

TRE PICTURE

I see her now-till fairait thing. That over mocked man's picturing, I picture her as one who drew Aside life's curtain and looked through The mists of all life's mystery As from a wood to open sea.

The soft, wide tyes of wonderment That trusting looked you through an through :

The sweet, arched mouth a bow new bent That sent love's arrow swift and true.

That sweet arched mouth ! The Orient Hath not such pearls in all her stores Not all her storied spice set shores . Have fragrance such as it hath spent.

I picture her as one who knew How rare is truth to be untrue-As one who knew the swful sign' Of death, of life, of the divine Sweet pity, of all loves, all hates, Beneath the iron-footed fates. I picture her as seeking peace,

And olive leaves and vine-set land ; While strife stood by on either han And wrung her tears like rosaries I picture her in passing rhyme As of, yet not a part of, these-A woman born above her time ; A woman waiting in her place. With patient pity on her face. Her face, her earnest, baby face ; Her young face, so uncommon wis The tender love-light in her eyes -Two stars of Heaven out of place. Two stars that song as stars of old Their silent eloquence of song,

From skies of glory and of gold. Where God in purple passed along-That won a thousand worshipers ! That silent, pleading face ; among Ten thousand faces just the one I still shall love when all is done. And life lies by, a harp unstrung.

That face, like shining sheaves among That face half hid, 'mid sheaves of gold That face that never can grow old ; And yet has never been quite young. JOAQUIN MILLER.

ROMANCE OF LOS ANGELES

"Of all Don Antonio's graphic nerratives of the olden times, none is more interesting than those which describe his adventures during the days of this con-

thickets can realize the desperateness NEAL DOW GROWS SARCASTIC. of this act. But it succeeded. The Extracts From an Illinois Letter From the Father of the Maine Law. Indian threw over the old cactus plants

an old blanket and some refuse stalks Neal Dow writes as follows :-- In I and reeds; and there once more, within hearing of all his baffled pursuers said, linois, as in all the West, the burning question just now is : "What shall we the hunted man lay, safe, thanks to do with the saloons?" The politicians Indian friendship. The crafty Indian here, as in other States, look at it careassented to all the Americans proposed, fully on all sides, very much as a child said that Don Antonio would be sure to would examine a purcupine with quille be caught in a few days, advised them to search in a certain rancheria which erect and defiance in its eye. With them (the politicians) it is a study how he described, a few miles off, and in an not to touch it, being sure to be pricked opposite direction from the way in which ever way they may take it. In which he intended to guide Don Antothis State it is "high license," the law nio. As soon as the Americans had providing that no saloon shall be pergone, he bound up Antonio's feet in mitted for a less sum than \$500 a year, strips of raw hide, gave him a blanket but the municipalities may increase this and an old tattered hat, the best his sum indefinitely. In Decatur the talk stores afforded, and then led him by a is to raise the saloon fee to \$1.500. long and difficult trail to a spot high up which it is said the saloons can very well in the mountains where the old women afford to pay, "since the "business" is of the band were gathering acorns. By amazingiy profitable in many ways. No the time they reached this place, blood grocers are allowed to sell liquors of was trickling from Antonio's feet and my kind, and the saloons are run on legs, and he was well-nigh fainting with the most scientific plan and with a great istigue and excitement. Tears rolled deal of skill and enterprise, such as is down the old women's cheeks when they displayed in other branches of trade, saw him. Some of them had been serwith a view of expanding it and making vants in his father's house and loved the most of it. The success has been him. One brought gruel; another very great in this line. A gentleman bathed his feet; others ran in search of old me, by way of illustration, of three healing leaves of different sorts. Bruis large estates in a town here that ing these in a stone mortar, they rubbed rent into liquidation within three or him from head to foot with the wet four years after the saloons turned their fiber. All his pain and weariness vanattention to them. The proprietors died ished as by magic. His wounds healed, one of them leaving a son of 21 years, and in a day he was ready to set off for the only heir, the others leaving two home. There was but one pony in the sons each. The saloons cultivated the old women's camp. This was old, acquaintance of these young men so sucvicious, blind of one eye, and with one essfully that within five years their ear cropped short; but it looked to Don estates had changed owners, the saloons Antonio far more beautiful than the gay being so much the richer, while the nice steed on which he had ridden away young men were stripped of every penfrom Los Angeles three days before. ny. The young man who was sole heir There was one pair of ragged shoes of o his father's large property died at 25 enormous size among the old women's years of age at the house of an uncle possessions. These were strapped on where he had been sheltered for a year. his feet by leather thongs, and a bit of the uncle paying the funeral expenses. old sheepskin was tied around the pony's The saloons can very well afford to pay body. Thus accoutered and mounted. \$1,500 a year for the permission and shivering in his drawers under his single protection of law in carrying on their

WASHINGTON MONUMENT.

TRIP TO THE TOP OF THE LOFTIEST STRUCTURE IN AMERICA.

The Height of 410 Post Already Attains and 140 Feet to be Added. The Elevation of Other Lefty Towers and Buildings.

The Washington monument is finished to a height of 410 feet, at which it will remain till the work is resumed in the spring. There is yet to be added 140 feet before the shaft is completed, but even now the smooth white piller is the loftiest artificial elevation on this contipent, and, with twelve or thirteen exceptions, on this planet. When completed it will be the highest structure of human hands in the world. Washington will then be not only first in war first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen, but also first in the height of his monument.

Since the column has grown to such an altitude it his attracted visitors in crowds, who besiege Col. Casey for passes to enable them to ascend the elevator that hoists the blocks of marble, To the great delight of the sightseers and the hindrance and veration of the masons, such passes are issued. Among the visitors recently was a group consisting of a learned mathematician, two ladies, and a reporter of The Sun. When the party argived at the foot of the monument its noble proportions were seen in their full impressiveness. One does not comprehend the towering height of the marble till he stands at the base and glances upward. Then it looks its full altitude, and the visitor begins to understand the journey about to be made in the platform car.

The mathematician, as we stood at the base, explained the nature of the trip. "We shall be," he said, "nine minutes going up, or forty-five feet to the minute. We can thus easily determine as we go up the height of rival elevations."

The car presently came in sight, slowly descending with a load of sightsees who looked much relieved as they stepped off the platform and separated. Two empty freight cars were then shunted off on a tiny side track, and in their place two other trucks loaded with massive blocks of marble were rolled upon the platform. The visitors haddled about them while the conductor collected the passes. Then he gave a

the Pih-She-t'ah, at Soochow, is below us at about 250 feet. Now we are maseing the campanile at Florence, 292, and here comes the top of the Capitol, 307 feet."

"Why, how very interesting," re marked the young ladies, clinging tighter than ever to the blocks of marble. There was a little shaking of the platform, and one of the blithe young men declared that it was caused by the trembling of the other young man, but this he denied with a painful effort at hilarity. "Oh, we're almost there," exclaimed

one of the ladies looking up. "Yes," replied one of the young men. plancing over the edge. "but it's a deep hole down to the bottom." This was what

most superfluous remark, and dispelled at once the cheerfulness of the group. The scientist alone was unmoved "Eight minutes : Milan Cathedral. 355: the Shoemadco pagoda at Pegu. 361: St. Paul's, 365: Hotel de Ville, Brussels, 870: Lubeck Cathedral, 395. Here we are. Antwerp Cathedral, 402: Washington monument at present, 410." "Oh'l oh !" exclaimed the young ladies, springing off the car and getting

at once in the way of the workmen. The views, were, indeed, novel and grand. The peculiarity of the outlook as compared with others from a similar height at once became apparent, and impressed every visitor. This is the entire absence of anything to break the precipice that falls in one sheer plunge to the ground. It is a test of the perves to look down over the edge, and we were all thankful for the wide net rigged around the sides.

All were admiring the scene when the admiring exclamations were broken in

upon by the calm voice of the Professor: "There are still higher towers." he said, "such as the chimney of the chemical works at Glasgow and the great pyramid, each 450 feet; St. Peter's. 455; and the Cologne Cathedral, 511. "Indeed !" exclaimed the young

ladies, but their attention was now distracted by the beauties of nature and the statistics fell on deaf ears. They

POOR LITTLE DAISY." An Incident of the Streets

The day had been chilly and damp, nd as it became darker, it became more shilly and more damp. Umbrellas of every known shape and size and of infaite variety of color flitted past. The poor waifs who wander about the streets of a large city betook themselves with the instinct of dumb animals to places where they could be sheltered from the wind and rain-squalid heaps of rags huddled closely for warmth on chill doorsteps or in sheltered close-ways, where they remained, looking out on the rain-

drops, thinking on goodness only knows Still the rain came down, making every one and everything wet and miserable except a few consumptive ducks, which had, with commendable efforts, made up their minds to maintain life on offal found in the reeking haunts of men. Still the rain fell, washing the filthy air and besotted pavement from all impuri tics, and carrying streams of muddy water to the drains, which made a gushing noise, as if exulting in thus conferring a

boon on mankind, I was standing in a sheltered corner when a little girl came running up. . She had her skirt drawn over her head to keep out the rain, and a small bundle of newspapers under her arm-the papers being placed in such a position as to catch as little rain as possible. She had intended to shelter where I was; but seeing some one there, she was hurrying away, when I called her back. She came up timidly, took down her primitive umbrells, and stood beside me.

"Have you not sold all your papers, asked, glancing at her little bundle. "No, sir, it was so wet," she answered

looking down and biting the corners off the papers, "that my customers didn't mind me, but all seemed a-going home as fast as they was able. It was so wet !" she said again, this time taking courage to glance at me.

TEN CENTS AND A MORAL. Here is a silver dime, my son ; Looks like lead, it is blackened so; Not a bit like the shining one I dropped in my pocket a week ago. Dingy? Yes. Don't you think it strange It should lose its sheen in so short a time? Would you like to know how came this change For the worse to a brand-new silver dime?

THE HUMOROUS PAPERS

WHAT WE FIND IN THEM TO SHE

OTER.

The cause is simple and easily told, But lay it to heart, O son of mine

But lay it to heart, O son of mine i See if it does not a moral hold For a bright, brave boy with a wish to shin I draw from my pocket a copper cent-See, there is the secret : the silver dime, Dropped in this pocket by socident, Has rubbed against copper all this time.

And the cent is never a whit more while Nor improved at all by its company, While the silver dime comes out less bright And its value is questioned, as you see. Now the moral for boys is very clear. You see it, my son? Well, lay it to heart And see, I drop the silver here; And the copper there ; let them be apart.

THE BOY'S SOLILOQUY.

Oh, yes, the moral is clear as day, But I thought I was going to get that dime He gives me the moral—that's dad's way— And pockets the money every time.

AN ANCIENT ANIMAL.

New Yorker-"Talking about old orses, the oldest one in America Hyes in my State."

Philadelphian-"What is his age?" New Yorker-"It can be reliably laced at forty-three years ; an ex-treasarer of Richmond county says he believes the animal's age is not under fory-five years."

phian-"You don't say oo! the to see that horse. W shot street-car line is ne on ?"-Philadelphia Call.

RECOGNIZED IT.

Just previous to the a late meeting of the Lime Kiln Club the Keeper of the Secred Relics invited all present to enter the museum and gaze upon a relio just received from Meridian, Miss., in the shape of an old-time plantation hos. "What's your name, little girl?" I Nearly every member of the club tried his best to recognize the hos

Un one of the first made by the Americans to Los Angeles, he went out with his little haphazard company of men and boys to meet them. He had but one cannon, a small one, tied by ropes on a cart axle. He 'had but one small keg of powder which was good for anything ; all the rest was that; would merely go off 'pouf, pouf,' the senora said, and the ball would pop down near the mouth of the cannon. With this bad powder he fired his first shots. The Americans laughed ; this is child's play, they said, and pushed on closer. Then came a good shot, with the good powder, tearing into their ranks and knocking them right and left; another, and another. 'Then the Americans began to think, these are no pouf balls; and when a few more were killed. they ran away and left their flag behind them. And if they had only known it. the Californians had only one more charge left of the good powder, and the next minute it would have been the Californians that would have had to run away themselves,' merrily laughed the senora as she told the tale.

"This captured flag, with important papers, were intrusted to Don Antonio to carry to the Mexican headquarters at Sonora. He set off with an escort of soldiers, his horse decked with silver trappings, his sword, pistols-all of the finest; a proud beginning of a journey destined to end in a different fashion. It was in winter time; cold rains were falling; by night he was drenched to the skin, and stopped at a friendly Indian's tent to change his clothes. Hardly had he got them off when the sound of horses' hoofs was heard. The Indian flung himself down, put his ear to the ground and exclaimed, 'Americanos ! Americanos !' Almost in the same second they were at the tent's door. As they halted, Don Antonio, elad only in his drawers and stockings, crawled out at the back of the tent, and creeping on all fours reached a tree, up which he climbed, and sat safe hidden in the darkness among its branches listening, while his pursuers cross-questioned the Indian, and at last rode away with his horse. Luckily, he had carried into the tent the precious papers and the captured flag : these he intrusted to an Indian to take to Sonora, it being evidently of no use for him to try to cross the country thus closely pursued by his enemies

"All night he lay hidden ; the next day he walked twelve miles across the mountains to an Indian village where he hoped to get a horse. It was dark when he reached it. Cantiously he opened the door of the hut of one whom he

Albany Journal. but, as you have nothing to cook, I wish to see them at all : Montreal-Notre the Indian, throwing down his arrow. of the most experienced swindlers who 'me gloves' ?" to be discharged and not longer be Dame cathedral, 220; Bunker Hill and wine, while one large hotel not only springing to the door, coming out and practice three-card monte and similar "If you do, my dear, I shall have to FANNIE B. WARD WRITTER from pays \$3,000 yearly to the "chef," but also provides his clothes, made by a firstclosing it softly. He then proceeded to. chargeable to you." sames. If nothing else were accommonumant flog you." that at whatever hour a person dies in fellow, Morris." tell him that the Americans had offered 224." plished by the investigation it would at Mexico, it is customary to appoint the "Eriquerus now admits of a Morris did not join very heartily in a reward for his head, and that some of "Indeed !" exclaimed the young least warn soldiers and their widows and rate tailor. Two thousand dollars is the funeral just twenty-four hours later, and late of soup." This is all ris the Indians in the rancheria were ready to betray or kill him. While they were yet talking, again came the sound of money, and it will vindicate honest the laugh that followed. ladies, after which silence settled on the least sum ever accepted by a recognized that as the mortality is greatest all over a man's appetite will not a "chef." and assistant cooks, who, poor group for another very long minute. the world at night the most of the funerthe second plate of some thing to blue al ceremonies in Mexico are performed The company began to be afraid that fellows, do most of the work, receive In order that your husband may not the Americans' horses' hoofs galloping . in the distance. This time there agents from unjust suspicion." at night, no women being permitted to attend. The poor hire the coffins in in which their dead are borne to the the savant had forgotten his notes or from \$65 to \$125 per month without forget to bring in coal, place the hod had tumbled off. But at the right in- | bound A TENDER conscience is an inestima-Banasion gives part of the renear the door where he cannot fail to seemed no escape. Suddenly Don Antostant his calm voice was heard again. fall over it. The chances are, by all ble blessing; that is, a conscience not hand, the present comfeet of Waarsvan difference there may ap-pear to be in man's ferience, there is still a certain compensation of good and only quick to discern what is evil, but instantly to shun it, as the cyclid closes itself equinst a mote, nio, throwing himself on his sto ETSTO. "Six minutes. We have just pessed lone our duty; and by the hods, that he'll not try to southle out wriggled into a costus patch near by over the Marent trestle on the North Br Louis girls complain that General of his duty, after a lew mornings' pr ters to the lost security Only one who has seen Oslifornia ca ill in all that d Pacific, 900 feet, and are at the M con give Sherman's lips have become callon 175 at the top and t. 1-1-1000

most respectable business. It is highly turned his face homeward. At the first friend's house he reached he stopped and begged for food. Some dried meat was given to him, and a stool on the porch offered to him. It was the house of a dear friend, and the friend's sister was his sweetheart. As he sat there eating his meat the women eved him curiously. One said to the other. 'How much he looks like Antonio !'

blanket, the captain and flag-be

"At last the sweetheart, coming nearer asked him if he were 'any relation of Don Antonio?'

" 'No.' he said. "Just at that moment his friend rode up, gave one glance at the pitiful beggar itting on his porch. shouted his name. dashed toward him, and seized him in his arms. Then was a great laughing and half weeping, for it had been rumored that he had been taken prisoner

by the Americans. "From this friend he received a welcome gift of a pair of trowsers, many inches, too short for his legs. At the next house his friend was as much too tall, and his second pair of gift trowsers had to be rolled up in thick folds around his ankles.

"Finally, he reached Los Angeles in safety. Halting in a grove outside the town, he waited till twilight before entering. Having disguised himself in the rags which he had worn from the Indian village, he rode boldly up to the porch of his father's house, and in an impudent country from which the consumers have tone called for brandy. The terrified drawn for years having become exwomen began to scream; but his younghausted. The sand excavated in Albany est sister, fixing one piercing glance on has, too, a reputation which no other his face, laughed out gladly, and cried: possesses. It has what molders call " 'You can't fool me, you are Anto-'life," a quality which adapts itself to nio.' "-The Century. all climates and conditions. It is also

Bishonest Pension Claim Agents,

District Attorney Corkhill in Washington has written a letter to Secretary Teller on the fraudulent transactions of certain pension claim agents, in which he proposes to make a thorough investigation of the charges made by those who have been the sufferers. He says he has become satisfied that the Grand Jury of the District should give these complaints a thorough investigation, so that innocent men may not be subject to unjust imputations and the guilty may be brought to answer them. He thinks the character of the enormous frauds which are being perpetrated upon applicants for pensions by certain claim agents of Washington will, if the allegations made are sustained by the evidence, surprise the public. In conclud-

says:-"The persons defrauded are poor

ing the letter the District Attorney

respectable, because no one is allowed to engage in it without a certificate that he s a man of most respectable and excellent character. Tom, Dick, and Harry may sell flour, shoes, cloth or hardware. but they cannot keep a saloon-none but the best men are allowed to do that. the purpose of the law being to make the trade respectable and honorable, as it is naeful.

FORTUNES OUT OF THE EARTH. Albany Furnishing the Sand for Millions

A large proportion of the molding sand consumed in the foundries of the United States is dug out of the hills of Albany county. It is said that everything in soluble metal, from a Krupp gun to a heel plate for a lady's shoe, has been cast in Albany sand. Quantities of it have been exported as ballast. The annual shipment of sand obtained hereabouts from this city is estimated at from 75,000 to 100,000 tons, the price paid for it, delivered on board the cars or boats, being about \$1.25 per ton, making a business involving an annual revenue of \$100.000. Two-thirds of the whole product goes out of Albany by water, the sloops which bring stone and lumber to this port usually returning with a cargo of sand. There is a demand for the sand which can scarcely be supplied, the beds in other sections of the

It is found below the surface usually. at the depth of three or four feet. It lies in strata averaging from two to eight inches in thickness? one above the other. Property on which sand veins are known to exist sells at from \$125 to \$500 per scre. The soil after the sand is removed does not depreciate for agricultural uses. Dealers more frequently buy the privilege of excavating the sand at a stipulated price, leaving the owner the property really undisturbed at the end. The process of removing the sand is very simple. Section by section the sand is taken out from beneath the superficial soil, which is then allowed to drop until the whole field has been lowered to a depth correponding to the thickness of the lavers of soil. The sand diggers extract the material as dexterously as a clever boy

eleaner and finer than most other sands.

Castings turned out of it need compara-

tively little dressing.

sign. "Oh, we are moving !" cried one of the ladies, grasping one of the blocks very firmly.

All of the party seemed a little nervous, for we were in for it now. If anything broke in the next ten minutes there would be no help for us. One or two of the young men affected levity. but it was so baldly artificial that it increased the thoughtfulness of the others, The mathematician alone maintained his composure. . He had braced himself against one of the uprights of the skeleton elevator, and was holding his watch in one hand and in the other a card he had prepared giving the heights of various structures. A jar, a nervous start, or carelesss movement would have precipitated him into the abyrs. But to this quiet man of science the accidental surroundings save as they bore on the subject under investigation were of no consequence.

We had been passing smoothly and noiselessly upward for two minutes. The frivolous young man had relapsed into silence; the young ladies clung to the blocks and the reporter clung to the young ladies. Nothing was heard but the dripping of the moisture as it cozed down the clammy walls. It became dark, and the air was sepulchral. Altogether, it was an uncanny ride.

Suddenly the savant broke the silance. In a dry, clear, composed voice he remarked:

"We have scarcely begun our trip, but we are now ninety feet high, or above all the houses in town. In another moment we shall be among the steeples."

"Indeed !" remarked one of the young adies, trying to look interested, but reaxing her hold on the marble.

"How high is Trinity Church steeple?" asked one of the frivolous roung men, subdued into docility and respectful modesty by his surroundings. "We will come to that in time," said the orderly man of science. "The first station on our perpendicular railroad is Piss. Here we are: Leaning tower of Piss, 179 feet.

"I guess I'll get out here, said one of the empty-headed young men. "Can't stop, this is a through train, said the conductor of the elevator.

IT IS CERTAINLY NO BAD thing to be a of 'my heart' !" will scoop the apples out of the crust of and you have nothing to cook but a by-play while the platform car moved poisoned arrows; fixing one on the "Because he doesn't know nov belles class to whom the country owes special "chef." Leading men cooks in New pie. Hundreds and hundreds of acres string and aiming at the door, he called on its skyward way and the professor piece of thin beef, which is hung up by shild. He has not stadied English milprotection. If the representations made York city receive very satisfactory emoin this county have undergone this proa string before the fire. 'Your wagoner scanned his card for the next elevation, ciently to distinguish between the object to me concerning the devices used to decut, angrily, 'Who is there ?' lument. One large hotel pays \$3,600 a ess without apparent injury to the can turn the string and do as well as I " It is I, Antonio." "Here are a group of stations. You fraud them of their little earnings are tive and possessive cases." year to the head of the kitchen, and value of the land for other purposes .-"Don't make a sound," whispered can. You have promised me \$10 a month; true, they rival in cunning the artifices will be obliged to look quick as we page another leading house \$3,000, and these sims are in addition to hoard, lodging "Shall I say 'me heart,' 'me shoes,

therefore turned their backs on mathematician and let the frivolous young men point out the various objects of interest while he retired from the edge and interrupted the busy superintendent to ascertain the distance of the horizon and the pressure of the monument per square foot on the been

Peter Cooper's Sympathy.

Mrs. Susan N. Carter, the head of the

Woman's Art School of the Cooper Intion. stitute, contributes an anecdotal paper to the December Century, in which she says of Mr. Cooper's aims: " 'All'I want,' he said. 'is, that these poor women shall earn decent and respectable livings, and especially that they shall be kept from marrying bad husbands."

"This subject of unhappy marriages eemed to be a very prominent one in Mr. Cooper's mind. That women were often imposed upon, were ill-used and broken down, he had a lively conviction: and all his chivalry and sense of fatherly protection were enlisted to save them. so far as he could. from these ordinary misfortunes. While the world is now occupied with the question of what women can be thight, their 'higher ed-ucation,' and many kindred subjects, Mr. Cooper's acute genius discovered, as by intuition, many years ago, the relation of women of the middle class to society, to industries, and the family. He saw that many of them could not marry. and he realized what must be the forlorn position of a number of elderly daughters of a poor man. He had noted the dangerous likelihood of giddy, ignorant young girls marrying anybody for a

home, even if the men they married were dissipated or inefficient; and he had the tenderest pity for poor widows or deserted wives. He talked many times, and at great length, on these subjects, and all circumstances and any sort of incident brought up this desire of his heart, to help women to be happy, independent and virtuous.

"One of the last times he was at the school, and while a celebrated New York clergyman was giving a course of Lenten ectures to women, Mr. Cooper, with his face all animated with his feeling about it, said: 'Dr. --- is of the wealthy class, and he has been used to deal with wealthy women. The world does not look like the same place to him that it does to me. If he could be in my place for a month, and read the letters I get from poor and suffering women, he would think that it would be best to have them taught, anything which they could learn to enable them to lessen all this trouble.""

gravely. The ladies laughed uneasily at this knew well. The Indian was preparing and comparatively helpless and form a

saked, with a patronizing smile

the folks is allus a-calling me Daisy, and the boys allus ask me if I ever seed a daisy a-growing in the gutter."

"But, Daisy, they don't always do thanks of the club. -Detroit Free Press. that, ch?" "No." she answered, promptly, "they

don't when Jack's there, 'cause he let's them see."

"And who's Jack ?" was my next ques-Pretty little Daisy, she didn't answer: but she showed by her silence and confusion that Cupid's dart had even pierced that thin shawl.

"Is Jack your brother ?" I again asked, by way of drawing her out on this sub-

"No," she said, evading my question; "I have no brother or sister, no father or mother. I lives with Betsy: but she never looks arter me no more nor if I was a dog, but Jack does."

"Well, yer a nice 'un, too !" said a ragged something, emerging from the darkness and dripping with rain. "Here I've been a-looking for ye the 'ole night. Won't yer catch it from Betsy ! Oh, no !" "Well, Jack, it was so wet that I couldn't get none sold. Won't yer speak for me, Jack ?"-and she placed her hand so lovingly on his shoulder.

"Well, yer a nice 'un, too !" said Jack. twisting his fingers through her natural curls. "Look 'ere, my pretty Wenus, she won't so much as put her little finger on yer !"

I assisted them out of their difficulty. much to the astonishment of Jack, who never seen any one "as would give money for nuffin."

Away they went, with happy hearts, and left me gazing at the sloppy sidewalk and thinking on their future happiness,

Baron Stenben's Anecdote.

On some occasions he was accustomed to dine with Washington. Once several guests were present, and among them Robert Morris, who had come up to consult with Washington about the state of the finances. During the dinner he spoke very bitterly of the bankrupt condition of the treasury, and his utter inability to replenish it, when Stenber said:

"Why, are you not financier ? Why do you not create funds ?"

"I have done all I can." replied Morris. "and it is impossible for me to de more. "What !" said the baron; "you remain financier without finances ? Then I do not think you as honest a man as my cook. He came to me one day at Valley Forge, and said: 'Baron, I am your cook,

ings.

"I don't know as 'ow I 'ave one, but werry one" he used to work with thirty years ago, and more than one was affected to tears. The gentleman who so kindly presented the relic has the

> "Hello, Beaky !" said young Yeast to his friend Crimsonbeak, meeting at the club the other evening. "Are you go-ing to any of the balls this winter ?"

"Oh, yes, I expect to," answered Orimsonbeak, taking his friend by the hand.

"Which ones are you going to?" continned Yeast.

"Well, if the present state of my enbeak, noticing the dilapidated condition of his clothes, "I expect to go to the three gilt balls."- Yonkers Sta

CHETHING MORE DELEVIL

"I say, Matilda," snarled Mr. Pomgranate, "can't you do something more useful than to study the fashion journal ?"

"Well, yes," answered Mrs. Pomeranate, "I was just thinking that I could do something else."

"And what is it, pray ?" "I will dress seconding to it, if you

vill allow me the money.

"I have already made enough allow ances for your vanity and frivolity." was the brutal reply of the Austin husband Auetin Siftinge.

CRUSHED.

"How stupid I am," said Birdie Mo-Hennepin, languidly, excouting at the ame time quite a respectable yawn act.

"That's true." remarked Gus De-Smith, rather impulsively. "Bir !" exclaimed Birdie,

"TOU BE mpertinent."

"But you yourself just now asserted that you were stupid."

"I only said so without thinking." said Birdie, petulently,

"Yes, and up to the time you spoke 1 had only thought so without saying it." Hang crape on the door of Mins Birdie Another lover scratched off the list of one of the Austin belles .- Texas Sift-

ONLY ON THE STAGE.

"What is this ?" "This, my dear, is a star actor."

"Why does he throw his srms in the air, and then slap his hips with his hand and say. 'Me heart is broken'?"

"Oh "that is merely the play." "Then his heart is not broken ?" "Not quite."

"Why does he say 'me heart' instead