THE COMING MAN.

A pair of very chubby legs,
Encased in scarlet hose;
A pair of little chubby boots,
With rather doubtful toes;
A little kilt, a little coat,
Cut as a mother can—
And lo! before us stands in state
The future's coming man.

His eyes, perchance, will read the stars
And search their unknown ways;
Perchance the human heart and soul
Will open to their gaze;
Perchance their keen and flashing glance
Will be a nation's light—
Those eyes that now are wistful bent
On some big fellow's kite.

Those hands—those little busy hands—
So sticky, small and brown;
Those hands whose only mission seems
To pull all order down—
Who knows what hidden strength may be
Lurking within their clasp,
Though now 'tis but a taffy stick
In sturdy hold they grasp?

Ah, blessings on those little hands,
Whose work is yet undone!
And blessings on those little feet,
Whose race is yet unrun.
And blessings on the little brain
That has not learned to plan,
What'er the future holds in store,
God bless the coming man.

—London Figaro.

HOW THEY MET.

"O look, Regina! There he is—there in the parquet—third row! But what is the matter with you? Whom do you see there?

"I—oh! I saw an interesting head among the crowd, really an exceptionally interesting head; but now I am very anxious to become acquinted with your adorer. Ah! that blonde youth? Not bad; that young man has a distinguished air—no doubt comes from a fine family—and what is much better, he looks manly and healthy."

"How coldly you judge him! I think him extraordinary! I never saw a handsomer face! He has a fine physique and appears like a prince, just as I imagine the prince in the fairy tale. For the last week I have met him daily on the Promenade—oh! and he has the sweetest snow-white poodle, that often jumps around me in joyous leaps, as if he had something to tell me! Since then, too, I always meet him at the theater, where he fixes his opera-glasses steadily upon me as soon as the curtain falls. Do you think he loves me, Regina?"

"I cannot say with any certainty, but at any rate you are in love with him!"

"Oh, Regina, you are so cruel!"

"Well, dear, do not let your courage fail you; I think you stand a chance of becoming the mistress of the sweet white poodle, if his master continues to stare at you to-night—for you yourself are not less sweet," Regina replied, smiling at her younger sister, a beautiful girl of eighteen, with whom she occupied one of the first boxes.

Regina herself, 10 years her senior, who had been suddenly widowed after an exceedingly unhappy marriage, was one of those dignified, interesting persons who are characterized by an atmosphere of melancholy. These women often go through life alone, because they are rarely understood and appreciated.

Regina's lovely eyes turned once more in the direction whence her sister had diverted her attention. Yes, she had not been mistaken; it was a remarkable head. The man to whom it belonged could not possess a plain, everyday nature; he must be an extraordinary creature He was not handsome, but there was something glowing, fascinating, something very forcible in those features, as if passionate fancy and unrelenting realism had combined to bring forth a true human soul, filled with a sense of beauty.

How strange! In spite of the distance, it seemed as if his eyes were fixed upon her, and she felt herself drawn to him with a kind of magnetism.

There—he took up the opera-glass, and that disturbed her impression, so she turned away. At this moment the curtain rose, and her attention was fixed upon the stage. But between every act, as soon as the dazzling light filled the theatre, it seemed to Regina as if she were to greet a friend, one long sought for and finally found, whose look should tell her that he would understand her deepest and inmost thoughts and sensations. Oh, how good, how lovely beyond description it seemed, after such long, long wandering!

The little sister at her side was so absorbed in her own romance that she no longer heeded her. The Wagnerian music and the glowing looks of her "amoroso" put her into an ecstacy of delight which well became her eighteen years; and as both were going home in their closed carriage each one leaned silently in a corner. Regina had closed her eyes, as if she were dreaming, but Elsie sighed now and then in a most heart-rending manner.

. . . . . .

Dear Madam: This can go on no longer; we are acquainted; only enough, however, to know that we must look for one another. We have yet to confirm that which we have told through the opera glasses. I feel a wonderful agitation in my soul like unto that which must have stirred the great soul of the universe on the morn of the creation after the "Let there be light!" Believe me there will be light for us both!

Do come; I will await you to-morrow between two and three at the National Gallery in front of Makart's "Katherine Coronaro."

Elsie read and reread this note as she was riding in the carriage toward the place which he had appointed for their rendezvous. It had been delivered that morning to her, and she did not doubt for a moment who the author was. Only she found the style and contents somewhat unusual, and felt slightly agitated. She had not mentioned the note to her sister.

The writing did not harmonize in the least with the young man she had pictured to herself in every detail. The brisque, forcible sentiment which showed so plainly in these lines hurt her, and seemed almost a command, when Elsie had expected a beseeching, modest entreaty in consideration of the boldness of the request. And this all pervading rhapsody was making her feel uneasy. Why did he not simply say "I love you," or "I am dying of love?" That would have been much simpler and prettier.

Amid all these considerations she buttoned the last button of her faultless gloves, while her heart beat violently; then once more she drew forth a small mirror to closely examine her fringe and the effect of her little hat; alas! every woman knows very well how important her fringe, the shape of her hat and the cut of her dress are, in the great decisive moments of her life!

When finally the carriage stopped at the entrance of the National Gallery her trembling limbs scarcely brought Elsie to her place of destination. At first she seemed to see everything through a haze, and, not daring to look around, she seated herself, waiting for him to come up and speak to her.

But no one came. About 10 minutes later she took heart and looked about. Was it possible? He was not there! Elsie wanted to grow angry, but then she said to herself that life was full of unexpected events. At the last moment he might have received company—a wealthy old uncle might have dropped in whom he could not very well ward off—or he might have been detained at the glovestore, or his coachman might have taken him the wrong direction; indeed, there were many reasons.

Some tiresome elderly English ladies stood about and a few schoolgirls were trying their best to appear appreciative of art. A couple of young men stared boldly at her, some went by indifferently, and several earnest-looking elderly gentlemen were deeply interested in the study of Makart's great work of art.

Why, oh, why are there so many superfluous people in the world? If the ground would only swallow them up! There in the corner sat a very old fellow, strange to say. He had fixed his eyes on the entrance as if he were expecting some one. A glow of expectancy shone in his eyes. As yet he had not even glanced at the painting, to which he had turned his back, and he himself looked like an artist or something of the sort, thought Elsie.

Minute after minute passed by, and one quarter of an hour after another, but the expected one came not.

The visitors in the art gallery came and went like the pictures in a kaleidoscope; only Elsie and the "odd fellow" did not move.

Elsie would have gone long before, but she was full of curiosity to see whom the stranger awaited. He looked as if life and death depended upon this expectation. Elsie, too, hung her dear little head despairingly. She was bitterly disappointed. So she had in vain felt feverish all that forenoon, had not eaten a bit of luncheon. In vain she had spent two long hours upon her toilet, and had told her sister a falsehood about a friend's sudden illness. And now all terrible doubts as to love and sincerity came back to her. Alas! how desolate this world and how insipid was life!

Suddenly she noticed that she and the stranger remained alone—all the other visitors had left. She had just drawn the letter from her pocket to re-read it for the hundredth time. It was an odd handwriting, as if written with a match, and the large, heavy letters were formed straight up and down. Really, the writing harmonized little with the elegant young cavalier—if only—

"Madam, how did you come by this letter?"

With this hoarse, half suffocated utterance the stranger had suddenly grasped her wrist. Pale as death with a low cry of terror, Elsie arose, for she thought him insane.

"Don't be alarmed; I am quite sane. Pray tell me the truth. How did you receive this letter not intended for you?

"Not intended for me? It was addressed to me!"

"Addressed to you? Then you are Miss von Lasswitz?"

"Yes, that is my name. What does my letter concern you?"

"Ah! there is the mistake!" The strange man looked suddenly enlightened as if he had been relieved of the burden of a great calamity. "Pardon me, madam, I wrote the letter, and it was intended for a different lady. The usher must have misinformed me. Tell me, were you in the third box in the first row at the opera on Monday, Wednesday and Friday?"

"Yes, indeed with my sister."

"A slender lady, darkly clad?"

"Yes, that is my sister, Mrs. von Planeck."

"Is she married?"

"She was married, and is now widowed."

"The boxkeeper told me your name and address only."

"He knows me and not my sister, who has been in Berlin only a short time."

"My dear madam, will you take me to Mrs. von Planeck and introduce me? My name is Otto Reimar."

"Are you Dr. Otto Reimar, the well-known writer?"

"I am a writer."

"How delighted she will be to meet you! I happen to know that yuo are her favorite author."

The stranger smiled and nodded his head, as if he wished to say;

"I also know that!"

A few moments more and Elsie von Lasswitz and Dr. Reimar were driving toward Mrs. von Planeck's residence.

* * * * *

As Elsie entered Mrs. von Planeck's drawing-room with her companion, she stood on the threshold spellbound—in silent astonishment. There sat Regina, whose face showed plainly that she had been mortally bored, and opposite her, turning his hat between his fingers, sat Elsie's youthful admirer with a most woebegone mien.

When Elsie understood the situation she nearly laughed aloud. It was indeed laughable.

There she had spent two hours of expectation and despair in the art gallery with Regina's suitor, while he, the object of her longings, awaiting her in vain, had indefinitely prolonged his call, and doomed poor Regina to entertain him on the subject of the weather, the theatre or the latest railroad accident. Oh, if she had but remained at home.

Regina's amazement looked very much like a glad surprise when she saw Elsie's companion and heard his name.

"You are Otto Reimar? How strange that the idea did not occur to me! I know all your writings, and should also have recognized you at once!"

"You have recognized me—the name cuts no figure, my dear madam. I had written all my best products for you alone before I saw you. But sometimes I would lose courage, fearing that I might never find you."

Regina silently gave him her hand, which he pressed to his lips. It seemed to her like a dream that, at the first meeting, she should have given herself to the man whom she had already learned to regard as one of the best and noblest of souls, and whose thoughts had made so deep an impression upon her through his writings.

And then he spoke to her, and Regina felt as if, hitherto, all had spoken in a strange language, and as if now, for the first time, she were hearing her mother tongue. His thoughts burst forth like a stream on whose billows Regina was carried away into boundless regions of light.

The young couple, meanwhile, were so interested in one another that they disturbed no one. Elsie, too, and her fairy prince, Assessor von Lucknow, had an endless amount to relate about the events on the Promenade and at the theater, and about the dear little white poodle.

Dr. Otto Reimar and Assessor von Lucknow were for some time daily callers at Mrs. Von Planeck's home, and when, later on, Regina became the beloved wife of the great poet and author, and Elsie the affianced of her fairy prince, this first meeting remained a source of inexhaustible merriment and pleasure of those concerned.—From the German.

UNDER THE LADDER.

A Story Showing That Every Man Has His Price.

Recently Mr. Frederick Bond, the comedian, came out of the stage door of Hermann's theater with the air of a man who is in a hurry.

The door is at the head of a long flight of iron stairs, which run down along the side of the building to the street below.

Just above these stairs there is an enormous board bill, and at the time of Mr. Bond's appearance a gentleman with a bucket of paste and an armful of paper, was renewing the printing thereon.

He stood upon a long ladder, which reached from the pavement to the top of the bill board and crossed the stairs close to their highest point. Mr. Bond started gayly down the steps. Just as he was about to dart beneath the ladder he stopped and rushed back again.

"Say," he called to the gentleman with the paste bucket, "I'm in a hurry!"

"Well," replied the other, leisurely laying on a fresh sheet, "who's a stoppin' ye."

"You are."

"Me? Watcher givin' us. Ain't the stairs open?"

"Yes, but there's your ladder. I wouldn't pass under it for anything."

"Then drop off."

"See here, I've passed under a ladder twice in my life; first time broke my arm, second time lost all my money. Won't you move that ladder for a favor?"

"Nixey. Not even fur a fiver!"

"A good cigar, then?"

"That's different," said the gentleman of the paste bucket.

He laboriously descended and swung the ladder outward, while Mr. Bond, coming down five steps at a jump, handed him the promised ransom, and flew up the street.

"Holy smoke!" sighed the gentleman of the paste bucket, "them actors is superstitious ducks!"

What a Bad Digestion Does.

A doctor has been comparing the state of mind of a man before dinner and after dinner who suffers indigestion. Before dinner the patient's thoughts are something of this kind:—

"What a jolly thing life is! How grand it is to breath the pure air to revel in the glorious sunshine, to laugh and be merry! With friends all around, a prosperous fortune before one, all one's hopes and plans turn out well. It may safely be said that we live in a good country, and that life is the most enjoyable state imaginable.

But after dinner, when the salmon and the cucumber and the lobster salad have begun to do their deadly work, the same man thinks something like this:—

"Life is a fraud. Those who say life is worth living are humbugs. We go about the world with a heavy load of care, and from morning till night our time is spent in battling with new annoyances. Bills pour in on every side, failure stares us in the face, every cherished hope is dashed to the ground. Bah! The whole thing is humbug!"

WHAT IS MUSIC?

A Variety of Definitions on That Subject.

A short time ago, the London Tit-Bits offered a prize of two guineas for the best definition of "Music." The following was adjudged the best definition:

Music is the endeavor of the soul to speak.

The following are some of the best definitions sent in:—

That subtle trembling of the air which, through the ear of man, soothes his sorrow, dispels his fear, revives his hope, calms his rage, purifies and educates his whole mind, and elevates his soul to heaven.

Music is poetry translated into the language of angels.

Music is the river of melody, which has Nature for its source, Art for a tributary, and Skill for its outlet.

The art of using sounds, singly or in combination, capable of pleasing the ear, touching the heart, exciting the intellect, and enlivening the imagination.

Music is the language by which thoughts and feelings otherwise unutterable are expressed.

Soothing syrup for savage beasts.

An appeal to the soul expressed in sympathetic sound.

The only gift thought worthy by God of being equally divided between the angels and man.

Music is the key to the human heart.

A fancy ball of ideas dressed in the masquerade of crotchets and quavers.

Music is the soul's expression, the heart's solace, and the mind's delight.

Music consists of every sound in nature that gives pleasure to its hearers.

A noisy peacemaker.

A succession of harmonious sounds which some people may pay a guinea to hear, and some sixpence to have taken into the next street.

Medicine for aching hearts and tired brains.

Notes on the Bank of Harmony.

A scientific method which that wildest of animals, man, may be tamed.

Music is the Volapuk of the feelings.

The easel of the soul, and the canvas upon which we picture our emotions.

Nice noise.

Bars in which teetotalers may indulge their thirst for melody.

A something made out of nothing which acts as a tonic for bad temper, drives away care, and creates happiness.

The universal language of the soul.

Music is of all sound concerns the soundest, having an almost unlimited power of issuing notes which pass current everywhere.

Sound, time and harmony welded with sympathy.

Music is soul embodied in sound.

The honey produced by the Bee of Harmony from all the different flowers of sound.

Drilled wind.

The merry laugh of innocence at the fireside of contentment.

Music is the echo on earth of the golden harps in heaven.

Music is the soul listening to angels' whispers.

The language of heaven imperfectly lisped on earth.

Harmonious noise.

The marriage of Harmony to Sound.

Man's spelling of heaven's language

A BANK'S WEAK POINT.

It Gives the Depositor Little Evidence of Its Debt to Him.

"Did you ever give any particular thought to how insignificant and informal is the evidence of debt which a bank gives its regular depositors in return for the large sums of money the depositors leave with them?" asked the head of a big mercantile house, as he glanced at the entry just made in the firm's bank book, which a clerk had returned with.

"For the $3,073 in gold currency, to say nothing of the $5,263 20 in drafts and silver, which we left with the bank just now all we got in return were the six figures and the date; no promise to pay not even an I. O. U. from the bank. Where in any other department or any other circumstances of mercantile life can one find this equaled?

"Positively nowhere else! In many respects I consider this feature one of the seven wonders known of in connection with no other period of the world, so far as I know.

"Some day we will hear of a gigantic fraud of some sort or other as the result of the present deposit book system. Already many small ones have happened, but have been hushed up by the banks. It is a generally accepted fact in banking and mercantile circles that this is the one weakest spot in the business doing of today. Think of it a minute; no contract—not the touch of the pen or a line of printed matter acknowledging obligation on the part of the banks in return for the millions of money daily received by them from depositors! It is certainly a remarkable thing and one which should be changed—but how?"

He Didn't Know.

A man down in Randolph, Me., feels called upon to explain, through the columns of the Gardiner News, that he didn't know that his wife had kerosened the dog to kill the fleas, and didn't know the dog lay at his foot when he threw the lighted match on the floor, but he didn't know the animal caught fire, and was sorry, for he wouldn't have swapped that yellow dog for the best horse in town. Anyone who would desire an humbler explanation of a sorrowful domestic tragedy is simply asking too much.—The Republic.

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