

A SONG OF THE YEAR.

Spring smiles through her tears and the crocus
And primrose shy petals unfold,
Summer beams on the glad earth and straight-
away
The meads are a carpet of gold.
Spring is gay with sweet song and fair
promise,
The lark and the flower, and the bee,
And each young soul exulting rejoices,
The world is for me, is for me!

Not a rose on the midsummer hedge rows
Nor billow of blossoming grass
But is rich in the fugitive rapture
Of pleasures which quicken and pass,
When June along hillside and streamside
Trips lightly on virgin feet,
And the woodlands re-echo with voices,
Proclaiming that summer is sweet.

Yes, sweet are the opulent Summer,
And stately Autumn to come;
Royal Autumn in gold and in purple,
Tho' all the gay song-tide be dumb;
But we know with a mournful prevision
Mid the wealth and the glare and the heat,
That the sweet of the year has departed
Far, far upon vanishing feet.

Autumn fades into passionless Winter,
Dead grasses and chill rains of December,
Black snow-clouds and waters that freeze,
Yet through all the world's ruin and sadness
Our hearts leap within us and sing,
Knowing hid in no distant To-morrow
Once more a sure presage of spring.

—Lewis Morris.

THE PRINCESS DROGUCA.

"No, Herbert, I can't do it. You will have to get out of the difficulty by yourself. It is useless my going to your father any more; he said the last time he would never again cripple himself by paying your debts. His mind is made up about it; and even if it were not I know he has not got the money. As for me, you know I have not."

"Then what on earth am I to do?" inquired the Honorable Herbert Farnham. "The Jews will do no more for me. I'm broke, and that's the truth. They say there's a baronet working down at the docks, glad of three shillings a day when he can get it. I suppose I shall come to that!"

Lady Chetwynd looked at her favorite son and smiled a little. It was a funny picture, that of this grand creature, resplendent with the beauties of nature appropriate to a "masher," and adorned by clothes perfectly built, working at anything but the obtaining as much amusement as possible out of life. The smile was but transient on Lady Chetwynd's handsome face; it died away soon, and she lapsed into profound thought. Presently she said very gravely, "There is your Aunt Margaret."

"What of her?" inquired the Honorable Herbert, looking up from his admirable boots, which he had been studying attentively, possibly wondering whether the hundred well cut pairs that stood in his dressing room would be of any use to wear out when he was a dock laborer, or whether it might become necessary to have a sale of his personal belongings.

"Well—I know she is in England. She wrote and told me so, in fact. And it has occurred to me, once or twice, to wonder to whom she will leave all her money."

"Has she no one?" inquired the Honorable Herbert quickly.

"No one at all, I believe; absolutely no one. She was an only child, and with no near relatives, when she married your Uncle George. That is how she came to be sole heiress to such an enormous fortune."

"Made out of sausages, wasn't it?"

"Oh, no—nothing worse than pickles and jam. I'd have forgiven her the source of her money, for her father being dead when she married, it might all have been forgotten, but I found it difficult to forgive her for being herself."

"What's the matter with her?" asked the Honorable Herbert.

"Well," said Lady Chetwynd, hesitating a little, "she's vulgar—and—rather flighty. She never seemed to me good enough for George."

"Why did he marry her, then?"

"Oh, as for that," answered Lady Chetwynd, her color rising slightly, "I believe he married her for her money. I can imagine no other reason."

"Ah!" said her son, "then she's been married twice for the same reason, I suppose?"

"Yes," observed Lady Chetwynd, "that second marriage made me more angry with her than ever. Now her second husband is dead, I really wish she would call herself Mrs. Rolleston again, instead of going about as the Princess Droguca."

"Never mind," said the Honorable Herbert, "as the prince cleared out without squandering her money at cards I'll forgive him his sins, and even speak respectfully of his memory. Now, tell me where to find my Aunt Margaret, the Princess Droguca. Surely I must have inherited some of those fascinating powers you and Uncle George seemed to have possessed in common. I will try to open on her. I will be humble, dutiful, the most exemplary of nephews. I will carry her prayer book to church and nurse her poodle. Most elderly ladies have some monomania or other. I will discover hers and feed it. You will hardly know me if you should see me at her side, so full of humanity and decorum shall I be."

Lady Chetwynd smiled and sighed at once. "I have no idea what she is like now," she said. "It is a long time since I have seen her—many a long year—never since George died, in fact. She was not pious then; perhaps she is now. You will find her at the Clairville, at Seagate."

"I've heard of that establishment," said the Honorable Herbert thoughtfully. "A queer place for an elderly lady. However, I dare say she knows no better. Give me a line of introduction to her, and I'll run down at once. I shan't mind going to Seagate just now; it's superlative weather, and lots of people there."

Lady Chetwynd, looking thoughtful, as she did so, wrote a very brief note and handed it to her son, who started off immediately. He was in such an exceedingly "right place" just now that he would have gone a much longer journey, at equally short notice, if thereby he might discover an elderly aunt with money.

Seagate was looking glorious, and the gaiety of the place, the freshness of the air, and the brilliant coloring of the sea and sky made the Honorable Herbert feel very "young and delightful." He resolved to lunch at a restaurant, take a turn on the promenade and smoke a cigar on the pier before going to the Clairville. He fancied that he would then be refreshed, and so better able to enter thoroughly into the role of dutiful nephew which he proposed to play.

He lunched well, lit his cigar, and started in search of half an hour's recreation. He did not go far before he found what he was in search of; he met with a lady so surprising to look at that the mere sight of her recreated him. He proceeded to stare steadily at her and to take note of all her "points" carefully. She was a little creature, well formed, with pretty feet and hands; the feet clad in wondrous, high heeled boots that were very high, but did not beat at all in front; the lacing displayed crimson open worked stockings. The little figure, waspwaisted, was dressed in the most extravagant of French checks—the sort of costume devised by the Parisian intellect for English women who are "fond of dress." A mass of blonded and frizzed hair encircled a small face which was admirably well painted; only the usual mistake was made—the thing was overdone, and thus the possibility of deception destroyed. The lady's hat and parasol each deserve a page of description, they were so surprising. The whole thing astonished and delighted the Honorable Herbert. This young gentleman had a good deal of the "knight of the pavement" in him; if a pretty girl gave him a look of encouragement he was capable of walking after her quite a mile in the hope of adventure. The lady he now saw before him had "encouragement" writ in large characters all over her, thanks to her costume, and her plaintive blue eyes repeated the word. She stood, quite alone, by the rail at the edge of the seawalk, looking at the passersby. She soon became as much interested in Herbert as he was in her. She slowly walked toward the pier and went on to it. The Honorable Herbert followed her, passed and repassed her.

At the end of the pier there were several sheltered, secluded seats. The lady walked on to these slowly—for no one could walk fast in such boots as hers—chose one with much deliberation, sat down and straightway dropped her parasol. Of course Herbert was at hand to pick it up. Then he sat down by her, and for half an hour they looked at the blue sea and talked. She amused him very much. She never smiled, but said the most spicy and piquant things in a small, high pitched voice, looking straight at him the while. Herbert knew very well how to look admiration, and he found that she understood the look perfectly, but also that she appreciated a little more open flattery. This made it very plain sailing, and Herbert found himself much less bored than usual during a flirtation. The little lady being so excessively pronounced it was difficult to feel bored until one had seen all her extravagances.

At last he rose and said:
"I must go; it is hard, but I must. Do you come on the pier in the evening?"
"Yes," she answered immediately; "about 10 o'clock."
"Then I shall stay in Seagate till tomorrow," said Herbert gallantly, and left her.

Then, assuming a businesslike manner, he walked off to the Clairville, meditating all the way on the mode in which he should address his aunt. After turning the matter over and over in his mind he resolved to trust to the inspiration of the moment, and to follow her lead very carefully until he knew how to humor her.

On his way a hired carriage passed him; in it sat the little lady whom he fully intended to meet upon the pier that night. She gave him a glance from under her wonderful parasol; such a look—seductive, full of invitation.

"I believe she is as old as the hills," reflected Herbert; "but she is marvelously made up, and very funny. What a catastrophe if she should live at the Clairville!"

He arrived at the hotel—a fine house, standing in pretty grounds, and tenanted principally by people who lived on a pension; people who seemed to have no homes of their own anywhere; who were exceedingly sociable and very merry. On the broad terrace a number of people were talking and laughing; the hour of afternoon tea had brought them to the house. In the midst of a small crowd of gentlemen stood the little lady; evidently she was a favorite. Herbert quickly passed the group, looking the other way the while. He entered the hall, and, finding a waiter, asked for the Princess Droguca. He was shown into a small drawing room.

Two minutes later the little lady came in and looked at him with some surprise, saying:
"You have asked for me? You know my name?"

The awful truth flashed upon him. For one wild moment he thought of sinking his identity—of escaping without telling her who he was. But he had not time to think it out—he was confused, stammered something—and then, in despair, handed her his mother's note. She tore it open deliberately, read it at a glance, and threw it carelessly on a table. He fancied his doom was sealed, took up his hat, and prepared to go. But he felt he owed it to himself to apologize; he did so, profusely.

She interrupted him with her slight, shrill voice, looking straight at him with those plaintive blue eyes, which were so full of candid hunger for admiration.

"What are you apologizing so much for?" she said. "It is the first compliment your family has ever paid me! Come into the other room; I must have some tea."

She put her hand on his arm and led him out. For the first time in his life Herbert was at a loss what to say or what to do. But at last he succeeded in taking her cue; it seemed funny to flirt with one's aunt, but he did it.

And she paid his debts. Probably she will leave him her money.

The entire coastline of the globe is about 136,000 miles.

EVERYTHING NOW SERENE.
SECRETARY BLAINE HOLDS OUT THE OLIVE BRANCH TO CHILI.

Her Apology Very Gratiifying and Satisfactory—The Withdrawal of the Matta Note is "Frank and Ample"—Peace Assured.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 1.—The following is the text of the cable message sent by Secretary Blaine accepting Chili's proposition for settlement of the difference between the two governments:

DEPARTMENT OF STATE,
WASHINGTON, Jan. 30.

Egan, Minister, Santiago.

I am directed by the President to acknowledge the receipt of Senor Pereira's despatch of the 28th inst. It has been communicated to Congress and has given great pleasure to the people of the United States and to the Executive Department, as it restores the correspondence between the two republics to a basis of cordiality and makes, as he believes, a full and honorable adjustment of all unsettled matters easily attainable.

The President notes with gratification the expressions of regret for and condemnation of the assault upon the sailors of the Baltimore offered by Senor Pereira, and congratulates the Chilean Government upon the frank and ample withdrawal of the Matta circular, and upon the spirit of justice displayed towards Minister Egan. You will assure the Chilean Government that the President will be glad to meet, in the most generous spirit, these friendly overtures.

Believing that the subject of reparation for the assault upon the seamen of the Baltimore is now capable of adjustment between the two Governments by the usual diplomatic methods, the President postpones for the present any discussion of the suggestions made by Senor Pereira as to the use of other methods, not doubting that the sense of justice of Chili will enable the two Governments to speedily and honorably make a full end of the whole matter.

BLAINE.

THE NATIONAL DEBT.
An Increase of Over a Million During January.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 2.—The monthly debt statement issued from the treasury department shows an increase in the aggregate of the debt during the last month of \$1,210,016. There was an increase in the interest-bearing debt of \$710; a decrease of \$3,295,668 in the surplus cash in the treasury, and a decrease of \$1,996,362 in the non-interest bearing debt. The total debt to-day, less \$31,368,459 net cash balance or surplus and the \$100,000,000 gold reserve greenback redemption fund, is \$842,617,836. Of the surplus in the treasury to-day national bank depositories hold \$18,944,387, against \$20,254,008 a month ago.

MOTHER AND BABY KILLED.
Ground to Death Under the Wheels of an Express Train.

WOODBURY, N. J., Feb. 2.—Yesterday morning Mrs. Euclid Hill was walking between the tracks on the railroad, going toward the station, where she intended taking a train. She had her little four-year-old girl in her arms. Just then the Brighton express train came thundering along. The locomotive struck her, winding her clothing about the pilot of the engine.

She clung convulsively to her child, while the engine dragged both under its wheels. They were carried fully 100 feet, being horribly mangled, and when picked up they were unrecognizable.

HAD THEIR LABOR FOR THEIR PAINS.
Escape of Convicts Prevented by the Discovery of a Tunnel.

COLUMBUS, O., Feb. 1.—A tunnel forty-seven feet long and leading from the prison warehouse, almost under the Ohio State prison, was discovered accidentally yesterday afternoon.

Several suits of clothes and four revolvers were found in the tunnel. A dozen dangerous crooks were almost ready to escape.

Man and Wife Killed by a Stallion.
JEFFERSONVILLE, Ind., Jan. 28.—Mrs. Frank Brown, of South Boston, was milking a cow when a stallion standing in a stall near by kicked her, killing her instantly. Mr. Brown, missing his wife, went to the barn to investigate. As he was in the act of raising the prostrate form of his wife, the horse kicked him on the temple, from the effects of which he soon died.

Riffin's Relatives Claim Damages.
PHILADELPHIA, Jan. 28.—John L. Riffin, of this city, a brother of Boatman's Mate Riffin, of the Baltimore, who was murdered by the Chilians at Valparaiso, will, under the advice of his counsel, W. W. Ker, file with the State Department a claim for damages on behalf of himself and two sisters of the deceased. The amount to be pressed for has not yet been determined upon.

A Flood of Dangerous Counterfeits.
LIMA, O., Feb. 1.—Detectives are trying to discover a mint which is turning out some of the best counterfeit dollars, halves and quarters ever seen. The counterfeiters have flooded all the lake towns from Buffalo to Detroit, putting about \$10,000 in circulation in the last few days. The mint is supposed to be near Toledo.

Perished in Their Burning Home.
JOHNSTOWN, Pa., Jan. 28.—A fire at Elton, seven miles southeast of here, last night burned the residence of Samuel Kring and another building. Kring and his wife were burned to death in their home. He was seventy-nine years of age, and she eighty-three.

CHEATING IN HORSE BLANKETS

Nearly every pattern of $\frac{5}{8}$ Horse Blanket is imitated in color and style. In most cases the imitation looks just as good as the genuine, but it hasn't the warp threads, and so lacks strength, and while it sells for only a little less than the genuine it isn't worth one-half as much. The fact that $\frac{5}{8}$ Horse Blankets are copied is strong evidence that they are THE STANDARD, and every buyer should see that the $\frac{5}{8}$ trade mark is sewed on the inside of the Blanket.

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