THE LITTLE COAT.

Here's the little coat—but oh!
Where is he we've censured so?
Don't you hear us calling near?
Back! Come back and never fear.
You may wander where you will,
Over orchard, field and hill.
You may kill the birds or do
Anything that pleases you!
Ah! This empty coat of his!
Every tatter worth a kiss;
Every stain as pure instead
As the white stars overhead;
And the pockets—homes were they
Of the little hands that play
Now no more—but absent, thus
Beckon us
—James Whitcomb Riley.

FOR LIFE AND LOVE.

Harriet Gelder was the most provoking, pretty and altogether charming little coquette that ever drove a devoted lover distracted with her capricious ways. Florian Courtland was handsome and winning enough to have enslaved some other woman, but his heart was bound up in the brunette beauty, who daily destroyed his peace. She loved him for all that, but he tried in vain to make her confess it.

It was in the springtime of the year, and it had rained incessantly for two weeks. Harriet resided with her aunt, Miss Hannah Linwood, in Thornway, about eight miles away from where Florian lived. Naturally, the impatient lover longed for fair weather, but as there was no immediate prospect of a cessation of the rain one Sunday morning he resolved to set the weather at defiance, and accordingly sent for his horse and prepared for his stormy ride.

If he had been bound for any other destination, he would have turned back before going a mile, as the road appeared to grow worse every step, and his horse plodded through the mud, stumbling frequently in the many ruts and pitfalls.

After traveling for what seemed to him to be hours, he reached the bridge which spanned the little river, two miles from Thornway. In the distance he could see the gray walls of the Linwood mansion, and in his impatience he was about to spur his horse to a gallop, when he noticed that the land at a little distance below the bridge was completely flooded, the river overflowing, having submerged it to a wide extent.

A point or knoll of land close upon the river's bank formed a little island in the midst of the whirling flood, and upon this island stood a small wooden house, which Florian saw was occupied, for a thin wreath of smoke ascended from the chimney. If there were people in the house their position was most perilous, as the water was rising fast and would soon sweep away the house.

As Florian rode towards the house he saw a female form approach the window, and a handkerchief was waved imploringly. Unhesitatingly he rode into the water, which soon grew deeper, and his horse was obliged to swim. Florian urged him forward, and drawing near the house, the door was thrown open and he cried out in surprise, for there stood Miss Linwood and Harriet Gelder.

"Harriet!" cried Florian, "for heaven's sake, how came you here?"

"We came to see a sick woman," replied Harriet, with prompt coolness, "and the water rose before we"——

"It is rising now, and fast," he interrupted, excitedly, "and there is no time to waste. My horse will carry two; which of you shall I take first?"

"The sick woman first," said Harriet, quietly.

Florian trembled as he looked at the feeble old woman whom Miss Linwood was assisting from her chair to the door, and whom he had not noticed until Harriet called his attention to her. He trembled with the appalling fear that there would not be time to go and return twice before the swiftly rising waters should have torn the frail structure from its foundations, for there was already an inch of water upon the floor. But he only cast one glance at Harriet's calm face and stooped to lift the sick woman up before him. Without a word he turned his horse toward the shore, and the good beast, with its double burden, struggled back through the flood.

They were standing knee deep in water when he once more approached the already shaking building. He did not speak a word, but looked silently from Harriet to her aunt, his white face growing whiter yet as Harriet said, in steady tones, "Aunt Hannah first."

"Harriet"—— commenced Miss Linwood.

"Go, Aunt Hannah!"

"Harriet, I won't!"

"You must!" said Harriet, firmly.

"Harriet, Harriet! for pity's sake"——

"You are delaying her, Miss Hannah," exclaimed Florian, hoarsely. "Come—she will not yield, if she dies!"

With a groan Miss Linwood gave up, and he lifted her upon his horse. The turbulent waters washed into the room, and Harriet staggered and clung to the wall for support. Florian's face was ghastly as he bent forward and placed his hand upon her shoulder, whispering, in a choked voice, "Kiss me, Harriet."

She put her arms around his neck and kissed him—a long, passionate kiss, which was their first and might be their last.

He strained her to him, saying, "Harriet, you do love me?"

"Yes, Florian."

Then she leaned against the wall again, as he went, and hid her face, trying to shut out the sight of those yellow waters creeping up the side of the room, higher and higher with every wave that rolled in through the door.

As Florian neared the shore a carriage was approaching in the distance, rocking from side to side with the furious speed to which the driver was lashing the horses.

"It's the carriage from Linwood," said Miss Hannah; "we have been afraid of a freshet and they have taken alarm and come to look for us."

Florian did not hear her; he was urging his exhausted horse into the flood again. The poor beast trembled and hesitated, but Florian spurred him fiercely on, smiting him with his clinched fist and shouting at him in his frantic excitement.

When the hurrying carriage reached the spot and Miss Linwood's coachman leaped to the ground, Florian was half way back to Harriet. Mistress and man stood with pallid faces and hearts that hardly beat, silently watching the beautiful girl as she clung to her frail support, and the young man, with his white face, and his golden hair blowing back, as he dashed madly through the flood to her rescue.

While they watched a great billow came rolling in from the river, roaring fearfully, and tossing its yellow water as it dashed upon Harriet's refuge. Miss Linwood screamed, and her servant uttered a hoarse cry, for where the house had been was a whirling wreck of boards and timbers, and Florian's horse was struggling, riderless, towards the shore.

But another moment and they saw that Harriet yet clung to the floating roof and Florian was beside her upon it. Seizing a long board, as the waters whirled it within his reach, he guided the frail raft with it towards the shore. As he neared the land the coachman from Linwood sprang into the water and came to his assistance, and in a few moments they were all standing upon the land, a wet, dripping, but profoundly thankful party.

They proceeded, as fast as the carriage could carry them, to Linwood, where they all found plenty of employment for the remainder of the day in getting rid of the effects of their perilous adventure—so far as they could do so.

It transpired that the sick woman had not received any injury; Miss Hannah had caught a slight cold; Harriet had caught a severe one, and Florian had caught—Harriet.

African Goats.

A pair recently brought from Africa has been added to the Central park collection of animals.

"There is no particular value attached to the animals, except from their rarity," remarked Director Conklin. "They are the first pair of Morocco goats probably that ever found their way to this country. They are young, in their second year, quite gentle, as you see, and will eat out of your hand. But if startled, all their inherited wildness comes out. I never saw such animals. They seem to have muscles of rubber, from the way they jump. I have never had so much trouble with the most dangerous animals we have here.

"The jumping of the thoroughbred hunters in Madison Square garden a few weeks ago doesn't begin to compare with that of these goats. I put them in a yard having a fence eight feet high, but they jumped it so easily that now I have a fence ten feet high.

"The space within their inclosure is so limited that they cannot get a good start to go so high, or I would not trust them with anything less than a fifteen foot fence. Then, they are getting accustomed to these quarters, and are not so easily alarmed as they were, but I think, if startled, they might still clear this fence. Their leap is peculiar. They crouch a little, give a short jump in the air, and as they strike the ground bound upward again as if they were shot from a catapult. The muscles of their legs are extremely tough, but the legs are not adapted for great rapidity or endurance in running. They have been developed by generations of climbing on the Morocco hills. As these goats get older and their bodies in captivity become heavier, they will probably become less active. Possibly our native goat has lost his faculty of high jumping, if he ever had it, since he became partly civilized and accustomed to a diet of brown paper."—Scientific American.

The Secret of His Power to Please.

A venerable white haired clergyman in one of the city churches recently preached in Norristown. He had hardly got home from the church before the door bell rang and a charming girl of 18 asked to see him. He received her, they talked about the serman and other things, until finally she asked diffidently:

"Oh, won't you please give me a lock of your hair?"

"Certainly, my child," said the old gentleman, flattered at the request. "I'll send it to you to-morrow," and he did.

On his return to the city he had five more requests of the same kind, and he proudly boasted to his wife that he was glad to see that he had not yet lost his power to please. He declared his trip had been most charming, and all went well until his wife received this note:

"MY DEAR MRS. X.: Won't you please ask your good husband to send me just a little lock of his hair? We have all been taking lessons in making hair flowers. So many of the other girls asked him and he sent it to them, but I thought I would rather ask you to get it for me. Now, won't you please do this for me, it is so hard to get white hair for lilies of the valley?"

This was a terrible blow, and the less now said about locks of hair in the married gentleman's presence the better.—Philadelphia Press.

A Test for Tea.

A Russian analyst, writing to the papers, gives the following as a test by which tea can be proved to be genuine or not. Take a pinch of tea in a glass, pour upon it a little cold water and well shake it up. Pure tea will only slightly color the water, while a strong infusion is quickly got from the adulterated or painted leaf. Now boil both sorts separately, and let them stand till cool, and the difference between them will be most marked. The false tea will become still stronger after long standing, but will remain transparent. Whereas the pure tea will become muddy or milky. This last appearance arises from the tannic acid which is a natural property in pure tea, but which in artificial tea is entirely absent.—New York Telegram.

Extension of the Divorce Idea.

"Well, my little one, did you want to see me?" "Are you a lawyer?" "Yes, what is it you want?" "I want," and there was a resolute ring in her voice, "I want a divorce from my papa and mamma."—Atlanta Constitution.

THE TIME LOCK OF LIFE.

Points Where the Characteristics of Ancestors Control Man.

There is a theory, you know, that we inherit traits and conditions from our remote ancestors as well as from our immediate ones. I sometimes fancy that they descend to some people with a time lock attachment. A child is born; he is like his mother, we will say; gentle, sweet, kind, truthful for years—let us say seven. Suddenly the time lock turns, and the traits of his father (modified, of course, by the acquired habit of seven years) show themselves strongly—take possession, in fact. Another seven years, and the piggishness of a great uncle, the stinginess of an aunt, or the dullness, in books, of a rural grandfather.

Then, in keeping with the next two turns of the lock, he falls in love with every new face he sees, marries early and indulges himself recklessly in a large family. He is an exemplary husband and father, as men go, an ideal business man and a general favorite in society. Everybody remarks upon the favorable change since his stupid, priggish college days. All this time through every change he has been honorable and upright in his dealings with his fellows.

Suddenly the time lock of a thieving ancestor is turned on; he finds temptation too strong for even that greatly underestimated power—the force of habit of a lifetime—and the trust funds in his keeping disappear with him to Canada. Everybody is surprised, shocked, pained—and he, no doubt, more so than any one else. Emotional insanity is offered as a possible explanation by the charitable; long headed, calculating, intentional rascality by the severe or self righteous.

And he? Well, he is wholly unable to account for it at all. He knows that he had not lived all these years as a conscious, self controlled thief. He knows that the temptations of his past life had never before taken that particular form. He knows that the impulse was sudden, blinding, overwhelming, but he does not know why and how. It was like an awful dream. He seemed to be powerless to overcome it. The time lock had turned without his knowledge, and in spite of himself. The unknown, unheard of thievish ancestor took possession, as it were, through force of superior strength and ability, and then it was his hour. The hereditary shadow on the dial had come around to him. The great uncle's hour was passed.

He, no doubt, was turned onto some other dazed automaton—in Maine or Texas—who had fallen heir to a drop too much of his blood, and she, poor thing, happened to be a girl this time, forthwith proceeded to fall in love with her friend's husband—seeing he was the only man at hand at the time; while the thievish ancestor left, in shame and contrition, a small but light fingered boy in Georgia to keep his engagement with our respectable, highly honored and heretofore highly honorable man of affairs in Wall street. The time lock of heredity had been set for this hour, and the machinery of circumstances oiled the wheels and silently moved the dial.—Belford's Magazine.

A Diamond in the Fire.

There is a very unhappy young maiden at the branch telephone exchange at Hunt and Broadway. She was presented by her affianced with a diamond engagement ring, which cost $125. Proud of the jewel, she was exhibiting it to her companion at the exchange, and from one to the other the ring went clear along the line of operators seated at their respective tables, and admired by all of them. Arriving at the upper end of the line, the young lady who last examined it wrapped it up in a small piece of paper, and, calling the check boy, handed it to him, thinking that he knew that it belonged to Miss ——, and that he would hand it to her.

The boy walked to the stove and tossed the valuable little package into the fire. One of the rules of the exchange requires the young ladies, when they sharpen their lead pencils, to gather up the chips in a little paper, call the check boy and have them thrown in the stove.

In the case of the diamond ring, the check boy took it for granted that the package handed him was the pencil chips and tossed it in the stove, in which at the time there was a redhot fire.

Every effort was made to find the ring, but not even the diamond has been recovered. The engaged young girl is inconsolable.—Cincinnati Telegram.

Their Last Moments.

When the famous musician Rameau was dying, his confessor wearied him with a long homily, and he, rallying his failing energies, exclaimed: "What on earth makes you come here and chant to me, Monsieur le Cure? You have a deuce of a bad voice."

More than a century ago an actor named Paterson played the Duke in Shakespeare's "Measure for Measure" (at the Norwich theatre). He had just delivered the beautiful speech:

Reason thus with life:
If I do lose thee, I do lose a thing
That none but fools would keep,

when he staggered back and expired.—New London Telegram.

A Massachusetts Hermit.

Jonathan Reynolds, also known as "Whisco B. Line," died here. He took up his abode some twenty-five years ago and made a hut of rough boards loosely put together, with an old stovepipe projecting from the side. It had a cellar, in one corner of which, on some sticks, was a straw bed. Here Reynolds slept, with a dog as his companion. Sunlight never gained admittance there. In another part of the structure was a place for his horse, which was usually in better condition than his own apartment. He lived a lonely, isolated life, the secret of which probably goes to the grave with him.—New Bedford (Mass.) Cor. New York World.

A young physician, of Fall River, Mass., is laid up with a disease of the tongue, attributed to excessive cigarette smoking.

The Loveliest Woman in St. Louis

The loveliest woman that I have seen in St. Louis—and I have seen many, and all of the celebrated beauties—is not "in society." She is a humble school Sister of Notre Dame, a teacher of the poor and ill clad pupils of a parochial school. Day after day I see her accompanying a long line of restless little ones to and from church. Meeting her (to me) is like beholding a vision from the other and perfect world. Clad in the coarse habiliments of her order, she glides along, the outlines of her figure showing the acme of grace and symmetry. Her hands and feet are such as artists dream of but seldom create. Her face—"Oh, call it fair, not pale,"—is such as one imagines the Madonna had, so pure, so noble, so exalted. It is not the face of an ascetic, but that of a woman contented and peaceful in mind, healthy of body and gifted with a trusting faith that illumines like a light from heaven. Her eyes—the windows of a sinless soul—have such an expression that a glance from them penetrates one's heart like a ray from above, filling it with a strange sense of unworthiness and a vague longing painfully pleasant.

On such a woman no man dares to look with base desire. Her innate virtue disarms passion. Such as she is too good for man. She is God's "the spouse of Christ" and truly she appears entirely worthy of her distinguished vocation.—New York Mercury.

A Word Counting Machine.

A telegraph operator in Minneapolis has invented a word counting machine which may be used by itself or attached to a typewriter. It is much the same sort of thing as a pedometer, only it is more accurate. It is as large as a small clock. The works are inside the nickel case, on one side of which is the face. The machine will count up to 2,500 words, and can be used for any number by keeping tally of the number of times it passes the 2,500 mark. There are two hands like the hour and second hand of the watch. Every time a word on the typewriter is finished the same motion which spaces for the word registers on the word counter. When the second hand counts up to twenty-five words the large hand moves forward a quarter of a space. The face is divided into twenty-five spaces, one for each hundred words, and a glance at it shows at once how many words have been written.

The use of the word counter is not limited to typewriting machines, but it can be used in writing and in dictation by keeping it at hand and making a slight pressure at the end of each word. Some operators attach it to their desks and work it with a string attached to their feet. It is a useful invention, especially in telegraphy, and in making an article of a specified length.—New York Sun.

A Happy Old Landlord.

A bridegroom is generally supposed to be in a generous mood upon his wedding day, and there are a few charitable benefactions up and down our land which date their foundation from the "happiest day" in the founder's life. The great hotel keeper Frohler, of Buda-Pesth, who has just been divorced from his wife, is of the quite contrary opinion. It was not upon his wedding day, but upon his divorce day, that he was inspired with the enthusiasm of humanity. In gratitude for his divorce and in perpetual memory of that "happiest day of his life," he has founded three charitable institutions—first, a pension fund for decayed Hungarian journalists; secondly, an exhibition for school boys of Austrian birth who can pass the best examination in the Magyar language and literature; and, thirdly, a village hospital in his own native place, Inzersdorf. Future generations are to be glad and rejoice because a wealthy landlord obtained a divorce, but they will hardly be able to say they owe the endowment to "the pious ancestor."—Pall Mall Gazette.

No Match, No Match.

"It happened this way," he explained. "We had been out to theatre together, and I never went out once during the performance 'to see a man.' But I was wild for a smoke. I suggested a walk home, just to get a whiff, and when we got to Fifth avenue I searched my pockets for a match. I hadn't any, and there wasn't a fellow in sight who had a lighted cigar. Then I made a fool of myself, and climbed up a lamppost and lit the weed with a piece of the theatre programme. She seemed to cool off all of a sudden, and the next time I called 'Miss M—— was not at home.' A little package of jewelry and a note settled me. Miss M—— might have got over that coolness, but it happened that one of the Ellises had seen me climb that confounded lamppost, and the next thing I knew the little imp of a dauber got up a cartoon depicting the 'evolution of a smoker,' beginning with a picture of Crowley and ending with a devilish good likeness of me hugging that lamp. My girl saw it, and was so mortified that she gave me the mitten."—New York Star.

Writing History.

Poor William Rufus' end was sadder than we wist, if we are to believe a youth, who says that "William Rufus was gorged to death by a stag in the forest his father had made to hunt the deer." Another writes: "Prince William was drowned in a butt of Malmsey wine; he never laughed again." A small biographer of the Maid of Orleans writes: "Joan of Arc was the daughter of a rustic French pheasant which lived in the forest. * * * She did not like to leave her pheasant home, but after a while she went away." "In the rainy season," says a little pedant, "the barren desert becomes animated with torrents of luxuriant vegetation." Before leaving the humors of boys, an oral question and answer may be given. "What do you mean by a temperate region?" asked an inspector, with a due emphasis on the word temperate. A little boy replied: "The region where they drinks only temperants drinks, sir."—Chambers' Journal.