

DEAR MOTHER'S GROWING OLD.

Her eye is not so lustrous, Her voice has less of cheer, White in her hair, once dark as night...

Her cheeks have lost their glory, So like the blush of morn; Her smiles are flown that used to bless...

WOVING BY PROXY.

She is leaning back in a deep crimson chair, with a white dress sweeping in long, shining folds about her. She is talking to two or three men with that rather weary grace he has grown accustomed to see in her...

"A man should know when he is beaten," he is thinking, while he smiles vaguely in reply to Mme. de Soule's commonplace. "There is more stupidity than courage in not accepting a defeat while there is yet time to retreat with some dignity."

De. Palissier has escaped from his hostess in an instant, and the next he is murmuring, with the faintest suspicion of a tremor in his voice.

"Will Mme. de Miramon permit me a dance?" "Thanks, M. de Palissier, but I am not dancing this evening," she replies, with exactly the glance and tone he expects.

"Will Madame give me a few moments serious conversation?" and this time the tremor is distinct, for even the nineteenth century horror of melodrama cannot keep a man's nerve quite steady when he is asking a question on which his whole future depends.

"Where may I come, then?" he interrupts, eagerly. "Nowhere. There is no need for serious conversation between us, M. de Palissier," she replies haughtily...

whom her sister has treated with such marked dislike. The refreshment room is almost empty, and she seats herself and motions him to a chair beside her when he has brought her an ice.

"Do you think, M. le Marquis, that it was only to eat ices with you that I have forced my society so resolutely upon you?" she asks, with a look of earnestness very rare on her bright, coquettish face.

"I think you an angel of compassion to an old friend of your childhood, Mlle. Lucille." "It was compassion but more for my sister than for you," she says, gravely.

"You forget that we have an audience, monsieur," she says, withdrawing her hands quickly, but with a smile of frank comradeship.

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is not all jealousy; make her remember—make her regret." "But, forgive me, when one has loved a woman for ten years," with a faint smile, "there is no room in one's heart for even a pretense at loving another."

"If there were, monsieur, I should never have proposed my plot," she replies with dignity. "It is because I have watched you all these weeks and know that your love is worthy of my sister that I trust you. But it is not with one's heart that one pretends. Enfin, it is with you to consent or decline."

"Decline?" he echoes, with a passion none the less intense for its quietness. "Does a dying man decline his last chance of life, however desperate it may be?"

The next week is full of bitter surprises to the proud and patient woman, whose pathetic clinging to her newly-found peace Lucille so well understands.

"I dare say I look an old woman beside Lucille." "Then she turns with a look of graceful welcome, for the door is thrown open and a servant announces: "M. le Marquis de Palissier."

"Nothing could give me greater pleasure than to receive as my sister's tutor the old friend of whom the world tells me such noble things." She utters her little speech as naturally as though she had not rehearsed it a dozen times, and holds out her pretty hand to him.

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difference had become the one charm of life to him. Mme. de Miramon and her sister are spending a week at her villa near Paris, and De Palissier, who is to accompany them on a riding party, has arrived a little late, and finds both sisters already in the courtyard, with some horses and grooms, when he enters.

"Do not let Jeanne ride Etrole," she said anxiously. "She has thrown Guillaume this morning." Mme. de Miramon is standing beside an old groom, who is holding the horse in question, and she does not look at her sister De Palissier as they approach.

"Let me ride Etrole, and take my horse to-day, madame," De Palissier says, eagerly. "I should like to master a horse that has thrown so excellent a groom as Guillaume."

"So should I," she says, with a hard little laugh, as she steps on the block. "Jeanne!" cries Lucille. "I entreat you for your sister's sake. She will be terribly alarmed," De Palissier says, hurriedly.

"Then you must console her. The greater her alarm the greater your delightful task, monsieur," and she looks at him with a defiant pain in her eyes, like a stag at bay. "I shall ride Etrole."

"I beg your pardon," she stammers, dropping the eyes which she knows are betraying her. "I should have said—"

"You should have said 'I love you,'" he murmurs, coming close to her and holding out his arms. "Does it hurt you that I should know it at last—I who have loved you for all these years?"

"But, Lucille," she falters, moving away from him, but with eyes that shine and lips that quiver with bewildered joy.

"Never mind, Lucille," cries that young lady very cheerfully from the doorway. "It has been all a plot for your happiness, which would never have succeeded if you had known your sister as well as she knew you. To think that I would be content with the wreck of any man's heart!—fi done! When my day comes, "Like Alexander, I will reign, And I will reign alone."

Woman Behind the Camera.

One of the most spacious and complete photographic establishments on Broadway New, York, is owned and directed by a woman.

"I have more than I can attend to," she said to a reporter, "and my patrons, most of whom are ladies and children, are constantly increasing in number. I assure myself she added with a quiet smile, "that I fill a long-felt want. Many women are afraid of men photographers; they never feel at ease in their presence as they do when only their own sex is represented. This is true especially of cripples and people whose faces are in any way disfigured."

The studio is elaborately furnished. Aside from the richness imparted by heavy hangings, soft carpets, and costly upholstery, there was a certain air of femininity about the place which she knows all women observe, but which, she has learned by experience, men seldom notice.

"It required nine years of incessant labor for a man on Sixth avenue to enable me to run a gallery of my own," she said. "I am the only lady photographer in New York, I think. I took up photography from choice a good many years ago, studying under the man of whom I spoke. After I had worked for him a couple of years he placed more and more responsibility upon me, until I was practically the head of the business. I worked for him like a galley slave for nine years, and then told him I was going to start a gallery of my own. He looked shocked, but recovered himself shortly, and made me a proposal of marriage. Nine years of him was quite enough. I was idle for a year, and then bought this place. A man can never realize how delightful it is for a woman to be absolute mistress of her own affairs. I keep my own books and attend personally to everything."

"You say that most of your subjects are women and children?" "I forgot to mention," said the proprietor, with a slightly culpable smile, "that clergymen should be included in the category."

"They're fond of coming here, are they?" "Oh, yes. They like to be treated gently, too. My greatest successes have been with nervous and excitable subjects. Last week a lady brought her son and daughter to me. She had tried several of the leading photographers, and none of them had succeeded in making even a passable picture. I appointed a morning for the sitting, and it took just five hours to photograph those two children. The girl had a twitching eye, and at first she could not sit still two consecutive minutes to save her. I looked at that twitching eye with so much professional gentleness, and treated her with such a vast amount of patience, that in the end she gave up completely, sat still, and was photographed with thorough success. I had just as much of a struggle with the boy. After they had gone I was fagged. To-day I received these flowers from the children's mother."

"Yes. Next to dead subjects the unfortunate deformed are the least desirable subjects we have to handle. Nobody knows so well as a photographer how sensitive cripples are regarding their infirmities. They are always anxious that their particular defects should not appear in their pictures, and yet they reserve a studios silence concerning the very features about which they are the most anxious."

"Some years ago I was struck with the repulsive look which all photographers gave their pictures of the dead. The majority of these pictures of dead people were simply dreadful, and this was particularly the case when the subjects were children. I had often seen little ones who had recently died, and I was often struck with their natural and lifelike appearance. Children dead frequently look like children asleep. I resolved, as soon as I started in for myself, that I would make a success of the first dead subject which came under my notice. I had only been established a few days when a sweet-faced woman in deep mourning came in and told me her only child had died the day before, after an illness of only two days. I went that afternoon with my apparatus and my assistants and took the photograph. I have kept a copy of it ever since. Here it is."

The picture showed a child lying as though asleep in his crib. One chubby little hand was pressed against a rounded cheek, while the other lay naturally by its side. The position was grace itself, and there was not a suggestion of death in the picture. It looked like a child who had just fallen asleep. "This picture," said the proprietor, "brought me many other patrons, and I made quite a reputation. It is not pleasant work, but it always pays to be thorough and original. I love my work earnestly, and I am very happy in it."

those features," said the photographer, turning the leaves with some pride.

"Don't the clergymen ever arrange their features before they come here?" "No, I do all that," she answered. "It is part of the business. We arrange features just as we do drapery."

"Do actresses come here much?" "They come occasionally, but only a few of the leading ones. The actress who comes here expecting to break the camera by the exposure of her charms makes a great mistake. I simply won't take the portrait of any woman whose attire verges even to the smallest degree upon the indelicate. I may lose one class of customers this way, but I am a gainer otherwise."

"Do you know that, after all, my success is mainly due to the fact that I am a woman. Every woman has little points about her face and figure which she knows all women observe, but which, she has learned by experience, men seldom notice. When women are chatting together they refer to any unfortunate blemish in quite an ordinary way, but they never mention them to men, for fear of drawing attention to the defect. They even dread men photographers. They take a woman into their confidence at once, and the two chat about the effect of a cast in the eye, a crooked nose, a big ear, large teeth, or a scrawny neck, as though they had been cronies for life. This renders a satisfactory photograph easier to accomplish."

Tricks in Catalepsy. Mr. Kennedy, a mesmerist, who is giving exhibitions at the Monumental theatre, held a private seance at Guy's hotel, in the presence of a number of invited guests.

Among those present were the three well-known comedians, Stuart, Robson, W. H. Crane and Nate Salsbury, besides several members of their dramatic company and representatives of the press. The mesmerist's powers of Mr. Kennedy were exhibited in a manner that astonished and amused every one present.

A waiter at the hotel was first called into requisition and after him two other subjects were selected whose ludicrous hallucinations and marvellous suspension of sensation were the cause of boundless surprise.

One of these subjects devoured a tallow candle, believing it was candy; he also got the impression that Stuart Robson had changed shoes with him, pulled his own off and had gotten one of the distinguished comedians' half on his own foot when Mr. Kennedy restored him to consciousness. He awoke with surprise depicted on his countenance, and stumbled when he attempted to walk with the shoe half on and half off his foot. He was then put into a cataleptic condition. Each and all of his limbs were rendered rigid at the will of the manipulator, and he was placed with his head and heels resting on two chairs like a bridge across a chasm, in which position he remained for five or six minutes without a change of countenance. Many other equally wonderful things were done, and at each exhibition some one of the spectators plunged a needle into the flesh of the mesmerized man without producing the least sign of pain or annoyance.

The Wrong Trade-Mark. A miserable, ragged fellow was seated on the low wall of St. Paul's churchyard. Suspended from his neck was the familiar sign, "Please Help the Blind." A young merchant passing by looked at the beggar, paused, looked again, and then walked up to him and pretended to strike him with the cane he carried. The mendicant dodged the blow. "Ha! ha! the young man almost screamed: 'you dodged that just as I expected. You humbug! you fraud! you scoundrel! Now will you go about your business, or shall I call the police?' The mendicant's face showed alarm, but he uttered not a sound. The angry merchant bade him speak quickly. A crowd gathered. The beggar went into a paroxysm of earnest, most frantic gesticulation. The merchant grew furiously angry, and as he stormed, and the beggar made pantomimic gestures,—a policeman came up. "What's the matter here?" the officer inquired. The mendicant made signs that he didn't know, and that he was ignorant apparently of everything.

"Why, the villain is no more blind than I am," said the merchant. "I saw him turn his head to look at me as I was passing by, I pretended I was going to strike him, and he dodged the blow." At this the mendicant's face worked as if he were in mortal agony. "Oh, bad luck to it, I must shak or I'll burst!" he said: "I'm not blind at all, at all. And have I the blind sign on? Sure it's all a mistake entirely. I thought I had the dif-and-domb sign on me, so I did. Please let me go, gentlemen, that I may be after finding my brother. Sure he'll be bringing disgrace on the family. Upon me word, sor, me brother is blind completely, and beghora he must be shanding someone's wld me dif-and-domb sign hanging onto him, and him a-singing out: "Please help the blind."

—William A. Lockwood, a Stamford blacksmith, was wounded recently by a bit of iron which flew from his anvil, and has died of malignant erysipelas.

It is stated that Arkansas has 151 different native grasses.