

AT LAST.
The years I lost before I knew you,
Love!
Oh, the hills I climbed and came not to you,
Love!
Ah! who shall render unto us to make
Us glad,
Two things which for each of our sakes
We might have had!
If you and I had sat and played together,
Love,
Two speeches babes in the summer weather,
Love,
By one sweet brook which though it dried up
long
Age
Still makes for me a sweeter song to-day
Than all I know.
If hand in hand through the mysterious gate-
way,
Love,
Of womanhood, we had first looked, and
straightway,
Love,
Had whispered to each other softly, ere
it yet
Was dawn, what news in noontide had and fear
We both forgot—
If all of this had given its completeness,
Love,
To every hour would it be added sweetness,
Love!
Could I know sooner whether it were well
Or ill
With thee! One wish could I more surely tell,
More swift fulfill!
Ah! vainly thus I sit and dream and ponder,
Love,
Losing the precious present while I wonder,
Love,
About the days in which you grew and came
To be
So beautiful, and did not know the name
Or sight of me.
But all lost things are in the angels' keeping,
Love,
No past is dead for us, but only sleeping,
Love,
The years of Heaven will all earth's little pain
Make good,
Together there we can begin again
In babyhood.
—Boston Budget.

THE DRUMMER'S STORY.

A Thrilling Account of an Injustice Done His Uncle.

(Original.)
It was a volume drummer from St. Louis, we were an interested party of listeners in the smoking room of a Pullman sleeper en route for Chicago, and when he pulled out his watch and remarked: "Good-night, gentlemen," we begged him to stay and tell just one more story. After a moment's hesitation our entertainer resumed his seat and remarked: "Well, gentlemen, my stock's about run out, and this is no good tale to go to bed on, but here I go."
"In 1861, my uncle, Benjamin Richley, was tried, found guilty and sentenced to thirty years in the penitentiary. The alleged crime was murder; the victim one of his farm hands."
"Benjamin Richley was a wealthy farmer, and his farm was located in what is now a suburb of St. Louis. He was a widower with one daughter who was, so to speak, the apple of the old man's eye. He had no other relations, or if he had, did not recognize them. The old gentleman was known to possess an unenviable temper when aroused, and was also noted as being an honorable, just man."
"Adjoining the farm lived John Hiram, who had two sons, one named John, a weak-witted young man, and Reginald, an older brother, who lived, it was said, by his wits in the adjoining city. The younger brother was occasionally employed by my uncle to do odd jobs around the farm, and was at such times a source of unending worry to my energetic uncle, owing to his indolent habits."
"Reginald, the ne'er-do-well chap, fell in love with Lucy Richley, and of course when the old gentleman heard of his wooing, he flew into one of his white heat passions and threw the young man out of his house bodily. Naturally, a man like Reginald Hiram would get even eventually, although no one ever heard him boast of such a resolve."
"The following day my uncle, while passing through the garden, saw John sitting in a fence corner idly cracking nuts with a stone. The irascible gentleman again flew into a rage, and, upon receiving an impudent retort, reached for a hoe lying near by, and in his blind rage struck him repeatedly with the iron blade. The man staggered back a step or two, uttered a strange cry, then dashed over the fence and made for the cover of the woods not far distant."
"A day passed, then a week, and a vain search ensued for the missing John Hiram. No one had seen him since the day of the trouble, and no one had witnessed the little scuffle. My uncle bitterly repented his foolish passion and personally exerted strenuous efforts to find the missing man."
"Two weeks had gone and still no John. What had become of him? The neighborhood was now thoroughly aroused; the police were notified, and an official investigation followed. My uncle repeated his story in connection with the disappearance. Then came the grand denouement. Reginald Hiram came out boldly and declared that Benjamin Richley had killed his brother and buried the body at a certain spot, which alleged fact he would undertake to prove. To substantiate this two respectable men, farmers, who lived two miles from the Richley farm, swore that they had seen my uncle digging in his garden at twelve o'clock on the night following the day of John Hiram's disappearance. They were returning from the city; the moon was shining brightly and from the highroad in his garden, on his head was the wide-brimmed hat he always wore, together with the familiar linen duster known to be inseparable with my uncle. The men

swore positively and a grave suspicion was engendered through their statement.
"As for my uncle, he merely laughed these positive statements to scorn and gladly encouraged a thorough search of his garden which would prove the fallacy of the foul suspicion.
"His suggestion was accepted promptly, and together with a party, Reginald leading the way, my uncle repaired to his garden and the search began.
"Point to the spot where you saw me digging," said my uncle.
"Right there, sir," answered both the men at once, pointing toward a cluster of bushes about thirty feet away.
"About five minutes elapsed, when there was a frightened exclamation from the diggers, and a hat was produced, later the badly decomposed remains of a man was brought to the surface.
"My uncle gave just one look at the grewsome object then staggered back with a strange, gasping, hopeless cry, and said:
"My God, men, is it possible?" and was ever afterward as one in a dream.
"There were no doubts in the minds of any concerning the identity of John Hiram. His clothing, a cut across the face, a fractured skull and lastly a brass ring in the lobe of the right ear, which the deceased had been accustomed to wear, all went to prove that this was the missing man; that he had died from the effect of a blow administered, and that he had afterwards been buried to conceal the crime.
"My uncle declared his innocence in a weak way, was found guilty and sentenced to serve a term of thirty years. He confessed on the stand that from early childhood he had been a sleep walker, and that on the morning following the day of John Hiram's disappearance he had found his coat and hat lying on the veranda. This, he said, was a strange circumstance, as he invariably hung these articles of apparel on the hall rack. Therefore my uncle had become convinced that with a trace of the anger still haunting his brain and an uncomfortable suspicion hanging over him, he had arisen in the night, put on his hat and coat and sought the body of the man he had killed and buried it in the garden.
"My uncle only lived one year of his sentence and died praying forgiveness for his terrible sin.
"Reginald Hiram went to the war and was shot before the battle of Shiloh, accused of being a spy.
"One day shortly after the close of the war a man lay dying in a hospital in St. Louis. The deposition he made created quite a furor at the time. He was the missing John Hiram, and the terrible revenge on my uncle had been concocted out of the wily brain of the older brother.
"On the day so memorable to my uncle, and following the chastisement he had received, John Hiram had sought the cover of the woods. There the two brothers met quite by accident. Reginald soon heard the injured

FROM MISTRESS TO MAID.

A Slaveholder's Daughter Who Became Seamstress to Her Former Servant.

There are two women in San Francisco who can tell a story of ups and downs that would astonish a novelist. One of them is a refined, well-educated woman. She is a widow and she lives with her mother in a house that shows unmistakable signs of penury and want. She goes out to sew by the day, and she manages to make just enough money to keep the breath of life in her old mother and to purchase a few poor comforts to warm the chill of age. Yet that woman was once the mistress of a splendid home. She dispensed the open-handed hospitality of the old south and never knew what care and anxiety meant.
Way back in the days before the war there was a rich Kentucky family named Montgomery. They lived on a beautiful plantation near St. Joseph, Mo. Mrs. Montgomery had over fifty slaves. One of those was a mite of a roly poly black baby, whose parents were dead. Mrs. Montgomery had a little daughter just the age of the roly poly mite, and as soon as the children grew old enough the little black girl became the maid of the little white girl. Life was very gay in those old days; there were lots of visitors to the beautiful plantation and little Miss Montgomery had nothing to do but grow and be happy. When she was thirteen years old her maid married a likely young fellow who belonged to a family in the neighborhood. He had only one name then. He was called Bristol. He used to come over to the Montgomery plantation once a week to see his wife. Things went on smoothly for the young negroes for awhile. Their owners were friends, so they saw each other quite often. At the end of three years the woman had borne her husband three children.
Then came the war. The Montgomery family suffered like all the rest of the south. They lost all their property, they were compelled to give up their home and finally all the slaves were gone. Miss Montgomery's maid and her three children went to St. Joe, and the woman went to work out by the day. She did not know where her husband was. Early in the beginning of the great struggle he had been sold to Col. Wilson, who went away with him she knew not where. So she struggled along as best she could, trying to gain a living for her children. Finally she drifted westward. She lived for several years in Salt Lake City. All the time she was trying to find out what had become of her husband. She knew that he called himself Wilson, Bristol Wilson, after his new master, and she knew that Col. Wilson came to the coast.
One day she heard that he was in San Francisco. She wrote to him. He was delighted to get a trace of his wife and family and at once set for her. When she arrived she found that her husband had prospered in California. At the close of the war his master set him free and he managed to accumulate quite a little sum of money. This was only a few years ago—some time in 1863—that the little slave girl and her husband met and found themselves free and prosperous. They bought a pretty little home on Guerrero street, and there they live to-day. They often wondered what had become of the Montgomerys, and Mrs. Wilson never forgot her young mistress.
About two years ago Mrs. Wilson wanted some sewing done. She advertised for a woman to come and sew by the day. Her old owner answered the advertisement. She was no longer the pretty, light-hearted Miss Montgomery. She was married. Her name was Mrs. Sweeney. She was wan and pale from overwork and anxiety, and the two women did not recognize each other. Mrs. Sweeney was surprised to find that the advertiser was a colored woman, but she worked steadily away and said nothing. One day Mrs. Wilson was in a chatty mood, and the two women talked over the days before the war. Then the truth came out. The Montgomerys had been ruined by the war, and they had come west to try and recruit their shattered fortunes. They failed miserably. Mother and daughter clung together and fought fate with falling courage.
Now the daughter is sewing by the day for the woman she once owned and she is paid for the work by the man who was once the bond slave of her friends.—San Francisco Examiner.

AN EXCITING FOX HUNT.

Graphic Description of Lively Sport in the Genesee Valley.

What a field! Fifty riders, as near as I can count, and six, seven, eight, nine ladies mounted. That's a good many. Will they be in the run? One of them will be for sure; see, yonder she goes, in a brown habit, on an iron-gray mare. Wherever the mare can go her mistress can ride her, and whatever turns: them back turns plenty of good company back with them. Three or four other horsewomen may follow the hounds, and the rest of them mean to go by the road with carriages. But there come two that don't. Our friend, the sporting banker from Batavia, has brought his little girls over to-day, and, bless me, if he hasn't put them both on horseback! They are children, obviously; but I am told they ride with a dash and skill that are very scarce among adults. The master is jogging off, surrounded by his hounds, and the field is starting. A score of riders are from the valley, half of them farmers, and as many more from tributary cities. Buffalo is six or seven strong. Rochester and Batavia send nine riders between them; Geneva sends a man, and there is a double handful of New Yorkers.
Come along! It is more fun to ride in the front of the field than the rear; and it is safer, besides being less crowded. There go the hounds on the trail, at a pretty good pace from the start. Around here through the orchard there's a good place; those rails make pleasant jumping.
A four-board fence, four-boarded from end to end. No choice of panels until somebody breaks one, and no time to wait for that. The ground is good, though, and looks level on the other side. There's love, Platte! Good horse. Thirty riders have been seen to cross

OF GENERAL INTEREST.

—Samuel Warner, of Fermanah township, near Millington, Pa., traded his partially double-headed calf to a man named Boyer, from Snyder county, for a two-year-old colt and some boot money. The calf had three horns, three eyes and two sets of nostrils, and was as lively as a cricket. Boyer intends to exhibit the freak.

—Persons in Bombay, India, are persuaded that there will be considerable profit in making a varied display at the world's fair. They propose to send over twelve elephants, so that visitors can take rides "in howdah with mahout"; to give exhibitions of suttee, cremation, jugglery, match, wrestling, etc., and to sell tea at ten cents a cup. They expect to sell a million cups.

—A wine merchant in Cadiz, whose reputation is unimpeachable, makes the astounding disclosure that an imitation brandy of sherry is furnished in immense quantities to "one of the largest mail steamship companies in the world" at the low price of four and one-half pence per bottle. This beverage, which is unfit to drink, is sold to passengers at twelve times its cost.

—Some Australian blacks, who were imported for show purposes and are detained at San Francisco, are wonderfully clever with the boomerang. One of their most interesting performances is the throwing of the boomerang so as to describe the figure 8. One line crosses the other as quick as a flash, and the boomerang goes whistling through space, and finally comes back, after having proceeded many yards. Its movements are faster than that of a flying fish, and it strikes at the end of its journey with tremendous force.

—The mountaineers of northern Italy and the Tyrol are unusual among the immigrants to this country, but one now and then encounters them upon the streets of New York, where they are easily recognized by their great stature, sturdy legs and shoulders, hard sunburned features, and felt hats creased in imitations of Kosuth's headgear, and ornamented with the scimitar-like cock's feather. Their footgear, too, is distinctive, being coarse-legged boots, with pointed toes, and high leaping heels, such an article of apparel as it seems no man would dare venture out with in a region of difficult footing.

—Hindustan is about twenty-five times as large as the state of New York, and the Sahara desert has almost exactly the number of square miles as the whole of the United States. The Mediterranean sea would cut the United States in two across its greatest breadth, making an open sea from New York to Vancouver. Great Britain and Ireland have about the same number of square miles as Arizona. Madagascar is about as large as New Hampshire, Massachusetts, Vermont, Connecticut, New York, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Virginia and North Carolina combined. The area of England proper and that of the state of Iowa are almost identical.

—In countries where the price of pineapples are much higher than here, the fruit is appreciated at something nearer its true merit. Pineapple juice has medicinal properties of the highest order. In throat diseases and even in diphtheria it has seldom failed to give relief, and as an anti-dyspeptic it is invaluable. The unpleasant taste victims of indigestion experience on rising in the morning can be got rid of by the persistent use of this remedy, and as it goes at once to the root of the trouble and removes the cause, the cure is a permanent one. Any dyspeptic who has not tried the pineapple should lose no time in taking the advice of one who has.

—The smooth raised edge running about the face of modern coins and inclosing the device as a frame incloses a picture not only adds a great deal to the beauty of the piece, but serves a double utilitarian purpose, first to protect the design from wear, and second to afford a horizontal surface so that coins may be piled up vertically one on top of another without danger of toppling over. As soon as the raised edge is worn from a coin it loses its clear beauty of design and fast degenerates into a mere characterless disk of metal. Owing to the long rest which metallic currency had in this country during the reign of greenbacks and shipplasters United States coins are remarkably clear cut and well preserved. Even coins minted before the war retain part of the milling.

—Four men only have held the full title of lieutenant-general in the United States army. These were Washington, Grant, Sherman and Sheridan. Winfield Scott was a lieutenant-general by brevet only, from June, 1841, to November, 1861. At the time when some apprehension was felt lest we should have a war with France Gen. Washington was given command of the army, with rank of lieutenant-general, July 3, 1798, and held the rank until his death, December 14, 1799. By act of congress Grant was made lieutenant-general March 12, 1864, holding the commission until July 25, 1866, when he received the higher rank of general of the army, and Gen. Sherman succeeded to the rank of lieutenant-general. When Gen. Grant became president March 4, 1869, Sherman succeeded to the rank of general and Gen. Sheridan to that of lieutenant-general. On the retirement of Sherman November 1, 1883, the command of the army fell to Gen. Sheridan, but not the higher rank of general, since that, by congressional enactment, lapsed when Sherman retired. However, the rank was bestowed upon Sheridan during his last illness by special act of congress.

—In Chicago.
Major—See that woman talking to Skipley? She and I are engaged.
Ripley—Engaged, you idiot? Why that's your wife!
Skipley—I know it—but we are engaged to be divorced.—Puck.

—An Opinion.
"What sort of a baby is your new brother, Abner?"
"Oh, he's just like my other new brother. Couldn't tell 'em apart, if it wasn't that his name is different."—Harpur's Young People.

HOUSEHOLD BREVITIES.

—The nicest thing with which to scour knives, is a large cork dipped in water, then in bath brick. It is far better than a rag.—Detroit Free Press.

—For fruit sausage the simplest way is to take sirup, especially raspberry sirup, and thin it with cold water, or let it come to a boil after thinning it, then add a teaspoonful of cornstarch dissolved in water, and let boil, while stirring for a few minutes. This you serve hot.—N. Y. Tribune.

—Lentil Hash.—Take equal quantities of mashed brown lentils and cold Graham corn crumbs, mixed well together, salt to taste, and heat in a stewpan the bottom of which is covered with boiling water. This cream may be used instead of water if preferred.—Good House.

—Custard Pudding.—Take one pint of milk, stir into it gradually one tablespoonful of flour, the yolks of six eggs beaten light, sugar to taste, a flavoring of grated orange peel. Finally, mix into it a teaspoonful of melted butter (which must not be hot), and pour into a buttered dish. Bake in a moderately hot oven.—Boston Budget.

—Bananas Fried.—Split the bananas once lengthwise, or if they are quite small leave them whole. Roll in flour, and fry in hot, not brown, butter—one or two tablespoonsful will be sufficient. Turn carefully that they may be evenly colored; and when of a rich bronze take them up with a split spoon, lay on a hot dish, and serve with powdered sugar.—Good Housekeeping.

—Escalloped Oysters.—Take crushed crackers (not too fine); drain the liquor from a quart of oysters, being very careful to remove all bits of shell, butter a deep dish, cover the bottom with crackers, then a layer of oysters, seasoned with salt and pepper and bits of butter in plenty, finishing with the crackers covered with bits of butter; pour over the whole the oyster liquor added to one pint of boiling water. Place in a hot oven, bake half an hour, add another pint of hot water and half a pint of milk, in which a small lump of butter has been melted. Bake another half hour, and, to prevent browning too much, cover with a tin or sheet-iron lid.—Detroit Free Press.

—Lemon Pie.—Line the pie-pan, prick it with a fork, and bake the crust in a hot oven. When lightly browned, remove from the oven and set aside to cool. The juice of two lemons, the grated rind of one, the yolks of five eggs, and five tablespoonsful of granulated sugar are beaten with the egg-beater for fifteen minutes, and set to cook in a double boiler, or in a saucepan set inside of another containing boiling water. When thickened, set away to cool. Beat the whites stiff, reserving some for meringue; add to the cold lemon filling the whites and a French coffee-spoonful of grated and sifted bread-crumbs; mix lightly and bake in a quick oven. When baked, spread with meringue made by mixing the stiffened egg white with a spoonful of powdered sugar, and return to the oven until delicately browned.—N. Y. Observer.

GREEN EYES.

Orbs of the Emerald Hue the Prize of the Poets.

Calderon, Cervantes and other Spanish writers praise the eye of the emerald hue, in which they are imitated by Longfellow, in his "Spanish Student," where he speaks of the "young and green-eyed Gaditan." But perhaps the poets do not intend to be so precise in their definition of color as their words might imply. Green is of many shades, and poetic misty praise of emerald eyes may perhaps be best interpreted by Swinburne's beautiful lines in "Felix":
"O lips, that mine have grown into,
Like April's kissing May,
O fervid eyelids, letting through
Those eyes the greenest of things blue,
The bluest of things gray."
So much praise of green eyes is somewhat curious when one recalls that the color is so intimately associated with jealousy—the "green-eyed monster" of Iago. But this is only a part of the contradictoryness of the symbolism of this chameleon-like color. Green is the color of lovers, and at the same time the color of jealousy and of fickleness, and, if we may believe Chaucer, it is also the color of aversion. In the "Romance of the Rose" he thus describes this unlovely personage:
"Full sad and castif was she eek,
And also green as coppe leek."
But whatever may be the color of aversion, the belief in green as a symbol of fickleness is very general. Chaucer's ballad, "Against Women Unconstant," has for burden the line: "In stead of blue, thus may ye wear all green," and "green, forsaken clean," is a familiar saying, or, as it is often more elaborately put:
"Green's forsaken;
Yellow's forsore;
Blue's the color
That must be worn."
—Chamber's Journal.

A LITTLE NONSENSE.

—Mrs. M.—"Bridget wants to go to the plumbers' picnic to-morrow." Mr. M.—"Howsomever, I thought plumbers had one perpetual picnic!"

—Lucie—"Ned made a ringing speech last night, mommer." Mommer—"Um—um—um" Lucie—"Yes, he asked me to be his wife." Jeweler's Circular.

—Young Mrs. Fitts—"Are these poolrooms some sort of bathing arrangement, dear?" Mr. Fitts—"No. They only clean a fellow's pockets."—Indianapolis Journal.

—They Are No Suckers.—He called them "speckled beauties," and He fished till day was done; His tackle cost a fortune and He never caught a one.—Detroit Free Press.

—Van Arndt—"She told me it was her first year out." Maid Marian—"Why, she's been out four seasons." Van A—"Ah, well, she counts four seasons to the year, I suppose."—Kate Field's Washington.

—"I see that O'rogan has got him a coat of arms since he was appointed deputy sheriff." "The dirty aristocrat! Wance he was glad enough to go out in his shirt-sleeves wid the rest of us."—Chicago News.

—May (disdainfully)—"No; I don't think I ever could love a man." Frank (brightening up)—"That's only another proof of the similarity of our tastes, darling. I don't believe I ever could, either."—N. Y. Herald.

—Physician (to patient)—"Your case is a very serious one, and I think a consultation had better be held." Patient (too ill to care about anything)—"Very well, doctor; have as many accolades as you like."—Demorest's Magazine.

—A military captain, desirous of inspiring a soldier with patriotic sentiments, asked him the following question: "What would you think if you saw a banner waving over the field of battle?" "I should think the wind was blowing," was the man's reply.—La Margherita.

—"I heard your father express a very liberal view," said one youth to another. "He said that if you played cards at all, he wanted you to play at home." "Yes. That's simple enough. He gives me my allowance on the first of the month, and wins the most of it back on the second."—Washington Star.

—The earl of Balcarres had a field of turnips upon which he prided himself a good deal. He once surprised an old woman busily employed in filling a sack with his favorites. After giving her a hearty scolding, to which she replied only by the silent eloquence of repeated curses, he was walking away, when the woman called after him: "Eh, my lord, the bag's uncov'ly heavy. Would ye be so kind as to help me on to my back wi' it?"—which he did forthwith, when the culprit decamped with profuse thanks.

MY UNCLE GAVE ONE LOOK.

brother's story, and like a flash suggested the opportunity for revenge. Commanding John to keep close under cover of the woods until midnight, when he would again return, the older brother returned to his home.
"At ten o'clock the brothers repaired to a graveyard near by and disinterred the remains of a young man who had poisoned himself three days previously. Placing the body in a bag Reginald compelled the frightened John to carry the grewsome load to a spot near Mr. Richley's garden. There the body was dressed in John's clothes; the face mutilated and the other details attended to carefully, including the hat and coat which was borrowed from the house—farmhouses had few locks and bars in those days. John was given money enough to carry him a distance and his weak mind was duly impressed with the horrible fate awaiting him if he ever returned or made known his whereabouts. So sternly had this fear been impressed on the poor fellow's mind that even in his dying moments he raised himself on his elbow and gazed around fearfully.
"There was a moment's pause, when the drummer ceased talking, when one of the more curious said:
"But what became of Lucy?"
"Oh, yes, I had forgotten Lucy—Lucy's wife."
CHARLES TAMBLYN.

Stub Ends of Thought.

Don't try to please everybody except yourself.

The greatest man may be the meanest.

CourtsHIP is to matrimony what pie is to corn bread.

More men fail by trying to do too much than by doing too little.

Love cannot be made to order.

It isn't only an idle brain that is the devil's workshop.

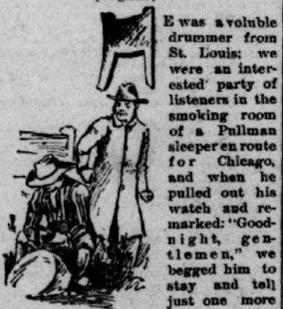
When the skies are blue nobody else should be.

The man who refuses to pay his just debts is too cowardly to steal in any other way.

No man was ever saved for what he had done inside of a church.

Hope is the yeast in the bread of life.

—Detroit Free Press.



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