

Joy and Sorrow.

Sombody's heart is gay,
And somebody's heart is sad,
For lights beam bright across the way
And a door with crape is clad!
Sadness and gladness e'er
Are dwellers side by side.
A dear one on her bier,
And the wreathing of a bride.
Bright eyes are filled with mirth,
Pale faces bend in prayer,
And hearts beside the cheery hearth
Are crushed by stout despair!
Ah, sorrow and joy and hope
Are parted by thinnest wall,
And only on hearts which never op
No ghostly shadows fall!

No thoughts of the funeral train
Come to the festive throngs;
No hope that joy will dawn again,
To stricken souls belongs.
The future is e'er a sunny sea
To the children of joy and mirth;
But only the frost and its memory
Comes to stricken ones of earth!

Sombody's heart is gay,
And somebody's heart is sad,
For light beams bright across the
And a door with crape is clad!
Sadness and gladness e'er
Crowd round us side by side;
A sunny smile and a scalding tear,
So close they are allied!
—[L. G. Riggs in St. Louis Magazine.

A BUNCH OF BANANAS.

BY WALLACE P. REED.

I.

"She will be a princess, if——"
Juan Valdez leaned forward eagerly
to hear what the wrinkled old hag had
to say.

The fortune-teller again scrutinized
the innocent baby face before her, and
looked at the pink little palm extended
in her brown, leathery hand.

"She will be a princess, if——"
Again she paused with evident re-
luctance.

"Speak!" commanded Senor Valdez.
"Surely the power of your evil art has
not deserted you. If you can look into
the future, tell me what is to befall my
daughter, the last of her line."

The fortune-teller threw her head
back with a proud air. She was a very
old woman. There were people in San
Blas who remembered her when she
came to the village three score and ten
years before, and even then her hair
was gray and her face was wrinkled.
She claimed to be considerably over a
century old, and no one disputed her
ward.

"Senor, Valdez," said the brown-
faced sibyl, turning her fierce black
eyes full upon him. "I knew your
father, and his father before him. For
three generations I have been at the
cradle of every new-born babe in the
village. I have foretold whatsoever
there was of good or evil in their lives.
Has any one ever said that Perdita made
a mistake or made false predictions?"

"You misunderstand me, Perdita,"
was the humble reply. "It has unnerved
me to gain a daughter and lose a wife,
all in one bitter-sweet hour. My heart
is filled with mingled grief and joy, and
I am impatient to know the future of my
last hope, the heiress of the most mag-
nificent estate in Mexico. Will she live
or die? Will she bring joy or sorrow to
my house?"

Perdita dropped the tiny hand of the
pretty child, and shaded her eyes with
her hand.

"I see," she murmured, "the proudest
beauty that ever brought our gallant
cavaliers to her feet. Her gifts of mind
and person are the wonder and delight
of her father and all who behold her.
Something tells me that she will be a
princess if she lives to see her 18th birth-
day. My eyes have followed her through
her infancy and childhood, and down to
the night before her fateful day. Be-
yond that I cannot see. I know that
she will be a princess, if she is alive on
her 18th birthday. But I know nothing
more."

Sorely puzzled, and uncertain whether
to be hopeful or despondent, Senor
Valdez gave Perdita a purse of gold and
dismissed her.

II.

Seventeen years had rolled away.
A republic had gone down in a sea of
blood and an empire had risen. Maxi-
milian was on the throne; the beautiful
Carlotta had surrounded herself with an
imperial court, rivaling the brilliancy
of the one at the Tuilleries; Bazine's
legions covered the land, and it seemed
the usurpers had come to stay.

Among the Mexican hidalgos who
rallied around the imperial standard, the
wealthiest and most influential, was un-
doubtedly Senor Valdez.

"The prediction is coming to pass,"
the senor would frequently say to him-
self. "The republic is dead, and we
have a court swarming with princes.
Rita is the most beautiful woman and
the richest heiress in Mexico. Why

should she not be a princess? Old Per-
dita told the truth."

Rita was presented at court, and even
the empress looked at her in delighted
admiration.

"Your daughter will be a princess!"
she whispered to Senor Valdez, who at
that moment was looking at his gold-
laced coat tails in a mirror.

"She has the noblest blood of old
Spain in her veins," replied Valdez
proudly.

"That does not need to be said," an-
swered the empress, taking the girl by
the hand and leading her to a quiet cor-
ner of the salon.

The Senorita Valdez had been educat-
ed by the best European tutors that her
father's liberal offers could secure. She
was mistress of every accomplishment
Carlotta made no secret of the fact that
she liked her better than any of the
ladies around her.

"She will be a princess!" old Valdez
would repeat a hundred times a day.

The senor moved to the capital, and
established himself in a palace. He
raised regiments for Maximilian, loaned
the government money, and lived on a
lavish and extravagant scale.

In his round of pleasure and excite-
ment Valdez came near forgetting a very
important matter. One night it came
upon him with a shock.

"By all the saints!" he exclaimed,
leaping from his bed. "In one week
from to-day Rita will be eighteen! What
did the old witch say? Her words all
depended upon an if. My daughter
will be a princess, if. Ah, that if! I
must see to it at once. If any danger
threatens Rita it is during the present
week."

The senor hastily dressed himself and
ran into his daughter's room.

Rita was sleeping quietly, and her
face wore the glow of health.

Valdez examined the fastenings of the
windows, and then retired locking the
door and taking the key with him.

The next morning he told Rita of his
fears, and secured her consent to remain
indoors for several days.

"We must run no risk," the old man
said, as he stroked her head affection-
ately.

III.

On the morrow Rita would be eighteen.
Valdez passed the day in a state of
dazed illumination.

He refused to let his daughter come
down stairs to breakfast, for fear that
she would trip.

"No coffee, my dear," he said, "A
glass of lemonade is more wholesome.
Heavens!" he shrieked.

"What is it?" asked the astonished
girl.

"There is a lemon seed in the glass,"
said her father. "You might have swal-
lowed it."

Rita laughed. It was such a trifle,
she told her father.

But Valdez would have his way. He
poured out another glass, and examined
every particle of food that came into the
room. He prohibited meat, because it
might produce fever.

He was just as particular about every-
thing, and before the day was over Rita
grew so nervous that she did not much
care whether she lived or died.

Before night the windows were se-
curely barred, the room was searched to
see that no assassin had concealed him-
self, and finally at a late hour Valdez
told his daughter that he was afraid to
give her any supper.

"The truth is," he said, "I am afraid
of poison."

"May I have a few bananas?" pleaded
the senorita.

"Bananas," shouted her father. "Why
of course. They cannot hurt you. Yes,
you shall have a whole bunch."

He gave his orders, and in a few
minutes the tempting looking fruit was
brought into the room.

Valdez kissed his daughter, and
locked her in. He did not tell her of
his purpose but all night long he paced
the hall in his stocking feet with a pis-
tol in his hand.

The first glimmer of dawn came
through the windows of the palace.

"Rita's eighteenth birthday!" said the
happy father with a smiling face. "She
is safe, and what is more, she will be a
princess!"

Gradually the servants began to stir,
and the bright sunshine bathed the walls
in a flood of glory.

Senor Valdez quietly unlocked the
door to the well-guarded chamber, and
stole in on tip-toe.

In a moment the wildest shrieks and
cries rang through the palace.

The servants rushed to Rita's room,
and the unutterable horror of the sight
before them struck even the boldest
dumb.

Senor Valdez lay stretched on the
floor in a death-like swoon.

On the bed lay Rita, her face whiter
than the snowy pillow. There was a
horrible, brown, hairy something on her
throat!

One of the women approached gently,
and tore the ugly thing away, and killed
it with her slipper.

It was a tarantula, and it had done its
deadly work only too well. Rita's throat
bore the mark of its poisonous sting.

The servants understood it all when
they saw the bunch of bananas in a chair
by the bed. The tarantula had crawled
out during the night, and had stung the
lovely victim to death while she slept!

Valdez recovered consciousness, but it
was only to be driven from the palace
to the asylum. To the day of his death
he remained a gibbering maniac, without
the faintest gleam of sanity. Perhaps it
was a blessing to have his mind so com-
pletely wiped out.

When the Empress Carlotta heard of
the death of her favorite she at once dis-
continued her court entertainments for
the season. The empress felt the shock
so severely that it is believed by many
in Mexico that her subsequent mental
troubles really dated from the death of
the unfortunate Rita.—[Atlanta Consti-
tution.

Smoking Under Water.

"Do you know how that trick of
smoking under water is done?" asked a
showman the other day. "You'll see it
tried in the swimming tanks. It looks
strange, I admit, to see a man go under
water with a lighted cigar in his mouth,
smoke calmly at the bottom, and come
to the surface with the cigar burning as
nicely as if he were smoking in his easy
chair. It is a trick, but it requires
practice. I used to be quite proficient
at it. Just as I threw myself backward
to go down, I would flip the cigar end
for end with my tongue and upper lip
and get the lighted end in my mouth,
closing my lips water tight around it.
A little slippery elm juice gargled before
going in prevents any accidental burning
of the mouth. Going slowly down back-
ward, I would lie at full length on the
bottom of the tank and blow smoke
through the cut end of the cigar. Just
as I reached the surface again another
flip reversed the cigar, and there I was
smoking calmly. The reversing is done
so quickly that nobody notices it."—
[Philadelphia Call.

Stick to the Text.

The difficulty with many actors is that
they think they know better than the
writer of the piece, or even the audience,
what will please, and so take liberties
with the text. This is sheer ignorance.
To such an actor W. S. Gilbert once said,
while rehearsing "The Mikado": "You
must read the lines as I have written
them, and make no changes."

"I think I am old enough to under-
stand without telling me," was the re-
sentful reply.

"You certainly are," returned the
author.

"And I ought to know," said the ac-
tor.

"You certainly ought," was the dry
response; but as Mr. Gilbert said nothing
further, the actor became even more
resentful, though obedient. He found
afterward that he got more applause
from cultivated people when sticking to
the text than when attempting to "gag"
it.

Bullets Without Billets.

The question has often been raised,
what proportion of balls, exchanged by
hostile armies, will hit their mark and
kill. Difficult as it is to solve it exactly,
some approximation may be arrived at
from the number of balls—estimated at
20,000,000—which were fired by the
Germans in the war of 1870-71. The
French army lost, in dead and wounded
about 140,000 men. According to this,
only one ball out of 143 fired hit its
man, and assuming that on an average
only one man out of seven hit was actu-
ally killed, it would seem that only one
rifle-ball in 858 proved fatal. If it is fur-
ther considered that the number of men
wounded and killed by the guns of the
artillery are included in the above esti-
mate, it may safely be said that not over
one rifle-ball in 1000 fired proved to be
fatal.—[Boston Beacon.

Care of Canary Birds.

A writer on the care of canary birds
says that a raw apple, cabbage leaf and
plantain should be provided. Aim to
give one or the other of these things
every day the year round. Occasionally
give a piece of bread soaked in milk,
but never cake or candy. Once a week
give boiled egg mixed with cracker.
Never hang any birds in a draft or the
wind, and never set them out of their
cages. In moulting time give a dusting
of cayenne pepper to their egg and
cracker, or bread and milk.

A WAR STORY.

The Young Confederate Soldier Who Was Lost at Gettysburg.

His Fate a Mystery For Twenty- Four Years.

A recent letter from Raleigh, N. C.,
to the St. Louis Globe-Democrat says:
One of the romances of the war has just
developed here, in which the only son of
one of North Carolina's governors
figures. Governor Tod R. Caldwell dur-
ing the war resided in handsome style at
the quiet little town of Morganton. Of
an old and honored family, he had but
one object of intense affection—his son,
John—a handsome lad not 20 years of
age. In the winter of 1862 this only son
begged to be allowed to go to the army.
Entreaties were of no avail, and his
father and his mother at last consented,
with tears, that he might join the Army
of Northern Virginia. He enlisted in
the 33d Regiment of North Carolina In-
fantry, in Lane's Brigade, Pender's Di-
vision, A. P. Hill's Corps.

When the campaign opened in 1863 no
soldier was more daring than young
Caldwell, and he was soon promoted
from the ranks. In May he was made a
second lieutenant for his gallant and
meritorious conduct. His regiment
went into the Pennsylvania campaign.
At Gettysburg he was present and in the
hottest of the fight. On the afternoon
of July 3, 1863, his regiment swept up a
slope within fifty yards of the Federal
lines, went closer yet, and bayonets
were crossed. Suddenly the line moved
back a little. Young Caldwell was
never seen alive after that moment. He
was at the front when the backward
movement began. His father used all
the influences of money and position to
find the lost soldier, but unavailingly.
The authorities refused to allow the
graves to be opened. It could not be
ascertained whether he was dead or
alive, and the matter became one of the
most terrible uncertainties. Under the
strain the minds of the father and mother
were nearly overcome. The father
grimly nursing his great sorrow, for-
bade any one to mention the son's name,
and the terrible story was never alluded
to, even by the mother.

In 1871 General Caldwell became
governor of the state. Two years later,
in 1873, an ex-Confederate soldier
named Lucas, from Hyde county, was
elected to the legislature, and came to
Raleigh. Some one told him one night
the sad story of the death, or supposed
death, and mystery of John Caldwell.
The next day Lucas called on the Gov-
ernor and told him the truth at last.
Lucas was in another regiment, and had
observed young Caldwell's brave bear-
ing, as they were near together. In the
terrible moment of the repulse he had
seen young Caldwell shot down while
separated from his men and fighting,
hand to hand, a New York soldier.
After hearing this story and the further
details of the burial of Caldwell by
Lucas, the Governor looked himself in
his room and was all day in tears. He
never told his wife of the revelation by
Lucas, and told it only to his private
secretary.

A few days ago Major Charles W.
Cowtan of New York City wrote your
correspondent saying that he had in his
possession the commission of an officer
in a North Carolina regiment, which he
had picked up on the battlefield of Get-
tysburg. His regiment, the 10th New
York, held the line at that point, just
after a terrible charge by the North
Carolinians, in which one fair-haired
and boyish officer was brave in the ex-
treme. Major Cowtan had examined
some of the dead Confederates, who so
thickly strewed the grounds at the
works, and near one found a torn and
bloody commission, on which was legi-
ble only "John Ca"—of the name.
Major Cowtan expressed a desire to re-
turn this commission if any relatives of
the dead soldier could be found. The
commission was found to be that of the
long-lost John Caldwell. The commis-
sion was sent Mrs. Caldwell, and this
blood-stained and torn piece of parch-
ment is, she writes, all there is on earth
to remind her of the dead son. For
years she cherished the hope that her
son was alive and in some prison. In
fact, all the prisons were searched for
him through the influence of Governor
(now Senator) Vance. It has required
twenty-four years to ascertain the true
story. At the same time the commis-
sion was sent her she was first made ac-
quainted with the facts told Governor
Caldwell in 1873.

Dull gold and oxidized silver braids
are used in decorating the newest of
tailor gowns

A Chinese Watering-Place.

A correspondent of the St. Louis
Democrat thus describes Chefoo, a Chi-
nese watering-place: "Chefoo lies on the
north side of the promontory of Shan-
tung, that juts out between the Yellow
sea and the Gulf of Pechele, and it has
nearly the same latitude as Cape May.
The Chinese town of Chefoo, which
originally gave the name to the port, lies
on an island opposite the present foreign
settlement, miles enough away across
clear salt water for none of its ancient
odors to reach one. A bold, rocky
point, with residences perched all over
its breezy top, stands out from the low
shore, and the town lies back of it and
stretches off along the level ground at
either side. On one side of the head-
land is the harbor, full of junks and
steamers, the landing-piers, the custom-
house and the business streets. On the
other is a long, curving beach of yellow
sand with a lazy surf pounding away in
lines of foam, and cottages and hotels
strung at intervals for two miles. Back
of this water fringe of habitations there
are long barren slopes running up into
quite a mountain range.

"Nothing could be more unlike an
American watering-place than this re-
sort of North China, that is sometimes
called the Brighton and sometimes the
Long Branch of China. Both of those
places would hold their sides at the ab-
surdity of the comparison, as the only
point in common is the salt water roll-
ing on a sandy beach. The dozen of
hotels are small, and it is comforting
to American pride here, where every-
thing is so absolutely and tyrannically
English, that the best appointed and
best managed hotel should be kept by
an American woman, who has a United
States flag of glorious proportions flying
from a tall flagstaff in her courtyard.
The salt-water bathing goes on in the
most proper and decorous British way;
women in modest bathing-suits that
cover them down to their ankles and
over their knuckles, slip into the water
from their bath-houses at one part of the
beach, and men in—we are not supposed
to know what sort of bathing suits, if any
—splash away in their own reserved por-
tion of the beach at a different hour.
Thus the everlasting British proprieties
are respected and preserved.

"There are no piazza concerts, no
board walk, no ocean drive and no
Casino for beauty and fashion to disport
itself and show its good clothes, and
from the point of view of an American
watering-place, one might say that there
was no dressing at Chefoo. There are
no roads to drive on, no carriages to
drive in and no saddle-horses to be hired
in Chefoo, so that by sedan-chairs or on
foot is the only way of getting about.
All life is concentrated in the string of
hotels and cottages along the beach.
Boating, of course, comes in for a great
share of attention, and regattas are fre-
quent events. There is always a foreign
man-of-war or two in harbor, and the
Chinese have a large arsenal and naval
station at Weihai Bay, about forty miles
below."

Supper in New Zealand.

Soon came "huppa," or supper,
which several of the women had cooked
in a large pot. A large tin dish was
laid on the ground and the contents of
the pot poured into it, consisting of
jacketless potatoes and cockles. Tea
with sugar, but no milk, was served in
tin cups from a large tin can. The na-
tives used their fingers only, but they
gave me a knife, fork, and tin plate.
After supplying me bountifully they
crowded around their dish, and it
seemed a race who could devour the
most in the least time. What quantities
they ate! It was a wonder to me how
they found room for it all. They
plunged their claws into the dish,
grabbed a steaming potato or a handful
of juicy cockles, and swallowed them
as quickly as they could. It took but a
few minutes to finish the dishful. Then
everybody smoked. All used clay pipes.
Even the pickaninnies enjoyed "the
weed."—[Pittsburg Dispatch.

Potato Ivory.

Potato ivory is a new transformation
for the lowly tubers. They are simply
treated with sulphuric acid, bathed in
it, boiled in it, and afterwards freed
from it. The result is a hard white
substance easily worked and colored.
As the supply of tusks are limited, and
the production of celluloid expensive,
this may prove a valuable industry.—
[New York World.

A Burst of Generosity.

"Ma," said Bobby, "if you'll give me
another piece of pie do you know what
I will do?"

"What will you do, Bobby?"

"I'll give my little sister half of it,"
said the generous boy.—[New York Sun.