

BY THE WASHES.

We stood for a little together, The water kissing our feet; Around us glowed glad bright weather; The morning and you were sweet.

I thought, as you stood there dreaming, 'Twas you that lighted the day; And the water, glancing and gleaming And hurrying ever away.

Vocal with brief light laughter, As past you it fled to the sea, Seemed to linger a little, and after I think it agreed with me.

Flushed with the wind and glowing, Silent you stood awhile, Hair in the sunlight blowing, Smiling a dreamy smile.

The water sang: "Love is a treasure," "A treasure," my soul replied; And the path of it and the pleasure, Sweeter than all beside."

And I saw the wavelets glitter, Glad but to kiss your feet; And the wind sang: "Life may be bitter, But loving can make it sweet."

And she laughed and loitered around you, Surely finding you fair; And the merry sun kissed and crowned you Queen of the morning there.

Everything fair seemed to love you, Seemed proud at your feet to fall; And the lark, singing high above you, Sang you were the fairest of all.

And scarcely a word was spoken, But our souls to each other spoke, Till the dreamy spell was broken, And we started and smiled and woke.

And so in the glorious weather, In the morning blithe and gay, Happy in being together, Happily wandered away.

—Herbert E. Clarke, in Harper's Weekly.

MISS LIRRIPPI'S LOVERS.

Miss Lirripp had a pretty face and five thousand a year, not to speak of expectations. Pretty faces are common enough, even in these days of agricultural depression and stagnant trade; but a girl with five thousand a year is a rarity; and a girl with five thousand a year and a pretty face into the bargain is a positive phenomenon, and, as such, cannot fail to be greatly admired by a number of more or less eligible young men with a taste for beauty of the most substantial kind. Even middle-aged bachelors awake from their habitual indifference when, on being introduced to a lovely damsel of two-and-twenty, they are conscious that the possessor of a considerable fortune stands before them; for although money is the root of all evil, it is a root which most people very willingly undertake the risk of cultivating.

Since Lydia Lirripp was thus beautiful and thus rich, it is not surprising that she had not only admirers—men who dared to wish uncertain things; but lovers, too—men who had the presumption to hope. It is true that Lydia encouraged none of them, for she was quite satisfied to live at home with her father, General Lirripp, in Bruton street, Grosvenor square, and to ride in Rotten Row in the morning and to drive in the park in the afternoon. But, fortunately, young men do not require encouragement; nay, in certain affairs the less encouragement they receive the greater their persistency becomes; and considering that healthily constituted young men seldom, if ever, give any encouragement to young men, the persistency of these latter in the face of alarming difficulties is a matter on which all of us may heartily congratulate ourselves. Indeed, but for the persistency who knows whether the world would go round?

It was the height of the London season, and Lydia Lirripp went with her father one evening to a great ball at the Countess of Carnaby's. Everybody was there—everybody, that is, of rank and fashion—and ere she had been in the brightly lighted rooms for five minutes Lydia was engaged for all the dances on the programme. Now, to most of her partners she was only engaged for a single waltz or polka, but, for old acquaintance's sake, or for some other reason, she allowed three gentlemen to take two dances each. It was no doubt very indiscreet of her to do so. But in one case at least it was also very good-natured of her, for she permitted old Pertinax Popinjay, who, as every one knew, was far too stiff and gouty to move about properly, to put down his name for the only two sets of lancers. Sir Pertinax was effusively grateful and smiled his sweetest upon her as he returned her programme, and Lydia, instead of regretting her kindness, felt thoroughly rewarded by seeing that she was giving pleasure to the gray-haired Baronet, who, thirty years before had been a noted dandy, but who now struck her as being simply a prosy old fellow, whom very few girls would be likely to dance with. Lydia's other favored partners were Mr. Horace Freaake—a young artist who had that year for the first time exhibited at the Royal Academy—and Mr. Merton Murley, a man who had no profession and no occupation, and who, if he had a private income, derived it from a source not generally known even to his friends.

the fact that Lydia that evening looked even prettier than usual may possibly have been one of the extraordinary coincidences. Lydia little dreamed, when in the small hours of the morning she dropped off to sleep, of what was hanging over her. Sir Pertinax had made no sign; Mr. Murley had not been more attentive than had for some time been his wont; and Mr. Freaake had been actually more dull and uninteresting than Miss Lirripp had ever seen him. She therefore slept soundly, and was undisturbed by fears of the coming evening and its visitors.

The following day was wet. The General, who had lived for many years in India, and had a liver which caused him to be somewhat irascible, shut himself up in his library and savagely studied the statistics of Cold-water Bathing; and Lydia, who could not go out, painted in her bonnet. The Lirripps dined at half-past five, to enable the General to get out to the meeting at half-past seven; and as he had taken no exercise during the day, and had been unable to master all the information he required relative to the average of cleanliness upon the Continent, Lydia's father was not in the best of tempers. "Sit up for me," he said, "I shall be in by half-past eleven." These were his last words as the carriage having been announced, he hurried away from the table, stopping for an instant at Lydia's side to kiss her on the top of the head. And Miss Lirripp was left alone in solitary grandeur, sitting at one end of the dining-room, whither she had a servant bring two candles, which but dimly lighted the large apartment. Then, taking her seat at the piano, Lydia began to play and to sing alternately.

The drawing-room at Bruton street was like many other London drawing-rooms. It occupied the whole of the first floor of the house, save where in one corner the staircase ascended, and it was therefore L-shaped, the long arm of the L having three windows looking out into the street, and the shorter arm one window looking out over some mews in the rear. Heavy curtains of tapestry hung between the back and front portions of the room, but were usually looped up; and in the back room was the piano at which, within the halo of the two candles, Lydia Lirripp played and sang.

She had considerable knowledge of music and a fine voice, and wrapped up in her occupation she started when the door of the front room opened, and a servant, who was to her invisible, announced Mr. Horace Freaake. Lydia rose and received her visitor, meantime ordering the gas to be lighted. It was 8:30. Why had he called at that hour? Why had he not come in the daytime, when she was so dull, rather than just when she was singing? But upon the whole she was glad to see Horace, who, no doubt, simply desired to inquire how she was after the dance of the previous evening, and had not been able to do so earlier. As he betrayed, nevertheless, a certain hesitation in his manner, she led the conversation and asked him whether he had enjoyed Lady Carnaby's ball. He had, he said, pretty well, and then ensued a pause, during which Horace rather awkwardly took a seat at Lydia's side on an ottoman and gazed at the carpet. Mr. Freaake was not altogether stupid, but even wits often become rather dull when they are meditating an immediate proposal; and the situation is so trying to almost every man who finds himself in it that it amply excuses the exhibition of a little uneasiness and nervousness. Mr. Freaake certainly was nervous, but he soon recovered himself.

"Your father is at the meeting, I suppose. Don't you feel it very dull all by yourself, Miss Lirripp?" "No, no! I have been singing; and all day I have been painting." "But dull, I mean, without society? I know that I do; and I have much more society, I suspect, than you have. Unless I go out, the evenings, I find, pass very slowly. I cannot get the excitement of work, for of course one can't paint by artificial light; and if I try to read I generally go to sleep over my book." "I think that you must be difficult to please, Mr. Freaake. You have a lovely studio, and you ought always to be able to amuse yourself among such beautiful things as you have in your house." "No! I don't think that I am difficult to please, Miss Lirripp, for I know exactly what I want. The fact is, that a bachelor's existence is not suited for a man of my feelings and sympathies. I live wrapped up in my selfishness, and feel my heart growing colder and colder every day. I have beautiful things in my house, but they don't satisfy me. I want living beauty—something which I may really care for and do for—something which shall make my life complete. And it was to talk to you about this, Miss Lirripp, that I came to see you this evening."

Lydia experienced a curious sensation which she had never felt before. "You know, I suppose, Miss Lirripp," he continued, "what I mean. You know that since I first saw you, three or four years ago, I have loved you." And Horace took Lydia's unwilling hand. "Can you," he went on, "learn to love me? Will you be my—"

comfortably opposite her, and, without many preliminaries, revealed the object of his visit. "I know that your father is out, Miss Lirripp," he said, "and I may as well confess at once that I have deliberately taken advantage of his absence to come and see you upon a subject which nearly concerns my happiness. I should have spoken about it last night but that I could not command your attention save for a few moments at a time. Now, however, we are safe from interruption."

"But, Mr. Murley, it would be so much better if you would call when my father is in."

"Oh, that is not important my dear Miss Lirripp. It is a subject that may be settled by you alone."

"Please, Mr. Murley, do not tell me about it now," pleaded Lydia. "The windows are open, you know, and there are servants about the house, and—"

"This time Horace, as well as Lydia, was greatly relieved, but Mr. Murley was furious. "Let me see you to-morrow," he said, hastily.

"Yes! no!" returned Miss Lirripp, thankful for any opportunity of getting rid of him. "Good-by, Mr. Murley, good-by!" And the same servant who showed up Sir Pertinax Popinjay showed down Mr. Merton Murley, who glared at the Baronet with a look which spoke volumes.

"My dear Lydia," said Sir Pertinax as he offered both his hands to Miss Lirripp; "you were really charming last night. I never saw such a perfect sylph in my life, and many people agreed with me. You were the belle of the room. There is no doubt about it."

other kiss, and Lydia, having unlocked the little-used door of the back room, chased him, with many expressions of animosity, down the softly carpeted staircase, and with a cry of "Shoo cat!" finally let him out of the front door.

When she returned to the drawing-room, General Lirripp gave vent to some angry expressions of hostility toward the entire feline tribe, and when he had thus delivered himself, went off to bed.

How the story ended may easily be guessed. When Lydia's father was in a cooler mood Horace found no difficulty in obtaining his consent to the marriage, which took place three months afterward; and to the end of their days, neither Sir Pertinax Popinjay nor Mr. Merton Murley had any idea that a third person was present, when they proposed to Miss Lirripp in Bruton street, Grosvenor square. —Chambers' Journal.

Going Into Winter Quarters. "The marmot passes into a sound winter sleep, though they are liable to awaken, and in view of this a large storehouse, six or eight feet in diameter, is erected or excavated and stowed with provisions. They enter it generally in September and remain until the ensuing April—eight months. During this time the young are born. The bears have a similar habit. If you have been in the mountains late in the season you will notice that the common black bear is always extremely fat late in the autumn; in fact, they are gorging themselves for a special purpose, storing up fat upon which to live during the winter. You see, they live upon berries and are too clumsy to catch live game if they wished; and as they can't go South it's a case of root hog or die, and they do literally root. Early in winter a spot is selected, under some root or rock, and provided with grass and leaves. Here the bear places herself and is soon snowed in; her breath melts out the snow immediately around her and often a chimney is formed by the same means. The stomach is empty and soon the intestines become clogged by what the Indians called tappen, a substance formed of some vegetable matter the animal eats immediately previous to entering her house. They seem to live upon their fat, the tappen being a sort of safety valve, preventing its too rapid consumption. However, it lasts them about six months, when they come out in early spring, as everybody knows, hungry, thin and savage. Their young are born towards spring. The brown and polar bears have the same habit, the latter forming a nest in the snow, their breath hollowing it out. During their sleep the blood is reduced to the same temperature as the surrounding air. Their will power over the muscles seems to be lost and all their vital functions are apparently at a standstill.

"A fresh and merry heart Is worth more than money or wealth. Trillium, Trillium. —Chatterbox.

"Been Away." Smith has been up to Alpena for four days. He returned yesterday. He had scarcely left his house to come down town when he was halted by an acquaintance with: "Say, how was the corn looking up that way?" Smith gave a favorable account, although he could not recall having seen a single ear. Half a block further on he was met by another man with: "Hello! back again? Say, how did you find the potato crop?" Smith did not see an acre of potato field, but he felt bound to reply that potatoes were a good crop. As he waited for the car a third man greeted him with: "So you were up North? How did wheat pan out up there?" Smith did not know whether the crop was ten or ten thousand bushels, but he replied that wheat was a good yield. On the platform of the car a fourth man grasped his hand and anxiously remarked: "I hear you have been up to Alpena? How were oats up there this fall?" Smith didn't hear the name spoken while on his trip, but of course he answered that oats were a fine yield. As he got off the car the fifth man was ready with: "Well! well! So you have been up to Alpena? Say, Smith, will the yield of buckwheat be up to the average?" Smith replied that it would. He would have been a queer man not to. The sixth man evidently had something on his mind. He ran clear across the street to shake hands and call out: "Just the man I was looking for! Hear 'em say anything about a short hay-crop up there?" No, he didn't. Indeed he didn't hear the word used in any connection. He believed the crop was fairly up. There was a seventh man. He was at the post-office. He caught sight of Smith and dropped his mail on the floor in his anxiety to shake hands and observe: "Say, I want to ask you a few questions. How did you find barley?" "Splendid!" "And cabbage?" "Immense!" "And turnips?" "Dead loads of 'em." "And how are times up there?" "Flush. Lots of money, real estate booming, and everybody happy." "Good! Much obliged."

Smith traveled the route by night, made no inquiries except about pine lands, and did not speak to six persons while absent, but he knew what was expected of him and he followed the usual custom. —Detroit Free Press.

Boston is reminded by the London Times that she is not the only city to suffer a downfall from intellectual supremacy. Edinburgh has been deposed from a rank more exalted. Weimer has sunk to be a petty residence town. Geneva has gone into trade and politics. Florence is no longer a literary center, and Oxford and Cambridge retain no dictatorship in letters.

—Servant girls are scarce in Texas. In nearly every town of that State from a dozen to fifty young women could find employment at wages varying from fifteen to twenty dollars a month. —N. Y. Sun.

—On the occasion of the Bankers' Convention banquet in Louisville, recently, the menu was printed on the back of a draft. It was not protected.

—A Philadelphia bride received among her wedding presents a few days ago a dinner service of hand-painted china, two hundred and odd pieces in all, that cost, so the gossips say, one thousand five hundred dollars. It took three "hand-painters" six months to do the "decorative-art business." It is to be hoped that the bride is fully appreciative. —Philadelphia Press.

—A Traveler of Selma, Ala., who recently visited the Mammoth Cave in Kentucky, returned to his home, taking with him as a curiosity a couple of eyeless fish that are found in the subterranean river there. The little finnies are as lively in their glass river as if in their native waters. They are perfectly white, have only the merest scars where eyes ought to be, belong to the catfish family, and are only two inches long.

—Soh Kwani Pom, Secretary of the Korean Embassy at Washington, has made the following observations in this country: "The women of America are all far more beautiful than any others we have seen. I notice most women wear black clothes; many wear blue, and when the weather is warm white is very commonly worn. Some women wear their hats and bonnets tilted back, showing the front hair, while others wear them squarely on the head. Of the two the former style is the nicer to see."

—If young married couples would follow the domestic plan laid down by Senator Vance, of North Carolina, there would be less contention in households, and, perhaps, fewer divorces in courts. He said to his second wife shortly after marriage: "My dear, I'm a stubborn fellow, and you may anticipate trouble. Now, in the beginning, while I am submissive, I want to give you one piece of advice. If you follow it we'll get on mighty well. It is this: Make me do just as I darned please." —Chicago Inter Ocean.