

THE ROBIN.

'Tis good to spend a quiet, leisure hour,
And trace our kindred in a bird of flower;

The Robin Redbreast, born of common clan,
His virtues that are not excelled by man.

O feathered songster, bird of ruddy breast,
In form and plumage how supremely drest!

Evening warbler, sing those vesper o'er!
They take me back to my New England shore;

A REVERSION: ITS PRODUCT.

"What do you think of that, Reggie?"
said a tall, dark youth to another of the same

"A woman's, evidently," is the answer,
as his friend glances at it. "Ah!"

"Precisely the question I thought you
might answer me."

"Just now, as we came in."

"Of course, you don't know the writing
of your anonyma!"

"No, it looks too straightforward to be
feigned."

"A maid might have done the needful."

"Hardly. It is too much the hand of
a lady."

"I don't think a girl would care to
give one such a possible whip."

"Sum total, Tim. This is from a
young lady you don't know. She must

"Exactly, that puzzles me. Besides,
how could she know the very sum I lost

"That's easy enough. The Hebrew
has a tout wherever there's a 'flash,'

"Even so, he is not likely to have
retailed it in Mayfair."

"No; but Mayfair, in the person of
some hard-pressed dame, may have paid

ready midnight of Saturday, and the
following Monday he was compelled to

The note that he and Temperlay had
been discussing was curt enough—

The envelope bore the Western Dis-
trict post-mark. It came from a station-

Several cigarettes and iced drinks had
been consumed since Tim's last remark

But the other shook his head. "No,
Reg, it's nasty enough to have broken

"Others will, sooner or later, my
dear fellow. Why not score off your

"A bad simile. Besides, he's as hot
as Lucifer and might say something I

Tim hailed a "Forder," and found
himself en route to the friend of the im-

Familiarly known among his numer-
ous clients and their friends by a Scrip-

Tim's not over-pleasant thoughts were
recalled by the cab stopping, and, as he

Tim's money-lender looked at him ques-
tioningly for a moment and then, appar-

Half an hour later, as Tim drives back
towards his Bohemian quarters, he finds

Anything but a coxcomb, Tim cannot
but see that the task that is set before

"You have found it so," he says, ten-
derly, as he takes her hand and sits be-

"Did you get a letter from a name-
less friend last night?"

"Yes," he answered, with amaze-
ment. "Do you know anything about

"Well—yes, I forgot you would not
know my writing, and I did not like to

"My father?" asked Tim, as if he
could not be further astonished.

"Ah! I must explain. He was here
yesterday, and as Uncle Philip is rather

"Then I had better be frank, and say
I came here with the intention of ask-

"I know that," was the quiet an-
swer; "but how is it to be done? You

"You dropped ten thou', or rather
the uncomfortable promise to pay that

"You know all about it?"

"Why, yes; I should hardly get on
in these days of twice-plighted property

"Then I had better be frank, and say
I came here with the intention of ask-

annuity, which is so strictly tied up
that it is useless to talk of it."

"Then," says Tim, rising, "I had
better face the only alternative and tell

But this announcement instantly
worked an unexpected change in the

"My dear sir, you are too hasty! Busi-
ness is business; and I care no more to

"I!" ejaculated Tim, with astonish-
ment.

"Yes; a revisionary interest."

"In what?" asks the other, sinking
into his chair again with an expressive

"Your father is of a certain age."

"Well?"

"Your brother is unmarried; failing
him, you are the next heir."

"So?"

"You shall have what you need to-
morrow, for your reversion—and a

"To do what?"

"Marry my daughter."

The hot blood of the Montague
flushed all over poor Tim, and for a

"All that is my affair," answers the
father, with a grandiose air.

Tim weighs rapidly the position. Re-
fusal meant ruin, utter and complete,

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and the sooner he crept away, like the
hound, he felt, the better.

"Now for my trumps," said Tim's
host, a few minutes after he had gone,

"Mr. Howard?" said the old Peer,
bowing stiffly, as he looked inquiringly

"Yes, my lord. A friend—if I may
say so—of your son."

"Which?" was the question—put in
a tone which did not imply that he ad-

"Captain Montague."

"Ah! you have come as his pleader?
He has not the courage himself to tell

"I may say at once, if you allude to
what happened on Friday night, that he

"The dickens!" said the astonished
father. "Who has been fool enough to

"He has a reversion," is the short
but significant answer.

"To what?"

"Your title and magnificent rent
roll."

"You must first dispose of his elder
brother," sarcastically replied the

"I have; at least as far as the second
item goes."

"What! Agincourt has sold his right
of succession? Impossible!"

"Tis true, nevertheless. The quiet-
est men are often the deepest. You

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"Ah, father dear," says a fair beau-
tiful woman to a tall, handsome man,

A Voice from the Kitchen.

Some progressive creature has been
telling the people, through the columns

This result is to be brought
about by the aid of a mechanical con-

If this is an age of doubt, it may also
be said to be an age of eating; to be

There is where you are mis-
taken. They are for the purpose of

Imagine the labor necessary to get up
the dinners common now-a-days; and

Let us stand up for a simple diet; let
us have food more plainly served. Let

with small and convenient kitchens,
will do more to save housekeepers

With simpler food and less gorging
would come a healthier, happier race,

It must be confessed that things do not
look very hopeful for any such reform

No one will deny that what is designat-
ed plain food is more healthful than

Who ever heard of a horse grumbling and
growling his way through life a victim?

Whatever else Mary's
little lamb was guilty of doing,

A young lady came to us, not long
ago, with the startling intelligence that

Judging from the ingredients thereof,
one would imagine that whatever her

one would imagine that whatever her
success might be in making angel food,

Women would have, not only more
time, but encouragement to culti-

The talk of the average woman is
largely confined, after marriage, to her

"What of that?" some excited masculine
inquires; "what better can a woman do?"

Well, sir, if she has a house to keep,
the very best thing she can do is to "keep"

Unless we can live with less extensive
and expensive wiring and dining, a

Therefore we say: Let us have a simpler
food, more plainly served. Let us eat

Let us find some
nobler way to man's heart than through

patience, or, what is more precious to
us, our own life-energy, and our own

—An old builder asserts that fully
half of Boston proper is now built on

here.—Cor. Burlington Hawkeye.