



R. F. SCHWEIER,

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Editor and Proprietor.

NO. 33.

Heaven's Sunshine.

Pale little face on the pillow,
Eyes that saw more than mine,
For the dying one's vision
Gave a light divine
Lips that had kissed, oh, so often—
Lips I shall kiss no more—
Spoke to the watcher that loved him,
Waiting till his last hour:
"Come into the summer air,
When I am called to my glory,
Heaven will find me there."

"Carry me into the sunshine,
From this waiting and weeping,
Out from the dreary gloom
Where I have lain so long,
But where the roses bloom—
Where, after the parting,
Sweetly will crown my tomb,
Carry me to the summer air,
When I am called to my glory,
Heaven will find me there."

Gently I lifted my darling—
Laying him face to face,
His eyes were closed in death,
Yet, while my arms inclosed him,
I felt his soul in flight,
Laying him face to face,
His eyes were closed in death,
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On this festive occasion,
With roses and rice,
We offer thanks to God,
For the bride of his choice.

(pronounced "chico" from exigency of rhyme). The oldest inhabitant in a clean smock frock, dispensed blessings and imbibed beer with pronounced prodigality. He was a man of great humanity could devise or contrive was done to render the "happy day" memorable for its discomfort to the contracting parties. In spite of this, the bride looked as charming as a sunset.

As for the bridegroom, he went through the ordeal like a soldier, and, looking, according to the doctor's daughter, "heavenly." Not the least satisfied member of the wedding party was the bride's brother, Joe. The girl must look happy after husband, and when it tries its best, and considering that she, so to speak, stepped out of the school-room into the church, carried herself with commendable self-possession.

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and it was positively brutal, after treating her in such a way, to scold her all dinner time for being depressed. But so it was. Fitz-Johnson family ark, pretty little vessel as it was, with its fresh paint and dainty furniture had drifted into the current, which, sooner or later, must land it upon the rocks. Geoffrey, blinded by selfish vanity, became jealous with wife's well-meaning but ineffectual efforts to please her "much-affected lord." Her lavish affection, varied only by ill-concealed and sometimes fearful despondency, irritated him and made him morose. He was, however, a very old friend of Geoffrey's, "I knew him when he was quite a boy—such a nice boy," she told Florrie the afternoon she paid her first call in Curzon street. She was a wonderful and childish personage, of the "dopatra type of beauty, little and serpentine, with a voice that could coil like a dove or hiss like a serpent at will. She used a peculiar kind of scent that hung about the room long after she left it. She was mysteriously fascinating, and Florrie detected her. This was a great grievance of Geoffrey's, who was blind to the pearl powder and impervious to the scent. "Angelica (he called her) was a charming woman—a most valuable one. Was it not common knowledge that Cabinet ministers met as often in her rose-lit drawing-room as at Downing street—that she had a finger in every diplomatic pie—that her husband, Count Sparlati, was a happy marriage and averted a European war? Even Geoffrey admitted that she was an unavoidable necessity. He was always at Mumblethorpe. Ah, me! [another plaintive chord] what happy days those were. And what fun we had! The count was my sweetheart then."

"Why, you were only nine years old!" "That's all!" (another still more plaintive chord).

"Don't be a fool, Florrie. The passion had died out and the lecturing mood taken its place. "You are nineteen now, and quite old enough to know that is not proper to have men staying three hours late-at-tea with you, and then to have them go to bed in a room to no one else. Do you understand?"

"No, I don't," the blue eyes opened their widest. "I thought it was the 'chic' thing to do. Of course at Mumblethorpe they would be awfully shocked, but they are not so old-fashioned. They even have family prayers. But since I have been married I have gained experience. I have seen several 'charming' ladies that I can make love to. Lady Angelica for instance, she would be a lovely model. Hence if any one notices my friendship with Count Sparlati you can tell them that I knew him when quite a boy—such a nice boy." I may soon be able to 'charm' my way into a room in public—smile in the 'nice boy's' face, put my hand on his arm for him to clasp in his. Only this sort of thing requires practice, so you must not think it strange if I have a few private rehearsals when I am 'not at home' to the world at large."

"How dare you speak like this?" "Oh, you don't know how much I dare when I am put to it." But the delicate little laugh ended in a sob, and the dauntless novice ran out of the room.

Geoffrey gnawed his moustache, fumed about the room, resisted, as unmanly, an impulse to run after his wife, and finally decided to wait until she was only charming on the Mumblethorpe lines, and finally decided to confide his troubles to the very evening to Lady Angelica.

"My dear old girl, what is the matter? Are you really?" "I am not," said Florrie, "but I am not at all comfortable. My dear old girl, what is the matter? Are you really?" "I am not," said Florrie, "but I am not at all comfortable."

"Come to-morrow, as soon as Geoffrey has gone, I want to talk to you," whispered Florrie, brokenly, as her brother deposited her safely at her own door.

Next morning brother and sister had a long confabulation, during which Florrie told her sister of her plans, and the latter, after a long and careful consideration, decided to support her sister's plan, and to go with her to the Mumblethorpe line, and finally decided to confide his troubles to the very evening to Lady Angelica.

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"Who the dickens is that Squire?" "The gentleman did not give his name, sir. He said, as how Mrs. Fitz-Johnson would know who he was, and need not announce himself." Squire spoke in a tone of respectful indignation, at this outrage of condescension. Geoffrey kept his presence of mind.

"Oh, of course, I had forgotten. But at that time did the gentleman come?" (This was an after-thought, while ascending the stairs).

"At half past 4, sir." "Half-past 4! And it was now half-past 7." "Did any one else call this afternoon?"

"Yes, sir; but after the gentleman came Mrs. Fitz-Johnson told me to say 'not at home' to any other visitors."

Geoffrey did not wait to hear any more, but dashed into the drawing-room. He was expected to see the victim of an assassin's knife. On the contrary, she was at the eternal piano playing a dreamy sonata of Schubert's. On his entering the room she looked up, but, on seeing who it was, she resumed her seat, exclaiming, "Oh, it's only you!"

"Whom did you think it was? That Guy Fawkes, for example? Who, may I ask, is he, and what was here half-past 4 till now, or to the exclusion of everybody else?"

Geoffrey was gradually working himself up into a passion. Florrie made no attempt to calm him, but smiled faintly and struck a few aggravating chords on the piano.

"If you really care to know, that 'Guy Fawkes,' as you are pleased to call him, is Count Sparlati, an old Dresden friend of my father's. He is an Italian, and has just come back from Dresden, where he counts with him to learn English. He was always at Mumblethorpe. Ah, me! [another plaintive chord] what happy days those were. And what fun we had! The count was my sweetheart then."

"Why, you were only nine years old!" "That's all!" (another still more plaintive chord).

"Don't be a fool, Florrie. The passion had died out and the lecturing mood taken its place. "You are nineteen now, and quite old enough to know that is not proper to have men staying three hours late-at-tea with you, and then to have them go to bed in a room to no one else. Do you understand?"

"No, I don't," the blue eyes opened their widest. "I thought it was the 'chic' thing to do. Of course at Mumblethorpe they would be awfully shocked, but they are not so old-fashioned. They even have family prayers. But since I have been married I have gained experience. I have seen several 'charming' ladies that I can make love to. Lady Angelica for instance, she would be a lovely model. Hence if any one notices my friendship with Count Sparlati you can tell them that I knew him when quite a boy—such a nice boy." I may soon be able to 'charm' my way into a room in public—smile in the 'nice boy's' face, put my hand on his arm for him to clasp in his. Only this sort of thing requires practice, so you must not think it strange if I have a few private rehearsals when I am 'not at home' to the world at large."

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her and clinging convulsively to the arm of the Italian—Count Sparlati. There was a yell, a shriek and an oath as Geoffrey bounded up the stairs and seized the intruder by the neck, just as he endeavored to retreat into the drawing-room. The yell was a broken English rendering of "Here's a go." The shriek found expression in "Luigi! Luigi!" and the oath was well, never mind what a whole host of ravening angels was desperate. The count who had left his cloak in his assailant's hand, cleared ottomans and chairs with astounding agility. Mrs. Fitz-Johnson's heroic and desperate efforts to judge from the peals of laughter with which she greeted the count's desperate efforts to escape. At last he was cornered, hissing and scratching like an enraged cat. "Oh, Geoffrey, I am so afraid. His beautiful hair!" for the infuriated husband had held of a handful of the Italian's matted locks. The warning came too late. There was a tug, a grasp, and lo and behold, not only a lock of hair, but a lock of the count's hair was in Geoffrey's grasp. The count, however, was not deterred, and he was still dazed husband's neck, and calling him all the names of the honey-moon.

"I think my plan was a success, though," said Joe, as he wished his sister good night under the reit garb of a nightgown. "I am not well. We carried it too far. I told you we ought not to do it. It's all your fault," scolded Florrie with all a woman's treachery, and her arms around his still dazed husband's neck, and calling him all the names of the honey-moon.

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WANTED TO SEE THE ASTORS.

How a Curiosity Seeker Once Managed to Secure a Brief Interview.

I know a man who desired to get an audience with the present heads of the Astor family. They are not easily accessible, and the man who desired to see them was not easily accessible. He was a man of great curiosity, and he was a man of great determination. He was a man of great curiosity, and he was a man of great determination. He was a man of great curiosity, and he was a man of great determination.

During a recent discussion raised by M. Georges Berry in the municipal council, the terrible state of mendacity prevailing at present in the capital, says a Paris correspondent, it appears that the beggars also had their inquiry office, and that an amateur statistician had compiled full and detailed lists of the various charities inclined to the solicitors to work upon their private means, their usual hours of being at home, etc. Each arrondissement is classified apart, a single schedule costs 2 francs, and the twenty schedules bound together cost 20 francs. I was doubtful about the fact, though justifiable incredulity about anything so extraordinary as this, but I was not so incredulous as to be deterred from making a little journey this morning to the Hotel de Ville, where I had a friend of English extraction, occupying a very high position, to request a list of the charities, and to see if every statistician did his work so conscientiously and cleverly as this amateur statistician really became not only the most instructive, but the most diverting literature in the world. Unfortunately, I have no space to go into particulars, but I may safely state that the wants of every member of the beggar fraternity have been carefully considered. One or two samples may suffice. I transcribe literally:

No. 1. Rue de la Harpe, 10. A former ballet dancer, made her appearance in the "Ballet de la Harpe." She is a very old woman, and she is a very old woman. She is a very old woman, and she is a very old woman. She is a very old woman, and she is a very old woman.

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THE PARIS BEGGAR'S GUIDE.

An Interesting Document Compiled for the Benefit of Mendicants.

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No. 12. Rue de la Harpe, 10. A former ballet dancer, made her appearance in the "Ballet de la Harpe." She is a very old woman, and she is a very old woman. She is a very old woman, and she is a very old woman. She is a very old woman, and she is a very old woman.

No. 13. Rue de la Harpe, 10. A former ballet dancer, made her appearance in the "Ballet de la Harpe." She is a very old woman, and she is a very old woman. She is a very old woman, and she is a very old woman. She is a very old woman, and she is a very old woman.

No. 14. Rue de la Harpe, 10. A former ballet dancer, made her appearance in the "Ballet de la Harpe." She is a very old woman, and she is a very old woman. She is a very old woman, and she is a very old woman. She is a very old woman, and she is a very old woman.

No. 15. Rue de la Harpe, 10. A former ballet dancer, made her appearance in the "Ballet de la Harpe." She is a very old woman, and she is a very old woman. She is a very old woman, and she is a very old woman. She is a very old woman, and she is a very old woman.

IN A MEXICAN INDIAN'S HOUSE.

A Massiv Ancient Portal—Wretchedness and Misery.

Walk straight out east, pass the south side of the palace, on the grand plaza, cross the bridge over the canal, and go straight on to No. 11. This No. 11 is a great rusty, creaking portal which opens into a paved court where at least 40 babies are playing over the rough flagstones or about their mothers as they grind or wash, or knit, or sew. This massive and ancient portal is the door of about fifty houses.

As you enter you see a large brass sign fastened up on the side of the wall. It is secured there by a big padlock. These large signs that you see locked up on the walls all about the city are usually rich and massive plates of solid silver. This is the doctor's sign.

And surely, surely it is needed here. The smells! And yet every flagstone is as clean as soap and water and broom can make it. Look in at each door as you pass. The floors are like snow. They are scrubbed and washed almost perpetually. There is no cleanliness anywhere. And yet it is such helplessness, sly—I might almost say, cunning—that it is the part of the city where you are almost constantly taking off your hat to blue and red and curiously pictured cloths.

Now let us look at these houses the doors are all open. Why? Because the only light that ever enters these caverns is through the door and a wooden window on hinges. In all these forty or fifty houses, in all these single plates of glass, not a single curtain can be seen through one of them. Bear in mind this is the sample middle-class Mexican house, not the Indian adobe hut at all. These houses are all alone; all under the same roof, and all under the same roof. And yet so wretched and miserable are these people that I am certain if Americans were to live here they would lay life down as a work too dreadful to be borne. But you never hear of suicides here. And, indeed, why should they kill themselves? They are so poor that they cannot even afford to buy a coffin. They are so poor that they cannot even afford to buy a coffin.

There are no graves in the flagstones down the center of the long court into which the slops are emptied. The sewer is clogged up sometimes. Then they lift out the flagstones and the thick, green, and putrid matter is made to creep on and out to the open gutter in the street. If ever the yellow fever comes to this city, it will be made to creep on and out to the open gutter in the street. If ever the yellow fever comes to this city, it