She Sells Ideas to Artists.

An ingenious girl has hit upon an Ingenious method of self-support. Sometime ago she was bitten by the amateur photographic mania and became an adept at catching picturesque views. With one of those clever little detecteye cameras she amused herself whenever fancy led her about the city picking there an old apple woman, with skirts Muttering and cape bonnet blown back by an unkindly breeze, there a ragged mews-girl with a bundle of papers, you a group of babies tumbling on the grass on the park and somewhere else an Italian woman with a huge bag of stale crusts balanced on her head, full of artistic possibilities. The girl had something of an artist's temperament and though she could neither paint nor draw, she had an eye for the essential zeatures of a picture and for what would or would not compose well. Many of her photographs were really pictures, and being caught instantaneously preserved all the spirit, action and freshness of life. An artistic friend say them one day, and to her surprise offered to buy half a dozen of the best for suggestions for studio work. Two or three days' dwelling upon the dea thus given her bore fruit. She was in want of smoney and resolved to turn what had been play into work. She and her camera are out every sunny day, from 40 o'clock until 3 nowadays, and an mour in the "dark room" of an evening brings out some of the characteristic scenes of city life transferred to ther negatives and ready to be transformed into eash. Her work has quite a vogue among the studios, and clever suggestions are often taken from it. She finds her best market for figure pieces. An attitude, a smile, an expression often serves as a revelation of some queer phase of humanity and a picture. Sometimes an artist gives her a commission, naming the subject the is at work upon and asking her to can find. - New York Mail and Express.

Her Caprices.

I left my little Isabel, A damsel of sixteen. All girlish, fair, and debonatr, Coquettish, too, I ween. Anon a year or two swept by;

In other lands I tarried; Then to my home once more drew nigh-How fares sweet Bolla?" queerled I, Quoth she, "Old friend, I'm married."

Again we parted; I to rove The marts of Europe over. Pursuing trade, I grimly strayed Prom Amsterdam to Dover. Of love for Belle I knew no lack, Was faithful to her only.

sought her home when I came back; I found her dressed in somber black. She sobbed, "I'm lorn and lonely." A year she'll mourn, thought I; Meanwhile on wealth I'll be intent;

I will do well and offer Belle A fair establisement. Ill luck to woman's fickleness! For scarce a year I reckoned. went to ber with | roud success; I found her in a ballroom dress.

Reconstructing the Bastile.

Harry E. Smith, in Harper's Bazar.

Quoth she, "Old friend, my second."

The Parisians have been treated to the spectacle of the restoration of a whole quarter of the old Paris of a century ago-the quarter out of which the revolution and the new ideas which govern modern France sprang, the quar tter of the Faubourg St. Antoine and that somber fortress and last strong hold of French absolute monarchy—the Bastile. This is part of an elaborate series of reconstructions which will be one of the features of the great exhibition of 1888; it being proposed to construct on both sides of the Seine from a point nearly opposite the Palais de Industrie, and extending all the way down to the Champs de Mars and the Trocadero, sections of old Paris as well as specimens of architecture, palatial and private, of different nations. The main entrance to the exhibition is expected to be on the Champs Elysees, through the great - doors of the Palais de l'Industrie-a joyful announcement to the foreigners with memories of previous exhibitions, waiting for cabs and horsecars. The present exhibition of the Bastile and the Faulourg St. Antoine was doubt-Vess suggested by the great success which attended the great London ex-In bition at Kensington during the two exhibitions of last year and the previous year .- New York Evening

Things a Well-Bred Lady Avoids. She never laughs or talks loudly in

public places. She never turns round to look after

any one when walking on the street. She never accepts a seat from a gentleman in a street car without thanking him. She never accepts a valuable pre-

sent from a gentleman acquaintance sanless engaged to him. She never wears clothing so singular or striking as to attract particular

attention in public. She does not wear her monogram about her person or stick it over her

letters and envelopes. She never snubs other young ladies even if they happen to be less popular

or well favored than herself. She does not allow gentlemen to join her on the street unless they are very intimate acquaintances.

She never forgets her ball-room engagements or refuses to dance with one gentleman and immediately dances with another.

She never speaks slightingly of her enother, and says "she don't care whether her behavior meets with maternal approbation or not."

She never takes supper or refreshments at a restaurant with a gentleman after attending the theatre unless accompanied by a lady much older than herself. - (hicago Herald.

High Life in Arizona.

"Miss Kacktus," said the young man at the Arizonia ball, casually resting his hand on the butt end of his six-shooter. -I believe the next waltz is mine, isn't

"I think you are mistaken, Mr. Roundup," said another young man who was standing by, as he pointed in a careless, easy manner at Miss Kacktus's card with a bowie knife eighteen inches long. "my name is down for that waltz.

"You are right, Mr. Lariat," rejoined Mr. Roundup, with his eyes on the glittering blade. - Chicago Tribune.

In the Cigar Store. "Here is a cigar that I can con-" fidently recommend." "H'm! Well, I guess I'll try some other brand; I've been in the cigar business myself."-Bost Transcript.

MY DOG

I love my dog—a beautiful dog. Brave and alert for a race; Ready to frolic with baby or man; Dignified, too, in his place.

I like his bark-a kindly bark, Musical, honest and deep; And his swirling tail and his shaggy And his sudden, powerful leap.

Oh, never a corpulent pug for me,
Nor a spitz with treacherous snap!
Never a trembling, pattering hound, Nor a poodle to live on my lap.

No soft lined basket for bed has Jack Nor bib, nor luxurious plate; But the doorstep brown that he guards so well,
And the lawn are his royal state. No dainty leading ribbon of silk

My grand; good dog shall fret; No golden collar needs he to show He's a very expensive pet; But just my loving voice for a chain, His bound at my slightest sign,

And the faith when we look in each other's eyes Proclaims that my dog is mine. He'll never be carried in arms like a

Nor be dragged like a toy, all a curl; For he proudly knows he's a dog, does Jack, And I'm not that sort of a girl. -Bessie Hill, in St. Nicholas for

A Cottage By The Sea.

From the London Graphic.

babe.

Mr. Landon, ex-cotton spinner, had good reason to hate the army. His eldest daughter had married a gallant young Hussar, who quickly spent her | prised. fortune at Newmarket, and thereafter vanished from the world's ken, leaving her neither widow nor maid. His supplies the missing somewhat that eldest son-a great scamp, as the sons someboby wanted to incorporate into of steady business men often are-entered a dragoon regiment, got into some discreditable row, was tried by bring in all the hints upon it that she Court-martial, dismissed the service and shot himself through the head the the next day. His second daughter, Clara, was cruelly jilted by a guardsman, and died at Bournemouth a year subsequently of a broken heart. A second son-at Woolwich-

was blown to pieces by a shell which exploded in his hands while he was examining it; and last, but not least, his own remaining child, his ewe lamb, Lilly, evinced aremarkable prepossession for the military. The Grand Dutchess of Gerolstein was not fonder of soldiers than Lily Landon: "But why, John, why?" fonder of soldiers than Lily Landon; but then she only saw them at a distance, never at closed quarters. This idiosyncrasy was made all the more distressing to Mr. Landon from the circumstances of his residing in a garrison town, which is a seaport as well. He could not prevent Lily seeing soldiers and officers going about their duties, nor could he abolish the regimental band which always made Miss Lily's blue eyes sparkle and caused her unconsciously to assume something of the audacious demeanor of a

vivandiere. All he could do was to engage a distant relative as a duenna. but under a homely exterior this old lady concealed a most romantic disposition, with a singular belief in what is now derided as chivalry. The Barsetshire Regiment, alias the Royal Bombardiers, was quartered at Barmouth at this time, and an exceedingly lively mess was one of the distinctions of the regiment, two-thirds of the members being young Irishmen. It was currently reported that these young gentlemen, of good family, but slender means, were the plague of the adjutant general's life, so frequent were the complaints and grievances that arose from their racing, rowing, rathunting and other proclivities and that | drawing-room windows. the commander-in-chief himself had threatened to honor the two worst | said Castor, "but it is better than scapegraces of them all with the distinction of a court-martial. The two in question—the head and front of all this offending-however, took life ri-

the name of Castor and Pollux in the regiment-nicknames that will do just as well as their real ones, which are those of a noble Irish family, Lieutenant Castor and Pollux, then, were walking down the High street, arm in arm, with very large cigars in their mouths, and very small bull tarriers at their heels, when Nick, alias Castor felt an electric thrill, so to say, from the arm of his pall Dick

(Pollux), and from previous experiences at once concluded that there was a pretty girl around. So there was-and a benign old lady, wreathed in smiles, also.

"By George! what an exceedingly pretty girl," quoth Nick, and "Looks very solvent," said more practical

"Let us follow them and find out where they live." The two ladies, who had evidently

been making some trifling purchases in town, had turned their faces in the direction of the suburbs, and were now walking along the sea-shore, the younger with a white fluffy poodle dog in her arms. The officers followed at a respectful distance, but the bull terriers were in earnest in their endeavors to make the acquaintance of the fluffy poodle. Perhaps this accounted for one of the ladies' knowledge of what

was going on behind them. "Let us ask them to call off their dog," said Lily; "I am sure they are officers of the Bombardiers.

"Not for the world, not for the world, my dear," replied the duenna; "not that I have any doubt about their gallantry; the chivalrous sense of honor of these brave men who die for their country, and for England, home and beauty; but think what your papa would say, with his singular antipathy to warriors. Oh, no, never; let us hurry on, or they may, perhaps, be too assiduous in their de-

They did hurry on to the heaven of a | you." pretty bijou cottage in red brick and stone gables, standing among laurels in its own grounds, and a stone's throw from the sea, into which there jutted a boat pier, with a boat at the end of it. The two ladies disappeared through the green gate, but Castor managed to catch a Parthian glance of a pair of very bright sapphire blue eyes; while Pollux was saluted with a series of barks, the poodle, who, now believing himself at home and safe from terriers, struggled violently in his mistress' arms in the vain pretense of desiring to annihilate them both at

"A doosid neat little crib." observed Pollux, staring at the bow window. "Just the kind of a little box one would like to dawdle away a summer in, if one had \$3,000 a year, instead of only 1,000 farthings.'

"Yes, and with those two eyes to rival the billows," mused Castor, who was sentimental, comparatively speak-

"I should think now," continued Pollux, "that it would not be unseemy to knock at the door and inquire if Mr. Smith lives here? That would tell us who the charmer is, at all events."

"Capital! Let us enter forthwith." But when the two young men knocked and rang the bell, they became aware, to their surprise, of a There great commotion within. was a poise of a chain being put across the door, a hurrying of feet, and a clatter of fire-irons, and above all the din the poodle barked furious-

"Officers!" some one cried in an angry voice. "On no account let

A window above the porch was now thrown up, and an elderly man with a very long face and very white whiskers desired the young men to be

"Does Mr. Smith live here, sir?" inquired Pollux, with his best and most courteous manner. "No, sir, he does not. This is a lu-

natic asylum, and I am a mad doctor. If you value your liberty you will be gone. No one is allowed to enter here, and especially no-faugh!soldiers.' "Is the young lady a patient we

just saw go in?" asked Castor, sur-

"Yes, sir, she is. Mad as a hatter. Homicidal mania. Don't you ever attempt to speak to her, or she may cut your throat. Carries a carving-knife in her muff. Here, John, show these -hum-gentlemen out."

The window went down with a bang,

and a tall footman, coming round from the rear of the house, politely escorted the officers to thegate. "I say, John," quoth Pollux, twiddling a sovereign between the fingers of

his lavender kids, "who's that old John regarded the gold attentively with one eye. "That's Mr. Landon, hisself. Horful rich, but vulgar. He's

made his money in trade, you see, so you must excuse him." "And the girl, John; what about the young lady?" asked Castor excitedly. "That's our daughter, a namiable but 'aughty young 'ooman. No followers allowed," said John significant-

"Can't say, sir, I'm sure. I only state facks. Now, sir, I must go back. If Mr. Landon was to see me, I'd lose my place. Thank you, sir, thank you; very sorry, but must lock the gate,"

And they were locked out on the dusty road forthwith. As Castor pensively turned homewards he saw something white, like a handkerchief, wave from a top window.

which he did.

His spirits rose with a bound, and, singular enough, he never mentioned the circumstance to his dear friend

Ah! if he had but known that this was only a frisky freak of Miss Vizard, the duenna, into whose head there suddenly came a phantasy of a distressed damsel in a turret and of two young knights attempting her rescue. The circumstances, however, was enough to fan the spark-the bolt from the blue-in Castor's bosom to a flame, while, as for his friend, he walked on, wrapt in contemplation of John's allusion to Mr. Landon's wealth and "wulgarity."

Next day, and next day, and the next, the two friends strolled down to Marine Villa, and smoked many cigars on the little pier, but to no purpose. No one came out of the little green | hind in much perturbation. gate, and no one went in; nevertheless they enjoyed a beautiful view of the

"It's not satisfying, you know," nothing, seeing where she is."

"I tell you what, my dear fellow," said Pollux; "this can't go on nohow. I must have money, for the duns are otously, and were, indeed, on the high | all down on me in shoals, and my reroad to Avernus, when the following spected progenitor is in the same fix incidents occurred: They were close as myself, since all his tenants down of salt to his legs and feet," said Polallies, these two; so that they went by at Castle Pollux refuse to pay him the lux gravely. 'rint.'"

> "Hang your filthy lucre! I only want her eyes." "It strikes me, my child, that you

are very far gone. But sitting here head, "that lisle thread, six sixes, smoking wont do us much good in the way of either optics or rupees. The question is, how to get in." "I am sure she is kind-hearted," anxious to be of every assistance, she said Castor. "See how she hugged did not seem to be of very much afraid

that poodle-lucky dog!" "Come! That's good," cried Pollux. "Happy thought; let us test it."

"This way, sonny. You tumble in to the water here, off this pier, and I will plunge in and rescue you. Man overboard! Great sensation, you know. Gallant conduct! Carried into the drawing-room by John. Smelling-bottles, brandy; put to bed! Bless you, my children, £20,000

down, and £20,000 more at my death! Old man now and can't live long! | nant poodle. Upon my word, it's glorious," cried Pollux enthusiastically. "Except for one thing," returned his friend, sarcastically; "that you might it a mercy? The two officers! They drown here and be blessed, for any are in your bed!"

one that would see you from the house." "Now, my dear child, you are the veriest tyro I ever met. As if I have | claimed her father wrathfully. "What not the charmer peeping at us through | does this mean? Are you mad?" the lace curtains at the centre window this half hour past. Looking at me, remember, not you, my boy."

"By Jove!" starting up, "you don't | craytur be, and he an illigant Iri-hsay so! Where? "There! You've gone and done it a man as ever stepped, that lived benow! She's scuttled off like a mouse. | yant the bog, if not in the best bed? That comes of wearing an eye-glass- | And his friend, that's as good as a you can't see." "I can see that you have arranged | tleman, too, as he told me himself,

this plot very nicely for yourself, my | when he took the sup of brandy from dear Pollux. I am to fall in and be me own hands, Mrs. Bridget, sez he, the duffer that gets drowned, while 'did yez ever hear of Sir Giles Pollux, you are to be the hero, the brave of Castle Pollux?' sez he, and 'Degorpreserver, and so forth-no, thank ra, sir, sez I, 'that I did many and

"But think of the pity a corpse excites, and the brandy and water, and that blue-eved charmer putting hot stockings-her own, perhaps-full of don. "You have been most imprusalt to your poor feet.

"Ay, my good Pollux, and of your whispering into her ears all the time. officers into my very bed?" No, the sorra a bit of me will be the corpse. You may, if you like."

"Well as you say yourself, it is better than nothing. I'll be the damp, the house faster than they came in,"

"Pish! Well, they shall get out of the house faster than they came in,"

the cried and bounded up the stairs.

moist, unpleasant body, but it's no use to-day. There's a flutter in the dovecote, and we may just as well go by what he saw in his bedroom. The blinds were all drawn, and the room home to lunch"-which they did. The next day was Sunday, and darkened. A young man with a curly there was only early church parade. head lay in his bed. His eyes were

The two young officers strong down | shut, and his face pallid. The latter was due it must be confessed, to an to the cottage by the sea, and having taken up their positions at the end of application of violet powder from the the pier, began to smoke as usual. toilet table. There were great black The bells were ringing for church and marks under his eyes-from a lump of the morning was a fine one in the coal in the grate-and Mr. Landon bemerry month of May. Presently they gan to think that matters were really say a solemn procession issuing from worse than he thought. Moreover, he the green gate headed by Mr. Landon, had caught Bridget's reference to the nobility, and Mr. Landon, like many who, in figure and features, was remarkably like Mr. Hablot Browne's self-made men, dearly loved a lord.

"Well, sir," he said to Pollux. "here pictures of Mr. Dombey in the novel of that name. Mr. Landon, Miss exclaimed Miss Vizard, of a suddeu. And a soldier it was-an orderly in pursuit of the young man. Miss Vizard almost fainted when she heard with two out-door servants, formed the cortege. They all carried large that the Royal Bombardiers were ordered on service to South Africa imprayer books, and were in their go-tomeeting raiment. Miss Lily was not mediately, and that the Colonel had there-nor the poodle. Miss Landon been sending messenges in search of had developed quite a fondness for them all the morning. The effect on the sea of late, and was never tired of | the drowned was remarkable. He watching its varying moods—so like | jumped out of bed and clothed himself

Vizard, two maid servants, a coach-

man, a page, and John, the footman,

"I say," said Pollux, when the pro-

cession had gone past some time,

Castor with a souse into the water.

whole proceeding, but his mistress

"Good gracious!" she said to her-

self. "Are those two handsome young

officers quarreling about me, and will

there be murder? Oh, my! No! See,

one of them throws off his coat and

dashes his hat on the ground!

waves to save his drowning

friend. The waters close over them!

The cook, a fat Irish woman, with a

"Oh, cook! run quick and save them!

Two officers! Drowning there at the

pier. Oh, run,run quick, cook,please."

the divil a fear of them. Sure, indeed,

I was coorted by a sergeant meself,

and, sez he, sez he-"

ly to his friend's neck.

will he die?"

death."

Grace Darling on that coast.

like Lord Bacon in the play.

him to bed at once now."

"Is it sogers, they? Bedad, thin,

But Miss Landon could not wait to

hear honest Bridget's reminiscences.

to the pier, the poodle barking furi-

They reached the beach just in time

to meet the two dripping officers com-

ing out of the water. If Miss Landon

had not been so excited she might

have thought it singular that the

drowned man was riding on the oth-

er's back, and that, though his eyes

were shut, he seemed to cling vigorous-

But she neither noticed this nor any-

thing else, in her efforts to emulate

"Oh! I saw you fall into the water.

I am so glad," she stammered incon-

sistently. "How brave of you; but

Pollux shook his head meaningly-

"It all depends on the promptness of

the measures. If we could only put

'Oh, bring him into the house. My

name is Lily-Miss Brandon, you

Chuckling at the success of his ex-

periment, Pollux, who was a young

"Ye must put him into the master's

only servant left this Sunday in the

house, "and give him plenty of rum

and brandy. That's what cures the

sogers, as Šergeant Heavystirn many

"Take him up to Papa's room. Up

"He should have hot stockings full

"Would Bridgets do?" she inquired

"I think," said Pollux, shaking his

She blushed, for she saw he was re-

garding her boots. After this, though

of fatal consequences rom the acci-

In the midst of the to do, while

Bridget was cooking rum and water

and lemons, and frequently tasting

the mixture in the kitchen, and while

Castor was carefully tucked into Mr.

Landon's bed by his friend, who had

enrobed himself in Mr. Landon's dress-

ing gown and nether garments, the

aforsaid procession returned from

church. Lily flew down the stairs like

a bird, but not quicker than the indig-

"Oh, papa, dear! Only think. They

She brust into tears, as girls do un-

"Two officers, and in my bed!" ex-

"Indeed and indeed, then she's not,"

observed Bridget to the astonished

groupe. "And where should the poor

nan, a son of Lord Castor, as fine

wet nurse, wid him, and an Irish gen-

many a time;' 'and that's me own

"Will no one stop that infernal

"Pish! Well, they shall get out of

woman's tongue?" exclaimed Mr. Lan-

father,' sez he, and-"

and looking down.

aer sudden excit**e**ment.

were all but drowned, when we saved

eagerly. "She wears blue wooleners,

would suit his complaint better."

the stairs to the right. Can I do any

thing, sir? Oh, please tell me!"

and many's the time"-

very warm and thick-"

athlete, ran his friend at the double

a female locomotive in the rear.

red face and reddish hair, came puff-

directly."

stairs.

plunges into the boiling

trembled with fear and excitement.

those of a woman-from her window. in a moment. So did his friend. Miss Lily wept silently. "As I'll never probably see you "there she is behind the drawing-room again, I'll say good-bye," said Mr. curtain. Fortune favors us; the Landon quietly.

house is empty; now is the time for Miss Vizard regarded Pollux with our little comedy!" So saying he walkinexpressible tenderness. ed to the very edge and looked into "It is like going to the crusaders," the sea. "But look here, chappie! It she murmured. would never do for you to save me, As for poor Lily, she could only re-

for you would not have the nous to turn the squeeze of her lover's handcarry the farce through. Come, no no more. * * * hesitation; in you go." And suiting At Majuba Hill there are two graves the action to the word, he sent Mr. sise by side, in which Pollux and Castor, undivided in death, sleep well. I Miss Landon saw it all from the winwonder if Lady Longworth ever thinks dow, and so did the poodle. The latof them in the whirl of London societer barked disapprobation of the ty? She is a great lady now, and her-

monds.

How He was Made Better Off.

From the London Figure. A Scotch tradesman who had amassed, as he believed, £4,000, was surprised by his old clerk with a balance sheet showing his fortune to be £6,-000. "It cannot be," s...d the principal; "count again." The clerk did Brave man! Oh, dear, I can't stand this! Cook! Come here, run, run count again, and again declared the balance to be £6,000. The master counted himself, he also brought out a surplus of £6,000. Time after time contingency was to be that these young peoing and blowing to the foot of the he cast up the columns-it was still a 6. and not a 4 that rewarded his labors. So the old merchant, on the strength of his good fortune, modernized his house and "put money in the purse" of the carpenter, the painter, and the upholsterer. Still, however, he had a furking doubt of the existence of the £2,000; so one winter night he sat down to give the columns She sped out of the house and down ously in front, and Bridget puffing like had been galvanized, and rushed through the streets in a shower of accidentally in eachother's way. rain to the house of the clerk. The clerk's head, capped and drowsy, emerged from an attic window at the sound of the knock to inquire the errand of his midnight visitor. "Whose

The Origin of Mrs. Grundy.

there?" he mumbled, "and what d'ye

want?" "It's me, ye scoundrel!" ex-

pounds."

All the Year Round. Some years ago the expression, "What will Mrs. Grundy say?" was constantly in people's mouths. The phrase was originally taken from Tom Morton's comedy, "Speed the Plow." The play opens with a view of a farm house, where Farmer Ashfield is seen sitting at a table, enjoying his ale, and holding the following colloquy

know-and I'm sure pa will not be with his wife: angry when it is a matter of life and Ashfield-Well, dame, welcome home. What news does thee bring "'Deed thin, but he'd be a navgur if he was anything else," said Bridget.

Dame-What news? What I always told you-that Farmer Grundy's wheat brought 5 shillings a quarter more than ours did. Ashfield-All the better for he.

quick into the cottage, while the two women followed at their best pace be-Dame-And I assure you, Dame Grundy's butter was quite the crack of the market. own bed," quoth Bridget, who was the

Ashfield-Be quiet, will ve. Always ding-dinging Dame Grundy into my ears-"What will Mrs. Grundy say?" The meaning of the term "sub rosa, "under the rose," is "in strict confi-

dence." Cupid gave Harpocrates (the god of silence) a rose to bribe him not to betray the amours of Venus. The rose thus sculptured on the ceilings of banquet rooms to remind the guests that what was said there was not to be repeated; and down to I526 a rose was placed over confessionals.

How a Boy Got Off.

A boy named by the monitor was ordered to "stand out." He took his place clear of the desks in the gangway of the school, and, with the certainty of punishment hanging over him, had to wait there until a file of talkers had been collected. When the row of the condemned had become somewhat long, and when there was a Frank had gone from his presence with a pause in the occupation of the autocrat, the chastening began. For this offense the sentence mostly took effect on the palms of the hands, and the two strings, one of culprits coming upto the ordeal, the other of victims with quivering hands tucked under their arms, and howling, groaning, or with difficulty repressing their emotion as they wound their way back to their seats, might possibly have been objects replete with interest to a student of human nature but were too common to excite much attention among us. There was one little imp, as I remember, who used skillfully to skip across from the advancing to the retreating column, hug his hands, and howl as if he had been smitten, and so to get back unscathed to his place. It was a dangerous trick, the penalty of which, if had been detected, I dare not contemplate. I know but of this one boy who tried it.-Blackwood's | saw that he could do but little to lighten h

A Watch Trick That Didn't Work.

A Drummer-I like to see a smart Aleck who goes about trying to make bets on a sure thing shown his place now and then. I gave one a surprise myself the other day. He came up to me on the train and said: . Bet you a dollar you can't name the

figures in the order on the dial of your watch." "Bet you a dollar I can." The money was put up, and I wrote the

dent, Lily. Has not the army cost us Roman numbers from I, to XII, inclusive. enough already, without putting two "You've lost," said the sure-thing man. "Bet you another dollar I haven't," and "Only one, papa," she said humbly,

two more dollars went into the the stakeholder's hands. The sure-thing man had indeed lost. He had counted on there being no VI., since that space on most watches is occupied by the second-hand dial. On my watch, however, there happens to be a VI. I had seen that little trick played before, and was thus og-abled to give our friend a lesson from which I hoped he profited.

LOVE'S SECRET.

Each heart doth know its secret shrine, Where sweet flowers bloom that give no Of sun or dew; with sweet desire

The buds were stirred that glowed with And thrilled with life, and so bloom came, Hope-lit and glowing-like love's flame!

Fond hands will nourish these fair flowers That grow to life in secret hours, As in dark paths all travel-worn,

Where hearts grow faint with burdens borne. And desolate, they glow and gleam, Though sealed to shadows-like love's dream

And so sweetheart, thy life to mime Was sealed! my soul went forth to thina Like the flowers that bloom untaught, When love had come to us unsought, Alas, so late! and yet so long Its music lingers-like love's song!

The flowers may pale with sweet desire And love may swoon of love's mad fire Yet as I lie, on thy breast, My soul uplifted in love's rest, I do not see the darker path That each lone life of sorrow hath! Complete with love, sweetheart, love's

In secret glows!-love knows its sign!

-Harriet Maxwell Converse

"Goodby, Helen," said a young man, with a flash of anger on his handsome face as he turned from his uncle toward the pale girl standing in the window.

INHERITING A WIFE

"Goodby, Frank," she said, listlessly, profeves are as much admired as her dia- fering him a slender white hand. He took the hand and bending over, lightly touched her forehead with his lins.

> She raised her head to address him with a orced effort, and he was gone. "The young fool thinks he can defy me," said Mr. John Duncan, angrily, but with love and pity rising to his kindly gray eyes as he

bent them upon Helen. The latter was the rich old man's adopted daughter, and in her seemed centered all his happiness. She was his idol and he had planned to make her his heiress, or that she should share all he had of this world's goods with

ple should hav his fortune together only as man and wife. Helen Morley had been an orphan ever since she could remember. She had endeared herself to old Mr. Duncan by her sweet, unselfish life and her devotion to him as her

benefactor. She and Frank had been thrown much together, as a matter of course, and old Mr. Duncan, as he looked at his favorite nephew's handsome, animated face, and then at Hel en's sweet oval picture, framed by her mas "one count more." At the close of of bright hair, when the two were together. his task he jumped up as though he declared to himself they had been made for each other, and that it was plainly the work of heaven that they should have been thrown

> whether or not heaven ever had anything to do with such a young scapegrace as his He had just received a a terribe shock and

> was stirred dy anger, disappointment and pity for his fair Helen. Then too, he was placed in so delicate a osition that he hardly knew what to say to

claimed his employer; "ye've added up the year of our Lord among the He had no assurance that Frank had ever spoken a word of love to this girl. "But becan't defy with impunity," growled he irate uncle, as Helen had not replied to his first remark about the young gentleman in question. "I will not leave him a cent. I will make a new will. He shall be a beggar for all he'll get from me," concluded

John Duncan, stamping his foot flereely. "Oh, father!" said Helen appealingly What has he done to anger you so?" "Done!" shouted the old man, fairly exas perated by this question, forgetting at the moment that Helen did not share his news and therefore indignant that she should not join with him in condemning the young man's heinous crime. "Done!" he repeated in rising tones of freshly kindled anger. 'What has he done? Upset all my plans. Destroyed all my happiness. Tells me he's in love with that Freach girl Elise Courtois, and that his happiness, his very life, depends

upon his marrying her. And he has the effrontery to ask my approval of such a ridieulous step."
"The old man paused only at sight of Helen, who had sunk, pale and trembling, upon a sofa. Her delicate fingers, were inter-

laced and there was a look of such unutter able pain in her face that even Mr. Duncan's anger fled before it. Then with a sudden thought his anger ros

again and he demanded 'Has the villain deceived you, Helen? Tell me the truth. By Heaven, if he has, I'll"-"Oh, no, no; he has never spoken to me of

"There, there, my dear, I only wished to know; I meant it all for your good," said Mr. Duncan tenderly.

Helen fled to her chamber to think and to recover, if posssible, from the sadden blowsh

There had been no spoken words of love be tween them for the three years that Frank had been a constant visitor to his uncle's and yet she had thought-she had believed-yes. she had hoped, that the first love of her pur young heart had found a safe resting place and that it was reciprocated by him, although as yet not proclaimed, for some good and sufficient reason on his part.

But it was all over now. Her eyes were opened to the mortifying truth. She eried from pure shame at first, then for disappoint ment. Her face was all aflame as she thought of the possibility of the knowledge on the part of others of her misplaced love. Then her cheeks and brow became deadly cold as she realized that her young hopes were all withered and dead

When Mr. John Duncan saw the light had gone out from Helen's eyes his anger towards his nephew knew no bounds. He knew that fixed determination to win the girl, Elise Courtois, if possible, in spite of all opposi-

And he knew what he could not speak of to Helen, that she had loved his headstrong and misguided nephew. The old man was closeted with his lawyer soon after this occurrence for several hours

one day, and the result of this conference was a new will Three years are not much! A mere spot on the ages. A bagatelle of weeks and month frittered away in frivolity and triffing.

Three years are an age! A heavy leader rowded so much of mental pain and anguis that the rest of that life ought to be sunshi and flowers to compensate for their mises The three years following the departure Frank Duncan in disgrace from his une ome had been to Helen Morley joyless yes of silent suffering, unshared by a sympathet heart, unspoken to a pitying ear. She ha affered in silence, and had tried to walk he diotted path with outward-composure. And old John Duncan, though he had been more ender and solicitous of her welfare than ever But John Dunean had gone now, There

was no longer even his loving care to shield Helen from her own misery. nan had blessed Helen with his dying breat! and then passed away. She was sole posses or of his wealth. Frank Dunean had bee summoned, but was somewhere abroad, but suing his ignis fatuus in the shape of fortu and Elisa Courtois. He had lost sight of t French girl with whom he had become info nated about the time his uncle had dismisse him angrily from his house. Following u a clew he overtook her family in Paris. It was a chance meeting on one of the gay

streets of the French city. The young man was wild with joy as he espied her coming to-ward him. He rushed upon her with far more of enthusiasm than discretion. Elise drew back in surprise at his effusive rrecting.

"Have you forgotten all the past, then, Elsie?" asked Frank bitterly, as he saw by her cool demeanor that she had changed. 'Oh! no. I never forget." said Elise.

"Did not you get my letter at the time left my uncle?" said Frank, reproachfully. "Oh, yes, I received your letter, and one from your uncle adout the same time, in which he informed me that you were no longer his heir, but a-a-beggar," said the young woman, laughing aloud.

"Good heavens! Elise, can it be that you are mercenary, then? I did not think". "No, I suppose you thought I could marry -beggar just as well as not, and continue to work at millinery for my living and for yours, too, perhaps?" said the girl lightly. "Elise, hear me. It is not to late. My uncle has not cut me off in his will. Will you not return with me, and for the sake of the

past let me call you my own Elise-my "Hush!" said the girl warningly, as a man approached. "I could do nothing of the kind. Let me present you to my husdand, Mon-

sieur Fennel.' And to his intense disgust and mortification Frank found himself the next instant in the embrace of a vivacious and voluble Frenchman.

The new view of the lovely siren in her coarseness and her mammon worship, together with this presentation of a heavy, vulgar man past middle-age as her husband was a combination of circumstanese that completely disenamored Frank Duneau, and he fled precipitately as soon as released from the man's clutches, amid peal of laughter from the giddy French girl and gutteral adieus from her male companion.

Old Mr. Somers sat in his dingy little law office, scratching his ear with his pen and glancing occasionally at a letter he held in his hand. The letter was from Frank Duncan, and informed the lawyer that he, Frank Duncan, would call upon him in a day or two on business relating to his deceased uncle's will. "The young scamp must know now that Helen is the possessor of the old man's estate. He will be courting her for her money, and he doesn't deserve such a girl any way," said Somers with a growl. "And worse than all, to think John Duncan has fixed it in such a shape—but I'll deceive him a little."

The gruff old lawyer had in a sense taken Helen under his care since Mr. John Duncan's death, and watched her welfare wth a jealous eye; so when Frank presented himself, he said brusquely: "You are cut off without a cent, young man

Frank colored, but felt the justice of the rebuke; but he ventured: "And Helen-Miss Morley?" "Oh, she is provided with a moderate annuity. The rest goes, I believe, to some in-

and you deserve it.

stitution-abem, "said the lawyer choking a little at the lie. "Thank God!" said Frank impulsively. The old lawyer sprang to his feet in a passion, and facing the astonished young fellow

shouted. "You thank God, then, that she is a beggar, too, do von?" "I am glad that I may go to her and comfort her and he to her what I once was, without a suspicion that I came from mercenary

motives," said Frank exultantly. "Ahem!" That's all right, young man, but you must be aware that your past conduct doesn't recommend you very highly. I speak plainly for Helen Morely is my ward Frank winced under this lash, but all the same he was resolved to bear it in silence, and the scales had fallen from his eyes now and he remembered trifling incidents in their lives-Helen's and his own-which led him to believe that he had thrown away a pearl. He would seek to recover it again, and was glad that the impediment of money did not bar the way. He knew full well that his foolish infatuation for the gay superficial Elise, which he had mistaken for love, would prove a formidable obstacle; but with youth, repentance,

and afterward, perhaps her love. "Confound the young scann, he's got a points, after all," growled Somers And so Helen thought when the old lawyer told her about it and made her understand how difficult it would be to keep Frank long in ignorance of the provisions of his uncle's

perseverence, and an earnest devotion to his

purpose he hoped to win Helen's esteem first,

the ages roll onward, and yet three short months are sometimes so crowded with events bearing directly upon our lives that years, aye an age, are as nothing in compari-Three months of penitonce, of unobtrusive devotion to Helen, of evident shame for his

Three months are brief measure of time as

past conduct and an unmistakable determination to atone for it if possible, on the part of Frank Duncan, won the callous old lawyer to believe in his sincerity. And, better than all, it began to fell upon the hard wall of reserve that had grown up between Helen's unquenched love and her

pride till it finally crumbled away. "You forgive me at last, Helen, but I can never forgive myself for being so stupidly blind as for having caused you years of pain besides," said Frank, tenderly. "Let the dead bury their dead, Frank; but let us who now live again live only in the

present, and hope for compensation for our past sorrows in the future. "And I thank God that I did not have to woo you as an heiress. I will work for you and we will be happy. Helen colored and was silent for a moment,

Steps were heard in the hall and Mr. Somers "Cut off without a cent and yet happy, ap parently, said the lawyer brusquely, taking out a legal document and reading: Frank Duncan forsake his foolish object and marry my adopted daughter. Helen Morley, within three years and six months from the date of this testament. I do bequeath to him.

"Better than you deserved, young man." Helen blushed as Frank caught her in his arms.-New York Mercury.

A Passage Worth Preserving.

The world is always grateful to a stout-hearted and lofty-minded man or woman who makes an unusually good case against the terrors of death. Especially is this true when the pleafor peace and happiness beyond the grave is put upon broad grounds that appeal to every fine soul's instinctive sympathies. And when such a declaration of faith is made by a man revered for his unquestioned genius and loved by a multitude of admirers, the good gift made to the world is all the better and more highly prized.

In a letter published in the October

number of Scribner's Magazine, for the first time, Thackeray performs his great service to his fellow-men. The beauty and power of a passage relating to death mark it as one of the finest flashes of his genius and a gem well worth preserving. We reproduce it herewith:

"I don't pity anybody who leaves the world, not even a fair young girl in her prime; I pity those remaining. On her journey, if it pleases God to send her, depend on it, there's no cause for grief, that's but an earthly condition. Out of our stormy life, and brought nearer the divine light and warmth, there must be a serene climate. Can't you fancy sailing into the calm? Would you care about going on the voyage, but for the dear souls left on the other shore? but we shan't be parted from them, no doubt, though they are from us. Add a little more intelligence to that which we possess even as we are, and why shouldn't we be with our friends though ever so far off? * * * Why presently, the body removed, shouldn't we personally be anywhere at will-properties of creation, like the electric something (spark is it?) that thrills all round the globe simul-It had been but a few weeks since the old | tanconsly? and if round the globe why not Teberall? and the body being removed or elsewhere disposed of and developed, sorrow and its opposite, erime and the reverse, ease and disease, desire and dislike, etc., go along with the body-a lucid intelligence remains, a preception ubiquitous."

> The stub rrain on the Omaha road coming down from Merriam Junction killed the Widow Dohl's deaf and dumb boy, about ight years old. There is a double track in front of her house, and some empty cars were standing there. The boy was running around the end of this train of cars to the main track so as to get to his home. He was thrown underneath the train and mangled into a shapeless mass, dying instantly.

The emperor and empress of Germany made their formal entry into Berlin. They came from Pottsdam to Charlottenberg by steamer, They were then driven to Berlin palace, es corted by a squadron of cavalry. Unter den Linden was, crowded, and the royal couple were given a hearty reception.