"WHAT IT ALL MEANS."

Each eve she meets me at the gate— Her brow has roses on it; And for one kiss she gives me eight (That means a summer boundt).

Each dish that most delights my eyes The table has upon it; And Dear, try this, and this," she eries (That means a summer bonnet).

My slippers always are in sight; My smoking cap, I don it; She strokes my hair: "You're tired to-night." (That means a summer bonnet).

Such kind attentions: Never saw
The dige: Heaven's blessing on it!
God likss both wife and mother-in-law
(That means a summer bonnet).
—htael Kerr, in Home and Country

THE DEMON UMBRELLA.

We were having dinner, my friend Hartley and I, in the Barclay street restaurant of the Astor house-the place where you feel as if you are down cellar in the pyramid of Cheops, and where you can look out of a subterranean window across a stone crypt, which promises mummles, into that garish courtyard, the Rotunda, and catch a glance of a mural camel have the Egyptian idea further

"Odd not'on you have," said Hartley while we were waiting for coffee, that of carrying the poorest umbrella in New York.

My umbrella was poor, but it was not altogether my fault. I explained to him that a few mornings before a thoughtless gentleman, name and present address unknown, had inad-vertently walked off with my hat and umbrella while I was being served in a barber shop, leaving behind his own, the hat a season in the rear of the goddess Pash'on, and with a red lining in it, and the umbrella somewhat battered and bulgy. A messenger boy brought me a new hat, but the um-brella I took along. "I believe," I continued, "that I'll throw that umbrella away to-night and get a new one in the morning." A bright idea one in the morning." A bright idea struck me. "I'll leave it right here." I said, and I tucked it behind the steam radiator, unseen of any.

The dinner was soon over, and we rose and started out. I had forgotten about the umbrella. I heard a quick step behind me and looked around. "Ah, ze shentleman forgeets hees um-brella!" exclaimed the waiter, and with a grand flourish he held out the the shabby wreck in all its horror. I took it and we walked out.

"Did you see the pretty girl who was dining with that old boy on the left smiling at your umbrella?" asked Hartley. I had observed that smile. "Come up with me," I said. "I'll leave it in the elevated car—no trouble

about leaving an umbrella there-I've

about leaving an umbrella there—I'va left two there during the last year."
"I can't do it," replied Hartley, who is employed on a morning paper. "I shall be late to-night. Besides, I couldn't imperil my social standing by walking with a man who was carrying such an umbrella. Better igh it in the first ash can you come jab it in the first ash can you come

I made no reply to this bit of peasantry and walked off, carrying the umbrella at a modified parade rest. At Park place I took the elevated. Inside I sat down next a kindly appearing old gentleman, who was reading the Evening Post. As we swung in under the steady glow of the great Judson memorial cross he folded his paper carefully, apparently with the intention of getting it bound, took off his gold-rimmed eyeglasses, smacked his lips as if the intellectual draught had been satisfactory, and said:

"Pardon me, but can you inform me where I can find the 'lost and found' bureau of the elevated roads?" "Down in the neighborhood of Morris street," I answered.

"Ah, indeed-thank you. I left my umbrella in the train this morning and I must look it up to-morrow."

"You may find it there," I said encouragingly. "The place is upstairs, A blond young man with a puckered mouth will meet you and after taking down a minute description of your umbrella, together with the exact minute of the loss, and the road, train, ear, seat and station where it occurred, he will retire into a sort of an umbrella library, where he has about 4,000 of them arranged and catalogued on shelves, and look the matter up.

"You have had the experience," observed the kindly old gentleman.

"Many times," I returned carelessiy. "I usually have one or two on deposit there." I had slipped the ancient specimen I was carrying over next to the window, and was leaning forward so as to hide it. "Twenty-third street!" shouted the guard. I rose and started back hastily. I felt my heart beating as I approached the door. Then came the voice of the old gentleman. "Here, here!" he called, sharply; "you've forgotten your umbreila." I turned and took it from his hand. "Came near increasing your account with the road, ch?" and the old reprobate chuckled as he sank back in his seat. "Step lively!" bellowed the guard. I turned and ran out; the gate smote my heel as I reached the platform. An elevated guard should have had no trouble in disposing of the remarkable Mr.

I stopped at the news stand on my way out and bought an evening paper. "Hi, there, boss," said the porter, "you's leavin' yo' umbrella." I picked it up and fled down the

I hurried through Twenty-third street, clutching the handle of the umbrella, and turned the corner and started up Broadway. I had not gone far when a barber's sign caught my eye. "This is my chance," I thought to myself. "I got the accursed thing in a barber shop and there will I leave it." I went in and was soon having my hair cut, though the operation was not demanded. There is something soothing about a barber's chair; it conduces to calm, dispassionate thought; with an opportune hair cut Caesar might or might not have plunged impetuously across the Rubi-con. I saw that I had so far been acting with too great haste. Instead of reasoning out a course and following it I had been rushing blindly along. depending wholly on chance. I arose from the chair with a firm purpose. The brush boy handed me my hat, and I turned quickly and started for the door. "Heah's you umbrella, Dah." said the boy, as he came in hot

pursuit. I turned deliberately, looked at it and said:

"You've made a mistake—that is not my umbrella." "Must be, sah—yo' brought hit in heah—yo' wouldn't be carryin' no other gent's umbrella, sah." He held the thing up in the glare of

the Eghts. "I had no umbrella," I said sternly.
"Yous fo'got, sah. Only umbrella
in the rack—noticed it particlar when
you come in." The barbers had all stopped work, and half-lathered customers were rising up in their chairs.

I weakened. "I believe it is mine," I said, as I took it and again fied, while the boy pocketed his tip and observed: "Dis yere ain't de shop where we's ever mistaken 'bout no umbrellas."

But I determined to retain my selfcomposure at any cost of mental strain. I boarded an uptown Broadway car with another bold resolve in mind. Incidentally I decided to try the car, though I had small hopes of it. At Thirty-sixth street I rose to get off, leaving the umbrella behind, but I met the reproachful eye of the conductor and went back and picked

I walked east through Thirty-sixth street. My plan was diabolical in its nature, but I hoped for good results. It was nothing more nor less than to call on a certain friend and desert the thing in his hall. In five minutes I was in the eastest chair, busily engaged in conversation. But I do not remember of what we talked-my heart was in the hall, with the umbrella. I know not how long I stayed or how I got away. My first dis-tinet recollection is of walking rapid-ly along the street—almost running toward the lights on the corner. I reached them, dodged around the corner, caught my breath, then again stopped breathing as I heard rapid steps behind me. "Hold on, old man," said my friend, "you're running off without your umbrella. Madge said it could't be yours, but I told her I knew better, so here it is."
"Why, yes, it's mine-thank you-

stupid thing for me to do-sorry to put you to the trouble." Again it had wound its tentacles around me. I went down Madison avenue, and then turned through Thirty-fifth street and walked to Third avenue. I was beginning to feel desperate again. I stopped on the corner, stood the um-brella against a lamp post and pretended to button my glove. Then I walked off with assumed carolessness. A small boy chased after me, restored my umbrella and did not refuse a quarter for his kindness. turned in at a cheap concert hall and sat ten minutes, but of course a beerbespattered waiter overtook me at the door with it. I gave him a dime.

I walked down the avenue clutching my inanimate enemy in both hands. Overhead the elveated trains roared, I looked at their disappearing red lights, and entertained a wild notion of hurling the umbrella up on the platform of one of them. Then I platform of one of them. Then I turned my thoughts in the opposite direction and considered stuffing it down a sewer opening. But there were too many people about for either move. I went on under the sputtering are lights and among the drifting crowds of people till I reached Fourteenth street. A newsboy stood on the corner smoking the stub of a cigar-ette. I walked up to him and held out the umbrella

"Sonny," I said, "don't you want an umbrella?"

"Mean t' give it ter a feller?"

He looked at it again and then up at me, and said with virtuous indig-

yer take dis fer a fence? Mebby I didn't know Con O'Connell. W'ere's Con to-day? Con received stolen goods, an' w'ere is he now, I ask yer?" He turned on his heel and walked away.

I went through Fourteenth street meditating deeply. Before I reached Broadway I had determined to go over into old Greenwich village and see what I could do. I felt that I knew every crook and turn of GrGeenwich; I am one of those that love the Ninth ward, and I have the courage of my love; I live there. Many others love it, and write glowingly about their love, but they are found living above Fifty-ninth street, and sometimes it is necessary to penetrate Harlem to find their homes, or even to make a

trek into Brooklyn. I zigzaged across town to Seventh and Greenwich avenues and turned down the latter. As I passed the end of Perry street, in which I lived, I encountered my friend Officer Dooney standing majestically on the outpost of his dominions. I have always made it a practice to cultivate the officer on the beat where I live.

"A foine evening, it is, sor," observ-

"A foine evening, it is, sor," observed Officer Dooney.

"Yes," I replied. "What do you think of the appointment to-day?"

"A shplendid one, sor. W'y, I was afther knowln' Miles Garvey on the ould sod. A foine judge he'll make, an' not be worryin' the life out of a paradless for the miner and sweet. patrolman for the minor and super-r-fluous par-r-ticulars."

"It was another victory for Tam-

many, of course?" "Quite roight you are, sor. The Hall does do the wo-r-rk, and it is desarvin' of the rewar-r-ds and per-reck-ezits."

"Has your brother been put on yet?" "He goes on the foorce nixt weew, t'ank you, sor. An' me ould neighbor I was spaking to you about, d'ye

"They put him on a broom to-day,

went down the avenue to Jefferson Market and turned into Christo-pher street. I had bethought me of the canyon called Gay street. I knew that Gay street. I knew that if there was one place better than another for making an on orphan of your umbrella it is Gay street. I knew how lonely and deserted Gay street is at that hour of the night—how the battered shutters are closed, and the old fashioned doors barred, with express wa-gons filling the roadway, their up-turned thills bristling like a field of hop poles. I knew that the big clock of Jefferson market is the only thing which keeps his eye on Gay street in the night. But especially I knew that Gay street does not take in her ash cans at night. I would rear my um-brella in a Gay street ash can and leave it among the hop poles. I turn-

Half way along it stood an ash can filled to overflowing. I jabbed the sharp end of the umbrella a foot into the soft ashes and stepped back and admired my work. At last I was rid of the thing, Now I could laugh again. Once more I could—I felt a heavy hand on my shoulder and looked up at a tall, long-haired man, who came out of the shadow of some front

"Dake dot t'ing avay, you pauber," he said. "If you don't got no con off your own doan be stickin' it in udder people's. Dake it away, or I hollers for der bollce like I vas grazy!"

I took it and once more moved wearly on. Around the corner in wearily on. Around the corner in Waverly place I went close to the edge of the sidewalk, dropped the umbrella in the "gutter and walked away quickly. "Peck it up," said a policeman, starting out of a passage doorway. "Peck it up and move on wid ye. Do you t'ink Tom Br-r-ennan has nothing at all to do but eart away such trash as you do be havin'?" I took it along with me.

I walked on and turned down Grove street. I made up my mind that there was one more chance. If that failed nothing remained-I would keep the umbrella and carry it. Grove street seemed lonely and deserted, but I knew it wasn't. I was not the inexperienced thing that I had been earlier in the evening. I turned down Hudson street, and then went through Barrow toward the river. At Washington there was a pile of bricks. I stopped in the shadow, undid the cord which held the ribs of my umbrella and dropped two bricks into the bulging cavern. It would have held more I picked up a piece of paper and did up the umbrella in it, making a fairly neat, oblong package. Then I hurried with lights, and 'longshoremen were crowding along its single terrestrial side. But I heeded them not and crossed and stole along close to the plers and ferry slips. I soon came to a pler which seemed to suit my dark purpose. I erept out on it. There was a pile of lumber at the outer end, but no living thing in sight. moon looked hazy, and Liberty's light shown far away with uncertain lus-The cool breeze from the river touched my glowing face, but there was no time to stop to enjoy it. I tiptoed to the stringplece and cast my burden from me. It went down into the black waters with a dull splash. "Halt!" cried a man, coming from

behind the lumber. I saw he was a watchman and stood helpless. He whistled shrilly and an officer and a dozen men came running down the

"Arrest this man, Mahoney," the watchman. "He throwed a baby into the river—I heared it cry."
"I was a-watching of the felly, sneaking along meself," said the officer, as he took hold of my arm as if he were Admiral Farragut in the rigging of the Hartford and I was the rigging. He started away with me, and soon a crowd of fifty people were at our heels.

"Do you need to walk quite so fast?"

I asked.
"Dom you, it's fer yer own good," said Mahoney. "Do youse want to be lynched?"

He marched me into the Charles street police station. "What's the charge, officer?" asked

the man at the desk. "Murther, sergeant," answered Mahoney. "He t'rowed a che-ild into the Nort' River."

"See here, sergeant." I said, "this is absurd. I threw an umbrella into the river—that was all."

"We'll have to hold you. Explain to the judge in the morning." He

picked up a pen and began writing. "Infanticide—name?—age?—"
"Where's Officer Dooney? He

"Cali Dooney," said the sergeant, Officer Dooney came in from the next room and looked at me with astonishment as he heard the charge.
"There must be a mistake," he said,

"I know him to be of good cha-rackter. 1 talked wid him a nour ago on beat. His actions was reg'lar." "Where's the watchman that heard the child cry?" asked the sergeant. As he spoke this individual burst in

at the door, dripping with water and carrying my package in his hands, "I dove fer it," shouted this efficlent guardian, in a wet, salty voice, "I dove fer it, sergeant! It ain't no baby—it's worse nor that—!t's a bum -dynermite-he wuz tryin' to blow up

He deposited the bundle carefully on the floor and backed off. Every one retreated from it, even Officer Dooney.

I strode forward and kicked it viciously. Then I stripped off the wet paper, took up the umbrella by the sharp end and allowed the bricks to

fall to the floor. "We can't hold you this time," said the sergeant, with a touch of sadness

In five minutes I was at my lodgings. I stood the wet umbrella up carefully in the corner of my bed-

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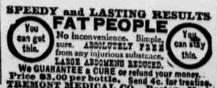
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