NUMBER 292.

# A SONG OF POLLY.

Travelers' Record. Polly, Polly the kettle sings, There's a puff of steam like fairy wings, A fragrance of Oolong stealing; Dainty china costly set. Fragile as frailest of eggshell, yet Strong in my housewife's dealing.

It's hey for toast, and ho for tea! Old reminiscences brought to me Over the tea with Polly; There's the fragment of song when hearts A trembling minor never sung.

Hushed in tears from Polly.

For Polly and I, ay, hey for toast, Ho for the tea, too, who can boast Of youth and love forever! Let broken heart and hint of wrong Find cheerier note in the kettle's song, Striving with brave endeavor.

So over the crisp brown toast for two, And tea in the old cups quaint and blue, Heighe for bygone folly! Though yellowest hair has turned to white, Old songs to minor, yet tonight We love on, I and Polly!

## THE OLD DRAWING MASTER.

MacMillan's Magazine. It is many years since, but I still remember as though it were but yesterday, the long, low, dusty room to which I, with about a dozen other girls, went for our weekly drawing lesson. I think the school was chiefly patronized by artisans-carpenters, decorators, designers in a small way, who toiled of an evening to improve themselves in some sort of drawing which might be useful in their business. We, the young ladies, certainly did not toll, neither on the whole did we greatly improve. I used to wonder how our master could go on, week after week, patiently correcting the same mistakes, cutting the blunt chalks, trying in his gentle, weary voice to impress the most elementary

rules on the minds of his careless pupils. He was a very little man, slightly bent and twisted, with a delicate refined face and bright eyes, who spoke English with a foreign accent. We did not know his history, or even his country, or how happened to settle in our smoky, northern town. It seemed to us that he had lived there always, and in all his life he had done nothing but teach, teach, teach.

"Are you ever tired of it?" I asked one day.

"Tired-yes!" he said with his habit-"But one does not mind ual smile. being tired, Miss Ellen; it is my work,

"Such unrewarded work!" I could not help saying it, as I looked down the long row of desks, on which lay drawings in every stage of badness. His eyes followed mine with a funny twinkle in

"Certainly, I do feel sometimes that it would be pleasant to teach those who truly wished to learn. They none of them work, those young ladies. Ah! in our old studio it was different. What ambition! But—"Mr. Hirsch stopped short, shrugged his bent shoulders, and began to put away the drawings an prepare the room for the next class. remained to finish a chalk study; think I was the only one of his lady pupils who worked with zeal. Presently

he came up and looked over my shoulder "Pretty well!" he said. "You have a feeling for form, Miss Ellen. It is a pity you do not devote more time to painting; you might, perhaps, do something.

"Do you really think so?"
"Well, it might be so with time and pains," said my master slowly. "You are receptive. If we cannot create, it is are receptive. If we cannot create, it is always something if we can receive and distribute. And I have, perhaps, a fee secrets.-I have learned something. am no artist myself, but I would like,

at may be, to make one artist."
"But," I ventured to ask, "why ar you no artist, you who know so much? Why do you not yourself paint?" He spread out his hands smiling. is too late—I am too old—I have no time

for painting. Once, indeed, I had my dreams-but not now. 'Ah, what a pity!" I said. "Not at all-no, when one grows old

one does not cease dreaming; one's dreams alter, that is all. I have my dream always," said my master, still We were interrupted by a ring at the

outer door. Mr. Hirsch went and opened it, and, after a short parley with some one outside, returned, carrying a huge, square parcel. As it seemed heavy, went to his assistance, and between us we got it into a little inner room which he reserved for his own use.

"This is my own business," he said.
"My pupils might laugh at it, though I have no reason to be ashamed. You see I do whatever work comes to my hand.' As he spoke he took off the cloth that covered the parcel and disclosed a large wooden panel on which was faintly discernable a painting, representing a swan with two necks, swimming in a very blue river. It was a signboard!

"This poor swan looks just ready to sing his death song, or perhaps I should say songs, since he has two throats, said my master; "but I am going to make

You are going to do this!" I ex-"One must live," said Mr. Hirsch cheerfully, "and one must help others to live. This picture will possess one ad-vantage; it is sure to be hung. There are many artists who would be glad if they could say as much as that of their

A fewdays later a note, misspelled and in a cramped foreign hand, signed Celie Hirsch, informed me that the next drawing lesson must be put off, as my

master was iil.
"You had better go tomorrow and in-quire for him?" said my father. "Take

bunch of grapes with you."

I had never before been to my drawing master's house; the rooms where we took our lessons were in another part of the town. The little slipshod girl who answered the bell, instead of replying to my inquiries, merely rapped at a door in the entrance passage, called out: "You're wanted, madame," and disappeared. A high-pitched voice called out, "Come I opened the door and found myself in a tiny sitting room. By an empty grate sat a woman neatly dressed shabby black, who rose hastily when she saw me. "Pardon, mademoiselle!" she said. "I had not expected a visitor; forgive me that I did not open to you I am lame, I walk with difficulty, and today I am tired." She had a crutch by her side and seemed infirm and old, though, as I afterward found, her ago

could not have exceeded forty-five. She told me that Mr. Hirsch was in bed with bronchitis, but she hoped he would soon be able to resume his lessons. She apologized for asking me into a cold room. "He needed the fire upstairs."

When I opened my basket she cried, 'Oh, cleit' and held up her hands with delight. This is, indeed, goodness; only this morning I was thinking if I he got another lad to serve him and made me his pupil and treated me as a brother. Those were happy days, in-deed, but he died, and since then I have had but some grapes for my husband." She took them with a tender touch, almost a caress. "It is so long since I have held grapes in my hand," she said; "it is as if I was once more in France. Will mademoiselle do me the had to get a living for myself and family and I could not do it by art."
Now I understood why Mr. Hirsch worked so hard for his stepson. I understood, too, that he had given the boy much more than time and labor: he had favor to sit down while I take them to monsieur? He will like to make you his thunks." She spoke slowly, with a given his dearest wish, the dream of his life. After I had surprised his picture on the easel, Mr. Hirsch would sometimes let me look over his portfolios. They were full of sketches; some of them me-morials of his student days, some done at odd times in his years of teaching. There were also a few finished pictures which he had failed to sell. My father, who was something of a connoisseur, came

French accent much stronger than her husband's. While she was gone I looked about me. 1 think, at that time of my life, I had never seen so poor a room. It had in it, with two exceptions, nothing but the most absolutely needful furniture, and that of the homeliest. These exceptions were striking. The first was a handsomely carved and gilt frame containing the carved and gilt frame containing the head, apparently a portrait, of a young man sketched in charcoal. The other was much more remarkable. It was an oil painting representing a group of French peasants returning from the harvest field. Even I, ignorant as I was, could perceive that it was a work was, could perceive that it was a work
of great power and beauty. Its delicate
pearl-gray tones so perfectly harmonized, its tender, restrained feeling riveted my attention. I was still looking
at it when Mrs. Hirsch returned.

"Ah," she said, "that was painted by my first husband. He was a great ar-tist. You never heard of him? It is because he died young, before he was appreciated. If he had lived he would have been famous. Mr. Hirsch says so, and he knows," she concluded, with an odd mixture of pride in her two husbands. "And that," she added turning to the charcoal sketch, "is his son, my Anatole, drawn by himself.

"He, then, is also an artist?" "He is a student. He has his father's genius; some day he, too, will be an ar-

After the first visit for some reason or another, I often went to my drawing master's house. His cough hung long about him, and before he could go out he offered to give him and his other pupils lessons at home if we choose to come. I gladly availed myself of the offer. Mrs. Hirsch was usually present, busy with some fine needlework, which no doubt, helped to eke out the family income. I observed that my master paid her a certain deference and almost always addressed her as madame. As both husband and wife were constantly occupied, I could not at first understand why they were so poor. Nothing seemed to come nmiss to Mr. Hirsch. Sometimes he would be painting a signboard, some-times designing a playbill, or drawing ornamental headings for tradesmen's circulars. Once in an out-of-the-way corner of the town, I came upon him engaged in freshening up the portrait of a huge salmon, which ornamented the window of a small fishing-tackle shop. On this occasion he seemed a little em-barassed and I turned quickly away and never afterwards referred to our meet-

Gradually I learned the meaning of all this industry. Anatole, the young original of the charcoal portrait, was being supported as a student in Paris at the expense of his stepfather. "He will be a great artist, I am sure of it," said Mr. Hirsch to me. "It is our duty to develop his genius."
"Does he know how hard you work?"

"Would he like you to do all I asked. this for him?"

"Ah-bah! It is nothing," said Mr. Hirsch smiling.
"That is what he always says," said

his wife, "but is everything to us-to Anatole and me." One day when Mr. Hirsch was out, she told me the story. How happy she had been with her first husband, the young

boy's education has cost much money; so

he has had to turn his hand to anything

that came. I have often been sorry; but

then he is not a genius like my first

husband and my boy."
One morning, coming early to the drawing school, I found Mr. Hirsch hard

at work before a small easel. Contrary

to his wont, he was so absorbed that he

did not notice the opening of the door

and I came quite close to him to him be

his usual air of smiling patience was ex

changed for an expression of intense eagerness, which made him appear at

least ten years younger. When he no-ticed me he looked up like a schoolboy

"You find me wasting my time sadly Miss Elien; but I had really no work till you came, so I amuse myself a little." I looked at the easel; on it was a small.

half-finished oil sketch, an old woman

selling flowers in the street.
"It is a little figure that I saw," said

my master, as if apologizing for his oc-cupation. "You see, she is old, and she

is ugly, and so is the street she sits in, but the flowers brighten all. It pleases

me to paint them, though I do but waste

paint like this."

Surely it cannot be waste of time to

Not for a student. For a student,

might even say that this would be a good work. But for a painter it is noth-

ing. Once I thought to be a painter, but I began too late, and it is all at an end now. It needs much labor, very much

"Three-no, four years; that is nothing, it needs a lifetime. I was a poor

his brushes and go on his errands. I was happy enough to see him paint and

labor. I have not had the time.

"You did not work at it long."

aught in some mischievous trick.

fore he stirred, close enough to see that

eagerly. "Now the time is near, tremble; I think I have been a fool to artist just rising into fame, tili he hope."
"We should always hope," said my shot down in the street on that terrible father kindly. "In your case I would 4th of December, 1851; how Mr. Hirsch his favorite pupil had stood by his side At length came the eventful day when in that hopeless fight for law and liberty and had carried him back, a dying man, the picture was screwed down in its to the little studio which had wooden case, hopelessly beyond all reach of final touches, and dispatched to the full of life and hope; how she had found herself left quite alone with her little boy of three years old. "I was an or-London agent who was to send it in.

All through April I thought of it con-tinually, Would it be skied? Would it, by any happy accident, find a good phan, I had no one, no one," she said with falling tears. "I had been hurt by an accident; I was lame, as you see me place, a place where some connoisseur might see and praise it? I had heard now, and I could get no work. ly starved all that winter, I and my boy. that a good deal depended on size, and this picture was small. Surely the had sold all that we could sell except hangers would be struck by its touch of that picture;" she looked toward the poetry, its signs of patient labor, and place it where it could be seen to advanpainting on the wall. "It was his last; it broke my heart to think of parting with it; but I had made up my mind that tage. My excitement could hardly it must go, when one Gottlieb came and asked if have been greater if it had been my own work. When the academy catalogue arrived (I had it sent down on the might work for me and the boy. day of publication), my hand shook so said he owed everything to my husband, much that I could hardly open it. and he would like to make some return. He had heard of some work in England turned to the list of names, but that of my old friend was not among them. as a teacher of drawing. There was only one way, mademoiselle, and I thought of my boy. We were married, and he has been the best of husbands to ooked through all the long list of pictures from beginning to end, then looked again. In vain! I could hardly believe such a misfortune possible, and yet it was too certain. After all my master's me. Since then we have had many struggles, but we have always had enough to live upon. Mr. Hirsch has tried every-thing. He wished to be a painter, but care and pains his picture, his dear pic ture, into which he had put so much no one would buy his pictures, and the ove and thought, was not accepted.

> visit him; at last I screwed up my courage and went. To my astonishment he met me smiling, radiant. He held both his thin hands out to me. "I hoped you would come," he said. "I wanted to tell you

Several days elapsed before I dared to

our good news, you who will sympa-"What!" I stammered, wondering if omebody had hoaxed him with the beof that he was successful, or if, by happy chance, there was a mistake in the catalogue. "I thought, I feared—" "The news is but just come," he said

Had you heard he was going to try He would not tell us, lest I should b disappointed if he did not succeed. looked to madame for an explanation She sat with an open letter in her hand her spectacles were wet, and tears were trickling unheeded down her cheeks out her lips wore a smile of perfect sat

sfaction. I was fairly bewildered. "Has some one got your picture hung after all?"

"My picture?" said my master ab-sently. "Ah, yes, it has been rejected. I had almost forgotten. That bubble has burst; it was a silly dream; I ought to have known better than to could be an artist now. But I cannot think of disappointment on this golden day, this day of joy, when all my toil is rewarded. For twenty years I have worked and hoped for this. Anatole, our Anatole has gained the Prix de

"It is what his dear father had most at heart," said madame. "When first he saw him in his little cap he said, Celie, my friend, our son shall be a painter, he shall study at Rome.' And it is thou who hast done it, Gottlieb,' she added, turning to her husband; "It is owing to thee. How can I ever thank

"Say no more," said her husband "Has not his wish been mine for twenty his prayears? Celie, when our Anatole is a great man he shall come to London; it is from.

try at odd times to imitate him; but when he found out that I-loved painting he got another lad to serve him and his pictures will be of another sort. And I will stand at the door and show the people in, and hear when they praise him: and I shall say, 'These pictures were painted by my master's son, who is also the dear son of my heart. Ah, what

happiness.'"
Madame softly echoed his words. I
left the two still smiling, weeping, laughing in their dingy little room, while the
sun shone in and lighted the dead painter's picture, and the portrait of Anatole,
and the wrinkled, happy faces of the hushappiness.' band and wife, gazing with delight on

those two precious treasures. Before the exhibition on which we had bullt such vain hopes was ended, my father had a severe illness, and during his slow recovery it was decided that ne must live henceforth in a milder climate. Among the friends from whom we parted, I was not least sorry to leave Mr. Hirsch and his wife, and I

and looked at them, and bought two of

the pictures. "Really, Mr. Hirsch," he said, "I had

no idea you were such an artist or 1

would have given myself the pleasure of

looking at your work sooner. It is a loss for our town that you do not continue

A faint color came into my master's

pale face, and his eyes sparkled. It was

ong since he had had the pleasure of

talking with one who really knew any-

of his work was a solid proof of appre-

"I have sometimes thought," he said.

in a hesitating way, "since my son has had the good fortune to do a little for

himself lately, that I might venture to spend some of my leisure in that man-

ner. Your generosity, your kind words,'

he added, with a low bow to my father,

A few weeks later Mr. Hirsch beckon-

ed to me mysteriously from the door of

his little inner room, the same where he

had repainted the two necked swan. I

was standing before an easel, on which a picture was drawing. The subject was the same as the little sketch I had be-

fore seen, an old woman with flowers.

"This subject haunts me, he said; "the flowers which brighten dull lives, the

beauty which God sends into our dreasiest streets; I think, perhaps I might be able to paint it. If I could put

into my picture all that I can see in the

face of the old woman who comes to sit

to me, there should be something in it to touch the heart; but that is very hard."

All that autumn and winter Mr.

Hirsch worked at his picture whenever

he had any spare time, and my father

managed to sell a few sketches for him, so that he might allow himself more leisure for this happy toil. It was won-

derful to see how the return to his be-loved art transformed him. He held up his head and seemed bright and almost

young. I sometimes felt sorry when I looked at him, and saw how sanguine he

was growing. In his rapt attention to his work he appeared to forget what he

once had told me, that it was now too

late for him to become an artist.
"I shall send it to the academy," he

said one day when it was almost done.

"That is the best. It may not sell, but at least, people will see what I can do; it will make a beginning." I remembered all that I had heard of

pictures rejected, and wondered if he would have any chance, but it seemed

When the picture was finished he asked my father to look at it. It was

reatly a beautiful thing, full of feeling;

but, as my father saw much more plainly than I, defective in many points from

"How does it strike you? Have I made any success?" asked Mr. Hirsch eagerly. "Now the time is near, I

want of experience and long practice.

unkind to damp his happy c

laid down my brush and went in.

'will make it easier.'

painting.

ciation.

think that our regrets were mutual. For several years we resided chiefly on the continent, and during our brief visits to England I had no opportunity of see-ing our old friend in the north, Mr. Hirsch, his struggles and his sacrifices had long faded into a dim background of half forgotten memories, when I found in a Florentine hotel a copy of an English newspaper, in which was noticed a newly opened exhibition of pictures by a young French artist, M. Anatole -The painter was mentioned with praise, critical and discrimination, such as men are the better for reading, and in one short paragraph, coupled with a few words of fine and penetrating apprecia-tion, was the name of my old drawing master.

# CLEVER PARODY.

If Tennyson should write the American anthem for the world's fair—which, shades of Snakespeare forbid!—it will probably run omewhat like this, suggests the Sacramento Bee:

Oh, the American people!
You who live up in the steeple
Of holy things!
Your evening love I've quaffed, I've quaffed,
My soul to thee I waft, I waft,

On wings! on wings! Oh, people! Oh, steeple! Oh, thou! Oh, thou and thine! To thine I bow! I give salaam!

I genuflect: obeisance make! Thy hearts in mine I freely take— I take with jam.

# RAILROAD MEN.

Some Regard for Brakemen. The automatic brake and the automatic coupler for freight cars have been making great progress since the master car builders settled upon a type. Engineering News reported 99,000 freight cars equipped with the automatic couplers on the first of the year, and that railroads with 72,000 miles of tracks and 700,000 freight cars have adopted the policy of applying automatic couplers to all new equipments. Even greater progress has been made with the automatic brakes, 150,000 been made with the automatic brakes, 150,000 cars being equipped with them on the first of the year, and roads controlling \$7,915 milea of track and 608,375 cars having determined to put the automatic brakes on all new cars. The reform thus well started is sure to be greatly extended in the near future, and should soon begin to show its expected effects in ies ening the number of accidents to freight trains, and particularly the loss of freight trains, and particularly the does of life suffered by brakemen,

Picked Up by a Cow-Catcher. cow-catcher of a Big Four railroad train near the Obio and Indiana line recently, says the Cincinnati Enquirer. A valuable mare and colt belonging to Abiah Hayes, the stock raiser, escaped from the barnyard just as a long freight train came thundering by. The colt, which was but four weeks old, ran from ts mother and on to the track, in front of the its mother and on to the track, in Front of the rushing engine. The intelligent mare neighed pitcously, and galloped after its offspring. The coit was picked up by the cow-catener of the engine and carried along the track unnarmed. The mare leaped fences and dashed by the side of the moving train, in her fran-tic efforts to reach the colt, all the time neigh-The mare leaned fences and dashed ing and manifesting the most intense grief. It was full two miles before the train was stopped, when the colt rolled from the cow-catcher and ran to its mother, without the slightest mark of injury after its perilous

Ventriloquist on a Train. "All out for Fifty-ninth street!" rang out in an elevated train the other evening, says the New York Epoch. The people who were on their way home after a day of toil, started up and made for the door but discovered to their surprise that not the Fifty-ninth street station but only the Twenty-third street one

nad been reached.

"What does this mean?" a cherus of voices as'red the brakeman, and the owners of the voices glared at the uniformed employe.

"Don't know. I never called out Fiftyninth street."

had been reached.

The perplexed passengers returned to their seats and were soon tidden behind their newspapers. When the train pulled up at the next station at Twenty-eighth street, the announcement rang out again, "All out for Fifty-ninth street."

The conductor became enraged and looked about eagerly to discover the miscreant, bu the people in the car, understanding then that a ventraloquist was among them, burst out laughing. They dropped their papers and scanned faces to find out who it was that by throwing his loud voice to the platform of the car, had succeeded in playing the joke. At each station the ventriloquest called out the same thing up to Fifty-ninth street where I got off and all that time he remained undis covered.

# After the Servic's

She was a little dream of a girl-a symphony in brown eyes and black curls -and she knelt with her mother in a front pew, right before the altar in the south transept. The holy insense-perfumed prayer-floated around and about She was so near the altar that she could see the pattern of the lace on the acolytes surplice and wonder how much it cost. In fine she was a charming little girl, and no one in the whole church wore a prettier frock or carried a lovlier prayer book. She read her prayer book like a nun, she bowed her head at the elevation and she listened attentively when the priest in the plain gown and surplice preached the sermon. There was not a little girl in the whole church wore a prettier frock than she, and her mother, like herself, wore the garments of luxury and wealth.

The service was over. The priest had given his benediction. And then the two-mother and daughter-sallied forth together as they had done Sunday after Sunday, ever

since the little one had received he first communion.

As they passed in the wake of the crowd through the body of the church where only the poor people were, the little one noticed a handsome woman with her face buried in her hands, but dressed in silk and wearing jewels, say

the San Francisco Examiner. "Mother, dear," said she, "who is that lady? She is very, very pretty. She must be a real lady, but she kneels down here with all the common people. "Don't look oat her, child," said the mother, "she is bad."

Atchison Globe: A man no sooner finishes his prayer to be delivered from temptations than he hunts up temptations to be delivered

How Suffrage Was Obtained in Wyoming for the Weaker Sax.

DESIROUS OF BEING HEROINES.

Two Girls Undertake to Wreck a Train for the Money and Glory That Was in It-Inquisitive Females.

William H. Bright, who secured the passage of the law conferring universal sufferage in Wyoming, recently received a government appointment at the national capital. He is now a white haired man of sixty. For a long time he lived in Colorado, was a resident of Leadville and worked for a while at the Colorado fish hatchery. Neither time nor fortune has delt kindly by Bright, and he was actually in need of employment when he received his new appointment.

When Wyoming was organized as a territory, Bright lived at South Pass, where he kept a saloon. There was a meeting called to select members of the legislature from there. A cheeky sort of a lawyer named Rockwell, without any practice to speak of, wanted to be a representative, and at the mass meeting extelled himself. Bright, who was present, made a humorous speech, ridi-culing the nerve of the lawyer who pretended that he would be making a great sacrifice in serving as a legislator. Among other things be said, according to a Cheyenne paper: 'I've considerable bar practice myself, but it's mostly behind the bar. But fortnnately my trace will not suffer very uch during a temporary absence and what suffers I'm perfectly willing to stand. I think I could represent you follows in good shape in the territorial council and if you want me to go you've only got to say the word and I'll pack my grip for Cheyenne when the time comes."

This speech caught the crowd. Rockwell the professed that he wanted to go to the

finally confessed that he wanted to go to the legislature. He was elected to the house and Bright to the council, of which he was made president.
Bright's wife was a great deal better edu-

cated than he was and when he wanted any writing or figuring done he always went to her to do it. He was a great admirer of his wife, and as he said in his speech in advocating the bill: "Why shouldn't I be in favor of giving my wife the ballot! She is better morally than I am, she is better educated and better qualified to judge of things—now why should I say that she's not entitled to the same rights that I am?" This is what influenced Bright. He studied the situation over same rights that I am? This is what influenced Bright. He studied the situation over very carefully and found just how every one stood on the suffrage question. Nearly everybedy was openly opposed to it. But Bright was a good deal of a schemer and wire puller. He made friends from the start. In the appointment of the committees he brought some under his influence. To some he preached that the passage of the bill would be a big advertisement, and in the eyes of the world would at once distinctly individualize Wyoming in the dead level of wild western states. To those so inclined he gave the affair a humerous tinge and spoke of the hugeness of the joke involved. To a very few, perhaps, he spoke of the justness of the cause. Many of them he won over by getting from them a private promise to give his bill a complimentary vote as a favor to him, whenever necessary supporting pet measures of other members as a consideration on receiving the promise, sometimes on the ground that the darn thing couldn't pass, anyhow, but he didn't like to couldn't pass, anyhow, but he didn't like to see his only bill done up so badly. Bright worked his cards very shrewdly, and to the intense surprise of everybody carried his bill through both houses without a dissenting

It is said that during all the time the Brights lived in Wyoming, Mrs. Bright never exercised the right of suffrage connever exercised the right of suffrage co-ferred on her through her husband's pluck.

Six Men Had to Wait. A woman wearing a mackintosh and carry ing an umbrella stood at the ticket window at the Barclay street ferry 'he other day says the New York Times. Six men were standing behind her in line. A boat was due to

leave in about two ininutes. "Do boats leave here for Hoboken?" she asked, and the man inside answered "Yes."

"How long will it be before the next one "About a minute," was the reply "Does the boat go straight to Hoboken?"

asked the woman.
"Yes," said the ticket seller.
"How long could I wait in Hoboken before there was another boat back?" asked the woman, while the men behind her grew ner-"As long as you please," said the patient

ticket seller; "they are going and coming all "Could I get from Hoboken to Jersey City without coming back here?"

"Yes; street cars run regularly," was the "Would it be quicker to go by a car or come back and take a ferry to Jersey City?"

"I don't know," was the answer. Then the ticket seller asked impatiently, "How "How many what?" said the woman. "How many what?" said the woman.
"Tickets, How many tickets do you want?"
The bell was ringing for the boat to move, and the men in line were swearing.
"I don't want any tickets," she said. "My sister lives in Hoboken, and if I thought I had time to go and see her and call on my brother's folks in Jersey City I was going

over tomorrow. Just Like a Man. What a bonnet it was. The very band box that it came in seemed to appreciate the value and magnificence it contained-such a substantial, well-varnished, responsible bandbox. Up the steps the messenger carried it and rang the bell. Her husband feit a chill such as that we experience when, according

to the old gossips, somebody walks over our future grave. Mrs. Frontpew tried it on in the parlor and said her husband was a duck, and gathered the family around her that they might bask n the sunlight of its glory. And what a bonnet of glory it was! What a creation of creams and other soft colors! What a master work of feathers and birds and flowers? To have one such bonnet was worth living a life

kind and with such taste.

The door-bell rang again, records the San Francisco Examiner. Another messenger "This is Mrs. Frontpew's bonnet," said the messenger. "The other one was left by mis-take. It should have gone to Mrs. Siyly,next

Never was there a husband so good and

door."
With a blanched face she gave back the bonnet and looked at her own. Bird for bird, feather for feather, flower for flower—it was the same as the other.
That is why Mrs. Frontpaw was not in church on Sunday and why Frontpaw has been taking supper down town and looks like

a man upon whom great woe is fallen.

How could be tell? The milliner merely showed him a pretty head-dress and he or dered one made up like it.

But that's like a man.

Wanted to be Heroines. Laura and Flora Woolley are twin sisters

who piled ties on a railroad track near Farmingdale, N. J., last week, and then flagged the train hoping to get a large reward. Their ruse was discovered. Laura has been greatly agitated ever since the matter became public and went to her bedroom and prepared to end her life. She tied one end of a stout rope to a book in the wall, and with the other end she made a noose. Then she mounted a chair, placed the noose around her | Atlanta."

neck, and prepared to awing herself off into eternity. She sprang from the chair and was strangling when her sister Flora rushed in at the door and rescued her. The girl is apparently none the worse for her experiment, and her friends and relatives will try to persdade her that there is no reason why she

should not continue to live.

As the 4:30 o'clock p. m. express train from New York to Lakewood on the New Jersey Southern railroad neared a deep cut at Hendrickson's Switch, five miles from Lakewood, a young girl ran down the track frantically waving a red flag. Engineer William Narison put on the brakes and the train stopped but a few feet from a heap of

ties that had been piled across the track. "I saw two men put them there and run int o the woods," the girl said, apparently in great excitement, "and ran down to stop

Grateful passengers took up a collection that was reported at the time to amount to \$105, and the maiden found herself a heroine. George Fitzgerald, the section boss, could not quite see how such a scheme could be planned in that vicinity. Tramps were not numerous, and the few families living in the vicinity were well known and above suspi-cion. A little investigation convinced him that the ties were not placed there to wreck that the ties were not placed there to wreek the train. These suspicions were confirmed by a fellow-employe Levi Brudge, a cousin of the "heroine of a day," who obtained from her a confession that she and her sister had planned and carried out the scheme to enrich

a slender purse, and incidentally to win a lit-tle fleeting renown.

The Misses Woolley were in a sad, predicament at the discovery of their pict. They had heard their father read in the newspapers, they said, of a girl who had saved a train for glory, and the idea suggested itself to them that the same thing might be done for money. They had carried the ties to the track and sent their younger brother, "Budd," to the house for a signal flag. The story about the men making for the woods was persisted in until Mr. Burdge wrung a confession from them. Mr. Woolley, the father, was disposed to take a humorous view of the situation. He thought the girls had been very foolish. He had never known them to be "so bad" be-fore, but guessed the whole matter would soon blow over. Sectionmaster Brudge was jabilant over his clever bit of detective work, as was his colleague, Fitzgerald. The mat-ter has been laid before Supervisor Michael Murphy of Long Branch, for his action.

## Rich and Generous.

The poor as well as the rich enjoy the fruits of the wealth heaped up by Augustus Hemenway and left to his widow and children. enway and left to his widow and children.

Mrs. Hemenway is supposed to be the richest woman in New England. Her husband
went to Boston a poor lad, began as a boy in
the East India house of that noted merchant
of oid, Benjamin Bargs, soon became confidential clerk and then a proprietor himself.
At his death he left \$22,000,000, the largest
estate ever administered upon in that city.

Mrs. Hemenway occupies one of those solid
old houses on Mt. Vernon street, a few steps
back from the common, in that section of the
city which retains its ancient fashionable discity which retains its ancient fashionable dis

The Chase of Life. New York Herald.

Ail men are hunters. Statesmen hunt for fame: The doctor hunts for fortune and a name;

The merchant hunts for stores of gathered gold; For glory's garland hunts the warrior bold;

The lawyer hunts for clients and for fees;
But there's a hunt that's keener yet thau
these—
'Tis when the lover tries his utmost art To hunt and capture some fair maiden's

Married to bed.

Miss Nora Jolly was bolstered up in bed in Phillipsburg, Pa., last week, and married Dr. J. H. Piper of Wheeling. The bride became ill about two weeks ago with grip, which developed into typhoid fever. The wedding had been arranged to take place and many guests had been invited. Miss Jolly refused to have the marriage postponed.

He Bore an Honored Name. Chicago Tribune.

Magistrate (to vagrant)-Why do you obect, sir, to giving your name? Vagrant (dilapidated but proud)—Because, your honor. I could not bear the suspicion hat I sail under an alliance. (Sharply)-Then give your real name,

sir. (Dejectedly) –That's it, judge. Nobody would believe it. My name is John Smith.

#### A Good Deal of a Dilemma. Texas Siftings.

"Why is it that you treat me with such disdain!" asked a young society beau of a "As long as you are not on good terms with my husband, I cannot possibly treat ou kindly."

"This is a horrible dilemma," responded the gilded youth. "If you show me any at-tention your husband refuses to speak to me, and unless he is friendly you give me the cold shoulder. I never was in such a fix."

Fixings Make the Dog. Four or five of us were waiting on hotel veranda in a Georgia town for the bus to drive up and take us to the depot, when a colored man came along dragging after him about one of the meanest looking dogs you ever saw, says the New

"What are you going to do with him?"

asked one of the group.
"Kill him, sah!"
"But why?"
"No good, sah." "Then sell him."

"Can't do it."

"Then give him away." "Nobody would dun take him." "I'll take him. Bring him right up

"You is foolin', sah."
"No, I ain't. Here, give him to

and here's a quarter for you." He tied the dog to a chair over to a hardware store and bought collar. Then he went to a dry goods store and got half a yard of red silk and a yard of blue ribbon, and in ten minites the dog was blanketed up and bowed up until he did look fancy. He was taken to the depot in the 'bus, and we had scarcely arrived when a white man, who sat on a box whistling, came forward and said:

"What ye got thar, stranger?" "Chinese fox hound," replied our "Shoo! Never saw one before."

"This is the only one in this country." "Cost a heap." "Given to me by the Chinese consul at Washington, but I wished he had him

back. He's so wild after game that he bothers the life out of me. "Is he all right for this climate?"

"O, yes." "Good-natured?" "A perfect baby."
"How much'll buy nim?" "Well-um. I never set any value on

He's a present, and I suppose I ought to keep him, but as he is a fox dog and this is a fox country, some good man around here ought to have him." "Will you take \$20?"
"Um! Make it \$25." "Um!

"Can't do it. Just got two tens heer for the dog as he stands. "Well, I suppose yoo'll use him well and it will be better for the dog."

We rolled away on the train as the purchaser headed for home with his dog. None of us could say a word for a long long time. It was the seller who finall spoke first, and he said: "Gentlemen, think it over, and be ready to name your drink when we reach

THE QUARTER STRETCH.

THE REALM OF SPORT,

Movements in Fistic Circles-The Wrestlers, Rowers and Shooters

Hoy leads off in the batting for St. Louis.

There will be a concert at the park on open-Tim Keefe is in live at last. He is a giant

Clarence Whistler made the first home run of the season in New York. Fred Duniap and Paul Hines will address

lincinnati-St. Louis opening game at St.

He is now called "Burly Amos, the Hoosier

W. I. Harris has been installed as baseball editor of the Mail and Express—Deacon Shephard's New York daily. Billy Sunday seems lost to Cincinnati, Orator O'Rourke is now the singger upon

"Honest John" Kelly has declined to um-pire in the association and "Brudder Bill" Gleason has been elected to fill his shoes.

"Mattie" Keogan wants a chance to show Pat Powers that as a Bison he will put on iorns that the internationals cannot touch. Blessed are the peacemakers! It is well they are, for they never would be by the war-ring baseball magnates.—Frank L. Hough. Tom McLaughlin, who glayed short stop for Louisville in '84, was married at the Falls City yesterday to Miss Luiu Steiten.

Kid Madden pitched just five games for Boston's brethren last year. They are going to give him to Columbus wrapped up in blue

Dowd may cover second for the Cincinnatiassociation team, instead of Yank Robinson, He is a good one and a far better hitter than Yank.

Brooklyn. Laura Biggar, "Iza," in one of the Ciem-enceau Case companies, is a "fan," and she is trying to give base ball a boom in New Or

that is a good one. Out at the league park scores of every game played in the league will be bulletined when the Reds are as

The baseball magnates will get back all the money they lost last season, if the attendance at New Haven and the polo grounds Friday and Saturday is a criterion.—New York Beauty 18 at 18

York Recorder.

Eighteen inches of snow fell at Denve Tuesday a week ago and Uncle Anson's colta were burried in the beautiful. The next

Those fast-day crowds had a good, healthy, well-fed look. When 13,566 will turn out to two games of ball when a little contest at parchesi by the fireside would bring more

physical comfort, it is easy to see that base ball is o. k.

between its hands and was about to kiss the saucy creature plump on her ruby lips some naughty reporter yelled "Rats!" That sets tied it. Miss Association told Mr. League to "Go away, you horrid creature."—O. P. Caylor. Just as the league had the association curis

no-the association seceded after a fifteen minute session! Good business men do not move so hastily.—Mulford.

Can anyone see a pointer in that - Times; "By next season all the ball players in the country will be scrambling to get into the as-sociation."—[St. Louis Sayings. Why not add April 1 to that assertion! The players in

Louisville and Washington. Of course they President Young has assigned the umpires for the initial championship games in the National league and Western association as follows: For the Western association, April 16, with T. H. Gaffney, at Kansas City, Mo.; Alonzo Knight, at Omaha; Charles Collins at Denver, Colo.; Andre Emslie, at Lincolu, Neb. April 22 will witness the opening games of the National league, and in the New York Boston game at the Polo grounds Thomas J Lynch will be there. At Philadelphia the

Along the Quarter Stretch. Sam Morse has changed hands once more.

this season. Faithful has the call as the derby winner

Jockey Bergen has been suspended once more by Starter Caldwell. Weber has joined forces with Eugene Leigh and will ride for him this year.

ferred to V. B. Haggin's stud. Colonel R. P. Pepper's office at Fairfield was destroyed by fire. His trotting stable had a narrow escape.

and the pool sheds will be nailed up. Black boards will be turned to the wall, but the 'bookies' will use pads and pencils and thu

Gossip About the Ball Player and the Game.

--- And Miscellaneous Chat from All Quarters.

Goodell and Weekbecker have signed with suffalo.

Jake Beckley and his bride have arrived at

Joe Visner as "cap" this year.
"Brudder Bill" Gleason will umpire the It is no longer "the boy twirler" with Rusie,

Denny Lyons made three home runs in Sunday's game at St. Louis. Der Browns beat an amateur club 14 to 3.

whom their hopes are centered.

If Calliope Miller goes to Cincinnati George Smith will likely drift to Pittsburg. Miller would be glad to play with the Reds.

Allen W. Thurman's son helped "do up", the Boston association team. He got a home run for the university of Virginia. "Captain Cudworth of New Haven" is the proper caper. "Cud" is a king in New England, but he didn't last long in St. Louis.

Tom Kinslow, who, with Beatin, gave Gus, Schmelz and Cincinnati the razzle dazzle when they were with Allentown, is in line at

cans by offering medais. Cincinnati fans will have one innovation

home.

They don't think of Mr. Reilly quite so highly in Columbus, but Pittsburg has gone daft on the young man. He gets maple sugar and honey by mail every day—Cleveland

Gymnasiums have ruined many a good bath player, and the prifessors of those institu-tions are more likely to make the men do work that is injurious rather than beneficial

time the old man goes to Colorado to train he'll choose Florida.

Pitcher Luby has not yet reported for duty. He lingers still in the fields of South Carolina. Secretary Hart will today decide whether to send a bloodhound on the eccen-tric player's trail or throw out a grappling ok.-Chicago Heraid.

The interchange of exhibition games between association and league clubs is a mistake and a bad one. How much better it would have been today if the Boston association and Boston league clubs had met! But

"We are willing," says Mr. Von der Ahe, "to respect the rights of the National league. The reserve rule is a good thing, and if the league is willing for a compromise on that point I would not oppose it, and they can negotiate with President Kramer, of the ass sociation."—[St. Louis Globe-Democrat,

Star. cities like Chicago, Boston, Brooklyn and New York will be tramping on each other's corns to get to play in towns like Columbus,

same day Harry Wright's team will be pitted against John Ward's bridegrooms, and the arbitrator will be Timothy Hurst, a new applicant for popular approval as an umpire in the league. Powers and McQuade will umpire the games at Cincinnati and Divisional Control of the league.

Meadville is to have a new kite-shaped Budd Doble (2:13%) will be campaigned

Jockey Doggett willride for McLewes & Waymart (2:27%), valued at \$10,000, died at Rockville, Ind.

Beatitude, the brood mare, has been trans-

Racing will begin at Elizabeth April 11,

John Goldsmith's eastern campaign he

## boy, a farmer's son in the Vosges, and used to draw many a time, when I should have been minding my work. I am sorry for it now. When I came to be a man I went to Paris and found my way to an artist's studio. He took me in as his servant, to mix his colors and clean