

This was more than Clarisse could stand. She, too, was proud, though no patrician blood coursed through her veins. She flared up, and, facing the unhappy Perkins, she said in firm and relentless tones:

"You are purse-proud and a plutocrat now, but think you that I have an eye only for the present? What of the future, of the long months of autumn, winter and early spring?"

Her manner was awe-inspiring in its terrible intensity. The young man was frozen with horror as he gazed upon her face, pale but resolute as the visage of Medea.

"What mean you?" he gasped.



SHE FLARED UP.

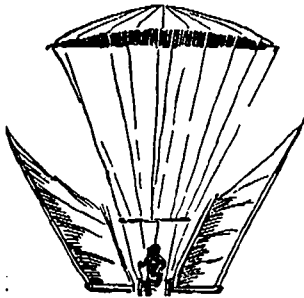
"Ha ha!" she laughed in a thrilling Black Crook style, "think you that the fortune that you accumulate in the summer will atone in my eyes for the long months in which you will be doing nothing, and will be hanging around the house? No, the banker's daughter is not so green as she looks. I know the idleness of your kind for eight months in the year, and I will marry no man who does not work the year around. Do hear me twitter?"

He heard, alas, too well! he shook the dust of that place from his feet, and left Clarisse sobbing upon the *fauteuil* upon which she had thrown herself in an agony of despair. He flew through the chill night air: on—to the brink of the river, where he

paused. He had to pause, as the bridge was turned. When it was turned back, he lit a cigar and went onward to his desolate home, a crushed and broken man.



HE SHOOK THE DUST FROM HIS FEET.



HE FLEW.
—Chicago Rambler.

The Professor.—How singularly you and your brother resemble each other, Miss Angelina!

Miss Angelina.—Is that a compliment to my brother, or a compliment to me?

The Professor.—Oh, a compliment to neither, I assure you!—*Punch.*

THE KNIGHTS OF PYTHIAS.

THE Order of the Knights of Pythias was founded by Justus H. Rathbone, of Washington, as a testimonial of that gentleman's respect for the memory of the late Mr. Pythias, of Syracuse (not N. Y.). This distinguished personage died some few hundreds of years ago, and Mr. Rathbone waited patiently for some person to take the initiative in commemorating his Friendship, Charity and Benevolence, but he waited in vain. In 1864, Patience having ceased to be a virtue, Mr. Rathbone took action and established the Order, re-instating Patience among the virtues, along with a large assortment of other moral attributes which remain to this day the peculiar property of the Knights of Pythias. The special incident in the life of the lamented Pythias, which the founder of the Order sought to commemorate, may be very briefly detailed. It appears that Pythias had a chum by the name of Damon—(our reporter regrets that he was unable to learn the given names of either of the gentlemen). This Damon was a real good fellow (as also was Pythias) and they were simply inseparable, excepting at meal times, for it happened that they boarded in different parts of the city. Most of their time, however, was spent in each others' company. If Damon turned up at the base-ball match or the theatre, you were quite certain to find Pythias at his elbow, and if Pythias took a notion to go to a picnic or a horse-race or an excursion, there was Damon close beside him, every time. One day they got separated briefly by some means, the particulars of which our reporter could not discover. The consequence of which was that Damon got into trouble. He was going along in his



Listen.

chariot and happened to get on the street car track, unintentionally thereby delaying a car for two or three minutes. For this offence he was arrested and taken before Denisonius, the Beak, who promptly sentenced him to an ignominious death upon the scaffold. A great outcry was made against the harshness of the sentence, and an appeal was carried to the higher authorities. Here the whole matter was taken into consideration and the *pros* and *cons* carefully weighed. It was finally decided that, as more votes would probably be lost by commuting the sentence than by carrying it out, the law should be allowed to take its course. All hope being gone, Damon resigned himself to his fate, but as a last favor he requested to be allowed to visit his boarding-house, and partake of one more beef-steak. This, he assured the authorities, would make him willing, if not anxious, to die. He promised, on his word as a gentleman and member *in prospect* of a High Moral Order, to return in time for the beheading ceremony, and to bring his head with him. The authorities, never having had



The Van of the Order.



The Little Giant of Ohio.