King Kalakan's Siece Gone Abres to Study—Other Excellent Scioc-ions That are Timely.

A Summer Girl, She wears a saucy hat
And her feet go pit-a-pat
As she walks;
And the sweetest music slips
From her merry madding lips
When she talks.

She fascinates the street
Wath her gatters trim and neat,
Made of kid;
For they twinkle as they pass
Like the rillets in the grass
Halfway hid.

Her skin is soft and white, Like magnolia buds at night On the bough; But for fear she'd be too fair There's a freekle here and there On her brow.

Dimples play at hide-and-seek On her apple-blossom cheek
And her chin,
Flyly beckening to you,
Dont you think it's time to woo?
Pray begin."

Then her winsome, witching eyes Flash like bits of Summer skies O'er her fan, As if to say, "We've met; You may go now and forget— If you can."

Life of the Queen.



VICTORIA. R. AND L.

Queen Victoria is a woman of strict ousiness habits and steady application. The amount of correspondence she gets through is enormous. In the private portion of this correspondence her Majesty is assusted by her private secretary, a lady-in-waiting, and a maid of honor, especially by the Dowager Marchioness of Ely, one of the ladies, who is a valued friend.

friend.

When the court is at Windsor the members of the household in attendance are one lady-in-waiting (these ladies are always pecresses), two maids of honor, a lord-in-waiting, two equerries, one groom-in-waiting, also the keeper of the privy purse, the private secretary, assistants in both departments, and the master of the household. The attendance is the same at Osborne and Balmoral, with the exception of the lord-in-waiting.

To attend to her Majesty's toilette nd wardrobe there are five maids, viz., and wardrobe there are live maids, viz., three dressers and two wardrobe women. The senior dresser, who has been many years with her Majesty, is specially charged with the task of conveying orders to different tradespeople—jewelers, drapers, dressmakers, etc.; one dresser and one wardrobe woman are in constant attachage on the Overs the lives the attendance on the Queen, taking alter-

Dress is a matter in which, even in her young days, her Majesty does not appear to have taken much interest. At appear to have taken much missing allows present her perpetual mourning allows of no crude color combinations. Some of us elders have a pleasant, if vague, recollection of Victoria Regina, a good recollection of Victoria Regins, a good many years ago, may forty or forty-three, in a very simple and becoming bonnet tied beneath the chin, a wrath of wild roses under the brim framing a sweet, kindly young face. Ah me! sorrow and experience have writ their cruel marks on hers and ours since then. If admitted to the Queen informally, the page-a-waiting simply announces the visitor's name thus: "Mr.—, your Majesty," on which she bows slightly and continues to stand or sit, generally the former; then she begins the conversation. The initative in this is always left to her Majesty. It is not etiquette

sation. The initative in this is always left to her Majesty. It is not etiquette to open a subject with her, only to reply to her remarks.

The Queen terminates the interview by another slight inclination, and usually by a gracious smile. The visitor retires, backing and bowing until he reaches the door, for no one must turn his or her back on our soversign ledy.

eaches the door, for no one must turn is or her back on our sovereign lady.

One of the trials to which the court adies are subject is caused by the paston her Majesty has for walking and riving in the coldest weather. Few of hem are as herdy and as indifferent to see as their royal mistress, and to be ragged out for an airing when a bitter corester is driving a shower of snow cross the hills at Balmoral, or to pace he grounds at Osborne under a drenching rainfall, is not the most agreeable node of taking exercise.

American Women in Court Life. An announcement that a sentiment An amountement that a senument revails among the surroundings of toos Victoria that the marriage of her random in the line of succession to the lettich throne to an American girl round be a wise stroke is an interesting could be a wise stroke is an interesting some among the society oracles at the spital, mays a Washington correspondent of a Philadelphia paper. Already to American women control the leading influence at the court and surroundings of the German empire. The Countawaldersee, Miss Lea of New York, mot only a woman who exhibits the stinctive force of American girls, but as shown extraordinary magnetic in the

shother under royal or republican

The Sweet Girl 'Cycles.

The person who says that a girl does not look perfectly proper, modest and sweet as she glides along on her low-wheeled bicycle, ought to take a hand-

the horse. There is not a moment of the time that a girl is on a horse's back that she is not in danger; the most trusty horse is uncertain, and so is the trusty horse is uncertain, and so is the middle girth. The bicycle can always be depended upon. It never kicks or shies side ways, and the saddle girth never side ways, and the saddle girth never Propelling it is not as tiresome as walking nor as tedious as sitting still.

There is something delightfully in-dependent and charming about a girl on a bicycle. She guides the machine along with such an air of confidence and selfwith such an air of confidence and selfpossession. Her cheeks are red, her
eyes shine and her whole appearance is
of health and pleasure. You will find
no foolish notions about the girl cycler;
she has good common-sense: she is
practical, and, withal, as gentle and
charming as she can be. One longs to
squeeze the plump gloved hand.

It has a good effect on her brothers
and gentlemen acquaintances to have
her go out riding with them. They are
quiet and gentlemanly in her presence;

quiet and gentlemanly in her presence they select the best part of the road for her to ride over; they do not shout back and forth at each other or at boorish drivers who run them off the good road. The rankest road hog in the country will turn out for the sweet girl 'cycler

and give her the right of way.

The girl who can skillfully guide in bicycle is just the one who can skillfully guide the destinies of a home. She will be able to take an obstreperous be able to take an obstreperous youngster by the coat collar and straighten out the little kinks, or bind up the bruised finger or soothe the aching head. Her tender solicitude and oving kindness will make a man's life worth living.

Gentlemen, lift your hats to the sweet girl 'cycler. The fact that she rides a wheel proves her worthy of your steem. - Texas Siftings.

Queer Things About the Cello.

Queen Marguerite, of Italy, is one of the best violoncello players of the day. This noble instrument has an increasing fascination for the fair lady musicians, and the reason is not far off. The 'cello is the most nearly human instrument, because its range of tones coincides with that of the human voice. Its tones stir the bosom more easily to sympathetic romances. Its size and tension are near-ly the same as the size and tension of the human bosom, and the vibration of one body is most ant to thrill the other just as that harpstring which is most nearly in accord with another will vi-brate most easily with the air waves. It is a curious fact that 'cello players more frequently observe than any others that the strings of the instrument will speak out quite loudly when the voice strikes the tone of one of its strings. Bitting alone in its corner or hanging in its closet, the instrument often startles its master's guests by suddenly adding a loud note to a hearty laugh of some one of them. And more laughable still if one gives his nose a resonant blow (and the humor of the actual fact will excuse the mention of a disagreeable operation) the 'cello will often take a parlor of the brain; the other is with instruction to its master to learn to perform that nasal cavatina in pianissimo

King Kulakan's Siece



THE PRINCESS EALANI.

The Princess Kalani, niece of King Kalakaua of the Sandwich Islands, arrived in New York last week and sailed for Europe, where she will remain for two years for the purpose of completing her studies.

The young Princess is a beautiful girl of fourteen, and is a great favorite with the Sandwich Islanders. She is the daughter of Archibald Scott Cleghorn, Collector-General of the Port of Honolulu, and the Princess Like-Like. The Princess was accompanied as far as San Francisco by her father and her San Francisco by her father and her step-sister, Miss Annie Cleghern. On the Pacific Coast her father left her, and, under the care of Mrs. T. B. Walker, a friend of the family and a prominent society lady of Honolulu, the young ladies continued their voyage to New York.

York.
The Princess will remain abroad about The Princess will remain abroad about two years, during which time she will perfect herself in her studies, of which she is extremely fond. Among her accomplishments she is a splendid musician and a daring equestrienne. She is also a fine linguist. Miss Cleghorn, her step sister, is also highly educated, and is noted for a well-cultivated voice.

It was intended that the King should accompany the party as far as San

It was intended that the King should accompany the party as far as Sar Francisco, but at the last moment the plan had to be changed on account of the sudder wickness of His Majesty. It is said, however, that he will visit the Paris Exposition during the summer.

THE UNINVITED.

Curious Incidents of Social Life In the Capital City.

The stories that were published last

winter and the winter before of the un-

Invited guests who crowded the Chinese minister's parlors were not exaggerated Mys the Washington chances are that he will find some. A girl can ride a bicycle—those low ones especially for their use—with just as much propriety and a great deal less danger than she can ride a horse.

The position on a bicycle is more graceful than the one she occupies perched upon a horse, supported by one foot in the strrup and hanging on by one lines while she tries to set square with the horse. There is not a moment of relate some experience with the great uninvited. The intruders are to be found in the greatest numbers at the receptions of people in official life. Many strangers regard these as in the nature of public receptions. Unacquainted perhaps with the social customs they do not recognize the rights of the "servants of the people," as they are fond of calling them, to any privacy even in their homes. The advent of a crowd of curiously-dressed people in the parlors of the secretary of state or the secretary of the interior at a card reception would astonish none of the receiving party, however, much it might annoy them. These in-trusions are among the disagreeable but necessary burdens of public At one one of the afternoon recep-

tions given by the family of the sec-retary of state under the last administration a number of plainly dressed women walked in and began to look about the parlors. Miss Bayard stepped forward to greet them, but was met with a reques not to "bother" herself and the information that they had "just come in to look around. another large reception a showily dressed woman was approached in the tea room by the daughter of one of the cabinet officers and asked if she would have some refreshments. "No." was the response, delivered in a hard, metallic voice, "I have just given my or-der to the other girl." A woman who has lived in Washington many years and who did a great deal of entertaining one winter tells me that she has been forced to furnish refreshments and amusements in one evening to 200 guests whom she had not invited to her house. The same experience was The uninvited guests asked to assist. did not enter the parlor where the receiving party were stationed, but went direct through the hall to the second parlor and into the dining-room. At another entertainment, given inadvertently on the night set aside for a public reception at the white house, the number of the uninvited guests was so great that it was finally necessary to station a policeman at the curb to ask the occupants of each carriage as it was driven up if they were pro vided with invitations. And the ple who had driven up from the white-house reception just "for a lark" were driven away again.

How to Read Poetry.

My advisels, learn to read poetry judiciously, richly and clearly aloud, and then persevere in reading silently to yourself in the conscious way. Every attentive person must have noticed that there are two ways of silent reading. One with the eyes alone, autothe lips also, in imagination, although no sound is made, with the forma-tion of every word, and as if on the very frontier of vocal expression. The second of these modes should always be adopted in reading poetry to one self. Here there is no breathless interest in the facts narrated, no overwhelming necessity to hurry on for information's sake. It must never be overlooked that the sound, the conduct of the metrical effect, is no matter of indifference. Even in mere rhap-sodies diverted of all real verse form, such as the effusions of Ossian and of Walt Whitman, there is a right way of reading and a wrong. Among the great masters of meter we may take it as certain that, at all events in the characteristic writing, no apparent discord is an accident or a fault, but variation introduced for purposes of the most refined art. Hence, when the young or inexperienced reader comes upon line which seems to him to be difficult or impossible to scan, he should not pass it by, or force it to bend itself unwillingly to his preconceived notions, but take as much pains to learn the poet's intended effect as he would take in mastering a page of Greek or Latin to find out the exact meaning of a stubborn phrase. Let him, above all, sup-pose himself in error sooner than the post, and let him remember that one of the greatest scholars that ever lived, the famous Bentley, brought ridicule on himself; because he could not bend Milton's text down to the level of his own rules, he ventured to set right the music of "Paradise Lost." It was like correcting a great master because his melody did not keep time with a barrel organ, and, amazingly clever man as Bentley was, the world has never ceased to laugh at his presumption.—Ed.

The Usual Way. With a wonderful plan That was meant to remodel the earth : The most marvelous scheme. It really would seem.

To which e'er a genius gave birth.

So he called on his friends,
Prophesied dividends.
And talked like a seven-day clock,
Till, when they were warmed
Up, a company formed,
And they all fairly clamored for stock.

The office he hired
Was greatly admired,
Its fittings were handed
The clerks were urbane,
And to all it was plain
That their confidence we

Till at last one fine day
He wrote home just to say
That his scheme was simply to dupe
All the lambe that he could,

ANNORA.

It is an odd story and a terrible one, but absolutely true. I knew Annora Masters; I have stood by her grave often and thought how little we know of life or of each other. I have studied character a good deal. I am a novelist, so it has become like second nature to me to analyze motives and actions. It has been so through a long life. The habit has only strengthened with added years; but in Annora I studied nothing, could study nothing.

A country town is a very good place for gaining and adding to knowledge of that sort. The inhabitants, to an extent hardly realized by people who do not know them, live in common: I mean, they have all known each other and each other's faults and feelings since they were children together; and the feelings formed then, and the keen interest in each other's affairs, last on through middle age and the downhill part of life:

Every one knew Lucy Cherw. Every one in the town liked her. Most of the young tellows-I was young then, and one of them-did more than like her.

When she came into church on Sunday mornings, a look of agonized expectation would come over about thirty faces in the congregation. They all gazed eagerly at Lucy, in the hope of one glance from her as the aisle leading to the square pew where the Cherrys sat. Square pews were not gone then. A great mistake it was, surely, that they ever did go. Sleep during the sermon is what most of us secretly wish for. Under the new arrangement, though, who is bold enough to take it?

Lucy would sometimes look upnot often-during those moments of her quick walk behind her brother. On whichever side of the aisle ber glance fell radiant faces were visible; on the other side a proportionate despair showed itself. Had they not been in a place where private sentiments are rarely manifested the relations between those gentlemen would instantly have become extremely "strained."

It was not to be wondered at. Lucy was very pretty. Brown hair-just the sort which most becomes a woman-soft and wavy; blue dark blue eyes, and a tall figure, straight and upright as an arrow. It is neither here nor there to say that I never saw a woman like her, and had I ever married-but how could I, when she never even gave even a thought to me? Still the act intensified my feelings afterward, when-but evidently even the practice I have had is not able to hinder me from telling this story confusedly unless I take care. Well I am growing old and it was terrible. I do not half like the task I have set myself.

One Sunday came, when both sides of the aisle showed only disconsolate countenances. Lucy looked neither on one side nor the other. She look-ed on the ground to hide a very pretty blush, and then fixedly on her brother's broad shoulders, as he, good soul, walked in front, thinking of nothing less than his sister.

She was engaged to be marriedwe had all heard it in the week-to a doctor, who had recently bought a practice in the town. He had many triends and few enemies, and was decidedly popular. Clever, he was most certainly; strikingly handsome, and so pleasant to talk with that every one who met him did

stop ond talk to him.

This is a man's praise of a man, so it is not likely to be overdone, and it is hardly likely that I should have any reason for overpraising the man who won the only girl I ever

No; I did not wonder at Lucy. No one did. And they looked so well together—she so womanly, he so thoroughly manly and yet so gentle, to give the much-abused compound woman word its real force.

Lucy, perhaps in mercy to usperhaps to him-was content with only six week's engagement, and their wedding was fixed for New Year's day.

The weather that winter was unusually cold and dreary, and on the last day of the old year there was a terrible snowstorm, which lasted all day, and only ended just in time to let the clouds roll away from a flery red sunset. New people came to the town in the middle of the snowstorm, people who had recently taken one of the few large red-brick houses the town possessed—a really large house standing in its own large, old-fashioned garden. But every one who knew her-and that was all the town -was so taken up with thinking of Lucy's wedding that no one bestowed a thought at the time at what would at any other have been a great ex-citement—the arrival of the new tenants. Annora Masters and her husband. I use the words assuredly, for those two names could go in no oth-

Not until next morning when I, with several of my friends, who hardly leit it their happiest day of life, stood in church, watching Lucy's sweet face and her husband's handsome, manly figure, did I ever think of the new people.

And then I thought of them, because, among the crewd in the body

face haunts me-will haunt me till nothing earthly can trouble me longer. Tall, dark; dressed entirely

black, with black hair and eyes which even through her veil burned with a flashing sort of light. If it had not been impossible to look at Annora Masters for more than an instant, I should have been able to know cer tainly if there was really a dull, red light in them, as I fancied, like glowing fires in her white face.

of the church, I saw a woman whose

She stood among a quantity of townspeople; but, after I had looked at her, it seemed that no one else but Lucy and the tall, dark woman was in the church. She was watching Lu-cy with those eyes, and I thought, I fancied, that everything bridal about Lucy seemed for that moment an ashen gray.

Then Lucy passed out of the door into the snow, which fell fast on her veil. I came out, too, and followed at a distance, and as Annora Masters went up the High street and in at the garden door of the long untenanted house, I knew that I must have seen the new tenant.

The townspeople called on Annora Masters. Every one said the same thing, or rather, no one gave any opinion of her, and only when pressed, said: "She is strange, don't you think?"

Annora returned none of the calls but Lucy's; and was only seen at church, where she appeared with a regularity which was part of her strangeness, it struck me—so utterly out of place did she look there. I cannot say why; no one could; but the woman was awful, in an utterly indefinable manner, and peace and goodness seemed at odds with everything about her. Of her household and housekeeping no one knew anyshe went up the very short part of thing. Servants they had brought with them two plain, middle-aged women. Her husband we saw beside her when she went out on Sundays. And he went up to London-a jour ney of only twenty miles-every day He was supposed to be that indefin able individual, a "business man. At least, he went to London every day till the day we were all shocked and startled by hearing that Mr. Masters was dead.

Yes-dead-suddenly. Lucy's hus band went to see him. A London doctor came down, and together they carried out the post mortem examination, which was of course insisted on, and to which Annora made not the least objection. They could find nothing, nothing what ever, to cause death. All was right; there was no latent disease, no injury. The man we had seen alive and well on Sunday was dead on Tuesday-that was all.

"From unknown causes," the verdict at the inquest ran.

Lucy, in her kindness, went to s Annora Masters after this, "to comfort her," she said. But apparently Annora would have no comfort. For later, asked me seriously if I had ever seen Annora Masters close; if I—lowering her voice—thought she was mad.

tried to say some of the words own sweet heart taught her:

"Death! Sometimes death brings one what one wants! It is life that is wrong. Then she broke off suddenly, and,

dropping Lucy's hands, begged her to come and see her again. "The oddest thing," Lucy went on. is that Harry is sure he has seen Mrs. Masters before somewhere and

can't remember where. He hates her," Lucy said, very low. "I don't -quite like her. She-You couldn't, my-I had forgotten, I sometimes did,

that Lucy was not my darling. The thought was often bad to bear, so I lifted my hat and lett her abruptly. One warm spring day, three months

later I was passing the old red brick house, when one of the old maid servants rushed out hastily, nearly knocking me down.
"Oh! she cried, "come in. sir, do.

while I go for the doctor. fainted, and mistress, she does noth ing but stand looking at Mrs. Bent. and doing nothing to bring her round. Do makeher, sir, for mercy's

"Mrs. Bent!" I said, grasping the woman's arm like a vise. "What is it? Tell me!"

"She's fainted, sir, and I can't get her round, and mistress-there sir let me go."
I did let her go, rushed up the gar-

den, and unceremoniously indoors and upstairs, into a large room where I saw-what I can see now-Lucy, white, ashen white, lying motionless on the dark rug, and Annora Masters standing by the mantelpiece, with one arm resting on it, gazing on the woman at her feet. I don't know what I did-sein

Annora's arm, I think. Still less do I know what I saidwords of intense hate and burning anger, I know-but when she turned slowly and, with a slow, contemptu-ous smile on her lips, looked at me, the flashing red light in her eyes turned me to silence. I had no more

I, whose love, whose passion la dead there, could say no more, could

dead there, could say no more, could not speak!

I knelt down by Lucy and hid my face in my hands. Something so surely male me know that Lucy was dead—gone beyond power of our help—that I never tried to touch or raise the white marble face. And then—I do not remember anything else.

I was ill, very ill, for a long time after that. When I got well I asked, of course, before anything, about Lucy. Gone, I knew she was; but

when and how? Heart dis said. Heart disease! My dar I got strong again slowly annoying thing for an active and I could not believe in my

wenk bees. Perhaps my nerves were strung and my perceptions able, one night, when I had sort of bravado walked farther then I was really able. am I saying? Overstrung i

I was passing an old ruin— Anne's chapel we called it. It gaunt and uncanny in the moonlight, which shone with a moonlight, which shone with a earthly sort of radiance over thing. Suddenly I saw, clear bright, in front of the falling, a window, two figures—figures I knew. With a sudden impul went back into the shadow watched. All at once I knew, tall slender, black-robed were tall, slender, black-robed woma Annora Masters. Even at that tance I could see the light in

awful eyes.

The other, a man whose at somehow seemed to me to sho luctance in every line, upright firm though he stood, was-L husband. Lucy's husband 1 every thought of eavesdroppin the winds—was I not. after all the king's highway? and listened

"You will," Annora said, do; I knew you before this-thi-diculously short life." And shela ed more weirdly than words can I-Lucy was my wife, my lov love her still," he answered, i

odd, choked voice. "You love-me!" the cold, incisive voice answered.

And I saw it. But when I this it, after all these years, the shudder comes over me that I then. Then she looked at him. took her into his arms-the a that had held Lucy.

I could bear no more. In knew how I got home. All the the thought followed, accompanhaunted me. What was this? I was this who three everything a in this awful way, and went strait to her own ends? Was it a women to her own ends? or a fiend?

No one ever knew more than t How should they?

A room in the back of the brick house, in which Annora o sat, was found one morning los from the inside. The servants alarmed. Doubly so, when found that their mistress's room had never been entered t

They sent for help to force door, and found, in an arm-d close to the window, Lucy's husbe -dead-shot through the head. pistol lay on the floor. From position it must have fallen from own right hand, which hung overt

chair. He was alone; the window w no sign or trace of Annora.

mad.

She had, Lucy said, grasped her wrists tightly, and said, when Lucy tried to say some of the words had.

"I am writing this at home," ran, "to tell you I cannot come be what use is it? I know I shall come as surely as ten o'clock strikes. It

will make me. But-marry you would kill myself first " Annora no one ever saw agai till, three years ago, one erain late in the winter moonlight, only grave—we buried him by Lucy-coming home, saw a woman's fig-lying. I went up to it hastily, a found what had been Annora.

Happened on the Wabail-

"Heard of the Wabash river, reckon?" he queried as he combed

long yellow whiskers with his fings and pulled down his vest. "Yes."

"Probably never heard of Jen Dewlap? Jerry lives on the banks of the Wabash, and he's piten bil down. About a month ago he com to town one day and said a boat he upsot in the bend above his bot and drowned two men. He want us to go up and help drag for the bodies. We was willing of coun and Jerry proposed we try a plant said had worked in thousands cases. It's an ole belief with so folks, you know, that if a load bread is flung on the water it'll for to whar a dead body is lying a then stop. We reckoned to try and every man chipped in and took up about a hundred loaves."

"Jerry bossed the job," contint the man with the yellow whisker "and we got out two boats losts with bread and kertully dropped the loaves overboard. Some went humping along at the rate six miles an hour, while others as o circled around and went of slowly We used up the hundred loaves, as Jerry Jerry was taking up a collection send to town after more, when a ler come up stream in a capos

"What ar' you uns a doing of

"A-rising the dead, I answered.
"Oh, ye are!' he continued. We when I come around the bendole is ry's wife was out in a boat a picking and reckon about a picking and picking them loaves, and reckon shi got up to ninety-five! You uns he better send down some pork and "ters to keep company!"
"Well. sir, that ar was a put to be an arm to sit a series to be a

job on us hy ole Jerry to git a les o' bread without working fur it, as when we took him ashore to admist ter a great moral lesson what did do but turn to and out run the less of us and get clear off!"—New Young the less of the and get clear off!"—New Young the less of the and get clear off!"—New Young the less of the and get clear off!"—New Young the less of the less of the less off!"—New Young the less of the