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first insertion.

ONE WOMAN'S ANSWER

He kissed her lovely downcast eyes,  
Her bonny brown locks falling low—  
"My heart, love, was not over wise  
To be caught in this silken snare, I know.  
Fate mocks us in malicious guise—  
The world forbids the haun—and so  
Kiss me, darling, and let me go!"

The Seven Little Women.

A FAIRY STORY.

Gretchen sat drearily waiting for her  
father to come from the tavern in the  
village. Many years of sunshine and shadow  
had passed since her mother had kissed  
her, and then had crossed the dark, sil-  
ent river to a land of brightness, joy and  
peace.

hair hung in burnished waves about her  
waist; her dress was looped with pearls  
and coral, tiny sprays swinging in her  
ears. She was then taken down an ivory  
staircase bordered with gold, and placed  
upon a throne, and a footman, called out,  
"The Earl-child!" and Gretchen found  
herself in a large room full of little peo-  
ple.

Princess Lallen—the eldest of the seven  
little women—advanced to meet her.  
Taking her hand, she led her to the fur-  
ther end of the room, where was a pearl  
throne thickly studded with diamonds.  
On the throne was the loveliest little  
creature Gretchen ever beheld. Her  
dress was of the tint of the inner leaves  
of a blushing rose, a tiny diamond spark-  
led on her brow, and a crystal wand,  
tipped with a blood-red ruby, was in her  
mitten of a hand.

The princess bowed very low, as she  
stopped before the throne.  
"Your gracious majesty," she said,  
with an enchanting blush, "this earth-  
child was cast out into the bitter night,  
because she befriended myself and sisters.  
For that kind act we took the liberty to  
bring her here, knowing that you are the  
friend of the deserving."

There was a murmur sweet as the sound  
of the fountain's song at even from the  
mouth of the fairies who said with one  
voice, "Oh, beautiful Queen Alteen, friend  
of the deserving!"

After the applause had died away, the  
lovely queen rose, and said in a voice so  
sweet that Gretchen held her breath to  
listen, "You did quite right, my dear  
cousin. Ladies Beo and Butterfly, bring  
hither the scarfs woven from rainbow  
threads, and the golden scarfs that  
glinted like moon-beams on emerald  
leaves, and throwing it over her should-  
ers, said: "As long as you keep this, we  
will watch over you. And now, my  
lords and ladies, away to supper and the  
dance."

Folding-doors were thrown open, and  
Gretchen saw a long table, being be-  
neath the most exquisite flowers and  
fruit, with dainty crystal dewdrops  
for drink in superbly traced cups. All  
was hilarity and mirth. A tiny chime of  
bells sounded, and, as if by magic, the  
table disappeared, merry music thrilled  
the listening air, and lovely couples  
whirled in the dance.

A smart little gentleman fairy in a violet  
suit, bowed to Gretchen, and begged  
her to dance the next with him. Just  
as they took their places, Gretchen felt  
herself shaken violently, and, opening her  
eyes, she saw her father bending anxiously  
over her.

"My little Gretchen," he exclaimed,  
eagerly, "I feared you had gone to your  
dear mother. I have good news for you,  
dear, kissing her forehead, and saying  
again, "Your uncle Greddel is going to  
America, that glorious golden land, and  
we will go with him."

Gretchen threw her arm about his  
neck, with a glad burst of tears.  
"I am so glad!" she cried, joyously.  
"This is better than staying with our  
fairies."

She told her wonderful dream—or  
adventure—she scarcely knew which.  
Hans laughed merrily, and he listened.  
He kept his word, and there is not a  
happier pair now to be found than Hans  
Andersen and his daughter.

The burning of the Brooklyn Theater  
was horrible, the fall of the Ashtabula  
bridge was horrible; but the horror of  
horrors that stands without parallel in  
the annals of mankind was the recent cy-  
clone and storm wave in India. About  
a quarter of a million souls were sudden-  
ly swept into eternity. The plague of  
London and the destruction of Lisbon by  
an earthquake, were insignificant before  
this appalling catastrophe. The  
Bombay Gazette, of Nov. 30th, gives some  
of the details of the awful event. On the  
fatal night—Oct. 31—there were no ex-  
traordinary portents of the approach of  
the storm. The weather had been hazy,  
windy and hot. At 11 o'clock the wind  
might have been seen, and the next in-  
stant houses and the next in-  
stant houses and the next in-  
stant houses were swept away by the flood.  
When the sun rose it shone upon a deso-  
late country and a shivering, terror-  
stricken band of survivors, who were not  
able to realize what kind of calamity it  
was that had overwhelmed them so mys-  
teriously in a twinkling. The most  
startling illustrations of the terrible  
swiftness of the storm is given by the  
Postmaster at Noacolly. He was in his  
traveling barge, in a creek near that  
place, and about ten miles from the river  
Megna. He had gone to bed at 11 with-  
out any fear or anxiety whatever. His  
boatman had gone on shore, but four na-  
tive servants were with him on board.  
Shortly before midnight he was awak-  
ened by a cry of "the waters are up."  
Jumping up he looked out and saw a  
high wave, with its crest and top gleam-  
ing in the starlight; it seemed like a flash;  
in an instant his boat seemed rising up  
on high; he fastened on a life-belt in a  
few moments; another wave came rolling  
on, and the barge capsize; he paddled  
about in the water all the rest of the  
night, with the hold of the life-belt; the  
native servants clung to spars. Three  
were saved and one was lost. The water  
felt warm to the body, but the air was  
bitingly cold to the head or hands above  
the surface.

A circus company, on their way to  
Australia, stopped to see one of the Fiji  
Islands. While wandering about one of  
them turned a somersault, and the native  
spectators were astounded by the sight.  
Thereafter, the circus men, discerning the  
opportunity for fun, varied their walks  
by frequent somersaults and grotesque  
contortions. All the time maintaining  
sober faces and the utmost gravity of de-  
meanor. Multitudes followed them, in the  
belief they were missionaries, sent to  
teach a religion in which somersaults  
were part of the service.

A steambot is now under construc-  
tion at Paris for use during the expo-  
sition, which is expected to have a motive  
power of fifty-three miles per hour. The  
author is M. Gillard, a celebrated French  
wronaut.

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Romien, by the way, as an incorrigible  
joker as Monnier, but one day he was  
very  
NEATLY TAKEN IN  
by a clockmaker in the Palais Royal,  
whom he had sought to mystify. Enter  
Romien, pretending to be a gentleman  
from the country of a very simple type,  
indeed.  
Romien (with strong provincial accent)  
—Pray, sir, can you tell me what are  
those little round machines hung up in  
your shop window?  
Clockmaker—They are called watches,  
sir. (Unhooks one and shows it.)  
Romien—Ah, watches, and what are  
they for, please?  
Clockmaker—To indicate the time, sir.  
Romien—To in-di-cate the time! And  
how, pray?  
Clockmaker—I will show you. (En-  
ters into a room and loids explanation.  
Then concluding.) You must wind up  
the watch every twenty-four hours.  
Romien—Every twenty-four hours?  
Morning or evening?  
Clockmaker—Morning.  
Romien—Why morning?  
Clockmaker (blatantly)—Because, Mon-  
sieur Romien, in the evening you are  
generally drunk.  
Exit—Romien.

—The Emperor of Brazil, who is at  
present travelling in Egypt, met with a  
disagreeable adventure the other day in  
Cairo. His Majesty's very fond of a  
quick riding, and one morning, having de-  
scended into the city, he was met by a  
small pack, with a light switch under his  
arm, mounted on these little animals  
and trotted off an expedition through a  
labyrinth of back streets. On returning  
from his ride, not wishing to alight from  
the donkey in front of his hotel, he pulled  
it up a few hundred yards from the build-  
ing, and not having any "small change"  
in his pocket, gave the donkey driver a  
guinea instead of a piastre. The donkey  
driver, however, had never before seen a  
coin of this nature, and looking for it  
at the guinea and then at the Emperor, came  
to the conclusion that the guinea was  
merely a worthless counter, and that an  
attempt was being made to "cheat" him.  
The row he made was terrific, raising a  
hue and cry, and he had walked off with  
a rapid pace toward the hotel where his  
suite were anxiously awaiting him, the  
donkey driver assailed his Majesty with  
all most horrible oaths in the Arab voca-  
bulary. The Emperor, who does not un-  
derstand a single word of Arabic, but saw  
that the man was laboring under a misap-  
prehension, endeavored in vain to explain  
to him that the coin was gold and not  
copper. In the meantime other donkey  
drivers hurried to the spot, and taking  
the part of their mate, followed the Em-  
peror with a storm of imprecations. Thus  
surrounded by a mob of donkeys and  
their drivers, the hapless Dom Pedro at  
last reached his hotel, where the whole  
affair was explained, and the donkey driv-  
ers, discovering the true state of the  
matter, miraculously disappeared in the  
twinkling of an eye.

—A correspondent's point as to Sidney  
Station, a new town in the Black Hills  
region. The residents number about  
twenty hundred, and the strangers half as  
many. Every evening on the main street  
contains a drinking saloon and a faro  
game. At night nearly every one gets  
drunk on very bad whiskey, at twenty-  
five cents a drink. Revolvers and car-  
bines are generally carried, and often  
used. A barroom party is usually a mix-  
ture of soldiers, miners, thieves, China-  
men, gamblers, Indians, and bullwhack-  
ers—the latter being aid frontiersmen,  
who have established reputations as mur-  
derers. A white shirt is stripped from  
the wearer on sight, blue or red oases alone  
being tolerated.

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