I know not if for dark or bright Shall be my lot;
If that wherein my hopes delight
Be best or not.

It may be mine to drag for years Toil's heavy chain; Or day and night my meat be tears On bed of pain.

Dear faces may surround my hearth With smiles and glee; Or I may dwell alone, and mirth Be strange to me.

He holds me when the billows smite-I shall not fall. If sharp, 'tis short; if long, 'tis light— He tempers all.

Safe to the land, safe to the land-The end is this; And then with him go hand in hand Far into bliss.

A WOMAN'S WIT.

I used to laugh at the idea that a woman could outwit a man. I used to say that, smart as she might be, a man with his senses about him was smarter still, That she could be detected in an instant, and that whatever her purpose was she showed it so plainly in her face that no one could be deceived for a moment, And that as she could go nowhere without attracting attention, and needed a male protector, whenever she did anything out of the common, such as taking a journey or going out after dark, as she never knew how to dispatch parcels or messages quietly, and had no idea of the hours of railway trains, or the way to get anywhere or do anything legally, the man who suffered himself to be outwitted by her was little short of an idiot.

I have altered my mind now. I have been the guardian of Miss Matilda Middlebury for twenty-four hours, and I revoke all that I have said. A woman cannot tie up a parcel, get to an unknown part of the world, cut anything with a knife, or give a direction properly; but when she makes up her mind to marry some one who is willing, old cloven hoof and all his imps could not baffle her. She'll have her way.

Miss Matilda Middlebury is a young lady of twenty-two years. I, as her father's legal adviser, know her exact age. Before last week I had never seen her face to face. Last week I made her acquaintance. It was in this wise:

There came to me, per post, a letter dated Clemence Hill, and written as I saw at once, by some person in a violent rage. Lines all crooked. Letters any shape. This is what it said to me:

CLEMENCE HILL, Saturday. MR. MARTIN, Dear Sir: I shall make no apology for troubling you about a matter which you will perhaps consider a little out of your sphere. I should not make any apology to the king of anywhere for asking him to pull me out of the water if I were drowning. This is a life and death matter to me; you must help me. Besides, you are my legal adviser, and I want you to take the law into your own hands. That is

I have a daughter-Matilda Middlebury. You have made my will in her favor. It is possible that you may have the house I watched her closely. There nor there. That daughter is now twenty-two years old; consequently, of age and her own mistress. She has chosen to fall in love with a contemptible, zood-for-nothing rascal, whom I have forbidden her to speak to again, and she is determined to marry him. She tried to humbug me, the jade, and promised to give him up; but I have positive information that she has resolved to marry him. All preparations are made, and the trunks packed for a departure to Europe. I forgot to say that she is visiting a friend atstreet, New

The rascal comes there every evening, plays the piano, sings sentimental songs, makes love. The other girl is in the plot, and is, going to be bridesmaid. And here am I with the gout in my right foot, chained down at Clemence Hill, without a friend, I dare to trust in the world save you.

For Heaven's sake find me the girl. Take her into custody. Arrest her. Do what you choose with her-only don't lose sight of her until you bring her safe to me. I don't care what it costs; do it. I'm a rich man. Any bill will be considered reasonable. You will have the undying gratitude of your old friend in the bargain, of course.

Matilda doesn't know anything about law and is awfully afraid of it. Remember out of your sight one moment and all is over. Thank Heaven you never married and have no daughter.

Yours truly. J. P. MIDDLEBURY. -street. Don't forget. Lady of the name of Stark, wife of Dr. Stark, is the person she is visiting.

J. P. M. My friends, the man who would desert his tellow-man under such circumstances must be lower than the brutes. I confided the business to my partner, telling him that affairs of importance called me from home, and with a small carpet-bag containing some linen and a brush and comb, walked over to No .street, without further delay, and re- have it about him."

quested to see Miss Matilda Middlebury. color same and went, so that one mo- me! ment her cheek was dappled with red and the next a clear brunette tint. She man; "come along. You follow, if you Examine the harness on had white teeth and pretty hands, and that she had a spirit; but I knew also for my part."
that women are ignorant of the law, "Nor I," said I. "Come on, Miss and I thought that I could manage her.

"Miss Middlebury?" said I. "Yes, sir," said she. "Martin-of Martin, Grub & Co."said I, bowing. 'Very much pleased to see you, Mr.

Martin," said she. "I've often heard papa speak of you." "My dearest friend-one of them, at least," said I. "Your father is a man

for a daughter to be proud of, Miss "Yes," said she, "I suppose so. "And

what did papa tell you to say to me?" "My dear young lady," said I, "do ing your good papa?"

To be seriously oftended is pa's nor-

mal condition," said she, "so it don't to see you alone. Our young man dematter much. "You are aware that I made a will in

your favor some time ago?" said I. "And papa threatens to alter it if I show any desire to please myself in any-thing," said Miss Matilda. "I presume it very often himself, very often, indeed; and I tell you, as I told him, that money, though desirable, is nothing when it stands in the way of the strongest feelings of one's life. What is the use of mincing matters? You know he objects to my marriage, but I am of age: he is unreasonable. I intend to do as I

please. There's your answer." "Madame," said I, "my message from your father is this: You are to return home, under my escort, at once.' "Perhaps I shall refuse to go," said

"Madam," said I, "I am prepared for that."

And then I brought in the legal hous-pocus with which I armed myself. "Madam," said I, "though of age, it s necessary for you to show just cause before you can refuse to return to a parent's roof. Nine days are necessary for a quit-claim. Meanwhile you are legally a minor. Pending your proof before a magistrate. I have authority to arrest you and take you home. I do so in the name of the law. I trust you will not force me to put handcuffs upon a lady's wrists or to call in four police officers and lodge you in jail all night; but, being under bonds to your father, I shall be obliged to do so if you resist; otherwise, I can offer you my arm, and escort you, as any gentleman might, to the railway station.'

As she listened, all the pretty red color faded from Miss Matilda's cheeks. "What a dreadful thing law is!" she "I had no idea such laws existed. Then I suppose I must go with you. But I'm not a baby. Show me your proofs—your papers—whatever gives you your right."

I took from my pocket a lease written on parchment and tied with red tape.

'The warant, madam," I said. I turned over the edge of my waistcoat and exhibited the pin of the Jolly Good Fellows' Club, of which I am a

"My badge of office, madam," I said. She turned paler still; she sat down and began to cry. Suddenly she wiped

"May I write a note to tell somebody why I break an engagement?" she said. 'And before I go down to that stupid hole where papa wants to bury me, will you go with me to the dressmaker's?" 'Certainly," I said. To myself I remarked: "She will plan to escape from me at the dressmaker's. I must watch

her there. Miss Matilda wrote the note. She sent it off before my eyes, and, without leaving the room, she called a maid to bring her her lace shawl and a hat and

"And my pearl-colored gloves, Rose," she added "And, remember, pack

everything nicely." Then, having bidden good-bye to her weeping friend, who called her papa "a brute," and who refused to be introduced to me, we started off. As we left was something in her face I did not like. but I felt that I was master of the situation.

"Where does your dressmaker live?"

She gave me the address. It was not a store—a fashionable set of parlors in - street. There lay the danger, and I knew it.

"Miss Matilda," said I, "you will forgive me for reminding you that I cannot leave you even for a moment. "No, need to remind me of that," she

answered, in a tone that was not, to say the least of it, very complimentary. We walked down the street together. and I, as an elderly gentleman, felt that I might offer her my arm. She was bag in her hand, and twirled it, as she

walked, in a reckless sort of manner. pected. At the turn of the street a thief and held him, pale with terror and man and beast can drink pure water is shaking like an aspen leaf, until we truly a public benefactor.

"Your bag, missus?" asked the po-

liceman. "Oh, yes," said Matilda. "I'm so felt so dreadfully! Oh, how could you food. be so wicked! But perhaps I'd better let you off, young man, now I've got the money back. "See if it is safe, miss," said the po-

liceman. Matilda opened the bag.

"It's empty" said she.

"I'll give it up, sir," said the young In five minutes she came into the man. "Here is the money," and he in the hot day whenever you desire to room—a short, plump, very broad- handed a ten-dollar bill to the police- give them a full, free rest, and once shouldered young woman, with a turn- man. "Oh, miss, I'm really not an old during the day, preferably at night, a ed-up-nose, big black eyes, long eye- offender. Circumstances drove me to thorough currying and grooming, will

please. Miss. I don't consider it the duty I knew by the way she looked at me of good citizens to let such fellows off, checkreins and cruppers are simply tor-

Matilda. The policeman led the way with the particularly noticed that he had a very | which is injurious to the eyes. Assist

played a better part. into a sort of private parlor, where we to their owners, aside from the humane were asked to wait awhile; the prisoner | bearing upon the subject. being led away by the policeman, I saw the door of the room in which the justice sat open; I saw him at his desk. I saw the prisoner standing before him. more than our intimate social relations | the giddy crowd that stood around the

"Miss," said he, "his Honor wishes | thoughts have which we harbor.

clares the affair a conspiracy against

him, and you will be questioned separately. No offense, sir. "None," said I. Then I beckoned the policeman apart and slipped two dollars into his hand. "Don't lose sight he sent you here to say so. He has said of the young lady until she rejoins me,

I said. "No, sir; on no account," said he. And off they went together. They were gone ten minutes, and returned as they went. Miss Matilda had

been weeping. "The lady's evidence was all sufficient," said the man.

"Then they have committed him?" said I. "Yes, he's committed, said Matilda. 'Oh, poor fellow. I-I'll go now, Mr. Martin.

I led her away. As we went I saw the policeman grinning after us. I couldn't think why. We said very little as we walked on, and were at the dressmaker's in no Now or never would she baffle She might escape by a back door or the roof; how could I tell. I refused to allow her to go into the next room. stared at her-while madam-all indignation-measured her shoulders and the length of her skirt. When she went behind a screen to be "tried on," I watched her little feet below it, and

oiced. We caught the train by a hair's breadth. I did not doubt that she tried to miss it altogether, and all night I watched her, lest at some station she should even yet elude me. When, twenty-fours from our first meeting, rang the bell of her father's residence I was a jaded being, but I was triumphant.

when I got her out of the house I re-

I walked into her father's chamber

with Matilda on my arm.
"Sir," I said, "I have done my duty.
Here is Miss Matilda Middlebury." Shall I ever forget that moment? As spoke Matilda turned about with a

"You've made a mistake," said she. 'A married woman bears her husband's name. Mrs. Jackson, if you please. Papa, here is my certificate, and this is my ring."

'She drew off her glove as she spoke, and a heavy wedding-ring, which she had not worn when we started, glittered on her finger.

"You were afraid of the dress-maker's house," she said. "There was no danger there. I was married at the police station. You drove me to that

vulgar act, papa. "The theft was a sham. The policeman was bribed. "He merely ushered Charles into the

and was witness to the ceremony. "The law is very hard upon us poor young women." she added, with a meaning glance at me. "And the parchment was very imposing. But those whom God has joined together no man can put asunder. And papa must forgive me before my husband comes to-mor-

I suppose Mr. Middlebury did forgive his daughter, for I never altered his will but I went back to the city in such a olling rage that if it had been in my power to have disinherited her Matilda would now be penniless.

I got over my anger long ago, and I have learned a lesson by it. It is this: A willful woman will have her way, and no man can stop her.

Care of Animals in Summer.

Provide water-fresh pure water. Think reader, how you are refreshed by a drink of cool water on a hot day. The lower animals are equally in need of the means of quenching thirst.

The active dog requires drink frequently during the hot day, as does also the cat; and a dish of fresh water should stand where they can have access to it. capable, I saw, of running away at any Undoubtedly many a dog is driven to moment, but she did not run. She saun- madness through lack of water; and the approach such a subject by degrees. tered slowly, staring at the shops as she testimony is that hydrophobia is almost went on, and making remarks about the people we passed. She carried a little can drink when they wish.

said I, softly, "when you and I, Mary Jane, trod the grassy turf beside that can drink when they wish.

Every city, village and country town should be liberally supplied with drink-What happened might have been ex- ing fountains for animals and they should be so constructed that even the young man, dressed in respectable cloth- smallest dogs can drink from them. No and immediately turned and fled. How- ure than a fountain, and that person could utter a word a stout policeman and gives a watering trough to the road- it sir. had darted from a shop-door, seized the side, or provides a fountain at which

Give the horse frequent opportunity to quench thirst at times when not too much over-heated, and before eating. To drink freely immediately after eatthankful you caught him. Oh, dear, I ing prevents a favorable digestion of

How instinctively Provide shade. we seek the shadow when the sun is pouring its hot rays on the dry and parching earth. If the pasture is not provided with shade trees in a convenient locality, set four, six or eight supports, across which place straw or grass, "What! have you played that game?" and thus, in a brief time and with little said the policeman. "You'll have to labor make a shade in which animals come up to the office, miss, and make a can rest from the heat of the sun, to the We'll search him; he must great comfort of themselves and benefit to their owners.

Remove the harness from the horses lashes and crisp, curly black hair. Her the commission of the crime. Forgive not only give rest, but will do about as much toward improving the animal's

> Examine the harness on your working team, and you will discover that blinds, turing contrivances, serving no useful purpose. Take them all off for the convenience of yourself and the comfort of the horses. Keep the stable well venti- umbrellayoung man. As we walked behind, I lated and free from the strong ammonia gentlemanly appearance. New York the animals to protect themselves he has forgotten me." thieves often have. My heart really bled | egainst flies, feed regularly, hitch in the for him. He was one who should have shade, and remember that the care which will give comfort to the lower ani-

It is the habitual thought that frames me-in me-she would finditself into our life. It affects us even you know that you are seriously offend- Then it closed with a bang. In another do. Our confidential friends have not liquids, ing your good papa?" so much to do in shaping our lives as home?"

AN ARTLESS POCKET VENUS.

Tale of Man's Fiendish Nature and an Alligater-Head Umbrella.

A long time ago I was madly enamored of Mary Jane Bowles. Mary Jane was what you would call a pocket Venus, and often have I been tempted to tuck her under my arm like a packet of sugar, and fly to the nearest desert

She was an artless girl and very fond of society-especially the society of young men with whom I was not on terms of ardent friendship. I did not blame her for this, and when she invited me to tea and I found that Johnson had also been invited, my discerning eye observed that this was not coquetry, but pure exuberance of spirits. Mr. Bowles I noticed, was of the same opinion, and it was a great satisfaction to have my judgment confirmed by so experienced a parent. Mrs. Bowles, had she been alive, would no doubt have agreed with us.

I had known Mary Jane since she wore short frocks, Johnson had known her about a month. It was pleasant to hear her call me Sam and him Mr. Johnson, but somehow the familiarity in my case seemed to have bred, not contempt—oh, dear no! nothing of that kind-but a sort of nonchalence of manner. But that was her artlessness

"Dear me, Sam," she observed at the tea-table, "what have you got such a long face for?" Johnson's attentions had made me a little pensive.

'Something must be long to make up for the prevailing shortness," I said, Johnson was not much taller than Mary Jane. I made a note of that sarcasm afterwards. My impromptus are too often lost.

"Don't be impertinent, sir. Look into that spoon. Your face is exactly like the reflection you see there, isn't it, Mr. Johnson?" He grinned. It was then I observed for the first time the singular breadth

of his vision. His grin seemed to extend across the room. "If Mr. Johnson will hold the spoon horizontally he may admire his own

image," I remarked playfully.

Johnson grinned again. He was one of those insanely good-humored men whom it is quite impossble to annoy. "Sam, you are outrageous," Mary Jane. "Mr. Johnson and I are going to practice our duet. You stop

here and talk to pa." Mr. Bowles had to be aroused from the doze into which he usually dropped after tea. It was in that habit that my penetration had detected his conviction

that Mary Jane was an artless creature. When I left the house that evening I presence of the justice of the peace. Eswas thoughtful, It struck me that corted me afterward into the same room. Johnson had Mary Jane in his mind's eye. I could not damage that organ of vision, so I decided that nothing could be gained by hitting him. But something would have to be done. I wanted to marry Jane. She was a charming girl and her father had a little money. My suspicions about Johnson were confirmed next day. I met a lively

friend, who said: "Oh, you know Johnson?" "Well!"

"He's going in for the little Bowles Told me he should propose to-morrow night when he takes her home from Twig's party." Perdition! Going to propose when he

took her home from Twig's It had been agreed that I should escort Mary Jane to the hall of Twig. It was a fine night, apparently, but I took my umbrella. It was a new one, surmounted by an alligator's head in

German silver. Fervently I invoked Jupiter Pluvius to befriend me, and hoped Johnson would leave his umbrella It was less than ten minutes' walk, but there was time enough to show a little preliminary tenderness, if not to

put the grand question itself. With an artless girl like Mary Jane it was best to "Twas just such a night as this,"

murmuring brook"-"Oh, I remember she exclaimed, laughing in her guileless way. "I know what you are going to say. That was the time you fell over the stile, running ing, darted up and snatched the bag, gift to a people confers a greater pleas- away from the bull. And your nose was done up in sticking plaster, you ever, he did not run far, for before I who turns aside a stream from a field know, and you scratched my face with

I had forgotten that circumstance; but what did it matter?

"Yes, Mary Jane," I said passionately. "And why did my nose scratch your face? Because my lips was seeking that paradise which now-

"Good evening, Miss Bowles." It was Johnson. I saw his grin in the moonlight, and-confusion!-he had brought his umbrella.

There was a little dancing at Twig's, but I had no pleasure in it. My mind was full of Johnson's umbrella. It came before my diseased vision like Macbeth's dagger. I clutched at it and

Time wore on. I stood at the window alone and looked out at the weather. Dark clouds obscured the moon. Heavy drops began to fall. Then the temptation had me in its grip.
"His umbrella!" I gasped. "I'll—

I'll hide it." "It's going to be a nasty night out, after all," said a hated voice at my elbow. "I believe only you and I have brougt umbrellas. There'll be an awful scrim-

He was grinning more than ever, but he could not have heard me. A cab would not suit him, of course! He

"Oh, Sam, do take me down to re-She looked up into my face so be-

witchingly that my heart thumped as if it were a door-knocker in the grasp of a We arrived at the station and were led mals will make them doubly profitable demon postman. He knew she was thirsting for the claret-cup and yet he left her. Careless brute! What a husband he would make. Whereas in

> "Mary Jane," I whispered, as we left "Mary Jane, may I see you

"If you are a good boy perhaps you

may. But here's Mr. Johnson and I owe him a dance."

He took her away, but she looked back at me with a smile. I really never saw such an artless girl in my life.

The melancholy voice of divers cats seemed to protest against the crime, but my nerves were firm. I could see nothing. No matter; I knew where my enemy had put his umbrella. I groped for I grasped it by the ferruled end. Just then a footstep startled me. I rushed to the window and dropped the hateful thing into the abyss below. There was a splash. I felt a sardonic

went down to the refreshment saloon, drank a glass of wine, chatted a while with Mrs. Twig and recoved my self-possession, Then I sought Mary

Everybody was now going away. With a fiendish delight I saw Johnson walk upstairs to get his hat and coat and his-Ha! ha! I waited till he came down. He was perfectly cool, and —did my eyes mock me?—he had in his hand an umbrella! I could not see the handle, but, of course, it was mine. The fellow's impudence staggered

me. I tore up into the room above. There was no umbrella there. It was mine! I went down, resolved to make an example of Johnson, He stood in the hall, leisurely putting on his gloves. "Excuse me," I said, calmly, "but

you have got my umbrella." "I think not," he replied, with his verlasting grin.

"But you have it, sir! There can be no mistake about it. Pray is your umbrella handle an alligator's head in solid silver.

mine! sure you brought it? Oh, thank you, raining much, and you won't get wet if you run all the way."

I don't know whether I got wet or not. For that matter I don't know how I got home. I believe the Twigs thought I had been drinking too much. Perhaps I had, or how could I have thrown the wrong umbrella out of the window? It was found some weeks later, and when it was brought to me in a pulpy condition by young Twig, who is the smallest of wags, he suggested that I should adopt a water-butt and umbrella as a crest.

Johnson did propose to "the little Bowles" during their walk home. They are married now.

That umbrella business remains a mystery, but I am still convinced of the artlessness of Mary Jane.

Pin Money Pointers.

Several stores are selling fine linenlawn for dress-goods and boys' waists for 15 cents a yard. This is a great reduction in price. The goods are among the most serviceable in the market and are also tasteful.

Exquisitely fine embroidery or mull suitable for an infant's christening robe or a fine white gown is retailing for 50

half to one yard wide. The seersucker cloth with the crinkled stripe make convenient gowns for the country, as they do not require ironing. A piece of old black velvet or velveteen made into one of the belt berthas now so fashionable will take but little time and makes an attractive adjunct to a light toilet.

Spanish lace scarfs are again in favor for knotting about the throat. Old ones are renovated by dipping in soap bark and pressing over flannel with a warm Any of the hats with a flat brim may

be converted to one of the sailor shapes now in favor. The crown will generally need to be lowered and the brim be made round and even.

One or two sets of ribbon and one of black velvet worn at different times with the same dress makes it appear like a new one.

make a pretty evening dress, and is becoming to a person with a creamy complexion. All kinds of wool dress-goods are greatly reduced in price and most of ty is in its expression rather than in rethem will be fashionable for Fall wear, although perhaps not the extreme of

Archaeological Find in Germany.

will be raised.

Some excavations lately carried out at Flonbeim near Worms, have lately and around the old Romano-Gothic church Franconian chiefs and nobles had their burial places. The new church | ing loveliness, her never-ending power does not stand on exactly the same ground as the old one, and so it was When you say that behind their long, possible to undertake explorations that dark, half-hiding lashes they are large, would otherwise have been difficult. In dark, dreamy, yet glowing, flashing one grave a necklace of fine pearls was | with fire, liquid with languor, you have found around the neck of a female only hinted their inexpressible expressskeleton, with small golden plates iveness. They are the same eyes at 9, adorned with filagree work inserted as at 19 and at 90. pendants between each pair of pearls, There were some heavily gilt silver ornaments, with filagree work, lying on the breast; beside the skeleton a piece of would do the deed. I would throw his ring of exquisite workmanship, which could have belonged only to a woman, a pot of singular shape, arrows, a shield, freshments. I asked Mr. Johnson, but heavy javelin, a sword, a drinking cup, a beautiful buckle of gilt bronze, and a piece of chain of twisted wire.

Everyone must see daily instances of of complaining, and make their friends uneasy and strangers merry by murmuring at evils that do not exist and repining at grievances which they do not

Preaching is of divine appointment. Duty cannot be plain in two diver-

A FANTASTIC SCENE.

The Grotesque Throng Which Fills the Streets of Nice on Shrove Tuesday.

Who could describe the motley thou-

sands that form the crowd? Who could

resolve them into their elements? Picture the most fantastic scene and the most fantastic pantomime that was ever seen in a theatre or circus, and multiply the effect ten thousand fold. picture thousands of masked and dominoed men and women, attired as demons, as Mephistopheles, as imps and apes, as cats and dogs, as frogs and vegetables, conjure up hosts of ghosts, think of the most horrible night-mare or the awful things of an opium orgie, and you have something of the effect produced on the mind by one's first impression of a Nice carnival. Imagine this great pantomime, in which fifty or sixty thousand people take part, giving themselves up to the daring frivolities of the carnival for three or four hours in open air, with a burning, blazing sun. The ingenuity and the taste which are expended upon this wonderful ceremony are extraordinary, and not less impressive is the astonishing variety of the costumes assumed by the crowd which has flocked here to take a deep draught of diablerie. The tops of the long colonnade were black with people, and there was no window and no point of vantage which was unoccupied. Up aloft some were contented to brave the dangers without masks, but the majority were both masked and dominoed. Opposite the prefecture was placed the throne of King Carnival, and the enormous figure of that awful po-"I think not," said Johnson, coolly. tenate towered thirty feet up in the air. He held up the umbrella. It was not a Gargantuan monarch, with features modeled in proportion to his height. "I am quite ready, Sam. What's the Like the horse of Troy, his body serves matter? You can't find your umbrella? as a receptacle, not for men but for fire-Oh, dear! And Mrs. Twig says she has works. On the last night of the revellent every umbrella she has. Are you ries a fuse is lighted, and the King flies up to the starlit heavens, illuminating Mr. Johnson. Good night, Sam; Mr. the evening sky with a million lights. Johnson will see me home. It isn't crimson, golden, silver, shooting hither and thither, and dropping their liquid fire on the crowd. "The King is dead. Long live the King!" cry the fickle plebs, and until 1887 the King and his court are forgotten. Round this huge figure, standing out like some savage idol, files the procession, slowly moving up the street to the braying of trumpets, and the beating of drums, and the fire of guns. The grotesque throng keeps admirable order as the procession march es slowly past, cheering and shrieking with laughter and cries of admiration, keeping up a fierce fire of confetti the while. Bands of men, women and children pass, clad in long, flowing dominoes of every conceivable cut and fashion, red, pink, blue, green, violet, slashed with trimmings of other colors, affording vivid contrasts to the body of the fabric. The masks are hideous and beautiful, with eyes bleared or languishing, mouth all awry or of perfect form, noses dwarfed, noses elongated, hooked, bent, broken; faces bloody, faces roughed, ochred; wigs of pink, tresses of flowing yellow or of coal black. Many wear paper masks, which admit of even more startling effects. One sees clowns in sugar-loaf hats and parti-colored bes, pantaloons and harlequins and troops of devils. Even the babes and and 75 cents a yard. It comes from a would not recognize son, nor husband children are disguised, and mother

The Cuban Woman's Beauty.

In the physical beauty of the Cuban voman the commanding features are the foot, whose daintiness and symmetry are marvellous; the supple, willowy grace of movement of person; the exquisitely modeled form, and the eyes which never lose their lustre and glow.

Cuban women wear shoes no larger than the No. 1 size for woman in the states. Nor is this diminutive size the result of any pinching process. She is born that way.

She is the most graceful woman on her feet, in her walk and carriage, in the promenade, or in the dance, you

Of her form, it is perfection. Nine women out of ten you meet are models of symmetry. There is greater delicacy Buff-colored cheese-cloth, which is in line and proportion. They do not so selling for 5 and 6 cents a yard, will torture their persons or themselves.

The Cuban woman's face may be said to be wholly interesting and lovely rather than wholly beautiful. Its beaupose. This face is of the Latin mould, oval and with a delicate protruding of a pretty and shapely chin. Her complexfashion. In another month the prices ion is warm, creamy, with no carnation in her cheeks. But her mouth, large, mobile, tremulous, with just a suggestion of pathos in the slight drawing down at the corners, has lips so red and ripe that her ever perfect teeth dazzle in brilliant contrast. Her hair is of that brought to light some most interesting lead-black darkness which suggests a specimens of Frankish antiquity. In weird, soft mist upon the night and is

indeed a glory ever. But her eyes are her priceless crownand charm. They cannot be described.

Grapes From the Desert.

Ripe Muscat Grapes were gathered at mage for cabs. Luckily we haven't far yellow topaz, a silver buckle, and a Indio station, on the Southern Pacinc comb of bone. In another woman's railroad, on June 20. Indio is a way grave there were similar ornaments, and station on the Colorado desert, about also some pieces of glass (unusual in half way between Yuma and Colton. It Frankish graves), and keys of a form is below the sea level and is probably the wanted to walk home with Mary Jane, hitherto unknown in Germany. In a warmest point along the line of the railslowly-but very slowly-so that I man's grave there were found a gold road. The barren desert surrounds it upon all sides, and one would imagine that nothing could be made to grow in such a bed of salt. The experiment was singularly successful, however, and not only do grapes and other fruits thrive and mature surprisingly early, but all kinds of vegetables when supplied with a proper quantity of water. It is not people who complain from a mere habit of complaining, and make their friends ever become the garden of Eden; it is impossible to transform it into one, because the process will cost more than the resulting paradise will be worth, but the experiments at Indio give evidence of the wondrous possibilities of the broad stretch of southern country now looked upon as a barren and worthless