

"PEANUT JOE."

Bless yer, yea! I'm gettin' jes' a trifle stiff an' old;
 Be'n right on this corner here for twenty year all told;
 Storm 'n' cold 'n' sunshine, Ol' Joe's here jes' ther same,
 Mos' everybody knows me now 'n' calls me by my name;
 Can't get lonesome if I try, faces are so bright;
 Makes my heart feel cheery 'fore they passes out uv sight;
 Stop jes' long enough ter say er kind word 'fore they go
 'At sends a bit of comfort in ther life uv "Peanut Joe."

The youngsters too, Lord love 'em, all smile 'n' nod ter me;
 My ol' heart gets ez tender an' ez soft-like ez kin be;
 An' when they reach my corner, 'ith ther cheeks so plump 'n' red,
 I lets 'em keep ther pennies, an' I take er kiss instead;
 They goes erway a-laughin', so happy an' so gay,
 It makes this ol' world seem ter be a better place ter stay;
 An' when they reach ther corner they allers seem ter know
 I'm listenin' 'thil I hears 'em shout: "Good-by!" ter "Peanut Joe."

It takes me all my time ter see ther brightest side uv life,
 An' so I turn my eyes erway from discord, sin 'n' strife;
 But if my corner seems ter be a hard 'n' dreary place,
 I hunts among ther crowd ter find a happy little face;
 An' brighter than er sunbeam or ther bluest bit uv sky,
 A heaven on earth it seems ter shine right out uv baby's eye,
 So, if there is a world above, wher' men like me kin go,
 Jes' save a place right next ter them—a spot fer "Peanut Joe."

—Walter S. Stranahan, in Chicago Record.

WON AT LAST.

BY HEL'N BEEKMAN.

IT WAS a lovely picture of rolling woodland and grassy slopes, with the peaceful river in the distance reflecting the glories of the dying sun, and the rich masses of cloud tinged with myriad rainbow dyes, but before Bell Fielding's eyes a mist of tears intervened. None sparkled on the jetty lashes, no trace of them was left on the fair, flushed cheek, but they blurred the vision for all that, as she choked them back on her sad heart. Arounder her was every evidence of wealth. The house rising in the background, a grand old pile of gray stone, worthy the name of castle, the grounds surrounding it, kept in exquisite order, giving every sign of cultivation and taste, her own dress rich and costly, yet the tears so nearly shed were caused by the bitterness of dependence.

It was her uncle's house she shared, the privileges which by right belonged solely to her cousin, her beautiful cousin May—proud and beautiful, the idol of her father, a man stern and grave save to the daughter, whose smile melted the chilliest frost in which he enwrapped himself.

Years before Bell, too, had known a father's love, but that Archer Fielding had ever been own brother to this man of iron seemed impossible. Her earliest recollections were of a bright, genial nature, eyes and lips formed only for laughter, forbidding concealment and distrust, a heart always ready to listen to her childish wants, ever open to unfold and protect her, then silence and mystery. His name was never mentioned now in her uncle's home. She had been taught to think him dead, though sometimes rose a great hope in her soul that somewhere on this wide earth he might yet live and the day would come when she might find him. She could complain of no unkindness, but well she knew duty, not love, assigned her her daily bread, and therefore, since in her veins, too, ran the proud blood of the Fieldings, it choked her as she ate.

"I will go away," she said, aloud. "I cannot bear it. I am young, I am strong, I can work or if needs be starve—anything rather than accept crumbs—aye, or a whole loaf—leavened by stern duty, without one sweet morsel of love."

"Soliloquizing, Miss Bell?" interrupted a voice, and the girl turned, her face flushing, then paling, as the young man who had thus addressed her approached and drew her arm within his. For a moment she let it rest there, as though it were pleasant to her, then made a motion to withdraw it, but he laid a detaining grasp on the small, white fingers, as he questioned: "Why will you not accept my escort? Is your own society so far preferable?"

"My cousin is expecting you, I believe, Mr. Armstrong, at the house. May does not brook delay."

"Indeed! Nor do I; therefore, since I was seeking you, allow me at least a brief reward. I was not aware Miss Fielding had any claim upon my time, at least not Miss May Fielding!" Again his listener's face flushed as she made a half impatient movement of dissent. "Bell," he went on, with sudden, impetuous manner, "is it possible you do not know the charm which has drawn me here? Have you not long ago read the story of my love for you? It is true that I have been polite to your cousin, although my attentions have hardly been so marked as to admit of misconception. Think you we care for the snow-capped mountains, when at our very feet lies the valley of plenty? Through her I have gained speech with you. Surely such subterfuge is in no

way to be despised. I have seen your proud spirit suffer, have known something of its pangs. Darling, will you not end them? Will you not accept the home I offer you, as fair a one as that you leave, where you shall reign its honored mistress, queen of all, even my heart?"

Was she dreaming? Was it, indeed, love for Loring Armstrong she so long had held within such irrepressible barriers, that now at his words leaped in such mad, strong currents through every pulse? She so long had looked upon him as May's lover, she so well knew his declaration had been expected by her, which would gratify her father every desire of his parental ambition; so fully realized their baffled disappointment when they discovered it was she whom he loved, that her brain whirled, but those last words, "she whom he loved," gave her strength. What could she not bear for such a price? Had Loring Armstrong been penniless she still could have gladly gone forth to the ends of the world, and now, now, she could only raise happy, tear-bedimmed eyes to his, and sob out her new-found joy on the unexpected shelter of his heart.

"But May? What will she say?" she questioned, at last.

"Darling, do you think because I have been so happy as to win you, every one must envy you the prize? I doubt if Miss May has a heart, save when it beats triumphantly as she looks at the reflection of her own beautiful face in her mirror. But come, little trembler. We will go and announce our dawning bliss and put your foolish fears to flight." So saying, he threw his arms once more about the slender form, and drew her toward the house.

On the broad piazza, impatiently opening and closing the fan she held within her jeweled hand, the beautiful heiress sat awaiting their approach, or rather the approach of one alone, for she raised her penciled eyebrows with haughty inquiry accompanied by a disdainful shrug of the graceful shoulders when she saw who was his companion; but as they drew nearer, and she noted the action of acknowledged protection, a deathly pallor overspread the beautiful face, and one drop of blood rested on the crimson lip where her small, white tooth had left its cruel impress.

"We have come to ask your congratulations, Miss May, although I have assured your cousin how sincere I know they will be. Is your father within?"

"No, I believe not, and without the consent of one's guardian, congratulations, I infer, are premature. However, you may rest assured of mine, if you consider them of moment."

The tone in which she spoke gave no betrayal of the conflict she endured, and at the words Bell started forward.

"How kind of you, dear cousin, to share my happiness," but a something, unnoticed by the man, warned her to say no more—to draw back chilled, she could scarce tell why, and send the momentary impulse of affection back to its fountainhead. A shadow of undefined dread crept over her; not even her lover's kiss, with his promise to return early in the morning that the important interview might be accomplished, could dissipate a shadow which took visible form, as on the following day she was summoned from the breakfast room to her uncle's study, and met her cousin just leaving it with an expression of triumphant assurance she was unable to conceal.

With unusual urbanity, after carefully closing the door, Mr. Fielding motioned her to a seat.

"I hear," he began, clearing his throat, "that Mr. Armstrong has asked you to become his wife. This both amazes and pains me. Amazed because you certainly must have conducted your courtship with unbecoming secrecy, and pained because it forces me into disclosures which will make this marriage an impossibility."

The shadow had fallen now. She felt it suffocating her, but she awaited the rest in silence.

"Had your hand been sought by one whose name was of less lustre, and whose birth, station, and immense wealth forced him to less necessarily maintain it, I might have kept silent. Now I cannot consistently do so, therefore I must tell you your father is not dead, as you have supposed, but still lives, a fugitive from justice!"

"Lives! My father! Thank God!" From her white lips broke the exclamation of gratitude, unheeding the barrier which had forbidden all these years his acknowledging himself to his child.

"I will not here speak of the character of his offense, save that the clemency of one man saved him from disgrace," he continued, restlessly pacing the floor, as though even his hard nature shrank from his self-appointed task. His eyes were glancing over at the white, suffering face of the girl he was stabbing with each word. "It only remains for me to apprise Mr. Armstrong of these facts to induce him at once to renounce your hand of his own accord, or in mercy to your pride inform him you have repented a too hasty decision and wish to be free. Which course will you choose?"

"Sir, your blood is in my veins. The question is therefore scarcely necessary. I shall never see Loring Armstrong again. Word it as you will, only if it be true that my father lives, I would share his exile, aye if needs be his disgrace. Write him it is my wish, and gain quickly his consent."

A dark red flush overspread her fa-

ce, and his voice was hoarse as he replied:

"No letter could reach him. As soon as possible I will let him know of your desire."

Slowly Bell rose and left the room, wondering if years had not elapsed since last she had entered it. A dull wonder took possession of her in the weeks that followed as to why her lover so calmly had accepted her sudden rejection of his suit. She did not know a faint hope had tempered the first force of the blow, the hope that he would break down any barrier, leap any obstacle which might prevent his claiming her for his own. But since the few brief hours they had spent together, when he had won her promise, he had vanished. Not even May's wiles could draw him to her side since he had disappeared from their midst. So, sitting alone and weary, she was startled one evening, as the first snow lay upon the ground, by the entrance of a stranger. Gray hairs mingled with the brown, but as he stood silent one moment before her a thrill of expectation gave her a premonition of the future, and when he opened his arms with the talismanic words "My daughter," she sprang to their embrace. But as he released her, another stood waiting, as Loring Armstrong said:

"Have I won my reward, Bell?"

Glancing for one moment into the noble features of the parent she had lost so long, and failing to read one sign which should proclaim him capable of wrong, she could no longer hesitate, as with rapturous bliss she felt herself once more enfolded in her lover's arms. Nor did he let her go when her uncle was summoned to their presence, so changed, so white, so fear-stricken that she could but feel a thrill of pity at her heart, a pity which made her plead his cause when the sad truth was unfolded, the truth that to save him her own father had assumed his crime, the forgery of a note. True to a promise made to his mother on her death-bed to protect a younger brother, he had gone forth a wanderer, leaving home and child—even his wealth—for the guilty one.

Loring Armstrong, insisting upon the issue, had been reluctantly told, and he it was who determined to win the girl he loved at any cost, had sought and found the father, who had sacrificed so much, and from whose lips, sealed so long, he wrung at last the truth.

"You have a daughter," confessed the wretched man, when all had been told, "restored to your arms. Remember, I did this for mine, and forgive me."

So it was the heiress after all Loring Armstrong had won for his bride, and when on the eve of Bell's wedding day May Fielding's body was discovered, beautiful and white and cold in death, and her uncle left his home a wretched wanderer, unwilling to accept the free forgiveness offered him, her husband wiped away her tears, and in his and her new-found father's love she learned the lesson, that "while sorrow lasts for the night, joy cometh in the morning." —N. Y. Ledger.

MISUSE OF GOOD THINGS.

The Vulgar Display of a Person's Possessions.

There is a very apt and interesting platitude to the effect that the eternal fitness of things should always be preserved, and this bit of wisdom is brought to one's mind with great force when the accounts of gold and jeweled trimmed bicycles are read in the public prints.

Some time ago a lady applied to a jeweler to have a pair of earrings made for her favorite horse. The animal was to have his ears pierced, real, sure enough diamonds were to dangle and flap as the beast traveled. The jeweler argued her out of the idea by telling her that the constant swinging of the fine wires would wear them through almost immediately, and that the stones would surely be lost. She gave up the whim with little persuasion, being of a somewhat prudent turn of mind and unwilling to risk the loss of her diamonds.

The idea of trimming a wheel with small fortunes in jewels is just as agreeable to a sensible mind as that of putting diamond earrings on a horse. There are better uses for money than to display it in such ostentatious fashion.

Of course such a proceeding may be supposed to have a certain value as an advertising medium, but even for this purpose it is of doubtful efficacy, and the same amount of display might be used to a great deal better advantage.

One of the most important lessons for young persons to learn is that the best elements of society, the most conservative, sensible, solid and really useful people, never make a great exhibition of their possessions. They frown upon everything that savors of undue show and the desire to be conspicuous. Such doings are not considered in good form; indeed, there is nothing more vulgar than an effort at display. One can be the possessor of the most elegant articles in the world, and yet wear and use them in a fashion so modest and unassuming that there is no suggestion of offense or flaunting. To know how to use the good things of this world without abusing them is a great art, and to own some of the treasures of the earth and yet never feel any desire to call undue attention to them is a gift vouchsafed to but few persons. —N. Y. Ledger.

ON THE MOUNTAINS.

The Queen of Italy's Progress as an Alpine Climber.

Queen Margherita, the delicate woman of fashion, the somewhat indolent beauty of the Quirinal, where the strict and severe etiquette of the house of Savoy surrounds her as with a cloak, has left Rome, and has arrived at Gressoney, in the midst of the Alps, where a metamorphosis takes place, and the admired sovereign become an Alpine climber in the real meaning of the word. She dresses in the peasant costume with short skirt, good stout boots and Tyrolean hat, and, alpenstock in hand, does her climbing either on foot or riding a favorite donkey. During a famous ascent in 1888 of the Peak of the Giant, 12,400 feet above the level of the sea, the queen was overtaken by a severe snowstorm, which obliged her and her few attendants to take refuge in a hut belonging to the Alpine club, which was soon full of climbers of all nationalities, who, when they knew who she was, at once offered to leave the humble quarters entirely at her disposal. "On no account," exclaimed the queen, "the hut must do for all. I am the hostess, and we will spend the night as comfortably as we can." After this the Italian Alpine club presented their sovereign with a magnificent diploma, of which she is very proud, and replaced the hut with a refuge to which they gave the name of "Regina Margherita."

The next year, during a series of climbs, on arriving at the top of the Gornegrat, 9,663 feet high, a party of Englishmen who happened to be there sent her a basket of champagne with a letter, enthusiastically expressing their appreciation of her climbing powers and humbly begging her to accept the small gift. The queen, with the tact which makes her always amiable, at once ordered a bottle to be opened, and filling her glass proposed and drank a toast to Queen Victoria.

The Italian sovereign during her stay at Gressoney stops at the villa of the Barons de Peccoz. In the Peccoz family the duty of accompanying the princess of the house of Savoy in their Alpine climbs seems almost hereditary. The late baron, who in his youth accompanied the duke of Genoa and Prince Thomas, father and brother of the queen, in all their mountain excursions, was the faithful guide of Queen Margherita, until in the summer of 1895 when, while ascending a mountain at her side, he suddenly fell at her feet and died in a few moments. Now his sons have taken his place.

The sturdy mountaineers of this part of the Alps tramp many miles to see her, and when she enters any of their villages they receive her with flowers and enthusiastic manifestations of devotion—her climbing powers, added to her kindness and personal attractions, making her come next to the Madonna in their hearts. One might ask where Margherita feels more a sovereign, in the Quirinal or on the Alps?—Rome Cor. Pall Mall Gazette.

HIDDEN PLUNDER.

Treasure-Hunting in Arizona for Booty Brought by Stage Robbers.

The finding of a revolver marked "Blood for Blood" has revived an old story of buried treasure at Phoenix, A. T., and a number of men are digging in the vicinity of the place where the weapon was found. In June, 1876, five men held up a stage coach on the Black Canyon road, near Arastia Hill. One passenger was killed and the booty consisted of a big roll of new \$100 greenbacks and a bar of gold worth \$32,000. A year or so later it was reported in Phoenix, and indeed throughout the extreme southwest, that the product of the stage robbery had been buried at Phoenix. Two of the robbers made partial confessions when mortally wounded, but their explanations were cut off by death. It seems that the robbers had feared to make use of the greenbacks because those notes were rare in that part of the country and would arouse suspicion. They therefore buried the bills and cut the gold bar in two with an ax and buried half together with the pistol of the murdered passenger, which was a peculiar one, bearing the words "Blood for Blood." The whole was enclosed in an iron coffee pot. Almost every year since the story of the treasure became known one or more searchers have appeared at Phoenix, each claiming to have a tip received at some "bad man's" deathbed or in some equally sensational way. Some years ago a priest from Magdalena Sonora, who had been given the location by a man who died of a wound received in a fight, spent a long time in searching for it without success. It is probable that the treasure, if ever buried at all, has been removed by some searcher who thought it well to conceal his success. —N. Y. Journal.

Only an Old Man's Notion.

"It's a woman, not a man you see in the moon," shouted the female orator. "I guess she's 'bout right," interrupted a patriarch in the back part of the hall, "that's the reason the blamed thing's so changeable." —St. Louis Republic.

What It Is.

Bub—What's the moky, Sis?
 Sis—Oh, it's looking meek when you're feeling stuck up.—N. Y. Truth.

—The oldest national flag in the world is that of Denmark, which has been in use since the year 1219.

PITH AND POINT.

—An old librarian, unable to find his umbrella one evening when it was time to close, returned and looked anxiously for it in the card catalogue, under the letter U.—Household Words.

—He—"I dislike to see a woman standing up in a street car." She—"Yes; I've noticed you manage to get a newspaper in front of you at such times."—Yonkers Statesman.

—A little girl who had told a lie was escorted to her bedroom by her mother and told to ask God to forgive her for her sin. This is what the listening mother heard: "Oh, God, I thought you could take a joke."—Life.

—"I hab noticed," said Uncle Eben, "dat er man kin allus fin' people ter buy liquor fur 'im ontell he gits so run down dat his system actually feels the need ob it. Den dey tells 'im he orter be ershamed ob hisse'f."—Washington Star.

—As He Understood It.—"Maw, what did you tell Mrs. Nexdore that we oughtn't to monkey with the English styles for?" "I didn't, Willie. I said we ought not to ape the English styles." "Well, what's the difference?"—Chicago Tribune.

—Squid dig—"I say, McSwilligen, lend me \$50, will you?" McSwilligen—"You owe me \$25 now, don't you know?" "That is one reason why I wish to borrow \$50." "How so?" "Then I can pay you back in your own coin."—Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.

SIGHTLESS CYCLISTS.

They Wheel All Over England and Enjoy the Sport.

There is little nowadays which men having the gift of sight can do that people born in darkness cannot accomplish. One would think that cycling would be beyond those who are unfortunate enough not to be able to see. But it is not. Dr. Campbell, principal of the Royal Normal College and Academy of Music for the Blind, in London, has overcome all the obstacles and difficulties, and his pupils to-day enjoy the sport of wheeling just as much as their more fortunate brothers and sisters.

"I introduced cycling to my pupils about the year 1880, and they entered into it with wonderful zest and eagerness. The machines are in great demand, and the periodical trips we take a wheel from the pleasantest of the exercises they enjoy, and the sight of their happy faces would surprise those people who think blind people cannot be as happy as our children.

"We very often take large parties over the hills of Surrey, Banstead, Dorking, Epsom, Leith Hill, Red Hill and Godstone in our ordinary excursions, but now and again, when concerts or gymnastic displays are to be given, we go long distances, as Brighton, Derby, Birmingham, etc. When blind pupils can run from 50 to 100 miles per day and enjoy it they will not easily be discouraged by any ordinary difficulties. We have machines to seat twelve, ten, eight, six, etc., and one of our men devotes several hours daily to the purpose of special training, in order to prepare our pupils, both girls and boys, for cycling expeditions.

"In 1887 we made a trip to Derby, a distance of 120 miles. We started from Holborn viaduct on October 8 at 11:30 a. m., with two machines, one carrying four and the other eight persons, a seeing person acting as steersman on each machine. The first halt was made at Barnet, and the first night was spent at Dunstable, and thence we proceeded through Leicester to Derby. Great interest was taken in the little procession throughout the line of route, and before reaching Derby we were met by a large number of cyclists, who escorted us into the town.

"I have found cycling one of the most suitable exercises for our purpose, and we encourage and foster the interest taken in it by all our pupils. Then again it suits both boys and girls, and they both enjoy all the benefits derived from this truly excellent pastime. It takes them away into the quiet country, where they breathe the pure and fresh air into their lungs, which invigorates and strengthens their frames, and the steady pedaling also strengthens their limbs, giving play to the different muscles without putting any undue strain on them."

Dr. Campbell then took the writer round the grounds, where a large number of boys and girls and young men and young women were cycling gayly round the track, their hearty and spontaneous laughter ringing out on the clear air. First a machine with 12 boys pedaling away came round the bend, followed by one with 12 girls aboard, and then several other machines came past, one after the other, all their happy faces testifying to the delight and pleasure which they derived from cycling.—Cycle.

An Object Lesson.

A school inspector, finding a class hesitating over answering the question, "With what weapon did Samson slay the Philistines?" and wishing to prompt them, significantly tapped his own cheek and asked: "What is this?"

The whole class instantly answered: "The jawbone of an ass!"—Tit-Bits.

An Infallible Sign.

Briggs—The Nuwed's honeymoon is over.

Griggs—How do you know?
 "I overheard Mr. Nuwed trying to re-call when his lodge met."—N. Y. Journal.