But even then, with tongue and pen, In fittly chosen words, The theme is spread, to music wed As award as songs of birds: And far and near some heart sincer Takes up the glad refrain. And quick to heed another's need, Repeats it o'er again!

Thus every day, along our way. To many or to lew. The story's told that is so old. And yet is ever new; And if we fear it is not clear. Or woo ng is in va n. How eagerly and tenderly We tell it o'er again!

But in our homes ofttimes there come A shadow fraught with ill. That casts a bight o'er all things bright. A dark, foreboding chill, And well we know by signs that show,

The bitter grief and pain Of bearts that grieve from morn That love is on the wane. Then is the time that souls sublime Will gather round their own,

For past neglect atone; And though of old their love they told In language terse and plain, Fear 'twill disarm, and do no harm To tell it o er again.

With tenderness and fond caress

-Josephine Pollard, in N. Y. Ledger.

## The Romance of Heatherleigh Hall

By MANDA L. CROCKER. COPYRIGHT, 1889.

CHAPTER XXVI.-CONTINUED.

No, the squire was not coming; doubtless he would not, as Allan had announced his intention of overhauling the dozens of dusty volumes, some of them ancient and curiously bound and others of later date. "What a place for an old book worm of a fellow!" ejaculated Alian, elbowing the ancient tome at his right, as he thrust his cand into the recess in the wall, after having satisfied himself that Bancroft was not coming.

The first thing his hand touched he drew forth. It proved to be the long-hidden casket containing Lady Percival's jewels. Brushing the dust from the elegant cover be opened it for a moment in order that he might know what he really did have. Diamonds; diamonds scintillating even in the dim light told him he had the required jewels. Shutting the casket he discovered the letters L. P. engraven in the center of

"Aunt Percival," he murmured. "Oh! I feel so strange in this awful place, where sweet Lady Percival died; from where my father fied, and from whose doors my darling was driven in her widow's weeds! God be merciful, I wish I was out of this!"

Once more he put his hand into the recess and renewed the search. Three small boxes endeavors. These he deposited in various Allan!" And it was the voice of his gentle ckets without examining them and again lady mother. searched the recess.

"The family plate, by Jove" And out it board. Silver, silver! And here was his." At the same time he wiped a susa riddle he could not solve. How could this picious moisture from his old eyes and httle place hold all this! He tried the other side of the aperture, and to his astonishment a panel moved easily back, revealing thought he had reached was not a "corner." only a sort of division.

"It's deuced lucky I brought my travel-

Having stowed all the valuables away in his large value, he shut up the recess and replaced the books he had removed. "I believe I will go upstairs now and see

what has become of the squire," mused

Allan, looking about him. But the Squire was coming down. Allan

began to be deeply interested in a yelloware a half-penny. The books are quite hinteresting, I

and seeing the young barrister deeply enreged, as he thought, in reading. Oh! yes;" Allan made answes, with a

cawn, "interesting enough, but I'm deuced tired of them, and, as I have taken the titles of some and selected others for which they sent me. I guess we may as well go, that is, if you have no further business in this borrid place!"

place to drear hof romances by the 'our,

HE THRUST HIS HAND INTO THE RECESS. could stay 'ere for ha week."

"Umph!" and the jolly squire looked at him in amaze. Then he said: "Books packed,

hi suppose?" and at the same time eveing the traveling case keenly.

"Yes," answered Allan, prevaricating.

Squire Bancroft had not been so long in the gallery for nothing. He had almost wept over the fine portrait of the youngest son in the reversed row, Alian Percival, last child of Leon Percival, the austere, as

he was known. And now, on coming out into the hall. this young sprig of a Londoner put him so much in mind of the picture of the highspirited vouth he used to know that he

"Hi feel some ow has hif-," he mused. and then taking his gaze from the traveling bag he acted on the impulse of the mo-

Look 'ere, young friend," said he, touchnto the sunshine. "Pardon me, but hi

can't 'elp but see that you resemble so much one portrait him this gailery hupstairs. His hit possible hi ham haddressing a Percival? Can hit be that you hare the son hof Hallan Percival, so long hago disinherited solely because 'e 'ad sense benough to marry ha sensible woman?"

The squire's first sentence sent a suspicious impression with its curious articulation, and his tap on Allan's shoulder seemed to augur no good to the contents of the case he carried. But the compound question which followed the eccentric old fellow's prelude put those fast-rising fears of detection to flight, and substituted a choking sensation of oppressive wrong in

Altan looked up. "You know me, then, by my resemblance to my father," he said, with a sad attempt at a smile. "I am the only son of that Allan Percival-in fact, the only child living, and that is why Miriam Percival Fairfax and her solicitors trust me on this errand to the Hall. The present owner of Heatherleigh is my cousin, Mr. Bancroft, and I am commissioned to the Hall by her implicit orders."

"'Pon my soul! 'pon my soul!" exclaime the squire, grasping Alian's hand. "'Pon my soul, Hi thought the world hof your father, my boy; has hif 'e were my hown brother." And the impulsive Bancroft flourished his handkerchief and blew his nose with the sound of a trumpet. "Then hit's your father's picture upstairs; w'y don't you go hup hand get hit?"

Allan shuddered. "Do not ask me to go upstairs and into that room," he answered, turning faint at the idea, and covering his face with his hand, as if to shut out even the bitter memories.

"Ho! Hi see," rejoined the squire, "you said this 'orrid place," and he put his arms akimbo. "Hi see! Hi see!" he continued. "you dread hit hon your father's baccount Forgive me, my boy; Hi didn't think! Hi know the sad story hof your father's being kicked hout; 'eard hof 'is death, too, but didn't 'ear that 'e left ha son. Well! well!'

For some minutes the old squire stood looking affectionately at Allan and thinking, then he placed his hand kindly on the young man's arm and said: "Don't you want your father's portrait, my boy? Hif you do, w'y, hi will be glad to go hup there hafter hit for you."

Allan nodded in the affirmative. He ould not speak. A feeling of utter loneliness was creeping out of the shadows and wrapping his soul in its miserable influence. Up there, in the dark, ghostly place, his father's picture hung-with its ace to the wall, he had been told a thousand times, because he had been cast outand now, after three and a half decades of gloom and disgrace, it was to be brought down and given into the hands of the son. the child of his mesalliance.

Allan heard the squire go up the length of the shadowy staircase, heard him treading the corridors, as one hears things in a strange, indistinct dream.

The sunshine stole down through the tufted eims, the noisy rooks chattered and scolded high up above the ancient gables and the April airs went whispering by, but Allan heard them not. He was listening attentively to a voice sounding down the aisles of the by-gone, and he heard it say Curses on that old Hall, that sent me adrift; curses, I say!" and it was the voice of his father.

And in connection with this maledictive sentence he heard a sweet, soft voice, and said in a deprecating tone:

But Squire Bancroft interrupted this communion of spirits akin, and broke came from the remote corner of the cup- Allan's painful reverie by saying: "Ere hit locked the great doors in silence. Alian Percival left Heatherleigh as one

in a dream. The long, desolate avenue, a capacions recess, and the "corner" he down which his darling had passed alone in her grief did not seem real to him. The clanging of the great gates sounded afar off and even the hum of the carriage wheels ing case, or else how should I smuggle all on the echoing drive beyond came to his this away from Heatherleigh! Egad! I feel ear as unnatural and deadened. He thought of it, and remembered Miriam's horror of the place.

He paused at Hedge Place, the squire's lovely cottage, and letting him out with many w om adieus, drove mechanically on towar che city.

Hastings came in view, and he drew a sign of relief. The shimmer of the sea peheard him on the stairs, and forthwith he wond gave him a new impetus, and he smiled. "It won't be so very long now," paged volume, for whose contents he didn't he said, waking up, "until I shall see her, my own."

He consulted his watch. "I have time to should think," said Bancroft, peeping in get every thing attended to in my care and reach London to-morrow; then a final interview with my bankers there, a bidding good-bye to a few friends, and I'm off on the reacherous waters yonder."

"Back again!" Allan ejaculated, as be thren open the door of his lodgings, and entered with his precious burdens. "Well, I'm blest if I'm not glad the affair is winding up. What a great deal grows out of a little, sometimes, to be sure," he continued, settling himself comfortably in his chair by the table and emptying his pockets of the Heatherleigh find. "If I had not met that old lady in the park that blustering autumn day last year, I presume I should not have been there again this time. "I guess I had better shut the door and

insert the key, lest I have auditors." With this timely conclusion he fastened the door, and, returning to the table, spread out the contents of the three dusty little boxes on the green chintz cover.

"I only wish to see them a moment," he apologized to a hint of conscience, "and Miriam wouldn't care.'

The two little ebony cases contained jewels also, as well as the more pretentious casket, but whether they were the property of Miriam or not he had no means of finding out. They were very costly, however, and must have been prized very much by the happy possessor, whoever it might have been, Alian thought, as he held up to the light an exquisitely wrought bracelet, with little forget-me-nots clustered at the fastening.

"These shall be her wedding present from the Hall," he said to himself, sarcastically. Then he dropped them, shimmering in the light wandering through the white dimity curtain, as if they had been serpents.

"What if they carry the malediction of our infernal old ancestor!" he questioned, half aghast at the mental suggestion; "every thing about the cursed place, I verily believe, bears the brand and feels the taint! I came near losing my senses under the baleful influence myself, and only a few hours there at that. These have lain for years in the desolate gloom, and the price

of a soul may be their cost!" He shoved the shining heap from him with a gesture of horror, and sat looking at the contents of the third box or case. Whatever it was was wrapped in a bittle silken scarf. Alian reached over and touched it gently. "Oh! here is a slip of paper attached to it." he said, growing interested in the delicate package, and suddenly forgetting the glamor of a horrible dread connected in his mind with the glittering

iewels opposite him. How his heart throbbed for an instant as in memory of the deceased servant. "Now he recognized Miriam's delicate, yet firm after it is all over and done with, I will tell

"Oh!" he said, half rapturously, "when she, my darling, was a little, care-free girl."

Unrolling the scarf, he held in his paim a long silken ringlet, tied with a bonnie blue ribbon. A look of happy satisfaction beamed from his dark eyes. "My Miriam's curis," he said, tenderly, "cut from her dear head before the shadows gathered over her path; cut, doubtless, by my aunt's fingers, now crumbled to dust, Lady Per-

stirred the depths of his coul, and a dreamy expression softened his features.

"Perhaps," he mused, "perhaps these jewels are my darling's, also; and, if they are, no harm can hover over them.'

THESE SHALL BE HER WEDDING PRESENTS." he gathered the bracelets and their accompanying necklace up with a far-away, preoccupied air and shut them in their elegant cases with a sigh.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

It is May, and a beautiful day, with a symphony lingering in the fragrant air. Miriam is out among the rosebuds that beautify the clambering vines as they wait for the breath of June to unfold their glory. And, instead of the pale, pinched expres-sion on her perfect features as in the winter, the flush of health and-may I say happiness!-yes, happiness, creeps into her

hood are still visible. The silken ringlet entwined with its biobon of blue, which so moved the heart of Allan Percival, is not to be compared with the luxuriant tresses straying in shining lengths down over her shoulders.

oval face, where the dimples of her girl-

Miriam Percival Fairfax has outlived the crucible years of her life; the dark chapters of her strange history are being followed up by bright, golden pages, fragrant with the love of a blissful, happy summer to be

I had a difficult task, indeed, to persuade her that the dream of seeing Peggy and of hearing her seeming prophetic words would all come to naught. But I fancy, although she declares yet at times that "it means something to come," her faith in night visions is on the wane.

But the roses bud where last year the rue grew darkly luxuriant, and the smiles. the rarest of all rare things then, are slipping gradually into her days.

Some time ago she came to me with her fine voice all a-tremble, and wondered to me if I "thought it would be proper to wear colors?" I looked at her a moment; the somber crape folds had grown to be identical with Miriam. I should not have known her, I thought, without them-but ten long, sorrowing years for a young heart to throb beneath the garb of mourning was enough; who could ask more! Then, too, mourning was of the heart, not the habiliments altogether, and if this lone woman has found a silver lining to the heavy clouds of her heavens, why not?

"Yes," I said, "perfectly proper, dear, seeing that Allan is coming.' Then she smiled one of her rare, perfect smiles, which can neither be forgotten nor described, and said she "should go down to

the city and make some purchases.' Sly little puss; did she imagine that who had played the part of a detective for a twelvementh or more, could be boodwinked into "spring fashions" in this manner! If she did, she has reckoned without her host, as I mentally cite a wedding day somewhere adown this golden summer: a perfect day in June, no doubt, as May is waning. Ah! yes; methinks I hear wed ding-bells, and their clear, sweet music is

in harmony with the symphony of the day. But Miriam. A couple of letters lying in her lap bear foreign post-marks, and she has been reading them softly to herself, smiling the while, as if the contents were pleasing in the extreme.

The soft, grav texture of her dress-she chose gray for afternoon costume, but there is a beautiful white satin folded away amid a cloud of costly lace for another occasion-falls from her queenly figure in full folds, and she looks every inch a veritable queen; this stately, proud daughter of the

"Heatherleigh is in the past," she says, turning her head, with a smile which is half joy, half sorrow. "The house of the Percivals have nothing more in its somber shadows. No: no more, forever!"

"Sold!" I ask. "Yes; disposed of," she answers, looking away seaward. The fair face flushes and pales fitfully. There is a strong tide of memory surging up from the past; a thousand thoughts are coming to the front for recognition, and it is safe to say they are

not pleasant ones. I work away on my embroidery and finish an impossible grape cluster in smoky purple without pretending to offer any thing further. Such things are best thought out in silence, I have learned. So we sit an hour in the soft, sweet weather without a word; she looking seaward and down at the letters alternately, and I attentive to my embroidery, with an occasional glance at her face. She will speak presently, and tell me what she is thinking about. I have known her long enough to know this, and

work away, awaiting her pleasure. "I have sent to the Hall for a few things." she begins, just as I expected she would: "and if I am happy enough to get those the whole place known as Heatherleigh may rest for ave under the curse of Sir Leon Heatherieigh, for aught I care.

Her face flushes crimson, then pales like a tily: she is still revengaful and passionate in her hatred of the Hall. I had thought she had forgotten the old, desperate days, but she has not. I do not answer; I have no words. I scarcely ever have when Miriam towers up in speeches like this, and greeable, perhaps, as the first.

"Peggy Clarkson never told you," she gins again, "of a certain night's work of ours, did she-hers and mine!" Her face assumes a look of mingled pride and defiance, and she smiles a little

as I answer "No." "I thought she could be trusted, even unto death," and her eyes filled with tears, "Well," I answer, folding my hands over

"My mother," continued Miriam, "had a beautiful silver service of ber own, and before I left the Hall I, with Peggy's assistance, hid it away, with several other things of value, including my mother's jewels. We stowed them all away in a recess behind the book-shelves in the library, taking the midnight hour for our work. Sir Rupert" (she never calls him father) "had forgotten, I think, the existence of the secret cupboard; and as it was closed by a sliding panel, scarcely visible when closed. I do not doubt but that they were found just as I put them away. I hope so, at least," she ended, with a sigh.

The pleasant, cheerful look comes into her face once more, and she stoops and absently gathers a dozen violets at her feet. There is something more she wishes to tell me, so I wait.

"This is the last of May?" she speaks, interrogatively, and I answer: "Yes, the very last days of the spring."

A crimson flush sweeps up over cheek and brow, and "Allan is coming," she confesses, sweetly.
"Oh!" I pretend to be surprised, happily

so: but I was certain he would come long pefore this disclosure. But it does my soul good to see the happy love-light in her beautiful eyes and to hear her confession, so I reach over and press a kiss of congratulation on her roseflushed cheek, and say: "I am so giad for

you, Miriam, and for Allan, too." "I was sure you would be," replies Miriam, looking at me wistfully, questioningly "What is it!" I ask, intuitively knowing she desires to ask me something from which for some reason, she shrinks

"Do you suppose Arthur would care!" The question came scarcely above a whisper, and her face takes on a look of frightened, painful inquiry.

"No," I answer, decisively, and give her a look of incredulity. I can scarcely believe my ears. "Would Arthur care? No. Miriam, he would not; so rest contented. Do you suppose that Arthur would be so selfish as that!" I ask.

She answers by a negative shake of her head, which brings one long, glossy curl down over her heaving bosom, but she does not speak. Evidently I have alluded to the dead too abruptly. Well, I have never understood the strange, beautiful woman before me thoroughly, and what might please anybody else would, likely as not, fall disastrously across her thoughts.

"You shall be married here at the cottage," I say, making a bold attempt at turning her mind from the mournful past to the future with its promising outlook. "My poor little cottage has never known a marriage, a birth or a death." I add, pleadingly, looking straight at her for the answer.

"Your dear little home has been very lucky, then," she replies, with a far-away, sad look.

I am almost out of patience with her. Why must she dwell forever on the doleful

past! But she speaks. "Yes, I should like to be married here," she says. "I was married once in church," and she shivered as if the memory of it chilled her very soul, "and I never want to

have the ceremony repeated there." She fastens the violets in her fichu of creamy lace, and, gathering up the letters,

"Allan is coming," I repeat to the rosebuds: "Allan is coming when you bloom," and the breeze, sweeping up from the sea, sighs through the trees: "Yes, yes, yes!" "Allan is bringing 'a friend' with him. Miriam nesties down beside me on the sofa later and whispers this bit of news in my attentive ear.

"But I can not imagine who it can be." she adds, in a puzzled tone.

"A friend," and we ponder until we give up in despair of even thinking of one likely to come with him, and turn to discussing the preparations necessary for the happy event of her wedding.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## ORCHARD AND FOREST.

To Each Provident Nature Has Assigned

Important Duties Out here in the yard stands an apple tree which is doing full duty in bearing fruit. Though it is thick with foliage, the apples, tinted with red on the side next the sun, are appearing through it, and the prospect is that not later than "Oliver's day," or even sooner than that, the micy product will be picked from the branches. In view of the fact that the apple holds so important a place in the world, this tree may claim to be of diminutive doing a great work. It will gratify healthy tastes, help strengthen men and women for their employments, and become a part of that great system which operates to provide the human family with food. But over there, across a small valley and on the crest of a hill, stands the remnant of a forest-a large one, too, for it runs away back along the ridge to the southwards. It is imposing to look at, whether in winter or summer, and in that view is worth its room, and ten times more. But the age is practical, and asks for something more than looks, especially of native trees occupying the soil, as these do, which the lords of creation claim for their many purposes. With this in mind, the business thought is apt to be, that compared with the apple tree, these oaks and hickories. with an intermingling of dogwood and chestnut, are of very little value, and that they perform no service to the community. But is it a correct one! At several points at the foot of the bill little fountains are bubbling out and going off on their playful journey through the fields and mead ows. The birds stop beside them and drink, then fly off happy with song. A cow finds a shady spot where she takes a leisurely drink. It is the harvest time, and a boy carries to the reapers refreshing cupfuls. In a retired place, shadowed by noble elm and embowered among vines, is a cottage full of rustic life, and there, for two generations, the spring has given its unfailing blessings. And more than once when sickness came and lips were sore with fever, its waters have given a comfort greater than all the help of the physicians. And isn't the forest, therefore, busy doing good? Without its sheltering influence the waters would all dry up, and the fountains and streamlets would disappear from among the other features of the scenery. It is the great oaks and hickories which carry the water to the bird and cow, and it is they which hold the cup alike to the lips of the reaper and the sufferer in the chamber of

How to Curl Ostrich Plumer Have ready some corn cobs and commo

pain. - United Presbyterian.

salt, and let the fire in the cook stove burn down till you have a good bed of coals, lay the cobs on and sprinkle them with sait, and shake the feather in the smoke. Add cobs and salt from time to time, and be sure to shake the plume well, turning every part to the smoke. The harder you shake the feather the better it will look. Be careful to hold it far enough from the fire to keep it from burning. The livelier the coa without biaze the better. I have tried to make this plain. I thought my plumes completely spoiled till I tried this recipe. I saw a milliner wash a white plume once, and recurl it this way, and it looked as nice as new. She washed it in suds and rinsed to in clear water, and shock it vigorously us-til about dry, and then shock it over the

## THE HUMAN APPETITE.

How It Can Be Satisfied in the City of Chicago.

Bestaurants Where Mouth-Bowls Are in Daily Use-Fifteen-Cent Hash-Houses -A Study of Waiters and Their Peculiar Ways.

[Special Chicago Correspondence.]

In Chicago, as elsewhere, man can not live without dining, and the only difference between the simon-pure Chicagoan and other specimens of American mankind in this respect is that the Michigan Lake breezes have the effect of creating an appetite which would put to shame the dweller in any other part of the country. Take him all in all, the average Chicago man lives to eat, and the average Chicago woman keeps him company.

istence of the thousands of restaurants and eatinghouses whose prosperity seems so inexplicable to strangers who visit the Garden City for the first time. Each street corner here, they observe, has its saloon, with a drugstore across the way and a restaurant in the middle of the block. This is natural. The pure ozone from the lake creates an appe-

tite for substantial eatables, the hurry and worry of business life make a brisk demand for drinkables, and the subsequent overloaded condition of the stomach compels a visit to the nearest pill shop. The great Chicago trinity-saloon, drug store and restaurant," a wise man from the East once upon a time called he was not far from summing the whole thing up correctly.

Saloons and drug stores are very much alike wherever one may go, and it would be a waste of words to speak about them, but a description of what Chicago offers in the way of eatinghouses will throw some light on a matter in which every body is interested.

First of all, then, Chicago has restaurants for all classes and conditions of human beings. Restaurants for the rich, restaurants for the poor, restaurants for women, restaurants for negroes, restaurants for Germans, restaurants for Frenchmen, restaurants for rat-and-rice-eating heathens, lunch counters for busy clerks and eating halls for tramps and other impecunious individuals.

There are, for instance, gorgeous dining halls for the representatives of the four hundred who may desire to dine ontside of their clubs, where a piece of sirloin steak costs a dollar and a look at the head waiter adds a quarter to the bill, where garcons in full dress flit hither and thither with noiseless tread, where finger-bowls are in every-day use and where even the fashionable mouth-bowl is not a

What on earth is a mouth-bowl, you ask. Why, the mouth-bowl is a Russian

institution; a square or round glass bowl with a prettv little glass inside; the whole being served on a glass dish together with a fine linen doily size. After the finger-bowl has been passed, the garcon makes his appearance with the mouth-bowl. With as much grace as you can command you remove the glass from the bowl. pass the perfumed water

through your WHITE WAITER. mouth and unostentatiously deposit it in the bowl. Then you take the doily, wipe your mouth, put the glass back into the bowl, wipe your fingers and the task is done. As I said, this and an unlimited number of other luxuries you can enjoy, provided you are willing to pay two or imported yams three dollars for a thirty-five-cent meal. | and dried fish.

If you do not care to pay a week's sal- the smell of ary for a day's board you can go to any | which would one of the two hundred or more restaurants where a good meal can be obtained for thirty-five or fifty cents. In these places you will not find many of the appointments of fashionable life, but you will be thrown with the representatives of the great middle class of Chicago. men and women who prefer a good roast or a choice chop to costly brice brac in the way of cut glass and solid silver.

Instead of being waited on by gentlemen in full dress, guests are served by clean-looking Africans armed with napkin and towel, which implements of their profession. I am sorry to say, assume a hue resembling that of their manipulators before the dinner rush is half over. As restaurants go, these establishments are very satisfactory, however, and entitled to the custom of sensible people.

Natives or visitors fond of German cooking have the choice of half a dozen or more places where "buck wurst mit regularity as are pork and beans in the the great metropolis of the West. Yankee boarding-house. Swiss cheese and even the aromatic Limburger can be washed down with a delicious cup of coffee or chocolate, for, strange as it may seem, in none of the German restaurants of the better class can beer or other intoxicating liquors be obtained. The cooking is Teutonic from the soun down to the Kaiser pudding, and buxom German lassies with an amplitude of bustle carry your order from the dining-room to the kitchen.

The Kestaurants Francaise, on the other hand, employ fine-looking male

waiters, who view with contempt, begotten by a feeling of racial superiority, upon German waitingmaids and humble Senegambian menials. In nine cases out of ten the shabby French waiter is a man of family. that is, the descendant of a family with a title as long as

that of the LADY WAITER. French soup on the menu. French and German noblemen in reduced circumstances seem to take to waiting on a table as naturally as a This will, perhaps, explain the ex- duck does to water, and as most of them are decidedly in reduced circumstances after they have been in this glorious country for five or six months without catching a shallow-pated American heiress, the supply of titled menials far exceeds the demand. The result has been a reduction of wages for this class of labor, and a union composed of colored gentlemen has under consideration the passage of a memorial to Congress praying for the exclusion from their native land of Counts and Barons who can not make an honest living in the effete monarchies of the Old World. In this they have the sympathy of their white fellow-citizens, who will cheerfully second their patriotic land disinterested efforts.

The king of Chicago waiters, however, is not the titled foreigner, but the hash-slinger in the five and tencent feed-houses located on South Clark and West Madison streets. He is a character that baffles description; half tramp, half gentleman. Rigged out in a shirt that may, perchance, have once been white, and an apron reaching from the neck to the feet so as to cover a patch-work pair of trousers, he intimidates his customers by scowling at them the combination, and, to tell the truth, in a way which instinctively makes them put their hands over those pockets in which they may have a stray dime or two. The order given, it is bawled out in a stentorian voice and the unhappy guest, too frightened to leave his seat, is kept waiting fifteen or twenty minutes before his order is filled. One of these queer establishments has a sign on the window with the inscrip-

> EAT, DRINK AND BE WERRY, FOR TO-

In the same place a small beefsteak, octatoes, bread and butter, and three doughnuts can be obtained for a dime. and a sirloin steak with the same extras for fifteen cents. Pork and beans is cents; roast chicken, fifteen cents, and other articles in proportion. Of course, eating houses of this description are patronized only by the lowest class of working-people, tramps and other problematical characters. The fact that, according to a police official's statement, there are in existence in the business districts of Chicago over one hundred of this class of restaurants, each of which feeds from one to five hundred persons per day, proves perhaps more conclusively than any thing else that a large city like Chicago harbors at all times ten thousand men who are either out of work or belong to the criminal class. The hash-slingers employed by the proprietors of these resorts are recruited from their customers, and hence the casual observer need not be surprised when he receives a somewhat noisy re-

ception. Chinese restaurants are something of a novelty in Chicago, and no Caucasian would care to visit one of them for the purpose of obtaining a meal more than once. The victuals and delicacies served by the pig-tailed proprietors of these South Clark street dens are prepared in

genuine Oriental style and seasoned with an indescribable combination of vile herbs and spices. Rice forms the principal substance of every feast, but on high holidays the heathen basement revelers indulge in bird's nest soup. make a fullgrown skunk

hide its head in shame. The COLORED WAITER prices asked by Chinese Bonifaces are extravagant, but the old adage de gustibus non est disputandum can be applied to the almond-eyed Asiatics with the same propriety as to the civilized bon vivants, and perhaps we, who consider raw oysters on the half-shell a rare delicacy. have no business to throw stones at the poor deluded heathen who prefers de-

caved fish to animated bivalves. But, as said before, in Chicago a stranger can have whatever he wants at prices to suit his purse. The meats served in the most expensive as well as the cheapest places have passed a rigid inspection, and while the "cuts" in the fifteen-cent restaurants may not be the choicest, yet they are as wholesome as those served in more gorgeous places, and this fact dwellers in the rural dissauer-kraut" is served with the same tricts should not forget when visiting

G. W. WEIPPIERT.

"Jones," said Smythe, as he watched couple strolling near, "that is a first love affair "

"How do you know?" "I just heard her make him promise not to smoke or drink."-Time.

THERE is but one safe way to milk a kicking cow, and that is to get your milk of the dealer in that beverage.





CHAPTER XXVII.

stopped short to think:

ing Allen on the shoulder as they stepped writing: "My baby curis; Miriam Perci- you our little secret," she said, confiden-VAL "

cival! He rolled up the curl carefully and re-

stored it to its case. A kindly emotion

The sight of the ringlet had softened and

rendered mild the whole atmosphere, and

my work, preparing to listen.