

"ENFANT TERRIBLE."

I was a maiden two years old, Of quiet, gentle mood. My sister took me, she more bold, To ramble in the wood.

There quickly followed, frank and free, Our steps a sportsman mad, Who kissed my sister, one two, three! And she, she merely smiled.

Now this I witnessed very meek, And then I thought; "Alas! Just wait till I can barely speak And then I'll tell mamma!"

Fliegende Blaetter.

THE FATE OF RAMON.

AND now Ramon Medrano was a ruined man. The cloud of misfortune had burst upon him at a time when he thought it was about to pass away. It was the fault of those rascally, long-tongued Americanos, with their peeping ways and their vile inquisitiveness. For half a score of years he had lived in the old Spanish town of Logrono and had been the landlord of the Posada Huespedes Oriental. Now he looked back and saw all of his work swept away.

Ramon couldn't forget it. It was a fine night, and the moon came up early. The two Americans had sat on the balcony until it was quite late. Ramon was smoking a cigarette, freshly rolled, and was looking at the picture of the pink-faced Madonna which hung on the wall, while his left foot tapped the tiled floor as he unconsciously kept time to the fandango. He remembered all these things so plainly now.

"Have the Americans gone to bed yet, think you?" said Dolores, as she poured out a thimbleful of fragrant wine for him.

"How should I know? I am not yet a valet to my guests," he answered somewhat testily.

"Las onze!" "That was the night watch going by, crying out 11 o'clock. Who cared whether it was 11 o'clock or not? He was in a bad mood and there was no cause for it.

It seemed to the woman as if it was almost time for the night watch to come again, but she would not wait to see the midnight hour shouted out. So away she went to her room, while Ramon, usually Ramon the cheerful but to-night Ramon the gloomy, sat bolt upright in an easy chair, looking steadily at the wall and thinking.

"Ramon, are you going to sit up all night?" came the shrill voice of Dolores. He had been sleeping again. The voice roused him, but it was for an instant—just long enough for him to call her an uncomplimentary name under his breath. Then he was nodding again. The cigarette fell to the floor and he dreamed. His dream must have been a bad one, for it made him clutch at his chair. In the midst of it he heard sounds, like voices. He heard a scratching noise, then a fall, as if a loose brick had fallen down the chimney. Wearily he lifted his heavy eyelids. The row of candles faded out until there was only one left. He looked half stupid with sleep at the bottle, next at the empty tumbler and then at the burning cigarette on the floor. He reached over mechanically and picked up the roll of tobacco. With an unsteady hand he poured from the bottle into the glass and drank. He puffed at the cigarette until the lighted end was in a glow. He was dozing again.

"Twelve o'clock!" cried the night-watch, and then—

Then came the horror. In the kitchen there was a crash. Like a wounded beast he had leaped to his feet with a cry. He snatched the candle up and ran to the door. He held it high above his head and looked.

There, in the big fireplace, he saw a face. It was grim with dirt. They eyes seemed to him to shine supernaturally. Behind was a faint glow. The figure moved forward, as if to struggle out. Ramon tried to speak, but his tongue rattled in his mouth. Three times as the figure squirmed forward his lips moved. At the third effort the sound came. But such a sound as it was—like the gasp of a dying man.

"Is it you? Have you come back?" The hand which clutched the door went up to his face and across his eyes, shutting out what he saw. The voice which came in answer was not Spanish. It was American.

"Well, old man," he said, "how long are you going to stand there? Give a fellow a lift, can't you?"

The terrified figure at the door was Ramon, the landlord, once more. He pulled himself together and said in a quavering voice:

"Ah, Senor, I did not know you. You have met with an accident."

He heard another voice. Both Americans were in the fireplace. They all sat down together over the half empty bottle. There they had told him in the hard Spanish, which they spoke, how, becoming tired of the moonlight they had gone into the room. How they had looked curiously into the fireplace and how they had accidentally disturbed a slab.

"Well, then, they had said, it would be a good thing for him to look around a little, for there were a couple of fellows up there with no flesh on their bones. Two skeletons who wore smiles on their bone faces, as if they were glad they were dead.

"The end of it all was that the three went up to the room and into the fireplace, along the damp, foul-smelling corridor, so heavy with mold that the candle burned dim. Half way they came across the dead, and the landlord, crossing himself piously, had started back in horror. Both skeletons were clothed. One wore the costume of Carlist captain, but the blue jacket was moldy and the lustre of the brass buttons was hid-

den by a thick coating of verdigris. The jaunty red Basque hat had rolled to one side, and the tape strings, which had held the rope scandals, were rotten, and they, too had fallen aside.

The dress of the other showed he had been nothing more than a Spanish peasant and a poor one at that.

And now he was ruined, was Ramon. No one would stop at his house now, and he wrung his hand at the thought, apparently, as he backed up against the corridor wall. Would the good kind American gentleman say nothing about this affair, that he might save the reputation of the house?

They had promised readily enough, and he had gone down stairs to the little room to sit and think. He had fixed up the fireplace in the kitchen—but he must think. The red sunlight came boldly through the east window, and it saw him still thinking.

He was ruined.

"Pack up," said Ramon to Dolores. "This house has a curse on it now and we will go away."

"How could they have come there, think you?" asked the woman, meaning the skeletons.

"How should I know?" he answered. And then they set to work to pack up. Ramon was in a feverish excitement to get away. It seemed to him as if he could not bear the thought of stopping in that house another night.

By the time the sun was ready to shine on the other half of the world the laden mules were in front of the door standing like statues, waiting for the word of the driver. The bush over the door swung carelessly on its string. The stars began to come out.

"You're a fool, Ramon, to take us off like this," said Dolores. "The mountains are not pleasant places to sleep on when one has been used to a bed."

He glared at her, yelled at the mules and the little train had started. They went down the narrow street toward the south, and when they had passed the last gaping villager and left the last adobe house behind, Ramon plucked up courage. He whistled a gay chanson and drove his heels into the sides of his mule as if to urge him to a faster gait.

"We will go to the south," he was just saying, when Pepe, the servant, who had sharp ears for a boy, exclaimed:

"Here comes the guardia civil. We shall have company."

"Let them come," returned Ramon recklessly. "Who cares? But may the blessed Madonna save us from the brigands."

The hoof beats sounded near and neerer, until before long the leader of the rough looking troop was neck and neck with Ramon's mule. The captain reached out, and with a dextrous touch twisted the rope bridle from Ramon's hand.

"Not so fast, good friend. One would think you were going to leave us," and he laughed.

"What do you mean?" asked the inn-keeper.

"Nothing. But the bones of the Carlist captain and of Antonio want company. You must come back."

In front of the posada was a group of excited villagers, and when the party rode up they greeted Ramon with cries of—

"Here he comes, the assassin."

"Kill the man who killed Antonio, who never harmed a cat," and

"Ah! the murderer!"

Ramon would have fallen from his seat had there not been a guard on either side. He was taken to the jail, while Dolores and Pepe went inside the lonely inn and the mules were taken to the stable and unpacked. While the guards were taking Ramon away Dolores stalked up and down the vacant room and wailed:

"Why have they done this? Of what great crime is Ramon guilty?"

Her question was answered sooner than she thought, for she had scarcely taken a dozen turns about the weeping Pepe when Padre Vincente, the good priest, entered. He told her that Ramon was accused of killing and robbing the Carlist Captain and later of killing Antonio.

"That night there was a maniac at the jail, a madman who shrieked and cursed and who at intervals cowered tremblingly in a corner of the cell and begged the good Captain, the kind Captain not to hurt him.

"I did not mean it, Antonio, my friend. I did not mean to choke thee so hard. Go back, I tell thee, go back there! Oh, Holy Mother, save me from him." Thus he went on all night, and thus bit by bit, he told with the ring of truth in his frenzied story of the murders.

Paganini's Shoe-Violin.

A Paris newspaper recently announced the sale of one of the most curious violins in the world. It formerly belonged to Paganini, the great violinist, and, at first sight, merely presents the appearance of a misshapen wooden shoe. Its history is curious, and is not without interest.

During the winter of 1838 Paganini was living in Rue de la Victorie, 48. One day a large box was brought there by the Normandy diligence, on opening which he found two inner boxes, and, wrapped carefully in the folds of tissue paper, a wooden shoe and a letter, stating that the writer, having heard much of the wonderful genius of the violinist, begged, as a proof of his devotion to music, that Paganini would play in public on the oddly-constructed instrument enclosed.

At first Paganini felt this to be an impertinent satire, and mentioned the facts with some show of temper to his friend, the Chevalier de Baire. The latter took the shoe to a remarkably sweet-toned instrument, and Paganini was pressed to try the shoe-violin in public.

He not only did so, but performed upon it some of his most difficult fantasias, which facts, in the handwriting of the violinist, are now recorded on the violin itself.

WHAT THE BARBER SAID.

This is what the barber said, When he got me in the chair, For he nearly talked me dead, While he raked my visage bare— Vainly striving to protest, For he would not let me speak, With his knee upon my chest, And his razor in my cheek.

"Boston's won the pennant, eh? Anson must be off his base; Still he hadn't ought to kick Long as he got second place. Wonder if they'll play a match With the 'socialion team'— This is what the barber said, Base ball was the opening theme.

"Rather sad about Parnell?— Didn't think he'd die so quick? All the Irish praise him now! That's the way—it makes me sick, First they hound him to the grave, Then they talk of him and weep— This is what the barber said, While I simulated sleep.

"Fasset's having lots to say, Going round upon the stump; Shouldn't swing if you're dead! Flower and Sheehan get the dump! Seems a case of loss and loss When you speak of Hill and Platt— This is what the barber said, As he jabbered through his hat.

Other things he might have said, But I was unconscious then, And although he woke me up, I pretended sleep again. Force of habit makes him talk, Even when he shaves the dead— Happy corpse that can not hear, Nor suffer what the barber said, —From the Albany Sunday Press.

THE OLD SILVER WATCH.

HARLES EAMES stepped into the office of his friend Bowles, editor of the Glenville Courant.

"How are you, Eames?" asked the editor.

"I ought to feel happy I suppose," said the young man, a little ruefully, "for I've just received notice of a legacy."

"Indeed! I congratulate you."

"Wait till you hear what it is."

"Well, what is it?"

"My Aunt Martha has just died, leaving \$50,000."

"To you? I congratulate you heartily."

"No; she leaves it to a public institution. She leaves me only her silver watch, which she has carried for forty years."

"How is that?"

"She didn't approve of my becoming an artist. She wished me to be a merchant. If I had consulted her wishes I should doubtless have been her sole heir. This small legacy is meant more as an aggravation than anything else."

"But you can make your own way."

"I can earn a scanty living at present. I hope to do better by and by. But you know my admiration for Mary Brooks; if I had been my Aunt Martha's sole heir I could have gained her father's consent to our marriage. Now it is hopeless."

"I am not so sure of that. This legacy may help you."

"An old watch? You are joking."

"Not if you will strictly observe my directions."

"What are they?"

"Simply this: Agree for one calendar month to mention or convey the least idea of the nature of your aunt's bequests. I will manage the rest."

"I don't at all know what you mean, Bowles," said the young artist, "but I am in your hands."

"That is all I wish. Now remember to express surprise at nothing, but let matters take their course."

"Very well."

In the next issue of the Glenville Courant the young artist was surprised to read the following paragraph: We are gratified to record a piece of good luck which has befallen our esteemed fellow-citizen, the promising young artist, Charles Eames. By the will of an aunt, recently deceased, he has come into a piece of property which has been in the family for many years. Miss Eames is reported to have left \$50,000.

"Really," thought the young man, "anybody would naturally suppose from this paragraph that I inherited my aunt's entire property."

He put on his hat and walked down the street. He met Ezekiel Brooks, president of the Glenville national bank.

Mr. Brooks beamed with cordiality.

"My dear sir, permit me to congratulate you," he said.

"You have read the Courant?" said Eames.

"Yes, and I am delighted to hear of your good fortune. Can I speak to you on business a moment?"

"Certainly, Mr. Brooks."

"You'll excuse my advice, but I know you are not a business man, while I am. My young man, do you want to make some money?"

"Certainly, I should be glad to do so."

"James Parker has 500 shares of the Wiblemud railway. It stands at 56, a figure much below its real value. But Parker is nervous and wants to sell out. I want you to buy out his entire stock."

"But, Mr. Brooks—"

"I know what you would say. It may go down, but it won't. I have advised that a speedy rise is almost certain. Buy him out and you'll make a handsome thing of it."

"But how shall I find the money?"

"Of course you haven't received your legacy yet. I know there are delays. No trouble about that. Give your note on ninety days, and I'll indorse it. You'll sell out before that time at a handsome advice."

"I will place myself in your hands, Mr. Brooks, but you must manage the business."

"Certainly; I shall only want your signature when the documents are made out. By the way, come round and dine with us, or have you another engagement?"

Another engagement? If James had had fifty engagements he would have broken them all for the privilege of meeting Mary Brooks. This was the first time he had been invited to the capitalist's table. The fact is, until this morning Mr. Brooks had scarcely vouchsafed him more than a cool nod on meeting; but his feelings had changed, or appeared to, and his behavior altered with it. Such is the way of the world.

It was a very pleasant dinner. The young artist remained afterward.

"I have an engagement, Mr. James," said Mr. Brooks, "a meeting of the bank directors. But you mustn't go away. Mary will entertain you."

The young man did not go away, and apparently was satisfied by the entertainment he received. He blessed his aunt for her legacy if only it had procured him this afternoon's interview with the young lady he admired. But it gained him more. Every few days he received a similar invitation. He could not fail to see that Ezekiel Brooks looked with evident complacency on the good understanding between his daughter and himself.

"What will he say," thought the young man, "when he finds out what sort of a legacy I have received from my aunt?"

Occasionally, too, he felt nervous about his hasty assent to the proposition to buy 400 shares of railroad stock at 56 when he hadn't \$50 ahead. He reckoned up one day what his purchase would amount to, and his breath was nearly taken away, when he found it amounted to \$28,000. Still it had been in a manner forced upon him. He asked no questions, but every now and then the old gentleman said: "Ah! Going well! Stock advancing rapidly."

With that he was content. Indeed, he was so carried away by love of Mary Brooks that he gave little thought to any other subject.

One day Mr. Brooks came up, his face beaming with joy.

"Wish you joy, Eames," he said. "Wiblemud's gone up like a rocket to par. Give me authority and I'll sell out for you."

The artist did so hardly realizing what it meant till three days later, he received a little note to this effect: Dear Eames: Have sold out your 500 shares of Wiblemud at 101. So you bought at 56. This gives you a clear profit of \$45, per share, or \$22,500. You had better take the ride and reinvest your surplus. Call at my office at once. EZEKIEL BROOKS.

Charles Eames read this letter three times before he could realize its meaning. Could it be that without investing a cent he had made over 22,000? It must be a dream, he thought.

But when he called at the old gentleman's office he found it was really true.

"Mr. Eames, how about this money? Shall I reinvest it for you?"

"Thank you, sir. I wish you would. I should like a little hand, however."

"Certainly. Will that answer?" and the old gentleman wrote a check for \$500 and placed it in the young man's hand.

It was more money than he had ever before possessed at one time. This was convincing proof of the reality of his good fortune.

The next day he went to the city and ordered a handsome suit of clothes at a fashionable tailor's. The fact was, his old coat was getting threadbare and his overcoat decidedly seedy. While he was about it he bought a new overcoat and boots as well as other needed articles, and still returned with money enough in his pocket to make him feel rich. He changed his boarding house, engaging a handsome room at a much nicer place.

"It seems to me you are dashing out, Eames," said his friend the editor.

"You know I've had a legacy," said Eames, laughing.

"I begin to think you have," said the editor.

When Eames appeared on the street in his new suit it was a confirmation of the news of his inheritance. His removal to a fashionable boarding house was additional confirmation. It was wonderful how he rose in the estimation of people who had before looked upon him as a shiftless artist.

All at once it occurred to him: "Why shouldn't the proposer for Mary Brooks? With \$20,000 I could certainly support her comfortably. There was a very pretty cottage and very tasteful grounds for sale at \$5,000. This would make a charming home."

One morning with considerable trepidation, young Eames broached the subject to Mr. Brooks.

"No one I should like better for a son-in-law, if Mary is willing was the prompt answer.

Mary was willing, and as there seemed no good reason for waiting, the marriage took place within a few weeks.

"Charles," said the father-in-law, after the young people returned from their wedding journey, "it is time for me to render you an account of your money affairs. I have been lucky in my investigations, and I have \$31,000 to your credit—or, deducting the amount paid for your house, \$26,000. By the way, have you received your aunt's bequest?"

"I received it yesterday," said Charles.

"Indeed!"

"Here it is," said the young man, and he produced a battered silver watch.

"Do you mean to say that it is all she left you?" asked his father-in-law, stupefied.

"Yes, sir."

Ezekiel Brooks whistled in sheer amazement, and his countenance fell. For a moment he regretted his daughter's marriage, but then came the thought that his son-in-law, through a lucky mistake, was really the possessor of quite a comfortable property, which under his management might be increased. So he submitted with a good grace, and is on the best terms with his daughter's husband, who is now in Italy with his wife pursuing a course of artistic study. He treasures carefully the old watch, which he regards as the foundation of his prosperity.—Exchange.

MR. BRODIE'S BLACK THURSDAY.

Is Fined \$50, Loses His Diamond and Drops \$100 on a Race.

"I'll cough up a cold \$100 to find me Jonah," said Mr. Stephen Brodie the other night. The eminent Bowery commoner was distressed and gloomy, says the New York World. He was overflowing with the bile of cynicism, and those who knew the great man's moods saw that he was "dead sore." "Yes," continued he, "I've got a Jonah, and he's done me up today."

In the morning Steve was fined \$50 in special sessions for distributing obscene poetry. He paid it, and stepping before the judge, said:

"Gentlemen, Mr. Comstock has 170 pictures of mine. You have looked 'em over. Now I ask you on the level to decide whether they are obscene and whether I am going to get them back."

Judge Smith informed the ex-bridge jumper that if he insisted on having the pictures another complaint would be made against him of having and displaying them. Following the instructions of his attorney, Edmund Price, Brodie did not make the demand.

Then Steve went back to his Bowery place and changed his clothes, and fixed his big \$500 diamond on his bosom. A few hours later it was missing, and Mr. Brodie declared that he had been robbed. Later on a friend rushed into his saloon at 355—

"Steve, you were fined \$50 dis mor nin'!" he exclaimed.

"Yes," was the vicious answer.

"Well, I can get it back for you."

"How?" asked Steve showing interest.

"I've got a led-pipe cinch on de sec'nd race at de Gut. Put a hundred on it."

Steve footed up the day's losses at \$650. "Hully gee!" he exclaimed, "I'm a bloomin' chump, so I am. But I want me pictures, and I'm going to have them. I don't want the ones that were taken from my place at 114 Bowery. I'll own up they're a little off and will give them to Comstock, but the ones from No. 355 was all dead swell high-art bluffs an' I want 'em back. Me lawyer will begin proceedings ag'in Comstock for the 110 pictures. If he's burnt 'em we will sue for value, which is about \$200."

HELL'LL HAVE TO GO BACK.

The Farmer Was Too Contented to Have All His Shingles On.

"Isn't it odd," asked Spatts, "that one never meets an optimistic farmer?"

"I met one while I was spending a few weeks in the western part of New York State last summer," replied Bloombumper.

"Oh, come now! You surely don't expect that to be believed."

"Indeed I do. I stopped at a house and asked for a drink of water. A man sat on the porch who seemed communicative, and I got into conversation with him. 'Crops are very good this year,' I remarked. 'Yes,' he said, 'we have a fine yield of everything.'

"But I suppose," I added, 'as is usually the case when everybody has lots of grain and other products to sell, the price is so low that it discourages farmers from trying to raise much more than they need themselves.'

"Well, it might discourage some," said he; but he found that he could always sell whatever he could raise at prices which amply repaid him.

"There is a good apple yield this year," I ventured. 'Yes, immense.'

"But, with everybody gathering full crops of apples, you surely can't get enough for them to pay for the picking."

"Perhaps not from the apples themselves," replied the farmer, "but we can get excellent prices for the cider we can make."

"It was that way everything I suggested. He put the best side on every possible contingency and seemed to be quite contented. As I left the place I remarked to a man who was approaching. 'I don't think I ever met a man who took a brighter view of things than the old gentleman on the porch.'

"Ah," replied the new comer, as he shook his head, "that's old Mr. Bowers. He was discharged from the insane asylum two or three months ago as cured, but I guess he'll have to go back."—Greensburg Sparks.

PADDY GOT HIS TURKEY.

Ludicrous Incident in a Chicago Police Court.

"Place let her go, yer anner. She gave me a divil of a beatin', so she did, but I forgive her, and if I do I think ye ought," pleaded Catherine Gallagher in the East Chicago Avenue police court recently when the case against Bridget Smith, charged with disorderly conduct, was called.

It was like this, yer anner. She has a lot of little children which have been after tryin' to let loose a turkey I had savin' fur Patrick to-day. I cotched the little divils and I shpanked 'em good. Bridget had been havin' some beer last night, so she came over to my house and she did smash me good. She did send for me, your anner, this mornin' and she said, sez she, she war sorry that the beer was bad. Won't you let her off, Judge?"

"I will if you will pay the costs," said Justice Kersten.

"I couldn't do that, yer anner, for I haven't a cent."

"Then I will have to send you to jail."

"Don't do that, yer anner, for then Patrick will get no turkey. If you will let me both off, yer anner, I will bake the turkey and give Bridget and her children half ay it."

"Discharged," said the Justice.

Next!—Chicago Tribune.

DANGER OF 'CYCLING.

Moderation Should Be the Rule of All Riders.

Those who believe in the necessity of physical exercise—and we belong to their number—have need also to remember that even so good a thing as this is in excess an evil. Thence of the 'cycle is a form of bodily recreation in itself doubtless wholesome; none the less it is open to the mischievous effects of undue indulgence. Tempted by the ease of movement, combined as a rule with attractive scenery, everyone tries it. Everyone, too, finds he can do something with it, and considerations of wealth, constitution, age and health are apt to be dismissed with summary imprudence.

One fruitful source of injury is competition. In this matter not even the strongest rider can afford to ignore his limit of endurance. The record-breaker, who sinks exhausted at his journey's end, has gone a point beyond this. The septuagenarian who tries to rival his juniors by doing and repeating his 20 or 30 miles, perhaps against time, is even less wise. Lady cyclists, too, may bear in mind that their sex is somewhat the weaker. So, likewise, among men the power of endurance varies greatly, and it is better for some to admit this and be moderate than to labor after the achievements of more muscular neighbors.

In short, whenever prostration beyond meretransient fatigue follows the exercise, or when digestion suffers and weight is markedly lessened, and a pastime which ought to exhilarate becomes an anxious labor, we may be sure that it is being overdone. He that would reap its best results must content himself with much less than this; but unless he can observe such moderation he had better abstain from it altogether.—London Lancet.

A COMMON ORIGIN.

The Elements Represented in the Early American Colonies.

It is the favorite theory of political writers that there was in 1870 a distinct difference between the Northern and Southern character arising out of the fact that the dominant element in the North was descended from the Puritan and in the South was descended from Cavalier. It is now established that no such difference in origin can be proved. The Virginian and Maryland planters, the New Jersey Quakers and the Connecticut and Massachusetts settlers sprang from the same class in England. The elements chiefly represented in all the colonies at the time of their foundation were the intelligent yeomanry and small landowners. The aristocracy of which the South boasted so much, was not descended from the younger or the older sons of Englishmen of rank, it was made up of the sons and grandsons and great grandsons