When I am dead, my dearest. Sing no sad songs for me: Plant thou no roses at my head Nor shady cypress tree:

Better green grass above me, With showers and dewdrops wet, And if thou wilt, remember, And if thou wilt, forget.

I shall not see the shadows, I shall not feel the rain;

I shall not hear the nightingale Sing on, as if in pain: And dreaming through the twilight

That doth not rise nor set, Haply I may remember, And happy may forget. -Christina G. Rossetti.

## SAM OUTWITTED HIM.

Farmer Kendrick had brought in an armful of snow-coverd logs from the woodpile at the north end of the house, throwing them down on the stone hearth with a noise like a small earthquake, when Carrie Brown started up. "Five o'clock! Oh, I had no idea it

was so late. I must be going home. "Allow me to accompany you, Miss Brown?"

"You'll let me see you home, Carrie?" Captain Logan and Fred Jones both spoke at once, but Carrie shook her head.

"I prefer to walk home alone," she said gayly.

"About the sleighing party to-mor-row night?" asked Fred, anxiously. -I have promised Captain Logan, said the vilage beauty, a rosy tint suffusing her cheek.

"But, Carrie, I thought it was settled between you and me two weeks ago!" exclaimed Fred with a f rown. 'Was it? I am sure I had forgotten

Fred was silent. Captain Logan's smooth, soft-toned voice broke the si-

"I exact no promises," he said gallantly, "but if I am not punctual to the hour and the spot Miss Brown may

draw her own conclusions.' And Carrie went home. She was very pretty, the bright-eyed New England damsel. Fred Jones had loved her ever since they were children together, and Captain Logan, who had

come down to spend the holidays with his cousins, the Kendricks, had become so fond of those bright blue eyes and golden hair that he had prolonged his visit into January.
"'Pon my word she's a regular beau-

ty," said the captain, staring through the tiny window papes at the retreating figure of Miss Brown.

Fred Jones looked quickly up at him as if he would have liked to knock him over into the fireplace, but he refrained from any such demonstration. "A beauty," went on the captain, "and it's a thousand pities she should be wasted on any of the country bumpkins who vegetate among these wildernesses. Sam, you young villain, are those boots of mine blacked yet?" "No they ain't," said Sam crossly.

"Well, what's the reason?"

"'Cause I ain't hda time."
"See you find time then. quickly, said the captain. And Sam glowered after him him as he went

gayly up the stairs.
"Just wish I had the firin' of him ont," said the boy gloomily. "It's Sam do this, and 'Sam do that,' and 'Sam, where's the warm water?' and 'Sam, what the deuce do you mean by letting my fire go out?' and not a cent has he guv me yet—no, nor so much as a pleasant word. I wonder if he means to stay here always?"

"You and I are about equal in our ve for him, Sam," said Fred Jones, laughing.

"I heered him talkin' with Miss Carrie about goin' sleigh ridin' to-morrow night,' said Sam, shrewedly. "I'd jes' like to put 'Kicking Tom' in the shafts. I would if it weren't for Miss Carrie. He don't know nothin' about horses, that there malitia cap'n don't," And Sam chuckled.

"I say, Mr. Jones, why don't you get beforehand with him? Miss Carrie don't really care for him, she's only dazzled like"

Fred Jones frowned slightly; honest Sam was not exactly the kind of Ganymede he cared to have meddle with his love affairs.

"Miss Brown must chose for herself, Sam," he said and Sam went back to his work, secretly wondering how a young lady gifted with ordinary sense, could hesitate for a moment between the captain and Fred Jones

The night came, a perfect night for sleighing expeditions and rustic lovemaking, the roads hard and well packed, and a glorious moon shining down whitely as if a rain of silver were deluging the whole world. "Couldn't be better weather," said

the captain. "Sam, where are the

"Dunno," said Sam. "There's them old jinglers in the garret that used to belong to Deacon John Kendrick, that was in the Revolutionary war, and there is the two cowbells that Mary Jane might scour up with ashes-

"Pshaw!" said the captain. "Do you take me for Rip Van Winkle? There's a pretty little string somewhere, for I saw them when Mrs. Kendrick went out day before yesterday."

"I hain't seen nothin' on 'em," said Sam( stolidly.

"Come, come, Sam, don't make yourself out any stupider than you be by nature," said the farmer, laughing nevertheless, for the captain's airs were fast wearing out his welcome, and he secretly sympathized with the much abused Sam.

"I guess they're out in the barn. You had better go with him, captain, if you expect to find 'em; our Sam is dreadful thick beaded when he

chooses to be." "Come along, my fine fellew," said the captain, collaring Sam and marching him off in the direction of the old red barn. "We don't need any lantern

in this moonlight, that's one comfort." "Where are the stairs?" demanded the captain, as they entered the barn. "Ain't mone," said Sam. "It's a lad-

"Up with you, then," said Logan, but Sam shrunk back.

"I wouldn't, not for \$50" said Sam "Old John Kendrick hanged himself from the middle beam fourteen years ago, and folks say he stands up there with a rope around his neck every moonlight night."

"Stuff and nonsense!" cried the captain in accents of contempt. cowardly lout, stay where you are,

then, and I'l go myself." He sprang lightly up the rounds of the ladder and disappeared through the trap-door.
"Where is it?" he called.

"The ghost? Right under the middle beam by the windy was the place

"Blookhead! I mean the string of

"Look for 'em yourself," said Sam, sulkily. "I don't know where they be, and what's more, I don't care."

"I'll settle with you, my fine fellow, when I come down," said the captain, threateningly, as he groped about in the dim light, which came through a cobweb-draped window at either end of the barn chamber.

"Don't hurry yourself, cap'n," rejoin-

ed Sam, in a jeering tone.

As the captain plunged into a dark corner where there was a jingle, and a string of bells, suspended from a nail, hit him directly on the neck, so like the grasp of death-cold fingers that he could but start.

"Oh!" said the captain nervously. "Here they are. Catch 'em, Sam! Hello! Where's the trap door?"

And it took the worthy captain fully sixty seconds more to realize that the trap door was closed and fastened on the lower side. He rushed to the window and threw it up, only to see Sam speeding up the hill.
"Hal-lo-o-oa!" yelled Captain Logan.

"Come back, you scoundrel-you ill conditioned lout!-you imp of evil." Sam turned around and executed that

peculiar gyration of the fingers in con nection with the nasal organ which is supposed to express the extremity of scorn.
"You'll find the ladder on the barn

floor, cap'n," hooted the young rebel, "an' don't be afraid of the ghost; it's very harmless if you let it alone." "But Sam, Sam, come back! I'm to

be at Mr. Brown's at 7:30 o'clock." "Don't worry," bawled Sam, "Miss Carrie won't wait long before Mr. Fred 'll be on hand."

The captain danced up and down on the floor in an ecstasy of rage, as Sam disappeared over the crest of the hill. He knew very well if he possessed the lungs of Boreas he could make no one

He sat shivering down on the hay, starting nervously at the sound of horses' feet below, and thinking how disagreeable a bar of moonlight which streamed down a crack in the roof re-sembled a tall white figure standing under the center beam. He could almost fancy the rope around his neck. Pshaw! And the captain jumped up again, with starting dew on his temples, even in the freezing atmosphere of the barn chamber.
"What is to be done?" he asked him-

self. An echo, if echo has any common sense, would have answered: "Just nothing at all!"

Sam had outwitted him. And Carrie and Fred Jones, with his red cutter and a great chestnut horse! The captain was wild at the thought; surely he was vanquished.

"I won't wait another moment for him," said Carrie Brown, coloring up, with tears in her blue eyes. "Go on, girls, I shall spend the evening at

"There's plenty of room for you in our sleigh, Carrie," coaxed her brother. "Bessie, Andrews will be glad to have you go along."

"No, she won't either," pouted Car-e. "As if I could spoil all her fun-No; if I can't have an escort of my own stay at home and mend stockings, and I never will speak to Captain Logan again.' Charlie Brown was on the point of

arguing the matter with his sister when the door opened and in walked Fred "Not gone yet, Carrie? Where is the

captain?" "I don't know," said Carrie, tartly, "and I don't care. Am I Captain Logan's keeper?"

"Will you go with me?"
"Yes, I will," said Carrie, her eyes lighting and shy smiles dimpling her

"Of course," said Fred, "I can't ex pect to make myself as agreeable as the city captain, but-"

"The captain! The captain! cried Carrie, a little irritably. "I'm sick of the sound of his name. I never want to see him again. What a nice new cutter this is, and how easy the wolf robes

"Carrie," whispered Fred, as he touched up his horse and felt her nestling close to him, "is it for always?"
"Yes, always," she answered.

"Jesusalem!" said armer Kendrick. It was past 10 o'clock at night, and the old gentleman had come out as usual before retiring to rest to see that the dumb members of his family were all straight and comfortable. believe that old John Kendrick's ghost come to life again, poundin' like all possessed on the barn chamber floor!" "It's m-ee! It's m-ee!" bawled the captain. "Unfasten the trap door and let me out!"

Slowly the farmer lifted the ladder to its place. With rheumatic awkwardness he climbed the creaking rounds and undid the hook from its clasp.

"How in all creation came you here?" he demanded. "Why, I thought you were out sleighriding with the gals." "It was all the doing of that villain, Sam," gasped the infuriated captain, his teeth chattering with mingled rage and cold. "I won't stand this sort of

thing. I'll leave the place to-morrow."
"As you please," said the farmer, to whom the prospect of losing his guest was not unpleasant. "I'm dreadful sorry this should have happened, though I'l talk seriously to Sam.

"So will I," gnashed the captain, "I'll break every bone in his body."

But Sam had taken particular care to go over to his grandmother's, six miles across the snow fields, to spend the night, and the only person the captain saw was old Mrs. Kendrick, sitting by the kitchen fire.

"You've lost your chance, captain," she said, good humoredly. "Dorcas Smith has just gone by on her way home from the sleighing party, and she says Fred Jones brought Carrie Brown in his new cutter, and they're en-

gaged.' The captain left the next day and Mrs. Fred Jones has never seen him since. And when the affair came off Sam got a piece of wedding cake big enough to give him dyspepsia for a week.-Boston News.

BEGGARY' AS A REGULAR BUSI-NESS.

Wealthy Beggars.

An organization of beggars covering the whole world!

Mendicancy, as a profession, has been practiced since the remotest ages. In the ancient days beggary was a recognized institution. The beggar was classed with the others of the community who lived more by their brains, or wits than their hands-such as lawyers, leeches and priests, says the New York Journal.

Charitably disposed persons always set aside something for the professional beggar. And it matters not that when he died it would be found that



My Friends to Pack Pockets is Crime; to Do It With Your Tongue is Sublime.

he had flourished more than the honest husbandman or merchant.

The advent of Christianity swelled the income of the regular professors of the art of beggary. It became fashionable for the rich to sell their goods and give to the poor, and the beggar prospered accordingly. But after a century or two of such easy living, the first flush of enthusiasm over the new religion waxed faint and its precepts and eachings were less and less regarded.

Then the beggar fared bardly. His profession required no knowledge of books or secret lore-nothing but a quick tongue and a nimble wit. And as these were common enough it follows that the profession was, in those haleyon days, overcrowded;

Beggars swarmed into all the cities of Europe, only to find others ere before them. So many had been brought into or had come into the business that only the best could make more than a bare living. And naturally the beggars wanted more than

Things went from bad to worse, until, in the eleventh century, the voice of Peter the Hermit thrilled all Christendom by proclaiming the first crusade. Then mendicancy began to boom.

History does not record accurately who called it together, but in the city of Paris was held a general convention of beggars. The Beggars' Congress in Paris.

Brotherhood of Mendicants, which has

existed in some form or other and under the same name ever since. This organization was really a tradesunion embracing the beggars of all kinds in every country in the world. There were rules for its conduct and the conduct of its members and dues, and, strange as it may seem, a charity fund. All these features were not the result of a single convention, of course; they were added to the original scheme

one at a time and year by year. The Brotherhood of Mendicants, however, grew and prospered. It had branches in all large cities, and it followed the track of invading armies power and influence was reached dur-



The King of Beggars Holding Court Near Brussels.

ing the reign of Louis XI. of France. The brotherhood at that time still had its headquarters in Paris and it had seized upon and kept by main force a certain section of that city. It had enlisted in its ranks the thieves, murderers and other criminals of the time. A vivid description of its practices and ceremonials can be found in Victor Hugo's 'Hunchback of Notre

Dame.' But its alliances tended in time to weaken it, and the people of Paris and their ruler succeeded after many years in driving the brotherhood out of their city. At this turn in its affairs t transferred its headquarters to Brussels. And there it exists to this

day. The organization is a secret one but t is known that among other things it has a regular school for the education of persons in the profession of mendicancy.

Young children are brought to this school and taught the tricks that will win money from the warm-hearted modern criminal lawyer.

PAYS BIG DIVIDENDS. citizen. Men and women, too, sometimes attend in order to get the bene-

fit of lessons Nor is this all. There is a surgery

connected with the brotherhood head quarters, and in this placec all sorts of horribly mutilating operations are L Well-Organized Brotherhood With performed. Children of a tender age its Head in Brussels and Its Hands are brought in to have their limbs in the World's' Pockets-Many broken and wrongfully set so that their deformities may make them objects of pity all their days. Eyes are deliberately gouged from their sockets or drugs administered to make the sub ject blind, and ointments are applied which result in hideous sores.

This system of maining is not confined to the children, either. The elders undergo them as well. A case is recorded of a man, who actually had both legs amputated in order to better pursue his profession, and doubtless his was not a solitary instance.

Once educated and mutilated, the beggar is sent forth to seek his fortune. He is furnished with accurate information as to the habits and customs of all races and people, and recommended besides to the branch societies, which exist nearly everywhere. Westward the Star of Beggary Takes Its Way.

Nine times out of ten the highly educated beggar comes to the United States for in no other country can he prosper as he does here. And as he sits in a crowded thoroughfare grind-ing his miserable organ, and as you pass by you drop your hard-earned dime nickel or penny in the box which he holds under your nose.

There are hundreds of these rogues in this city, and nearly all of them belong to the brotherhood. Their principal meeting place is a room in Eldridge street, where they discuss their plans with as much gravity as dignifled senators discuss the sugar market.

They arrange and distribute territory, levy and collect taxes and perform all the duties of a law-making body. More than that they see that the penalties they provide for the infraction of their rules are enforced. Death is said to be the penalty of some offences.

Many evidence have been obtained of the wealth of these human parasites. Last summer one who was arrested on a charge of vagrancy paid his fine from a roll of bills containing over \$900. In Newark quite recently a member of the brotherhood was arrested who had collected in one day over \$20 from charitable dupes.

There is an old hideously malformed voman in Williamsburg who has had the same territory for years and whose account in one savings bank alone is over \$5,000. In Grand street of this city an old man with white hair nightly plays an accordion. He is the object of envy among his neighbors on Suf-



# She Wants Your Dime to Swelll Her

Bank Account. folk street, where he lives in his own

tenement house. Though a great many of the brotherhood members in this vicinity are foreigners who speak little or no English, this is not always the case. Quite a large percentage is composed of native Americans. But every member owes allegiance to the supreme council in Brussels, and not one dares to disobey its orders, under pain of death. It has been estimated that the organization numbers 100,000 souls.

# How They Tarred and Feathered

Him. In a Cattaraugus (N. H.) tar and feathers case the other day the plaintiff's lawyer described his client's experience as follows: "And thereupon some persons then and there assembled applied a quantity of coal tar to the person of the said Blowers, and after applying the said tar to various parts of his person . . . afterward decorated beautified and adorned the person of the said Blowers with a large quantity of hens' feathers, worth to the value of \$1 and after, and in other ways, and by other Christian and legitimate methods, remonstrating with the said Blowers, for his evil practices, invited and urged the said Blowers to depart from the town Humphrey, which said Blowers the and there proceeded to do with great speed, scattering hens' feathers and dropping coal tar and profanity at every jump."-New York Tribune.

Wide for the Mark. Dusty Rhodes-I've been a prisoner in a box car all the way from Omaha

Fitz William-Why didn't you get out at a transfer station? Dusty Rhodes-Door shrunk; car with dried apples and export beer.

to New York.

The defense of "Macbeth" in these days for the murder of "Duncan' would be hypnotic influence, and the conjugal partner, of course, could prove an alibi. Shakspeare knew nothing of such legal refinements, and visited upon the two the torments of conscience and the sternest retribution A grain of the poet's insight is worth a pound of flimsy inventions of the

# LIFE'S BRIGHT SIDE.

HUMOROUS SQUIBS FROM MANY SOURCES.

Some of The Late Productions of the Funny Man-Laughable Incidents and Humorous Sayings-Cheerful Rending for Young and

For Her Own Use.

He-Haven't you been doing something to your house?

She-Oh, yes, indeed. It has been entirely refitted. What do you think of the decorations?

He-Beautiful. She-We like them. Then papa got me this piano.

He-Well, well isn't it great? She—Yes, indeed. This tea table is also new. Don't you think the design

He-Fine! 'And ain't those chairs something new? She-Oh, yes. And then we have added to our rugs.

He—So I see. What good taste has been displayed! It is lovely all through.

But there's one thing I miss. She—What's that? He-A nice sofa. She-That's my fault. I've been away

you know. He-Yes, I know. But what has that to do with it? She-Mamma said she wanted me to select the sofa myself.

Legal Explanation.



Mr. Coots-What dese la'yers mean by chargin' er kontingint fee? Mr. Gombley (who has some experience in matters legal)-Well, de truf ob de mattah stan's 'bout dis way: If you loses yer case de lawyer don'e git nuthin': an' if you gains yer case you don't git nuthin'. Is de 'splanation

### High Life in the Occident.

It was at a little soiree, and the man to whom this refers had on a dress suit, with a red satin four-in-hand tie and a black satin vest, with white polka dots as big as acopper cent. It was his duty to call out the changes for the dances, and this was the way he did it:

"Swing 'em ag'in!"
"All a man left!"

"Right hand to partner an' grand right and left!" "Git out o' the wilderness!" "Ladies in the center an' gents sashay 'round!"
'Cheat er swing!"

"All dance!" "Swing 'er if she'll let you!"
"First lady to the right an'ge

"Lady in the center au' three hands 'round!" "Dor-se-doe!"

"Everybody dance!"
"Cage the queen!" "Grand right an' left!" "Whoop 'em up! Tiddy-diddy-dee an' a dum-di-doe! Hoe it down!"

### "Grand promenade to yer seats!"-Detroit Free Press.

The Napoleonic Revival. It was a habit of the Emperor Napoleon when in a jocund mood to playfully pinch the ears of his marshals

and counsellors. One evening, just before retiring, he approached Josephine and, after taking her playfully by both ears and shoving head through a plate-glass mirror, said. thoughtfully: "Josephine?"

"Yes, sire," she responded, after picking the glass out of her mouth. "Do you know what's the fare to Sioux Falls, South Dakota?"

"No, sire," she replied. "Well, I do, and here's a check for the amount," he murmured; and turning abruptly, he hurried from the

This delicate apprisal of his ambitions was too much for "Josie," and she swooned in the arms of Talleyrand, who appropriated the check .-Judge.

His Loss.

"Well," said Mr. Tripkins, as he sat down to his desk rather later than usual, "they've been to see me at last." "Who?" "Burglars."

have to borrow spoons to use at din-ner to-night now?" "No. The spoons aren't silver. They didn't touch 'em." "Take any money or wearing ap-

"You don't mean it? 1 suppose you'll

"Well. I don't see what cause you

have to be blue." "Maybe not, but when you get attached to an animal it's hard to lose him. They went through the house and couldn't find anything else worth taking, so they stole my watch dog."London Tit-Bits.

# "Good-By, George."

Mr. Story, the sculptor, who began Afe as a lawyer tells a good story which illustrates the fact that the emphasis which punctuates has as much to do with determining the sense of a sentence as the meaning of the words. Once, when he was called upon to defend a woman accused of murdering hope you hit him back. her husband he adduced as one of the

proofs of her innocence the fact of her baving attended him on his deathbed, and said to him when he was dy-

ing, "Good-by, George!"

The counsel for the plaintiff declared that ought rather to be taken as proof of her guilt, and that the wordshe had used were, "Good, by George!"

### Life's Whirligig.

-Pearson's Weekly.

Interested Friend-And so your boys are all educated and gone to themselves, Mr. Jones?

Jones-Yes, all in perfeshn'l life in

"And who's working your great farm? "Well, I've got three fellers tryin' ?

work it, but makin' mighty poor fists uv it."

"Where are they from?"
"Perfeshn'l men t' starved out in the city."-Cleveland Plain Dealer.

### Generalship.

"Herbert is going to call here tonight," said the fair girl.

"He is?" said her parent, with pokes playing tendencies.

"Well"-and he glanced at the massive boot which reposed on the fender -"I'm glad you mentioned it. The prudent course for me will be to raise him before he gets a chance to call."-Washington Star.

### Fashion Note.

Mrs. Amsterdam-Have you been to the Grand Opera House since you came to New York? "They are abbreviated considerably

"Well, what do you think of the ladies' toilettes?" at the north end. If I was therelast Country Cousin-Yes, I was therelast think the wearing of such a dress would make me awful hungry.—Texas

### An Industrial Sorrow.

Siftings.

"They're kind of lettin' up on Peffer's whiskers," remarked the barber, as he laid down the comic paper. "It looks that way," replied his as-

sistant. "Well, I don't know what we're comin' to. First it's piano players, an' next's it's football players. If the papers don't keep on discouragin' whiskers I guess we might as well get out of the biz."—Washington Star.

### Increase of Burdens.

Gory Gulch Citizen-Is it true that back east there's a law agin carryinf concealed weepons?"

Tourist-Yes, indeed. Gory Gulch Citizen-Wall, thet's a outrage! The idee of bein' obliged to tote around a big, heavy gun, more'n a yard long, every time yeh go out to kill a man!-New York Weekly.

#### A Dangerous Plot. Chinese Laundryman-Me wantee learn play foot-ballee.

College Man-What for? "So teachee othel Chineeman washee wash how play foot-ballee." "Len we go back to China and lickee Japanese likee sixty."—New York

Colonel's Scott's Poker Story. Colonel James W. Scott's latest story is of a man whose wife was reproach-

ing him for his fondness for an indulgence in poker. "But, my dear," remonstrated the husband, it's a very modest game, and we have only a ten-cent limit."

#### But, why. Charles, urged his wif pleadingly, "why have any limit at all? -Chicago Record.

Indispensable. "Can you not spare me?" implored

the heroine "No," hissed the villain. 'Think how wicked you have been?" There certainly was no one else in the company whose record fitted her to

#### No, she couldn't be spared, even for a few days.-Washington Star.

take leading parts.

my complexion.

Nothing to Hinder Now. Lover-You are getting prettier ev-Sweet Girl-Just now I am living on

How long can you keep that up?" "Oh, indefinitely." "Then let's get married."-New York Weekly.

brown bread and water to improve



"Rough on the Old Man."

# Hint to Angels.

Major Smile-The angels hold their noses when they look down on our

General Lafter-They needn't hold their noses. There is no danger of angel's noses being stolen; but, if the angels are smart, they will hold on to their pocket-books with both hands

# He Attended to It.

Father (to small son with a black eye)-What's the matter, Dick? Small Boy-Johnny Higgins hit me this afternoon.

"Well, he's a boy of your size. I "Oh, I hit him yesterday."-Ex.