

"A Sealy" Story.

A major loved a maiden so
His warlike heart was full of DO.

He oft would kneel to her and say:
"Thou art of life my only RE."

"Ah! if but kinder thou wouldst be,
And sometimes sweetly smile on ME.

Thou art my life, my guiding star,
I love thee near; I love thee FA.

"My passion I cannot control;
Thou art the idol of my SOL."

The maiden said: "Oh, fie! ask Pa.
How can you go on thus? Oh, LA!"

This major rose from banded knee,
And went her father for to SL.

The father thought no match was finer,
The major once had been a "minor."

They married soon, and after that
Dwelt in ten rooms, all on "one flat."

So happy ends this little tale,
For they lived on the grandest "scale."

Bride of the Carnival.

"Does she really love me?" said Captain Ernest von Steinberg, aid-de-camp to King Louis of Bavaria, as he left the presence of the young and beautiful Baroness Anna von Grafenberg, the belle of Munich, "or is she the heartless coquette which common rumor makes her?"

As he passed down the staircase, he encountered the baroness' pretty French chambermaid, Lisette.

"Lisette, you are looking charming to-day—do you know it?"

"My mirror told me so this morning," said the soubrette, looking up boldly into his face.

"What lips! what eyes! and what a figure!" said the soldier. "But, do you know, I think you would look infinitely prettier in a lavender colored silk robe, with cherry colored ribbons?"

"Very possible, monsieur," answered the waiting maid; "but that will cost money—and how is a poor girl like me to dress like a lady?"

"I have thought of that difficulty," said Ernest, "and so I have provided a remedy. Will you allow me to present you with a slight token of my gratitude and admiration?"

As he spoke he drew forth a little net silk purse, through the interstices of which some gold pieces showed their pleasant, brilliant countenances. Lisette's eyes reflected their brightness.

"Monsieur is altogether too generous," she said.

But the little white fingers clasped the glittering offering, and conveyed it to one of the pockets of the coquettish silk apron that she wore.

"Now, tell me, Lisette, is your mistress going to the masked ball at the palace to-morrow night?"

"Ah, but that is a great secret, monsieur, which I promised madame not to reveal," replied the Parisienne, archly, laying her fingers on her lips.

"She is going, then?" said Ernest.

"Monsieur says so," answered the soubrette, smiling.

"And what else did your mistress charge you to keep secret?" asked the officer, smiling in his turn.

"That she was going to wear a rose-colored domino, with a bunch of sky-blue ribbons on the right shoulder," replied the waiting-maid, hurriedly, and she ran up stairs, as if to avoid further catechizing, fully satisfied that her indiscretion had been an ample offset to the aide-de-camp's present.

"Very good, Madame Anna," said the young officer to himself. "I have now reconnoitred the ground, and I shall know where to open my trenches. All's fair in love and war. And now to my friend, the sculptor—if his ingenuity aid me, my success will be certain."

On the night of the masked ball the royal palace of Munich was a blaze of light. Every window glowed as if the interior were a mass of fire, and the brilliant rays, streaming forth upon the night, fell on the glittering helmets, breast-plates and sabers of the mounted courasiers, or were reflected from the bayonets of a detachment of the infantry of the line drawn up as a guard of honor in the square without.

Chamberlains stood at the entrance of the palace, and files of lackeys, with wax tapers flaring in the evening air, shed almost the light of day on the grand staircase. Carriage after carriage rolled up in succession, with their living freights of beauty and youth, and as light feet fell like snow-flakes on the carpeted marble, as graceful forms vanished within the portals, the ears of the bystanders were lulled by the pleasant rustling of silks, while the breeze was perfumed by a thousand delicate odors.

But if such were the external manifestations of the fete, how far more brilliant and bewildering was the interior of the palace of pleasure. How those lofty halls glowed with the dazzling effulgence of thousands of wax tapers! How softly beautiful were the marble statues that graced the niches,

lined the corridors, and looked down from their pedestals on the grand ballroom! How Oriental in their magnificence were the gorgeous draperies of velvet and satin, with fringes of gold bullion! but, above all, what music streamed on the enchanted air from an orchestra composed of a hundred of the best instrumentalists in the city! And the life, the animation of the throngs that filled the brilliant saloon—who shall describe it?

Ernest von Steinberg, who looked but for one person in that brilliant multitude, was so masked and muffled that his disguise was impenetrable. Therefore, when he found the rose colored domino at last, he hesitated not to address her.

"Good evening, fair mask."

"Good evening, gallant cavalier. But how know you that I am fair?"

"Were I to pronounce you the fairest in Munich, none would dispute your title."

"Do you know me?"

"The belle of Munich hides her face in vain," answered Ernest. "That inimitable foot and hand are her betray-ers."

"You may be mistaken, after all."

"I cannot be, and I claim the hand," said Ernest, "and will find employment for that dainty foot. The music sounds; let's away to the dance."

"I believe my hand is promised already," answered the fair one, "so take it quickly, before some one disputes the prize with you."

The next minute they were whirling round the vast saloon to music that might keep dancers on their feet for life. Anna leaned upon the shoulder of her partner, and he breathed in her ear words that she could not listen to without a thrill of pleasure.

At the conclusion of the dance Ernest led her into a side room, in which they found themselves quite alone.

"You persist, then," said the lady, "in calling me the Baroness von Grafenberg?"

"If I had doubted before, your dancing would have convinced me. The leader of the sylphides is known by her step."

"Well, you have guessed right—And now, in return for my confidence, may I request you to raise your mask?"

"I can refuse you nothing," said Ernest von Steinberg.

He raised his mask as he spoke, and disclosed to the astonished gaze of the baroness the well-known features of King Louis of Bavaria.

"But I thought you assured us that the cavalier was Captain Ernest von Steinberg!" exclaimed the reader.

Let us explain. To give additional zest and pleasure, and to complicate the mysteries of masquerade, the courtiers of Louis XIV., of France, had invented the following expedient: They procured fine wax likenesses of their friends, of eminent persons, and wore them under their masks. When requested to disclose their identity, they would slip the outer mask, and the inner would be seen for a moment, in most cases completely deceived the spectator. It is easy to imagine what an indefinite field for mystification this contrivance afforded.

Captain Ernest had a friend, a sculptor, who had modeled a bust of the king, and from him he had procured a wax mask, beautifully colored, and so well executed as to deceive the eyes of the baroness for the moment they rested on it. Ernest, satisfied with his success, replaced his black velvet visor, and continued the interview.

"Yes, baroness," whispered the disguised aide-de-camp, "it is Louis who stands before you—not as your king, but as your subject, your slave—the thrall of your beauty."

"Ah, sire," replied the belle of Munich, "you are sporting with the sensibilities of a weak woman."

"No, by heaven!" replied the false king. "I am incapable of that. Behold me at your feet, and hear me swear eternal allegiance to your charms."

"Rise, sire, rise!" said the baroness, very much irritated. "We may be seen or overheard."

"Long have I thought," continued the false king, "that beauty such as yours should grace a throne."

"A throne!" echoed the baroness.

"But you are right," he continued, hurriedly; "this is no time or place for confidences like ours. Hark, the clock is striking twelve. Will you trust to my honor, and meet me at this hour to-morrow night?"

"Where, sire?"

"In the Chinese pavillion in the garden of the palace. The wicket of the postern gate that leads to the door of the pavillion shall be left open for you."

The baroness gave him her hand.

"To-morrow night at twelve!" said she, and glided from the room.

"Oh, woman! woman! woman!" said Ernest, when alone—"false as fair! Is it for this we rank you with the angels? But tremble, faithless one—your punishment shall be as bitter as the agony I suffer."

And he followed the baroness into the dancing saloon. He had no sooner left the room than a masked figure stole forth from beneath a mass of crimson drapery,

"The Chinese pavillion to-morrow night at twelve!" said the stranger.

"Bravo! bravo! Captain von Steinberg!"

And he, too, vanished.

A few minutes before 12 o'clock on the following night, Captain von Steinberg, wearing his wax mask, unlocked and entered the Chinese pavillion in the royal garden. The inside shutters of the windows were closed, so that he ventured to produce a match and light a wax taper, taking care to place a shade over it, so that the room should be very dimly lighted. After completing the arrangements, he glanced round, and started on seeing the figure of a man near the table. The stranger was dressed in the uniform of an aide-de-camp, and wore a mask upon his face.

"Who are you?" demanded Ernest, advancing to the intruder.

"You have anticipated a similar question," replied the mask.

"But I have a right to know," said Ernest.

"So have I," was the quiet answer.

"Sir," said Ernest, placing his hand on the hilt of his saber, "I wear a sword."

"So do I," replied the mask; "but I reserve it for the enemies of my country."

"Who are you? I implore you to tell me," said Ernest.

"Ah, now you speak in a different manner. I, sir, am Captain von Steinberg, at your service, aide-de-camp to his majesty King Louis of Bavaria."

"The deuce you are!" thought Ernest.

"But, confidence for confidence," said the impostor. "Now, you must tell me who you are, and by what right I find you in the royal pavillion at this hour."

"By the very best right in the world," replied Ernest, boldly. "I, sir, am King Louis of Bavaria," and he lifted his outward mask, displaying the features of the king.

"Pardon me, sire," said the stranger, falling on his knees; "but, making my rounds in the garden, I found the postern gate unlocked, and fearing treachery to your royal person, deemed it my duty to keep watch in the pavillion, of which, as your majesty is aware, I have a duplicate key."

"Zounds, man! you haven't locked the postern, have you?" asked the pretended king.

"No, sire; it remains as I found it."

"Then, my good fellow, there is no harm done," said Ernest. "And I'll tell you a secret; I expect a lady here every instant, who has accorded me a private interview. The best service you can render me—is to leave me to myself."

"A hint from your royal lips is a command," said the pretended Ernest.

"That you majesty's suit may prosper is the warmest wish of your most devoted subject."

The stranger vanished.

Before Ernest had an opportunity to frame any hypothesis with regard to this mysterious being the door opened cautiously and admitted the baroness. She threw herself at once at the feet of Ernest.

"Rise, lady!" said the pretended monarch. "I would rather be at your feet—rise."

"Not," said the baroness, "till your majesty pledges me in advance for whatever I may confess."

"I freely pledge you that," said Ernest, aiding the lady to rise.

"Know then," said the baroness, "that I am an ungrateful woman. Your majesty distinguished me last night, and held out hopes so brilliant that a subject might well be dazzled by your promise. I was dazzled, and I heard you with pleasure. But it was only a momentary weakness. In the delirium of the dance you told me that you loved me—my consent to meet you here seemed a confession of reciprocal affection; but, in truth, my heart is given to another. I love—I love with all the fervor of my being—not a monarch, but a subject."

"A rival!" said the pretended king, sternly; "his name?"

"Promise that you will not harm him, sire."

"I make no promise in such a case as this."

"Then I shall keep my secret," said the baroness, firmly.

"And you will love this man—even if I command you to tear his image from your heart?"

"I love him and him only," replied the baroness. "In good report and in sickness—in shame and honor. Truly I pledged him my hand—my heart went with it. I am his forever."

"And he is thine, dear Anna!" said Ernest, tearing off his disguise. "Will you forgive me the trial I have subjected you to?"

"Will you forgive the weakness of a moment that made me listen to temptation?"

"Freely and fully," said Ernest, folding the baroness in his arms. "And now, when shall we be married?"

"To-night!" said a voice beside them. And there stood the King of Bavaria, but still in the form of an aide-de-camp in which he had entered the

pavillion that evening and first encountered Ernest. He it was who had overheard the appointment at the masquerade. "To-night," he replied, smiling on his astonished auditors. "The chapel is lighted up—the priests are in waiting—the wedding guests are there, and the wedding feast prepared. Louis of Bavaria awaits to conduct you to the altar, and to give away the bride. And may the pleasures of this carnival be but the precursors of a life of joy!"

The delight of the lovers—the joy of Lisette—the surprise and pleasure of all their family, must be left to the imagination.

A Case of Flesh Grafting.

Frank Leavitt, of Oakland, was severely scalded by the overturning of a locomotive, of which he was engineer, near Leadville, Col., on the Denver and Rio Grande railroad. It became necessary to cut out a piece of the flesh of the under side of his thigh some ten inches in length and four or five in breadth. In order to repair this loss three of Mr. Leavitt's friends offered themselves to the surgeon's knife and pieces of their flesh were cut off and grafted on to the wound. Mr. Leavitt was found seated in an easy chair by the window. "After the accident," he said, "I was taken to South Pueblo, which is about ten miles from Leadville. For about four days I felt little or no pain. Then the scalded places began to hurt frightfully, and the doctors found it necessary to cut out a large piece of my thigh. Yes, the wound in places went clear into the bone, leaving a large hole. Dr. Craven and Dr. Christie, who were attending me, said that it was necessary to graft the open wound with new flesh and skin in order to build it up. You see, a small hole will naturally fill up and skin over without help, but this was too large to get along without some help. The doctors would have taken some of the flesh of my arm and used it but that I was in a feverish condition at the time, and three of my friends who worked with me offered to allow the doctors to use them to help me out. The surgeons took hold of the man's arm with a pincers and pinched up a little piece of skin and flesh not much bigger than a dime, as you may say, and then just slit it off with a knife. They cut off from those three men twenty-seven of these small pieces altogether, but of course not at the same time. No, it didn't hurt the men particularly. These small pieces of skin and flesh were taken and laid on separately on the wound—each one to act as a kind of center, you know, for the new skin and flesh to build up around. Of course, they wouldn't begin to fill up the wound, but each piece acted like a graft and began to grow out toward the others until the intervening spaces were filled up. It took quite a long time to get all the grafts on. Some five or six were put on at one time and it took them about three days to unite. Some of them did not unite at all, but fell off at the first dressing. No, I couldn't tell exactly when the pieces became a part of me, for I couldn't touch them because of the dressing and bandage. The pieces were just laid on the wound and bound firmly on with a bandage smeared with some healing mixture or salve. When they didn't fall off on the third day, when they came to dress the wound there they were and there they stayed, and that was all I knew about it. The place will never be filled up quite level, but it is perfectly sound and whole now, although a little raw and sore, of course, and I am able to walk about with a crutch, and I expect to be able to go to work in about three months as well as ever. I was seventy-eight days in bed.—*San Francisco Call.*

Hope for Bald Heads.

In a letter sent to the New York Sun the writer says:

Three years ago the top of my head was as bald as the palm of my hand. On the recommendation of a friend I used the following simple preparation and now have a good head of hair:

To a pint of water add a trifle more salt than the water will dissolve. In other words make a very strong brine.

At night before retiring rub the bald part briskly until a tingling sensation is apparent, taking care not to make the head smart. When the head is perfectly dry there will appear a thin coating of salt.

In the morning wash the head carefully with pure water, cold, no soap, and apply a minute quantity of some emollient.

I have never known an instance where this remedy has been applied to hair that is falling out that there was not an immediate strengthening of the growth. With some bald heads it has failed.

Lesson for Young Housekeepers.

How can you tell a young fowl from an old one?

"By the teeth!"

"By the teeth? But fowls have no teeth!"

"I know they haven't, but I have!"

A New York tramp goes around with a long hollow reed, and when he finds any milk behind anybody's grating he puts in his reed and drinks his fill.

LADIES' DEPARTMENT.

Feminine "Firemen."

The little town of Flotzingen (Wurtemberg) has a brigade of forty-two water-carriers, belonging not only to the fair sex, but also to the fire department. They were completely equipped for work (the tin water-pails provided by them at their own cost), arrayed in their best Sunday-go-meeting costumes and drawn up in line to go through a regular drill and sham fire before the district inspector, who could not but express himself highly satisfied. The brigade is divided into four squads, each squad commanded by a "female corporal," who keeps the roll—the rank and file having the privilege of electing such corporals in their town hall.

The Fortune Hunter.

The genuine fortune hunter is a veritable scamp—mercenary, cruel and greedy. When some rich women marry some poor men, they little imagine the misery they are creating for themselves. A man who woos a woman with mercenary motives is rather apt to hate her for being worthy of a better fate, as she undoubtedly is, else her generous heart would not so run away with her judgment. The man who marries a woman for her money had better kill her outright, and take it. Indeed, that is what a creature who makes a match with such a motive would really like to do. He wants the hard gold, not the soft woman who owns it, and he hates her because he has to take her also. Poor little heiresses, with such delightful fortunes; poor little widows, with a snug little sum settled on you by the husband that had your comfort at heart, how much better that you should be penniless women sewing for your living! Then some strong, loving hand might gather you up to a tender heart, and you might be very sure it was all for yourself—all, every bit of it. But now, nothing is left to you but a loveless existence—a broken life. Ah! it's a dangerous experiment to endow some men with your earthly goods, in place of being endowed by them; and you pay the penalty of thus reversing the natural order of things.

Marriage Modes in China.

A Chinese woman spends her time at home, and if poor, works at the loom. Ladies prepare embroidery, and are fond of gaudy dress. Girls get little or no education, and boys are sent to school at an early age. Match-makers are in much repute, as ladies are not allowed to make a selection for themselves. The marriage vow is said to be strictly observed on the female side, but the same cannot be said of the men. A small foot and a pale complexion are the tests of beauty. Celibacy is only known to a poor man who cannot buy a wife. All parents expect a dowry for their daughters, to repay them the expense of bringing them up.

The suspicion of the Chinese character is manifest even in their marriages. The wedding-day being fixed on, the bridegroom sends a sedan (a particular kind is made for this purpose). The mother of the bride puts her in the sedan, securely locks the door, and sends the key to the mother-in-law. On the arrival at the bridegroom's house, his mother unlocks the door, and delivers her to her intended husband, when both repair to the chapel of the idols, where are kept the names of their ancestors. In the outer temple they bow themselves four times upon their knees, and then enter the inner temple where their parents are sitting; to whom they make the same reverence. All parties then retire to the bridegroom's house, where a private room is set apart for the bride, into which no male relative can ever enter, not even the father of either parties. Should the father have occasion to chastise his son, which is not uncommon, the son contrives to get into this private apartment, and is safe.

Marriage appears to have been a formal ceremony in use from the earliest time. There are two kinds of marriage: the first is called a true marriage, and lasts for the life of both parties, unless causes of divorce can be shown, which are numerous and trivial. The second marriage is permitted by the laws in case they have no sons; these concubines, or second wives, are regularly purchased from their parents, or some other person who has brought them up from childhood with that object. The price obtained for an accomplished female is very considerable. As soon as she brings forth a son she is probably parted with, and disposed of to another; the first wife takes the son, and the real mother never sees it again. There is no prohibition against widows marrying; but the higher classes never do.

Fashion Notes.

Crinoline is surely gaining ground. Ombre silk toilets are still in vogue. "Gosling" green is a new shade of that color.

Auburn-haired girls have come into fashion again.

Dark bronze green toilets are exceedingly fashionable.

Bright oriental striped surah is much used for trimming.

Dog collars made of small scarlet flowers are effectively worn with costumes of black surah, and Spanish lace.

The latest novelty in pocket handkerchiefs is to have the owner's autograph copied in embroidery upon one corner.

Short transparent veils are worn which just reach the nose when adjusted. They are embroidered with beads of steel, gold or jet.

Almond color and seal brown will be a very popular combination in handsome dinner dresses of brocade, satin, sublime or French cashmere, trimmed with plush or velvet.

Belts are greatly in demand for walking and outdoor suits, but have diminished somewhat in width. Seal, alligator and kangaroo skins are worn, as well as Russia leather, velvet and rep.

Gay-colored checks, broad oriental stripes and bright fancy plaids of the most gorgeous description form portions of new fall costumes. Unless sparingly used they give the richest dress a common appearance.

Broad woven straws that entirely shade the face are put on at sea; but a round sailor hat with broad band of ribbon, the ends embroidered with a sailor emblem, is more appropriate for short sails and harbor life.

It is not considered in good taste to mix flowers for corsage wear, but to select a favorable blossom, wearing a huge cluster of the one kind. The sulphur colored hollyhock is at present enjoying a season of popularity.

Turbans are to be worn, and the new autumn shapes are very graceful and becoming. The most stylish models are those made of black velvet having the crowns entirely covered with grebe feathers or ravens' breasts.

New French capote bonnets are, if possible, smaller than ever, but the trimmings, instead of drooping behind the ear on the sides of the toque, are brought up higher on the head, showing more over the face in front.

New round fans of pale lilac or delicate silver gray satin are painted with pink geranium blossoms, bits of seaweed, anemones and pale blue corn flowers, and are bordered with gathered frills of pearl-wrought Spanish lace.

A fashion exchange says: First, chintz curtains and sofa covers enveloped the ladies of fashion; then followed bath towels and counterpanes; now damask tablecloths are the proper wrappings, and next winter, the swell cloaks will be made of carpets.

Zephyr collars and cuffs with broad plaided or striped hems are sold for morning wear. The collars are cut a la Marie Stuart, shirred over the shoulders, and then laid in flat plaits around the edges. The cuffs are made to match, and are worn over close fitting sleeves.

The Strange Life of the King of Bavaria.

Writing of the strange life led by King Louis of Bavaria, a French paper says: King Louis lives sad and solitary in his beautiful palaces, in his Gothic castles, whose interior is transformed into wonderful rooms of the eighteenth century. He has had sent from Paris photographs of the most beautiful rooms of the time of Louis XV. to have them copied at his own palaces.

It is astonishing that he is not married. Perhaps he does not wish to leave to children his sad heritage, a crown of which he is in nowise the master. He reads with avidity the historians who write of the grandeur of Bavaria in the middle ages. It may be that he has even written a monograph on the valiant Charles Albert, crowned Emperor of Germany in 1742, the legitimate sovereign of the empire, sustained by France and conquered by Maria Theresa. On the eve of Sadowa, Maximilian died leaving the throne to Louis II., obliged to submit to the law of the German conqueror. What he deprecates, this young king, is the dependence of his country with his inability to recover it.

There are no feasts in his castles but a great deal of music, a music to which he listens religiously behind the hangings which hide him from all eyes. They say that at the representations of Wagner's operas he wished first to extinguish all the lights so as to show the scene in greater radiance.

The king loves the country but detests the day in his apartments. Wherever he lives he has the shutters closed and the candelabra lighted at midday. He always dines alone, sumptuously and absent-mindedly, a book beside him in which he becomes so absorbed that he forgets to eat and they take away the dishes without his having touched them. These singular repasts often last for three or four hours. His life is silence, solitude, night, study and dreaming.

The king is but thirty-five, tall and well formed, the blonde head having much nobleness and charm about it.

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