

Constancy.

I will be true. Mad stars forsake their courses,
And, led by reckless meteors, turn away
From paths appointed by the Eternal Forces;
But my fixed heart shall never stray,
Like those calm waters, whose sun-directed motion
Is undisturbed by strife of wind or sea,
So shall my ever-ready and serene devotion
Sweep on forever, loyal unto thee.

I will be true. The fickle tide divided
Between two warring shores, in wild unrest
May, to and fro, shift, always undecided,
Not so the tide of passion in my breast:
Like the grand surge of some resistless river
That hurries on, past mountain, vale and
Isle,
Unto the main its waters to deliver,
So my full heart keeps all its wealth for thee.

I will be true. Light larks may be belated
Or turned aside by every breeze at play,
While sturdy ships, well-mannered and richly
freighted,
With broad sails flying, anchor safe in bay,
Like some firm rock, that, steadfast and un-
shaken,
Stands all unmoved, when eddying billows
Shake,
So would my heart stand, faithful, if for-
saken,
I will be true, though thou art false to me.
—Miss Wheeler.

ONLY A GARDENER.

An evening in early spring, grey and
clouded, a low-ceiled, plainly-fur-
nished apartment in an out-of-the-way
old house, and though the other rooms
are the perfection of neatness, this one
is in all the disarray and abandonment
of art.

Two young girl-students are resting
after their day's work—resting, each
after her own manner. To one, Ger-
trude Trevelyan, the word implied
utter repose; she, therefore, leaned
back her royal-looking head in a com-
fortable old chair, as with half-closed
eyes, the world dropped listlessly from
her coral lips. But to Esther Forbes,
rest was merely something less labori-
ous, and seated on the hearth-rug, by
the fabled glimmer of fire-light, she
glanced over a daily paper, "to glean,"
as she said, "a little news for grand-
father at supper-time."

"Oh, Gertrude!" she cried, "listen to
this: The Art Decorative Company is
offering three prizes—first, second, and
third class—for the best design for
screen decorations. It is to be a
yearly competition. How I should
like to compete for one of the prizes!"

"And should not I? Let us com-
mence to-morrow." And so saying,
Gertrude sat upright in her chair, and
opened wide her great dark eyes.

"How delightful 'twould be," said
she, "to awake some morning and find
myself famous—to read in a para-
graph, Miss Gertrude Trevelyan has
obtained the first prize and a gold
medal for the most original design."

"I shall be content with the second,"
replied Esther; "for that fifty pounds
is just what I shall want next sum-
mer."

"And what do you want so much
money for, child?"

"Ah, Gertrude! were I as rich as you, I,
too, might want for fame; but you re-
member how my dear old grandfather
suffered from last summer's heat, and
yet refused to take from our little in-
come the sum requisite for a two
months' sojourn by the sea. If I
could put this into his hand, and say,
'Let us go, dear grandpa, like two
happy pilgrims and enjoy Old Ocean's
breezes,' oh, how proud I should be!"

The girls were not relatives, but
only neighbors, and the home of each
was in that pleasant art-suburb of Lon-
don that Cockney's paradise, Hamp-
stead Heath.

But as Mrs. Trevelyan disliked the
litter and untidiness of an artist's
room, Gertrude frequently came and
"worked," as she called it, in her
friend's studio.

Esther did not name her aspirations
to her grandfather, but she lay awake
many a long hour, thinking out that
proposed design.

The next morning, she found a note
from her friend—she would be absent
for a few days, as her mother had
made some engagements for them
both—and very glad was Esther to be
alone with her unrealized thoughts.

In the visions of the night, a sister
art, Poesy, had come to her aid, and
the subject chosen was from Hood's
idyllic poem, "The Plea of the Mid-
summer Fairies," where the little elves
are entreating the pity of remorseless
Time.

She designed it rapidly, and ere
long the picture told its own story.

The old Mower could not be intro-
duced—he would have demanded too
much space—but one hand, portions of
his grey, colorless raiment, and his
swept, to which clung fresh grass,
were visible. And as Hood describes
it:

"A shady and sequestered scene,
Like those famous gardens of Boscotrec
So the fairies were in half-shadow
and in various attitudes—some kneel-
ing imploringly, some bowed down
with grief, others—the loyal fays—
surrounding their queen, as though to
protect her, while a few had, in de-
spair, cast themselves upon the ground
among the flowers.

One, that seemed to have stepped
out from that booky leafage to plead
with "the dread King of years," point-
ed to a group of lilies in the picture's
centre, upon which fell a broad ray of
moonlight—as, with their stems folded
in their large green leaves, those pale,
pale lilies stood serene amid that des-
olation—and a symbol of the lines Est-
her had selected as her motto:

"And she that purifies the light,
The lily, white, white, white,
Whom I wept in Eden for her
shame."

"But I must have some real lilies!"
exclaimed Esther. "Tis the most im-
portant part of the picture."

And away she went to a florist's,
the most extensive in the entire neigh-
borhood, where she was well known.
But not even one, and de-
clared, as a reason, they could not
be had.

sketch-book and portable color-box,
she set forth, but could only ride a
portion of the distance, for the way lay
through lanes and roads leading to
various residences.

But at length Oakleigh House was
reached, and there the great gates so
appalled poor Esther that, but for the
hope of gaining that prize, she would
have retreated in dismay.

In a few days Gertrude again visited
the studio, but this time to watch her
friend's progress only, having abandon-
ed her own attempt.

"It is exquisite!" said she, after a
careful survey. "But you have not re-
lated your interview, further than the
door of the conservatory was opened—
then you broke off to show me the
picture."

"I had to wait so long, and feared the
gardener would never come, so I
found my way to the lilies alone. But
Gertrude, I have fallen in love with that
gardener! And as I don't know his
name, I mentally call him 'Claude
Molnotte!'"

"In love with a gardener, child? I
hope not! But pray sketch for me in
words this paragon of Adam's calling."
"He is probably between twenty-five
and thirty. Not exactly handsome,
but a good face, expressive of great in-
telligence; a pleasant—indeed, melo-
dious voice; and he has certainly some
artistic taste, for when apparently
wondering at my lily-craze, I de-
scribed the design, he then made a few
valuable suggestions. And he gave me
such a basketful of ferns and
flowers and greenery—sending it here to
me—that I hope he won't get into
trouble with Mr. Montcalm for so doing!"

"If you looked as you do now, Est-
her, with your waves of golden hair and
rapt, brown eyes, like some peri that
has lost her way, then I should not be
surprised if he fell in love also. But
only a gardener! Ah, well! Of course,
you will go no more to Oakleigh
House?"

"No, indeed, Gertrude; but he asked
permission to call and see my picture
before I sent it away."

And one day he did come, bringing
a magnificent bouquet, and this time
gave his name, which was Bernard.

Esther Forbes' picture was consid-
ered very beautiful and highly poetic;
but—ah, when does not a bit, or an if,
or some other stumbling-block exist?—
it did not gain the first prize.

She was, however, awarded the
second, and that, with the sale of later
artistic work, amply sufficed for the
accomplishment of her project—a trip
to the Isle of Wight with her grand-
father, Captain Forbes, who, having
been a sailor nearly all his life, was, in
that truly maritime little spot just as
happy as the summer days were long.

But before their departure, Bernard
was unfortunately the cause of a sepa-
ration between the two girls.

He had come again and again to the
little out-of-the-way house in Hamp-
stead, had avowed his love, had asked
Esther Forbes to be his wife, and
finally had gained her grandfather's
consent to their marriage.

"Mr. Bernard is not a common
gardener," urged Esther to her friend.
"He might have employment on the
estate of some great nobleman; but I
believe the Montcalms like him greatly,
and he does not wish to leave Oak-
leigh."

"It is not the money, but the position,
that I think of," answered Miss
Trevelyan, with a fine look of scorn
upon her proud, handsome features.

"But I am not ambitious. Neither
can I look very high. You know that
my grandfather has little besides his
pension."

"Yet, an officer in the navy always
holds a certain rank. However, have
your own way, and blame no one but
yourself, if some of your friends are
less cordial than formerly."

"I consider Henry Bernard a most
honorable man. He is kind-hearted,
he is highly intelligent, and he loves
me, and I would not give him up for
every trifling that I have. Therefore,
Miss Trevelyan, you are at liberty to
see the others an example."

They did not meet again until one
day during the following winter, and
that chance meeting was in the won-
derous city of Rome, where so many,
whether bent on pleasure, novelty, or
study, and some from a yet higher
motive, find their way.

Gertrude Trevelyan with a party of
friends in one of the art galleries, when
a lady whose face appeared familiar
passed by.

She was richly dressed, and accom-
panied by a gentleman.

"If that is the Esther Forbes of olden
days," she soliloquized, "then success to
gardening!"

She went toward her, saying, as she
held out a daintily-gloved little hand:
"Will you allow me to congratulate
you, Mrs. —?"

"I am rejoiced to meet you, Gertrude,"
interrupted Esther, "and to present
you to my husband, Mr. Montcalm."

Henry, this is Miss Trevelyan of whom
you have frequently heard me speak."

"I will leave you for awhile to talk
over old times," said he, after express-
ing his pleasure at the introduction.

"My breath is taken away!" gasped
Gertrude, when they were alone to-
gether. "Did the moonlight fairies bring
about this romance?"

"I think they did," replied Esther,
laughing—through the agency of the
lilies, and I will relate the story in Mr.
Montcalm's own words.

"On that eventful morning a
message was brought to me that a
young lady requested to see the bot-
tles, and was, she said, permitted to
use the name of Jourdain, the florist.
Our gardener had gone to a sale of
shrubs, but as his return was delayed,
I went to explain matters, while collect-
ing a few early violets from their
frames. You—for this was addressed to
me—evidently mistook my identity,
and appearing rather embarrassed, I
thought it better to leave you unin-
formed. Then the shyness wore off,
melted away by the enthusiasm with
which you described your proposed
sketch."

"I must omit all the sweet nonsense,
Gertrude, but Henry always says that I
carried away his heart that morning."

"I believe he once had a theory,
through some youthful disappointment,
that all womankind was self-interested,
and here was an opportunity to test the
sincerity of one, whom he alleges to

have singled out from the rest of
the world."

"And this revelation took place be-
fore your marriage?"

"Yes—for that he had always intend-
ed—and it was uttered to me and to the
waves during one lovely twilight hour,
when he had rushed down for a brief
visit to our little sea-girt home."

"And Captain Forbes—what did he
say?"

"It was some time before he could
grasp the entire facts, being so much
less poetic than practical."

"But oh, Esther!—how about the
other Mrs. Montcalm?"

"She is Henry's mother, and the
very kindest and dearest old lady. She
also has had her little romance; for as
Miss Bernard (my husband's second
name) she gave up the lover of her
youth to comply with her father's de-
sire, and though a good and loyal
wife, was never a very happy one, and
henceforth resolved not to control the
choice of her son."

"Have you had time to conclude
your chat?" asked Mr. Montcalm, on
returning to them.

"Not quite," was his wife's reply.
"But Miss Trevelyan will pass the re-
mainder of the day with us."

"No, Esther," said Gertrude; "you
have generously overlooked my own
unkind comments, but cannot have for-
gotten them."

"They are both forgiven and forgot-
ten, dear. And now, Gertrude," she
whispered, "Henry's cousin, Jack
Ellery, is to dine with us. He admires
brunettes above all others, and I can
find some scarlet blossoms to wreath
in your dark hair. And as Jack, like
yourself, is an amateur artist, scorn-
ing mere craft and craving fame, you can
enter into a partnership to design some-
thing for next competition, and then—
who knows? for strange happenings
surround us unexpectedly."

And as Gertrude was whispering along
in her friend's carriage, away out to
their Roman villa, within her own
mind she partially repeated her friend's
words:

"Truly, strange, very strange hap-
penings do come to us—sometimes!"

The Coroner's Verdict.

The Memphis *Advertiser* says Ten-
nesseans are in the habit of coming to
their death by the following causes,
according to the written verdicts of
Tennessee coroners' juries:

"She came to her death by strangula-
tion in testimony we have set our
hands and seal the day above written."

"Paul Burns came to his death by a
mule running away with a wagon and
being thrown therefrom."

"By taking with his own hands an
overdose of morphine."

"From causes unknown to the jury
and having no medical attendance."

"Said infant child came to his death
from premature birth."

"Came to his death from national
causes."

"Said child aged 1 day old came to
her death from spasms, said child hav-
ing been found by the witness in a
trunk under suspicious circumstances."

"The journey on three outcarts do say
that he comes to his death by old age,
as this could not see any else the mat-
ter."

"Come to his death from the follow-
ing causes, to wit: from some sudden
cause to the jurors unknown."

"The said deceased being an orphan,
father and mother both being dead."

"From an overdose of gin adminis-
tered by his own hand."

"Being run over by two coal cars
while detached from the engine."

"Come to his death by tender of No.
7 jumping the track on which he was
riding, either jumping or falling off
and engine running over him, while
was an accident and no fault of the
engineer of said engine."

"She came to her death by lightning
striker her."

"Come to his death in the following
manner, to wit: He was born dead."

"From the hands of some unknown
person, or persons, to the jury un-
known, and afterwards placed on the
track and got run over by the income-
ing train."

"Congestion of the brain and appli-
cote fits."

"The body was so mangle and mu-
tulate that the could not tell anything
about it but that it was put in the
sister by some unknown person."

"Calded on his left side by kittle
of hot water burning over on his left
side and causing his death."

"From the effect of injuries received
by her close accidental taking fire."

"From exposure."

Something Yet to be Invented.

A scientific gentleman in this city,
speaking recently to a *Graphic* repre-
sentative, said: "I believe that before
long an instrument will be invented
which will do away with the stenog-
rapher in our courts and offices. They
were badly scared when Edison in-
vented his phonograph, which would fa-
thfully record the sounds of the human
voice as well as those of musical in-
struments. That idea only needs to
be developed to produce a machine
that will answer all the purposes of
the modern shorthand writer, and in
fact be a more faithful recorder of all
that takes place within its range,
sounds such as laughs, sighs, moans
etc., that a stenographer cannot write,
it being alike susceptible to. Another
advance in this line would be a ma-
chine which would automatically write
out these recorded sounds, as on a
type-writer, and thus every man could
be his own amanuensis. Inventors are
now looking into this matter."—*New
York Graphic*.

A Boarding House Develops Gail.

Botts came down to breakfast the
other morning at his boarding house,
and looking about the scantily spread
table, put his hand to his head and
said: "Everything makes me sick to-
day."

"Ah," replied the landlady, sympa-
thetically, you require a spring tonic."

"Yes," said Botts, as he took a cold
bath on his fork, "the doctor prescrib-
ed one for me the other day."

"Indeed! What was it?"

"Well, he said for toning an empty
stomach there was nothing like a
poached egg and a nice mutton chop."

Messages of Love or Hate.

"Do I know anything of the lan-
guage of post-go stamps?" said a well-
known stationery dealer yesterday. "I
don't know of any book on the subject,
if that is what you mean, but I have
heard the signification of some of the
ways of placing them on envelopes."

For instance, if the writer is a gentle-
man who wishes to express love for a
fair damsel he inclines the label toward
the left, which method is repeated by
the lady if she is favorable to his suit.
If, on the contrary, she wishes to give
him the cold shoulder she inclines her
label to the right. A stamp in a per-
pendicular posture signifies simple ad-
miration; when the bust stands on its
head it means that the only sentiment
evoked by the suppliant is ridicule.

If the stamp lies on its face it indicates
that the writer is dying for love; if it is
lying on its back then the writer has
got over his state of heart disease.

Label may be placed wrong way up
with an inclination to the left that tells
a story of hopeless attachment, while
should it be leaning towards the right
corner it is a sign that the affec-
tion is unrequited."

"Are there any other signs?"

"Yes, such as sticking the label in
odd places on the envelope, in wrong
corners, using two or even three
stamps, making kisses around them,
near them or in proximity to them.
These have various meanings and may
all be included in the language of post-
age stamps."

"Did you ever know of any one using
this mode of communication?"

"If you promise not to give me away
I will tell you of a postage stamp cor-
respondence in which I myself once was
a principal participant."

"My honor as a gentleman."

"That's good enough. Well, it's
about ten years ago. I hope you won't
be shocked to hear that this correspon-
dence grew out of my being a regular
attendant at church?"

"Not at all. That makes it all the
more interesting."

"I suppose it does, so many similar
correspondences have arisen from a
like cause. I have for years been a
member of St. Peter's Episcopal
church, at Third and Pine streets.

One Sunday, ten years ago, I was de-
sperately struck with the appearance
of a young lady who sat in a pew on
the opposite side of the aisle to me.
Never mind the details—after some in-
quiries I found out who she was but
could not obtain an introduction."

"What did you do?"

"I got from a friend of mine some in-
formation about the postage stamp lan-
guage and the language of flowers.
Every Sunday morning I managed to
go to church in time to place a small
bouquet of flowers in her pew, together
with an empty envelope with the stamp
affixed in a certain way. After awhile
she discovered who her unknown ad-
mirer was. What is more she learned
the stamp language and in return she
would leave an envelope stamped in
the pew for me. This silent courtship
continued for nearly eight months,
when, one lucky day, I found an ac-
quaintance who knew the family. I
need not tell you that I soon became
acquainted, too. To make along story
short, the lady is now my wife."

"Indeed! That is certainly a happy
and fitting ending to so romantic a
courtship."

"There are one or two other things
you might say about the sticking on of
stamps if you are going to publish
this."

"Such as—"

"Well, I fancy some of the stampers
at the postoffice would feel obliged to
you if you would recommend foolish
young people who are anxious to ap-
pear eccentric, not to put their stamps
in any corner but the upper right-hand
one. It will lift a weight of sin off the
stampers' shoulders."

"But how about the language?"

"Easily arranged. If a square place
is pencilled off on the right-hand upper
corner of the envelope the stamp can
be affixed in any manner that may be
chosen. By the way, there is one curious
sign in the stamp language you might
mention."

"What is that?"

"Pasting the stamp on with the mu-
cilage upward."

"What on earth does that mean?"

"That the sticker on is a confounded
idiot, and most probably drunk. Good
morning."—*Philadelphia Times*.

Thought the Minister was Joking.

"My boy, what are you doing with
that cigar in your mouth? Throw the
filthy thing away," said a clerical-look-
ing man to a bootblack who stood near
the Globe hotel puffing a cigar. The
urchin looked up at the man with an
injured air, then shaking his head said:
"New yer don't. I'm onto that trick."

"That's what the kids tell me when I'm
flush and smokin' a two-fer, so they
can pick it up. But when a lad can't
take a smoke without an old chap like
you wantin' him to throw it away, then
there's a case for pity."

Reaching into his pocket, the benevo-
lent boy brought forth three cents, say-
ing, as he held them out to the flabbergasted
gentleman:

"Here, take them coppers and buy
one for yourself, but don't ask me
again."

The dozen or more men and boys
who had collected around the pair
shouted derisively as the minister turn-
ed and walked away.—*Syracuse Her-
ald*.

Motives For the Frieze.

A newly-married modern Athenian
has taken a suite of rooms in a Back
Bay apartment hotel, and his bride,
being in the sewingless condition in-
cited to having a complete trousseau,
desired to embroider a frieze with a
motto to go about the reception-room.

She accordingly asked a bachelor
friend for a quotation from Shakespeare,
and thought him mighty witty when he
proposed "Sniffles to the sweet." The
sentence was brief, however, to go all
the way round, so the professor was
asked to lengthen it. Unluckily, he
had in the meantime opened a note
containing a bill for rent for a flat he
had vainly tried to sublet, and he com-
pletely disconcerted the frieze-maker
by growling out: "Oh, sniffles to the
way round 'Sniffles to the sweet.'"

Charles Reade's London publisher
says that once the novelist, as they were
traveling together, pointed to a piece
of water in the distance, and said:
"That's where Christie Johnston
caught the herring!" He regarded
this incident of his own invention as
really, so sincere was he in his work.

LONDON'S GREAT TAILOR.

Recollections of the Man Who Pat
Disraeli on the Road to Fame.

"Remember Henry Poole very well,"
said a gentleman to a Philadelphia
Times reporter. "He was a fine, tall,
handsome man, over six feet in height,
with bushy blonde whiskers. He
measured forty-two inches around the
chest. There was no mistaking the
man when you saw him; he walked the
streets as if London were his own pri-
vate property. Henry Poole was the
second son of the old tailor of that
name. He was educated at Cambridge
and graduated with a bachelor of arts
degree. He might never have been
tailoring, but his brother
died and then Henry thought he saw
his way to make a big thing of it. You
see the large connection he had among
his college friends helped him. He
was a man who always dressed with
great taste, and not only expected but
insisted on all his employees dressing
well, too. When Henry Poole took the
business in hand first there were not
more than a hundred men employed;
in ten years there were nearer a thou-
sand."

"Is there any truth in the story of
Poole's patronage of Disraeli?"

"Oh, yes. Disraeli was in very poor
circumstances when he first obtained
the clerkship in the home office. Poole,
who was always in and out of every
place where young men congregated,
saw him, took a fancy to him, and be-
lieved there was something great in
him. He took Disraeli out with him
one evening to dinner and proposed
that he should supply him with clothes
suitable to the position in society that
Disraeli ought to hold. The future
prime minister jumped at the offer, and
there is little doubt that he also re-
ceived pecuniary assistance from the
shrewd and generous tailor."

"Did he not assist the late Em-
peror of the French in the same way?"

"Yes; but there was a reason for
that, you know."

"Oh, yes. You refer to the story of
Poole's wife."

"No; no, there is not a word of
truth in that. It was Miss Howard.
She was a cousin of Poole's. Her
mother kept a very fashionable little
hotel in Dover street, Piccadilly, just
behind the White Horse cellars. She
was created Duchess de Beauverne by
Napoleon on his marriage to the pres-
ent Empress, on condition that she left
France. He also settled a very good
income on her. Poole did not marry
until late in life. His wife was a lady
with whom he had fallen in love while
quite a young man at college."

"He was very strict, was he not, in
business?"

"I should think he was, indeed. He
never allowed anything to go out of
his shop that had not been tried on and
fitted over and over again. He would
employ a man and keep him in his em-
ploy for the simple reason that he was
of the same size and build as a good
customer. I have known a man sit
for a couple of hours on a saddle-
block, only having the crease in a pair
of riding breeches rectified. He re-
duced tailoring to a science."

"Did he do any cutting or measuring
himself?"

"No, sir! There is a story told of
Lord Harcourt meeting Poole on the
chapel pier at Brighton. He stopped
him and said: 'Look here, Poole, I got
this coat of yours and see how badly it
fits.' Poole took a bit of chalk out of
his waistcoat pocket, and marked his
lordship's coat all over and said: 'Take
that coat to my cutter, my lord, and he
will make the necessary alterations.'"

"He was very extravagant in his hab-
its, was he not?"

"Very. He had a house at Brighton,