

THE DIFFICULT SEED.

I

A little seed lay in the ground,
And soon began to sprout;
"Now which of all the flowers around,"
It mused, "shall I come out?"

II

"The lily's face is fair and proud,
But just a trifle cold;
The rose, I think, is rather loud,
And then, its fashion's old.

III

"The violet is very well,
But not a flower I'd choose;
Nor yet the canterbury-bell—
I never cared for blues.

IV

"Petunias are by far too bright,
And vulgar flowers besides:
The primrose only blooms at night,
And peonies spread too wide."

V

And so it criticised each flower,
This supercilious seed;
Until it woke one summer hour,
And found itself a weed.

MILDRED HOWELLS.

TABOR'S STRIKE.

H. A. W. Tabor, the man whose \$10,000 night shirt was admired in Washington while he represented Colorado in the senate, is on top again, and the story reads like a fairy tale. Ten years ago he was worth \$5,000,000, but he spent money lavishly, was bled by politicians and others, and got rid of his wealth through a score of channels. Through it all he has held onto the Tabor Opera house, worth over \$1,000,000, and the Tabor block, worth nearly half as much. He fell into the hands of the money lenders, who charged him 2 and 3 per cent a month interest, besides round commissions of \$20,000 and \$25,000. His principal indebtedness was concentrated within the last two years on his two big buildings in cutthroat trust deeds for \$750,000. There is no redemption clause in these deeds.

Some months ago the old man went into the Jesus Maria mine in Old Mexico and now his "Tabor luck," long a favorite expression in the west, has returned. The blocks were advertised to be sold by auction 10 days ago and they would have gone from him forever. His agents secured a temporary injunction, and during the arguments since it has been shown that he got only \$176,000 cash out of the \$750,000 obligation. The rest was accumulated interest and commissions. The other day in court it was announced that the debt would be paid to-morrow and the trust deeds lifted. There was a cheer which the judge with difficulty suppressed, as the ex-senator has general sympathy. While the usurers have been trying to obtain his property at half its value, he has been working with overalls and candle as the underground superintendent of his mine, and it is now paying \$65,000 to \$70,000 a month net in gold.

Several months income has gone to pay obligations to the bank at Chihuahua and other preliminary expenses, but these are all cleared up and the stream of gold is diverted to Denver. The result is that a syndicate of old friends has been formed to pay off the trust deeds, and in a few months Tabor will again be free of debt.

NOTHING TO GAIN.

"I can support you in the style to which you are now accustomed at home, Miss Munn," said Mr. Higgins, by way of urging his suit.

"Is that all?" replied the girl, who was of the fin de siecle variety. "I don't see what advantage it would be for me to marry in that case."

No one in ordinary health need become bald or gray, if he will follow sensible treatment. We advise cleanliness of the scalp and the use of Hall's Hair Renewer.

A DISCIPLE OF OWEN MEREDITH.

He said he had cast off the follies of youth,
For the follies of age came apace.
He was just twenty-four when he said it, and thought
He had nearly completed his race.

He had found out how hollow were pleasure and wealth,
How fickle were women, or tame;
And creeds and philosophies all were as one,
With only a difference of name.

"I am old—æons old," he would gloomily say,
With a sigh that was bitter and deep.
"All the hopes that burned high to their ashes have turned,
Save the hope of Nirvana's long sleep."

I met him at forty, then lately betrothed
To a girl with a frivolous mind.
He spoke of their gay little supper last night,
And his puns were the worst of their kind.

The follies of age lightly sat on his brow,
And I hinted they seemed to agree.
"Oh, age," he replied, "is a long way off still,
It is only its wisdom I see."

HELEN FRASER LOVETT.

DIDN'T NEED IT.

He was an Englishman with a title, and he was a gentleman in all the term implies. He was a busy man however, and until he came to America society had seen little of him. When he came to New York he was grabbed at by the best of society of that town and his life almost made a burden to him.

"Ah," exclaimed a fashionable woman to whom he had said something of his trials, "you don't like this? You astonish me."

"I am scarcely accustomed to it, madam," he said apologetically.

"And you don't cultivate society? All the people you meet here do, and you should."

"It doesn't need cultivation where I live," he explained, and the explanation went.

THE STATUE WEPT.

Last winter at one of the little hillside village shrines near San Remo the madonna was observed to be weeping. This was not seen by one, but by many, as great crowds collected and watched the slowly dropping tears. The people were puzzled, bewildered, frightened. So they called together the wisest men to find out the cause. After several days of deliberation and examination they announced the cause of the madonna's tears. There was a hole in the top of her head, the rain had entered and filled the cavity and, in time, worked its way through the eyes, the pupils of which presented the thinnest portion of marble to work through.

INTERESTING LETTER.

The utter emptiness of the life of an idle woman of the upper class in the last century is illustrated by the following letter, which was actually written by a French countess to the absent count;

"DEAR HUSBAND—Not knowing what else to do, I will write to you.

"Not knowing what to say, I will close. Wearily yours,

COUNTESS DE R."

Bessie H. Bedloe, Burlington, Vt., had a disease of the scalp, causing her hair to become very harsh and dry, and to fall so freely that she scarcely dared to comb it. Ayer's Hair Vigor gave her a healthy scalp, removed the dandruff and made the hair thick and glossy.

Mr. Mosher, at the Windsor Floral palace, P and 11th, will plan designs for your lawn beds free, and plant them if you desire.

If you order your ice of the LINCOLN ICE CO. you will get prompt service, courteous, and pure ice. 1010, O Street.