

A BALLAD OF COLD WATER.

You may say that good wine makes you blith and gay...

ENVOI.

If my purse were not light from the May to May...

—Arkansaw Traveler.

THE CHILD SPY.

They called him Stenne—young Stenne.

He was a real Paris boy, puny and pale, perhaps ten and perhaps fifteen years old...

How old Father Stenne loved that boy! He felt so happy when the little fellow came for him...

Unfortunately, the siege changed all this. Father Stenne's square was closed, and petroleum was stored there...

You see a siege is lots of fun for the boys; school is closed; no more examinations...

The child used to stay out until night-fall, running about everywhere.

He followed the companies of his ward as they tramped off to duty of the ramparts, and always picked out those that had the best band.

There was one fellow in a blue smock, whom he admired especially; he only had dollar chips, and when he ran, you could hear the silver jingle in his pockets.

One day he was picking up a coin which had rolled away and stopped just at young Stenne's feet.

When the game was over he led him to a corner of the square and proposed to him to go with him and sell newspapers to the Prussians.

One snowy morning they started out, each with a cloth bag slung across his shoulder, and with the newspapers hidden under his nose.

Kind sir, do let us pass, please sir; mother's ill and father's dead and my young brother and I want to get out into the field and try to find some potatoes.

He was actually crying. Stenne, ashamed of himself, hung his head.

Pass then, quickly," he said, standing aside, and they found themselves on the road to Anbervillers.

Indistinctly, as in a dream, young Stenne noticed the factories that now were used as barracks and garnished with wet rags, and the high chimneys that pierced the fog and threw up their empty, broken walls towards the clouds.

As soon as he was alone, however, he began to suffer misery; the big fellow had left him as soon as they had passed the gate, and then the crows in his pocket began to grow heavier and heavier.

wrinkles he looked somewhat like Father Stenne.

"Come, come, boys, don't stand there crying," he said to the children; "they'll let you through after your potatoes; but just come in here and get warm. That youngster looks frozen."

Alas! Young Stenne was trembling all over, not with cold, but with shame and fear. Inside they found a few soldiers crouched around a dying fire—a real widow's fire, as they say—in the flame of which they were trying to thaw some biscuits on the point end of their bayonets.

They moved up close to make room for the children, and gave them a little coffee and a drop of brandy. While they were drinking an officer called out to the sergeant from the door, saying a few words to him and hurried off.

The sergeant returned in high glee. "Boys!" he said, "grog all round to-night; we have got the password of the Prussians, and this time I think we'll take that d—d Bourget away from them."

There was a burst of applause, and the men began to dance and sing, while some of them polished up their bayonets. Taking advantage of this confusion, the children escaped.

Beyond the trench they struck the plain, at the end loomed a long white wall, broken by loopholes. They made straight for the wall, stopping at every step to look, as though they were picking up potatoes.

"Let us go home—don't let us go on," young Stenne kept saying. The other merely shrugged his shoulders and kept on advancing. Suddenly they heard the clicking of a gun being cocked.

"Lie down!" cried the elder, throwing himself on the ground. As he lay there he whistled—and another whistle answered over the snow. They cowered, slowly creeping on all fours.

"That is my brother," he said, pointing to his companion. The boy Stenne was so small that the Prussian began to laugh as he looked at him, and seized him in his arms to lift him up to the break in the wall.

"The old man thrust him aside without a word, and picked up the money. 'Is it all here?' he asked.

Young Stenne nodded. The old fellow then took down his gun and cartridge-box, and put the money into his pocket.

"Very well," he said, "I am going to give it back to them." And without another word, without turning round again, he went down and marched away into the night with the militiamen who were just starting. He never was seen again.

HOW HE GOT IT.

A Journalist's Search for Miss Folsom's Picture.

Brooklyn Eagle.

The history of how the only authentic portrait of the president's intended bride was secured for publication has never been told, and just at the present is of no little interest.

Young Stenne would have liked to said something, too, so as to show them that he was no fool either; but something embarrassed him. A little to one side, and facing him, sat a Prussian older than the rest, and more serious looking. He was reading, or pretended to read, for he never took his eyes off the boy, and there was something of tenderness and something of reproach in his look, as though he were thinking of his own son, just about Stenne's age, and I were saying to himself:

"I had rather die than have my boy do that kind of a thing."

And young Stenne felt as though a hand was placed upon his heart and kept it from beating. To forget this feeling he began to drink, until soon everything around him was turning round. He could hear indistinctly how his comrades were laughing at the national guard and at their awkward drill, much to the amusement of the listeners, or how he imitated a false alarm, the turning out at night and the rush for the ramparts.

After awhile the big fellow lowered his voice, and the faces of the officers grew more serious as they drew nearer. The wretch was warning them against the attack of the sharpshooters. This time young Stenne could not stand it, and suddenly sobbed he cried out: "I won't have that, now; none of that."

But the big fellow only laughed and went on; before he was through all the officers had drawn around him. One of them, pointing to the door, said to the boys:

"Get out of here!" And they began to talk among themselves very quickly in German. The bigger boy stalked out proud as a king, and rattled his money. Stenne passed, hanging his head, and as he passed the Prussian whose gaze had embarrassed him, so he heard him say in a sad tone of voice: "A paet tiop; a paet tiop, this," and it brought the tears to his eyes.

Once out in the plain the boy began to run quickly toward home. Their bag was full of potatoes, which the Prussians had given them, and so they passed the sharpshooters trench. Here they were getting ready for a night attack. Troops kept coming in silently and forming behind the walls. The old sergeant was there looking happy and busily placing his men. He noticed the children as they passed, and smiled at them kindly. How that smile hurt young Stenne. He was on the point of calling out to them:

"Don't go there; we have betrayed you." But his companion had warned him: "If you peech, we shall be shot," and so fear kept him from saying anything.

At Connuene they entered an abandoned house to divide up the money, and truth obliges me to own that the division was a fair one, and that when young Stenne heard the crows jingling in his pockets, and thought of the many games of "galoché" he should be able to play his crime no longer seemed such a horrible one.

He reached home at last, and went to his room at once, thankful that his father had not come home yet; the crows that seemed so heavy to him he hid under his pillow.

Father Stenne had never been so good or so jolly as that evening when he came home. The news from the provinces was good, and prospects looked more cheerful. While he was eating supper the old soldier kept looking up at his gun that hung from a nail in the wall, and said to his boy with a goddamned laugh:

"Hey, little man, how you would go for those Prussians if you were big enough."

About eight o'clock they heard the guns booming. He fancied that he could see the sharpshooters going out into the night, so as to surprise the Prussians, and falling into an ambush themselves.

He remembered the sergeant who had smiled at him, and he fancied he saw him stretched out in the snow, a pile of all this blood was just there below his pillow—and he, the son of M. Stenne, the son of a soldier! Ah! the tears were choking him. In the next room he heard his father walking up and down, and then open the window. On the square below they were beating to arms; a militia battalion was forming, ready to start. It was really a serious battle; he could not keep back his sobs.

"What is the matter?" asked Father Stenne, as he opened the door. The child could not stand it any longer, he jumped out of bed and threw himself at his father's feet; and as he did so the crows rattle out on the floor.

"What is that?" asked the old man, trembling all over. "Have you stolen?" And without drawing breath young Stenne told how he had gone to the Prussians and what he had done there, as he talked his heart grew lighter, it gave a joyful cheer as the boys entered. They gave them their papers and men began to give them wine and to make them talk. Most of the officers looked like proud fierce men, but the big fellow's slang and his caustic, monkeyish manners seemed to amuse them vastly. They laughingly repeated the words after him, taking a curious delight in wallowing in the mud which he brought them from Paris.

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LOANS WITHOUT COLLATERAL.

An Apparently Generous Offer Which Proves to be One Sided.

During the past few weeks an unusually large number of letters passed through the city mails marked "Confidential." They came from the office of a downtown lawyer and were addressed to clerks in the custom house, the post-office, the various city departments, and to the employes of banks, brokers and mercantile houses, both large and small.

They contained printed circulars announcing that the attorney represented wealthy clients who were willing to loan money on salaries without security. A reporter for the Mail and Express was the recipient of one of the documents containing this remarkable offer. He paid a visit to the lawyer, who received him with the suave inquiry:

"What can have the pleasure of doing for you to-day?" "I have a friend who can use \$100 to advantage, and I understand you are looking for people of that kind."

"What security can he offer?" "Your circular says no collateral is required."

"He can't have \$100; but if he is all right he can have \$50. We never loan more to one person without security."

"Well, I suppose he must be content with \$50."

"Now to business. What guaranty can he give that he will pay the money?" "He holds a responsible position in a Broadway house and his fellow clerks will vouch for his honesty."

"That will do; his employer must endorse his order for the money."

The money-lender proved to be rather closed in his dealings than his circular indicated and many young clerks who entered his establishment with rosy visions of a gay summer suit left in low spirits. Those who are unfortunate enough to secure the indorsement of their employers can have \$50 by signing an order for \$75, payable in weekly installments of \$3 each. This style of helping the needy is new in New York, but has for years been a regular business in Washington and at large military posts where salaries are paid monthly.

A Queer Adventure. Youth's Companion.

As I ran, I kept my eyes fixed on Brown, who was acting in a singular manner. After every few seconds his head would disappear beneath the water in which he stood, then it would appear again. He seemed to be struggling violently. As I approached him he threw up his hands and cried out in accents that haunt me still: "For heaven's sake, lieutenant quick, and help me!" I dashed out to him through water up to my waist.

"What is it? What has hold of you?" I exclaimed.

"It's a big oyster, or a clam," he groaned. "I was wading here, and stepped into it I expect. Its shell closed—gripped my ankle—and to save my life I can't get away—and the tide will soon be over our heads here!" He had been struggling here for fifteen or twenty minutes.

I heard of the tridacena gigas, or monster of this coast and instantly realized the danger of his situation. "Conrage, old fellow," I said. "I'll stick by you. Here, hold this paddle and the hatchet."

I then ducked down under the water, and with my hands felt about his foot. The huge mollusk had what might be well termed a death-grip on him. The creature's shell was several feet long, and of proportionate breadth, and the weight of the shell-fish must have been at least 300 pounds. The creature was attached to the coral rock by a grippy byssus as thick as my arm. Raising myself, I got breath, then seizing the paddle, thrashed the shaft of it between the converging edges of the two valves of the shell, and using it as a lever, attempted to pry the shell apart. But I could not open it. Brown, too, ducking down, seized hold with his hands and pulled with all his strength, but exerting all our power, we could not separate the monster's jacket. Again and again I threw my whole weight on the shaft of the paddle and at length broke it. By this time the water was up to my shoulders when I stood up. Fully realizing that whatever I did must be done in a few minutes more, else the poor fellow would drown, I snatched the hatchet from Brown's hand and, diving, tried to cut under the shell, to break the creature's anchorage on the rock. With might and main I cut and hacked—then rose an instant for breath—then down and it again. But it seemed as though I could not cut through the tough muscle. Four times I dived and, with frantic haste, cut at those tough byssus.

"It stirs!" at length Brown cried, bracing his weight upon his free foot and lifting it at it.

Then with a final blow the byssus was severed, and the buoyancy of the water aiding us, we dragged the great mollusk—still fast to Brown's ankle—back to higher ground on the reef. Here the water was waist deep, however, and I looked anxiously around for Mac, and the lakot. To my joy, he was close at hand, and between us, we lifted Brown, with his now captured captor, into the canoe. Even then we could not, both of us together, pry the valves of the shell apart enough to release Brown's foot, till with a knife we had reached in and completely divided the tribeca—sawing asunder the hinge-muscles, at the base of the bivalve. It was truly a gigantic clam; and as a poetic retribution upon it for this attempt on the life of one of our party, we ate a portion of its flesh for our supper, but found it rather tough.

Brown's ankle was severely bruised and wrenched, and he suffered for many a day from the vice-like grip of the huge mollusk.

Learning to be a Barber. Boston Globe.

"A young fellow has got to have considerable nerve to make a success as a barber," said a tonsorial artist. "I went to learn the trade, and had been in the shop about a month, when I heard of a man who wanted a barber who had had a year's experience. I applied and got the job. The first occupant of my chair in my new place was an elderly gentleman, who had a beard like stable. I didn't know how to stop a razor, but I made the attempt, and suppose in doing so I took off what edge there was on the blade. My customer winced a good deal, but I got through with him finally, and in reply to a question by the boss, he said he was satisfied. The next occupant of my chair was a man whose face was all wrinkles. When he left the shop he was holding out his face. I overheard him tell another customer to look out and not get into my chair."

"Things went along smoothly for several days, when an accident happened. Two men came into the shop. One was a countryman, who said he had never been shaved by a barber. His companion told him if a barber ever shaved him once he would never shave himself again. He consented, and took a seat in my chair. I was doing a good job, when two dogs became involved in a dispute on the street. I turned my head, and as I did so my customer uttered a loud cry. I had cut off the end of his nose. He declared that a barber should never shave him again, and left for a surgeon, who lived opposite.

"We don't have to do things as they did in former times. Fifty years ago men used to have their hair curled and beards dyed, and a barber had to know how to dress a lady's hair. Very few barbers could do this class of work nowadays."

Shot Without Knowing It. Syracuse Standard.

O. D. Burhans, a son of H. N. Burhans, and four young companions, all residing in Danforth, left yesterday afternoon for Onondaga Valley, where they were going hunting. They drove a horse, the property of Mr. Burhans. On the way out the horse acted wildly, and when a gun was discharged he could not be made to stand. When the valley was reached Burhans and another boy remained in the buggy, while the other boys in the buggy drove on, but returned shortly, and as the horse had become quiet, they requested two of the boys who were walking to shoot off their guns, in order that the horse might get accustomed to the report before they returned home. The buggy at the time of the shooting was some distance from the guns.

The boys then started for home, and nothing wrong was noticed until well on their way, when Burhans told the boy in the buggy to take the reins as he felt faint. He then fell against the back of the buggy, and when they examined him they found that he had been shot and they set out for home as soon as possible. On the way they met Dr. Van Dusen and Loomis, who, when they saw the condition he was in, accompanied him home. On examination it was found that he had been shot by a ball either from a rifle or a revolver. The ball had penetrated the top of the buggy, and had struck him in the back under the left shoulder blade. The doctors probed for the ball but were unable to find it. The boys who accompanied Burhans can not account for the accident, as there were only two small shot guns in the party, none of them having a rifle with them, and as the distance between the buggy and the boys was too great for a shot gun to carry, the shots which they fired they think, could not have been the ones that did the harm. The guns were breech loaders and were loaded with shells of fine shot, the loading having been done at Smith's gun works. Burhans is about 17 years of age, and has always had great love for hunting and fishing. The family do not blame any of the boys that accompanied him, and it is thought the shot was fired by some one else who was shooting in the neighborhood. The doctors say that although the ball may have penetrated a lung they have hopes of recovery, although they were unable to remove the ball last night.

A Great Telegraphing Feat. New Orleans Times-Democrat.

An Englishman after having shown the operations of the pneumatic tube for carrying parcels in New York said: "I have seen just one thing more wonderful than that," said the visitor. "I have talked by cable from London to Calcutta India, over 7,000 miles of wire. Two years ago I called upon Managing Director W. Andrews, of the Indo-European Telegraph company, at No. 18 Old Broad street, London. It was Sunday evening, and the wires were not busy. Mr. Andrews called up Emden, a German town. 'Give me Odessa,' he wired. In a few seconds we got the signal from the Russian seaport city, and asked for Teheran, the capital of Persia. 'Call Kurrachee,' said Andrews. In less than half a minute we were signaling the India town. The signals came at the rate of fifteen words a minute. After learning that the London office was testing the long wires, Kurrachee gave us Agra, and we chatted pleasantly for a few minutes with the operator on duty there. In a short time the operator switched us on to the cable to the Indian capital Calcutta. At first the operator could not believe he was talking to London, and he asked in the Morse language: 'Is this really London, England?' It was a wonderful achievement. Metallic communication between the capital of the English nation and the seat of her government in India, 7,000 miles away as the bird flies."

No Doubt of His Capacity. Chicago News.

New York banker: I admit, young man, that you have some capital, enough to start a small bank, but you have this far given no evidence of any business capacity, and I cannot let my daughter marry a man so obviously unable to take care of himself.

Anxious Suitor: I think you do me in justice, sir. If you remember, you advised me to open a savings bank in Chicago.

"I did."

"Well, after consideration I have determined not to go there, but to locate in Detroit."

"And why so, sir?"

"It is more neighborly to Canada."

"Take her, my son, and heaven bless you."

The three year old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Buehring, of Olatha, Johnson county, swallowed concentrated lye from the effects of which she died. It seems that a can of concentrated lye had been in use during the day and the evening, and that while the mother was absent from the room the little child had climbed up, taken the box and in attempting to drink the solution, part of it entered the child's windpipe. Medical aid was at once summoned but nothing could be done.

Terrible storms and floods have for several days prevailed in the French provinces. Three hundred of earthquake victims. At Roubaix the lightning destroyed a number of houses and killed several people.