

### WHEN LOVE PASSED BY.

I was busy with my plowing  
When Love passed by.  
"Come," she cried, "forsoke thy drudging;  
Lift'st thyself from the furrow and grudging;  
What bath man of all his striving,  
All his planning and contriving,  
Here beneath the sky,  
When the grave opens to receive him,  
Wealth and wit and honors leave him—  
Love endures for aye."  
But I answered, "I am plowing,  
When with straight and even furrow  
All the field is covered through,  
I will follow."  
Love passed by.

I was busy with my sowing  
When Love passed by.  
"Come," she cried, "give over thy toiling;  
For thy moul' thou hast but mulling—  
Follow me where meadows fertile  
Bloom unshorn with rose and myrtle,  
Laughing to the sky;  
Laugh for joy the thousand flowers,  
Birds and brooks—the laughing hours  
All unnoted by."  
But I answered, "I am sowing,  
When my acres are all planted,  
Gladly to thy you in enchainment  
I will follow."  
Love passed by.

I was busy with my reaping  
When Love passed by.  
"Come," she cried, "thou plantest grieving,  
Reapedst sorrow and art sowing,  
If the heart be follow, vain is  
Garnished store. Thy wealth of grain is  
Lost to thee—  
Have thee—for the hours fast dwindle  
Like the years of hopes and kindle  
In life's sweet and bitter sigh."  
But I answered, "I am reaping,  
When, with song of youth and maiden,  
Home the harvest comes, full laden,  
I will follow."  
Love passed by.

I had entered in my harvest  
When Love passed by.  
"Sow!" he cried, "to her—swift, speeding,  
Thy moul' not my own moul' speeding—  
Sow, O Love, I am following,  
Sow the light, oh, sweet-winged swallow  
Cloving the sky."  
I am old and worn and weary,  
Void my fields and near—and dreary,  
With thee would I sow,  
Garnished with all my harvest,  
Sow the light, oh, sweet-winged swallow,  
Fierce reaper, like the sun, tannet me—  
I will follow."  
Love passed by.

### TOLD AT THE MESS.

The Colonel of the Red Hussars was an Irishman, who was as proud of his nationality as it is possible for an Irishman to be, and that is not saying a little by any means. He carried his patriotism so far as to aver that not only were the Irish the finest, the most courageous, the most gifted of the four nationalities, but that nearly all the really great Englishmen were really Irishmen. He justified his Hibernianism by a mode of reasoning which was highly original but not wholly convincing. It would have provoked shouts of laughter in the mess if it had proceeded from the lips of a subaltern, but the Colonel was an altogether different person to deal with. It would be dangerous to quarrel with him, and he was as peppery as a London fog or an old maid who has been jilted by the curate. It was considered far more advisable to give him his head, and let him exhaust himself by the violence of his own efforts.

When he launched out on his favorite topic, therefore, he was listened to in respectful silence by his subordinates, but in revenge it was the greatest delight of the wags of the regiment to mimic his voice and manner, and to represent him as uttering the most astounding Hibernian falsehoods, garnished with numerous expressions of a wholly profane character. This was called "shooting old Pat," and was a very popular amusement in every mess-room where the Colonel's personality was known. His real name, of course, as the Army List will tell you, was Col. Dominick Sydney Power, but this is a comparatively trifling detail. He had been nicknamed "Old Pat" at a very early stage of his military career, and "Old Pat" of the Red Hussars was almost as well known throughout the service as Cox's Bank or the cold-meat train to Woking.

Therefore, when the Red Hussars heard that Sir James Macleod had been gazetted from the Blues to their own regiment, conjecture ran very wide among the officers whether Sir John would contrive to hit it off amiably with "Old Pat." It was generally felt that the stranger would probably prove a Scotchman of the deepest dye, with a very large allotment of Scotch pride and patriotism, while, no doubt, after his experiences in the Blues, he would be inclined to regard a mere Colonel in a Hussar regiment with more compassion than reverence. Under these circumstances there seemed to be every prospect of some lively and exhilarating scenes when the Colonel should deem it fitting to take the Scotch baronet into his confidence on the important subject of national distinctions.

"It will be great fun if he goes for Old Pat and gives it him hot, when he begins the usual rot," said young Fanshawe, with a broad grin, and it was generally agreed among the junior officers of the regiment that it would be great fun indeed.

While his subordinates were coming to this insubordinate decision, Col. Dominick Power was engaged in reading a long letter from an old schoolfellow of his, and a former brother officer of Sir James Macleod, to whom he had written a few days previously in order to make some inquiries into the mess-room of the Red Hussars, and the Baronet's motives for effecting the exchange.

"A woman is at the bottom of it as usual," wrote Capt. Fletcher of the Blues. Macleod was very hard hit, and she threw him over for no reason that any one can divine. Pure devilry, that is all. He knew that you were ordered abroad, and he wants to get out of the country without appearing to run away. That's the bait. He is a capital fellow; no damned nonsense about him in any way; is a good sportsman; Al shot; and very popular in the regiment. There is only one point on which I had better caution you. Don't bet with him. He is a very devil at bets and always wins."

"Is he, indeed?" mused Col. Power; "and he may be the very devil himself for all he'll get out of me. It's myself that would like to see the

Colonel of the regiment betting with a mere whipper-snapper of a subaltern—newly joined, too.

Sir James Macleod proved to be a tall, fair young man, whose long features and high cheek-bones testified very clearly that the place of his birth lay beyond the Tweed. He was not remarkably good looking, but he carried himself with such an air of distinction that it seemed wonderful, as young Fanshawe said, that any woman could throw over "such a dasher, and a real, live baronet to boot." His manner however, was that of a thorough man of the world; and it is not remarkable, under the circumstances, that he got on at once with the young men who were to be his companions for the future.

"We thought you would be no end of a heavy swell," said young Fanshawe in a day or two, during which friendship had ripened into familiarity, "but you ain't a bit."

Whereat Sir James Macleod laughed good humoredly.

"What shall you do when Old Pat begins his usual rot," continued Fanshawe in a confidential tone, "about Ireland being the finest country in the universe, and everybody else being miserable scoundrels and outsiders? Shall you stick up for 'Auld Reekie'?"

"I wish you would. It would make Pat so sick."

"What do you mean?" inquired the other.

Young Fanshawe explained his meaning at some length.

"And you think that he would let any of his own contradictions?" inquired Macleod, fixing a wary gray eye on the other.

In a comparatively short time a great deal of unpalatable information was shot upon the Colonel. He was told that not only was Scotch whisky far more pleasing to the taste than Irish, but it was less injurious to the health, and there was less of illicit distillation in Scotland than in Ireland. Warming apparently to his subject, and totally regardless of Old Pat's passionate and profane defense, Macleod went on to enunciate the view that all that was good and great in the Irish nation was English or Scotch in origin, that the Irish colonies in English towns formed the most criminal and degraded portion of the population, and that there was actually something in the climate or the soil of Ireland which deteriorated the physical and moral character of the inhabitants. He said this with the calm utterance of a lecturer who demonstrates facts. There was even a softer undertone perceptible now and then, as if he pitied the advocate of so miserable a cause.

The Colonel became almost incoherent with rage. His face assumed a deep purple hue. He manifested an inclination to foam at the mouth.

"For proof of this," continued Macleod, "it is quite enough to refer to a well-known and incontrovertible fact. Whether it is due to the potatoes they eat or the bog-water which they drink, I don't know; but it is quite enough for my purpose that every Irishman of anything like ancient descent has a black roof to his mouth. You will bear me out in that, Colonel, I am sure."

The mess in vain endeavored to preserve a dignified demeanor. They were nearly choking with suppressed laughter. Young Fanshawe contrived to upset a decanter in order to hide his emotion. Another young seaprize was obliged to go to the sideboard, where he gurgled subterfugeously for several minutes with his back to the company.

"It's a lie!" roared the Colonel, whose eyes were nearly starting out of his head. "An infernal lie!"

"How? A lie, Colonel? Do you mean to deny what I have stated?"

"I mean," shrieked Old Pat, "that the Powers of Ballycoran are one of the oldest families in Ireland; that they were on intimate terms with Brian Boru; and that when the blisid St. Patrick came that way, 'twas me own ancestor that gave him the Cad mille failtae to Ballycoran; and if ye can find a single black roof in the mouths of the intire family, may the devil fly off with the soul of the dirty varmin'."

And with these words the Colonel struck the table a blow which made the glasses ring.

"This is very interesting indeed," replied Macleod, gazing at the Colonel as if that dignitary were the Missing Link, or a new form of butterfly. "I had no idea that any one—even an Irishman—would dispute it. Now, I dare say that you have never thought of examining your own mouth?"

"Quite sure," replied the Major judiciously.

"Well, gentlemen, you have surprised me," said Macleod, glancing from one to the other as if he could scarcely believe his ears. "Of course I believe you—but if the Colonel will permit it—I should like to look myself just to convince my own eyes."

"Look away, me boy, chuckled the Colonel hoarsely. He was convulsed with delight at his complete triumph. "Ye'll have to pay for your peep."

"Well, then, please open your mouth a little wider, Colonel, and will one of you hold the light? Really, Colonel, you must excuse me, but I can't see. You must really let me open your mouth a little wider."

With these words he actually laid one sacrilegious hand on the Colonel's nose and the other on the Colonel's chin, and pressed them gently in opposite directions. There was not a man among all the reckless crew who stood around but held his breath for the moment in anticipation of a terrible explosion.

The Colonel did not rise and annihilate the audacious Scotchman. He bore this insult like a lamb.

The indignity was, however, of the very shortest duration, for Macleod was satisfied with the briefest glance.

"I have lost," he said quite cheerfully, "and I owe you an ample apology, Colonel. Luckily I have the notes with me."

He produced his pocketbook, extracted two £50 notes from it, and handed them to the Colonel.

### LITTLE BOYS AND GIRLS.

THIS IS THEIR DEPARTMENT OF THE PAPER.

Quaint Sayings and Doings of Little Ones Gathered and Printed Here for Other Little Folks to Read.

Laugh a Little Bit.  
Here's a motto, just your fit:  
"Laugh a little bit."  
When you think you're trouble-hit,  
"Laugh a little bit."  
Look Misfortune in the face,  
Brave the beldam's rude grimace;  
Toss to one 'twill yield its place  
If you have the grit and wit  
Just to laugh a little bit.

Keep your face with sunshine lit—  
"Laugh a little bit."  
Gloomy shadows off will fit  
If you have the wit and grit  
Just to laugh a little bit.

Cherish this as sacred writ:  
"Laugh a little bit."  
Keep it with you, sample it—  
"Laugh a little bit."  
Little ill will sure betide you  
Fortune may not sit beside you,  
Men may mock and Fame deride you,  
But you'll mind them not a whit  
If you laugh a little bit.  
—St. Nicholas.

Learning to Write.  
Uncle Stephen, an old negro, had come to cut the grass in the front yard, and as Colonel Winter started to his office he stopped to greet the old man.

"Well, Stephen," said the Colonel, "I hear that you intend to give your son an education."

"Dat's what I does, sah. I knows what it is ter struggle along without larnin', and I 'termed dat my son sha'n't trubble his foot ober de same hard road dat I did."

"A noble resolution, Stephen. I wish all fathers felt so. Is your boy learning rapidly?"

"Ez fast ez er horse can trot, sah. Why, last week he wrote a letter to his aunt, dat libs mo' dan twenty miles from here, an' after a while he's gwine ter write ter his udder aunt dat libs fifty miles away."

"Why doesn't he write to her now?"

"Oh, he kaln't write so fur yet. He ken write twenty miles first-rate, but I told him not to write fifty miles till he got stronger wid his pen. But he's gwine ter git dar, I tell you. Won't be mo' dan er year fo' dat boy kin set down at one end of de gubernment and write er letter clar to de odder end.—Brandon Bucksaw.

Back Yard Manners.  
The twins were in a bad humor that morning. Fred snatched a piece of buttered toast from Ted's plate, and the latter hit his head with the syrup spoon. The butter knife fell on the floor and made a great big grease spot, both mugs of milk were upset, and there was general confusion.

"Tut! tut!" quoth grandma, as she wiped the syrup from Fred's matted locks; "the idea of young men 6 years old having back-yard manners!"

"Wh-hat do you mean?" asked Ted, stopping his howling, while Fred, too, paused to listen.

"Back-yard manners, don't you know what they are?" said grandma. "Well, then, you just carry out this plan of food for the hens; and if you'll stand there awhile and watch, I think you'll know what I mean."

Considerably mystified, the twins carried out the big pan, full of scrappings from the table, together with a generous sprinkling of corn.

Now, grandma's hens were very tame, and as soon as they saw the pan they ran to it as fast as they could. First came the rooster, "Robinson." If you were to ask grandma why she gave him such a name, she would say, with a twinkle in her eye, "Why, because he crew so."

Well, there was Snowball, the White Leghorn; Nugget, a cute little yellow hen; Donna Inez, a shining Black Spanish; Crosspatch, a big brown hen, who was always scolding and pecking; Jenny Lind, who had a happy, contented way of singing as she wandered around the yard. Then there were Rose and Priscilla Standish, the two plump Plymouth Rocks, and—but, dear me, I can't begin to tell all the names. Ted and Fred put the pan on the ground, and there was a great fluttering and scrambling.

"Hens are greedy things," said Ted. "A wfully selfish!" added Fred, sorrowfully.

"Well, you see how it is," observed grandma, coming to the door to hang out her dish towel. "Back-yard manners aren't very nice, are they?"

The twins looked at each other and grinned sheepishly as they thought of their fuss at the breakfast table; then they answered grandma's question by a low but very decided "No'm!"—Youth's Companion.

### HOW OUR PRESIDENTS RODE

Grant Liked Fast Horses, Cleveland Slow Ones, Arthur Pacers, and Harrison Coaches.

Sixty long years, with their sunshine and shadow, have passed since John T. Price, the well-known liveryman of 311 Sixth street, first saw the light of day, says the Washington Post, and all day Monday, the 11th, he was kept busy receiving congratulations on his golden jubilee. Mr. Price was born in Alexandria on April 11, 1832, making Monday his 60th birthday.

Having been in business at his present stand for twenty-seven years, he is full of reminiscences of great Americans who patronized his flyers. Among these was General Grant, who came in one day and said:

"Price, I want to take a spin over the road to-day. Let me have one of your fastest trotters."

When the General returned he was profuse in his praise of the horse he had driven, and said:

"Price, that fellow was chain-lightning itself."

General Grant's Arabian steeds, presented to him by the Sultan of Turkey, were placed in Mr. Price's care when they first came here, as were President Harrison's coach horses.

President Cleveland was afraid of runaway or skittish horses, and always asked for a gentle animal. Mr. Price met ex-President Cleveland at the depot upon his arrival here with seven carriages for himself and party.

President Arthur's favorite was a pacing horse. He always said that a pacer attached to a carriage produced the most delightful sensation.

He only furnished President Hayes with one horse for an early morning horseback ride in the country beyond the Soldiers' Home. Mr. Hayes asked for a gentle horse, and would not make his final selection until he had seen several tried by the stable boys.

General Sheridan always asked for an equine full of life and fire. He was a daring and reckless rider.

### Russian Superstition.

Ignorance is seen in its true colors when it interferes in the practical affairs of life, and strikes a death-blow to prosperity and happiness. A traveler in Russia writes, in the English Illustrated Magazine:

One village through which we passed was the embodiment of filth and squalor. A destructive fire was raging at one end of it, and round this all the inhabitants were gathered. One house was already burned down, a second was one mass of flames, and the fire was rapidly spreading to a third, yet not a hand was raised to arrest its ruinous progress. Oaths, prayers, the wailing of women and whining of children filled the air.

"Why on earth don't you put out the fire?" shouted my companion to one of the peasants, who approached with a servile and wistful look, as if he expected an offering of money. "Have no buckets?"

"Surely your excellency deigns to know that it isn't buckets we need!" "Well, it isn't strong arms, either, I fancy. Why don't you go to work?" "Your grace wouldn't have us fly in the face of heaven! We've sinned enough on our souls without adding that black crime to them. Wasn't it God's own lightning that set Tetroff's house on fire, a couple of hours ago? And bad as we are, there's not a man in the village that would raise his hand to undo God's holy work."

My friend raised his hand, waded it despairingly, and we drove on.

"It's a mere waste of time to reason with them," he said. "They would as soon commit suicide en masse as put out a fire that God had kindled with His lightning."

### Cheap and Superior Gas.

Parties in Pennsylvania have for some time past been producing a gas for illuminating purposes, the quality of which they claim is far superior for the use named than any other now made, and can be manufactured at about one-half the cost. The result is reached by means of a feeder and a number of retorts, the latter being kept at a certain degree of heat, and the oil is forced through them into a tank which is kept full of water. By means of this simple arrangement the desired object is attained, the gas is formed by the contact of the heated oil and water, and from this tank passes on to another—the supply tank—ready for consumption.

### Giant Tortoises.

There used to be a giant species of tortoise in Mauritius. Van Neck, the discoverer of the dodo, found some there which were so large that six men could be seated in a single shell. Another authority states that 2,000 or 3,000 of them were sometimes seen in one drove.

### A Homesick Pig.

J. D. Burton, of Smithville, Ga., bought a pig the other day and took it home. It did not relish its new quarters and returned to its former owner, "swimming half a mile across a pond in its journey."

A St. Louis man burst a blood vessel trying to pronounce the word "Pantechicon." St. Louis society is organized on a one-syllable basis.