

MY LITTLE MAID.

She is a wee and merry child, With hair on which the sun has smited, And eyes so dark and tender...

God never made a thing more sweet, Nay, if you lay down at my feet, Fair blossoms, you who love them...

z still would say: "With veils of light He clothes His flowers, since in His sight They are but slight and lowly..."

And sometimes, through the little child The angel that shall be smited, Half loosing from her portal...

O angel, fold thy wings awhile! Leave that sweet world and tender smile To cheer our daily vision...

Still let that white soul swell and grow Before the perfect flower shall blow In fadeless fields Elysian!

—Curtis May, in S. S. Times.

MORACE ANNISLEY YACHELL. (Copyright, 1896, by J. B. Lippincott Co.)

CHAPTER II.—CONTINUED.

The streets were empty of foot-passengers as I trudged briskly (the night was chilly) to my hotel. A fog, held at bay by a high wind, was impending and likely to roll in from the ocean before dawn...

Suddenly I became aware that another beside myself was intently regarding the house above. In the shadows across the street, leaning against a lamp-post, stood a man absorbed in contemplation...

I recognized him at once from Gerard's description. His eyes counted mine savagely; then the heavy lids fell.

"A fine night," said I. "Ay," he returned, coldly. "The temples of Pluto," I continued, "make a brave showing by starlight."

He jerked his hand in the direction of Telegraph Hill. "There, sir, lies Dogtown; there, the Greek quarter. Hardly a stone's throw from us is Chinatown, where opium fiends and pestilence run amuck; and here—" he laughed harshly—"is Nob Hill."

The somber significance of his words could not be misunderstood. Once in Chicago I had heard a famous anarchist address his associates. At my urgent request, a Pole whom I had befriended stood my sponsor and saved me a broken head, possibly a broken neck...

The contrast between the outward and visible peace of my surroundings (I noted many books, a piano, piled high with music, some valuable mezz-tints, chintz draperies, bowls of roses, sleep-compelling chairs) and the tumult of my mind made me stammer like an awkward schoolboy; but the kindly welcome of Mrs. Gerard soon dispelled my embarrassment...

"Come," he said, abruptly, "we shall both catch cold loafing in this bitter wind. I'm chilled to the marrow already."

"We paced a few steps in silence. "We might wear each other's clothes," he said, answering my unspoken thoughts; "but I," he sighed, "am past my prime. By the by, I've seen you before. Your name is Livingston—Hugo Livingston?"

"Yes." "And you write—fairly well for a beginner; but there's nothing in it; not bread and butter. My name is Burlington. You are a stranger here? Just so. As a brother craftsman let me welcome you to Cosmopolis. There is lots of material here, hard and soft. Do you propose to work it up?"

"His questions, and a certain warmth of manner, put me on my guard. I wondered if he had seen me leave the house of his enemy."

"My plans are uncertain." "Curse it, I'm frozen. Will you pledge me in a glass of hot brandy-and-water?"

"Thank you, no. I'm past due at my hotel. Good night." "We shall certainly meet again," he returned, carelessly; "and so, Mr. Livingston, au revoir."

The next morning, sipping my coffee, a paragraph in one of the dailies seasoned my reflections. It proclaimed briefly the immediate departure of Burlington for lands unknown. At 11 o'clock I had left this man at the corner of California and Kearny streets; and the forms of the Enquirer went to press at three.

Talk, according to Dr. Holmes, is spading up the ground for crops of thought. Assuredly my conversation with Burlington had brought forth already an abundant harvest.

CHAPTER III.

Picture to yourself, if the pigments on your palette are bright enough, a landscape blazing with primary colors; stainless skies of vivid blue, a dazzling ribbon of white surf, red sandstone cliffs, and, in the foreground, a field of cloth of gold embroidered lavishly with millions of yellow poppies.

Here, 24 hours later, I found the sanctuary, the home of the Gerards, a comfortable, red-tiled cottage, encompassed with broad verandas, lawns, shrubberies and groves of cypress and eucalypti.

The faithful Greek, Demetrius, received me. My first impressions of this remarkable man are worth recording. In his physical aspect I could find no clew to his character. He stood before me a colossus, impressive and impressive, reminding me, absurdly enough, of the Matterhorn as I saw it first from Zermatt. How sharply that grim peak pricked my fancy! And yet its profile alone was visible. The loveliness of the lower slopes, the glory of gorge and glacier, the horror of crevasse and precipice, were shrouded with shadow, obscured by distance. I knew from hearsay what lay between me and the summit; but between the Greek and me, between experience and inexperience, was an abyss not lightly to be bridged.

"Glad to see you, sir," he said, respectfully. There was no trace of a foreign accent. "I had my master's telegram, and your room is prepared."

He led the way to a comfortable apartment, simply but admirably furnished, and began to unstrap my valise. "Sit down," I said, abruptly. "I have something of importance to tell you."

I briefly recited my adventure with Burlington. Demetrius listened attentively, his lower lip protruding, his heavy eyelids lowered. When I had finished he refrained from comment, but inquired politely as to the state of his master's health. I shook my head.

"He is extremely nervous; almost completely broken down." The Greek touched his own grizzled locks.

"Neither master nor man can stand it much longer," he said, gloomily. "Would you like to see Mrs. Gerard? She is in the parlor."

I washed face and hands, and Demetrius brushed through my clothes the dust of southern California.

"How long, Demetrius, have you known Burlington?" "Twenty years."

At the name a sinister gleam illumined his heavy face. That he hated the enemy from the bottom of his heart was plain to be seen.

"How was it," I continued, "that he entirely escaped suspicion? I did not like to press the point with Mr. Gerard."

"In the west, sir, there is a prejudice against Chinamen. Mr. Burlington was editor of the Black Gulch Banner. He said at the time that the murder couldn't possibly have been committed by a white man. We hanged Fong, a peddler of garden-stuff."

"Horrible!" "An easy death," said Demetrius. "I'm sorry they didn't hang me. The life I've led for the last few years is not worth living."

"It's the life of your choice," I replied, bluntly.

He spread out his hands, betraying for the first time the foreigner, and shrugged his massive shoulders. From these gestures I was at liberty to infer what I pleased. A curious apprehension quickened the action of my heart. Was I destined to— I dismissed my fears with an effort, and followed Demetrius to the threshold of the parlor. He pulled aside a portiere, murmured my name, bowed and retreated.

I was alone with the mistress of the house.

The contrast between the outward and visible peace of my surroundings (I noted many books, a piano, piled high with music, some valuable mezz-tints, chintz draperies, bowls of roses, sleep-compelling chairs) and the tumult of my mind made me stammer like an awkward schoolboy; but the kindly welcome of Mrs. Gerard soon dispelled my embarrassment...

"I have no particular god, Miss Gerard, but I have a goddess." She laughed.

"Have you really a goddess?" she asked, in a tone of the keenest interest. "Really and truly?"

"Really and truly." "Tell me about her." "I will, some day."

"How nice of you to confide in me. I'm so glad to know it, because—" She blushed, rosy as Aurora.

"A fellow-feeling?" I suggested. "Not at all. How absurd! Well, if you must know, because it will be so much pleasanter for me."

"I don't quite—" "Yes, you do, too."

"On my honor I do not." She pouted; such mutinous red lips; such dimples—nests of laughing Cupids!

"I hate to make explanations; but—the very few young men I have met have all—"

"You need not finish the sentence," said I. "I don't blame the young men, and I'm sure you didn't like it. We shall be great friends, I see."

I put out my hand, which she clasped warmly and unaffectedly. "I'm so surprised," she said, after a decent interval, "that you should give up your writing to teach Mark—what do you call them? ah, yes—the three Ms. Here you are alone with two women and a hobbledeyho. Is it wise?"

"I'll answer that question when I tell you about the goddess. At present I don't know."

Mark and I signed our articles of partnership, the former under protest. He didn't like me; but, recalling my own youthful antipathies to schoolmasters

and those in authority, I easily forgave him; and, besides, he had a sister. The Greek, Demetrius, exercised a most potent influence upon the lad, an influence, so far as I could judge, for good. Perhaps it was prejudice on my part, but I fancied that he avoided me. Certainly he evaded my questions.

"Why," said I, "has Mr. Gerard focussed all his anxiety upon his son? He has a daughter."

The Greek replied, slowly, weighing his words: "Mr. Gerard is not alarmed on Miss Gerard's account."

"Strange, he never even mentioned her name to me." Demetrius bowed; his sphinx-like features betrayed neither surprise nor annoyance. I could not help admiring the fellow. Never had I met a better servant, nor one less servile. His dignity was quite impressive. After all, I reflected, if he wished to emphasize the difference between us, that was his affair, and not mine. None the less his confounded reticence piqued me comically.

Miss Nancy, however, consoled me. A few days later the curiosity of the witch bolted again.

[TO BE CONTINUED.] PUNISHING A SHIRK. Severe But Just Treatment of a Mean Fellow.

The following anecdote is taken from an old history of Montpelier, Vt., where it is given as a story related by Josiah Benjamin, Esq. In the winter of 1786, as it appears, Mr. Benjamin and one of his neighbors, Mr. Elijah Paine, started for Boston, each with a load of grain. The snow was nearly five feet deep, and it was almost impossible for sleighs to turn out.

In going through Brookfield, in one of the worst places, says Mr. Benjamin, we met a sleigh loaded with salt. Finding that there was no possibility of getting by each other, except by unloading all our sleighs, and then turning them sidewise in the snow-walled path, and so running them by empty, we fell to, unloaded the three sleighs, and ran the stranger's sleigh past ours. As it happened, we loaded his sleigh first, and got him ready to start.

Judge Paine and myself then turned back for the purpose of putting in our own loads, expecting, of course, that the stranger would assist us. But the next instant we heard the loud crack of a whip, and saw the fellow mounted on his sleigh, prepared to leave us in the lurch.

Judge Paine looked after the pitiful fugitive for an instant, with eyes that fairly flashed fire; then suddenly dashing off his hat and greatcoat, he gave chase on foot, running as I thought I had never seen anyone run before, until he overtook the team, when he leaped like a tiger upon the load of salt, seized the shrinking puppy by the collar, and made a flying leap with him into the snow.

He then drew his prisoner into the road, and led him back to our loads; when, giving him a mighty significant push toward our bags of wheat still lying untouched in the snow, he coolly, and with that sort of curt, dignified politeness, which even in moments of anger rarely forsook him, observed: "There, friend, if you will take hold of these bags, and load up both our sleighs, we will be much obliged to you, very much obliged to you, sir."

And the fellow sheepishly did so, to the last bag, the judge not permitting me to lend the least assistance. We then drove on, leaving him to his own reflections.—Youth's Companion.

Charity in Judging Character. Hasty judgment in the action of others is often dangerous and often unjust. We measure too much by some superficial appearance, and condemn hastily, when, if we but knew and understood the motives and reasons, we would warmly approve. We sometimes say of someone: "That pain, sorrow or loss has not deeply affected him." But we do not know. It is like the death of a few of the soldiers in front of a regiment. The broken ranks close up again into the solid phalanx and the loss is not apparent. There may be no disorganization, no surrender, no craving for pity, no display of despair. It is like the calm, dazzling play of the waves warned by the morning's sun after a night of storm and disaster. There is no sign of the wreck; the tide has carried the debris away far out on the ocean; the treacherous water has swallowed all signs and tokens of the night's awful work. We see only the fairness of the morning, not the suffering of the night. Let us be charitable in our judgment and condemn not when we do not know.—William George Jordan, in Ladies' Home Journal.

A Distinction. "Johnny, what have you and Tommy Tucker been quarreling about?" "We found two young pigeons out in the barn. He says they're his, and I know they ain't. They're mine."

"I wouldn't fight over a couple of squabs, dear." "I guess we can squabble about them if we want to, can't we?"—Chicago Tribune.

Accommodating Her. "I want," said the plain young woman, in the butcher shop, "a good, tender roast."

"All right, ma'am," said the cheerful boy, with the big apron on, "you'd be prettiest lady dat's came into the shop dis afternoon—I don't tink!"—Cincinnati Tribune.

Before and After. Bacon—Everything is fair in love and war. Egbert—You mean, I suppose, before marriage and after it.—Yonkers Statesman.

Tricks of the Trade. "The people seem to be getting tired of this brand of tea," said the wholesale dealer. "We'll have to change the name of it."—Tit-Bits.

A LITTLE NONSENSE.

—Julia—"Did you say that Jeannette is trying to get into business?" Jennie—"Yes." "What kind of business does she want to get into?" "Everybody's"—Yonkers Statesman.

—The Real Reason—"Were you beaten for that office by the use of money, Birdley?" "No, sir. The trouble was that we didn't use enough money."—Detroit Free Press.

"What makes you think your father never went to college?" asked the fond mother. "He doesn't know a half-buck from a center rush," returned the boy, scornfully.—Chicago Evening Post.

—Ethel—"Who was that man you just bowed to?" Penelope—"That was Dobson, the great composer." Ethel—"A composer, did you say?" Penelope—"He manufactures soothing sirup."—Tit-Bits.

—Stranger—"I notice this handsome apartment house is illuminated, and there are sounds of revelry within. What is it? A grand wedding?" Resident—"No, sir. The janitor's funeral."—N. Y. Weekly.

—A Difference—"Hasn't he got through with what he had to say?" inquired the man who had been asleep. "Yes," replied the friend next him. "But there's no telling when he will conclude."—Washington Star.

—The One Exception.—Tom—"Did you ever know a girl to return a present that she had received from a man?" Jack—"No, I can't say that I ever did; but I presented a girl with a diary once and she didn't keep it."—Chicago News.

—A Mighty Deed.—Rev. Mr. Lanks (solemnly)—"My young friend, are you not aware that a youth who smokes cigarettes will never accomplish anything in life?" Young Jackey Napes—"Aw, don't fool yourself! I set fire to a theater with a cigarette once and burnt up an entire Uncle Tom's Cabin troupe."—Harlem Life.

COLLAR BUTTONS.

Used for Manufacturing Purposes as well as for Wear. As shirts are made nowadays pretty much every man wears one or more collar buttons. Diamond collar buttons are not so much worn as they were, though some are still sold; they cost from eight and ten dollars each up to \$40 or \$50. The fine collar button now most generally worn is of plain yellow gold, and sells at from \$2.50 to five dollars. A great number of silver collar buttons are sold, and with the fall in the value of silver these are now cheaper than ever.

The number of plated collar buttons sold is enormous. They are made in great variety. There are plain, plated buttons and plated buttons with celluloid backs, and buttons with pearl backs and plated tops, and buttons with plated backs and pearl tops. There are jewelry factories devoted solely to the manufacture of plated collar buttons and cuff buttons. The annual production in this country of plated collar buttons, such as are sold at from five to 25 cents each, is about 1,000,000 gross, or two for each person in the United States.

Among the finer kinds of cheap collar buttons are those of pearl, which are imported from Austria. Of bone collar buttons and of agate collar buttons, which come from France and Germany, and are far cheaper, there are imported annually great numbers, many millions. There are now produced in this country great numbers of collar buttons of celluloid. There are collar buttons made of a composition; collar buttons of wood, lacquered, and buttons of iron.

Enormous as the consumption of collar buttons is, for the purpose indicated by their name, that consumption is small compared with the consumption for manufacturing purposes.

In such uses the cheaper collar buttons are consumed by hundreds of millions annually. All shirt manufacturers and manufacturers of women's waists use them in the manufactured garments. A shirt band is not pinned; it is fastened with a collar button, and a collar button is commonly put in each waistband. If the shirt opens front and back two collar buttons are put in the neck, so that three or four collar buttons are used in every shirt. Many laundries send back laundered shirts with the collar not pinned, but secured by a collar button; a customer would get in this manner from the laundry, in the course of a year, as many collar buttons as he sent shirts; more if he wore shirts that opened back and front.

Most of the collar buttons used for these purposes are very cheap; many of them marvelously cheap. Under this head come the commoner kinds of bone buttons, the agate collar buttons, and the cheaper metal buttons. The metal buttons are all made in this country. We can't compete with the cheaper labor of the European countries in the production of the pearl, bone and agate collar buttons, nor can they compete with us in the production of the various kinds of metal buttons. There are various grades and styles in these cheaper buttons. There are agate buttons with gilt tops, the cheap metal buttons are some of them gilt finished and some silvered, and some steel finished. The cheap collar buttons are sold by the great gross. Great numbers of them, foreign and domestic, are sold at such prices that their cost is a cent a dozen, or considerably less, but even at such prices their cost is a considerable item of expense to the large manufacturer. There are manufacturers of shirts and waists who use millions of these collar buttons annually.

Some collar buttons used on high-priced shirt waists are articles of jewelry manufacture, made with glass settings in imitation of jewels; such buttons are sold in sets at about one dollar a dozen sets.

The total consumption of collar buttons in this country for all purposes probably exceeds 1,000,000,000 annually, and the amount expended for them probably is not very far below \$10,000,000.—N. Y. Sun.

M. H. DAILEY, DENTIST. 602 MAIN ST. PARIS, KY. [Over Deposit Bank.] Office hours: 8 to 12 a. m.; 1 to 6 p. m.

H. A. SMITH, DENTIST. Office over G. S. Varden & Co. Office Hours: 8 to 12 a. m.; 1 to 5 p. m.

J. R. ADAIR. L. C. MOORE. Drs. Adair & Moore, Dental Surgeons. No. 3 BROADWAY, PARIS, KY. Office Hours: 8 to 12 a. m.; and 1 to 5 p. m.

Henry L. Casey, Veterinary Surgeon & Dentist. All diseases of the domesticated animals treated on scientific principles. Diseases of the hog a specialty. Office at Turney, Clark & Mitchell's lower stable.

BLUEGRASS NURSERIES FALL 1897. Full stock of Fruit and Ornamental Trees. Grape Vines, Small Fruits, Asparagus, and every thing for Orchard, Lawn and Garden.

We have no Agents, but sell direct to the planter, saving enormous commissions. Catalogue on application to H. F. HILLENMEYER, LEXINGTON, KY.

RAILROAD TIME CARD. L. & N. R. R. ARRIVAL OF TRAINS: From Cincinnati—10:58 a. m.; 5:38 p. m.; 10:15 p. m.

DEPARTURE OF TRAINS: To Cincinnati—4:45 a. m.; 7:55 a. m.; 3:40 p. m. To Lexington—7:50 a. m.; 11:05 a. m.; 5:45 p. m.; 10:21 p. m.

CHESAPEAKE & OHIO RY TIME TABLE. EAST BOUND. Lv Louisville... 8:30am 6:00pm Ar Lexington... 11:55am 8:40pm

WEST BOUND. Ar Winchester... 7:30am 4:50pm Ar Lexington... 8:00am 5:20pm Ar Frankfort... 9:11am 6:30pm

FRANKFORT & CINCINNATI RY. In Effect March 1, 1897. DAILY EXCEPT SUNDAY. EAST BOUND. Lve Frankfort... 6:30am 3:00pm Ar Elk Horn... 6:50am 3:20pm

WEST BOUND. Lve Paris... 9:20am 5:20pm Ar Elizabethtown... 9:25am 5:25pm Ar Newburg... 9:55am 5:50pm

HOUSE AND LOT AND BLACK-SMITH SHOP FOR SALE. I DESIRE to sell my house and lot, with blacksmith shop, at Jacksonsville, Ky. I will sell for half cash, balance in twelve months.

JOHN CONNELLY, PLUMBER, PARIS, KENTUCKY. Work guaranteed satisfactory. Calls promptly answered. Your work is solicited. Prices, reasonable.