BEAR MOTHER'S GROWING OLD.

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

The threads of grey appear, And ah! I am reminded, When I her face behold That, though she still is beautiful, Dear mother's growing old.

Her cheeks have lost their glory, So like the blush of morn; Her smiles are flown that used to bless The heart when sorrow-work And when I mark her step that Was buoyant once and bold, I cannot help the thought, so sad, That mother's growing old.

Turn back the years, O Father!

And make her young once more,
Just as my soul remembers her
In happy days of yore;
When at her side my life in
Full gladness did unfold, And I, a little child, dreamed not

Dear mother would grow old. Beyond these hours so fleeting, Beyond earth's toils and tears, In that sweet land I hope to gain Beyond these mortal years, Nothing shall waste her pure life, But beauty manifold, With happiness, shall crown her lot, And mother'll ne'er grow old.

WOOING 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, and which is so different from the joyous smiles of the Jeanne de Beaujen whom he loved so long ago. He is watching her from the opposite side of the saloon, as he stands besides his hostess, and he tells himself that it is for the last time. He is going coldly she will raise the dark eyes that ish, for you were a cadet of your house, he is the best parti in Paris, and tres to her presensly, and he knows just how never once met his without confessing

that she loved him. He knows just

what he will say and what she will an-

swer, and there is no need for haste in

this last scene of his tragedy. beaten," he is thinking, while he smiles run away and marry you in defiance of his first visit, and Mme. de Miramon waguely in reply to Mme. de Soule's com- her parents; so you tormented her with monplaces. "There is more stupidty doubts, and shamed with suspicions than courage in not accepting a defeat while there is yet time to retreat with almost as much as she longed for them. some dignity. For six weeks I have At last, after making a more violent shown her, with a directness that has, I quarrel than usual, you exchanged dare say, been amusing to our mutual from your regiment at Versailles to one friends, that after ten years' absence stationed in Algiers, and left her no my only object in returning to Paris is refuge from the reproaches of our her society. See cannot avoid meeting father and mother but to marry M. de me in public, but she has steally refused Miramon. He might have refused to to receive me when I call upon her, or marry her after hearing her confess, as to permit me a word with her alone. she did, that she had given her heart to I have been a fool to forget that all you, and that only your desertion had these years in which I regretted her she induced her to consent to their marhas naturally despised me, but at least riage. But he did not; he had a better it is not just of her to refuse me a hear- revenge than that. He married her, tells me such noble things," She ut- doorway. "It has been all a plot for making even a passable picture. I stored him to consciousness. ing." The moment he has been wait- and for eight years he tortured her in ters her little speech as naturally as your happiness, which would never have appointed a morning for the sitting, awoke with surprise depicted on his her disperses, until there is but one man | can torment a proud, pure woman.

tinuance of his society. of a tremor in his voice.

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 he finish his sentence, though she waits steady when he is asking a question on for him to do so. which his whole future depends.

"One does not come to balls for serious conversation-" she begins, light- hated her. Can you wonder that she it is to be feared that she had been

terrupts, eagerly.

"Nowhere. There is no need for serious conversation between us, M. de Palissier," she replies haughtily, and rising she takes the arm of the much- and she shrinks with absolute horror edfied gentleman beside her, and moves

and yet for a moment, the lights swim | shall I tell you why?" dizzily before him, and the passionate sweetness of that Strauss, waltz the band is playing stabs his heart like a

For a moment he does not realize that he is standing quite motionless, gazing, with despair in his eyes, after Mme de Miramon's slender white-clad figure, and two or three people, who have seen and heard, are looking at him with that amused pity which sentimental catastrophe always inspires in the spectators.

Some one touches his arm presently with a fan, and with a start he comes to himself and recognizes Lucille de Beaujen, the young sister of Mme, de that you can force her to confess it if rand, or any other prince. Miramon, whom he remembers years you will make love to me." ago as a child, and with whom he has danced several times this winter.

"And our waltz, monsieur?" she asks face. gayly. "Do not tell me you have forgotten it. That is evident enough, but | ter?" she asked, softly. you should not admit it."

"Mille pardons, mademoiselle," he

mutters hurriedly. "I am very good to-night," she says, putting her hand on his mechanically of it. She is afraid you will destroy the in the poor chaperone's writing. extended arm. "Though the waitz is hard-won peace she values so highly. malf over there is still time for you to But you are wealthy, distinguished, the enough, both to the conspirators and

get me an ice." salcon, she talking lightly and without ago, and she can find no reason for re- Even Lucille's energy could not keep pausing for a reply, while he, vaguely fusing you as my suitor if I consent, De Palissier to his role, if he did not grateful to her for extracting him from and, as my chaperone, must be present believe that in surrendering it he must an awkward position, wonders also that at all our meetings. You begin to un- give the bitter-sweet of Jeanne's daily she should care to be so kind to a man derstand? Make her see that your love presence, which even in its serene in-different native grasses.

marked dislike.

The refreshment room is almost empher an ice.

"Do you think, M. le Marquis, that upon you?" she asks, with a look of quettish face.

"I think you an angel of compasion to an old friend of your childhood, Mlle. fin, it is with you to consent or de-Lucille-"

"It was compassion but more for my sister than for you," she says, gravely. "Your sister!" he echoes bitterly. 'It has occcurred to me that Mme. de Miramon is in no need of compassion, and yours is too sweet to be wasted-"

"Chut monsieur, she interrupted. "Forget that I am as fond of pretty speeches as most young women, and think of me only as Jeanne de Miramon's sister, who believes that, much as he loves her, you love her even more-"

For the second time this evening De Palissier forgets possible observers, and clasping both the girl's slender hands

bless you!" "You forget that we have an audience, monsieur," she says, withdrawing (pecting an instant rejection of the man answers, putting his arm across the sadher hands quickly, but with a smile of frank comradship. "I have a story to had both so misuaderstood. But with blaze in his. tell you, and not much time to tell it in. a gay laugh, "Then my sympathy has Years ago, when Jeanne left her convent on becoming fiance to M. de Miramon, she met you at her first ball, and you loved each other. It was very fool- have long ago ceased to regret him, and and only a sous-lieutenant, and Jeanne had not a sou: so both the families were rurious; but all would bave ended as well as a fairy tale if you had been reasonable. Jeanne met you time after time in secret, and promised any "A man should know when he is amount of patience, but she would not until she dreaded those secret meetings ing for is come The little court about | every way that a jealous and cruel man beside her, and she glances around with He opened all her letters, he made a look of mild appeal against the con- spies of her servants, and not a day passed that he did not insult her murmuring, with the faintest suspicion the marriage, and I was at the convent. There was nothing to be done with her has changed me."

"Will Mme. de Miramon permit me misery but to endure it, knowing that she owed it all to your impatience. Can you wonder that she is unforgiving?" He is leaning on the small table between them with folded arms and downbent eyes, and he is very pale, even nity. through the bronze of ten African sum-

> "I loved her always-" he says, almost inaudibly; then pauses; nor does you could see my heart, you-"

"You love her? You could not have wrecked her life more utterly if you had moment for the success of her plot that has grown to fear the thought of love eaves-dropping. "Where may I come, then?" he in- that has been so cruel to her as yours and her husband's? Monsieur, my her hands to his lips, brother-in-law died two years ago-God is good!" continues Lucille, fiercely, Since then Jeanne has been at peace, come to her after such storms. She with infinite zeal. It is all he has prophesied to himself, fears you, she avoids you, because-

speaks nor raises his eyes.

"She loves you," murmurs Lucille. just aloud.

abruptly walks away. He comes back presently. "My child," he says, very gently, "do

you are very sure, for if I once believe it again, I-I-" anne has never ceased to love you, and | done credit to a Richelieu or a Tally-

"I? You? You are laughing at

"Do you think so ill of Jeanne's sis-

I cannot imagine how-" she knows her own heart and is afraid head of your family-a very different their victim, and, and like all things So they make their way through the person from what you were ten years earthly, has come to an end at last.

whom her sister has treated with such is not all jealousy; make her remember -make her regret,"

"But, forgive me, when one has loved ty, and she seats herself and motions him a woman for ten years," with a faint to a chair beside her when he has brought | smile, "there is no room in one's heart | accompany them on a riding party, has for even a pretense at loving another." it was only to eat ices with you that I never have proposed my plot," she rehave forced my society so resolutely plies with dignity. "It is because I have watched you all these weeks and he dismounts, with a look of alarm inearnestness very rare on her bright, co- know that your love is worthy of my sister that I trust you. But it is not with one's heart that one pretends. En-

> cline." "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

whose pathetic clinging to her newlyfound peace Lucille so well understands. Though it is long since she has permitted herself to remember anything of the lover of her youth except his jealousy, she has believed in his faithfulness as utterly as she dreamed it, and when she receives De Palissier's note asking the consent of his old friend to his love for greater her alarm the greater your deher sister the pain she feels bewilders lightful task, monsieur," and she looks in his he murmurs, unsteadily: "God and dismays her. With a smile whose at him with a defliant pain in her eyes, cynicism is as much for herself as for him, she gives the note to Lucille, exnot been all without cause," the girl cries. "By all means let him come, my Jeanne. It cannot wound you, who from the block and comes close to him. bel homme for his age."

It is true there can be no objection to the wealthy and distinguished Mar- him with a gesture of passionate pride. quis de Palissier if Lucille is willingnone but the pain at her heart, which is too ashamed even to confess to herself. So a note is written, fixing an hour for prepares herself to meet the man whom she last saw alone in all the passionate imperiously. anger of a lover's quarrel.

There is the sound of wheels in the court-yard, and she rises with a hasty glance at her reflection in the mirror. "His old frænd!" she murmers, scornfully. "I dare say I look an old wo-

man 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 joy. pleasure than to receive as my sister's en times, and holds out her pretty hand as well as she knew you. To think those two children. The girl had a tempted to walk with the shoe half on to him.

plies, very low; and she reflects that he my day comes, De. Palissier has escaped from his with some mention of your name. Our is, of course, a little embarrassed. "I hostess in an instant, and the next he is parents died within a few months of am afraid you had much to forgive in has changed me."

"It would be sad, indeed, if time did give us wisdom and coldness in exchange for all it takes from us,', she says, with a quick thrill of pain that he speak of ten years as if it were an eter-

"Not coldness," he exclaims, coming tried them and found them wonderfully nearer, and looking at her with eyes that make her feel a girl again. "If

"May I enter, my sister," asks the gay voice of Lucille as she appears from

De Palissier turns at once and presses "Mademoiselle," he says tenderly, "I

am at your feet." Then begins a charming little comedy

And the chaperone bends over her lace-work and hears the caressing tones She can see his lip quiver, even under she thought she had forgotten, and sees the heavy moustache, but he neither the tender glances she imagined she had sister in her unregarded presence. She coat, shawl, or umbrella." Winking is very patient and used to suffering, with a wicked expression : "Hats, you He lifts his eyes now and looks at her but at length she can endure no longer, know, are notoriously successful in dumbly for an instant; then, rising, and not daring to leave the room she eluding their owner's search-if they where she is at least beyond hearing.

"Courage, monsieur!" she murmers mel" with a rush of color into his dark | your note came. You would make a charming jeune premier at the Francals, only when you do say anything "Pardon. I am scarcely myself, and at me instead of Jeanne." And she sound of their mirth causes an odd blot

A month has dragged by wretchedly

difference had become the one charm of life to hm. Mme. de Miramon and her sister are spending a week at her villa near Paris, and De Palissier, who is to arrived a little late, and finds both sis-"If there were, monsieur, I should ters already in the court-yard, with some horses and grooms, when he enters. Lucille comes to him at once as

> stead of her usual coquetry. "Do not let Jeanne ride Etole," 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 Etolle, and take my horse to-day, madame," De Palissier prises to the proud and patient woman, a horse that has thrown so excellent a upholstery, there was a certain air of points about her face and figure which says, eagerly. "I should like to master 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 tersibly alarmed," De Palissier says, hurriedly.

'Then you must console her. The like a stag at bay. "I shall ride Etoile."

"Then I say that you shall not," he whose motiver in pursuing them they dle, and meeting her eyes with a sudden

For an instant they gaze at each other in utter forgetfulness of any other presence than their own. Then she springs

"I hate you!" she gasps, and turning gathers up her habit in one hand and runs into the house, swiftly followed by De Palissier. In the saloon she faces "Leave me!" she says. "I forbid you to speak to me!"

"He is very pale, but the light of triumph is in his eyes, and like most men, being triumphant, he is cruel.

"Why do you hate me?" he asked "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 murmers, 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

suitor the old friend of whom the world young lady very cheerfully from the ers, and none of them had succeeded in

"Like Alexander, I will reign, And I will reign alone.""

Female Detectives.

" Are female detectives ever regularly employed in the detection of crime?" "We don't employ women," a superintendent of detectives replied, "because it is our firm conviction that women cannot be relied on. We have quick at divining the source of a mysterious crime, patient in testing a plan for capturing a suspected person, and them. Anyhow, we can't afford to

being betrayed by them." Another experienced manager of detectives said : "Sometimes persons apply for a female detective to act as an attendant to take care of wraps at of love-making, in which Lucille plays fashionable receptions. They are well from disturbing the calm which has her role with pretty coquetry and he known in society, who have had trouble over-shoes, and umbrellas to the owners. Sometimes they get so mixed up that an owner of an old overceat, or shawl, or umbrella, saunters innocently off ceased to regret, all given to her young with a new and more expensive overmoves away to a distant writing-table, are good hats. If the occasion is a fitting one for a detective, we send one. There is an instant pause between It is not generally understood that fenot try to make me believe that, unless the conspirators, and while De Palis- male detectives are employed only at sier's eyes wistfully follow Mme. de these large receptions, and then only in Miramon, Lucille seizes her opportuni- the waiting room and in the room set "I am as sure as that I live that Je- ty with a promptness that would have apart for the ladies' especial use. Some persons imagine that female detectives go to the reception as guests. That would be an insult to the genuine "She has been cold to me ever since guests, Besides, in society here every one knows her neighbor, and the female detective would herself be detected as a stranger. Then introductions would very tender, do you remember to look necessarily follow under an assumed name, and the subsequent explanations breaks into a laugh so utterly amused the hostess would be compelled to make "Jeanne will not receive you because that he presently laughs too, and the in accounting for the disappearance of the Mrs. So-and-So would make her life a burden. I see no good reason, though, why female detectives should not be employed in the ladies' room. It is a convenience to have a skilled eye on the property, instead of one liable to make mistakes or to be out of the way when

-It is stated that Arkansas has 151

wanted."

Woman Behind The Camera.

One of the most spacious and complete photographic establisments 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 distinctive. The photographer, a tall, which, she has learned by experience, fair woman, with a clear cut and hand- men seldom notice. When women are some face and graceful figure, moved chatting together they refer to any unabout rapidly, attending to the details fortunate blemish in quite an ordinary of her work as she chatted with the way, but they never mention them to

enable me to run a gallery of my own," into their confidence at once, and the grapher in New York, I think. I took | the eye, a crooked nose, a big ear, large many years ago, studying under the they had been cronies for life. This man of whom I spoke. After I had renders a satisfactory photograph easier worked for him a couple of years he to accomplish. placed more and more responsibility upon me, until I was practically the head of the business. I worked for 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. absolute mistress of her own affairs. I press. 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

"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 "Never mind, Lucille," cries that tried several of the leading photographsucceeded if you had known your sister | and it took just five hours to photograph that I would be content with the wreck twitching eye, and at first she could and half off his foot. He was then put "You are too good, madam," he re- of any man's heart!-fl donc! When not sit still two consecutive minutes to into a cataleptic condition. Each and eye with so much professional gentle- the will of the manipulator, and he was photographed with thorough success. I had just as much of a struggle with of countenance. Many other equally the boy. After they had gone I was wonderful things were done, and at

from the children's mother." "You spoke about cripples just now?" "Yes. Next to dead subjects the unfortunate deformed are the least desirable subjects we have to handle, Nobody knows so well as a photographer -yes, and uncommunicative. There how sensitive criples are regarding ed on the low wall of St. Paul's churchis just one reason, and only one reason, their infirmities. They are always yard. Suspended from his neck was behind the portiers at so fortunate a why they are not to be trusted-no one anxious that their particular defects can tell who has the most influence over should not appear in their pictures, and Blind." A young merchant passing by yet they reserve a studious silence con- looked at the beggar, paused, looked take the risk of employing them and cerning the very features about which again, and then walked up to him and they are the most anxious.

graphers gave their pictures of the most screamed; "you dodged that just dead. The majority of these pictures of dead people were simply dreadful, fraud! you scoundrel! Now will you and this was particularly the case when go about your busines, or shall I call after receptions in getting the wraps, the subjects were children. I had often seen little ones who had recently died, and I was often struck with their dren 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 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 its 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."

The photographer stepped across the room, seized a large book, and, opening it, showed the reporter a series of mild, bland, and violently pure looking faces. blacksmith, was wounded recently by a Each subject wore a transcendental bit of iron which flew from his anvil, smile and well-brushed hair. "I arrange and has died of malignant erysipelas,

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 men, for fear of drawing attention to "It required nine years of incessant the defect. They even dread men lator for a man on Sixth avenue to photographers. They take a woman she said. "I am the only lady photo- two chat about the effect of a cast in up photography from choice a good teeth, or a scrawny neck, as though

Tricks in Catalepsy.

Mr. Kennedy, a mesmerist, who is givhim like a galley slave for nine years, ing exhibitions at the Monumental theand then told him I was going to start atre, 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, I was idle for a year, and then bought | W. H. Crane and Nate Salsbury, bethis place. A man can never realize sides several members of their dramatic how delightful it is for a woman to be company and representatives of the

The mesmeric 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 htm. pulled his own off and had gotten one of the distinguished comedian's half on his own foot when Mr. Kennedy resave her. I looked at that twitching all of his limbs were rendered rigid at ness, and treated her with such a vast placed with his head and heels resting amount of patience, that in the end she on two chairs like a bridge across a gave up completely, sat still, and was chasm, in which position he remained for five or six minutes without a change fagged. To-day I received these flowers | each exhibition some one of the spectators plunged a needle into the flesh of the mesmefized man without producing the least sign of pain or annoyance.

The Wrong Trade-Mark.

A miserable, ragged fellow was scatthe familiar sign, "Please Help the pretended to strike him with the cane "Some years ago I was struck with he carried. The mendicant dodged the blow. "Ha! ha! the young man alas I expected. You humbug! you the police?" The mendicant's face showed alarm, but he uttered not a sound. The angry merchant bade him natural and lifelike appearance. Chil-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 pantominic gestures, -a policeman came up. "What's the matter here?" the officer sweet-faced woman in deep mourning inquired. The mendicant made signs came in and told me her only child had that he didn't know, and that he was died the day before, after an illness of 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. "Och, bad cess to it, I must sphake or I'll burr-stl" he said : "I'm not bloind at all, at all. And have I the bloind soign on? Sure it's all a mistake entirely. I thought I had the dif-and-domb soign on me, so I did. Plase let me go, gintlemin, that I may be after foinding my brother. Sure he'll be bringing disgrace on the family. Upon me word, sor, me brother is blind completely, and beghora he musht be shtanding somewheres wid me dif-and-domb soign hanging onto him, and him a-singing out: "Place help the blind."

-William A. Lockwood, a Stamford