

When the Mists Have Cleared Away.

When the mists have rolled in splendor,
From the beauty of the hills,
And the sunshine warm and tender,

him; and vintage time was coming again.
The nearer the anniversary of his last glimpse at Lucette approached,
The more Casaban's melancholy deepened.

IN VINTAGE TIME.

Since she was a wee, toddling babe,
Lucette had been a worker in the vineyards.
So had her mother and her grandmother
Before her.

She had seen the vineyards from her boyhood,
The mists had been a part of her life,
The sun had been a part of her life,
The wind had been a part of her life.

At no time would she gambol, sport and frolic with those who sought her for play or companionship,
And there was ever a flash in her eyes and a curl in her lips
Which forbade familiarity.

The color deepened in his face as he finished speaking,
And looking down he began picking at a button on his coat.
His hands were not so much as his eyes,
Which sparkled with silent amusement.

She will no one up to her 20th year had ever dared to tell her that she had unusual beauty and grace.
There was that degree of regality about her every movement,
And that cold, quiet firmness in her voice which gave her every speech an air of authority.

"I have no doubt you will receive much benefit from the journey," she said.
Instantly he raised his eyes and regarded her curiously.
"Of what a peculiar stress you lay upon 'journey'?" he exclaimed.

After that she was left alone, but her mother thought it extremely proper to send her a young peasant,
Strapping young peasant was madly in love with her,
And she might have looked even higher if she wished,
For far from blind to her stately charms.

"No other woman shall ever be my wife!" I swear, he exclaimed,
"for I will have the first love of my life.
Family art, everything should be put aside for you, were it necessary,
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"And once more must I decline the honor you offer me, I do not forget my obligations now, and neither will I forget it in the days to come—when the mention of it would glare harshly upon my eyes.
Then, too, a woman should love the man whose name and hand she accepts as hers."

She had only desired to give him one look, and that was such a look as a lion might give to a mouse.
Hoping to make her talk, he asked her questions about the vineyard, which she answered briefly and coldly,
and then turned away and walked off with firm steps and her round shoulders drawn up proudly—just as some high-born woman might have gone from her husband's bed.

"I will do it," he said, kneeling at her feet and kissing her hand as if she were some great lady.
He kept his word. As he had never known any other sphere in life, Lucette never gave him one smile or kiss through all his long period of probation,
and the brave Casaban never once murmured against her coldness or her repression as he had imposed.

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With a face stamped with grief, his pain and agony, he flung himself on her knees beside him and took his hand upon her bosom.
"You love me?" he whispered.

"Yes!" she cried; and yet I have sacrificed your life!"
"I die happy," he said, with a smile.
The peasants, awed and hushed, stood around them with bare heads.
They saw the color of death come into Casaban's face, but still his head rested upon Lucette's bosom.
After a little while her father bent over her, but he recoiled with a cry of horror.
The other peasants then pressed forward and slandered, for they saw a dead woman with her dead lover clasped in her arms.

NAPOLEON II.

The Melancholy Story of a Great Emperor's Son.
Napoleon the Great, thought if he had only a son to rule after him that he would find a mighty empire that would be ruled over by his family and by him.
There would be a Napoleon I, Napoleon II, Napoleon III, Napoleon IV, and so on until perished there would be as many as there had been in the past.

The emperor thought he was very happy, but he was not.
His empire had been built by war, and by war it fell to pieces.
It melted away like fairy frost figures.
The little prince was called, for a title, the king of Rome.
When he was a year old his father sent him to a great man to fight Russia.

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A CULTIVATED NOSE.

What is Necessary in Order to Secure a Perfume.
"You haven't a cultivated nose," said a manufacturer of perfumes in a large store down town to a customer, who admitted that he could not remember that his nose had ever been subjected to any particular invigorating process, but he asserted that he had perfect confidence in his ability to pick out just what he wanted.

"That is the trouble with almost every one," continued the dealer, "who attempts to select a perfume when not used to it. That man who has just left here will not be satisfied with his purchase the next time he goes to the department. He will find it to be what he expected. After a nose that has not been raised in the business smells four or five samples of cologne, the flavor of each will linger in the nostrils, and he will find it impossible to select the one he wants."

There was a time when a thousand acres of it were under cultivation in a single district between York and Stamford, and those English farmers who were given to its cultivation claimed that it was not exhausting to the soil, but rather an improvement to it, when crops of wheat were allowed to follow it.

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WOMES OF A CANDIDATE.

Lehemas That are Devised for Making Politicians Come Down With the Cash.
A young man wearing a serious air and a billows-looking straw hat walked briskly into the sheriff's office.
The hearing of his Princes Albert coat had loosened its hold in many places, and the lapels bore the finger marks of a long struggle with hard times.

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NEWS IN BRIEF.

Between 3000 and 4000 horses are killed annually in Spain in bull fighting.
The annual consumption of eggs in Berlin is 1,017,530, or 145 to each individual.
A rich vein of gold quartz was recently discovered by a cloud burst at Pine Grove, Nev.

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