

## KATE FIELD SEES LONDON BY NIGHT.

Opera and theatre are over. Restaurant, music hall and public house have closed their doors, for it is midnight. We stand in the heart of London, in the historic Haymarket, and gaze upon what? Seething humanity—men and women, girls and boys so closely packed that progress is slow, and at times almost impossible—men and women, girls and boys, but what kind? Such kind in such fearful numbers as to make you shudder and ask the meaning of Christian civilization. The men are there for what? They call it *pleasure*! The women are there for what?

"For their prey 'tis said;  
They look at it, though in a different light;  
For this night's shame is their daily bread;  
Their food, their shelter, the clothes they wear!  
Only for this they might starve or drown,  
The world has disowned them—  
What can they do  
But live and die on the town?"

Look at their gaudy plumage and painted cheeks! What do you read in many faces? Inherited vice. They are children of the gutter and know nothing better. They never *heard* of virtue. What read you in other faces? The desperation of poverty. They cannot sell their labor so they sell their souls. What else do you see? The wild dissipation of recklessness—recklessness begotten of desertion—the recklessness of poor weak hearts that might have been good and true to the end.

This ghastly spectacle, this saturnalia of drunken vice lasts until early morning. The homes of the men are decent. The homes of the women are miserable slums or gaudy dens. Which are the most dispicable? Society says the women. What do you say? What does your religion teach? What does the founder of Christianity say? Come with me; under a colonnade stand two figures, the one is a well-dressed gentleman, the other a girl whose beauty is on the wane; grief has pinched her features. She pleads. He impatiently interrupts, "I tell you it is useless." "But you promised," she sobs. "There!" mutters the man, thrusting a sovereign into the girl's hand, "Let me never lay eyes on you again. We are strangers from to-night." He jumps into a cab, drives away, and the girl stands utterly alone in the world—deceived, deserted. She has given her life and has received—twenty shillings in gold! Quickly she speeds past the grand, stern buildings of Whitehall; quickly she gains Westminster bridge, and, breathless, pauses ere she gains the Surrey side. What a magnificent picture her terrified eyes gaze upon unconsciously! The moon, riding high in the west, transforms daylight's terrific realism into a majestic poem. The beggar's rags cast a more picturesque shadow than the peer's broadcloth. Small boats glide two and fro mysteriously, and the rapid-flowing river throbs and almost dances for joy in the shimmering light that transforms its rapid current into molten silver.

The Houses of Parliament rise up from the water's edge like an enchanted palace, myriad lights illuminating the outline, for late as it is the work of government is not over. Five hundred and eighty legislators are busy with Africa and Afghanistan. They cannot pause to think of tragedies nearer home—tragedy under their windows. The great tower rises grandly to the sky, and big Ben, the illuminated clock, which ordinarily is the only moon London can depend upon during Parliamentary sittings, lifts up its sepulchral voice and tolls the hour of one. It brings the dazed girl to her senses, and a

The young man who is continually looking for a soft thing will find it under his hat,

## But

The young man who is looking for the best place in the city to have his clothes made will find it at

## L. H. MEYER

1144 O STREET.

Don't revenge yourself on your pocket book by paying more elsewhere.

passing policeman orders her to "move on." Where? She crosses to the east side of the bridge and looks down and beyond. What a contrast to the silvery glamour in the west! The river is black and sullen. The great electric lights on the embankment stare coldly, heartlessly and immovably. Cleopatra's needle, that incongruous Egyptian relic, which tells the story of centuries long past, and beyond the great dome of St. Paul's seems to float in the air. All is silent. The bridge is deserted. For a moment the heart of great London no longer seems to beat. The terror-stricken girl looks down. O! the river is so black, so far, far away—black and forbidding because the moon does not lie upon its bosom. Swiftly the frenzied girl crosses to the western parapet—passes again into the light, and the smiling water bids her welcome. Come and be at rest, murmurs the silver river, and moonbeams pause in their dance as the water opens to receive the tired outcast. It is the old, old story.

## ANGRY.

He pressed a mad kiss upon her lips.

"Alfred," she exclaimed.

He did not speak.

It was apparent, however, to the bystanders, that the kiss he pressed upon the lips of his wife's mother, unexpectedly come to visit him, was very mad.

## NOT TRAPPED.

The Unsentimental Young Man Equal to the Occasion.

There is a certain young man in a western city who in all ways but of the heart is a veritable Admirable Crichton; he has all the social gifts and mental acquirements, but the fairy of sentiment seems to have been "unavoidably detained" the day his other gifts were showered upon him. Scientific instruments were his toys in boyhood; encyclopedia, Sagas and Vedas were said to be his recreative literature. His friends watched him with anxious hearts as they noted his passion for learning and the utter absence in him of any soft emotions. Years passed, and beautiful girls thronged around this intellectual Bunthorne, laying siege to the impregnable fortress of his affections. He yielded no more than to take a coldly scientific enjoyment in the psychic phenomena of flirtations. Tricks were played upon the young invulnerable with a view to entrapping him into some really amatory situation and at last he was cornered.

The scene of the plot was a garden party at a beautiful country place; time—midnight, with the moon shining. Many lanterns shed a soft light on the well rolled paths. By a distant fountain among the trees watched over by Luna, only, a tempting hammock was swinging to and fro impelled to motion by a fluffy pink and white figure, very near which the male Undine was perched. Sacrilegious eyes ferreted out the little Eden, and the word was quickly passed along that George was now, if ever in his life, about to wax sentimental. Silently, invisible as ghosts, his friends gathered in the dusky background. The fountain tinkled, the distant strains of a Strauss waltz pulsed through the air; a drowsy bird or two twittered for very coziness; the moon waited in benignant radiance for the usual effects of her mischief making, and the stars looked down to bless the coming awakening of love.

A tranquility like the peace of Nirvana seemed to envelop the pair, which presently was disturbed by the hushed tones of George's musical voice in tenderly remonstrative accents:

"My dear Miss L—" ("It's coming at last," was whispered along the line of listening conspirators) "My dear Miss L—, it's a physical impossibility for a dog to sweat as he has no perspiratory glands."

A sepulchral groan broke upon the air. The moon scuttled under a cloud, the stars winked at each other, an icy breath came from the fountain, the fluffy pink bundle in the hammock gave a half suppressed sneeze as it darted away toward the throbbing violins, leaving George wondering, as he turned up his coat collar, if the atmospheric change foreboded a storm.

"Now is the winter of our discontent made glorious summer" by Ayer's Sarsaparilla. This wonderful medicine so invigorates the system and enriches the blood that cold weather becomes positively enjoyable. Arctic explorers would do well to make a note of this.