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AMANTIUM IRAE.

Oh foolish fond the lovers—
The lovers who believed
Some quarrels left the flower
The net Love round them weaved!

For if you tear the meshes
And knit them up anew,
Strength may to strength seem added—
Is there more beauty too?

And if rude hands e'er try them,
Say, can they bear the strain?
Too late then you discover
Some knots all slip again.

—Bookman.

A STORY FROM PARIS.

AN INTERESTING ROMANCE OF A THOUGHTLESS PAINTER.

The Widow Who Came to Dispossess the Negligent Artist Staid to Accept His Love, and Later His Hand and Heart. A Little Child Led Them.

There is a friend of mine, a painter, who has all the talents and no talent of his own. He would copy or imitate a Greuze or a Watteau to perfection. A Diaz by him only wants the signature, which an unscrupulous dealer does not hesitate to forge. My friend, whom we will call Durand, is an excellent man, industrious and clever, but too negligent to take the initiative in anything, even in painting. Well, he had given notice to quit his apartment in July, on the fifteenth day of the month, at noon, according to the customs of the country.

He had, however, been so absorbed in his painting that he had forgotten to retain a wagon to take away his furniture, and when he did at last concern himself about the matter he only succeeded in securing one for the end of the day. But at noon precisely, just as he was putting the finishing touches to a copy of Greuze's famous "Cruche Cassee," there came an imperious knock at the door. It was the new tenant, escorted by her furniture. She was furious to find that Durand was "dawdling over his paint brushes," while all her furniture was out in the street, exposed to the gaze of indiscreet passersby. She even threatened to send for the police in order to bring Durand to a sense of his duties as an outgoing tenant.

Durand, like many painters, thought the sea more charming than ever when agitated by a storm, and concluded that his fair visitor was rendered more beautiful by her anger. She was about twenty-five years of age. She had dark hair and blue eyes, a fine, supple figure, and her pretty nostrils were slightly dilated by her emotion. She was accompanied by a little girl of six years of age—a little golden haired fairy. "What!" continued the irate lady, "you are not going away until 5 o'clock? It is absurd! What am I to do with my furniture? Where is the proprietor? I must see the proprietor!" It was impossible to gratify her last wish. The concierge alone was available, but the newcomer was so terrible, so aggressive and so threatening that Cerberus was tamed and ran away, leaving his broom behind him.

INFLUENCE OF A CHILD.

Durand ought, according to his system of imitation, to have become wrathful, too, but his adversary was a pretty woman, so he sought an ally. The little girl was playing with a shepherdess in porcelain de Saxe that adorned one end of the chimney piece. "Should you like it?" "Oh, yes; it is so pretty!" "Take it." "Jeanne," said the mother, "I forbid you to accept anything." "If it were only to please her," replied Durand, "I could understand your prohibition, but it is an economy for me. I shall have so much less to move."

Women are ready laughers. The lady fixed her eyes on the wall in order to keep her countenance. "Your name is Jeanne?" said the painter. "Yes," answered the child. "And your papa—where is he?" "He died two years ago." "And mamma is a widow?" "Yes, monsieur."

Then turning to the lady, Durand apologized for his sins, told her that he had cleared one room and that he would go and help her get her furniture in. Soon the furniture began to find its place—the wardrobe, the mirror, the bookcase. "Oh, madame, without knowing you, as I look at these books I can read your mind. Balzac, Hugo, Lamartine"— "Ta, ta, ta," cried the irate lady, "you would have done better to clear out before noon than to be trying to study my character!" "I am working all the time, madame. Look! I have put that console there—here the statue of the Virgin—this little mirror opposite the window." "Oh, it is no use; you cannot make peace with me!"

WRATH TURNED TO LOVE.

There was an interval of twenty minutes, during which the lady stood at the window. Durand had remained in his room with the child. "Are they coming today or tomorrow—your men?" she asked angrily as she came back into the room; but she stopped in the middle. Jeanne, motionless and smiling, was seated on a chair and Durand was painting her portrait. "Mamma," said the little one suddenly, "I am hungry. You have some wine and a pate in the big basket." "Come, then, and breakfast on the balcony," murmured the mother. Durand was left alone to finish his sketch. There was a silence of ten minutes. Then the child returned timidly. "Mamma has something to ask you." "What?" "She does not dare." "She wants to turn me out?" "No." "What then?" "Mamma would like to know if you—if you would like a piece of pate."

This happened on July 15, and when the concierge arrived, all trembling, to announce that the men had at last come to remove Durand's furniture, he found him sitting on the balcony at table with the mother and dandling the child on his knees.

Misfortunes, however, never come alone. The wagon was too small. It would not hold all Durand's things at once. "Leave your palette, your easel and your pictures," said Jeanne; "I will take care of them, and then you will be obliged to come back again and finish my picture." He left them. He only came into possession of them on Jan. 15, when he brought all his furniture back into his own room. This time, however, there was no difficulty about the outgoing tenant, for she had meanwhile become Durand's wife, and the two households were merged into one.—Paris Cor. Philadelphia Bulletin.

And Still We Have Dyspepsia.

Scientists assure us that upward of 5,000,000 minute glands are constantly at work in our stomachs secreting gastric juice.—New York Journal.

With the Alligators.

"The largest school of alligators I ever saw," said the captain in response to an inquiry, "was on the Alabama, near the point where the Tombigbee flows into that stream. We had run the Ganges up the former river, which we were told was swarming with 'gators, and found the animals so thick at the point I speak of that we struck one with every half turn of the wheel. They split the paddles into kindling wood with their teeth, snapped at the guards of our little craft, and we had actually to club them with sticks to keep the creatures from climbing into the boat.

"The banks were overflowed on both sides and being unable to proceed farther we ran the nose of our steamer up to a tree and made fast to it for the night, which was one of horror to us all. The splashing of the water caused by the floundering saurians and their incessant barking continued until daylight, when the entire school made for a rice swamp about half a mile away, very much to our gratification, I assure you."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Fighters in London Streets.

The reign of George II was a great fighting time. Every man who went abroad knew that he might have to fight to defend himself against footpad or bully. Most men carried a stout stick. When Dr. Johnson heard that a man had threatened to horsewhip him, he ordered a thick cudgel and was easy in his mind. There was no police and therefore a man had to fight. It cannot be doubted that the martial spirit of the country, which was extraordinary, was greatly sustained by the practice of fighting, which prevailed alike in all ranks. Too much order is not all pure gain. If we have got rid of the Mohocks and street scourers, we have lost a great deal of that readiness to fight which formerly met those Mohocks and made them fly.—Walter Besant in Harper's.

A Common Failing.

A local builder who had been looking admiringly at a perspective sketch of a house which he was about to take the contract for said wonderingly: "There is one thing I can't understand, and that is how you artist people can manage to draw both sides at once. That beats me. I can draw the front or the side or the back, but to do the front and the side, too, on a flat sheet of paper is just wonderful. I can't make out how you do it."

Yet this man was extremely intelligent and a good draftsman in all that concerned his trade, but perspective was completely unknown to him. Nevertheless, he had received a good common school education.—New York Tribune.

Cost of Rare Drugs.

A three pound bottle of alkaloid of aconitine costs $485, while cocaine, the great local anesthetic, is worth commercially $120 a pound. Papayotine, a solvent for the diphtheritic membrane, comes in thirteen ounce bottles at a cost of $180 each. Still more expensive are various preparations of the Calabar bean, used in optical diseases. They range from $137 for a single ounce to an almost incredible sum for the same small quantity. Fortunately, these rare and costly drugs are seldom prescribed.—Cincinnati Commercial Gazette.

The Life of a Ship.

The ordinary life of a ship is, in the United States, 18 years; in France, 20 years; in Holland, 22 years; in Germany, 25 years; in Great Britain, 26 years; in Italy, 29 years, and in Norway, 30 years. The annual death rate of the world's shipping is about 4 per cent. and the birth rate 5 per cent.—Providence Journal.

THEY SHANGHAIED THE BUTLER.

The Prisoner Was Gone and So the Russian Police Found a Substitute.

My friend Count Mitkiewicz and I were walking along Sixth avenue the other day when our attention was called to a couple of policemen who were marching a prisoner up the street at a rapid rate. The latter made things lively by bawling at the top of his lungs: "I didn't take anything. I didn't; I didn't!"

"Reminds me of a story," observed the count, and then he continued. "You see, my father at the time of which I speak was a man of considerable means and something of a bon vivant. He had a weakness for English pale ale, and our butler, as he valued his position, never allowed the stock to run out.

"It happened that my father had invited a friend to dinner one day and had instructed the butler to see that everything was well and properly served, and, above all, not to omit the pale ale. About an hour before dinner the butler discovered to his horror that the stock of ale was exhausted. He did not dare to send a servant for it, so he started out in a great hurry to secure the ale himself.

"I must here tell you about Russian budniks. These are something like sentry boxes, and are stationed in various parts of St. Petersburg for the accommodation of prisoners charged with petty offenses. A man caught stealing, for instance, is locked up in one of these budniks and held there until wanted. When the court sits there is a general roundup of the budniks, just as a letter carrier here empties the mail boxes on his route.

"Well, some fellow had stolen thirty rubles. He was caught and hustled into a budnik. But thirty rubles is a lot of money for a Russian policeman, and when the thief offered them to the guards who came to take him to court the result was that the fellow was allowed to make his escape. Now it happened that an inspector of police who had seen the arrest made asked the guards where their prisoner was. 'In the budnik,' they answered. Of course they were sent after him forthwith. But there was no prisoner and something had to be done.

"As the guards neared my father's house they espied the butler running around the corner. Here was their man. They gave chase and caught him. The poor butler expostulated and remonstrated, but to no purpose. When brought before the magistrate he became violent and received a blow on the head that nearly knocked him senseless. All three of the guards, not knowing who he was, swore that they had seen him commit the theft. The poor fellow wasn't allowed to say a word in his own behalf. On the contrary, he was pummeled about in such a fashion that he confessed to the theft, whatever it was, to save further drubbing.

"There was no pale ale for dinner at my father's house that day, and no butler either. After waiting until the next morning for the butler to turn up my father notified the police. The butler's disappearance remained a profound mystery for a week, when my father happened to visit the jail. There in one of the cells, and more dead than alive, he discovered his missing house servant. Explanations followed, the butler was liberated and on the day following appeared as a witness against the three guards, who, to the great satisfaction of the butler, were sentenced to long terms of imprisonment."—New York Herald.

Thackeray Didn't Wear Spurs.

Thackeray was not a vain man, and he disliked vanity in others and made it the subject of his ridicule and sarcasm.

After long pleading his family induced him to have his portrait painted, and Lawrence, a famous London artist, gladly undertook the task.

Soon after the picture was completed Thackeray chanced to be dining at his club, when a pompous officer of the Guards stopped beside the table and said:

"Haw, Thackeray, old boy, I hear Lawrence has been painting your portrait."

"So he has," was the response.

"Full length?"

"No; full length portraits are for soldiers, that we may see their spurs. But the other end of the man is the principal thing with authors," said Thackeray.—New York Advertiser.

Doesn't Like Unrestricted Immigration.

There is one woman in this city who is true to her convictions. She has not yet looked at the Statue of Liberty, and will not because "she stands there in the harbor beckoning to all Europe to come over." When she crosses the bridge she seats herself with her back to the bay, so that she may not inadvertently let her eyes rest upon the statue, or perhaps that she may express her contempt for the welcoming attitude of the goddess.—New York Times.

A Practical Man.

Deacon Hayrick—Goin to marry Penelope? Sho! She's a nice gal, but she's older'n y'r poor dead an gone wife was, you know.

Farmer Rakestraw—I know it, deakun, but no one else kin take my dear wife's place. Penelope is the only one that's got my wife's own receipt for punkin pies.—Good News.

The Innocent Conductor.

The conductor of a Boston street car the other day tried to explain to a lady that his car wouldn't take her where she wished to go, but the more he explained the madder she grew. "You see, ma'am, this is a cross town car," at last remarked the conductor in the tone of a man who feels that he is acknowledging himself to be a deep dyed criminal. "Cross town fudge," scornfully retorted the lady in true Boston hauteur, "cross conductor, more likely," and she got out threatening to report him to the company.—New York Tribune.

Sunflower Cakes Exported from Russia.

According to the estimate of two years the total export of sunflower cakes from Russia was 90,000,000 pounds in 1889 and 80,000,000 pounds, valued at about $700,000, in 1890. Besides Great Britain and Germany, Denmark and Sweden import great quantities of Russian sunflower cakes; in fact the export to Denmark in two years has been even larger than to Germany.—Cor. St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

The Difference.

"So that distinguished looking lady is your wife, eh?"

"No. I'm that distinguished looking lady's husband."—Life.

The Invention of Spectacles.

Spectacles were first used in the latter part of the Thirteenth century. There is no certainty as to who was the inventor of them, but the distinction is generally claimed for Alessandro di Spina, who is said to have made some about 1285.—Notes and Queries.

Farmers near Leeds, N. D., are complaining of the depredations of a herd of antelope that is destroying unthreshed grain in great quantities.

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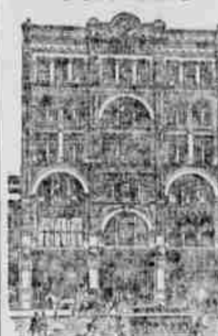

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