

NO USE FOR COLLEGE GIRLS

But the Blond Twin Spoiled His Theory.

She Shattered His Hopes by Insisting That She Was Not His Ideal of a Woman.

"No, mother, no; it is useless; let me speak no more about it."

My mother stretched her plump, small hands towards the fire, her fingers lavishly ornamented with rings, the coquetry of ladies in the '60s.

"James," said she, with her most dignified countenance, "you are as stubborn as your father. He, too, objected to marriage. He belonged to a club—the poor man—to the Bachelor's Club, and had seriously sworn to remain faithful to its principles. But you, too, you will come to it."

"But, then, in my father's day, young girls were brought up more simply; they aspired no higher than to play the piano prettily, write correctly, and make a graceful courtesy. Then, on leaving school, young girls came into their families with enough instruction to understand the pages of a romance and follow a conversation, not enough to humiliate their parents, and often their husbands. They were then really 'home angels.'"

"You exhaust my patience, and I can't bear such prejudices. 'Home angels,' indeed! As if one must be fool or a nonentity to be domestic. A bright woman could never be satisfied with the rôle you assign her. If you had not wasted your time at college, you would not be so afraid of comparisons."

"You are too severe."

"Do you pretend that Latin and Greek are incompatible with modesty, sweetness and domestic qualities in a woman?"

"I am certain of it!"

"Very well, then; we will speak no more of marriage. You will accompany me to Desjardins, for you will meet the twin sisters, and you may judge for yourself, since my experience is not worth your own."

"Poor little mother! I knew she and her old friend, Mme. Desjardins, had plotted together against my bachelorhood, but a girl with the degree of B. A. was enough to frighten me into it more securely than ever. When we arrived at Mme. Desjardins' she greeted me as 'little James.' This exclamation upset me."

I expected her to ask me if I had brought my marbles along, but instead of that she presented me to her daughters. The twin sisters resembled each other only in their dress. Mlle. Martha was a very beautiful brunette—a Greek goddess, with pure, straight features. Mlle. Rose was less imposing, a sweet, pretty blonde. I was sure that in spite of her nineteen years she still played with dolls. She certainly was not the "learned young woman" my mother had proposed I should court; it must be the other one. There was dancing, and I offered my arm to Mlle. Rose. After a waltz we chatted. She was witty and a little sharp, this book-looking little blonde. I started a conversation on commonplace subjects, and in a short space of time I had judged my companion to be a most charming little woman, and it was with much reluctance I left her side.

Blue eyes, blue gauze, smiling lips, and a cloud of golden hair were all mingled in my sleep that night. Why did the stately, statuesque, dark beauty my mother would so gladly welcome as a daughter?

Another week I must again accompany my mother to the weekly reception of Mme. Desjardins, and then they would come to my mother's Friday at home."

Thus twice a week I saw her, and normally fell in love deeper and deeper. "Dear little Rose," thought I, "you are home angel. What a wife she will be to make home bright and happy for some one!" A strange fear came over me when I recalled many instances where Rose had appeared anxious to avoid me, perhaps out of consideration for her sister, or perhaps to save me from disappointment.

Under the torture of this sudden suspense I flew to my mother. "I must have a clean breast of it, mother dear," I said. "Rose, and you must help me to love her."

"O, James, is not this somewhat sudden? And those convictions you have cherished?"

"Nonsense, mother; listen, this is serious. You will admit that so sweet and unpretending a girl is seldom found now. No more words, please, but do, like the good mother you are, help me and ask Mme. Desjardins for the hand of her daughter."

"My dear child, I will teach you to be consistent; I cannot go back on my word. I will have nothing to do with arrangements of a marriage for you."

She said all this with such an amused smile that I could not think her serious. I determined, however, to put an

end to this suspense, and soon found an opportunity.

There was a concert and ball at the Desjardins' beautiful country home. When bending over her mother's hand I saw but one being, and heaven entered my soul as I caught the light of her eyes. It seemed but an instant before we were outside, wandering about the grounds. The words were on my lips to speak, when some one called to us, "Come, La Mariani is going to sing!" What cared I for Mariani? But Rose hastened her steps, and I followed, hoping she would at least stay outside. As we neared the house, she led the way to a corner of the veranda, and there the words and voice of the wonderful singer reached our ears and entered our hearts.

My soul is full of dreams, My soul is full of love.

"Those words are mine, Rose, do you understand? Don't you see how I love you? You are the woman I have dreamed of since I have known how to dream. You are the companion I have longed for, Rose; could you not love me?"

In a low, sad voice, she murmured: "My friend, I am not the companion you have dreamed of. Too often you have described me, your ideal woman. You love me because you think me simple, as young girls should be—and you think because you have sometimes seen me attending to household duties that I would make a good domestic wife, but you will love me no more when you are undecieved. When you know—" Her voice had been firm until now, and though her words puzzled me and pained me I became aware of the sorrow in her voice—a sorrow which meant more than sympathy.

"Rose, in the name of heaven, what is it?"

She mastered herself in a moment. "How often have you cruelly told me you would never marry a college graduate—a bluestocking, as you called her, and yet you ought to have known your mother knows—"

The fool I had been! And how I wished I could fall right there on my knees to ask her pardon. And yet how could I have suspected that so much feminine grace could be united to a ripe and mature intellect?

"O, Rose, speak to me. Speak in Latin, in Greek, if you will. Only say you forgive me and will love me."

—The Princess.

HIRED GIRL'S PROGRESS.

Fable Showing Wisdom of Silence Concerning Some Things.

Once upon a time there came into the city from the country a girl. The girl wandered from her happy home to secure employment among the wealthy families of the city, and when she made known the fact that she was willing to work many persons sought her and implored her to engage with them in domestic pursuits. The girl was overwhelmed with offers, but finally made a selection and settled in a family that valued her services very highly. The girl was happy until one day her employer met a neighbor, a very dear friend, and told her of her good fortune in finding the country girl. And this neighbor met another very dear friend and told her of her other friend's good luck, and thus did it become generally known that there was a good "hired girl" in the neighborhood.

And from that time on the mistress and the girl were unhappy until one day the very dear friend gave the girl \$1.50 more a week than she was earning in her first place, and in this manner did the girl become happy again, while her mistress and the very dear friend ceased to be on speaking terms.

And then the girl became unhappy again until the other very dear friend engaged her at an advance of \$1, and the other dear friend and the first dear friend ceased to talk over the back fence. And then the good girl wore fine dresses and fine hats, and one day a dashing young man led her to the altar, and now the three friends and the poor country girl are all very happy.

Moral.—Don't talk good about your hired girl.—Detroit Free Press.

A Dachshund Tragedy.

"Stimmler's collar button rolled under the bureau."

"Yes."

"And he 'sicked' his dachshund after it."

"Go on."

"The bureau is heavy and stands close to the floor."

"Proceed."

"The dachshund is the thinnest dachshund that ever breathed, and he could just squeeze under the bureau."

"Well?"

"Well, the dachshund reached the collar button and at once swallowed it. It stuck half way down and thickened the dog so that he couldn't pull himself past the lump. So Stimmler had to call in the janitor of the flat, and they lifted the bureau off the dog."

"What about the button?"

"Stimmler said he'd let the dog keep the button. He might need it."

"Need it?"

"Yes, in case somebody collared him."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

A Long Lightning Conductor.

Bavaria boasts that it has the longest lightning conductor in the world. It rises some yards above the top of the meteorological station on the Zugspitze, the highest point in the German empire, and runs down the side of the mountain to the bottom of the Höllethal, where there is running water all the year round. The length of the rod is five and a half kilometers, nearly three miles and a half.

Died for Another's Crime.

In 1860, in Kankakee, Ill., Wiley J. Morris, a negro, was hanged for the alleged murder of a young white woman named Mary Murphy. Mary's parents lived five miles from Pontiac and she had visited them on a Saturday and was walking back along the railroad track on Sunday when she was murdered. Her body was found lying near the track.

It was proved that Morris was walking along the track a mile behind Mary at a much faster gait, and must have overtaken her. He had been seen that night in Pontiac, and had then gone to Joliet and then to Michigan, but was sent after and brought back, and he had blood stains on his clothing. His story was that he had a fight in Bloomington, and had in that way got blood on his clothes. When he was tried one man hung the jury, and then his counsel took a change of venue to Kankakee county, where he was convicted. He was hanged exclaiming: "You murder me; you murder me; you murder me."

In 1862 C. G. Hilderbrand, a celebrated outlaw in the Indiana, Kentucky and Missouri territory, wrote a history of "Hawkeye Bill's Gang," and among other exploits gave an account of the killing of Mary Murphy, whom the gang kept in its possession for three days before finally murdering her and laying her body by the railroad track. Those familiar with the case, including the sheriff of Livingston county, were all convinced of the truth of Hilderbrand's story, and of the innocence of Morris. —Chicago Times-Herald.

A Good Snake Story.

The latest authentic snake story is from North Glenwood Farm, near Easton, one of the country places in Talbot county, Md. The other day a big black snake was seen emerging from an ice pond. It was killed. A protuberance was noticed about the middle. The snake was chopped in two, and a porcelain turkey nest egg rolled out. Captain Noble Robinson was tenant on the farm last year. Mrs. Robinson raised turkeys, using china eggs in their nests. She says that 14 months ago she missed the nest egg from a nest near the ice pond. She supposed a boy who had the range of the meadow had taken it. When the egg from the snake was shown to Mrs. Robinson, she identified it as one she had lost by a certain incised mark upon it. The snake had carried the china egg 14 months in his vermiform appendix, apparently without appendicitis. But he must have thought very hard of it and that it was very singular that it could not be digested.

Countries That Teach Gardening.

School gardens were established in Belgium many years ago, and it is said that to them is due the prosperity of the rural population, the larger portion being engaged in truck gardening. After the introduction of agriculture into the public schools of France, by a law passed in 1885 school gardens increased in that country. Annual appropriations have been devoted to an extension of the system in Switzerland since 1886.

Odd Bill for Repairs.

One meets with curious things in the old church registers of England. The subjoined, in the Record office of Winchester Cathedral, dated 1182, is certainly unique. It is a bill for work done:

To soldering and repairing St. Joseph 0 6
To cleaning and ornamenting the Holy Ghost 0 6
To repairing the Virgin Mary and cleaning the child 4 6
To screwing a nose on the devil, and putting in the hair on his head, and placing a new joint in his trail 5 0

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