

Editors Dispatch: While glancing over the columns of a very popular journal published in our own beautiful city...

When B. Johnson Barbour, Esq., some years ago, said in a speech made at the University that Queen Elizabeth on her deathbed declared that "Calais" was written on her heart, he said it heterophonically.

A WREATH OF ROSES.

It was so narrow, this little back street in the quaint, old-fashioned German town, that Hans Gottlieb could not pass across the window with his opposite neighbor.

On such occasions Hans would pause in his work, knowing full well what was coming—how the casement opposite would be flung open, and a girl's voice, singing a blithe little French song, would float across the silent street...

"Good morning," his neighbor would call across in that pretty foreign German that was so enchanting in his ears—"Good morning, Monsieur Gottlieb," and then with a nod and a smile the trim little figure would vanish in black shadows, and Hans turn to his work.

But though life was too busy with these two, and bread difficult enough to win even when one worked hard for it, so that neither could afford to idle away the minutes to talk, yet Hans, as he worked, dreaming of the days when he would be a man, did not mean daily bread, but honor and glory to those he loved, was pleasantly conscious all the time of a dark head bent over a table drawn close up to the window opposite—a table covered with many bright-colored scraps of paper and paper—right in due course, under the shadow of the window, came summer flowers; at this short distance seeming to the looker-on the spoils of a June garden.

Thus they worked day after day, these two, so near together, yet so far apart, abating in no way each other's work, and the days passed more quickly; but then on hour's idleness might mean going to bed, so that even Rose Cordier, dearest as she loved the sound of her own voice, refrained from making use of it except for an occasional song. But when the day was over, when the sun had set, and the glow of the street and the shadowy gray of the strip of sky overhead gave notice that the long summer-day was drawing to an end—when the small room grew dark—then Rose would rise and open the door to interchange greetings and gossip with the neighbors—when the twilight came, and Hans was knitting in the peaceful twilight, their children playing about them; with the fathers returning from their work; with the young men loitering about smoking, for Rose had always a bright word and look for every man, woman, and child she knew.

And as they went on, Hans, with his little foreigner who had come among them four years ago with an old mother, since dead, and who earned her daily bread honestly among them.

Then, as it grew even darker, Hans Gottlieb would become aware that the day and his work were over, and that he had a child, and also seek what little fresh air there was at the door of his dwelling. He did not loiter or gossip with his neighbors, as did Rose Cordier. It was not his way, and this fact was quite recognized by the dwellers in William street.

Beyond a "Good evening," Hans would bid them good night, and then he would seek to disturb him in the enjoyment of his evening pipe, only occasionally Rose would step across and ask him what he had for work upon, or if he had a good order, and then poor Hans, flushing all over his fair face, would proceed to discuss his work in the presence of his wife, with a pretty shrug of her shoulders, she could not understand him; he must speak slower, much slower; it was too late now, but to-morrow—yes, to-morrow—he must try an English pipe, and then he would be as good as home.

"It is such a pity," she said softly, "that you have no money."

"Such a pity," he echoed sadly, looking her hand as he spoke.

"Ah, that will be lovely," I heard her say, as I carried my treasure away; "and I like the colored ones best. And the money, you see, my friend, is far better; it will feed and clothe the children, whereas the wreath of roses would do nothing for them."

"You are interested in it now, are you not, Lady Grace? You will all come and have tea in my rooms to-morrow afternoon, and see the wreath of roses? Poor fellow, what a sad pity it was that he died so young!"

PROMOTING THE MIZZEE.—(From the Chicago Times.)—Zach. Chandler, by grace of a Michigan backwoods college, is now a doctor of laws. Some years ago he was a doctor of returns from the ballot-box.

Z. CHANDLER, LL. D.—(Commercial Advertiser, Republican.)—Zach. Chandler is now a Doctor of Laws, and has just been expelled to go to the Greek for the cocktail known in the vulgate as gin.

In a Baptist church in Mobile the rite of baptism was recently administered to an old colored lady who had entered her second year of life, and who was the mother of one hundred and twenty-eight children.

Each time the sight of the spruce French flower-maker—for Andre's trade was the same as Rose's—sent a thrill of pain to the great heart of Hans Gottlieb. But he did not repine;—did not blame Rose;—it was one of the many misfortunes of not being rich, and this was looked upon as almost a sine qua non of the entertainment.

The neighbors smiled more than ever when they saw Rose come out of her door the morning of the 24th of June looking as fresh and bright as the red roses in her hair, and Hans appear immediately afterward, a companion rose in his button-hole.

They were all standing about in little groups preparing to start themselves to the scene of festivity; many of them with babies in their arms and little things clinging about their skirts, but they had time to give an admiring glance at this other couple first.

"Before we start," said Hans suddenly, a little constraint apparent in his voice, "would you come into my atelier, mademoiselle? I should like to show you some."

"Yes, truly, I should like it. I have never been there yet. Let us go."

They turned back as she spoke, and he pushed open the door. He led her as he said these words to where on one side, out of the way of dust and dirt, lay the half-completed circle of carved flowers.

"No, it is not an order," he said, a little sadly. "I have been doing it in the spare moments after my day's work."

"It is pretty," she repeated, touching with her finger the delicate curled leaves, which surely had the stamp of genius upon them; "but it wants something," she added after a pause.

"What?" he inquired eagerly. "I have looked at it so often that I cannot find out what it is that is wanting."

"I know," she exclaimed, triumphantly. "Color! Ah, Monsieur, if you could but see the wreath of roses I made last week for the Grafina von Adendorff for a ball you would know what I mean. Oh— with a little clasp of her hands—" it was perfect! Perfect as Love!"

Her thoughts had quite wandered away from the delicate flowers before her. Indeed, she did not remember them until they stood once more in the street, with the door closed behind them, when it came across her that she might have been rude.

"Yes, they are very pretty," she said, softly; "but you see they are not finished yet. When they are, perhaps, you know, you will sell them."

"Perhaps," he said, "I could try if you wish it; but when I made them I thought of the color only in relation to the face of the woman who would like them."

"Yes, so I would if you were rich enough to give presents, or if— Well, you will not mind my speaking the truth to you? You are rather a dreamer, are you not? This is a bad thing," stinking her pretty head.

"Does not make for fortune, and money, which does not make for happiness, and which leaves of carving things no one cares to buy, and only do what you can sell. You are not angry?"

"Angry," repeated Hans, "when you are so kind as to take an interest in me and wish me to be rich, and to have money, and to have reached the merry, laughing crowd, and the spot where the omnibus was awaiting them, and the rest of the sentence had perforce to await completion at some other time."

It was a sentence Hans had not intended to complete. Not yet. By-and-by, when there was a little more money in his pocket, and a home worthy of offering to a wife, then it would be time enough to finish that sentence. But on this, as on other occasions, it was as if a man were groping for the long, joyful day, and tired holiday-seekers, beginning to consider the quickest way home, he found himself under a soft, stary sky walking toward by the side of Rose, who would be pleasanter to walk, he had said, standing by the crowded omnibus filled with drowsy, crying children and weary mothers. "Are you tired, mademoiselle?"—after a second's pause—"would you rather drive?"

"It will save the sou's," she had replied. "It will save the sou's."

So they had started homeward together. And ever very long Hans found himself reverting to those unfinished words of the morning.

Overcoming seemed so natural—so desirable—under these circumstances, that it was difficult to think of waking up on the morrow to the hard day's work, and the knowledge that where it is so difficult to keep one, what would he do if there was yet another day?

"I will do my best," he said to himself, as he went, and I love you, Rose."

Hans stood still as he spoke, and his voice trembled as he clasped the girl's small hands in his.

Rose was moved, too. The tears stood in her bright eyes; her cheeks looked pale in the twilight.

"Yes, dear Hans," she said, timidly, in that sweet foreign tongue he had learned to love, "but you could not live upon nothing. No, alas, no! But, Rose"—the color flushing up into his face again as he said, hesitatingly, "we might be engaged? Could you—oh, I know it is asking a great deal, but could you wait for me?"

"Ah, Hans, you must not think me unkind," she said, "but you are so young, and I am young, and strong, and willing to work—and I love you, Rose."

"And there is Andre Leroux," she said, "that you have not mentioned. He is from my country," cried the girl quickly, blushing a bright, rosy red. "It is natural, among strangers, I should like to see and talk to a countryman of my own."

"Yes, dear Rose, I am not blaming you. Do not think that. As you say, among strangers, it is pleasant to meet one who speaks your language. It must be often long for you."

Rose replied, brushing the tears out of her eyes. "If it were not for you I should find the little street dull and sad since the poor mother died. And, ah," as they entered the quiet street, "here we are at home! How quickly we have come!"

"See, Hans, how stretched out her head as she spoke, and again Hans took it in his, and looked down at her.

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To an Incontinent One. I was almost in love, I believe, with a girl who was almost in love, dear, with you. In the days when I thought you were true.

If a voice like the voice of a dove, And a smile like the smile of the shell, If a gift like the gift of the shell, I had loved you, I think, I believe.

But I did not for I differ like these: I am sure in a different mood; I am sure in a different mood; I am sure in a different mood.

Yet think not I'll never be true to you, For I'll never be true to you, For I'll never be true to you.

So I'll waste not a sigh nor a tear; So I'll waste not a sigh nor a tear; So I'll waste not a sigh nor a tear.

What it Means. Eugene Field in the St. Louis Times-Journal.

Arranged in snow-white pants and vest, And other white pants and vest, And other white pants and vest.

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