

HIS FIRST APPEARANCE.

I was barely twenty-one when I was left a widow. My brief married life had not been a very happy one; my poor young husband—the light comedian of the dramatic company in which I was engaged—had dazzled my girlish fancy by his bright manner and good looks; but soon after our marriage he complained that he had "not yet had his fling," by which he meant that cards, billiards, and the small hours of the night spent in convivial society had still more charm for him than the companionship of a young and unsophisticated girl.

It was but natural, perhaps, that this should be so, for he was very popular among his fellow actors, but many and many a night have I lain awake, quietly weeping over my inability to keep him more often in his home, while, when he did return "a little elevated," as he expressed it, I have fagged sleep, knowing that nothing angered him so much as to find me awake, or with wet eyes. Whether I might have learned to understand and to please him better as years went on, had I gained experience of the world and its ways, I can never know, for at the end of eighteen months the poor boy died, cut off by what the old wives call "a galloping consumption."

As I have told you, I was then only twenty-one, and being very slender, pale and fair, I think I scarcely looked my age. People used to say of me, pityingly: "Poor thing! Alone in the world! Alone! A thousand times no! Had I not a whole world of love beyond measure in my arms when they held my baby? My love for that little morsel of life was overwhelming; when I held him to my heart, or felt his little pink fingers clinging round my own, I experienced a rapture of thankfulness to God, who had thought me worthy of a trust so great, of a gift so precious.

As he grew older and could toddle by my side and slip out a few words, I am afraid I must have been rather a trial to my companions in the dressing-room, for I was ever relating to them some new tale of baby's cleverness; but they were good, kind, creatures—they knew that it was the subject nearest my heart, and forgave its being even on my lips.

When he was about six years old many were the requests made to me for him to play a child's part on the stage—he was so intelligent, they said, and his golden curls and big blue eyes were so attractive. But no, I could not bear the idea of my one pet lamb being exposed to the heat and glare of the footlights, to the close air of the theatre and the late hours so unnatural for a child of tender years, so I always steadily declined such offers, although the money to be gained by such a plan was no little temptation, as my salary was small, and our wants were many.

I was not a very brilliant actress, being too timid, and having too little self-confidence to make great way in my profession; but at last a grand chance of proving the real extent of my ability occurred. The company of which I was a member was a small one, and the towns we visited unimportant; therefore, when our manager was suddenly taken ill, the leading parts were entrusted to me. The work was terribly heavy, for the small provincial audiences who patronized us demanded a constant change of programme, so that I had barely time to cram into my brain the mere words of each part as it fell to me. I fancy I must have proved myself the tamest Juliet, the mildest Ophelia on record. In vain the manager nightly implored me to "speak up," "not to be afraid to let them hear it," and so on. Alas! I knew and felt that I should never make "a leading lady."

At last the ever-popular "East Lynne" was announced for the last Saturday night in K—. Our kind-hearted manager patted me on the shoulder and said encouragingly, "Now Miss Douglas! (that was my nom de theatre), you'll have two rehearsals, and plenty of time to swallow the words Lady Isabel will just suit your style, now let's see what you can do!"

To those of my readers who may not be acquainted with the plot of "East Lynne," let me explain that Lady Isabel, in a groundless fit of jealousy runs away from her husband, home, and children, is supposed to have been killed in a railway accident, but some years after returns to her old home disguised, to act as governess to her own children, endures the torture of watching the lingering death of her own boy Willie, and eventually dies in her husband's arms.

On the Friday morning, upon presenting myself at rehearsal, I was informed that there was a serious hitch in the arrangements. The little town had been scoured to find a suitable child to represent Willie, but the result was a dire failure. The two candidates for the part were utterly impossible specimens of delicate childhood, one being a red-haired, squinting lad who stood almost as high as my shoulder; the other a poor frightened little urchin who refused to be consoled or to leave his mother's side for one instant. What was to be done?

Presently I saw the manager and the stage manager anxiously conferring together in a corner. I noticed also that every now and then they glanced towards me, as though I formed the subject of their conversation. It was quite a relief to me when the manager walked up to me and said:

"Miss Douglas, now do oblige us this time. Let your little Joe play Willie Carlyle. You can easily coach him up in the part between now and to-morrow night."

At first I distinctly refused the offer, but his powers of persuasion proved at last too strong for me, and I reluctantly promised that my little one should play the part. It should be his first and last appearance, I said to myself, and the extra money would buy him the toy which I had been compelled to refuse him that very morning because of my almost empty purse. What a labor of love it was to teach him that part, and how bright and intelligent he proved!

The eventful Saturday night came at last. My little Joe looked a picture in his best velvet suit, with his golden curls falling over the wide lace collar. At first the poor little mite was nervous, but a word and a kiss from

"mother" gave him confidence, and by the time we reached his dying scene he was not one bit frightened.

Ah! then I acted as I have never done before or since. I realized with passionate intensity the mother's situation. When I saw the sweet golden head sink back upon the pillow with a gentle dying sigh, a cry of anguish broke from my lips, so thrilling, so agonizing in its realism, that, as the curtain fell upon the situation, a grand burst of applause resounded through the house, to be renewed again and again, until my little one and I, hand in hand, appeared once more before the delighted and generous audience.

It was a proud moment for me when the manager shook me warmly by the hand and said:

"Bravo, little woman! We shall make an actress of you yet; I didn't think you had it in you."

Kisses were showered on my boy who clung to my skirt, bewildered by the strangeness of the scene and the endearments that were heaped upon him. I called the dresser, and placed him in her charge.

"Don't leave him, please, Martha," I urged, "until my scene is over, and I can come to him myself."

The dressing room was in the files and reached by an iron spiral staircase—a terrible journey to make three or four times a night. I watched his bonny face till it was out of sight, and we had blown each other our last kiss, then went on the stage to finish the play. But, strangely enough, all ardor had left me, and I felt painfully conscious that my acting was singularly tame and unimpassioned. The audience began to grow inattentive and restless; I could hear them even talking aloud, and as it seemed to me without making any effort to lower their tones. I grew hot with apprehension, was it possible that my performance was so unendurable that they were actually leaving the theatre? Louder and louder grew the hum of voices. What did it mean? Was that a hiss? Then, clear above the babel of sound, rose one awful word, sounding in my ears like a yell of despair, taken up and re-echoed by a thousand frantic tongues—"Fire!"

Above my head was a glare of heat and light. I raised my eyes to see the cause. The borders were in flames! I gazed helplessly upwards like one in a dream, my senses seemed paralyzed; I could not move. A moment later I felt myself dragged across the stage by strong arms, and heard voices shouting at my side:

"Make for the stage door! Not a moment is to be lost!" Still as in a dream, I passively allowed myself to be hurried forward, all power of thought or action seemed to have forsaken me, when the voice of a screaming woman madly trying to force her way to the door suddenly set my stunned brain free. It was Martha, the dresser! At sight of her my numbed senses awoke, with a wild cry for help I tore myself from the kind protecting arms that would have withheld me, and flew blindly, madly up that iron staircase.

"My child! my baby! Oh, give me my baby!" Every step took me further into that rush of smoke and flame. I remember flinging up my arms with a choking, despairing shriek, then came darkness—a cold vision.

When consciousness was at length restored to me, the soft night air was fanning my face, I heard the deep, low voices of men, mingled with the low suppressed sobs of the women around me, while dark against the grey sky loomed the blackened, smoking ruins of the theatre. Then the awful truth broke upon me. I think for the time I was a mad woman. I wept, I raved, I called upon Providence to aid me, to give me back my darling, or in mercy to let me die also. One gentle woman's voice murmured in my ear: "My poor child, my dearie, come!" "No hope! No hope! Heaven help me!" My ravings ceased. A dull apathy came over me; I rose without a murmur, and clung like a child to the motherly woman who guided me whether she would. Gently she led me towards my desolate home, the plying murmurs of the crowd following us. We had neared the house, when the woman suddenly stopped, with a cry that was between a gasp and a sob. Was I really mad or dreaming? Oh, who—what was that standing on the threshold? My child, my baby! Alive, unharmed, not one golden hair singed! With a scream that was scarcely human in its ecstasy of joy, I darted forward, I heard a child's plaintive cry of "Mamma, dear mamma!" ringing in my ears; then, with arms flung around my treasure, with a half uttered prayer of thankfulness I fell senseless to the ground.

I learned afterwards that the dresser after taking little Joe up to the dressing room, had left him while she went to enjoy a gossip with a companion. The little one, weary of being alone, had crept down the spiral staircase, and, guided by a kind Providence that watches over little children, had wandered home to seat himself upon the door-step and await my return.

I kept my word: that was my little one's first and only appearance upon any stage as a child actor.

Dickens as Critic.

Charles Dickens had a great love for music, and particularly enjoyed songs and ballads, anything pathetic in the strains of which quickly moved him. He had his own ideas of the way in which songs should be rendered, and when occasion offered, he made them known.

One day a member of his household was singing a ballad, when suddenly the novelist, who had apparently been deep in a book at the farther end of the room, got up, saying "You don't make enough of that word."

He seated himself at the piano, and illustrated his idea of the way in which the word to which he referred, should be emphasized, and did not rise until the phrase had been sung to his satisfaction.

After that, whenever the song, which became a favorite with him, was sung, he listened with his head a little on one side until he had made sure that his instructions had not been forgotten that time.

There are over half a million people named Muller living in Germany.

HOMELESS PUSSY CAT.

Her Life Is One of Sorrow and Abuse—Story of Katy.

THE life of the homeless and abused cat is one of the saddest illustrations of cruelty with which we meet, says a Humane Society leaflet. Often Puss has been driven out from a once comfortable fireside; frequently in her fright she has escaped from her best friends on moving day. Sometimes she has not even been invited to follow the family, and wanders about the old haunts, wondering why she is left alone. She soon becomes gaunt and rough in appearance, and then begins her tramp life, chased by boys and dogs, and always on the lookout for an enemy. After a while she comes to the state where she will not even accept proffered friendship and runs in affright from one who would feed and comfort her. Then she is called ungrateful and treacherous.

But let me assure you that to a cat lover, i. e., the one who is observing enough to have obtained an insight into cat character there is no more interesting, intelligent or affectionate animal in the whole range of the animal kingdom. The cat is not to blame if you have failed to comprehend her good points and she is not to blame for being in the world.

Last summer a wicked person in Chicago threw out into an alley three young kittens which by some means had been deprived of their mother.



They were found by some young member of the International Kindness to Animals Society, and brought to its office. After being fed they were placed on the grass in the warm, sunny green yard.

The babes, however, wanted their mother and they cried lustily for maternal care. Now, in the second story of a building over in the adjoining yard lived a black cat with one kitten. (She had been deprived of the balance of her family of five.) When "Katy," as we called her, heard the lament of the orphans, whose eyes were only just opening, she descended the stairway, climbed over the fence and coming up to the kittens, mewed and rubbed her nose over them. Then took them one at a time over the fence and up the stairway to her nest. The mistress was a kind woman and allowed the increase in the family.

Katy's philanthropy, however, resulted sadly to her own offspring for the newcomers secured more than their share of nourishment and Katy was sorely grieved. She had in the meantime been moved to a shed on the ground, and she now took the dead kittens in her mouth and mounting the stairs laid it at the feet of her mistress with a pitiful mew, seeming to comprehend the mournful and mysterious change which had come over it. Then she went back sorrowfully and took up the burden of her duties to the living, caring for the orphans until they were able to look out for themselves.

A little boy in the neighborhood wanted one of the kittens for a pet. He was an affectionate child, but his mother refused him this gratification. Children must have companions and playmates. The little boy would sit contentedly on the grass in our yard with the borrowed kitten. Doubtless the mother finally forbade this also, and the next we saw of him he was running with rude boys on the street.

What You'd See in Guam.

Not a newspaper is published in Guam. There are fourteen horses in Guam. Guam has sixty soldiers and as many carbines.

There is one good road in Guam, six miles long, extending from Pili to the capital.

There are two dozen bullock-carts in good repair in Guam.

There are now two Spaniards in Guam. Guam has a population of 5,000. Guam currency includes everything from billiard checks (left by the Charleston's crew) to Chile (worth thirty-two cents) and Mexican (worth forty-seven cents) dollars, but the dollar is limited and all are marked.

Guam is a free port. There are two Japanese on the island. They own the principal stores. The subsidiary currency at Guam is worn, chopped, and bitten until its early respectability is open to question.

There is one Chinaman in Guam. He is the sole proprietor of the only A. No. 1 investment on the island—the distillery.

And yet, says Leslie's Weekly, Guam has possibilities aside from that of a cable station. Its soil is rich, well watered, and is abundant in tropical products. And then Guam has other advantages—a delightful climate, a good natured population, and an American flag. Many things are, therefore, possible to Guam.

Lotion for Freckles.

Ten grains of bichloride of mercury in coarse powder; rose water, two ounces; distilled witch hazel, two ounces. Shake until a complete solution is obtained. Apply to the freckles with a bit of linen or a velvet sponge once or twice daily as required. If it irritates the skin very much add more rose water. Do not forget that bichloride of mercury is a dangerous poison.

Sometimes the reason that a benefit is not got up for a man's widow is that his death is benefit enough.

TO KEEP HEALTHY.

Systematic Exercise as Necessary as Systematic Eating.

Do you want to be healthy after old age has crept upon you? Then you should take daily systematic exercise. It is as necessary as systematic eating.

Walking is the best exercise, provided it is done in a proper manner. The body must be held erect, the chin drawn in, the hips back. This will bring the shoulders where they ought to be. Never try to hold the shoulders back. This throws the hips forward and produces an incorrect attitude.

Lift the chest forward and push the hips back. Draw the chin in and stretch up to the fullest height, while reaching the arms down as far as possible. Let them incline a little backward while getting them in proper position. The attitude must not be stiff, but flexible, allowing the trunk to yield and sway a little as the limbs are alternately put forward.

Take care not to strike the heels too forcibly. The shoulders will look out for themselves if the chest is forward and the hips back. Do not walk stiffly, or with a swaying, tottering or mincing gait. Let the arms hang freely by the side. When walking for exercise stretch out, stepping a little further and walking faster than usual.

In walking for exercise put the mind as well as the muscles in it. Put energy and snap in every step. Breathe deeply, slightly prolonging the respiratory movement. Hill-climbing, if not overdone, is capital exercise. If there are no hills handy, stair-climbing will answer.

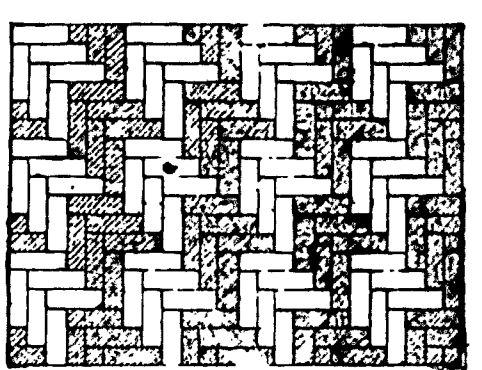
When young or even in middle age easy running is fine exercise. Violent running must be avoided, also long runs. The best plan is to run ten rods, then walk the same distance, not trying to run fast. To make running easy the weight must be lifted as little as possible from the ground at each step, so that the runner skims the surface.

Rowing, swimming, bicycle riding and skating are all exercises that, when employed in moderation, keep brain and muscle healthy. Swimming has several advantages over all other forms of exercise. The contact of the cold water on the skin acts as a powerful tonic, which increases the inclination for exercise and the capacity for muscular work.

An hour or a half hour each day will do much to keep muscle and brain in good condition. In addition to this, the sedentary man ought to take half a day of each week for hard work of some kind.—Dr. J. H. Kellogg.

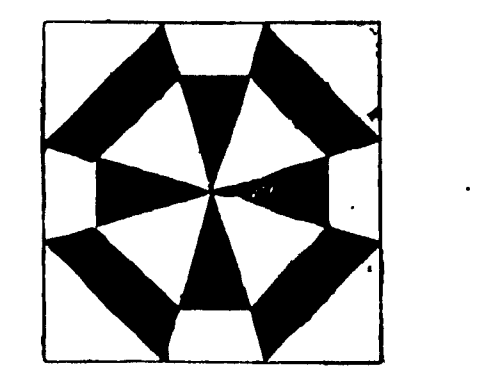
Some New Things in Patchwork.

This is sewed onto a cloth foundation, and is made of two shades only.



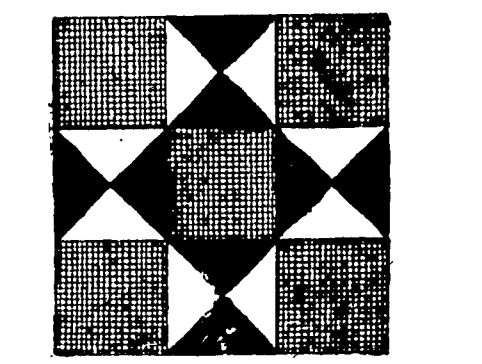
Jewel Patchwork.

This is sure to prove a general favorite, and every lady who has not one can have one if she chooses.



Hobson's Kias.

This one is not difficult, and presents a very pleasing appearance if taste is used in choosing colors and materials.



Mosaic Patchwork.

These are a few of the many patterns I possess. I trust they will interest your readers.—T. L. D.

Treatment for a Sprain.

The best treatment for a sprain is to put the part at rest, and to reduce the swelling and pain. If the skin is not broken apply thirty drops of ammonia in wineglassful of water by means of linen bandages. If the skin is broken reduce the amount of arnica to five or ten drops. If any redness or inflammation occurs in consequence of using the lotion discontinue its use.

From Two Points of View.

Eight fingers
Ten toes,
And one nose.
Baby said,
When she smelt the rose,
"Oh, what a pity
I've only one nose!"

Twelve teeth
In even rows,
Lots of dimples,
And one nose.
Baby said,
When she smelt the snuff,
"Deary me!
One nose is enough!"
—Laura E. Richards.

SHIR LOST HER JEWELS.

An Episode of River Steamboat Days Suggested by a Coming Marriage.

Speaking of the Marlborough-Vanderbilt engagement, here is something that is kin to it: One night, away back yonder in the latter sixties, I was a passenger on a steamboat—the Richmond—running from Louisville to New Orleans. It was a down trip, and the boat had reached the "Court Country," that region lying along the Mississippi below Natchez to the Delta.

The vessel was sailing smoothly down the majestic stream, and it was long after midnight. The great and superb cabins were as quiet as the upper floors of a grand hotel at such an hour, save that a party of four gentlemen playing whist in the forward part of the main saloon kept up the faint, low conversation necessary to the game.

'Twas perhaps 1 o'clock when the card players and those who were awake in their berths on that deck were startled by a scream from the ladies' cabin, and there came rushing down toward the clerk's office a handsome matron in deshabille. Clinging to the lady's skirts and crying in sympathy with her mother's distress was a little girl of six or eight years, perhaps ten.

"My diamonds are gone!" the matron said, in a husky voice to the alarmed night clerk.

A thief, who had probably watched for this opportunity for years had reached over the transom of the lady's state room from the outside and had cut her dress containing \$30,000 worth of great jewels. Probably he went ashore at the next landing after the theft had been accomplished. At any rate, he made good his escape, and the jewels were never heard of again by their owner.

The company owning the boat in the lawsuit that followed proved that a safe was kept on the boat for the express purpose of caring for valuable property or jewels or money of the passengers, and the plaintiff lost the case.

The lady was Senora Ynaga, wife of a wealthy Cuban; the little girl was Consuelo, afterwards Duchess of Lancaster, then Duchess of Devonshire, now Duchess of Devonshire, and for her was named Consuelo Vanderbilt, whose mother was a girlhood friend of Consuelo Ynaga, and who is to be the Duchess of Marlborough.—Chicago Times-Herald.

The Man at the Lever.

The locomotive engineer is a remarkably placid fellow, with a habit of deliberate precision in his look and motions. He occasionally turns a calm eye to his gauge and then resumes his quiet work ahead. The three levers which he manipulates are under his hand for instant use, and when they are used it is quietly and in order, as an organist pulls out his stops. The noise in the cab makes conversation difficult, but not as bad as that heard in the car when passing another train, with or without the windows open, and in looking out of the engine cab the objects are approached gradually, not rushed past as when one looks laterally out of a parlor car window. The fact is that the engineer does not look at the side—he is looking ahead—and therefore the speed seems less, as the objects are approached gradually. Those who have ridden at ninety miles an hour on a locomotive know that on a good road (and there are many such) the engine is not shaken and swayed in a terrific manner, but is rather comfortable, and the speed is not so apparent as when one is riding in a parlor car, where only a lateral view is had. The engineer can be very comfortable if he is quite sure of the track ahead, and it is only in rounding curves or in approaching crossings that he feels nervous, and it is doubtful if it is any more strain to run a locomotive at high speed than to ride a bicycle through crowded thoroughfares. Judging by the countenances of the bicycle rider and the engineer, the engineer has rather the best of it.—Railroad Gazette.

Raising Deer and Bears.

A deer and bear farm is the latest industrial project for northern Wisconsin, and the men behind the plan think that they have a fortune in sight. The farm is situated in the woods a few miles from the Great Northern road, and is already fairly well stocked with animals. The proprietors are James Allen and an old woodsman and hunter, and Dr. Harrison, a New Yorker, who has been spending much time in the northwest. They propose to raise deer and bears for the market, for the meat as well as the fur.

The plan is not to turn the animals loose in the woods, where they may be shot by every hunter who comes along, but to keep them in pens or corrals, where they can be attended by their keepers and watched over the same as domestic animals. The idea originated with Mr. Allen two or three years ago, and since then he has kept several male and female bears and a number of deer in separate pens near his home. He has found that the animals will mate in captivity as well as in the wild state, and has a number of cubs and fawns to prove his statements. Allen is now engaged in enlarging his pens, buying up all the deer and bears he can find, and preparing for winter, when the stock will need more care and attention than at any other time during the year.

The intention is to feed the deer in much the same manner as sheep, while the bears will, in addition to corn and potatoes, have more or less meat.—Philadelphia Bulletin.

A Napoleon of Barter.

Bowling Green boasts of possessing the champion knife swapper. He is a little boy, son of a preacher, and this is his record, as given by his father: "I have not many months since, worried me till I bought him a knife. Like a boy, he left it out one night and it got rusty. Then he lost interest in it and began at once to swap it off. Well, the little rascal has naturally a knack of trading, and, sir, he took that rusty knife and with a little work on it and a good deal of talking, he succeeded in exchanging it for two knives. These knives in turn he traded for three knives, worked considerably on them, and got a cheap watch for the three. He kept trading till he had concluded forty-seven different bargains, most of them in his favor. At the end of the forty-seventh trade he owned a shotgun, a bound puppy, two jack-knives, and sixty-five cents in money besides other small trinkets too numerous to mention.—Bowling Green Democrat.

KIPPLING'S REPLY.

The Alleged Australian Whore Is a Matter of Fact.

Not long since an Australian newspaper printed a paragraph stating that "Kipling landed on the beach at Melbourne, and at 12:15 o'clock he formulated an Australian policy." Kipling, of course, was promptly approached on the subject.

"Yes; that is very funny," he said.

"But it is not true. This is not Kipling," he said.

"A young reporter cornered me after I landed. I trusted him, but said firmly that I was not to be interviewed."

"I have not thought of interviewing you," replied the reporter with a sadness in his voice. "I ask a much greater favor than that."

It turned out that the reporter was a man with a theory, who had been persistently sat upon by his superiors in the press. He had an Australian policy which he knew would be of the greatest benefit to the country. No paper would print it.

His modest request was that Kipling would let him put forth his theory as the scheme of the novelist.

"They will print it," he said. "I give it as coming from you."

"All right," agreed Kipling. "Fire ahead."

So the young reporter got in four mortal columns telling the people of Australia how to run their country.

"I never read the article," said Kipling, "but there must have been some amazing theories in it from the storm it raised. I hope that the young man may realize my forbearance in stepping upon me for it."—Illustrated American.

Flying Through Air.

Flying or sailing through the air is not unlikely to become a favorite amusement. The nice discovery that the human form can dexterously balance itself upon a narrow base has led to what we might call the bicycle era of human life.

And has added greatly to the resources of human life. The wheeshman moving swiftly, gracefully and easily over a smooth track feels that but one more more would need to be taken to make him the peer of the bird which sails through the air with so little effort. This one step seems to have been nearly or quite taken by a German experimenter Otto Lillenthal. He claims it is entirely feasible for any one by aid of a set of wings made of cotton shirting on a strong frame, well developed muscle and considerable practice to sail from a great height with practically no danger. Mr. Lillenthal considers the problem of flying a complex one consisting of several distinct questions, one is the balancing of oneself as in sailing another the dealing with the wind and another the mechanical or physical process of propelling the body. He finds that sailing is a comparatively still day is not difficult and is a delightful sport. With his double decked set of wings, 18 feet span weighing 30 pounds he is able to sail eight feet in distance for each foot of fall. "In order to practice flying with these sails surfaces one first takes short jumps on a somewhat inclined surface till he has accustomed himself to be borne by the air. Finally he is able to sail over inclined surfaces as far as he wishes. The supporting capacity of the air is felt, particularly if there is a breeze. A sudden increase in the wind causes a longer stoppage in the air, and one is raised to a still higher point. The charm of such flight is indescribable, and there could not be a healthier mention or more exciting sport in the open air." In other words according to this article by Mr. Lillenthal in the Aeronautical Annual it would be quite easy to start at the top of a high hill and sail to the bottom without once resting on the earth. There is great sport in store when the details of this aeronautical tobogganing are perfected and sport loving people learn the art.

The Age of Love.

Women marry later life than they used; maidens who have passed their thirtieth year may now claim that they represent the most perfect and advanced type of maidenhood, and look down upon girls who marry before twenty-five as very much more akin to savages, for it is a well-known fact that the age of marriage advances with civilization. Everywhere the mature woman is to be found. The young and inexperienced, but, as it seemed to be the reigning queen of the hour, she has been forced to make place to the mature woman, the woman of broader experience and wider knowledge. The tastes of men in this regard seem to have undergone a complete revolution, and instead of flitting about the inexperienced girl, talking pretty nothings, they are matching their experiences, bolder, their horizon sharpening their wits in clever conversation with some brilliant and beautiful woman. And as the literature always reflects the times, the girl of sixteen as adored by Shakespeare, Byron, Moore, Voltaire, and Scott is no more to be found. Formerly, the woman between thirty and forty years of age was looked upon as the ideal of beauty, and now she rules alone. "What is it?" de Girardin, in defending Bismarck, says "is it Balzac's fault that the age of thirty to-day is the age of love? Is Balzac compelled to depict passion where he finds it?"

Wears a Rabbit's Foot.

The up-to-date girl's latest fashion in superstitions is a rabbit's foot. She wears it in a variety of ways, as a brooch, a stick-pin, a watch-fob, or sometimes simply carried loose in her purse or pocket. It is always presented prettily in silver or gold, however, and even more imperative than the engagement ring, it is warranted to be the left foot of the quadruped in question, and to have been killed beside a new grave during the full moon of October of the previous year. It is, of course, now the rule alone. "What is it?" de Girardin, in defending Bismarck, says "is it Balzac's fault that the age of thirty to-day is the age of love? Is Balzac compelled to depict passion where he finds it?"