

the fringe of blonde hair across her forehead, to the tip of her boot, she is according to the strictest law of "style"; and since Nature gave her a pretty face and a peach-bloom complexion, she passes muster for a beauty. Nevertheless, some faint instinct tells her that she does not bear comparison well with the girl who stands before her now, with her deer-like head and high-bred air, her delicately-chiseled face and radiant eyes.

"She is not a beauty, but there is certainly something very striking about her," the discomfited belle acknowledges to herself. The next instant, Kate and everything connected with her fall into insignificance, as the group of gentlemen enter and attract Miss Palmer's attention.

"Why, yonder is Mr. Tarleton!" she exclaims, in astonishment. "Who could have thought of meeting him here!"

"It is his home," says Sophy, "and therefore a very natural place to meet him. You know him, then?"

"No, not exactly," Miss Palmer answers. "But I know a great deal of him; and he has been pointed out to me by friends of mine, who were also friends of his, so that I almost feel as if I knew him."

"You will be able to quite feel so very soon," says Sophy, smiling. "Here is a specimen of the women who make such men as Frank Tarleton what they are," she says to Kate, as they turn away a moment later. "That girl is ready to fling herself down under his chariot-wheels, and be honoured if he deigns to amuse himself by flirting with her."

The truth of this is manifest when Tarleton is presented to Miss Palmer. She not only receives him with marked distinction, but turns from every one else to bestow her undivided attention upon him. Watching her, as she practices for his benefit every device of shallow coquetry, Kate is conscious of a sensation of disgust amounting to absolute repugnance.

"Janet is right," she thinks. "It will not do to let Mr. Tarleton even begin to amuse himself with me. He has been too much spoiled by other women, for there to be any safety in indulging with him in the light flirtation that one does not mind with less flattered men. He would soon set me down as one of the victims of his fascinations; and so I shall make him understand that I am to be severely let alone."

This prudent resolve she has excellent opportunities for practising in the course of the next two hours—opportunities rather more excellent than agreeable. Owing to the state of her shoulder she is forced, greatly to the surprise of the company, to decline joining the game of croquet, and to content herself, instead, with that doubtful amusement known as "looking on."

"Come, and give one the benefit of your advice," says Mr. Proctor, standing before her, mallet in hand. "You know what a wretched player I am."

"I can give you my advice, but I can't give you a better stroke," she says, with one of the bright smiles that have worked its undoing.

Nevertheless, she goes and directs his play, filling him with elation, and trying the while—though not always with success—to keep her eyes and attention from Tarleton, who is generally to be seen in the neighbourhood of Miss Palmer; though whether he follows her, or she follows him, is difficult to tell.

Mr. Proctor remarks this juxtaposition, during a pause in which Kate and himself sit under the shade of a spreading oak, and watch the others knocking the balls about.

"Miss Palmer is very pretty. I don't wonder that Mr. Tarleton should admire her," Kate answers.

"Tarleton himself is a—rather good-looking; don't you think so?" asks the vaguely jealous man, knocking his mallet diligently on the root of the tree.

"He is more than rather good-looking; he is exceedingly handsome," returns Kate, calmly.

"I suppose women generally admire him," says Proctor, who is pleased, and yet not pleased, with this frank commendation. "But looks don't weigh much with men."

"Except to prejudice you against one another," says Kate, who is vexed, yet whose vexation, like her companion's jealousy, is, with regard to its cause very vague. "I never knew a man who did not sneer at beauty in another man; though I have never met one who was grieved at possessing any share of it himself."

"I have often heard that a handsome face pleases a woman better than anything else," says Mr. Proctor; "but I fancied you would think more of brains."

"And why should not a handsome face have brains behind it, as well as an ugly one?" she asks. "All kinds of faces are odious without intelligence; but I am sure the Greeks, who were the most intellectual people in the world, were also the most beautiful."

The Greeks prove too much for Mr. Proctor. Before he can find a reply, several voices inform him that it is his turn to play; so he is forced to rise, and bend his energies to the task of sending his ball through a wicket, from which it has been ignominiously knocked away half a dozen times.

"You are destined to be so hopelessly beaten, that I don't think I can stay to witness your defeat," Kate says, for his comfort, when he returns to her side. "I like to play croquet, but I find looking on very stupid; so I shall go to the house, and talk to Mrs. Norton."

She saunters away as she speaks; but it is not

to go to the house, nor to talk to Mrs. Norton. On one side the lawn stretches into a garden, thither she bends her steps. It is probably the first time in her life that she has voluntarily sought solitude when company was to be had, and she does not at all understand why she feels so much out of spirits.

"I wish that I had not gone fox-hunting this morning," she thinks. "I gained nothing by it except a hurt shoulder, which has spoiled my enjoyment this afternoon; for if I were playing croquet, I should not feel so dull. Miss Palmer, if she knew anything about my adventure, however, would be glad I did not stay at home. If I had done so, Mr. Tarleton would have gone to Greenfield and taken the train, and then she would not have had the pleasure of his society. Aunt Margaret says that all men are horribly vain; and if all men are vain, what must a man be who has such good cause for vanity?"

(To be continued.)

HE WAS FROM DEADWOOD.

A Brooklyn boy, who had spent some six months in the Black Hills, struck home last week and sauntered up Fulton street. He was dressed in an antelope-shirt, a pair of black tail deer-skin pantaloons, beaded moccasins, and a white felt hat with a brim like a wagon wheel. He wandered into a saloon, thumped his fist on the counter, and howled for tan juice with glittering eye.

"Will yer jine me, stranger?" he said to three or four gentlemen sitting at table, adding as they hesitated, "I reckon ye'd better. With me a invite means liquor or blood. Ye'd better come up."

They approached the bar, and all took beer, except one, who took cider, explaining that he had never touched spirits in his life.

"Wall, I'll be dogged!" roared the skin-deck traveller. "Ef yer was with me whar I hang out ye'd be inter hole. 'Cause thar's whar yer got ter drink, whether ye drink or not. 'Sluck!' And he poured in the poison."

"Whar ar you from, if I may ask?" inquired the cider man.

"From 't right from the gulch. The clean up put me a few thousand ahead and I'm wanderin' to see the sights. You bet!"

"From the mines?"

"Straight from jist whar yer reckoned I was, stranger. I been inter the Hills. Panned big, and now I'm in fer a reg'lar old He. You bet!"

"How are things in the Hill now? Is business depressed, or is it flourishing?"

"I don't know nothin' about them big words, but ef yer want fer ter know how things is, they're thar; right thar. I see twenty millions of money taken out o' my mine in fourteen hours. That's trade! That's hitting gilt every wash, and don't yer forget it; you bet."

"How does Custer City seem to progress?"

"I ain't bizzness with no Custer City,—I'm a miner, I am."

"I saw in a recent paper that a number of troops have been moved to Fort Meade. Do they think there is any danger from Indians?"

"Injuns! Injuns, pards. Why there's mor'n seven millions of 'em setten around on the rocks waitin' for a chance to lite in. Injuns! Why you don't know nothin' about Injuns here. I seen ten hundred thousand troops killed in an hour and a half. But I don't mind no Injuns! I tunneled under four tribes camped half a mile from my claim, and every dogged one of them went up in a blast. You bet! There can't be no Injuns git away with a Hiller, and don't yer forget it."

"Deadwood must be rather a dangerous locality. I had no idea it was so exposed."

"Deadwood! Dangerous. Say, stranger, if yer ever learned to gamble, jist put yer money on the statement that Deadwood is dangerously placed yer'll win, pard. Yer'll scoop the pot each tussle, er count my judgment deuce box."

"Going to be in Brooklyn any length of time?"

"Jist come to take a squint at it. Say, show me round. Show me to a faro-bauk. I've got too much dust for comfort, I'd like to drop or pick up. Show me around, stranger, and I'll make yer proud of yerself."

"I don't think you would find me a very good guide, for I've only been here a comparatively short time, but perhaps one of my friends who reside here would—"

"Don't belong here! Whar yer from, stranger? Whar's yer tepee?"

"I live in Deadwood," responded the stranger. "I'm only—"

If the young traveller will come round and pay for those drinks, all will be forgiven.

ECHOES FROM PARIS.

THE paintings at the opera by Baudry have been nearly spoiled by dirt and gas fumes, and are to be replaced by porcelain representing the same subjects.

PRINCE ROLAND BONAPARTE, who married Madame Blanc's youngest daughter, is reported to have sold his interest in the Monaco gaming-tables to a "society of English capitalists" for 23,000,000*fr.*

THE widow of the Duke of Richelieu, *nee* Heine, a granddaughter of Solomon Heine, will speedily become the wife of the Hereditary Prince of Monaco, whose marriage with Lady

Mary Douglas (now Countess Festetics) was last year dissolved by the Pope.

THE rage for marrying actresses has become the prevailing epidemic. The recent histrionic marriages are to be followed by that of Mlle. Croizette. The papers announce the probable nuptials of the Duc de C— with Mlle. Marie M—; of M. de Fitzjames, brother of the Duke of that ilk, with Mlle. Alice Regnault. Other members of the Jockey Club have of late contracted strange alliances of this description.

WANDERERS about Paris cannot fail to have perceived a white placard posted up all over the gay city, wherever hoard or boarding presents an inviting surface, informing passers by that on the 18th inst. a census will be made of the French population, and prescribing rules to be observed on that occasion. The new census documents do not differ from those used on former occasions, excepting that no question is asked concerning religion. The questions are limited to age, sex, profession and duration of residence.

THE shamelessly frivolous duelling still continues; an offence is taken and a challenge given for the most insignificant reason; it seems like a desire for mere notoriety. Sometimes, however, blood-thirstiness is the motive; for instance, there is a duel now pending between a Neapolitan gentleman (who has come all the way from Naples to fight), and a Parisian, and the terms of the duel contract are that it is to be with swords—a *mort*, or till one is totally unable to confront his adversary; with a view to a fatal issue, the duel is to take place on the frontiers of Luxemburg, so that the victor may make his escape.

THE favourite combinations of colour for day wear are bronze and garnet, "tabac à l'Espagne," and old gold, seal and amber, fawn and chestnut, blue and mastic, violet and heliotrope, violet and scabieuse, resida and myrtle, copper and black, cardinal and black, navy blue and Bordeaux, &c. For evening wear the combination of three light shades is popular; or, one with a contrasting dark shade. Ruby and the palest blue is often mixed with excellent effect, light Suede and opal blue, rose d'Orient and peacock blue, Bengal rose and moss green, hussar blue and nenuphar green, amber and deep red, &c.

THE otherwise triumphant success of Sardou's *Châtelet* at the Vaudeville is shadowed by a failure in one comparatively trifling point, and that is in regard to the toilettes worn by Mlle. Blanche Pierson. Her first dress of pale silver-gray satin, with pale pink tunic embroidered with silver and trimmed with silver passementerie and fringe, is stiff and ineffective. Her toilette in the third act, a reception or dinner-dress of gold yellow satin, profusely trimmed with black lace and jet loops of yellow satin ribbon, the front of the skirt being likewise ornamented with a great V-shaped arrangement of jet embroidery, is showy, but is neither tasteful nor becoming. The only really elegant dress in the whole play is the walking costume of pearl-gray satin and Sicilienne, which Mlle. Marie Legault wears in the second act, and which is deliciously fresh, youthful and pretty.

THE niece of Marshal MacMahon, Mlle. de la Selle, has taken the veil as a Benedictine nun, and the ceremony drew together the two parties of the Empire and the Restoration. It has been regarded almost as a fusion between them. Don Conturier, the Benedictine Father, performed the ceremony of reception, and his allocation has been quoted as one bearing such evidence of hope in the return of religious feeling in France that it has made the deepest impression upon the gay world of Paris. The fair recluse was splendidly attired as a bride during the first portion of the ceremony. The jewels of the family—her special inheritance—were worn to give the ceremony all the *éclat* possible, and the lace which adorned the bridal robe was considered by the ladies present to be beyond all price. The female members of the MacMahon and La Selle family beheld, perhaps, with regret these treasures depart for ever from amongst them, when the bridal ornaments disappeared to give place to the black veil and hempen belt of the Benedictine. All becomes the property of the convent to which the nun retires.

HEARTH AND HOME.

THE MARRIAGE LIFE.—The marriage life is always an insipid, a vexatious, or a happy condition. The first is when two people of no genius or taste for themselves meet together upon such settlement as has been thought reasonable by parents and conveyancers, from an exact valuation in the land and cash of both parties. In this case the young lady is no more regarded than the house and improvements in purchase of an estate; but she goes with her fortune, rather than her fortune with her. These make up the crowd, and fill up the lumber of the human race, without beneficence towards those below them, or respect to those above them. The vexatious life arises from a conjunction of two people of quick taste and presentment, put together for reasons well-known to their friends, in which especial care is taken to

avoid what they think the chief of evils, poverty, and insure to them riches, with every evil besides. These people live in a constant constraint before company. When they are within observation they fret at each other's carriage and behaviour; when alone they revile each other's conduct. The happy marriage is where two persons meet and voluntarily make choice of each other, without principally regarding or neglecting the circumstances of fortune or beauty. These may live in spite of adversity or sickness; the former we may, in some measure, defend ourself from; the other is the portion of our very make.—*Sir Richard Steel.*

MATCHMAKING MOTHERS.—In the very highest circles, as I am informed by the best authorities, this matchmaking goes on. Ah woman—woman! ah wedded wife!—ah fond mother of fair daughters! how strange thy passion is to add to thy titles that of mother-in-law! I am told when you have got the title, it is often but a bitterness and a disappointment. Very likely the son-in-law is rude to you, the coarse, ungrateful brute! and very possibly the daughter rebels, the thankless serpent! And yet you will go on scheming; and having met only with disappointment from Louisa and her husband, you will try and get one for Gemima, and Maria, and down even to little toddlers coming out of the nursery in her red shoes. When you see her with little Tommy, your neighbour's child, fighting over the same Noah's ark, or clambering on the same rocking horse, I make no doubt in your fond silly head, you are thinking, "Will these little people meet some twenty years hence?" And you give Tommy a very large piece of cake, and have a fine present for him on the Christmas tree—you know you do, though he is but a rude, noisy child, and has already beaten Toddlers, and taken her doll away from her, and made her cry.—*W. M. Thackeray.*

HUMOROUS.

ONE touch of rumour makes the whole world chain.

A TRUE American is too honest to steal. He gets trusted.

TAKING things as they come isn't so very difficult. It's parting with them as they go that's hard.

WE know an old maid who says it's bad enough for the men to get married without fools of women imitating them.

WHO says it is unhealthy to sleep in feathers? Look at the spring chicken and see how tough he is.

MAGISTRATE: "Prisoner, have you ever been convicted?" Prisoner: "No, your honour; I have always employed first-class lawyers."

ONE point of difference between a timid child and a shipwrecked sailor is, that one clings to its ma and the other to its spar.

THEY asked him was he the best man at the wedding. "No," he said; "I don't know as I was the best, but I was as good as any of 'em."

THE STATE OF IRELAND.—Murphy (in the Law, to his two new clerks): "An' now, bhoyas, listen to me; I'll have no fighting in me office. If a clerk of mine was to kill another clerk, bedad, I'd just sack the pair of them."

QUALIFYING A SWEEPING ASSERTION.—Sophie (after hearing about Frank): "I declare I shall not believe a word a man says to me. They're all liars!" Beatrice: "For shame, Sophie!" Sophie (regretfully): "At least all the nice ones are!"

HOUSEKEEPER (showing party of American visitors round the old baronial mansion): "And this, ladies and gentlemen, is the ancient banquetting-hall, erected by the third baron, in the reign of —" Miss McShoddy (interrupting): "My! it's an elegant feedin'-room, ain't it, ps?"

"THAT dog of yours flew at me this morning and bit me on the leg, and now I notify you that I intend to shoot it the first time I see it." "The dog is not mad." "Mad! I know he is not mad. What's he got to be mad about? It's me that's mad."

"HAVE I not a right to be saucy if I please?" asked a young lady of an old bachelor. "Yes, if you please, but not if you displease."

QUEL DOMMAGE!

It was just Cousin Jack, and so—what was the harm! We sat on the steps, for the evening was warm; We spoke very softly, and—as to his arm. It was just Cousin Jack, and so—what was the harm! The scent of the hay-fields crept up from the farm. We were quite in the dark, save the fire-flies swarm (It was just Cousin Jack, and so—what was the harm!) A bird from the hedge whirling up, broke the charm. He bent, as I started in foolish alarm, And—'twas just Cousin Jack, and so—what was the harm!

CONSUMPTION CURED.—Since 1870 Dr. Sherar has each year sent from this office the means of relief and cure to thousands afflicted with disease. The correspondence necessitated by this work becoming too heavy for him, I came to his aid. He now feels constrained to relinquish it entirely, and has placed in my hands the formula of that simple vegetable remedy discovered by an East India missionary, and found so effective for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Threat and Lung Diseases; also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints. Its remarkable curative powers have been proven in many thousand cases, and, actuated by the desire to relieve suffering humanity, I gladly assume the duty of making it known to others. Address me, with stamp, naming this paper, and I will mail you, free of charge, the recipe of this wonderful remedy, with full directions for its preparation and use, printed in German, French or English. W. A. NOYES, 149 Packer's Block, Rochester, N. Y. e-v-v