



BEWARE! SHE IS FOOLING THEE.

THEOBROMA AND NECTAR.

CHAP. I.

"But three weeks more, Arielle, but three brief weeks and we shall be one," and the speaker, Marmaduke Fitz-Cecil, gazed into the lustrous orbs of the fair, ethereal girl before him. "And then we shall commence house-keeping. Can you cook?"

"Oh! Marmaduke, why converse on so base and sordid a subject? What is cookery to us? The merest trifle is ever sufficient to appease my slender appetite, and you, I know, care not for the luxuries of the table," replied Arielle Van Gossamer, and truly her airy, lightsome figure, so slight, so delicate, so fragile, indicated that she spoke the truth. "A wafer, a glass of milk, or, at most, an omelette of the lightest nature, would satisfy my hunger for days."

"True, darling, it is your refinement in such matters that charms me above all things. So commonplace a thing as an appetite in a girl would be sufficient to cause me to scorn, nay loathe her," and he trembled visibly.

"Let us not, then, revert to this distasteful subject," said Arielle; "and now I must go in, darling, but we shall meet at the De la Featherstonehaughclyffe's picnic on the morrow, shall we not?"

"I shall be there," was the reply, as into the gathering darkness sped Marmaduke Fitz Cecil.

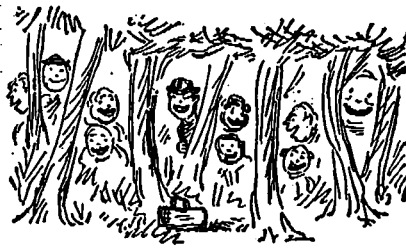


CHAP. II.

"Please pass me the cold pork." A look of disdain wreathed the finely chiselled features of Marmaduke as his sister, Marier, made the request of him above quoted, as the Fitz Cecil family were seated at breakfast on the morning following the events of the last chapter.

With a gesture of disgust and an ill concealed shudder he handed the dish to Marier, and thought fondly of that fairy-like figure, Arielle's, which would soon be his own property.

But would it?
Ha!



CHAP. III.

Joyously rang the merry laughter through the sylvan glades as the picnickers disported themselves in the ancestral woods surrounding the mansion of the De la Featherstonehaughclyffes.

A proud and ancient race were the De la Featherstone—



CHAP. IV.

haughclyffes, but stingy withal, and each invited guest had brought his or her own lunch with him or her, and weary of carrying his provisions about with him, Marmaduke had left his in a place of security, and wandered away into the depths of the forest with Arielle.



CHAP. V.

"I've dropped my satchel." It was Arielle who spoke, and she gazed round like a frightened fawn.

"Was there anything valuable in it, dearest?" queried Marmaduke.

"Naught but my lunch, pet, a mere snack; a biscuit and a thimbleful of sherry."

"Tush; let it slide," was the haughty rejoinder. And it slid.

CHAP. VI.

Wandering through the intricate mazes of the woods the lovers by some chance became separated, and for hours and hours rambled about in search of one another. The sun was sinking in the west as, weary and faint, Marmaduke crawled to the foot of a giant oak and sat down. He was 'lost and felt hungry. He knew not where he was;—but stay; what is that he sees at a little distance from him? A satchel; it is, it is Arielle's and she had said that it contained a biscuit, and even that would stay the pangs of hunger for a time. He picked it up and opened it. Horror! A pound and a half of bologna sausage, a bowl of

cold pease pudding, half a loaf of bread, a bottle of beer, two pig's feet, soused, some pickled cabbage and five hard boiled eggs met his gaze. And this was Arielle's mere snack! What would a square meal be? Distraction! A piercing shriek re-echoed through the



woods, and Marmaduke, looking up, beheld Arielle fall fainting to the earth.

She had seen him with the satchel and she knew it had given her away.

And thereafter Marmaduke and Arielle met as strangers.

MORAL.

Girls, there is nothing to be ashamed of in having a good appetite, but don't deceive your "feller."

SWIZ.

PHILOSOPHICAL STANZAS.

Since mortals are all, both great and small,
Created by their dresses,
And folks will scan the worth of a man
By that which he possesses;
If they wish to draw respect and awe
From ignorant beholders,
The rich must wear their virtues rare
Upon their backs and shoulders.

Yet the eye that probes thro' lace and robes,
Wigs, velvet, silks and ermine,
May feel a doubt whether inside or out
Our homage should determine;
For a judge's nob may its wisdom rob
From the tail of a fourlegged mother,
And the grandeur's germ of the human worm
May spring from his silken brother.

Plumes! pearls that gem beauty's diadem,
Unguents that perfume give it,
Your pomp and grace is the refuse base
Of the ostrich, oyster and civet.
Even mighty kings—those helpless things
Whose badge is the royal ermine—
Their glory's pride they must steal from the hide
Of the meanest spotted vermin.

Since the lords of the earth, to borrow the worth
And splendor their vanity wishes,
Must their littleness deck in the gaudy wreck
Of birds, and beasts and fishes;
Since kings confide in a vermin's hide
To make their greatness greater,
Why, GRIP he cries when the pageant the eyes,
"Alack for poor human Nature!"

—SWIZ.

A man may "smile" and "smile," and be a villain, but the betting is two to one that he will be drunk.—*Ex.*

The *Lowell Citizen* says that Pennsylvania's governor wears his hat over his ear. How would he look wearing his hat under his ear?—*Texas Siftings.*

"Do you ever gamble?" she asked, as they sat together, her hand held in his. "No; but if I wanted to now would be my time. "How so?" "Because I hold a beautiful hand." The engagement is announced.—*Ex.*

So many young women are being abducted from St. Louis and other Southern towns that a tide of female emigration to those parts is anticipated.—*Oil City Blizzard.*