

HOW GRANDMA LOVED.

Grandmother Lise would not let me take grandfather's miniature except when I had been very good, so it was considered by me as a sacred object, and to this day I cannot look at it without feelings of tenderness. It recalls not only its own environment, but all that pertained to the dear old lady—her little emaciated face, framed with ribboned locks of white hair, which had the soft and golden tint of a silk cocoon, the short, watered silk dress, the yellow lace of her cap and neckerchief.

I see again, thanks to that picture, her chamber close at hand; the great bed, hung with figured Jouy curtains, no longer made, though still imitated; her easy chair covered with striped velvet, of a brilliant blue, over which the light, streaming through muslin curtains, threw the hue of a silvery gray; the chiffonier of rosewood where her knitting lay, and where the bows of her huge gold spectacles loomed in sight.

The precious miniature was kept in an old casket lined with faded rose silk, which exalted the perfume of the iris, so light and delicate that it appeared a sensation of the memory rather than a real odor.

How many times I mused over the precious ivory in weird, childish dreams, in which respect was mingled with a large measure of lively curiosity. I used to think of the time when my young grandfather had lived—for, not having seen him, I could form no image of him but one young and elegant, as he was pictured—a time so different from ours, when every man must have had larger eyes, finer cut features, lips more reserved and always smiling, and a beardless face. Full of admiration for this fairy grandfather, I scarcely dared smile at the coat with its monstrous collar, or the cravat encroaching on the chin, in which the neck appeared to be in torture.

But I did not say what I thought, perhaps not to get laughed at for notions which I felt were absurd, but which I cling to so much the more. Such are children, and sometimes children of a larger growth. The curiosity excited by the portrait had grown with my growth and strengthened with my strength. I had entered my teens, the down on the lip was just starting, and I had some vague notions about love. I could not imagine how Grandmother Lise, who, it seemed to me, just always have been old and wrinkled, could ever have been loved by the young and brilliant original of that portrait. I turned to her abruptly and almost unconsciously:

"Grandma Lise, how was it that you came to marry Grandpa Octave?"

The question had scarcely escaped my lips when I began to blush to the roots of my hair, for I had perceived from grandmother one of those pleasant but penetrating looks with which she was accustomed to read the thoughts of her favorite grandson, which, although affectionate, did not on that account cause less embarrassment. Instead of a retort—the sharp, repartee which she knew how to use in the style of persons raised by parents imbued with the spirit of the eighteenth century, the search at every turn for the quaint and keen expression—her face was irradiated by a smile and her dull eyes were re-animated by the luster of one of those tears of the aged which are rounded, but do not fall.

Had she understood me? Perhaps so. At all events I had awakened memories which she was willing to review, in words at least, for which the mischievous expression which made her look young again, she answered me pleasantly:

"How was it, do you ask? It was very simple. We deserted each other. That was it!"

I could not restrain my amazement. She expected it and continued vivaciously:

"Yes, my boy, Octave and I detested each other. It was quite natural. We were cousins-german, almost brother and sister, but very unlike. Lively, unruly, in exuberant health, having black eyes always laughing. I was, about the year 1810, one of the most turbulent of the young creatures who wore the hair curled a la Titus, a frock of printed calico fitting close to the arms, and embroidered pantaloons playing loosely over laced shoes. Laugh, laugh, my dear child, but it was the exact costume that your sister Camille would have sported if she had lived a half century earlier. He was pale, having blue veins running over his forehead, and eyes bluer yet; a mild expression, almost sickly, he was so sedate and reflective. He resembled you, darling, and that is why I have always preferred you to others. Be careful not to boast of it."

Her wrinkled hand fondled my hair and neck, and her cold mouth brushed my forehead with a kiss. I was, as ever, pleased, and yet impatient of this habitual caressing, which, too often for my taste, interrupted the stories that she told me.

Slipping from her embrace I brought her back to the subject.

"Well! you did not detest him simply because he did not resemble you, grandma. There was something else. What was it? Tell me."

"Yes, there was something else. This little gentleman was never in

harmony with the rest of his cousins (and there were plenty of them), in cutting up a thousand pranks, dabbling in the puddles, building castles of sand and dirt, climbing trees, playing robber, fighting—yes, fighting. What was more, as if to scorn us he had forever a liking to read under our noses during play hours out of one of those old books.

"He at least looked down on us. I saw it in the way his lip curled when he saw me coming, as I often did at the head of a romping troop, with cheeks as red as mulberry blood, hair disordered and dress in tatters. He said nothing, and that was worse. A calm so insolent! a silence so insulting! I would have beaten him if I had dared."

"You must have been naughty, grandma!"

"I thought so, child; I often thought so. But I don't think so now. Is much to be expected at that age? A fine age, all the same!"

"And then—"

"Then—that continued for years and years. I, still turbulent and giddy with play; he, always reading and pointing at us, until he was fifteen years old and I twelve. At that time he had to leave Paris with his parents. I did not see him again for six or seven years after. I was no longer a little girl, you know; my hair still curled, and that was my despair, for the fashion of head-dress a la Chinese had come in—all the hair drawn to the top—and I could not succeed in smoothing mine according to the style. My dresses had been lengthened out. Printed calicoes were no longer worn, but muslins, and very beautiful leg-of-mutton sleeves. In the meantime I had not ceased being sprightly and jovial, and sometimes, only occasionally, noisy.

"As for him he was the same fellow as when he left, except that he had light whiskers, which were quite becoming. He pressed my hand ceremoniously instead of kissing me as I had expected, which somewhat irritated me, because I had planned, as I still detested him so much in memory, to turn to him only the tip of the ear. Then, with scant courtesy, he seemed to pay no further attention to me—me whom everybody else was noticing. I felt outraged.

"I saw that he limped a little, having recently fallen from his horse. That passed away afterward. This lameness I made up my mind to turn to account for revenge. We were at an uncle's in the country, where I made a visit every year. Octave had scarcely gone out before I began walking round the parlor imitating his halting step and formal manner. It set every one laughing. Elated with my success, I was trying it over again when he came in and surprised me. I expected reproaches. Wonder! He did not appear to feel hurt, or to observe my mischievousness. I never detested him more.

"In the evening there was a grand dinner. My cousins had brought one of their friends whom I considered a coxcomb and whom I avoided, especially as he took pains to single me out for his pretentious compliments. He attached himself to me with familiarity and vanquishing airs which would have put me beside myself if I had not seen that Octave was frowning. Ah! that displeases you, I thought. Well, my lad, you may plague yourself. Then I got absorbed with the idea of playing the amiable with this reckless fellow. He took advantage of it and was so troublesome that I went out in the dark to escape his ridiculous attentions. He followed me. Already the effects of drinking a good deal of champagne had been apparent: outside it was still worse. The phrases which he addressed to me commenced finely, but did not finish. The beginning were sufficient and I wanted no more. I turned my back and scampered away. Notwithstanding my bravery I had had enough. Alas! he ran after me, seizing my hand and trying to stop me. This time my fear was so strong that—"

"You began to cry?"

"Not exactly. I drew away my hand and gave it to him again, not as he wished, but on his face—'slap bang!'"

"Bravo, grandma!"

"Do not applaud so quickly. Octave, who had rejoined us, had attended my confirmation, and made that a pretext to intervene between me and my pursuer. The next morning, held responsible for my slap, he had a tilt with the impertinent fellow and scratched him, fortunately not very deeply, so that the adventure ended better than might have been feared."

"You did not detest him any longer, grandma, did you?"

"Quite the contrary. By what right had he interfered? I was furious about it, the more furious as everybody scowled at me, attributing the trouble to my flirting. So quite roused up, I decided to go and tell this officious youth once for all what I thought of him."

"Oh, grandma."

"Sir, I said to him—I could think of no term more fitting and disparaging—'sir, you must tell me by what right you persecute me so?'"

She looked at me slyly in silence, for I was dumbfounded in my boyish simplicity of thirteen years, with whom the feelings had yet natural play.

"It was cheeky, wasn't it? For it was I who had always persecuted

him. But it always happens that one talks nonsense when altogether wrong and dying with rage for not being right. I expected that he would get angry, but he did not. His eyes were fixed upon me with singular mildness, and he said calmly and slowly:

"Now, what have I done, Lise? Tell me."

"What have you done?" cried I.

"Then I perceived that the mere wish to make out that one is in the right will not furnish even poor arguments when one is really in the wrong."

"So I could not give the answer, and blushing with tears flowing from my eyes, I stammered out: 'You must have a grudge against me, Octave?'"

"No, I haven't."

"Yes, you have."

"It was all over."

"Then he gave me such a look, so good, so tender, so new, that my head reeled and I grew faint. It was in his arms that I heard these words which made me wild, wild with joy:

"Since we have detested each other so long, is this not the time to love one another?"

"That's the way it came about."—From the French.

FOUR STORIES.

None Are Chestnuts and All of Them Are Good.

Here are some dining stories, told by the New York Evening Sun's "woman about town," all good, all new, and each having its affidavit attached to it. Let's give the Englishman the precedence.

He was dining with a company of Americans somewhere in the country, and the waiter announced the desert after the manner of his kind: "Peach—plum—apple—blackberry—lemon—custard pie." You may bring me peach—plum—apple—blackberry—lemon pie," said the Englishman, in one wild plunge into unknown terrors. With a sly twinkle as he departed the waiter asked: "What's the matter with the custard pie?" While all the diners smiled till the dishes clinked together. And by and by, when all the pies were laid out before him, the Englishman looked up "in a contemplative fashion," and asked ruminatingly, "By the way, what was the matter with the custard pie, anyway?"

That reminds us—but that's another story, as Rudyard Kipling says, and it's the Irishman's turn now.

He was newly arrived, this Milesian personage, and he didn't propose to be borne at once, body and soul, out of the old loyalty into the new. But he too was at meat and was ministered unto after the usual interrogative way. "Red snapper, boiled whitefish, baked bluefish?" asked the waiter. Then all the Irish blood in his veins rose at once. "No, ye don't," he said. "I'll lav neither of them. St. Peter! I don't be havin' th' Amerیکن flag stuffed down me thro' that way, neither baked nor boiled nor fried! Ye may bring me some green peas and potatoes, waiter."

Not long ago the London Truth was moved to relate that story familiar to all good-story-loving Americans which we tell in this crisp way.

Testy old man to small boy—Boy, what do you mean by always hollering just when I'm going by?"

Small boy—Old fellow, what do you mean by always going by, just when I'm hollering?"

Now hear Truth. A somewhat irate old village squire was once moved to notice that a certain youngster seemed always in the act of hallooing while he was passing by. And so one day he said to him, with that arrogance which, it seems, characterizes village squires: "Boy, why is that you always appear to be hallooing whilst that I am passing by?"

To which the boy responded, with that readiness which characterizes village boys: "Why is it that you are always passing by whilst that I am hallooing?"

The Rebellious Lover.

She's as charming, men say, As a bright day in May, Or as ever a dear girl can be. She's so dainty and sweet, I would like the receipt For a daintier maiden than she.

But she bothers me so, That I really don't know Whether knowing her pays, after all. She's a torment and tease, And she's so hard to please. That my life is all wormwood and gall.

So why not let her slide, All her beauty defied! There are always good fish in the sea. And what do I care How'er she be fair, If she's always so unfair to me!

A Youthful Naturalist.

A dozen men were standing around the defunct carcass of a snake on Water street yesterday, speculating as to what variety it belonged to, says the Punksutawney Spirit. One said it was a house snake. Another contended that it was a rattler, and others suggested that it was a black snake, a garter snake or a water snake. Finally a barefooted boy, with one pantaloone leg rolled up to the knee and the other to the ankle joint, stepped up, and inserting a stick under the reptile's body raised it up and said:

"I'll tell you what kind of a snake that is."

"What kind is it?" asked several men in chorus.

"A dead snake," said the urchin, as he tossed it into the mud and darted away.

A PANTHER'S LAST LEAP.

A Woman's Life Saved by a Good Eye and Sharp Shooting

An Adirondack Guide Relates a City Man's Exploit in the North Woods, in the State New York—Big Game for a Revolver.

Here is a story which I took down from the lips of one of the oldest guides in the North Adirondack region the other day.

"The best marksman I ever saw in St. Lawrence county was a Buffalo man named Birgin, who came here a few years ago with his wife, who was an invalid. She was threatened with consumption, and the doctors had advised her to try the air of the mountains. Birgin had a neat log cabin built about two miles in from here, early in the spring, and when he had furnished it handsomely he moved in with his wife and two servants. He seemed to have plenty of money and didn't have anything to do but take care of his wife and sketch and write a little and practice shooting with a revolver. He didn't seem to care much for hunting, and I don't think I ever saw him use a rifle.

"I never could see why he practiced so much, for he could hit everything within range that he could see. I have known a good many crack shots and seen a deal of close shooting in my time, but this city man beat them all. He didn't use any of these new-fangled pistols, but always practiced with a rather old-fashioned looking Colt's revolver. He always said he hated to kill anything. He shot to kill before he left the woods, though."

"I was not very busy in the spring and early summer and I went around with Birgin a good deal. Like every stranger, he was afraid of the woods and he paid well for anything that looked like work."

"When I had nothing particular to do I used to stroll over to Birgin's cabin along in the forenoon, when the weather was fine. Then, as his wife continued to improve, I would take them farther and farther into the woods; each time in a new direction. On these trips I always carried my double-barreled muzzle-loading shot-gun; and it's worth three of any breech-loaders I ever handled. In the left barrel I always had a heavy charge of powder and buckshot, and in the other barrel a charge of fine bird shot."

"One afternoon my boy, who was then a lad of 15, had been out with my shot-gun. He came home at night a good deal excited. He had met some of the boys and they had told him about a panther that had been seen and heard in the neighborhood. He talked so much about the panther that he forgot to tell me he had fired the charge of buckshot and left both barrels of the gun loaded with bird shot."

"I didn't take any stock in the story about the panther and thought the boys had been trying to scare the lad. I had never seen a live panther, and never expected to see one, at least about here. I thought so little about it that I didn't mention the matter to the Birgin people."

"The next morning I took my shot-gun and went over to the cabin. Mrs. Birgin was feeling stronger than usual that morning, and we walked a long way from the cabin. One of the servants went with us and carried a big basket of provisions. We camped for lunch in a pretty little ravine. After lunch Birgin and myself crossed the ravine and left the women sitting on the bank. Birgin had his revolver in his belt, as usual, and began hammering on a rock looking for specimens, and I sat looking on, with my gun over my knees."

"Suddenly I heard a stir in the underbrush on the other side of the ravine. I turned my head and you can imagine how I felt when I saw a full-grown male panther only a few feet back of where the women sat. It had probably been attracted by the smell of the provisions and was making observations."

"I confess I lost my head a little, as I was not hunting for panthers. My first thought was to give the panther a dose of buckshot, and I took quick aim and let go my left barrel, over the heads of the women. I knew by the light recoil that something was the matter with the load, but I could not understand it. I sent the other charge instinctively. The panther was less than a hundred feet away."

"You can imagine the effect of the bird shot in the face of a robust and hungry panther. It simply maddened him. The beast prepared to spring upon the women, but I could do nothing with only an empty shot gun. At my first shot Mrs. Birgin had turned and caught sight of the panther just above her and fell in a dead faint."

"The huge beast made the spring, but went wide of his mark and rolled down the bank to the bottom of the little ravine. Birgin had been equal to the emergency. He sprang up instantly when I shot, and drawing his Colt's revolver sent a 38-calibre slug into the panther's right eye. A second slug caught him in the centre of the forehead, just as he sprang clear of the ground. He just grazed the unoppositional form of Mrs. Birgin, and was dead before he had rolled down to the bottom of the glen."

"Birgin hurried up the bank to attend to his wife, who soon recovered,

and I went to look over the panther. Its face and neck were peppered with the little bird shot, but the empty socket and the hole between the eyes told the story. While I was overhauling the panther Birgin came down and looked on. 'Now I know what I have been practicing all this time for,' was all he said. He told me afterwards that he did not wait to fairly get the sights; but his long practice made it impossible to miss his aim."

"Birgin and the girl helped Mrs. Birgin back to the cabin, half carrying her most of the way. I skinned the panther, leaving on the head and claws. Birgin took the skin with him to Buffalo when his wife's health was fully restored in the fall."

HORSE MEAT FOR EATING.

Can't be Distinguished from Beef When Made into Sausage.

Physically it may be distinguished from beef or mutton by its appearance, says the Nineteenth Century. It is coarser in the grain than beef. In this respect it resembles bull beef more than any other. It is darker in color and looks more moist than beef. It has a peculiar smell and a peculiar sweetness of taste. Its flavor is generally considered to be half way between the flavors of beef and game. It is something like the flavor of hare. One reason why horse flesh is, as a rule, darker in color than beef is that horses which are poleaxed or which have died from injury, disease or old age are not properly bled and dressed by the slaughterer. It is, however, by its fat that horse flesh is most easily distinguished. The fat of horse flesh is not generally mixed with the lean. It is yellow in color. It looks more moist than the fat of beef. It soon melts and soon becomes rancid. Consequently, unless a rapid sale is effected or the fat removed an advanced price must be charged in order to secure the butcher from loss on unsold meat.

Lastly, horse flesh can be distinguished from beef by its chemical characteristics, and it is in this way that it may be recognized when mixed with other substances. Who can tell, except the chemist, what are the component parts of a sausage, polony or saveloy? Or who can tell by taste what these parts are? We do not judge by taste, we judge by flavor, and in the making of flavor—to use Sam Weller's phrase—"it's the seasoning as does it."

Those Manish Girls.

The rights of man are gradually being taken from him, and it's quite time he should rebel, says "Bab," that chatty New York woman who writes such bright letters. There are some things that should be left him, and as he has always been much nearer my heart than any woman, I beg to announce that I am ready to stand up for him and enter a firm, if feminine, protest against the way he is being treated. Whether women will copy his example in behavior is something I do not know and which I will probably discover in the future. Just at present she is delighted, like the little fool that she is, if somebody tells her that her reasoning is masculine in its strength. She is charmed if she is thought to read the books that men would read, and she is perfectly willing to give her opinion on anything, from a buttonhole bouquet to double entry book-keeping. She is just as funny as the monkey that comes with the organ, for she's just as near being a man as he is. One girl who realized this fact went to a haberdasher's to buy a scarf to wear with her boyish get-up. She said to the man behind the counter:

"Oh, dear me, I shall never be able to tie this! Why can't I have one that's already tied, with hooks behind?" Very politely the answer came to her, "Yes, madam, but no gentleman would think of wearing a ready-tied scarf." "Oh, but—" said she, "I am afraid I never shall be a perfect gentleman!" I doubt if the little lady ever will be a perfect gentleman.

It Keeps Coming Down.

"Keeps coming right down, don't it?" cheerily remarked young Shallowpate to Uncle Sowersby. Uncle Sowersby beckoned him in out of the storm, carefully adjusted his glasses, and then solemnly remarked: "Young man, did you ever see rain go up?"

Young Shallowpate confusedly allowed he didn't think he ever had. Shallowpate appeared rather embarrassed, and held his peace.

"No, you never did," snarled the old pirate, "and you never will. Now you run right along home, and let God Almighty manage this rain business, and not bother sensible people with your foolish questions!"

The Race Dying Out.

Tourist (down south)—There is a very general idea up north that the negro race in the south is dying out. Aunt Dinah—l's 'fraid dat's too true, honey, too true. Only las' week ole Uncle Pomp wos uster belong to General Washington fell down det, right in his tracks; an' ole Aunt Chilo, wot gev er drink er water to General Lafayette, she's gone, too; and I knows two more wot's sick. Yes, honey, I don't know what 'ud become of th' col'd race if it wasn't that mos' of us wot's livin' has fiteen or twenty chil'ens apiece.—New York Weekly.

SHARP POINTS.

Ashville Citizen: Don't try to drown your sorrows in a jug; troubles are great swimmers.

Washington Post: A correspondent desires to make it known that the compensation for fiction is a storied earn.

Atchison Globe: It makes no difference what a man's first impulse is in an argument with a woman, his last is to run.

Boston Herald: Ice is expensive every where this season. Even the icebergs in the Atlantic are reported unusually high.

Philadelphia Times: A late western cyclone struck a prairie and was terribly disappointed; it had nothing to blow about.

Ashland Press: It is a careful wife who puts four big berries on top of her husband's dish and seven at the bottom of her own.

Binghamton Leader: We notice in a little tale at hand the statement, "He kissed her under the tulips." Bad shot. Right plump on the tulips rings the bells.

New York Herald: "I have always been a staunch protectionist," remarked Youngfather, "but since the baby has been fretful at nights I do wish McKinley would remove the tacks from carpets."

Martha's Vineyard Herald: "It is astonishing how a little mind will hold out. A female friend whom we know has been giving a piece of her mind to most everybody for forty years and yet the original plant remains."

WAYS OF GREAT MEN.

Who Seem to Have Forgotten the Teaching of the Schools.

I was sitting in the senate gallery, says a Washington Post writer, wondering why so learned a speaker as Senator Teller should say "air" for "are"; why so eloquent a gentleman as Senator Daniel should say "oam" for "oalm," and why Senator Moody should say "extrordinary;" wondering, too, why pretty nearly every senator when he has nothing to say says it in his most oratorical manner, and why most of them begin their long speeches with the assertion that they do not intend to make speeches, and end them by saying they have taken more of the senate's time than they intended to. I was sitting there thinking of these things when I spied my old friend, Uncle Jabez Larrabee, of Illinois, in the gallery across from me. Always interested in his observations, I went over and sat down beside him.

"I've been thinking," said he, "what 'tarnal nonsense it is for us to teach our children how to write accordin' to rule. Now, out in our village they teach what they call the Spenserian system, an' they make every child sit just so at his desk an' hold his pen just so, pointin' over his right shoulder, and his arm restin' jest in such a position on the desk. I swum I don't see no use in that at all, fer no man ever got to be great, seems to me, till he unlearned all them rules an' went to writin' accordin' to his own idea of how it should be done."

He Was a Fighter.

Colonel Candler, of Georgia, tells a good story of his first meeting with Private John Allen, of Mississippi, and how the private "worsted" him in a knock-down and drag-out fight.

"I was down near Tupelo in command of a Georgia company," said Mr. Chandler. "One morning a lean, lank, gawky country boy, who looked as if you held him up to the light you could see the tadpoles in him, walked up to my tent and drawled out, 'Cap'n, one o' your—men stole my blanket an' I'm goin' to frail—out'n somebody.'"

"About this moment, one of my men came up and said: 'Captain, it is my blanket he refers to. You know that blanket, for you have slept under it many times.'"

"Yes," I replied, "I remember it. Of course it is yours."

"Yes," said the boy, "that's just like you—Georgians. One of you will tell a lie and t'other will swear to it. Now, cap'n, if you will jist shed them stripes I'll whip you quicker'n—will scorch a feather."

"I couldn't stand that challenge," continued the Georgian. "I quickly threw off my coat and lit into the fight. Well, if it had not been for my men I believe that fellow would have beat me to death. He simply plowed up the earth with me, and then offered to whip all my men one by one, but none of them would try him. That boy was Private John Allen, the Mississippi congressman."—Atlanta Constitution.

Pole Vaulting.

Pole vaulting is species of jumping, in which the jumper aids himself by the use of a long pole which he plants in the ground a little distance from the bar, and with which he lifts himself as he springs into the air. As the pole is reaching the perpendicular he swings himself over the bar, letting go the pole at the same moment. The same rule governs the pole vault as the running high jump, and there is no limit to the size or weight of the poles.

His Staff for Support.

"Bread is the staff of life, you know," said the farmer's wife to the tramp.

"I know it is," answered the tramp sadly; "and I know I've got to lean on it."