

MASTER AND MAN.

Mr. Aurelius, the wealthy London merchant, sat conversing with his son over their wine after dinner. There was a strong contrast between the two. The father was stout, pompous, and heavy; his clothes were precise, but old-fashioned; the son, on the other hand, was slight, with a rakish countenance, an eye-glass, and an attire which bespoke the last fashion.

"Theodore," said Mr. Aurelius, as he leisurely filled the pipe of the decanter across his son. "I have given you, as you know, every educational advantage that money has been able to afford, and now I consider it my duty that you should enter my counting-house and help me in my business. In order, however, to impart a final polish to your education and to afford you a brief period of enjoyment before you begin the routine of office work, I have determined that you shall make a three months' tour of the continent."

"Thanks, awfully," Governor replied Theodore, his face growing vastly more cheerful with the concluding part of the sentence. "There is nothing I should like better."

"Let me see. To-day is Monday," continued Mr. Aurelius. "Why should you not start this week?"

"I am ready to start whenever you please," said Theodore, who not only looked forward to the possible dissipations of foreign travel, but was also glad to embrace any opportunity which would delay his entry into the counting-house.

"You will need for your tour," said Mr. Aurelius, "an experienced valet—one well acquainted with foreign languages, one accustomed to continental traveling. You shall have Ambrose."

This final offer was made in a tone of conscious munificence. Theodore left by an omnibus. Ambrose was Mr. Aurelius's own valet, and had traveled with his master over Europe twenty years ago, when Theodore was an infant in the arms of his mother.

"Your offer is most generous," answered his son, inclining gratefully to a younger, smarter and less old-fashioned servant—but I do not like to rob you of the valuable services of such a treasure."

Mr. Aurelius waved his hand magnificently, and lying back in his chair composed himself for his evening nap. There was a sign that the dialogue had come to an end.

In due course of time, that is to say, on the following Saturday, Theodore left by the night mail with Ambrose in his service and \$100 (\$500 in his pocket). Mr. Aurelius promised to forward his son more money as he might require it. It was heard, however, that he should not have too much at a time.

Now, the worthy merchant, knowing nothing of the classics himself, had a profound veneration for the classical gods, and stipulated with his son that he should spend at least a week in Rome.

Theodore, for his part, fancied Paris, Vienna, Berlin, St. Petersburg or Constantinople in preference to Rome; but dutifully determined to set over the least enjoyable part of his tour at the beginning.

On the way to the capital of the ancient world he stopped at Monte Carlo. It was his intention to stay there one night, and proceed on his journey next day. Having no idea of doing things except in the most magnificent style, he engaged a fine suite of apartments at the hotel.

After a recherche little dinner, washed down with a hot brandy, he determined to stroll out and amuse himself.

"Ambrose," he said to his servant, as the latter helped him into his evening dress, "know precisely at what time I shall be back, but stay up for me."

"Yes, sir," replied Ambrose. Not a muscle of his face was moved. He was pleased with the injunction or not, he had all the imperturbability of an excellent servant.

As soon as Theodore had gone, Ambrose's first action was to make his own dinner off the remnants of his master's. Then he mixed himself a tumbler of brandy and water, and composed himself to read until Theodore should return.

The hours dragged on, and Ambrose began to grow weary. He had already three times done what in his master's presence nothing would have induced him to do—namely, yawned. The hands of the clock were pointing to 3 A. M., and Ambrose was yawning for the fourth time, when at length Theodore entered.

Both his manner and look showed him to be much excited, while from his thick voice and unsteady gait he appeared to have been drinking.

Theodore flung off his ulster and hat, and sinking into a chair, plunged his hands into his pockets, and sat regarding space with a mad, self-satisfied smile.

"Will master please to retire to bed now?" inquired Ambrose.

"Bed!" cried Theodore. "Bed be hanged! I shan't go to bed to-night. Get me some brandy."

As his master appeared to have too much brandy already, Ambrose affected not to hear the command.

Theodore's heavy, bloodshot eyes roamed slowly around the apartment, and at length fell on the cash-box. Surely, he had not left it out there over night; he did not recollect having touched it at all. But then his consciousness of last night's actions was a trifle indistinct. He examined it hastily, and found it empty. A horrible suspicion seized him. He hurried back into the bedroom and felt in the pockets of his coat which lay folded on a chair.

Something between a groan and a curse escaped him, as he found them every one empty.

"At that moment the waiter came back. "Ambrose—where is Ambrose?" demanded Theodore hoarsely.

"The concierge tells me—" began the man, and then hesitated.

"So on, hang you!" cried Theodore, impatiently. "For heaven's sake, go on!"

"That monsieur's valet passed the door at 4 this morning and has not, so far as the prefect is aware, since returned home. The prefect was very high with rage."

"The villain!" he gasped. "He has robbed me of every farthing!"

"Impossible!" cried the waiter, throwing up his hands in a gesture of amazement. "I wish it were!" answered Theodore, bitterly. "But the rascal shall rue it. He shall be caught as sure as an alive. What is the time now?"

"Just after 11," he only has seven hours' start. Send me the manager of the hotel at once!"

"The manager?" said Mr. Aurelius, who soon appeared and listened with polite attention to Theodore's tale of woe.

It was a most regrettable and lamentable affair, and he sincerely hoped that the rascal would be caught. Monsieur's best plan was immediately to communicate with the police. Theodore, being already dressed, with the exception of his coat and boots, speedily donned those articles of attire and drove without delay to the police bureau.

The prefect was very civil to Theodore, and undertook that every possible step should be taken to insure his capture. As soon as any important discovery was made he would immediately inform monsieur at his hotel.

Having thus intrusted the pursuit of Ambrose to the police, these two had another, and an equally important, task to perform, namely, to "wire" to his father for a fresh supply of money. He considered carefully how best to do this, and finally determined to give the least possible check to Mr. Aurelius's feelings, and induce him to remit a liberal amount. It ended in his deciding to "wire" at all.

Writing, by that means he could explain matters more fully, and mollify his parent with careful explanations. He would also, save the expense of a telegram, which, in his present financial state (he had scarcely two Napoleons in his pocket), was an important consideration.

After all, what did a little delay signify? Monte Carlo was a pleasant place to stop at, and his considerable quantity of luggage would guarantee him fully a week's rest at his hotel, so he composed a carefully-written epistle to Mr. Aurelius, in which he made no mention of the gambling, but merely stated that Ambrose had borrowed all his funds and left him destitute, and he must have a remittance by return.

In the evening he strolled down to the Casino and watched the gamblers. How his fingers itched to join them! He went by one table for an hour, and followed the fortunes of the different players, and decided, finally, on what chances he should have staked had he possessed the money. Time after time these chances came up in his favor, and he hated Ambrose more bitterly than ever. If he had only had the money he should have broken the bank and made his fortune, and here he stood losing the most glorious opportunities, all for the sake of a few hundred francs. He would communicate with Scotland Yard, but Ambrose might at least have left him that much.

The next morning but one he received a visit from the prefect of police. The officer had made inquiries, of which the result was that a man answering to Ambrose's description had left Monte Carlo for Paris early yesterday morning.

He (the prefect) had communicated with the Parisian police by telegram, but they had not been able to hear anything certain of the runaway. They had reason to believe, however, that the valet had escaped to England.

"To England!" Theodore exclaimed. "Surely, that would be the last place he would go to!"

The prefect smiled and shrugged his shoulders.

"It was a common ruse with thieves to go where folks would least expect to find them. Besides, after all, what place so difficult to discover as a man in London? He supposed that the Parisian police would communicate with Scotland Yard. But the Scotland Yard detectives—"

The officer again shrugged his shoulders and did not complete his sentence. He let it to be inferred, however, that he did not hold a high opinion of the English police.

"We have not been able to discover," he resumed, "whether the thief got rid of the French notes on his way through France. If he did, there is little chance of his being caught. But if he has taken them to England, and attempts to change them, we may afford a clew which will enable even the English detectives to take him."

As soon as the prefect had withdrawn, Theodore went to the nearest telegraph office and sent a considerable portion of his remaining cash in telegraphing to Mr. Aurelius.

He was in a state of great excitement, and he generally allowed half an inch for flannel, and if it is properly washed there is no reason why it should shrink perceptibly after that. The proper way to wash the garment in hot soap, never rubbing it, and put it repeatedly through a wringer. The garment should never be wrung with the hands and never put in cold water.

Expert Revolver Shooting Has Gone the Way of the Code Duello. There are no first-class pistol shots in Louisville; there are few east of the Mississippi; indeed, they are not plentiful anywhere in the country nowadays.

In anti-bellum days, when the code duello was in vogue in the South, there were a great many famous shots with the pistol. We often read how such and such a celebrated duelist cut strings and wove in two with bullets as he rode to the fighting ground. But when the code was abolished good revolver shooting in the South died out with it, and it has not since been revived in the West. It was then being opened up to settlement.

There never were finer pistol shots in the West than many of the men who were professional killers and who figured in the romantic criminal annals of the West. There is scarcely a story about Wild Bill's proficiency with the pistol that is not true. He was the quickest, surest shot ever in the West. He had killed nearly forty men in his time, and had done it pleasantly to say the least. The rarest thing that he shot his victim more than once. His favorite spot in which to plant his deadly bullet was between the eyes. He dropped many a man through the heart by way of variation. It is said that he could throw an oyster-can into the air and put several bullets into it from his own hands before it reached the ground. He could also send six bullets through the hole made by the first ball in a target seventy yards away. While shooting he never appeared to take aim, but sent his leaden messengers flying on their mission in seemingly the most careless and off-hand way imaginable.

All the killers with big records and private grave-yards shot in such the same manner. Bill the Kid, Clay Allison, Butternut, Sam Hilditch, the "Burr Brothers," "Comanche," Jack Stillwell, and other worthies of the frontier, all shot with no apparent aim. All of them were professional killers, and in their later days, when abundance of practice had made them dexterous in the art of murder, most of them shot their victims always between the eyes.

To show how quick these men were Capt. Harry Horn of the Oklahoma posse tells a story of Wild Bill. Captain Horn was a deputy sheriff under Bill, and was in the saloon in Deadwood with him when he was killed. Bill was playing poker and was skinning out a hand when his murderer stepped behind him and fired into a revolver to the back of his head and blew his brains out. Bill was killed almost instantly, but managed to throw his cards down, and both his hands and feet were stiff. Such marvelous quick action almost passes belief.

When, from his station, Thro' skie of mutation, Phobus, to rest, Sinks in the mist, Off ring oblation, And sweet devotion, We'll sail the ocean To Isles of the Blest.

Wand'ring together Over the heather, Odorous ways, Mid the sweet weather, Till sunset flashes, And darksome haze.

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My Little Master. O little poet, winging through the air, Is it the sky you're singing to, Or is it that afar you see, Only a lone linden tree, And half concealed and half confessed, A nest?

Oh, truly, you should I knew The happy secret of your glee, That joy where with you birds are blest, Red-breast!

Society and so light of wing, You soar and sing, I pray, could you not softly sing, My merry minstrel, down to me, The melody of that which as though she fashioned it, Long time, in doubt, she sought To find on earth a soul to whom she'd wed Her tears, and said: "Behold what I have wrought! Although thy chords of wood thy hand to prove Its depth of tone and gift of witchery, But late thou learned its wondrous power to soothe the soul's receptivity."

Be bold to strike the chords when impulse knocks! Each string a hair plucked from a muse's locks. LAFAYETTE, Ind. — W. DEWITT WALLACE.

A BOSTONIAN ROMANCE. The Simple and Beautiful Language of Love Among the Cultured. Chicago Tribune.

"Will this disappointment eventuate in any modification of your plans for the future, Osgoodson?" said the young girl, softly, as she wiped her spectacles, replaced them with care, and looked through them in a respectful, sympathetic, almost tender manner at the downcast youth.

"My plans?" he replied, dazedly. "What are plans to me? Who polychromizes to me of the future? I have no future, being reduced to irremediable chaos every nascent inchoative design projected by the stereotyped of earnest purpose on the score of mental receptivity."

A shadow of main firmed across the brow of the young woman. From where she stood, on the inside of a grate in the rear of one of Boston's public buildings, she looked out over the Common, where light-hearted but mature children were playing in the decorous, thoughtful, cultured manner peculiar to that place, and a feeling of pity for the young man who stood on the other side of the gate and leaned on the post stirred her soul.

"Yes, Osgoodson," she said "there are other—"

"Waldonia Fields-James!" he exclaimed impetuously. "To the man who has cherished a passion for you, Waldonia, no one who is to him the ideal and embodiment of all that is subjectively congenial and metaphysically apropos, as it were, the chief object of his affection, can be regarded reciprocally by the living, breathing reality of his cherished idolon shatters his mental perspective and obliterates every semblance of the barrier that once bonded his speculative firmament."

"While that may be indisputable, Osgoodson," replied the young woman, "there are other considerations of a more practical nature which should be taken into account. The stations in life we both occupy are humble, in the scientific and fallacious judgment of the world, but there is no reason why the girl of this more guided preference of yours should lean on to recklessly abandon your calling. It is true that I shall remain in this family, in the faithful performance of the duties that devolve upon me, but you will become accustomed in time, I trust, to the daily sight of one whom you mistakenly looked upon as a barrier to your happiness, and tranquility will come to you."

"I misunderstood you, Waldonia," said the young man. "When you asked me if this decision of yours would make any change in my plans for the future I imagined you alluded to my entertaining a preference for any other young lady. I shall not be deterred by the fact that you, Waldonia," he added dejectedly, "have turned to go. I expect to drive this milk-wagon all summer, just the same."

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