

BEFORE THE DAY.

awakened at the dawning, but we never saw the day; And we spoke our little prologue, but we never reached the play.

AN ACTRESS' TRIUMPH.

The marchesa Capranica del Grillo, (Ristori) was the greatest actress of the Italian school, not only, but she was, as well, the most beautiful woman of her day.

one day while her maid was brushing her hair, and so great was her surprise at Legouve's treatment of the subject, that she found herself gesticulating and declaiming as if acting it upon the stage.

ABOUT PAINS.

HOW THEY ARE MADE AND WHAT BECOMES OF THEM. The Expensive Ones Are Not Marketable and the Marketable Ones Are Not Expensive—A Queer Family Legacy—Often Hurled With the Owner.

SLAVERY LONG A THORN.

Its History Years Before Uncle Sam Abolished It. The negro question is not of recent origin. The illud of our woes began in 1620, when negroes were first brought to the colony of Virginia and sold as slaves.

WHEN ROSES FADE.

Summer is going—her footsteps fall in the deepening shadow of hedge and wall, but the breezes, sighing a kind refrain.

"The lady. Did you not see her when you came?"

"A caprice, my dear boy. I saw no lady. No; you sat there moaning, staring in a most sentimental manner at that Moorish lantern hanging over there. Come along, they are waiting for us."

END OF A MASQUERADE.

It was at a masquerade at Galliotti's studio, one of the old Roman palaces, there were music, the tripping sound of dancing feet, laughter, and the unintelligible hum of conversation mingled in a gay melody.

The Duke's Unmentionable Name.

The Duke of Veragua, who lost an annual pension of \$6,000 through the cutting off from Spain of the Cuban revenues, does not appear to have much idea of the value of money, at least when it is the money of other people.

Parent Air.

Scientists have demonstrated that the purest air in the cities is found about twenty-five feet above the street surface. This goes to prove that the healthiest apartments are those on the third floor.

Heartless Husband's Repentance.

Mrs. Wallace—Oh, I had a awful time in the country. A bull chased me clear across the field. The farmer's wife told me that it was my red hair and parasol that angered him.