

OUTLINE OF A ROMANCE.

Presented by a woman with a Purple Nose—Her Husband of a Woman's Boot.

When he first appeared in front of the office boy at the entrance of the New York Sun's editorial rooms, nothing less than an interview with the editor-in-chief would satisfy him. The boy threw a fixed glance at the stranger's purple nose, stubbled chin and faded coat and persuaded him to communicate his errand to an ordinary reporter.

Pulling a parcel from one of his coat pockets, he began to fumble with its coverings of tissue paper. Finally the last sheet of paper fell to the floor. The man raised a tremulous hand, between the thumb and forefinger of which he held part of the heel of a woman's shoe.

"French, you see?" he began, hesitating. "Rather dainty don't you think? There's a story in it. I'll sell it at double space rates."

"What is it?" demanded the reporter. "What are the facts?"

"There ain't any," replied the stranger. "That's the beauty of the story. It's all to hamper you—but being your imagination to bear on this little subject and then make up your own colors. That's what you newspaper fellows like best, ain't it?"

"I guess it is not in our line," said the reporter. "Better go somewhere else."

He turned to leave, but was grabbed by the arm and held back.

"Don't go yet, young man," cried the stranger, eagerly. "You are missing the essence of your lifetime. Just think what a lot of romance lies hidden in this thing there."

"Tell me how I found it. There was a rush of young women to the soda fountain in the corner drug store. I watched the little ladies. They fought like wildcats to get served first. That's the nature of the sex."

"When the rush was over this heel was off on the floor."

"Well?" said the reporter. "Well?" repeated the stranger, regretfully. "I took you for a fool, when I first set eyes on you and for something of a poet besides. But, of course, if I am mistaken—"

"Don't you give me the gift of your

REMARKABLE EXECUTION.

Russian Banker Executed at Critical Moment and Condemned Man Volunteered to Hang Himself.

Some time ago a Russian criminal was executed in St. Petersburg. He had during the last two years murdered 12 persons, the last one being a priest. The law did not show this monster any mercy, but speedily condemned him to death.

Stiblanski, says the Washington Post, was the name of this wholesale murderer, and he hoped to the last for clemency. When the death warrant was read and the keeper informed him that he had but six hours to live, he raged and swore to revenge himself in the most terrible manner. After being left alone in the cell the first thing he did was to break his lamp, and, procuring some matches, he set fire to the oil. In a moment the flames broke through the window and the entire building was for a time threatened with destruction. Fortunately the fire was discovered in time and got under control before much damage had been done, but in the meantime a terrible struggle ensued between the keepers and the criminal, who had fortified himself with an iron bar, taken from his bedstead.

The first man to enter the cell was knocked senseless, and it was only after being almost suffocated with smoke that the prisoner was finally overpowered.

Next morning the execution took place. The condemned man ascended the scaffold with much bravado, made a thorough examination of the same, and finally declared that the rope was too short.

"I cannot get my head in the loop," he said, "and though it will cause me some inconvenience to wait, I will smoke a cigarette while you are hanging it attended to."

He lighted a cigarette and, turning to the executioner made a speech pointing out the desirability in his profession, and as a condemned man in Russia has certain rights, no one dared to interrupt him.

The executioner, who really was a tender-hearted man, became visibly affected by the moralizing words of the murderer, and turning to the crowd ascribed to the scaffold, de-

"I have heard of men who could give you a complete description of an animal after just seeing a mere bone of that animal. I have seen a bone of bone that had belonged to its owner, the stranger. You won't tell by this what the nature may be of the charming creature who dropped it." By this he meant the stamping new, poor thing. Well, you need not worry that's don't want to."

"Really, I don't see any story," said the reporter.

"It's French," the stranger went on, growing more and more dreamily enthusiastic. "It's of the extreme kind—so high-spirited must be equanimity as a writer. Much worse, too, a little poverty, a little misfortune, and much gravity of heart."

"It's worn on the outside. You can see it has a cushioning, slightly unflattering way. No lovely sweater or steps, powdered for love."

"Then it's very narrow. That means she's single or married, too, and she is a little used, herself, it seems. The base of the heel was once

"Don't you give me the gift of your

heels."

"Off we go. The stranger took off his bow tie. Then he began slowly to wrap up the heel again, and then a piece of paper after another from the heel for the purpose."

"One hand," he continued to the office boy, as he replaced the complete package in his pocket. "The heel is going down, elongating. I think this one of the best cases offered them for a long while."

ACTING THE PART.

The Bride Did Not Want People to Know They Were a Newly Married Couple.

"Now, Henry," said the bride, according to London Til-Bits, "I want you to understand distinctly that I do not wish to be taken for a bride. I am going to act exactly as if I were an old married woman. So dearest, do not think me cold and unloving if I treat you very graciously when there is anybody by."

"I don't believe I can pass for an old married man," said Henry. "I am so fond of you that I am bound to show it. I am sure to betray myself."

"No, you mustn't. It's easy enough. And I insist that you behave just like an old married man. Do you hear?"

"Well, darling, I'll try, but I know I shall not succeed."

On the first evening of their arrival at the hotel the bride recited and the groom fed in with a whale party with water to say nothing of cards and four weeks in the morning. His wife spent the early hours in weeping. At last he turned up, and met the girl strolling back with the following question: "Well, am I doing the old married man like a daisy?"

She never referred to the subject again, and eventually in those knew that they had not been married.

Magnificent English Park.

Do you know the name of the park of the English? It stands in the neighborhood of more than 10 miles in extent. It contains three hundred acres of park land. In the King George hedge one of the finest and most beautiful in England.

A Cost of the Paper to Smoke.

While many of his peers do not have their snuffboxes, Paper Box X is said to be the only British peer who has invested in one. He smokes both cigars and cigarettes, and has even been known to smoke in public from a colored menu.

STRANGE STORY OF SONG.

The Holy City Was First Sung by Florence Maybrick, the Convicted Murderess.

Few people who have felt their religious enthusiasm stirred by the glorious strains of "The Holy City," a song which has been more successful than any of its class since "The Lost Chord," are aware of the strange romance attached to its early history. The first singer to raise the inspiring cry of "Jerusalem! Jerusalem! sing for the night is over!" was that of Mrs. Florence Maybrick, the murderer, as the New York Press.

At this time when it is rumored that the American woman who has spent 15 years in an English prison may soon be liberated, these words seem to have special significance.

Stephen Adams, the composer, not only of "The Holy City," but a hundred other popular successes, such as "Nancy Lee," "A Warbler," "Red," "The Blue Mountain," "Mountain," and "The Midshipman," is in real life Michael Maybrick, a Lancashire coal-miner, and brother to the man whom Mrs. Maybrick was convicted of murdering.

The Maybricks were sons of a wealthy Liverpool manufacturer. The younger, Michael, chose a musical career, while the elder, remained in commerce and married a young American girl. He was an enthusiastic yachtsman, and aboard his elegant little vessel, usually moored in the Mersey, many enjoyable musical evenings were spent. Michael, the composer and singer, often being of the party.

It was on one of these occasions that Mrs. Maybrick's brother-in-law produced the manuscript of the new song he had just composed. It was "The Holy City." Sitting at the piano in the little cabin, he presented upon his sister-in-law, Florence, to try it over. She was a good musician and read at sight. The brother-in-law was the first to sing the song which afterward achieved phenomenal success.

But this did not come at once. The occasion referred to was about the year 1858. Michael Maybrick tells the story that the publishers rejected "The Holy City" again and again because it was too similar to some

other songs. At last, however, he gave it to Sir David Brewster, and others later.

7. A distinctive shape has a different air of aristocracy from one of known terrestrial character and formation. This air and the curious forms of meteoric origin, as the meteoriforms of iron and other minerals, tell of their celestial birth.

8. The diamonds of Kimberley are liable to crack or to pieces on coming into the air and the diamonds of the meteor in Arizona have done the same. This established most remarkable relationship and proves them always been subject to a power unknown to any terrestrial mineral which has experienced.

9. A perfect diamond has been found weighing one carat. It is a transparent, brilliant, brilliant, brilliant, brilliant, and is a perfect diamond. It cost a large sum of money.

10. They have different atmospheric powers in their form and in their layers.

11. They are of various sizes.

12. They are of various colors.

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