

LOOK THROUGH MINE EYES WITH THINE.

Look through mine eyes with thine. True wife, Round my true heart these arms entwined.

AN AERIAL FLIGHT.

I stood on the latticed roof of the rickety grape arbor, partially supporting myself by the tips of my fingers as I clung to the second story window sill.

Maria leaned as far out as was consistent with safety and rested her hand caressingly on my shoulder.

"Never!" he had said, when I offered myself to him as a prospective son-in-law. "Never! No daughter of mine shall marry a penniless inventor."

During the many stolen interviews which had followed the advent of the idea of the dirigible, we had discussed the situation from all points, and ever with the same results.

Maria was a modern woman in every respect. She had been caught on the psychological wave that was sweeping around the world and was familiar with all the "osophies and logics that accompanied the movement."

"Watch for messages, dear Jack," she whispered, as she gave my forehead a gentle pat and drew herself within the window.

At this point the brittle frame beneath my feet cracked ominously, and without further farewells I clambered down and started out on my mission.

Ted Brown, my college chum and confidant, was fully as enthusiastic as myself over the many experiments and inventions I had essayed, and when he heard my story he entered heartily into my plans, which, if perfected, would revolutionize modern traffic and travel.

Our pack animals were already beginning to show signs of collapse, so severe had been the fatigues of the mountain journey.

Realizing the imprudence of farther advance skyward, we were about to turn back and seek some sheltered valley in a milder atmosphere, when I felt a gentle pressure on my shoulder.

I closed my eyes and soon was lost to consciousness until the familiar pressure of finger tips on my shoulder awakened me to the well known voice sounding in my ear.

"Jack, Jack, come quick!" There was an earnestness in the tones I had never yet heard, which brought to my recollection Marie's parting words.

"Perhaps I may need you. Who can tell?" Evidently Marie was in trouble, and I must go to her, and we began making preparations for our departure.

Our most valuable belongings, with food and water sufficient for the journey, were packed within the ship's lockers, and our tents stored within the inclosure.

At midnight we were hovering over Marie's home. We dropped the house and grape arbor. With a few hurried words to Ned I sprang lightly to the roof.

The window was open, and the next instant my sweetheart was leaning outward, with her hand on my shoulder in the old familiar manner, pouring her woes into my ears.

"Just think of it, Jack. Papa is determined that I shall marry Cousin Tom. The cakes are baked and in the pantry. The guests are all invited for the wedding tomorrow and the license is on the library table. What can we do?"

Of course there was but one thing to do, and that was to do it without delay. Marie stole quietly down into the library and secured the license. How simple a matter to erase one name and substitute another. And while she was about it, with her usual forethought she confiscated the bride's cake.

The ship settled down like a huge bird on the grape arbor. Marie gave a little shriek as we stepped on board, causing Ted for an instant to lose consciousness.

"Marie, come down here!" "Four papa." Chicago Tribune.

THE EXTORTED KISS.

To the north of Europe, at the entrance of the gulf of the Baltic sea, stands a city resembling in its site "the queen of the Adriatic."

It was a morning of July, 1645, in Stockholm. The air was resounding with merry ringing of bells, the roaring of artillery and the shouts of the populace, for it was the nuptial day of the youthful queen.

The chief of the police, with his assistants, having conducted the prisoner into the court of the court, pronounced the sentence. The poor fellow, who with difficulty refrained from giving vent to his sufferings, and the people looked on with amazement and pity at so sudden and ignominious a punishment.

At dawn our aerial navigator was safely anchored within the rock inclosure, and we were wrapped in our blankets under our tents. Ned was soon snoring, but excited and unmoved as I was, I could not sleep and at last I threw my blankets aside and entered the inclosure to feast my eyes on my treasure.

Awakened by the roar of artillery, Carl started from the ground where, like many others, he had passed the night in slumber, and, although yet early, found the streets thronged with thousands of inhabitants, evincing their enthusiasm in every possible manner.

At length, having entered the great gallery, his simple costume attracted the gaze and called up the astonishment of the assembled multitude.

When the last blow had fallen, he bounded from the hands of the guards, and casting his eyes toward the palace exclaimed: "I swear before God, Christine, that a day will come when I shall kiss thy royal hand!"

Nito fully pursued his mistress with bursts of delight, at times seizing with his teeth the ruff of her blue morning dress, and, propping himself upon his paws, pulled at it with all his strength.

In the midst of their play M. de Beauchamp entered the garden. The little widow, perceiving him, hid herself behind an orange tree. But Jacques ran to her and, surprising her, kissed her on the forehead.

"Ah," said the young man, "what I regret most is that I shall never again behold her love."

"Child," replied the robber, "in a few years then will be liberated. Do not despair, for if she thou lovest is really faithful you may yet be happy."

Louise was of medium height. She had very small hands and feet, white shoulders and thick black hair. Her teeth were so white that when she laughed they glistened like pearls.

"That day so much desired seemed as if it would never arrive, but it came at last. It was during the chase when the queen in her ardor became separated from her companions, and she found herself alone in the middle of a deep forest."

"You are a coquette, and your laugh makes me despair, because if you laugh thus against my wish it must be only to show your teeth. You know very well how adorable you are when in laughing with a fixed purpose you throw back your head and show your pretty white neck."

"But what must I do to prove my love for you? It is becoming desperate. Ask of me what you please, but do not ask me to love any more. I am only happy when I am glad and free to be light hearted."

"You said to me one evening that you would make me the sacrifice of your life. I do not ask so much as that. But listen. Do you wish to make me the happiest man on earth?"

"You have but to speak." "Even at the price of suffering?" "Yes, at any price."

"What are you demanding of me? It is barbarous." "Only a tooth. The smallest one in the front, for as long as it remains you may laugh as much as you please."

SIMILIA SIMILIBUS CURANTUR.

It is this "pome" is writ for fun. "Lousways, it's not for money I. And with reading it you're done You'll vote it awful funny."

My jokes can't fail to make you well. For they are shapely killing (Laugh here), surpassing philter's spell. For he's a dandy's dandy's dandy.

Some say this life's but one huge joke. It people only know it. And you will never more. Now, don't take time to teach your breath.

Near the Parc Monceau is a pretty little house that seems to hide in a bush of clematis the home of a young and charming widow of an eminent member of the bar.

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"Ah, M. de Beauchamp," she cried, "that is not nice of you." "Child," replied the robber, "in a few years then will be liberated. Do not despair, for if she thou lovest is really faithful you may yet be happy."

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"But you will think me an ugly and will not love me any more." "I swear to you there is no other way to assure my happiness."

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prison door. Jacques did not easily recognize her. In fact, she was greatly changed.

"Poor countess!" said some evil minded ones. "She is getting old. How changed she is! She seems to be mourning the dead."

Not a match. "Oh, dear, dear, why will Maurice insist upon turning the gas off at the meter, especially when baby is unwell?" she sighed as she slipped into her dressing gown, which fortunately was hanging on the brass knob at the foot of the bed.

"I am desolate and full of remorse." "You recognize the exactness of your unreasonably request?"

"I will approach myself for it all my life." "Would you be happy if I had disobeyed you?"

"I would give anything for that." "The little countess gave a burst of laughter, which showed all her teeth complete."

"What does this mean?" asked M. de Beauchamp, holding in his fingers the medalion in which was engraved as a souvenir the little pearl of the countess.

"Here is the victim." "Ah," cried M. de Beauchamp. "You never loved me." Waverley Magazine.

OFF AT THE METER.

Vernal Choice was a pretty and comely woman and Dorcottman a select and suburban suburb. To the happiness of Mr. and Mrs. Maurice Green, lately made almost complete by the arrival of the veriest cherub that ever came down from heaven—there were two drawbacks.

"What a lovely little thing!" "This little wife was an eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth." "You are a coquette, and your laugh makes me despair, because if you laugh thus against my wish it must be only to show your teeth. You know very well how adorable you are when in laughing with a fixed purpose you throw back your head and show your pretty white neck."

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THE ABSENTMINDED MAN.

An amusing case of absentmindedness was experienced by a young southsider the other evening. The young man is usually of a bright nature, but for some time past his friends have been noticing that he does some peculiar things. Not long ago he was at a reception, and a few minutes before closing time he went to the coat room and secured his hat and coat. Then he walked up stairs to the dancing floor and picked up another coat and walked home with it on his arm.

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ATKINSON DENOUNCES LYNCHERS

Georgia's Governor Would Arm Prisoners to Prevent Their Murder. Atlanta, Ga., Oct. 28.—Mob law was severely condemned by Governor Atkinson in his message to the Georgia legislature, which convened here yesterday. The message bristled with a scathing and sensational attack upon the lawless spirit that fosters the lynch law in this state.

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