

HE'D HAD NO SHOW.

Joe Beall 'nd set upon a keg Down to the grocery store, an' throw One leg right over 'tother leg. An' swear he'd never had no show.

MY GRANDMOTHER'S DIAMONDS.

How time flies! Is it really so long ago? I can see it still. If I shut my eyes, as plainly as I did that day; the old Virginia homestead with its crossed halls, its doors forever open, its shadowing pines and willows, the roses and magnolias in its gardens, and my face of sixteen looking at me from the glass as I tried on my new bonnet.

It is very becoming, indeed, my grandmother said, leaning back in her chair in the stately manner which had always been her own. Nothing can be lovelier for a brunette than white and rose color. You are not as elegant as I was at your age, but you are more coquettish. I've no doubt you will marry well. And now I think you have everything you need for a month's visit. Baltimore is very charming. Its ladies are the most fascinating in the world; its gentlemen the most gallant in America.

I heard this rather often; for my grandmother had been one of Baltimore's belles, before she married my grandfather, and came to reign in queenly fashion over his Virginia home; but it was always interesting to me. If you were only going with me grandma, said I.

It would be no pleasure to me, child, said my grandmother. The friends of my girlhood who still live, have all grown very old. I fancy myself well preserved but they would point out all changes I have failed to see in myself. I should be uncomfortable. I am told that Mrs. Leon, whom I remember as the most graceful girl I knew, is obliged to go about in a wheeled chair; that Colonel Parker wears blue goggles. A glance from his eye was said to subdue any heart, thirty-five years ago. The beautiful Miss Pelico is a peculiar spinner, who has taken to chewing snuff.

I should be shocked and saddened, and I like to be cheerful. Now for your journey. As your Uncle William is to take charge of you, you had better start from this house, which is so near the depot. I will send the trunks over in the morning. In the afternoon you can mount your horse and ride through the woods, and spend the evening with your aunt and cousins, and you shall take with you in a little satchel my diamonds, if you like.

Grandma, I cried, not for to wear? You are too young for diamonds, said my grandmother. I have left them all to you in my will. Now don't begin to cry. I made the will the week after I was left a widow, ten years ago.

me. I nebbber was whipped. I nebbber zarved no whippin'. I see the gardner, I ain't no fief' hand, Missus. He knelt at my grandmother's feet. She looked at him sadly.

What is the trouble, Jeff? she asked. I've sassed him. I told him he warnt only a nigger himself, said Jeff, and jess the meagrest count I know.

I'm glad you did, Jeff, said I. Thank you, Missy, said Jeff, kissing the end of my sash. Missus, you tell him I can't be whipped—you tell him. He bosses me in the garden, I know my business; I see the Colonel's gardener 'fore little Miss was born. The Colonel nebbber had anybody whipped.

Jeff, said my grandmother, I don't see how I can interfere. I've put all the affairs into Mr. Riva's hands. You've insulted him. He insulted me first, Missus, said Jeff. He ain't only a kind of nigger for sho'. Missus, I can't be whipped! I won't. He began to cry.

Very well then; I need not interfere, said my grandmother. I will said I. That man is a beast, a wretch.

But Jeff was gone. At supper time the news was brought that he could not be found. The next morning it became known that he had run away. Riva was after him.

I hope he will get off, said grandma, calmly. Riva will never give him any peace again, and Jeff is a favorite of mine. He'd do well up North. I hope he'll get there.

And shortly Riva returned, declaring that the runaway was not to be found. After that Grandma and myself devoted ourselves to preparations for my visit to Baltimore. On Monday morning the trunks were sent by the road, and on Monday afternoon, with my small traveling bag packed with diamonds such as few people possess, I mounted my little horse.

My grandmother had embraced me fondly, but she was not one to sadden our parting by tears. She commanded me to take conquest as a Spartan mother might have said; and I had ridden alone ever since I was eight years old. The great pine woods were unchanged, and often I did not meet any one during the ride. Midway there was a spring and a deep pool. At the spring, high on a mass of rock, hung a cocooned dipper. From the pool below horses were at liberty to drink. Who so drank at the spring, first throwing a little water over the left shoulder and wishing for something, would surely have that wish—the country folk said.

My horse was thirsty, and I dismounted and led him to the pool, while I myself climbed the rock and drank at the wishing well. I breathed a foolish little wish enough—no matter what it was—and then sat still, thinking what a lovely spot it was. Behind the rock was a deep cave, the entrance of which was draped with wild ivy. The branches of the old trees formed an arch over the spring and threw it into the deep shadow. There was no underbrush, and the paths were carpeted with smooth brown pine needles. In the middle of the pool were certain tiny floating islands on which water plants grew, and on its edge bloomed some vivid scarlet flowers.

My little white horse made a graceful picture of itself as he stood by its brink. Far away was a glimpse of blue sky. I lingered, loth to leave all this beauty behind me, feeling a desire to be a poet, or a painter, that I might record my impressions fitly, but arose at last to remount and ride upon my way, when, suddenly some one seized me from behind, flung a cloth over my head, threw me to the earth, and tried to wrench the satchel from me. I struggled violently and clutched the leather handle with the strength of despair, and somehow I got rid of the cloth that had been thrown over my face and I saw with whom I was contending—it was the Spanish overseer, Riva.

I uttered his name with a scream. On the instant he exerted his strength, wrenched the satchel from me, and bound my hands behind me, with his handkerchief. Then holding me by the arm, he gave me a look of concentrated hate and wrath.

I heard all that you said of me to the old lady, my dear, he said. You don't despise me quite so much just now, I believe, Jeff did right in calling me a low down nigger, you said. You want me dismissed. Oh I remember it all. And now, don't you wish you had been more amiable? It was not well to make me hate you. I said nothing.

tiger, and spring toward us. I was free. I dropped upon the ground and lay there, and, faint and helpless, became the terrified onlooker of a scene that I shall never forget while I exist.

The figure that sprang from the cave was the runaway Jeff. He had seized the Spaniard in both his great hands, lifted him above his head, and dashed him to the ground. Thrice he repeated this. Each time Riva's head had struck the ground with a sickening crash. At first he had uttered a wild cry; afterward, only faint groans. At last he lay motionless and silent and covered with blood. Then Jeff turned to me.

Can you sit on your horse, Missy? he said. I can try, I said. But I could not. And then he took me in his arms, and giving the satchel into my own hands, slung the horse's bridle over his arm, and carried me home.

There I told my story. The constables went down in the woods to find Riva; but they brought only his body back with them, and Jeff was tried for his life, but acquitted. He had saved me from death, and from worse than death; and though the wild instincts of his savage race had made him do it ferociously, they held that he had done only his duty. Besides, the loaded pistol that Riva had dropped, proved what Jeff asserted—that he had tried to shoot him. The overseer had also in his pocket money belonging to my grandmother, and checks, which he doubtless intended to use for his own advantage. She had given him great power.

My visit to Baltimore was postponed, but not forever, though the diamonds were not intrusted to me again; and what I wished beside the Wishing Well came true. All girls can guess what it was.

As for Jeff, he was chief guardian of my grandmother's house while she lived, and when he died was buried at her feet. It was her desire. She only knew that he had saved my life; she had not seen how he killed the overseer, as I had—By Mary Kyle Cellas, in the New York Ledger.

Phil And Roy.

"Tell us a story, Uncle Phil," said Rob and Archie, turning to him. "What about?" said Uncle Phil, as Rob climbed on his right knee and Archie on his left.

"Oh, about something that happened to you," said Bob. "Something when you were a little boy," added Archie. "Once when I was a little boy," said Uncle Phil, "I asked my mother to let Roy and myself go play by the river."

"Was Roy your brother?" asked Rob. "No, but he was very fond of playing with me. My mother said yes; so we went out and had a good deal of sport. After a while I took a shingle for a boat and sailed it along the bank. At last it began to get into deep water, where I couldn't reach it with a stick, then I told Roy to go and bring it to me."

"He almost always did what I told him, but this time he did not. I began scolding him and he ran toward home. "Then I was very angry. I picked up a stone and threw it at him as hard as I could." "Oh Uncle Phil," said Archie. "Just then Roy turned his head, and I struck him right over the eye."

"Oh Uncle Phil!" cried Bob. "Yes, it made him stagger. He gave a little cry and lay down on the ground." "But I was still angry with him. I did not go to him, but waded into the water for my boat." "But it was deeper than I thought. Before I knew it I was in a strong current, and I was carried down stream, but no men were near to help me."

"But as I went down under the deep waters, something took hold of me and dragged me towards shore. And when I was safe on the bank I saw that it was Roy. He had saved my life!" "Good fellow! Was he your cousin?" asked Bob. "No," replied Uncle Phil. "What did you say to him?" asked Archie. "I put my arms around the dear fellow's neck and cried, and asked him to forgive me."

"What did he say?" asked Bob. "He said 'How, wow, wow!'" "Why, who was Roy, anyway?" asked Archie, in great astonishment. "He was my dog," said Uncle Phil, "the best dog I ever saw. I have never been unkind to a dog or any other animal since, and I hope you never will be."

ful ankles as she moved around behind a chair. "But I always did admire those embroidered lisle thread—"

"You don't know what your talking about; they're not lisle thread, and you have nothing to base an opinion on except your fertile imagination." "Well, I never worked in a dry goods store, but I'll bet you a pair of gloves that they are lisle thread."

"And you want never tell a living soul if I show you that you are wrong?" "Never! upon my honor." "Well come in and close the door, but remember that I trust you to be honorable in this and never breathe a word of it. And if I satisfy you that you are wrong I am to have a pair of eight-button gloves."

"Yes, yes, that's all right," he answered impatiently, thinking it would be a good bargain if he lost. Walking demurely to a dressing case, she opened the upper drawer and said: "I bought three pairs yesterday, here are the other two; you see they are silk, not lisle thread, and they have just a little line up the side instead of embroidery."

"But I thought you were going to—"

"Sir! There are some subjects upon which you have no right to think. Never mind what you thought," she continued, as she held the door open for her caller. "Just utilize your own wits in remembering that you owe me a pair of gloves."

Germany's New Gun.

It Bids Fair to Make War So Deadly as to Abolish It. The new gun with which the German infantry is equipped bids fair to revolutionize infantry tactics and to make war so dangerous that enlistments will be a matter of difficulty. The new weapon is the small calibre repeating gun of the model of 1888. Its calibre is but eight millimeters and its range is 12,500 feet, or 2000 feet greater than that of the weapon whose place it takes.

It is very light and is constructed for the use of the new smokeless powder. Earth breastworks less than two and a half feet are no protection against this terrible weapon. A description of it says: "From now on even the stoutest trees will give the foot soldier in battle little protection for the balls from the new guns will simply pass right through the trunks. Six men in a column, each seven paces from the man before him, may be shot through with one bullet, provided that it comes in contact with no metallic substance on the persons of any of them. The advantage that the bullet of the new gun leaves only a small hole behind it is comparatively insignificant. Moreover, should an enemy, as has often happened, defend himself behind a village or court-yard walls, he will be protected only in case the wall is remarkably stout, for balls from the new guns have repeatedly penetrated with a range-finder attached to such a weapon as this, making every bullet that it fires effective, its murderous qualities will be so complete that no one exposed to its fire could live. But when we get to be as dangerous as this, and recruits know that the chances of escape are not more than one in a hundred where will governments get their troops?"—Chicago Tribune.

Fight Between a Ram and Eagle.

Benjamin Shiffer, a farmer of Tunkhannock Township, Monroe County, Pa., is responsible for an account of a thrilling fight between a Southdown ram and an eagle. Farmer Shiffer was plowing on a hillside when an eagle soaring above his flock of sheep in the valley below attracted his attention. The eagle dropped and in his swoop attempted to carry off a small lamb from his mother's side. He missed his clutch, and knocked the ewe down in his flight. Before he could renew his attack, and while on the ground, the Southdown ram lowered his head, butted the bird in the breast and knocked it over. Before the ram could follow up its advantage, however, the savage bird had fixed its talons in his back. Bleating loudly, he endeavored to shake the royal bird off. After he had been severely beaten by the bird's wings he managed to shake himself free. The eagle now tried once more to capture the lamb, and did fasten its talons in its back in spite of the mother's frantic attempts to protect her offspring. At this point the plucky ram renewed the fight. He butted the bird several times, and finally got a good one home under the eagle's wings, which kept him on the ground. The eagle released the lamb and sailed into the ram again. The farmer arrived on the scene by this time, armed with a fence rail. He dealt the eagle a blow on the neck, breaking it and settling the fight. As soon as the ram was freed from the clutch of the bird's talons he fell to butting the dead enemy. The lamb was dead, and its courageous father had lost considerable wool in the engagement.—New York Sun.

Wilkes Booth Surely Dead.

A Daughter of Lincoln's Assassin Tells What She Remembers. COLUMBUS, O., May 30.—Mrs. Rita Booth-Henderson, an actress with the Boston Comic Opera Company, now playing in this city, is a daughter of J. Wilkes Booth, the assassin of Abraham Lincoln. She denies that her father is still alive and in the South, as has been recently stated, and says that although it was twenty-five years ago she distinctly remembers the familiar face as she saw it and recognized it as that of her father.

Mrs. Booth-Henderson has many of the characteristic features so marked in the Booth family; and her facial resemblance, as well as her love for the stage, would seem to be strong evidences of the statement she makes. She says she has a diary containing much important memoranda of her father's life, and papers of his, and some time she will make them public.

"Girls are queer." "Why so?" "Why, when that pauper Bolus was married to Miss Stockard, the heiress, she looked tickled to death when he endowed her with all his worldly goods."

The Curse of Thirst.

How a Proud and Haughty Man Was Forced to Become Charitable.

There is in Italy a fountain over which is the statue of a beggar drinking at a spring. It is called the "Beggars' Fountain," and this is its story: Once upon a time there lived, so says the legend, a very proud and haughty man, who hated the poor and set himself above all the world who were not as wealthy and well dressed as himself, and his want of charity was so great that it had become proverbial, and a beggar would no more have thought of asking bread at his gate than of asking him for all his fortune.

However, there was a spring on his land, a sweet spring of cold water, and as it was the only one for miles many a wayfarer paused to drink at it, but never was permitted to do so. A servant, well armed, was kept upon the watch to drive such persons away. Now, there had never been known before any one so avaricious as to refuse a cup of cold water to his fellowman, and the angels, talking amongst each other, could not believe it; and one of them said to the rest: "It is impossible for any but Satan himself? I will go to earth and prove that it is not true."

And so his fair and holy angel disguised herself as a beggar-woman, covered her golden hair with a black hood, and chose the moment when the master of the house was himself standing near the spring to come slowly up the road, walking over the stones with bare feet, and to pause beside the fountain and humbly ask for a draught of its sweet water.

Instantly the servant who guarded the spot interposed the pike he carried, but the angel, desiring to take news of a good deed, not of an evil one, back to heaven, turned to the master himself. "Sir," she said, "I am, as you see, a wanderer from afar. See how poor my garments are, how stained with travel. It is not surely at your bidding that your servant forbids me to drink. And even if it is, I pray you bid him let me alone, for I am very thirsty."

The rich man looked at her with scornful eyes and laughed contemptuously. "This is not a public fountain," he said. "You will find one in the next village." "The way is long," pleaded the angel, "and I am a woman, and but weak." "Drive her away," said the rich man, and, as he spoke, the beggar turned; but on the instant her black hood dropped from her head and revealed floods of rippling golden hair—her unseemly hair fell to the ground—and the shimmering robes that angels wear shone in their place. For a moment she hovered, poised on purple wings, with her hands folded on her bosom and an ineffable sweetness of sorrow in her eyes. Then, with a gust of music and a flood of perfume, she vanished.

The event fell to the earth like one dead. The rich man crumbled and cried out, for he knew that he had forbidden a cup of cold water to an angel, and horror possessed his soul. Almost instantly, also, a terrible fell fell upon him which nothing could assuage. In vain he drank wines, sherries, draughts of all pleasing kinds. Nothing could slake his thirst. The sweet water of the spring was saltier to him than the sea. He who never in his life had known an ungratified desire, now experienced the torture of an ever-unsatisfied longing; but through this misery he began to understand what he had done. He repented his cruelty to the poor. Alms were given daily at his gate. Charity was the business of his life. The fountain was no longer guarded, and near it hung ever a cup ready for any one who chose to use it. But the curse—if curse it were—was never lifted.

The rich man—youth when the angel visited him—grew middle-aged, elderly, old, still tortured by this awful thirst, despite his prayers and repentance. He had given away his substance; he had himself broken bread for the most miserable beggars who came to his door.

And at 80 years of age, bowed with years of infirmity and weary of his life, he sat one day beside the fountain weeping. And lo! along the road he saw approaching a beggar-woman, hooded in black, wearing sordid rags, and walking over the stones in her bare feet. Slowly she came on and paused beside the fountain.

"May I drink?" she asked. "There are none to forbid thee," said the old man trembling. "Drink, poor woman. Once an angel was forbidden here, but that time has passed. Drink and pray for an atheist. Here is the cup."

The woman bent over the fountain and filled the cup; but instead of putting it to her own lips she presented it to those of the old man. "Drink, then," she cried, "and thine no more!" The old man took the cup and emptied it. Oh, blessed draught! With it the torture of years departed, and as he drank it he praised heaven. And lifting his eyes once more he saw the beggar's hood drop to the ground and her rags fall to pieces. For a moment she stood revealed in all her beauty of snowy skin and golden hair and silvery raiment; and she stretched her hand toward him, as in blessing, and then, rising on purple pinions, vanished in the skies. A strain of music lingered, a perfume filled the air, and those who came there soon after found the old man praying beside the spring.

Before he died he built the fountain from which the spring gushes, and it, with a splendid mansion beyond it, now a hospital, has been given to the poor forever. "I wonder why Eastern people make so much fun of our feet," said a Chicago girl to a Pittsburg damsel. "Well," was the reply, "you'll have to admit that the subject covers a good deal of ground."

A Southern Scoff at Shepard.

Memphis Appeal.

Up to the hour of going to press the husband of W. K. Vanderbilt's daughter who is editing the Mail and Express, had not started South leading a band of warriors to devastate the country for celebrating the unveiling of Lee's monument. Perhaps the good wife would not advance him the money to buy a gun.

The Two Gambiers.

A fox and a crow once engaged in a game of poker. They had played but a short time when an owl came past and stopped to watch the game. He soon noticed something crooked, and calling the crow to one side observed: "You are a fool to play with that fox. He goes to the deck and sorts out straights and flushes to suit himself." "I know that he goes to the deck after most of his hands," replied the crow; "but he is so busy watching himself that he does not watch me, and I sort out a full house."

MORAL.

That is the way all gambling is done.

Lafayette's Grave.

The Tomb of America's Friend Decorated by Americans.

PARIS, June 2.—Owing to an unfortunate concatenation of circumstances Decoration Day here was observed a day behind time. Colonel Gouraud, wearing over his uniform the badge of the Grand Army of the Republic, placed upon the tomb of Lafayette, in Picpus cemetery, a massive floral token in the shape of a shield. On a ground of pansies stood out the letters G. A. R. in white pins, red roses and cornflowers, and the dates 1776 and 1890 in white pins. At the head of the grave the colonel planted a lance carrying the stars and stripes and the French tricolor.

The members of the Lafayette family were present at the ceremony. Minister Whiteley Reed sent a magnificent crown of roses.

Pen Picture of Harrison.

The Nashville American thinks this is a pretty correct picture of our little chief magistrate: A more complacent egotist, a more supremely selfish and self-satisfied specimen of mediocrity in high place, a more envious, suspicious, narrow, distrustful little politician never lived. To himself Harrison is the Lord's anointed, and like the king can do no wrong. He is so well pleased with himself that he takes no thought of public opinion. He has no well defined policy, and being incapable of formulating one himself or afraid to try it, he prefers to let things drift rather than call great minds to his aid. He appears to have shut himself up in the White House and barred the doors against all intruders in order to have a good time himself for four years. Benjamin is undoubtedly the smallest and yet, from a psychological standpoint, the most interesting figure in all history.

To Fly The Rebel Flag.

The Republican Party Think They Have a New Issue Now.

WASHINGTON, June 2.—Quay's national committee having decided at Quay's dinner party, Friday night, that a national election bill must be passed, if not passed, although the judgment of Quay, Clarkson and Dudley is that such a law would be practically a nullity, Speaker Reed has called a caucus of the House Republicans for to-night, when the whole southern question is to be discussed, or at least so much of it as falls within the purview of Quay's committee.

The national election bill and the reports in favor of Republican contestants are both to be used by the southern heart. Quay, Clarkson and Dudley believe that there are more Republican victories in the "bloody shirt," or at least in the "rebel flag," and they propose to make the most of it. They rejoice over the Richmond celebration as being a great help to them in this patriotic endeavor. The Republican association will be seated, but it is not certain that any of the national election bills will become a law.

A Farmers' League.

Farmers from Eleven Pennsylvania Counties Organize.

GREENSBURG, Pa., May 31.—Representative farmers from eleven counties in the state met here for the purpose of forming an organization to be known as the Farmer's State League, the objects of which are to protect the farmers against political jobbers in legislation and to seek protection in all matters touching their interests. The league will be made up of members of both parties. State Organizer Peere, of the New York Dairymen's association, was present and talked encouragingly of similar organizations in other states. There were two representatives from each of the eleven counties and permanent officers were elected as follows: President, J. K. McElhoos, of Indiana; secretary, J. LeMoyne, of Washington; vice president, Easthart Reeder, of Venango, and treasurer, Isaac Hazen of Crawford. The executive committee consists of J. S. Buccannon, of Washington; D. S. Dixon, of Allegheny; J. O. McClure, of Westmoreland; Isaac Hazen, of Crawford, and Harry Mahan of Indiana. A meeting will be held in Pittsburg at an early date, at which time it is expected that the roll of membership will be largely increased. The representative farmers of the state will be asked to lend their aid to the furtherance of the cause of the league.

To Much "Yankee."

The Yankee mate of a ship in the harbor of Havana, having some spare time on his hands, heated bricks in the stove to a red heat, wrapped them about with felt cloth and flung them overboard to the sharks. He had done for twelve of the monsters when the authorities stopped him as a "disorderly character," claiming that the sharks acted as scavengers for the public benefit.—Detroit Free Press.

The Largest Steam Derrick in the World.

is used by a shipping company at Hamburg, Germany. It is kept at the docks and used in lifting immense weights on and off shipboard. It can pick up a ten wheeled locomotive with perfect ease.