THEODORE TILTOS I see the starlights quiver
Liks jewels in the river;
The bank is hid with sodge;
What if I sly the edge!
I thought I knew the way
By night as well as day;
How soon a lover goes astray;

The place is somewhat ionely— I mean for just one only, I brought the boat ashore Anhour ago or more.

Well. I will sit and wait;
She fixed the hour at eight;
Good angels bring her not late!

To-morrow's tongues that name her Will hardly dare to blame her;
A lily still is white
Through all thedark of night.
The morning sun shall show
The bride as pure as snow,
Whose wedding all the world shall kho

O God! that I should gain her! God! that I should gain ner:
it what can so detain her?
st yeiping cur; thy bark
ill fright er in the dark.
What! striking nine? That's fast,
Is some one walking past?
Oh, so thou art come at last!

Now, why thy long delaying?
Alack! thy beads and praying?
If thou, a saint, doth hope
To kneel and kiss the Pope,
Then I, a sinner, know
Where sweeter kisses grow—
Nay, now, just one before we go!

Nay, twice, and, by St. Peter, The second was the sweater!, Quick, now, and in the boat! Good-bye, oid tower and moat, May mildew from the sky Drop blindness on the eye! That lurks to watch our going by!

Oh, saintly maid, I told theo
No convent wall should hold thee,
Look, yonder comes the moon;
We started not too soon.
See how we pass that mill,
What, is the night so chill?
Then I must fold thee closer still.

RICK AND THE ROCK.

A Bold Scheme That Won a Bachelor

it's a wonder you didn't produce my letter as evidence that I had written the 1st of August. No wonder you always need assistance in everything. You're too-

"Imbecile," he suggested meekly. "Yes, that's the word I was after-to

help yourself." "And that's why I depend so much on von this week-for a week is all I can take. Get up some nice scheme that will

give you my blessing." "Pshaw! more than that's needed,"

replied the pratical Helen. you want so much-done, isn't it?" and

he held out his hand. "Yes," she said meditatively, "Pl.

think of it. But as I said before, what broke your engagement off?" "She-she fell in love for the time be-

ing with ome one else, and-and threw me over for him," said Dick, in a choking voice, as he arose on Mrs. Darcy's suggesting it was near the dinner hour. and obediently took up the camp-chair and followed her the house.

"Both of them pretty well touchedthat's a good sign," she mused. "I'm not the match-maker my friends believe me to be if I don't bring my Rachael to ber

At dinner Rick, by Mrs. Darcy's contrivance, was seated beside Dick, and common politeness was compelled to speak occasionally to him.

It was a very pleasant meal, she could It was a very pleasant meal, she could not help confessing to herself. But after dinner they were separated. Of course, Mrs. Darcy had not thought of a scheme so soon, so Dick was obliged to curb his impatience till the next day. But the next day she kept her room with a headness of the sound of a gentle snore.

Rick started, and then went softly round the corner and peered cautiously started to the research of the research of the rocks, there can be so it was not till evening that he came the sound of a gentle snore. ache, so it was not till evening that he at her sleeping lover.

The perspiration creeping down in "How about that scheme, Nell?" he asked anxiously.

"Oh, I don't know," very carelessly. "You haven't thrown me over, have you?" he exclaimed in alarm.

Mrs. Darcy laughed. "By no means. Only I've been thinking I've sold the product of my brains for too little - a pear! locket isn't anything

to speak of." "We'll make it a pair of bracelets," he replied, in desperation, "if you'll only set your brains working on that product."

"So I will-immediately," with a satisfied air. "One can do much better with bracelets in view."

"It's my impression you intend to cheat me, after all," he said, doubtfully. "To-morrow the bracelets will not be enough, and you'll want a bigger bribe. But I warn you, Helen, that I draw the

your wedding day. I'll trust Rick to pick them out. She knows my taste—

A Pet Squirrel.

In front of the telegraph office at Stockbridge, Mass., there is a large elm delphia Call.

Brides now go to the altar with the left hand uncovered. This means that when the husband comes home late he will be handled without gloves. Phila-

THE PLIGHT FROM THE CONVENT Roman gold coils in shape of a snake, with diamond eyes and ruby nose."

Dick groaned aloud, but did not dare to let a word of disapprobation escape "And you'll think it up right away

then?" he said, humbly, "for I haven't time left now."

"I'll tell you to-morrow,' she said, graciously, and with that he had to be

The morrow came. Taking Dick down to the very place where he had first come upon them two days before Mrs. Darcy unfolded the interesting scheme. "You remember," she began, impressively, 'that it was on this spot you met her again for the first time in all

those?"-"Months," put in Dick wearily.

"Well months isn't so bad. I'm a little absent minded this morning and thought it was years. Now, I've selected this spot for the reason I've just mentioned, and intend to have her come apon you-reverse matters for sake of change, you know."

"And what will I be doing here?" he asked eagerly.

"You'll be lying down on the sand, waiting for some one to come and roll a piece of rock off your shoulder, which I will take care to roll on so that you won't be able to extricate yourself. She will think it has fallen on you from the ledge above, will believe you half killed, rescue you, bring you out of a faint, do all those little kindnesses one is so ready to do for people they suppose are dead or dying: people they suppose are dead or dying; and after it is over and you feel sufficiently rescuel you can just propose, and everything will be lovely. Now, that's what I call a first-rate scheme. 1 know what your going to say"—for he endeavored to interrupt her—"you want her to go in bathing and get out of her depth and you plunge in and rescue her. But that a Beautiful Bride.

"I think you've jumped too quickly to you conclusion, Helen. She doesn't care a pin's point for me now, though time once was when she did."

"And what made her throw you over? Come, you can talk as candidly to me as if I were your mother."

"If I wasn't so sure of your friendship for her I wouldn't dare to," he replied: "for I know you are longing to bring us together again—not merely for my peace of mind, but for hers, too."

"Ah, egotist! How do you know she loves you yet?"

"I - I don't know it. I want to find out, and you said you'd help me if I came down."

"But I didn't tell you to proclaim that fact to the world, stupid—did I? And yet you told it to the girl herself. When I tried to patch it by saying September it's a wonder you didn't produce my let."

"What's that for?" he asked, suspi

wise a piece of chamois.
"What's that for?" he asked, suspi

ciously.
"Powder, to put on your face, of course. You see I intend to carn my bracelets, and haven't neglected a single thing. You must be pale, you know; a red facis to shealthy a sign for a man who's been mashed by a rock."

Dick laughed as she skillfully applied

the powder, and then declared himself

"Begin to grown the very minute you hear a hotstep, for it's sure to be hers, as all the rest have gone to camp meeting. Give a trial groan, Dick, just to see it you do it a larget."

He gave one. straighten matters between us and I'll

the will de --- whether you know "Well, that pearl locket at Fiffany's wanted to." Then she departed, and Dick was left

to himself.

Mrs. Darey had inconsiderately placed

him in the full glare of the sun. It was not very warm there with a light breez-

not very warm there with a light breezerom the ocean sweeping over him, but it gave him a kind of drowsy feeling after he had lain there awhile, listening breathlessly for Rachel's footsteps.

Then he began to wonder what he would say—what form the declaration would take. "Why, a confused form;" he said to himself, "for t'll naturally be flattered, and probably she'll be the same, and—and rather sorry for me, and same, and-and rather sorry for me, and vill accept while she is confused, and"with which last word Dick's brain began to get confused itself, and what with all this serious thinking, and the glare of the sun, which was so uncomfortable that he closed his eyes to shield them

from it, he gradually fell fast asleep.

It was quite a while before Mrs. Darcy found Rick. She was not in her room, and it was only after a prolonged hunt through the barn and garden and the shady orchard beyond, that she came

tiny streams upon the powder, gave him a rather unearthly appearance, and Rachel mistook his snores for those Rachel mistook his snores for those sounds which a person at their last gasp beneath a heapy rock might be ap give. Exerting all her strength, give. Exerting all her strength, she lifted up the rock with one hand and dragged him from underneath with the other, and then, woman-like, fell fainting

beside him. The motion awoke him, and before he could utter a word he was able to realize

now matters stood. Tenderly he lifted her up and carried her down to the sea, where he bathed her face and hands with the clear, cold

her face and hands with the clear, cold surf. At length she opened her eyes and looked anxiously at him.

"You are not killed? Oh Dick!" she said, and fell back senseless in his arms. Dick and Rachel have been married several years, but he has never dared to tell either his cousin or his wife that he fell asleep on that memotable morning; and looks upon the bracelets as simply money thrown away. "For," he argues, "what's the use of any scheme which puts a mar to sleep at the wrong time? If it badn't been for Rachel's presence of mind i.1 fainting when she did I'd never had a chance to propose."

tree, which is the home of three red squirrels. A little girl who is employed in the office comes out a number of times a day and knocks on the trunk of the tree, at the same time making a whirring noise as squirrels de. Instantly three squirrels come out of the tree, and, running down the trunk, they take the nuts she has in her hand for them, and go up to a place where the branches divide. Then they sit upon the landing while they crack and eat them.

"Two of them are very tame," she told us, "but one is rather wild yet." After the tame ones had been fed, she

After the tame ones had been fed, she pointed up to one of the topmost boughs where the "wild one" sat, looking down very wistfully. The little girl kept knocking with the nut and whirring like a squirrel. Soon the little creature timidly began to come down from its high tower, halting and debating every now and then as it came nearer and nearer the uplifted nut. At last it made one quick bound, snatched the nut, and was off to bound, snatched the nut, and was off to a place of safety again. The Evangelist.

IT CHANGED HER MIND.

Various Views of the Situation to b Taken Before an Elopement. He looked all around to see if any

body was within hearing, and then dropped his voice to a whisper and said: "Boss, I reckon you kin gin me a leetle

informashur. What does a pusson do when he elopes?"

"Why, an elopement is when a man and woman or boy and girl run away together,"

"Whar do dey go to."

"Oh, anywhere they decide upon." "Who pays de expenses?"

"The man, of course." "How long am dev gone?" "Sometimes a week-sometimes for

ever." "Who pays de expenses back?" "The man."

"What becomes of de woman's hus band?

band?"
"Well, he generally arms himself with
a shot-gun, and if he overhauls the
couple he shoots seven kinds of daylight through the man and forgives his
wife and take her home." "Fo' de Lawd! Shoots right at ye?"
"Yes."

"Yes."
"Doan'gin ye no time to run or repent, an' can't be bought off wid a silver watch and \$2."
"No, sir."

"Now! Say?"
"Well?"

"I isn't gwine! l'ze changed my nind! Good-day!" Datroit Free mind!

CANINES AND FELINES.

It is no indication that a cat knows the value of money, simply because it always carries its purps with it. St. Paul Herald.

When is it that when looking at a cat you commit a State's pris n offence? When you count-her-feet. Chicago Sun. "Twenty years ago," says an exchange,

"there were fifty cats wherethere is only one to-day." This gratifying state of affairs is undoubtedly due to the evolution of the modern night editor. Bur-lington Free Press. Ten thousand and eight hundred cats

were found dead in the streets of New York last year. As each of these cats had nine liv s, the cat statistics of Gotham, for one year at least, are eminently satisfactory. Louisville Courier-Journal.

Mistress -Jane, I read in the newspapers that very much of the candy no made is decidedly bad for the health. You must be very careful that dear little Fido does not get any of the children's candy. Philadelphia Progress.

SOMEBODY UNDER THE BED. What Two Smart People Thought Was a Pet Dog.

Sam V. Harris lives in Forth Worth. Neither he nor his wife are very smart, as will be seen by the following incident: Last night Sam heard a noise under his bed.

"There is somebody under the bed," said Sam to his wife. "It's Fido; I guess."
"No, I think it's a burglar," replied

Sam.
"Just reach your hand down and if it is Fido he will tick it."

The burglar, for it was one after all, overheard the conversation, and when Sam reached his hand down the burglar licked it all over affectionately. was entirely satisfactory, and they went to sleep, but when they woke up the next morning there was not much left in the house that was worth carrying off. Texas Siftings.

GIVEN AND TAKEN. J. G. WHITTIER.

Smoothing soft the nestling head Of a maiden fancy-led, Thus a grave-eyed woman said:

"Richest gifts are those we make; Dearer than the love we take That we give for love's own sake.

"Well I know the heart's unrest; Mine has been the common quest, To be loved, and therefore biest.

"Sweet the offerings seemed, and yet With the sweetness came regret, And a sense of unpaid debt.

Was it vanity or pride That a deeper joy denied? "Hands that ope but to receive Empty close; they only live Richly who can richly give.

"Heart of mine unsatisfied.

"Still," she sighed with moistening eyes "Love is sweet in any guise; | But its best is sacrifice!

"He, who, giving, does not crave Likest is to him who gave Life itself the love to save, "Love that self-forgetful gives Sows surprise of ripened sheaves Late or soon its own receives."



The season for public balls is at its neight. The chief French ball of the winter, the Harmonie, was kicked last week. That was a lively night in the city, too. There were the masqueraders and lofty dancers and revelers at the Academy of Music, Sullivan and "Paddy' Ryan to amuse the thugs and "sports" of Ryan to amuse the thugs and "sports" of the community at Madison Square Garden, and Wagner's beautiful opera of 'Lohengrin," splendidly produced at the Metropolitan Opera House. Later in the week the Old Guard cave its ball at the Metropolitan Opera House, and the big hall was brilliant with gay elecorations and rich costumes. The stage was set as an old fort in the woods, with two bastions on either side, and with the banner of the Jd Guard on the outer wall. The of the old Guard on the outer wall. The French cooks' ball will be given soon, and all the high priced cooks of the city will send fancy examples of their art for exhibition. There is one special differ-ence between the French balls and the big balls of "society." At the ones given by society the dresses of the women are decolette from the top, while at the French balls the costumes are mostly lecolette from below.



The gas consumers of the city in the early part of the winter thought that they would be happy in reduced bills, for most of the large gas companies were consolidated and sent around notices of a big reduction in the price of gas per foot. Have the bills been lower? Not very much; they have been higher. What has done it? The little demon what has done it? The little demonstrat lurks in the deceptive gas meter. Consumers, large and small, have seen the figures on the meter dials go up month by mouth, and the figures on the bill go up at the same rate. The companies are sly. They reduce the rate and then they put on extra pressure at the gas works and make the consumers burn enough more gas than formerly to push the bills up beyond the good old days of high prices.



The elopement business is going so far n this region that fathers of attractive daughters are beginning to ask them selves whether ere long they will not be approached by ardent suitors in the manner portrayed in the cut. Gus O Rudolphy, son of the city surveyor, loved Addie Stiger, daughter of the president of the Acme Water Company. Old Stiger didn't like the match, because he said his family was American and he didn't want any foreigner to become a member of it. Then he didn't like the idea of Gus and Addie going to the Liederkranz balls, as they did. One day the erkranz balls, as they did. One day the old gentleman went out of town, and when he came back the next day found his daughter gone and with her a grand piano and a lot of furniture and things that had been willed to her by her mother. There was a brief note from Addie saying that she and Gus were married and asking old Stiger to call on them at their new home. He forgave them.



Mr. Vose was a lucky young man who inherited a million dollars. He no sooner got the money than he proceeded to run through it at a 2:10 gait. He tried all the frivolities and dissipations that New York could afford, and then he journeyed into France and took up the run again in Paris. There he found the Jardin Mabille, the "ladies of the ballet," the races and innumerable costly things, and men and woman to help him in his efforts. He scored a great success, and the other day turned up in a police court here charged with forgery and obtaining money by false represen-tation. His chief victim was the pro-prictor of the big Turkish bath estab-lishment in Lafayet'e place. He could-n't give up his wild life after his money gara out and he lived for a particulate. gave out, and he lived for a considerable gave out, and he fived for a considerable time in his swindling operations. When he found that there was no escape from prison bars he remarked: "Well I have had enough fin, so far to make up for a few years in a cell."



A sudden freak seized the police de partment a few nights ago, and twelve 'fashionable, high toned" gambling dens were raided. The police are taken with such spasms of virtue semi-occasionally. By some mysterious atnospheric or electric phenomenon the gambiers, most of them, knew that the guardians of the law were coming, and only two arrests were made. But heaps of costly "lay-outs" and gambling implements were outs" and gambling implements were seized and carted to police headquarters, where they were stored for their owners to come and claim their property. No one came. It is said with much show of reason that the raid was made to discredit old Superintendent Walling. It was done without his knowledge by order of the police commissioners. Walling had said often that there was not a cambling den open in New York. He gambling den open in New York. He is getting old and the politicians want his place. So, it was hinted, the raid was made to show that the old man neg ected his duty.

The Tobacco Woman. "Five cents worth of snuff." said a little woman as she bent over the counter of a drug store this morning and whispered the order in the clerk's ear with a mysterious mien. Glancing furtively around to assure herself that there were no wit nesses to the transaction, she added: "It's for another lady. I never use the horrid stuff." Picking up a neatly wrapped little bundle in white paper, e placed it to her nose to assure herself that it was the genuine article, then flung down a nickel and hurriedly left

the store. "Hose Johnny" said the clerk ing to a boy who was standing behind the prescription case in conversation with a reporter of this paper, "put up some more snuff. All those packages we put up last night are gone already. hiury! Here's another customer com-ing across the street. From the way she stares through the door I judge she wants snuff. Ah, this is a rushing busi-ness!" he continued, aside to the report-er, who let fall his under jaw in utter mazement.

"Who are your chief pations in this line?" ventured the reporter.
"Why, the ladies, of course. We have
no male callers for snuff at all. The men chew tobacco instead. Of course no woman buys the snuff for herself. The urchase is always made for a reighbor or friend. I have seen women come here with the brown juice dry in the nere with the brown place dry in the corner's of their mouths, and complain of the dirty stuff, which they said they were buying for another woman. The habit, I understand, is very fascinating. and when once learned is more binding than either chewing tobacco or smoking. In its strength to ensalve the will it approaches the power of narcotics. Louisville Evening Post.

PALMISTRY.

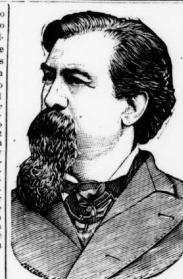
CHARLES L. HILDRETH Sweet, let me read that little paim; Perchance 'tis true, as sages say, That there is written many a charm To draw the future's veil away.

I press the dainty finger-tips— Tis a preliminary part; And hold them softly to my lips— Tis a requirement of the art.

Here runs the life line, long and deep; Few crosses on its snowy plain; Ah, seldom, sweet one, mayst thou we And seldom know the touch of pain! And here the line of wealth I see, Lost in a broader line above; If I know aught, that line abould be The sign of true and perfect love.

Ay, full across the palm it curves, And side by side with life it tends; It never falters, never swerves, And only with the life it ends.

A Mormon editor of Salt Lake City had the following in a recent issue of his paper: "The urknown woman who was ago by the cars proves to be one of the wives of the editor of this paper." A new count appears to have revealed the fact.

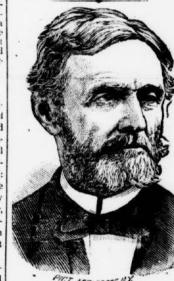


Daniel W. Voorhees Re-elected Sena or from Indiana



PIOT. 155. PATES N.Y. Myra Clark Gaines.

Made famous by the land litigation is which she has figured for thirty-five



PICT. ASS. PAESS NX

Ex President of the Confederate States



El Mahdi. False prophet of the Soudan, upper Egypt, whose forces recently captured

MOSTLY LIES.

Said Jones: "I hardly ever ride, For crowded cars I can't abide, And carriages I do despise— I am so fond of exercise."

Khartoum.

"I bring my my lunch," said Smith elate, "For noisy restaurants I hate; Besides I'd spoil my appetite For dinner when I'm home at night." Said Brown: "I'm tough: 1 never wear An overcoat. I do declare I do not feel the cold like those Half-frozen chaps weighed down with clothes."

"I never touch cigars," Green spoke, "They're made of stuff unfit to smoke; For healthfulness or comfort ripe Give me my fragrant brier pipe."

And so we all apologize
And make excuses—mostly lies,
Because we dare not say with sense
We go without to save expense.
—Chicago Sun.

Protection is to a laboring man as foolish a thing as it would be for him to keep his mother-in-law in the house to protect him from his wife. Fall River Advance.

TIMELY BINTS TO GIRLS

of the Things they Should do Without Complaining.

The girls who have pored over the pag s of the little book called "Don't" are now invited by an exchange to accept the advice in regard to things they should do.

Do be natural; a poor diamond is better than a good imitation.

Do try to be accurate, not only for your own sake, but for the sake of your sex; the incapacity of the female mind for ecureev is a standard argument against he equality of the sexes.

Do be exact in money matter; every lebt you incur means loss to some one, probably to some one less at le then you to bear it. Do answer your letters soon after they

are received and do try to reply to them with some relation to their contents; a rambling, ill-considered letter is a satire upon your education. Do, when you talk, keep your hands

Do observe; the faculty of observation, well cultivated, nakes practical men and women.

still.

Do attach as much importance to your mind as to your body. Do try to remember where you put

four gloves and card case; keep the form: er mended and the latter filled Do recollect that your health is more important than your amusement; you can live without one, but you will die early without the other.

Do try to be sensible; it is not a particular than the particular

ular sign of superiority to talk like a fool.

Do put your hairpins in so that they
will stay; it looks slovenly, to say the he least, to see them half dropping out. Do be ready in time for church; if you do not respect yourself sufficiently to be punctual, respect the feelings of other

people.

Do get up in time for breakfast.

Do avoid causes of irritation in your family circle; do not reflect that home is

hamily circle; do not renect that nome is the place in which to be disagreeable. Do be reticent; the world at large has no interest in your private affairs. Do cultivate the habit of listening to others; it will make you an invaluable member of society, to say nothing of the advantage it will be to you when you marry; every man likes to talk about himself; a good listener makes a delight-ful wife.

ful wife. Do be contented; "mariyrs" are detestable; a cheerful, happy spirit is infectious; you can carry it about with you like a sunny atmosphere.

Do avoid whis ering; it is as bad as riggling; both are to be condemned; there is no excuse for either one of them; if you have not, hold your tongue anogether; silence is golden.

Do b truthful; do avoid exaggeration.

Do b. truthful; do avoid exaggeration; if you mean a mile say a mile, not a mile and a half; if you mean one say one, not

THE LATEST POLLY. Bleeding to Secure a Colorless Com-

plexion. "Bleeding is becoming fashionable mong young society swells of both sexes, but it is mostly practiced by young men.'

aid a society physician yesterday.

"By bleeding persons naturally become a little pale, and this gives them a kind of aristocratic appearance. For instance, a young man has been rejected by the young lady who has upset his reason he can play upon her sympathies by having himself bled. The loss of blood would himself bled. The loss of blood would make him pale and interesting, and he could loange around home for a few days and send out a report that he was dying of a broken heart. His paleness would show that something was the matter with him, and it might excite the lady's sympathy, if she had that element in her fashionable composition. The face could not be powdered or painted to represent illness. The ladies understand this artifice too well, and a great many this artifice too well, and a great many this artifice too well, and a great many are adopting the bleeding process. It is not that they wish to convey the impression they are dying by inches from grief. They don't do that now, but occasional bleeding makes them naturally pale, and their pretty faces are more easily ed in consequence. With a white back-ground, or rather face, the face is colored without the prelin inary trouble of washing it with a white compound Lefore coloring is put on. The colors stick better, the paint does not show so plainly, does not close the pores of the skin so hermetically; a smoother appearance

enerally.
Then, again, it is not the correct thing in fashionable society to appear too rosy and healthful. It would look as if they followed some occupation for a living. School girls, you know eat pickles and slate pencils under the impression that it will make them thin by drying up the blood. Bleaching is the latest device in Bleaching is the latest device in fashionable society, and is resorted to by both sexes for opposite purposes. Dur-ing the summer ladies are bleached, or oled, under the impression that the re-duction of blood prevents an excess of duction of blood prevents an excess of perspiration—and nothing is considered more unfashionable than to perspire. That is why so many ladies look so cool and icy chilling in the red hot months of summer. I do not know that the young men drink salt water after being bled like the othercalves that are bleached for the perspired by the beaches had ed for the market by cruel butchers, but no doubt salt water will soon become a fashionable craze in connection with the bleeding process.' N. Y. Times.

MY VALENTINE.

W. T. PETERS.

He came one blustering, snowy day In February weather; He carried on his dimpled arm A portmanteau of leather. He tapped against my window-pane; He said: "You sly old fellow, Come tell me of that little maid With curly head and yellow.

"The music of whose broken speech A happy home rejoices; Whose prattle has a sweeter sound Than other people's voices."

Liook amazed, the saucy boy
Looked back at me with laughter.
He said: "My name is Cupid—
And your Valentine I'm after."
—St. Nicholas.