

SWEETHEART, COME BACK.

Sweetheart, come back! The day is sad and lonely, Since you are gone, and I am left alone...

Sweetheart, come back! My heart for you is crying, I live, my love, with ghosts of long ago!

Sweetheart, come back! Obedient lover's wishes Come back to him who loves you, ah! too well!

SCOTTY'S DAY OFF.

BY ROBERT C. V. MEYERS.

The flat had witnessed a fuss of considerable acuteness; the old man had landed the dishes in the street, and then offered to go and hunt up a policeman...

It was hard on Scotty. If it had been his own father it would have been bad enough, but a step father! But he knew it would be all the worse for his mother if he interfered...

Scotty dared not stay a minute longer; he was late already, and he had been late every day for the week the old man had been on his cantion...

In the street Scotty took a long breath. He wondered if his mother would remain unmolested. He wished he had the money to give the old man...

No, he had not a cent except his pie-money, and that belonged to his mother, who need never know his lurch for a week had been bread alone, without the accompaniment of that pastry that would lift above anything else...

But he did not care; somehow or other, he could not care for anything just now. For Miss Alice was so sweet, so gentle, and had always spoken so kindly to him, and she was going to be married...

Scotty put on his dingy apron and went to work. There was a clock in the room, and he watched the hands. Miss Alice would be married at noon...

had been he, as Grady maintained, who had called "Fire!" that night when all the people were asleep, and the Dago had broken his leg in foolishly venturing down the fire-escape.

The old man thought all sorts of things about him instead, finding him in the house of evenings. The old man abused him so that he might ascertain if his surmises were correct, and failing to receive the irritating replies for which he longed, imagined more miserable things still...

Then he was insistent for funds this morning, giving as the alternative the pitching of the room into the street, beginning with the dishes. After the dishes he waited awhile. He had serious opinions regarding the fitness of his wife's following the china, only he argued that if this came about, and Scotty still refused to take the hint and reimburse him, the flat would have to be given up...

But the wink did not pass between them. Instead, Scotty, not daring to stay any longer, and trusting that the old man was too rocky to tackle the machine, put his newspapered lunch away up under his armpit, and without a word, and followed by the fierce whirl of the machine, went out into the entry.

The Grady children and Filippo, the littlest Dago, who was cross-eyed and confusing, had some of the broken china from the street and had come on the stairs with it, waiting for the deponement of the fracas. Jimmy Grady jeered, and Filippo winked in a puzzling way, but Scotty took no notice and hurried on, not even staying to see the outcome of a scrap between Mrs. Grady and Dutchy, the shoemaker...

In the street Scotty took a long breath. He wondered if his mother would remain unmolested. He wished he had the money to give the old man. But he had not a cent of his own; he was even saving his pie-money to give his mother at the end of the week...

What eyes the men had made when he said that! "Shorty" Ginther, so called because of his extraordinary length of limb, and who knew more about theatres than any other man, said: "Why cert. What's the dit to him? But this is sarc. Where did you get the mun?" and asked him if it were "property" money.

No, he had not a cent except his pie-money, and that belonged to his mother, who need never know his lurch for a week had been bread alone, without the accompaniment of that pastry that would lift above anything else...

But he did not care; somehow or other, he could not care for anything just now. For Miss Alice was so sweet, so gentle, and had always spoken so kindly to him, and she was going to be married. Could he have given less than his week's wages towards her wedding present? Wasn't it pleasant to think he should suffer for her sake?

Scotty put on his dingy apron and went to work. There was a clock in the room, and he watched the hands. Miss Alice would be married at noon, and it was now nine. At half past eleven he would make for the church and see her. The groom? He knew nothing of him. He did not know his name. He knew he should never forget the name if he once heard it, and he was always afraid some of the men would mention it.

having such a thought. Whatever she cared for, that she ought to have.

He worked and attended to the behests of the men. The machinery whizzed, tools scraped and pounded, and the men whistled popular melodies and told jokes, and "Shorty" Ginther showed them how Booth looked in the third act of Hamlet.

Then the foreman went out, staid a little while, and came back, gingerly carrying a remarkable creation of colored glass and silver, which represented the gift of the men to the bride—the bride and groom, and be religiously kept from their friends.

Scotty with burning eyes approached it. He considered it the most beautiful work of art that could possibly be concocted. "I thought you'd all like to see it," said the foreman—he had headed the committee that had purchased it after the man who had it for sale told them there was not another one like it in the city—"before we sent it up to the house."

Scotty looked longingly at it. It would belong to Miss Alice, and it had his week's wages in it; thus she would possess something of his. He put out a finger and touched it. "That's right!" said the foreman; "take all the polish off it! Rub your hands all over it while you're about it! Now you'll take it to the house?"

"I will," cried Scotty, his heart bounding, and he would see Miss Alice, and she would see how beautiful it was, and he could tell her he hoped she'd be happy, and ask after the health of her little dog—"I will." The foreman asked him what was eating him, and gave the shining mass into the care of two men, and told them he wouldn't take any time off if they staid till after dinner hour. One of the men borrowed a dime from "Shorty," who forthwith vented his nautical knowledge regarding the value of a pair of schooners. Scotty went back to his bench. It was ten o'clock. Two hours more and he should see the bride.

He had forgotten his mother, home, everything; his head was on fire; he must see Miss Alice once more. He could not work; he trembled like the old man. The whistling men annoyed him; the grinding of the machinery set his teeth on edge. "Shorty" Ginther threw a file at him to find out if he were asleep. At half past ten the foreman called him to take into the office some work that was to go there.

In the office the clerks were dressed in their best; one of them had a flower in his coat. The office had been asked to the church wedding, and was going, all except old Baker, who was said to keep himself with a chaffing dish, and so was much of an old bachelor that he wouldn't have gone to his own wedding.

And in the office was the boss. The boss was in a great way. The signing of an important contract had called him down to the office. Scotty delivered the work, when the boss looked up. "Oh," he said, "you're the boy who has sometimes been to the bank?"

Yes, Scotty was the boy. Ever since he had saved Miss Alice's dog that time, and especially as Miss Alice said he had an honest face, the boss had noticed him, and had him do some errands for him.

to Scotty, and he leaped and planted a blow in the old man's face.

It was madness then. Scotty was down in the mud of the street, the old man on top of him, pounding him, searching for the money, beating the boy who was powerless before such frenzy. He was being choked, his head nearly squeezed off his shoulders. He almost heard his bones crack. He might be killed, but Miss Alice's money should never be taken from him alive. He had pains all over him; he was suffocating. But that money should never leave him while he had life. Was that his mother's sewing-machine he heard, or was it the machinery in the shop! Was he in the middle of the cartway, writing to his wife only to go down again, the old man scratching away after the money, people yelling, horses tramping near him!

There was one more awful shake than all, and he felt that he was going to pieces. Then there was a lull, and he gasped. There was a pressing round him, and he pushed the dirt from his eyes. A policeman held the frothing old man. "I am his father," said the old man, "and he struck me. He's a thief; he got his boss's check cashed, and he was running off with the money when I collared him."

Scotty was dragged and pushed, his muddy, torn condition laughed at. He was before a magistrate, the old man appearing against him. Scotty listened, dazed, and the charge of theft preferred against him. Dared he tell the truth? Even if he were believed, would it not go all the harder with his mother—wouldn't the old man take it out of her? He said not a word. The clock in the room struck twelve—noon. He gave a convulsive start. Miss Alice was being married; he had missed the wedding, and her father had not taken her the money.

She would think he was a thief! No, no; he would tell how the old man had tried to get the money; he would tell it now; he must clear himself now. Then he saw his mother's face, pale, wan, full of suffering. Should the old man weep all the world should see? No, Miss Alice, all the world should consider him a thief rather than that. He looked wildly about him; he pains all over him seemed to concentrate into one that was in his head. "Miss Alice! Miss Alice!" he suddenly cried out, in a voice strong with grief, and fell over in a heap.

The next thing he knew he was in a little room back of the magistrate's office. His face was washed, and a doctor was beside him. "His father has most unmercifully beaten him," said the doctor. "That's the worst of these rude uncultured people, when they are honest they treat dishonesty brutally. Open your hand, my man."

Scotty looked at him. "Open your hand," repeated the doctor; "it is bleeding." Scotty held up the indicated hand. It was tight shut. "Open it," said the doctor. Just then Scotty heard the voice of the boss. The boss had parted with his daughter but a little while ago, and in consequence was in a gentle mood, kindly disposed towards all whom she had ever liked—and she had liked Scotty.

"I am sorry to say," he was saying, "my foreman tells me the boy has been coming late to work for some time, and has been neglectful. Besides, he gave his whole week's wages towards a wedding gift; the men got up for my daughter, and I fear he could hardly have afforded that honestly. Appearances are against him. And yet I trusted the little chap. He was brave. At the peril of his life he rescued my daughter's little dog that had run under the feet of some horses; and I never heard that he was untruthful. Brave and truthful people are not usually dishonest, are they? He has drawn money for me before, and I never missed a cent. It would be difficult to make my daughter, whose money this was, believe that he is a thief."

"Miss Alice! Miss Alice!" again rang out Scotty's voice. The boss went up to where he lay. "I didn't collar the money," he said, with an effort. "I didn't want to paint the town-red with it. That's straight. I said—I'd hold it till I give it to you—and I done it—Miss Alice's money." His hand unclosed, and there was a little wedge of banknotes stained with his blood where the nails of his fingers had pierced his palm. His hand had never unclosed from the time he had handed the money at bank; it was now "Miss Alice." He managed to say, "tell her I wasn't no thief, help me! Mother knows I ain't. Heaven! Recruits—machine in the street. I'll go to church an' see her once more before she goes away forever."

Names of the Presidents

Washington was originally from West-nynton, an English manor of that name existing about the middle of the Thirteenth century, whose owner took, according to custom, the title of his estate as surname.

Jefferson is simply a corruption of Godfrey, or Godfrey, a favorite name of the Middle Ages, meaning "God's peace."

Taylor, like Tyler, is taken from the name of a trade. Pollock is an abbreviation of Pollock, from the parish of Pollock, in Scotland. The word is from the Gaelic, "pollag," a little pond.

Hayes is of Anglo-Norman origin and comes from "hay," a hedge or inclosure. The word "hayes," is used by Chaucer. "Gard" is from a Saxon word, "gard," ready, prepared, prepared. It is also ascribed to the German "gar" and field, meaning a place where all is prepared for an army.

Arthur is British and means a strong man from "ar," a man, and Thor, the German Jupiter. Cleveland comes from Yorkshire, England, and is a corruption of "Cliff-land." The Anglo-Saxon is "clive," a cliff, and "land," a people.—Baltimore American.

There are some things that astound and startle a New Yorker. One of these is the exhibition on the part of anybody of any degree of affection for Chicago. Day or two ago I met a handsome young married lady on the Sixth avenue elevated. She had always lived in the west, where I had known her several years ago, and we naturally discussed her recent change of base. She sat in one of the cross seats in the middle of the car, and I stood with others in the aisle.

"I like Chicago much better than New York," she began. The two men reading stock reports in the seat facing her glanced at her sharply over their glasses. The old man next to her hunched up his coat nervously and looked sorry for her. "It may be that New York will improve on acquaintance," she went on mischievously, seeing the sensation she made. "I've only been here two months, and if it wasn't for my husband's business I'd go right back to Chicago. It's awfully slow here."

I considerably intimated that she'd find things fast enough in New York when she got acquainted—that the complaint was not a general one—that, in short, New York was a real nice sort of a town when you get used to it. "But I like western people best," she said. The old man next to her looked out of the window and groaned audibly, while the other people apparently regarded her in the light of a curiosity, "Western people," she continued, "are not so formal and mean what they say and don't say much." I thought the old man had been taken with cramps—he looked so miserable. "Chicago is the city for shopping. I can't find anything here, and I go miles and miles! They have such lovely stores in Chicago! This is such a dirty place," said she, shaking out her sealskin sack. "And?"

The World of Women.

Plaid hitherto arranged on the cross are now made up on the straight. As colors go green seems to be largely in vogue, though emerald purple is a strong rival for popular favor. Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett believes in the benefits of walking as an exercise, and taken a long constitutional before breakfast every morning.

On the majority of the stylish costumes of the present appear the very broad revers, or falling collars, or shoulder bretelles—wings, a man would be inclined to call them. Miss Fanny Edward Young, beautiful and only sixteen, is conducting a revival at Monrovia, Ind. Hundreds have professed conversion, and some of the toughest characters in the country have reformed.

The waists on some of the French dresses are merely round, or just a trifle pointed in the back to give length, but on others there is a princess effect in the back, and the round waist shows only in the front. New black princess dresses are braided in black and gold to represent yoke and skirt or Eton jacket and revers, and are given extra fullness in the back of the skirt by velvet breadths that make a slight demitain.

A word on furs. Lynx is the most fashionable trimming for outside coat or street costume. Seal-skin is as popular as ever. Musk, sable and Persian lamb are very stylish and often, mink, blue fox and skunk will all be worn. Among new directoire redingotes are models of pale biscuit color for those who admire neutral shades. They have maroon, velvet, moss green, ulian blue or butternut brown velvet accessories and very narrow borders of dark fur.

A violet girl was a pretty sight in a ball-room the other evening. Her white silk gown had sleeves of violet velvet, with the upper part of the corsage composed entirely of violets so cunningly scented with the veritable violet odor that the illusion was very effective. Among the stylish fancies for youthful wearers for the early spring—gowns upon which the dressmakers are already at work—are double breasted round waists of plain cloth or velvet, in dark colors of blue, golden brown, mahogany or myrtle green, with plain cloth waists lapped on the side and buttoned about half a yard down.

One of the new dress skirts is called the abt-jour, or lamp shade skirt. It is not at all pretty; on the contrary, it is a very antiquated appearance. It is trimmed with four valances mounted almost flat and set on the skirt about four inches apart. Underneath the lowest valance a black lace trim simulates and under-skirt, falling slightly gathered all around. As the season is drawing so rapidly to a close the gowns are beginning to look just a bit passe, though once in a while a fresh one attracts by its unmistakable "just made" appearance. Such a one was worn by a pretty young married woman at a reception and was the loveliest bit of feminine finery I have seen in a long while. The corsage was of blue changeable velvet and was short and round, with a narrow belt of yellow more embroidered in gold. The skirt was fashioned of this silk and directly down the centre to the hem ran a line of gold embroidery. The train section was bordered by a rich trimming of yellow ostrich tips. Double puffed sleeves and a rich drapery of old lace on the waist completed this charming costume.

Horizontal skirt trimmings mount higher and higher. To remodel an old sheath skirt of last season, to give it the appearance of width now required, the easiest resort is several ruffles of velvet set at wide intervals up the skirt. One model shows a very modish gown of dark tan cloth trimmed with many rows of brown velvet. The same may be carried out in dark aubergine red serge, with bands of black silk pipings. A cape can be made longer and a supplementary shoulder cape added that is some ten inches wide and is planted. It also should have bands. If these pipings make the dress flange out stiffly, it is not an objection, as the effect characterizes the style.

GRACIOUSNESS IN WOMEN.—So few very beautiful women consider it worth their while to be gracious. They rely so entirely on their charms of person to attract that they do not put themselves out or exert themselves to please others than by their beauty. This is great mistake, for though they may rule for a season by the power that feminine loveliness always exerts, their court will soon be narrow down to the very few who are willing to serve out adulation with every sentence, with no hope of entertainment in return. The spell of gracious womanhood, however, lasts as long as life remains, and the charm depends not upon beauty of face or figure, but upon a grace of mind that puts self in the background and endeavors to bring out the best and brightest in all those with whom it comes in contact, says the Philadelphia Times. The celebrated women who have been admired to their latest day were not renowned so much for their beauty as for their tact. Imagine some of the belles of to-day listening with apparent interest (whether feigned or real we cannot say) to the reading of a live act tragedy or the impassioned rendition of some sonnet written by one of their adorers. They would probably wince in the face of the aspiring genius and destroy forever his fond illusions. The women who can become interested in the hobby of whoever is in her society, or who can make that other and worthy of regard will be the one to whom her entire circle will swear allegiance. A regard for others' feelings and a gentle though not fulsome flattery that stimulates rather than inflates, are the weapons which, when used by a clever, kindly woman, make her a power among any set, in which she chooses to move, though never for one moment does she give evidence that she is aware of the influence she yields through the all conquering scepter of her own gracious womanhood.

—Hung Herself to the Rattens. CARLETON, Pa., Jan. 23.—Mrs Samuel Miller, of Mechanicburg, committed suicide yesterday evening by hanging herself to the rafters of her dwelling while her husband was at church.

A Shrewd Suggestion. From the Chicago Times. New York is going to move its old City Hall up town. Why not carry it to Sing Sing, where so many of its former tenants so journeyed.

—John G. Carlisle will be the first man from south of Mason and Dixon's line to occupy the Secretaryship of the Treasury since Howell Cobb resigned the position December 10, 1860.

—There is but one sudden death among women to every ten among men.