

Daffodils.

The golden sun looks gladly down
On golden rows of daffodils.
He crowns them with his golden crown,
With golden rays each blossom fills,
And every blighting breeze he stills.

With golden trumpets in their hands,
On plant stems they lightly swing;
In cheerful, dauntless, gorgeous bands,
Their trumpets to the breeze they fling,
And sound the overture to spring.

Gone is the winter's dreaded power,
Gone are the cold and weary days;
Now comes the soul-refreshing shower,
Now sheds the sun his brightest rays;
Their golden trumpets are turned to praise.

Praise Him, ye trumpeters of spring,
Whose mighty love new life distills!
My heart shall with your music ring
Until your rapture through me thrills,
Ye golden-throated daffodils!

—Caroline Hazard, in *Independent*.

HIS NEW COAT:

"Is it really true, Max, that you are going to have a dinner-party at the Grange? Of learned gentlemen? And papa is to be invited?"

Fanny Leslie flung her little crochet cap into the air, and caught it again with the dexterity of a slight-of-hand performer.

Max Lynfield, who was sitting on the low stone stile that separated the well-kept grounds of the Grange from the weedy wilderness of the Leslie estate, with a gun balanced on his shoulder, and a game-bag slung over his back, nodded emphatically.

"All the scientific lights of the convention are to be invited," said he. "Spectacles and baldheads will be at a premium. Don't you wish you were a learned old fudge—eh, Fan? Of course, your governor is to be invited. Don't he know the most about Egyptology, and ancient Roman letterings, of any old gentleman in the land? Isn't Professor Tolmaine especially anxious to make his acquaintance? And isn't Doctor Lebrun going to bring, in his waistcoat pocket, a slab of stone chipped off from the nose of some Assyrian statue or other for him to identify? What are you looking so sober about? Jealous because you can't make out the company, eh? I'm sorry for you, Fanny; but you had no business to be a woman."

"It isn't that," said Fanny, with ludicrous solemnity. "What day is the dinner to be, Max?"

"The seventeenth. Just two weeks from to-day. But say, Fan, what are you in such a hurry for?"

"It's almost sundown," said Miss Leslie, gathering her scarf about her shoulders in a hurried way. "And I have waited ever so much time here already. Good-by, Max!"

"Yes; but I say, Fanny—"

The only response to his appeal was the light, quick sound of the girl's footsteps, as she flitted away over the carpet of autumn leaves that covered the path, into the yellow mist of the October afternoon.

"What a pretty girl that is!" Max Lynfield murmured to himself. "Her eyes are exactly the color of a hazelnut, and she has got the sweetest little sugar-plum of a mouth that I ever beheld! But I don't see why she need be in such a hurry."

And he disconsolately picked up the game-bag which he had unbuckled from his shoulder, and strode away, whistling. Meanwhile, Fanny Leslie had sped to the dreary, old-fashioned stone house, blotched with mildew and full of a spectral silence, where old Mr. Leslie sat, spectated and absorbed, among his books, and Alma, the eldest daughter, was in the kitchen making a damson pudding for dinner.

She looked up as Fanny came flying in.

"I thought you never were coming, Fan," said she. "Did you bring the powdered sugar?"

"Here it is." Fanny flung a little paper on the table. "But oh, Alma! the dinner-party at the Grange is to be on the seventeenth, and papa is to be one of the invited guests!"

Alma Leslie paused in her task of sprinkling snowy sugar over the crushed, purple damsons in the plate.

"Oh, Fanny!" said she. "But of course he can't go. He has no coat fit to be seen at a dinner-party in Colonel Lynfield's house."

"Alma, he must go!"

"How can he, Fanny?"

"It will be such a treat for him, Alma, to meet those scientific gentlemen, and get a glimpse of the world he has so long left behind him," pleaded Fanny. "We must manage it somehow!"

Alma knitted her black brows together.

"How much money is there in the drawer, Fan?" she asked, abruptly.

"Don't quite know—fifteen dollars, I think."

"All this proves the impossibility of our fine dinner-party, Fan," said Alma, shrugging her shoulders. "Fifteen dollars would just about purchase the cloth for a new coat."

Fanny looked gravely at her sister.

"Well," said she, "that is all I want. Give me the cloth, and I'll make the coat."

"What nonsense, Fanny!"

"It isn't nonsense at all."

"You make a broadcloth coat!"

"Why shouldn't I? Didn't I make a cloth ulster for myself, and make it nice, too?"

"But you are not a tailor!"

"I'll be a tailoress, which is just as good."

"You have no pattern, Fan."

"I can rip papa's old coat apart and get the pattern from that, Alma. Where is it? Is he wearing it now?"

"He has got on that old dressing-gown of his," said Alma.

"Then get the coat—that's a dear—and rip it carefully apart," said Fanny, "while I go down to the store and buy the broadcloth. We haven't a second of time to lose."

The next two days were days of cutting, stitching, pressing, calculating, in the big, sunny south room which the Leslie girls called their boudoir.

Old Mr. Leslie sat among his dusty tomes and ponderous dictionaries, with a pencil back of each ear and a pen in his hand, making notes and scribbling off paragraphs, all unconscious of what was going on around him.

"If I'm to be at that dinner-party of savants," he said to Alma, "I must settle this question as to the authenticity of the Eudic monograph."

"Certainly, papa," said Alma, in an abstracted way, as she hemmed a new black silk cravat, and pondered as to the practicability of new gloves, and whether her father could be induced to wear them if they were bought.

"Papa," said Fanny, the evening before the eventful day, "we want you to try on your coat to-night."

"To try on my coat!" vaguely repeated the philosopher. "What coat? what for?"

"Oh, just to see if it's all right!" said Fanny, not without a little quail of terror lest her father should discover the pious fraud and object to wear home-made garments.

Absently, Mr. Leslie rose up, divested himself of his faded dressing gown, and put on the new coat.

Alma and Fanny viewed him with critical eyes, and exchanged glances of satisfaction at each other.

"Does it feel quite comfortable, papa?" said Alma.

"Very nice, my dear—very nice," said the philosopher. "Really I didn't know that old coat looked so nice. Take it away, daughter, and brush it thoroughly, and have it ready for me to-morrow, with a fresh necktie and a clean pocket-handkerchief."

And once more he plunged into the depths of the Eudic monograph question.

"Fanny," said Alma, in a low voice, "it's a success!"

"Alma," responded Fanny, in the same tone, "I knew that it would be!"

Mr. Leslie went to the dinner-party at Lynfield Grange, and astonished several dozen other old gentlemen by the depth of his wisdom and the profundity of his learning, and nobody discovered that the homemade coat was not the chief d'œuvre of a New York clothier.

But Fanny Leslie was not destined to hear the last of the coat. Miss Helena St. Jacquin, who had chanced to surprise them in the task, whispered it mysteriously to her dearest friend Mrs. Emerson Fielding. And every one knew, presently, that the Leslie girls had turned tailoresses and taken in work by the day.

"It was Fanny," said Miss St. Jacquin. "I saw her myself, pressing out the seams of a coat with a prodigious smoothing-iron—a man's coat! They tried to shuffle it out of sight as soon as possible, but they weren't quick enough for me!"

"Well," said Max Lynfield carelessly, "why shouldn't they sew men's coats as well as woman's worsted work?"

Mrs. Emerson Fielding elevated her pretty little nose.

"I'm afraid," said she, "we shall have to leave the Leslie girls off our list for the charade-parties next winter."

Max Lynfield rose up in exceeding great wrath.

"Then you may leave me off, too!" said he, and stalked out of the room.

He went straight to the old stone-house. Fanny was in the garden, gathering chrysanthemums—great white-fringed beauties, and buds that were like balls of gold, and little brick-red blossoms full of a strange aromatic fragrance like Eastern spices.

"Fan," said he, "if you had wanted money, you ought have come to me. Haven't we been friends long enough to induce you to put any confidence in me?"

Fanny looked at him in serene surprise.

"But, Max," said she, "we don't want money—no more than usual, that is to say. Everybody wants money, I suppose."

And she clipped off a stem of rich maroon flowers, and laid it lovingly among the rest of her floral trophies.

Honest Max, who had no idea of diplomacy, plunged headlong into the subject.

"Then," said he, "what's all this story about your taking in tailor-work?"

"About my taking in tailor-work?"

"Yes. Miss St. Jacquin saw you working at it."

"Did she?" Fanny's cheeks flamed scarlet. "Miss St. Jacquin had better have been attending to her own business. But since she has told you half a story, I may as well supply the other half. I am sure it is no secret."

And she told Max Lynfield the whole of the simple tale.

"Fan, you're a trump!" said he. "And you really made that coat yourself?"

"I really made that coat myself—with a little help from Alma!" proudly spoke Fanny.

"I should like a daughter like you—that is to say, when I develop into an old gentleman of scientific tastes," said Max.

"Oh, you'll never develop into a scientist," said Fanny. "You are a deal too active and wideawake. You're not half wise enough."

At this Max's honest countenance fell.

"I knew it," said he sorrowfully. "You despise me. You think I am a dunce."

Fanny dropped all her flowers, in her consternation.

"Oh, Max," she cried, "I don't despise you at all. I like you!"

"That isn't the question," said Max, moodily. "The question is, do you love me?"

"Max!"

"Fanny! No—stay here!" posting himself, with lightning rapidity, in the doorway. "Unless you jump down the terrace, you can't get away from me. And I'm determined to have an answer."

He had the answer. And the answer was "Yes."

It is very seldom, you see, that a thoroughly determined young man allows himself to be baffled.

Mrs. Fielding, the pretty widow, was deeply annoyed; Miss St. Jacquin raved.

"But, you see," Mr. Lynfield afterward said, "I never should have known how much I cared for Fan, if I hadn't heard those spiteful cats criticising her."

And Mr. Leslie wore the selfsame coat to his daughter's wedding.

But, to the end of his learned and scientific life, he never knew who made it.

Savants are not wise in the ordinary events of everyday life.—*Helen Forrest Graves.*

Lunar Fancies.

In Devonshire it is believed that on seeing the first new moon of the year, if you take off on stocking and run across a field, you will find between two of your toes a hair which will be the color of the lover you are to have. In Berkshire the proceeding is more simple, for you merely look at the new moon, and say:

"New moon, new moon, I hail thee!
By all the virtue in thy body,
Grant this night that I may see
He who my true love shall be."

Te result is guaranteed to be as satisfactory as it is in Ireland, where the people are said to point to the new moon with a knife, and say:

"New moon, true tomorrow, be true now to me,
That I, to-morrow, my true love may see."

In Yorkshire, again, the practice was to catch the reflection of the new moon in a looking-glass, the number of reflections signifying the number of years which will elapse before marriage. All these superstitions are suggestive of that which Tylor calls "one of the most instructive astrological doctrines"—namely, that of the "sympathy of growing and declining nature with the waxing and waning moon. Tylor says that a classical precept was to set eggs under the hen at new moon, and that a Lithuanian precept was to wear boys on a waxing and girls on a waning moon—to make the boys strong and the girls delicate. On the same grounds, he says, Orkneymen object to marry except with a growing moon, and Mr. Dyer says that in Cornwall, when a child is born in the interval between an old and a new moon, it is believed that he will never live to manhood.—*All the Year Round.*

Lucky Men Who Get Rich.

"Some men do have luck in this world, for a fact," said a seedy-looking individual who had taken a fifteen-cent lunch on State street, near Harrison, and who now stood in front of the Palmer House manipulating his tooth-pick, "but I ain't one of them."

"In my time I have invested many a good thousand dollars in mining stocks and never made a hit yet. A hit was what I needed to make about as bad as anybody ever needed it, but I couldn't make one."

"Now just look at Marshall Field. He hasn't been suffering for a dollar for a good while. Yet a few years ago, in settling with a country merchant, he was induced to take \$300 worth of stock in the Chrysolite mine."

"He didn't want to take the stock and offered to make a big discount for cash, but the country merchant was hard up and so the dicker was made."

"Field took the stock, put it away in his safe, and in seven years has drawn \$30,000 in dividends."

"I've heard, too, though I don't know how true it is, that about all the money he ever invested in mining property was his profits from this first venture."

"He has a most invariably been lucky, and has probably made more money out of silver mines on a smaller investment than any other man in Chicago. A rich man for luck every time."—*Chicago Herald.*

Circumstances Alter Cases.

Lawyer (to client)—Your old uncle Isaac died this morning. I was just on my way to your office to tell you.

Client—What? That old lunatic?

Lawyer—Yes, and what's more, he left you all his money.

Client—Well, I declare, this is terribly sudden. I trust he died peacefully.

Poor, dear, old man, I do hope that he didn't suffer.—*New York Graphic.*

MONTE CARLO.

Tragedies at the Notorious Gambling Resort.

The Number of Suicides Among the Players Averages One a Day.

"My impressions of Monte Carlo?" said Prof. Joseph Bauer. "I have but one—it is a dream. On entering, one is delighted, surprised, amazed, astounded, and stunned *seriatim*. Flowers and music, coin and notes, despair and success, beauty, fashion, wealth—all combine to impress the beholder, and it is some time before he can begin to study systematically his surroundings. It is only when he emerges again into the cool air that one can appreciate his own identity."

"Do not credit the recent denials of suicides at Monte Carlo," continued the Professor. "They are inspired. I have visited the gambling hall there fifteen times professionally, in addition to a number of trips made for my own pleasure. I was born in French Switzerland, 200 miles from Monte Carlo and am familiar with its ghastly history during the past twelve years. You may take my word for it that the number of suicides caused directly by the Monte Carlo gaming tables averages at least one for every day in the year. The real total probably exceeds this estimate."

Prof. Bauer is one of the youngest, handsomest, and most popular guides in central Europe. As so much has been written and so little accurately told concerning Monte Carlo, he was requested to describe the world's most famous gambling hell. He said:

"I have spent many months there altogether, and it was a rare day when no ruined and despairing man killed himself. On some days we had as high as three or four such casualties. If a stranger kills himself, his body is dragged away, the blood cleansed from the floor, and the game goes on. I have heard players mutter curses at a corpse for having interrupted their 'series,' or confused their 'system.' If the victim be a stranger, nobody knows what becomes of the body, except some of the special police, whose duty it is to conduct such funerals in their own mysterious way. If the ruined player goes into the grounds before shooting or stabbing himself, or drowns himself in one of the beautiful fountains, even the players who sat beside him a moment before never learn of his death. These things are known to the habitués of the tables, but they never speak of them outside. The newspapers of Monaco and Nice are heavily subsidized, and those of Paris, Lyons, and Marseilles pay no attention to such trifles. Letters to the editors on this forbidden subject are quickly thrown into the great international waste basket. With a large and well-trained police force constantly at hand, with an indifferent set of patrons, and a willfully blind press, these little episodes are much more easily screened than you would imagine. If the suicide be a powerful noble or a celebrity in any way, the affair is mentioned briefly in the French and English newspapers, and the announcement cabled to this country. Everybody knows why the man made away with himself, and the only question is: 'Who will be next?'"

"It is almost impossible to prevent these self-murders, as the act is usually committed under sudden powerful impulse. Everybody's mind and eyes are, of course, intent on the game, and so many haggard men get up from the tables that the sight is too common to engage the attention of the ever-present detectives. It is but just, however, to say that the managers do everything in their power to prevent suicides, except closing their doors. Mechanics and artisans are not permitted to live either in Monaco or Monte Carlo."

"If an unfortunate player gets up from a table and acts wildly—'crazy,' they call it, for all suicides are by courtesy esteemed crazy at Monte Carlo—he is hustled off by a couple of stalwart policemen and put on a train for Nice. A guard is constantly with him, his board bill at Nice is paid by the company, and, if he finally talks reasonably, he is given enough money to take him home in first-class style. The management also endeavor to discourage dying on the premises by aiding destitute gamblers. If one has lost heavily and frankly states his condition of temporary poverty, his case will be promptly investigated. Should it be found as narrated, he will be given two or three hundred dollars to take him home, or an order for two weeks' board at one of the company's first-class hotels."—*New York Sun.*

Not Pretty, But Smart.

A little 4-year-old girl, a resident of Minnesota's capital city, is not noted for her beauty, though possessed of a very sweet disposition and a remarkably smart mind. She was recently presented to a minister who chanced to be visiting at her home. He took her little face between his two hands and looked down at her in the most scrutinizing manner. She evidently anticipated that her face would not bear the close inspection, as turning her eyes in the direction of his face, she lisped out: "I ain't pretty, Mither Brown, but I'm mighty 'mart."—*St. Paul Globe.*

A Texan Sheep Herder's Life.

We will suppose, by way of illustration, that a practical herder has been engaged to run a flock, and in the early morning, as the first gray streaks of dawn appear in the eastern sky, he sallies forth to take charge of his woolly flock, who are just beginning to awake and leave their bedding place. If he is a Mexican he looks extremely picturesque in his bright blue jacket, with its double row of silver buttons, which, by the way, are not for use, but solely for ornament, for a Mexican never buttons his jacket else he would hide his gaudy calico shirt. On his nether limbs are leggings of leather or buckskin to protect his legs from the sharp thorns through which he will be forced to march. These are kept in place by a crimson, orange or blue sash, over which is buckled a broad sash full of cartridges. On his head is the inevitable sombrero, with its ornamentation of gold and silver lace. If he is a sensible man, his scrape will be tied over one shoulder and under the opposite arm and he will carry a Winchester rifle and a sharp butcher knife. As the sheep begin to move off he saunters slowly along behind them, keeping a sharp lookout for stragglers. Sheep do not travel fast, but they keep moving. At about meridian they will begin to feed back toward the bedding-place. There the herder will eat his humble dinner of tortillas and chili, washed down by a draught of water, is he is fortunate enough to be in the vicinity of a spring or water-hole. About sundown the sheep will reach their camp and begin to select beds for the night. The herder has a rude shelter near by. He builds himself a fire, and cooks his tortillas. Possibly he may have killed a quail or a jack rabbit during the day. If so, he makes a savory soup. Then he smokes his cigar and walks around the flock to see that none are missing. If all is well he returns to his camp, and, rolling himself in his scrape, lies down. He may have a good night's sleep and he may not. A careful herder will be aroused if a single sheep moves and will immediately rise up to see what is the matter. If a bear or cougar or tiger-cat is lurking about he will hunt for the varmint and either kill him or frighten him away. Above all things he must guard against a stampede, for if the timid sheep once get started there is no stopping them—the herd would become scattered, many would be lost and the herder would be charged up with the missing sheep. Long before daylight he is up, and by the time the sheep begin to move he has cooked and eaten his breakfast and is ready to take up the march again. Imagine what a picnic a man must have who performs this dreary routine three hundred and sixty-five days in the year! Sheep herding admits of no holidays and it is all the same to the herder whether it be Christmas or Fourth of July.—*Philadelphia Times.*

Unique Praise of a Piano.

Previous to entering upon his present calling as a piano dealer Mr. Pfaflin was a locomotive engineer. When the lady reached the store she had the good fortune to find Mr. Pfaflin in, and she asked his judgment on the style and brand of a piano.

"That depends upon your taste, madam," said he. "If you want to combine elegance with utility, I would suggest the old-fashioned square piano. It answers for an ornament, makes music, and can be used for a dining-table and a bed when you have company. This kind of an instrument should not be selected for a small cab, because it doesn't leave room for firing up. They make just as much steam as the upright, but, owing to the position of the harp, they let down in the flues much quicker. Being wide gauge, the wear and tear are also very great. If you want a perfect working, handsome machine, take the upright. It is narrow gauge, hung low on the trucks, and has all the modern improvements, including patent brake and snow-plow. The running-board is the same size as the square, and she carries just as much steam. You can work it in small space and get as much sound out of it as you could with the old-fashioned steamboat whistles. Her wood-work is as neat as a Pullman sleeper, and if you keep her well packed and oiled she works as slick as old Seventy-four. I have run one for five years."—*Boston Journal.*

Saved From the Branding.

"One of the few patents that make big money," said an attorney, "is a simple thing called an ear-mark for live stock. It consists of two tubes, one of zinc and the other of brass, the brass tube made the smaller and fitting into the other with a little spring projection to hold it in place. When this is stuck through a critter's ear only the zinc is in contact with the flesh, and that zinc has well-known healing properties, is shown in the use of zinc collar pads for horses. The end of each tube is a disc about the size of a nickel, and on the brass disc are initials and numbers. A Chicago firm is doing a big business in these marks. A stockraiser can have his own private mark; same as branding, and, if he desires, have all of his cattle numbered consecutively. They cost \$5 a thousand, and are much used in the West. They are used for cattle, horses, hogs and sheep."—*Chicago Herald.*

Forgive!

Forgive the hand that harshly strikes
In anger's reckless mood,
Perhaps the heart behind it mourns
The action hot and rude;
And though the insult sends the blood
Indignant to the face,
Its pardon to the injured brings
No sorrow or disgrace.

Forgive the tongue whose hasty words
Like flaming arrows burn,
Behind it, too, a heart may sigh,
And for forbearance yearn;
Since there is none of human kind
That doth not sometimes need
An ill-used neighbor's clemency
For grievous word or deed.

Though, hate should follow, hard and close
With every cruel wrong,
This thought will always cheer the soul—
It cannot be for long;
While on an easier bed he lies,
Who from revenge is free,
Who says, "My heart forgives them all
As God forgiveth me!"

HUMOROUS.

Telephone is feminine—it talks back.

Drawing instruments—Mustard plasters.

Epitaph for a cannibal: "One who loves his fellow men."

The labor question with the tramp is how he can manage to avoid it.

"We meet but to part," as the brush in the dude's hand said to the comb.

Modist Worth is really recognized by society women. He makes dresses in Paris.

We should think a shad would be pretty confident of a thing when it feels it in its bones.

Shakespeare somewhere uses the term "a mad wag." He probably referred to the tail of a mad dog.

A man hearing of another who was a hundred years old said contemptuously: "Pshaw! what a fuss about nothing. Why, if my grandfather were alive he would now be a hundred and fifty years old."

There was a wedding breakfast. The groom to the little girl—"You have a new brother, now, you know." "Yeth," responded the little one, "ma seth it with Lottie's last chance, so she had better take it." The rest of the little one's talk was drowned in a clatter of knives and forks.

General Doubleday Beaten.

The lack of discipline in the Union army in the early part of the war is exemplified by a couple of anecdotes told by Col. W. A. James, an old and well-known veteran: "When we were in the defenses before Washington in 1861 General Doubleday, a rigid martinet, was in command of the brigade, which was made up almost entirely of young and untrained soldiers. One of them, a lank and overgrown Westerner, was doing picket duty one day when Doubleday, glorious in gilt and brass, rode by on his charger, accompanied by his entire staff. As they passed the big Westerner stared at them with open-mouthed wonder, and neglected to salute. The General noticed the error, and rode back with fire in his eye.

"What is your name?" he asked the picket.

The picket told him.

"Well, I am General Doubleday, commanding the defenses of Washington."

"Are ye, indeed! said the soldier, nonchalantly. 'Waal, ye hev a gosh-fired fine job, and I hope ye can hold it.' The General galloped off again without a word.

At another time a soldier who was digging a trench hit his captain on the head with a clod of dirt. The officer rushed up and reprimanded the private.

"Now, look-a-here, Cap," said the latter, "my business here is digging and yours is bossing the company on parade, and if you attend to your business I'll attend to mine."

He Got His Customer.

The following story is told of an enterprising New-York jobber: The merchant in question, having heard of the arrival of a country trader who was known to be a large purchaser and of unquestionable credit, was resolved to get him to visit his establishment, and, once there, he felt sure he could secure him as a customer. He accordingly sent out one of his drummers, of whom he had quite a number, adapted to every taste and disposition. The one sent, however, returned without success. No. 2 was dispatched, with no better result, and again No. 3, and so on until all had gone and come back without their man. The merchant now determined to go himself, and finding that brandy and water and free tickets to the theatre were of no avail, for the country trader did not take one or go to the other, he was reduced to the necessity of employing a ruse, which, as the sequel shows, was simple as well as effectual. On taking his departure after a pleasant interview the merchant took care to commit the "mistake" of taking the trader's hat instead of his own. Next morning, as was expected, the merchant received a prompt visit at his store from the country trader, who came to look up the hat which he supposed had been hurriedly exchanged. This was what the merchant wanted, and through this means sold a good bill of goods and secured a regular customer.—*Dry Goods Chronicle.*