MISCELLANY.

"The Days of April."

"The days of April! they are sweet, so sweet,
Flushing with tender green the meadow ways,
Where June will dance with her gay, gladsome feet,
To music of a thousand warblers' praise.
"The days of April! they are fair, so fair,
With precious promise in the budding flowers,
Promise of days all radiant, fresh and rare,
Mellowed by gentle dews and fleeting showers.
"The days of April! they are green, so green
And maple buds grow brilliant in the sun,
Golden the brookside with the cowslips' sheen,
And fragile wind flowers steal out one by one.
"The days of April! they are dear, so dear,
To hearts grown weary of the winter cold,
Longing for sunny skies all blue and clear,
For birds to pipe, and blossoms to unfold.
"The days of April! they are bright and coy;
But one glad April years and years ago,
Held more of charmed hope and love and joy
Than all my life again can ever know.

Isabel Gordon, in April Lippincott's.

OF THE BLOOD ROYAL.

When I received my degree of Bachelor of Laws, I was sure that all that was left for me to do to secure a lucrative practice was to hire an office and hang out my sign. Six months afterward my office door was opened by a well-dressed, middle-aged man, and I immediately jumped to the conclusion that, at last, I was discovered; that my first client had arrived. The first words my visitor uttered dashed my hopes.

"Can you tell me where Mr. ——'s office is in this building?"

Mr. —— was (is now, for that matter) a celebrated member of the bar, whose office was several floors below. With not a little effort I managed to assume an air of cheerful politeness and to set Mr. ——'s client on the right track. The following week I gave up my practice to become the private secretary of Mr. Andrew Cutter, the well-known trustee, whose son had been my room-mate at Cambridge.

Among Mr. Cutter's cestuis (or rather, clients, for this person enjoyed his income by the provisions of no will) was an old Irishman named O'Connor. Years before he had been man-of-all-work for Mr. Cutter, and he possessed a faith in that gentleman's judgment and integrity as firm as was his belief in his own descent from Roger O'Connor, the last king of Ireland.

After leaving Mr. Cutter's employment, O'Connor invested his savings in junk. Again and again he turned his capital, always with the shrewdness of a man of small beginnings, until he found himself the lessee of a small building on one of the wharves, and an established buyer and seller of second-hand ship-chandlery. In time he added a branch to his business. He leased the ground-floor of the building adjoining, and opened a saloon where he supplied the roustabouts, stevedores, and sailors with fair whiskey at regular prices.

After a while the profits from both enterprises became burdensome to the dedescendant of King Roger O'Connor. The loss of the throne was followed by rather hard times among the succeeding generations of O'Connors, and the trader in ship-chandlery had been allowed to grow up without even the rudiments of an education. But he had inherited—probably from some of his plebian progenitors—the had a few that were not of royal blood)—a good stock of common-sense. This led him to entrust his savings, year by year, to his old friend, Mr. Cutter, who invested them in real estate for the thrifty trader.

One morning in June, soon after I had begun to assume my duties as private secretary, the door opened slowly and silently, and a small man in black, wearing a tall hat, stepped softly into the office. He was clean-shaven, save for a fringe of iron-gray beard which followed the line of jaws and chin, and extended from ear to ear. His short, turned-up nose, flat at the bridge and wide at the nostrils, combined with his long, thick upper lip, loudly proclaimed his royal blood. It was O'Connor.

He closed the door without a sound, removed his tall hat, placing it carefully on the carpet, smoothed his hair nervously, and coughed slightly behind his knobby hand. At Mr. Cutter's cheery "Ah, O'Connor! How are you?" he walked gingerly on tiptoe across the office and seated himself beside his trustee. Then followed a short confidential appeal in a husky, though fluent whisper, through which I could distinctly hear the brogue without being able to catch a word, until at the end, when O'Connor placed a bundle of bank-notes on the desk before Mr. Cutter and immediately leaned back in his chair with a tremulous sigh of relief that also supplied breath for the words, "An' you may count it yourself, sor, av you plase."

Mr. Cutter hastily counted the money, and then calling to me to come and see what I made it, tossed the pile of notes toward the edge of the desk. The pile was a fine old collection of veteran fives and tens, that exhaled a ripe perfume of salt fish with an undertone of tar. As I straightened up after finishing the count, Mr. Cutter asked me, with a suspicion of a twinkle in his eye,

"Well, what do you make it?"

"One thousand, sir," I answered, and O'Connor, who had leaned forward and was watching me intently, again sank back with a long sigh, and a "Thrue for you." Soon he rose nervously and started toward the door. Mr. Cutter said:

"I'm glad business is so good with you, O'Connor." O'Connor stopped, then tiptoed back to the desk.

"Thank you, sor. But whispher!" and with a furtive glance about the office, followed by a confidential wink at me, he continued speaking behind the back of his hand: "I do be afther hirin' one o' thim type-writer ladies a week most, now, to worruk for me."

"Well, well?" said Mr. Cutter, much as one might sympathize with a child that was pleased, "you'll be president of a bank next, I suppose."

O'Connor allowed the beginning of a loud laugh to escape him, but immediately after, clapping a hand over his mouth, doubled up and wheezily forced the remainder of his mirth back into his system. Then he straightened up, and slowly drawing his hand away from his mouth until it rested among his fringe of beard, said, with an air of reverence:

"Oh, my! but it's a high-toned lady she is! An' smart. An' eddicayted!" He finished with an upward and outward gesture that plainly said that the subject was beyond his powers of expression.

"How old is she?" I asked.

"Look at that, now!" said O'Connor, turning quickly to Mr. Cutter, with a quaint pretence of shocked propriety at my question. "Shure, I niver asked her—but she do look to be a slip of a gurrul."

"And what does Mrs. O'Connor say to your having a young lady in your office, Michael?" asked Mr. Cutter.

O'Connor dismissed the subject with a toss of the head in one direction and an outward wave of his open hand in the other, merely adding, as he reached the office-door, "I never bodther the ould woman wid me business matthers." Then he left the office as quietly as he had entered it.

It may have been an hour after this—I was about to leave the office to deposit O'Connor's money, together with what other funds had come in during the day—when there came a timid knock on the glass of the office-door, and a young girl entered. She handed Mr. Cutter a letter, and then sat down near the window. She could not have been more than seventeen, and was slender and graceful, but looked very delicate. There was about her an air of shy, almost childlike appeal.

While I was observing these particulars, Mr. Cutter called me to him, and said to me in an undertone, as I stood by his desk: "That ward in chandlery of mine"—a favorite name with him for O'Connor—"wants to open a bank account in his own name. I suppose that girl is his new type-writer. Read that," handing me the letter the girl had brought. It was type-written throughout, signature and all, and was characteristic.

"Sir: I do be thinking I would like to have money in the bank. And if you please, which I mean no offence to you, will you deposit same in the B—— national bank, South Boston, in the name of yours with respect, M. O'Connor."

As I finished reading the letter Mr. Cutter told the girl to tell Mr. O'Connor that the matter would be attended to. She then went out, blushing slightly as she crossed the room. Before long I left the office to make my deposits, not very well pleased that I was obliged to take the additional journey to the bank in South Boston.

As I rode in the open horse-car a fresh breeze was coming from the water and my thin flannel coat was blown back, showing the ends of O'Connor's bank-notes protruding from my breast-pocket. To avoid any possibility of loss, I took them from my coat and put them carefully in the inner pocket of my waistcoat. I then became interested in a newspaper I had bought on the way, and before long was, without knowing it, carried a block or two beyond my destination.

I was walking back when I noticed a man and a girl standing near a doorway ahead of me, not far from the bank. The girl's figure seemed familiar, and as I drew nearer I recognized her. She was O'Connor's type-writer.

She and her companion were talking earnestly while they anxiously watched the approach of the horse-car following the one I had just left. Every look, every garment of the man bespoke the sharper.

As the car drew nearer he stepped back into the doorway, and the girl after a hurried word of parting, walked quickly to the entrance of the bank. She stood there, waiting, until the car had passed. Meantime I had approached; when she turned to go back to her companion she came face to face with me.

She started violently and turned very pale. Her attempt to conceal her confusion produced only a very forced smile, which showed her a novice at dissimulation.

"You are from Mr. Cutter's office, aren't you? Do you remember me?"

"Yes," I replied: "I remember you perfectly. You are Mr. O'Connor's type-writer." With a painfully strained little laugh she said:

"Yes—that is it—and Mr. O'Connor sent me over here to meet you. He has changed his mind about the money. He wants it to pay for some junk he has bought—and—and will you please give it to me?" She held out her hand, and I saw that it was trembling.

She had spoken breathlessly, like a child who has learned a message by heart. As she finished I instinctively put my hand in my breast-pocket.

While she was talking my mind had been unconsciously recalling the appearance of the man, their behavior, her evident uneasiness at seeing me approach from an unexpected direction. Now it occurred to me that she could not have had time to go back to O'Connor's since leaving our office. But I asked no questions. I fumbled in one pocket after another, assuming an expression of great surprise, and finally said, with an ejaculation of extreme annoyance:

"I have come way over here for nothing, after all. You will have to go back with me, and I will give you the money at the office."

There was not a trace of disbelief in her face as she stared at me. She was undecided, but not distrustful. She looked anxiously toward the doorway where she had left the man, glanced up and down the street, and after a moment's hesitation started with me toward a passing car. As I followed her I looked back over my shoulder, but the man was not in sight.

I said little to her on our ride back to the city, and she seemed quite content to be left to herself. Now and then I felt that she was furtively glancing at my face while I pretended to read my paper.

When we reached the office I opened the door and let her walk in ahead of me. She crossed the room and took the same seat she had had, the one by the window, while I went to Mr. Cutter and quietly, in a few words, explained the situation. I had barely finished speaking, when the door opened softly and O'Connor entered.

He stood still and stared at the girl. She paled in an instant, and sat trembling, returning his stare.

"Is your modther worse?" asked O'Connor, after a moment, in a hushed, kindly voice. The girl shook her head, and murmured that she had not been to see her mother yet. She had rolled her handkerchief into a ball, and was nervously passing it from one hand to the other.

"O'Connor," said Mr. Cutter, "have you decided whether you want that money deposited or not?" O'Connor looked at him in mild surprise.

"Do whatever you think's the best wid it, Mr. Cutter," he finally answered, simply. Mr. Cutter handed him the letter of instructions about opening the bank account.

"Did you write that letter, Michael?"

O'Connor stared blankly at the letter, then at Mr. Cutter. At last his gaze met that of the girl.

Her face was drawn with entreaty. O'Connor handed the letter back to Mr. Cutter.

"Read it to me, sir, av you pl'ase;" and he muttered something about his eyesight. Mr. Cutter read the letter aloud to the end, and there was silence.

Slowly O'Connor's expression changed—from surprise to comprehension, from comprehension to homely compassion. He turned his head and looked at the girl. She met his look for a moment, her lip quivering, then weakly clasped her hands and bowed her head.

"Well?" said Mr. Cutter. O'Connor rapidly moistened his lips.

"Misther Cutter, I did not write that letther." The girl sob bed softly.

"I thought not," said Mr. Cutter, dryly.

"I dectayted it," said O'Connor, and I saw him close his eyes, and offer up a very hurried prayer for divine forgiveness. Without further remark he crossed to the girl, took her gently by the hand, and led her out of the office, softly closing the door behind him.

For five minutes neither Mr. Cutter nor I spoke, while the sound of childish sobs, mingled with soft but hoarse whispering, came in at the transom. Then O'Connor returned alone. He was replacing his wallet in his pocket as he entered.

He was a pitiable object.

As he stood sheepishly glancing from Mr. Cutter to me, his arms hanging listlessly by his sides, he looked like a very amiable, but very ugly, bull-terrier in disgrace.

"O'Connor," said Mr. Cutter, after a long pause, "you know you never dictated that letter."

"Yis, sir," whispered O'Connor, humbly.

"You know that girl meant to be a party to a theft."

"Yis, sir," in a lower whisper.

"Do you intend to keep the girl in your employment?"

"No, sir—the gurrul has gone to her modther." O'Connor was becoming a little less limp.

"Does her mother live in the city?"

"Yis, sir—no, sir—she said she did—I mane, I thought——" O'Connor suddenly grew defiant: "Niver mind, her modther lives in Cincinnerty—so! But I don' give a dom if her modther 'd live in Boolgaria, the gurrul shud go to her—so!"

After wiping the perspiration from his face in one quick comprehensive mopping with a large red handkerchief, he placed his tall hat firmly on his head with both hands and walked out.

"Blood will tell," said Mr. Cutter to me. "He certainly reflects no discredit on his royal ancestors," and he hurried after his ward in chandlery to shake him by the hand before he should leave the building.

Scribner's Magazine.

On to Washington.

The Arrangements for the Transportation of the Vermont Grand Army to the National Encampment.

Department Commander Henry of the Grand Army has issued his general orders No. 5, which are in reference to the national encampment, to be held at Washington, D. C., in the week of September 20. The railroad rates from all the principal points in Vermont to Washington and return have been arranged on the basis of fare one way for the round trip, with expected 30-day limit of tickets, the full particulars of which will be published soon by railroads. A special train will leave St. Albans, Sunday, September 18, 7 A. M., running on the regular mail train time over the Central division through to Bellows Falls. A special train will run over the Boston & Lowell railroad, leaving Cambridge about 7 A. M., connecting at Essex Junction with the special train over the Central Vermont. A special train will also leave Burlington on the same morning, on the regular mail train time, over the Rutland division, with a special train over the Addison railroad, connecting with above special train at Leicester Junction. The above two special trains will join together at Bellows Falls, running cars through without change via Brattleboro, leaving there in the afternoon on the regular mail train time, moving as a special train without stops, from Brattleboro to New London, connecting at the latter point with one of the Norwich Line steamers, which has been chartered for the exclusive use of the G. A. R. department of Vermont, Woman's Relief corps, Sons of Veterans and friends. This chartered steamer will leave New London on arrival of train that evening, arriving in New York about 7:00 next morning, landing at pier 40 (old number) North river, which adjoins the Deshrosses street ferry of the Pennsylvania railroad, crossing this ferry to Jersey City, where there will be a special train of through passenger coaches leaving about 7:30 A. M., making a fast run over the Pennsylvania railroad through to Washington, arriving there about 1 P. M.

A special train from Newport will connect with the train over the Central Vermont railroad at White River Junction, and special trains will be run over the Rutland and Bennington, and the St. Johnsbury and Lake Champlain railroads, connecting with the other trains at Rutland and St. Johnsbury.

Smoking Out the Tammany Police.

The Rev. Dr. Parkhurst triumphs splendidly in New York, in spite of the threats of Tammany and its desperate efforts to shut his mouth or parry his thrusts. Last Friday afternoon the grand jury, which has been sitting during the March term and investigating the evidence presented by Dr. Parkhurst and his agents as to the existence of dives and disorderly houses, as well as the general violation of the excise law without interference by the police, brought in a sweeping and damaging presentment. This presentment says that—

It is apparent to all that gambling houses, houses of prostitution and saloons are open in violation of the law and that the police are fully aware of their existence. The only raids made upon them are made by citizens. The police rule provides that the captain of each precinct shall send to police headquarters a list of the gambling and disorderly houses in their respective precincts. Such reports are made and although the law gives power to the superintendent to issue his own warrant and have his officers break into such places, without going to court, such proceedings are not taken. In fact there is no appearance of police interference with gambling houses, houses of prostitution, or saloon keepers who violate the excise law.

Facts like these lead the grand jury to the inevitable conclusion that the law is not enforced because the police are in corrupt collusion with the rum-sellers and dive-keepers.

As a result of the grand jury's action, last Sunday was what is known as a "dry Sunday" in New York, the police having passed word among the saloons that they must be closed. There was wrath among the thirsty crowd in consequence, and in some places extra policemen were detailed in front of the saloon doors to quiet the tumult.

Henry M. Taber, the foreman of the grand jury, expresses the opinion in private that nearly $10,000,000 is collected annually from the keepers of gambling dens, saloons, concert halls and houses of ill repute in New York city and distributed among the members of the police department as the price for leaving these places unmolested. The lowest and cheapest places pay regularly $30 a month for this purpose, and the "higher grades" are assessed larger sums in proportion.