### VOL. XXVI.

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April 5.-tDec. 14, '90

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TOWSONTOWN. Dr. J. H. JARRETT & SON. -Office Hours-From 7 to 10 A. M. | From 6 to 10 P. M. March 15.--tf

Office-COR. PENNA. AND DELEWARE AVES. professionally engaged. April 5.—tf DR J. PIPER.

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Box 812, Portland, Maine, The Treasurer and Collector of Taxes will be prepared to RECEIVE THE TAXES for the levy of 1890 after MAY 10th, 1890, daily. AT HIS OFFICE IN TOWSON, and also all back taxes due and un-

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> BATH TUBS, WATER CLOSETS
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> JOBBING PROMPLY ATTENDED TO. THE HOME PERMANENT MUTUAL

This work is the most succinct and correct history and chronological record ever prepared by any historian of the Order. Mr. Ross, from his constant association with the internal workings of the Order for many years past, and his prominence in official station, makes him the best qualified person to prepare such a history as he presents.

The work, besides, is a complete Manual to the interested Odd Fellow. It corrects many facts as to the origin and wonderful progress of the Order.

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Nov. 9.--tf RICKORY, OAK AND PINE WOOD by the cord. Also, OHESNUT POSTS.

APSOAKED PUMP STOCKS kept constantly on R. E. P. KERNH. JAMES B. GORDON, Pump Maker, Towson, Md.

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Having disposed of the Smedley House my friends will now find me at my OLD PLACE, as above.—
As heretofore, I will always keep on hand the finest brands of LIQUORS, BRANDIES, &c.; also BROWN STOUT, BASS'S ALE, PORTER, and the choice brands of CHAMPAGNE, CLARET, &c. The BEST BEER on draught and in bottles, for family use.—
A large stock of CIGARS of best brands always on hand hand.

\*\*An Summer residents can always be supplied at

city prices.

AP Ample stabling and shedding and polite hostler always in attendance.
LEWIS H. URBAN, Proprietor. June 7, '84.-1y THEN MILE HOUSE, ON THE YORK TURNPIKE.

CHARLES O. COCKEY, Proprietor. The undersigned, having purchased the well inown TEN-MILE HOTEL PROPERTY Turnpike, the same will in the future be conducted by him.

He has stocked his Bar with the choicest Liquors, Wines and Cigars, and an attentive hostler will be in constant attendance for the care of stock.

The house has been thoroughly renovated, and the public can rest assured that the proprietor will use his utmost endeavors to make his guests comfortable and satisfied.

A share of public patronage respectfully solicited. CHARLES O. COCKEY, Jan. 27, '76.-tf COVANSTOWN HOTEL. LEWIS RITTER, Proprietor. Having leased the above Hotel I most respectfully solicit the public patronage. The house being in complete order, offers an agreeable resort for Ladies and Gentlemen, where they can obtain Breakfast, Dinner and Supper, with all the delicacies which the markets afford. The Bar will always be supplied with the best articles to be obtained, and every at tention will be given to the comfort and pleasure of

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tention will be given to the comfort and pleasure visitors.

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PLUMS. AND GRAPE VINES. together with other SMALL FRUITS of popular ORNAMENTAL, DECIDUOUS AND EVERGREEN TREES AND SHRUBS. with ROSES in great variety. Also a largestock of VERBENAS, GERANIUMS

and other Bedding Plants. OSAGE and JAPAN QUINCE, suitable for hedging. TERMS MODERATE. Orders by mail promptly attended to. CATALOGUES forwarded on application. W. D. BRACKENRIDGE.

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[April6.—3m. WALL PAPER!

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Send model, drawing or photo., with description We advise if patentable or not, free of charge. Ou fee not due till patent is secured. A PAMPLET, "How to Obtain Patents," with name of actual clients in your State, county, or town, sent free.

Address, C. A. SNOW & CO., Opp. Patent Office, Washington, D. C. Nov. 24.--tf ECTURES.

THOUGHTS ON HAMLET, illustrated by recitations from the Play. LABOR IN RELATION TO HUMAN DEVELOPMENT, and the Demands of Labor upon the Civilization of the Age.
POETIC AND DRAMATIC RECITATIONS ANI PERSONATIONS, introducing the late Mr. JOHN E. OWENS' popular character of "JOHN UNIT" in Self, and Miss CHARLOTTE CUSHMAN'S wonderful impersonation of "MEG. MERRILES" in Guy. ENGAGEMENTS RESPECTFULLY SOLICITED. H. CLAY PREUSS. Arlington, Baltimore Co., Md

THEO. WARNER, HATTER. FINEST SUMMER HATS IN STRAW AND FELTS LIGHT WEIGHTS AND LATEST FASHIONS. UMBRELLAS AND CANES IN VARIETY. ALSO, MANUFACTURER OF FINE SILK AND CASSIMERE HATS. IN ALL THE LATEST STYLES. New No. 894 W. BALTIMORE STREET.

CAND, GRAVEL AND WOOD. The undersigned is prepared to furnish and deliver promptly, and at reasonable prices, SAND SUITABLE FOR STONE AND BRICK WORK AND PLASTERING; also SEASONED WOOD out to drder by the quarter, half or cord,

Cor. York Road Turnpike and Washington Ave.,

May 11,—tf Towson.

THOR SALE

"JOURNAL" OFFICE, BLANK MORTGAGES FOR BUILDING ASSO-CIATIONS, prepared by one of the most careful At-torneys of the Baltimore County Bar. Feb. 5.—tf

Near the ferry, one winter day. A woman old, and frail, and gray, With pins and laces, took her stand; A stretching out a trembling hand.

"A penny-for your Mother's sake!" "My Mother!" she had been for years Beyond earth's cares, and joys, and tears; Yet, in that windy, wintry hour, The words had strange and subtle power To stir fond memories, and make

And then I watched the crowd to see How many felt the homely plea: Some heard it not; with faces bent Towards the ferry, on they went, But if 'twas heard, it left a trace

And made all pause: Men old and gray Dropped her a penny on their way: And happy mothers kindly stay'd And made their children give her aid. Ah! who can tell what memories wake When giving for a mother's sake? Few cared to ask about her life. To know that she had been a wife, Had felt a mother's griefs and joys, And nursed her share of girls and boys.

The cord she touched was one could start Far deeper echoes in the heart. Oh, "Mother!" sweetest dearest word By which the soul of men is stirr'd. To it our love is never cold. And never can we grow too old Our better impulses to wake

Ah, do not wait until her face To sher memory this grace! But now, while still her heart can know. While lips can meet and faces glow, Ere Death the sad regret can make, Be kindly-"for your Mother's sake !"

#### Miscellaneous.

seen in dreams. Place-A little creek wedged in bedepth of water was filmed with ice; water

whose sleeping ripples had not been wakened by the sun. Person-A shabby scarecrow sort of seemed a man. Its once black hat of felt with his hands, though there was no sun, was rusty hued, and haggled with gashes, and inattentive to the story which the out of which sprouted thin bunches of urchin at his legs was pouring out.

iet black hair. The brim was pulled down front and rear. The coat, once part of a Jim. I'd know him among a thousand. genteel summer suit, was dirty, stained Then half opening the gate, he called by rain, bleached by shine and trimmed out: with holes, the scuttling leaks of unostentatious ill-fortune. The repose of man and nature was

the arm of the lounger. It was a stone. It hurt, for the man stood erect, uttered an oath, and turned his face to the road down which now trudged a small boy. The youngster and the whistle stopped as they reached the bridge. The face frightgrowth, and wild eyes that showed by their setting how hunger had crowded them back and pinched the nose and

'You young rascal,' he said, catching skake; 'I've a good mind to drop you jou must beg for it, you here of lunacy, it to the river and let the minnows fight for you. What did you hit me for, eh?' He was not joking with himself when

fashion, dropped to tears. 'What did you mean?' asks the man suddenly softening in temper and speech. and putting his hand with kindly touch abandoned the main street and sought the of apples and nuts and raisins were upon 'I didn't mean nothing.' sobbed the that he might think over the matter. child. 'I—I was only tryin' to whistle.' 'Ha! ha! That was it, eh? You

made a very bad note in your tune, don't you know? You pegged me with a stone. The stone hurt, hurt even a fellow like

'I didn't mean to,' save the child. Of course not. I know that now. You could not see me. I'll apologize. Now stop cryin, cheer up, call it even, and let's be friends. Is it a bargain? tears fill the eyes. The boy had sprung a leak and seemed likely to sink. The en a grown-up fellow, and enjoy the victory; but as to this child-well! he was heartily ashamed of himself. So he tried the strategy of wealth. He thrust one hand into the ruins of a pocket. It dredge. It came to the entrance full of his bearing with fierce eyes, smiting worked about therein like the scoop of a

'See here, little one!' he cried, get-

his collection upon the boards. as you choose. Is it a bargain?"

captor laughed.

'And where's that, my cherub?' it when you cotched me.'

'In my boots, infant! Oh, you need turned from door after door. not look for them. They're sure to be out at the toes when you want them. ing him pain, and came out in an open Don't be afraid. I'm a tramp, and I'm lot. The wind had freshened since morn-

now, sit on my shoulder.'

the possession of a ragged stranger, gave a hero; but everybody did not know his You are no longer a tramp, thank God.

'Leftenant!'

sive motion. 'Leftenant Jim! recall of 'Leftenant! Leftenant!'

the little fellow and giving him a gentle | you must beg for it, you hero of lunacy,

house for his hat.

tenant might not be caught. asked for information as to the officer's

'Who is Leftenant Jim? Nice men you are. I've told you forty times, but comb I'll keep for my party-going hair. sergeant without promotion, save by his bacco, but you don't chew. This fat jack- plain private Jim, who got six bullets in knife is no good, for it will not cut. I his body for picking up his company's feet on his heels. only keep it because it shuts up when I flag and holding it until the enemy had to want to talk, Ugh! Don't touch that, tear it from him in strips and make his for it's vile tobacco. Here's a key body a bullet pouch. It was Corporal to a house that I never owned. Let me Jim who with four men captured a six see! That, I guess, is bread done up in | pounder at Chancellorsville and fought it -pitching it into the creek. Wheat- Iim who, in the Wilderness, while waitthe last of my crops. String-you can't ing under fire for orders to advance left the eat that, and there is not enough for a ranks, picked up a shell that lay with kite. Ah! here we have it-The sad re- burning fuse not ten feet from him, carmains of an ill-spent life; and he slopped rying it to a mud puddle and threw it in. in his hand a dingy five-cent piece. 'Now It was then the boys made him leftenant. sonny, wring out your eyes, stop crying. And two hours later it was this same lefmake friends with me, and the money is tenant who fought like a demon over the yours for candy or for the missionary box, body of his wounded Cononel, and got tion sagely propounded. She stood close The boy's eyes brightened. He swal- his man. He wanted to die, he said, but wistfully looking up into his face. A lowed his sobs, put out his hand, took couldn't get killed. That's a little of something he saw overcame him, and he the money and said, 'Thank you!' His | what he was. To-day I have seen him \_\_ I | bowed his head in his hands. That's the way of the world, Johnny gentlemen, a miserable vagabond, with boy. You can always buy silence for olothes too mean for a scavenger, and

'Tut! tut! Don't say cotched, say costly charity than a drink of water. He caught.' 'Caught.'

Will your royal littleness—that is to say, But he was in Wiscom—the great city catching his hands in hers. Johnny, will you ride?" Where's your horses?' asks the boy. eat though he begged for it, and was am! Remember what I was-to you.'

as he swung the boy to the walk. 'He He pushed up his hat on one side and black clothes, his hair trimmed, his beard ought to be. The Lord knows I'm as- pulled it down on the other, that it might cut in civilized shape. The transformsber morning, 1868,—a dead sky above hamed of myself. But sir, we can't all have a more jaunty look. He took that tion was complete. and a dead earth beneath, as they are be Vanderbilts. I've no intention of trouser leg out of his boot and deposited stealing your son. I gave him a lift be- in his pocket the string which had belted joy than waited upon this reunion; no cause I liked him. Good morning!' and his coat. Those little alternations did not home ever had such pathos at its Thankstween two high banks, and a low, rickety with a downward jerk, front and rear, change his appearance much, but they giving dinner. bridge over the creek, whose three-foot to the brims of his shabby old hat and softened some of the outlines. His timid punching his hands into shabby old pock- knock at the back door was an swered by ets, this woful vagabond went shuffling a buxom Irish girl. As the door opened, away against the raw wind and down the there rushed out the fragrant incense of leaf-carpeted street. The respectable citi- roasting turkey. a man bending over the rail, leaning the zen, for half a minute seemed puzzled while on his arm. The figure hardly and leaned over the gate, shading his eyes nothing to eat to-day.' hand against it. I'll swear it's he,' he says at last' 'It's

> That time it was a shout. It was heard. | continued the girl. 'The last one of ye The tramp halted, whirled half about, we fed just ran away wid the shpoon,

old boys; and it is Belden, by all that's savage, with a black heard of a fortnight's lost to all who knew me before I became out with an emphasis that showed an bread, a generous slice of butter on the agony of shame. 'I'd kill myself if I edge, and a bowl of milk to keep the cheeks; not a cruel face, all in all, but dared. Ah, if I dared. Bah! I'm food company. hungry. No breakfast, and here it is I tind to your business and I'll tind to mine. high noon by the sun. 'Leftenant Jim,' if you want something to eat or drink, but no thavery.'

The captive, more frightened than hurt, he brought out these last words. He was The lieutenant's keen eyes swept the yelled at the first touch, and then, boy somberly mad. At the same time he kitchen and the pantry. Before him was

> 'Wife.' he cried; 'Sis, both of you, listen! I've just seen Leftenant Jim. I am going out to catch him, confound him.' 'Bring him to dinner. Charlie!' say is a day not down in my almanac. both of them, for they had heard of this The girl stopped as if to say something.

> Up into the village raced Belden. He girl perhaps six years old, came into the his hands and snapping his fingers in in-

I'll tell you again. I'll tell you who he was and-and, thanks to a grateful baste the turkey. The small girl shrugcountry !- what he is. He was a soldier | ged her shoulders and pouted. without fear, a hero unhonored, and a coming a little nearer. comrades-and I one of them. It was 'Look at my boots,' and he halanced his chasms in the toes. inquired the man. until only Jim was left. It was Sergeant child was very sober. asked a moment later. face becoming very grave. 'My name? two saber cuts as his reward for saving to him now, one hand on his knees, and thought he was dead-and he is a tramp, better be going, sir.' grief. Remember that when you come to without food enough inside of him to

'It's at Winscom,' he said.

com. Somebody in it owes me a big avoided towns because their people were head dropped slowly. dinner for not giving me my breakfast. inhuman, giving strangers no chance.

back to the road, looked around, and then | this sort of treatment. That was natural came hurriedly to the gate. His boy in enough for a hungry man who had been is our day, if anybody's, you must come.

this minute. Ain't you ashamed of your- solved should be his last request. A his bondage.

He was not joking with himself whon was so full of shameful hesitation at the | a wealth of pies. A pot of coffee on the inevitable course that he would have to stove bubled up its incense. The turkey pursue in order to get a meal, that he sizzled and cracked in the oven. Dishes shelter of the underbrush by the river, the long table. Everything betokened

identity. Then Belden became an image

dignation.

candy store. He had said all this in a hero. As for me, he is to nie as a brother. kissed her.

make your will. As I've paid you for keep his skin in place. Give him somefive cents worth of misery show me the thing to eat if he sake it, and you'll feed a to the child's face -stooped again and

IN "JOURNAL" BUILDING. 'My hat!' he demanded sharply. It was near the dining room door,

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BILL HEADS.

'O. God' he cried, 'It is Marian.' A quick cry of surprise and joy came had worked when he could get anything from the lips of the woman. She placed to do, and earned his money, the last of her hand on his shoulders and gazed lov-'Excellent. Now I'm going to Wins- which had gone to the boy. He had ingly and mutely into his face. The man's

'Husband, look at me!' she cried, 'I cannot, I dare not. See what I

He rose to his feet, every motion caus-'Always my husband, James.' 'Always your husband?' standing erect and with a wild vigor in his attitude. hungry; but I don't eat little boys. Steady | ing. The skies had darkened and dashes | 'Marian, I heard that the law had freed of fine snow gave signs of a bad night. you from me, because I struck you when

'Let me down!' shouts the boy, as point of the town from where he started. Still he hung back. 'I am not fit,' he they arrive in the outshirts of Winscom. At three houses the door was shut in said. 'I am forever disgraced. Let me 'I live in that house. Oh, papa! papa!' his face before his request for food was go away and come back again when I am A bare-headed man, standing with his half spoken. The 'Leftenant' swore at no longer a tramp.' 'James, this is Thanksgiving day. It

'Here you! What are you doing with never hear it from his lips. Moody and and putting her arms around her husband my son?" he demanded. 'Rob, get down | despairing he prepared for what he re- | she led him out of the room and out of handsome cottage was before him. It 'He ought to be,' answered the tramp, was well-lighted, for the dusk was falling. | wife's table as a gentleman, dressed in

Happy! No home ever knew keener

A King's Favorite.

It was the hero 'Lieutenant Jim' who white lace. was pleading for just a few mouthfuls. The dejeuner at Luciennes was a most 'Ye're a hard looking tramp, ye are important meal and rarely did the King omit at its conclusion to give his mistress a costly present, consisting of parures of 'I know it.' admitted the Lieutenant, pearls or diamonds. Zamore, the 'And the mistress is mighty particular,' negro, waited at table in the costume of an African of the Opera Com-

of something. I'll eat in the back-yard entertainments were perfumed with musk Louis adored the easy manners of this beautiful young woman, who in her criticisms of the Court of Versailles spared no one. She knew all the intrigues of the palace through the aid of the secret police whom she employed, and she retailed all she knew to the King, who in

> next morning at his petit lever. The library was paneled with cedar wood and gold. The books consisted of the licentious works in which the eighteenth century in France was rich. They were bound in silk and velvet, embroidered with gold thread and seed pearls; her monogram and Countess's coronet on each cover. The volumes contained instead of their own engravings, the original designs from which the engravings had been made-crayon sketches by Boucher,

In her hours of leisure the sovereign of

Luciennes, reclining on her divan, her

pretty feet in her rose-colored satin slip-

pers. while waiting for her crowned slave

Chardin, Lancret, and Watteau.

could read a 'Zadig' or 'Candide' worth

natches. \* \* This golden life lasted iust six years. Mistress--. Did you drown the

said the child, stooping over to study the 'Did you warm the water?' 'No. madam." 'What, do you mean to tell me you drowned those poor little kittens in ice 'I aint got no papa,' the girl replied.

cold water? You cruel girl!' Minister-Tell what you know about Ionah. Tommy Jersey-He was cast into the flery furnace seven times heated, where he was swallowed by a

Parson Whitridge-What part of the exercises did you enjoy most, my dear? Gertrude--I thought when Tommy dropped that cold penny down baby's back was the nicest. Didn't he squeal, though!

the theologians. Which piece is the barning question.

"I think so, too." He looked again innon\_If love is blind there in no wasting gas on it.

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Me help her—for my Mother's sake!

Of thought or love on every face ;

In kindness, "for our Mother's sake!"

"LEFTENANT JIM." Time-About 11 c'clock of a Novem-

suddenly and sharply ended. A tuneless whistle broke out behind one of the banks -a feeble, wavering spirit of horrible discord—such a sound as only a little boy can make with cheeks and lips. The

one made pitiable by hopelessness and

on the little fellow's head.

ting down upon his knees, and spreading 'Just look here! Isn't this bric-a brac as they call it? That's a brass buttonuseless for want of a button-hole. That Yes, I know you have one. That's totobacco. We'll 'cast it upon the waters'

he had not even followed. 'Over the hill there. I was going to he ever feared an enemy. In all his vag- gered back.

With a laugh, and a whistle as sharp Adown the long street into which he I was drunk, and in my shame deserted as a mocking bird's, he swung the child emerged not a person was to be seen. you.' to his shoulder, settled him firmly, and A dull town, thought the lieutenant, for- It was all false. I have waited for moved slowly and with labored steps over getting that its men went to the city. you for five years. I knew you would the road to Winscom, his rider aglow the Then he made a circuit to avoid Belden, come back some day. Poor, poor huswhile with boyish exultation and chirrup-ing like a jockey.

and to escape groups of people. He be-gan his disagreeable task at a diagonal with me! The back way is clear."

The figure proceeded without a respon-

touched his hat involuntarily, shook his though, to be sure it was an ould iron head angrily, called himself an idiot, one. Ye's a mighty ugly fellow. man turned his head a little. Through whirled about and went on his way at a 'Perhaps. But I don't steal,' asserted the air sailed a speck. It dropped upon more rapid pace than he had shown dur- the ex-soldier. 'Now think a minute ing the day—and all regardless of the l've eaten nothing to-day. Give me a bit of 'Alzire.' The meats served at these 'That was the dear old call of the dear -anywhere. 'Well, come in,' said the girl doubtgreat,' he says, half pleased with the fully. 'I'll take my chances. There, recall, and yet half angry at discovery, set in that chair and don't sphake ened the boy. It was thin, haggard and But why can't I be left alone, and utterly wurred.' She bustled around and soon handed a-a tramp?'-and the last word came him a plate loaded with cold meat and

friend for years. But when Rob told of but changed her mind and went on with his adventure they rather hoped the lieu- her work. But the sobs would come up and the had missed his man on the road. At the room. She stood with her hands behind drug store, the tavern, the grocery, he her and watched the 'man' eat. His asked-'Have you seen Leftemant Jim?' plate was nearly empty. He felt like one man became nervous. He might fright. No one had seen, but few had heard of intoxicated. him. At the postoffice the crowd was just as ignorant and indifferent as those at the other resort. More than that, some

NO. 1323 grave way, just as if he were talking to My home shall be his home, if I can find some one who could understand him, and him.' Having delivered this speech, he he turned away. the boy had looked on just as if he did set out once more in search of his friend. not (which was the fact) comprehend | Poor Jim, crouching in the brush, where Bridget's dress had swept it. He what was meant. But 'candy store' weary and cold, had dozed a little at first. stooped to pick it up. At the same inwere two words of one meaning for him, Then he began to chew basswood buds stant the door opened and a handsome and he became a guide where, heretofore, and wondered, as he munched, how and woman, richly dressed and not more than where he should get his dinner. He dis- thirty years of age, stood in the doorway. liked to venture out of his place of con- As he rose his face looded into her's. cealment, for he feared Belden more than His hat dropped from his hand he stag-

'I am hungry,' he began. 'I've had

The door began to close. He put hi

'For heaven's sake give me something

if it is not more than a crust of bread

Pitch in now!' she ordered. 'You

Dinner had not been served. He heard

the hum of distant conversation and little

bursts of laughter in a distant room.

Now and then some one struck a piano.

'A party?' he said, nodding toward

'Thanksgiving day!' was the senten-

'Ah! so it is. I had forgotten it.

A door opened and a little fairy of

'Were you hungry, little one?'

crumbs off his plate.

'In fact, it's fine.

asked of the miss, scraping the last

'Lots of times : but never so hungry

'Nor I either, always: but I like it.

said the lieutenant, rubbing his mouth on

the back of his hand in lieu of a napkin.

'Don't ye's talk too much now, Miss

'Is you really a tramp?' asks Laura,

'A first class one,' says the lieutenant.

'They's real funny. They's laughing'

'Don't your papa wear such boots?

'Nor I,' laughed the tramp; but the

'My name's Laura, what's your name?'

'My name?' said the lieutenant, his

'Did anybody find it?' was the ques-

Don't be imperent l' said Bridget

Lave the man alone! I think you'd

The lieutenant raised his head

I haven't any. I lost it long ago.'

Laura!' ordered Bridget, kneeling to

as vou. And I don't eat in the kitchen.

unusual festivities.

tious reply.

the front part of the house.

The door opened a little.

said the girl.

abondage he had never asked for more lay only a dozen miles away—and he must

record. Of course not, and they would Come! It is home again for all of us; An hour later the tramp sat at his

Conspicuous in the vestibule of the Chateau de Luciennes hung the portrait of Mme. du Barri by Drouet. It represents a woman of medium height. The eyes and mouth have that half-sleepy look f which Mme. Lebrun speaks in ber memoirs. Her forehead is superb, and her graceful form is dressed in a ringrave open at the bosom, with a waist coat of

ique, with many colored feathers on his head, gold and silver bracelets on his wrists and ankles. His mistress named him Zamore in compliments to the author

his turn repeated it to his faithful friends

10,000f. This collection was named the bibliotheque infernale at the time of the Revolution. Evening at Luciennes saw the King seated beneath an old linden tree on the terrace, making his own coffee, and there once, in a moment of burlesque magnificence, he created Zamore, the negro, Governor of Luciennes, with a salary of 1,200f. The Chancellor, Maupeon, was compelled to fix the seal of France to this warrant. When the royal guest departed the Comtesse regained her liberty. The gilded ed gates were flung open wide to the young lords, who, with the Duc de Brissac at their head, formed the brilliant Court at Luciennes, and the fete began. Carriage after carriage drove up filled with women in ball toilets. The park was illuminated from end to end. There was feasting in the Chateau, in the woods. on the lawn; there was music and dancing. The men in dresses of rich brocades, the women attired as nymphs of Watteau, dryads of Lancret, nereids of Couchet, in white satin slippers, gause wings on the shoulders, hoops, powder,

kittens as directed. Marie! Marie—'Yes, madam.'

whale, and the whale waxed fat and kicked.

There is a place for every one in the world-and out of it-according to