

TO A LOST LOVE.

I cannot look upon thy grave,
Though there the rose is sweet
Better to hear the long wail wash
These wastes about my feet!

THE LADY BURGLAR.

It happened that the talk at the club had turned that night to the recent marvelous successes of the Lady Burglar. My neighbor, Mr. Ayres, who had been the latest and heaviest sufferer, was telling the various details, including the discovery of the two strange hair pins that had first suggested to Binks, the clever detective, that the daring house breaker was a woman. The novelty of this had given the case no end of notoriety, which somehow had not at all lessened my anxiety about the safety of my own things.

ed in a terrible voice.
"The silver," she said indifferently, as one would speak of an every day affair.
I sid the leather case toward me over the tubs and slipped the catch. Yes, they were mine fast enough; every spoon and fork and knife and gimcrack in the lot marked with my wife's initials. "Where did you get hold of this?" I demanded.
For some reason that I could not then understand she hesitated a moment. "Why I found it right there where you saw it," she answered at last. "You see, it was all fixed to take upstairs."

ed to remark, in an off hand way, that I had known it all along, but I was not quite sure of myself, and, besides, there was that in my wife's face as I looked at her out of the tail of my eye that made this quite out of the question. Characteristically, she thrust upon my shoulders the entire responsibility of the situation. Neither was there any help to be got from the young woman. She had turned her back, but from a slight twitching of the shoulders I gathered that something amused her. If there was to be any conversation, evidently the initiative was to come from me. "If that pot isn't empty," I said at last, "I'll take a step in her direction," I pounced on Mrs. Van Brunt, will you?"—By Henry Byron Harrison, in Harper's Magazine.

Inspected By an Inspector.
Just the Man the Montana Postmaster Had Been Looking For.
Omaha was headquarters for this entire district a few years ago. The chief inspector there was informed that a postmaster in Montana was not sending in reports of his office receipts, etc. Repeated letters and warnings had no effect; the postmaster was silent.

Chinese Wives on a Picnic.
Probably never before have so many Chinese women, unveiled and unattended by their husbands, been on view in New York as were seen Friday on the Staten Island ferryboat Robert W. Garrett, making their way to St. George, S. I., and then by rail to Westbury, six miles inland, where a shady grove and tempting sweetmeats awaited them. The International Sunshine Society, which has 100,000 members throughout the world, and the initiation dues to which consist only of good deeds and a little kindness here and there, had particularly interested itself in the condition of the pagan wives of many of the Christian Chinese merchants there.

The Battleship Maine.
She Was Launched on Saturday—Bigger, Stronger, Faster than Her Namesake She Is Expected by the Country to Be.
The battleship Maine, designed to be bigger, stronger and faster than her namesake, whose shapeless mass still lies in the harbor of Havana, was launched in Philadelphia Saturday from the yards of the William Cramp Ship company. The warship's initial dip into the waters of the Delaware river was a success in every way. One of the largest crowds that have ever seen a warship leave the ways at Cramp's yards was on hand, and much patriotism was displayed as the ship left her cradle. Residents of Kensington, the industrial section where the ship yard is located, took a holiday and attended the launch. Thousands of persons from other parts of the city were on hand, and as the yard was thrown open to the public every vantage point swarmed with spectators. The weather was beautiful. There was just enough breeze from the river to temper the warm rays of the sun. Although the number of distinguished guests was not so large as usual, there was a good attendance of naval and civilian officials.