ice cold. This is a deliinstead of killin'. Well, that sort o' the bust, the waist line behind, or the cious salad, if made with judgment.

in' the pair turned about and came slow- rows that extend down the two seams of the back, joining the middle forms to the sides, or there is a single row down the middle seam of the back. There are also many drop trimmings of passementerie set about in laces, and there are loops of velvet ribbon an inch wide used in the same way. Black laces and the sleek chenille fringes are put on very full on the edges of these garments. There are often two jabots of lace down the fronts, meeting and concealing the small buttons that faster the visite. On the edges of the garment the lace is gathered in two full rows. The Spanish guipure laces are used for these with their thick silk designs and cords of guipure meshes; there are also the still newer laces with Spanish designs on the fine round meshes of thread lace; these, with real guipure lace and the well-known French imitations of thread lace, are the accepted trimming. Around the neck are very full fril's of lace; sometimes there are two standing lace ruffles and two turned-down ruffles "To this day no doubt Ben thinks he to make this frill. Instead of jabots of had a desperate chase after Nell and a lace down the front there may be only narrow escape of her gettin' into the very full gathered frills, one of which home den' long with her big brother, it set directly on the edge, while the other laps upon it. For elderly ladies these mantles are cut much longer, but retain the same shape.

BRAIDED COSTUMES .- Brading has gained such great favor that it will be long before it loses it. It has escaped becoming common by the richness of its patterns, the delicacy of its work, the combinations of soutache and cord, and the beautiful effects of relief which had been unknown so far, and which are obtained by using square soutache. which shows in raised work over the material.

Wheels of cord, joined together by a springing link of the same, are extremely fashionable as trimmings. The link comes from the centre of the wheel, and disappears under the circumference of the next. Matched shades of the cord, or a deeper shade, are more fashionable than contrasting colors.

Culinary Conceits.

LANCASHIRE FIE .- Take cold beef or real or mutton. Chop and season as for hash; have ready hot mashed potaoes seasoned as for the table, put in a shallow baking-dish first a layer of meat, then a layer of potatoes, and so on, till dish is heaping full; smooth over top of potatoes, and make little holes in which place bits of butter: bake until a nice

ORANGE CARE. - Twelve eggs, the weight of ten in pulverized sugar, the weight of six eggs in flour, the juice and grated pell of one orange, and half a lemon. Beat it like sponge cake, and bake it in jelly-cake pans. Take the whites of two eggs, half a pound of sugar, the juice and grated peel of one squarely draped apron, or perhaps one orange and half a lemon. Beat it and side of the apron is caught up high in spread it between the layers of the cakes.

> CORN AND BEAN SOUP .- Take two pounds of beef, a pound of pork, a pint of black or navy beans (soaked over night), a large onion, a small carrot, a head of celery. Put the above ngredients into the soup pot with a gallon of cold water, and let simmer gently for five or six hours. Take off and let get cold; remove the grease. and place on the stove to boil again. About an hour before dinner add a quart of canned corn. Strain the soup, season with Cayenne pepper and salt, and serve it with or without the addition of boil-

CHICKEN PIE WITH OYSTERS,-Buil the chicken-a year old is best-until tender, drain off liquor from a quart of oysters, boil, skim, line the sides of dish with a rich crust, put in a layer of chickpanels of velvet that fill all the spaces en, then a layer of raw oysters, and repeat until dish is filled, seasoning each wide velvet ribbon cross the pleats near layer with bits of butter, pepper, salt, and adding the oyster liquor and a part of the chicken liquor until the liquid is loosely with a crust having an opening in the centre to allow steam to escape. If the liquor cooks away, add chicken gravy or hot water. Bake forty minutes in a moderate oven. Make gravy by adding to chicken liquor left in pot (one quart or more) two tablespoonfuls of flour, rubbed smooth with two tablespoonfuls of butter, and seasoned highly with pepper; let cook until there is no raw taste of flour, and serve.

CABBAGE SALAD,-Put a cup of vinegar and a cup of milk on to heat in