

IT CAME TO HER.

"Whistle, whistle, loving daughter, and you shall have a cow."

MY BIRTHDAY.

We, Mother Raynor, Jack and I, were sitting in our little sitting room, our best room, but not parlor, for mother would never call the little box of a room by so dignified a title, and for the hundredth time they were telling me what they knew of my life.

"You see, Birdie," said mother, as I had always called her, "it was a stormy night and Jack had been detained at the store—"

"That was seventeen years ago to-morrow night," meditated mother, unheeding our conversation.

"Yes," chimed in I, anxious to clear the cloud from Jack's forehead, "and you have always called it my birthday, and have always made the day so pleasant for me, too. Let me see, I rattled on, 'you thought I must have been about a year old, and so I am eighteen to-morrow! Have you made my birthday cake yet, mother?'"

"Yes, indeed, and that reminds me I must go and see to the frosting of it, too, to-night. No, you stay right here. Watch her, Jack, for she's not to see the cake until to-morrow."

I retreated before her laughing command, and seeing how Jack still looked I determined to do my very best to make him behave like his own self again. Perching myself on the arm of his chair I leaned over, trying to catch his eye.

came to connet me with the unknown past. So I slipped it on my finger, and when Jack told me to keep it for an engagement ring until he could procure another, it became doubly dear to me.

By-and-by, as soon as breakfast was finished, much to my surprise and disappointment, my lover went up to his studio and remained invisible for two hours.

"He might have spent my birthday with me, anyway," I pouted, as I plodded upstairs, feeling "blue" enough. I knocked at the door of his studio. "Not just now, dear, I'm busy," came in Jack's voice from beyond the door.

And I was angrier still when not ten minutes later his door opened to admit Miles Griffith, a fellow from the Artists' club.

And then I was ready to cry with vexation. They had always petted and spoiled me, mother and Jack, and let me have my own way, so that I could not bear even this little neglect gracefully.

At last I was determined to be mean enough to listen, and hear, if I could, what they were talking about so earnestly in the studio.

Me, I found out at once, for Jack had just spoken my name as if I were a keyhole. (A disgraceful thing to do, I admit, but as I mean this to be a faithful account of my birthday, and as I really did listen at the keyhole, I record it.)

"I've made a great mistake," said Jack, "I could not distinguish Mr. Griffith's reply, but I, hushing my breath, heard Jack say again:

"It has always been my mother's wish. I did it more to please her, I suppose. She loves Bird dearly, and—"

With a dry sob I fell forward on the rug. I could not have stirred then had they opened the door and saw me there.

and congratulating me upon my recovery, 'I had a pair of cameos carved in this city. They were unlike anything ever seen here. I had them set in a pair of earrings for my wife. One night our house was robbed by a trusted servant; the cameos were taken along with other valuables.

"Was anything else taken?" I asked, sitting upright, forgetting for a moment my weak state.

"Yes, our only child," he replied, brokenly. "Now will you tell me how you came by this cameo, for it is the same? I to-day took it to the person who carved it for me so long ago, and he recognized it at once, although it had been reset."

"Was it seventeen years ago that your child was stolen?" I asked, eagerly.

"Yes. What do you know of it?" he questioned hoarsely.

"I know that I am your child then." After I had told the story so often repeated to me by mother Raynor they were perfectly satisfied that I belonged to them, and their joy beggars description.

Their story was that my father had given his wife a necklace of diamonds, and seeing how pleased her baby was with it she had shaken the stones before his eyes, and at last, in a spirit of fun, clasped it about the child's neck. But she did not understand the fastening, and as her husband was away from home and she could not get the short chain over the child's head, she was obliged to let the nurse put the infant about his neck.

"Oh, Jack! Jack!" I sobbed, unable to be anything but my own impetuous self, "why did you teach me to love you only to tire of me soon?"

"Tired? How? What do you mean, dear?" he asked, taking my hand anxiously as if he feared I was not quite rational. And then as I grew calmer I had to confess how I had descended to the contemptible business of eavesdropping and what I had heard.

"It was my birthday, Jack. Don't you remember you told Griffith up in the studio. And you told him you had made a great mistake in engaging yourself to me, and—"

For three minutes Jack stared at me, and then he, with difficulty repressing an inclination to laugh, said: "My darling, how could you believe it? Now listen. As you know, my forte is landscapes. Well, I thought I'd make one more trial at portraits, so while lately I have been entertaining you and mother so politely in the studio I was slyly taking 'settings.' You know your birthday, or the day we celebrate as yours, and mother's fall on the same day; so, as she had often expressed a wish to have your portrait painted, and thinking that you would like her's, I painted your counterfeits as best I could, and then before I showed them I sent for Griffith, the fairest critic in the club. He told me candidly that as a portrait painter I was a dead failure, and advised me never to allow the public to see my attempts. The criticisms you heard were of your picture. Not you. Are you satisfied?"

Talk With a Burglar.

"The funniest experience I ever had was when I went into a bedroom one night where there was one man asleep. I was at the bureau drawers, and, looking into the glass, I saw him sit bolt upright and look at me. I turned pretty quick, you may believe, but he never stirred nor spoke. I didn't move after turning round, but looked at him and he at me. I very soon saw that he was not awake. I gathered up the swag and walked round the bed to the door, but his eyes were on me all the while. I got out of the room safely, and he never spoke nor afterward made any remark. I didn't stay much longer in that house."

"How is it about the women?" "They are curious. Some of them will bury themselves under the bedclothes, while others will spring at you like a she tiger. A good many will gladly let you take anything you want if you will only keep away from them. The fainting kind are the best; they make the rumpus; they are no ways reasonable. There is only one thing to do—get out of it the easiest way possible."

Pictures of Patagonia.

The wild scenery is somewhat wonderful, and when the sun shines on the snow covered mountains it is indeed a pretty sight. In some of the ravines you see large drifts of snow that have been carried there by the wind, and into which I should think it would not be at all pleasant to fall. The air here, of course, is very cold, but it is a dry, healthy breeze and very bracing.

At one o'clock, mid-day, we reached our anchoring place for the night, as we could not make the next harbor by daylight, and in the darkness it would be impossible to enter. About two o'clock we received a visit from some of the Patagonian Indians. They came off from the shore in queer-looking canoes made out of three pieces of board—one at the bottom and one at each side. These were sewn together with fibres and admitted considerable water. With the exception of some skins they had tied loosely around their bodies they were entirely devoid of clothing, and before they had been alongside many minutes they had not even the skins to cover themselves with.

It is strange how these creatures manage to exist in this severely inclement climate, where it freezes nearly all the year round. They use no more clothing than that afforded them by nature, and their huts are nothing but a few sticks tied together, with a few skins and some leaves thrown over the top of them, and their canoes are always half full of water. The weapons used are bows, arrows and spears. They eat the flesh of the animals they kill in the chase, and sometimes they catch fish; but their principal article of food is mussels, of which there are millions around there. They have nothing in the shape of corn, wheat, or cereals of any kind, as none grow anywhere nearer than 1,200 miles away. The climate is too cold for any but hardy shrubs. They are in appearance something like the Indians one meets in the altes in Guatemala but are a smaller and shorter race and very much more degenerated. I should imagine them to be the very lowest specimens of humanity existing and only one link short in the chain to connect them with the monkey tribe. One of them, apparently a better humored fellow than his companions, sat upon the rail and sung a song. They sit, or rather squat, as a monkey does, and this fellow at short intervals would yell out: "Ama, ama, ama," crying out quickly and much after the monkey style. As night drew on they all went off to the shore and we saw them no more.

Buying Books.

"I have been sent for several times this year," said the salesman, "to measure the shelves of libraries in new houses, to find out the number of books required to fit them up. Books are an important item in house furnishing. The comfortable old-time sitting-room has made way for the formal library. As a library without books would hardly do, house-owners are bound to have them whether they possess literary tastes or not. Besides, they add tone and color to the room. A customer recently said to me, frankly enough: 'I don't pretend to read anything except the papers; but there's a home feeling in having books around; they look well, too, and sort of encourage the children.'"

He told me to be "sure and 'snack' in a few big ones to put on the tables." Another homeless fellow who wanted the reputation of a man of culture, always told us to put in some books that had been used a little. He once told me that he was bound to have a library as big as his neighbor's and whenever the latter ordered a new stand-up show case he was going to do the same. Some of these folks have queer ideas.

"One of the customers insisted on having all his books bound after the same pattern and numbered. Some time afterward a friend told him that people were asking if he kept a circulating library, so he had morocco labels stuck on over the figures. But this was not the matter worse, for his guests were particular to ask him what the labels were for. At last, in sheer desperation, he sent the volumes to an auction room and we received his offer the next day for so many feet of books, each one differently bound. He would not have even a two-volume edition of anything. A wealthy man once sent me a speculator in produce, but some one had sold him a law library. He liked the uniform appearance of the volumes and had made the purchase without reading the titles. His new books were to be illustrated, all of them. When I first went into the business I was surprised to see at a customer's house an extravagantly-bound copy of Shakespeare's works in the German language. I knew the man did not understand German and the circumstance puzzled me. I found out afterward that a book-seller had loaded him with a very unusable article by telling him that every gentleman ought to have a copy of Shakespeare's works in the original.

"No; house furnishers do not often buy the books for a library, but they frequently give directions as to binding. They look for light, elegant and well-

contrasted colors, or for heavy, antique morocco or Russia bindings suited to the character of the room. As a rule, the owner of the house thinks himself competent to buy his own books, though he seeks aid from us in making his choice. I once picked out a handsome assortment for a customer about to furnish his house. He had no acquaintance with books, but he looked over the titles and made some rather interesting expurgations. He told me to put all the standard 'thorities in any way, and he would attend to the rest. He threw out 'In the Meshes'—which he supposed to be a book on fishing—because he was no angler. 'Boswell's Life of Johnson' was rejected because he didn't want political campaign works, and wouldn't have the biographies of Presidents, they all lied so. These men do not bother us much, for they are easily satisfied; but what do you think of a gentleman who refuses to pay his bill because you have 'left out the dictionary—the most important work of all—from a complete edition of Daniel Webster's works?'

Fee \$5.

The other morning a citizen who had been cautioned to send up some butter as he went down town or eat dry bread for dinner, stepped into a grocery and bought and paid for three pounds. The cash tendered was in the shape of a ten, and the citizen did not count his change until he had traveled several squares. Then he made a discovery.

"Why, I gave him a dollar bill and he has given me back over \$9," he soliloquized. "I could keep this money and he would be none the wiser, but I'm not that sort of a clothespin. I will at once return it."

He was as good as his promise. Returning to the store with the money in his hand he said: "Lucky for you that I am an honest man. You gave me \$9 too much in making change."

"Well, I guess you did, and here it is. I want only what belongs to me." The grocer snuggled him and the citizen went off in a huff, but in an hour or so he made another discovery. He found the one dollar bill and missed the ten.

"It was a ten I gave him and the change was right," he gasped. "I must go to him and explain."

He started for the grocery, hung around for a while and then stated the case.

"You are a vile swindler, sir!" promptly replied the grocer.

"Oh, no; I'm not; I'm simply the victim of a too honest conscience." "You get out! I didn't like the cut of your phiz in the first place, and when you brought back the \$9 I knew you had some sort of a game. Now, sir, you travel, or I'll call in the police!"

Hungary's Rare Wines.

A letter from Boston describing the famous foreign wine shown at the exhibition, says: The wines here shown consist largely of varieties of the renowned Tokay. This commands a higher price than any other wine in the world. They show the vintages of last year and that of a hundred years ago. This last sells at the rate of twenty-five dollars a bottle. And this, it must be remembered, is not of the first quality, that being bought up for the imperial cellars, but only of the second or third. The highest grade is obtained with difficulty even in Vienna.

To what is due the peculiarity of this wonderfully fine, sweet and aromatic wine is not known. It is the product of vineyards which embrace a country of twenty-five or thirty miles in extent, and the roots are said to strike into a stratum of volcanic origin. Perhaps it is thence the fiery sweetness of the juice is drawn. Out of the strong comes forth sweetness; and so, where long ago flowed the hot stream of lava, now grow the tender vines.

It was not till the year 1650 that this wine attained its great celebrity. Then, for the first time, the grapes being gathered in a half-dried state, the juice was found to have attained its perfect flavor. When the grapes are first gathered they are placed in a cask, the bottom of which is perforated. The juice which exudes from the mass without further pressure constitutes the Tokay essence. This is so precious that a little of it is made to go a long way, being mingled with common grapes brings out the juice that makes the ordinary first quality of wine. This in certain seasons attains such a value that it makes the drinking of it almost like drinking "molten gold."

In addition to this specialty of Tokay are shown samples of the other fine red and white wines that Hungary produces, together with the lighter and cheaper qualities for the mass of the people.

"At Backarach on the Rhine, At Hockheim on the Main, At Wurzburg on the Steiu, Grow the three best kinds of wine."

And these three best kinds are shown here. The Rhine wines constitute a distinct order by themselves. They are nearly all white wines, are drier than the French of the same quality, more delicately flavored, and are distinguished, above all, for their great durability—this latter quality, it is said, being due to the exact balance of the constituent parts which renders the fermentation perfect, and prevents any after effervescence.

The Rhine wines are sold and cheer without measuring. There is shown some of the famous Steinberg and Johannsberger. Apropos of these, it is related that when the proprietors of these respective vineyards have a guest whom they delight to honor, they prepare a little surprise. Down in the great vaulted cellars, where the barrels are stored by the hundreds, they have a lighted sperm candle put on each barrel. An illumination quite worthy of the altars of Bacchus.

The Steinberg wines, such as are shown here, come from the auction held annually at those vineyards at that time wines three and four years old are sold. The old wines are not sold at auction, but have a fixed price that is astonishing; and there are still others which cannot be bought under any circumstances whatever, and are only drunk "three drops at a time." The vines in the Steinberg vineyard grow and bear well for thirty years, at the end of which time they are cut down, and the ground allowed to rest for three years, after which they are newly planted.

Fresh Hats.

It is the delight of importers of finery to get hold of some thing entirely novel, keep it out of sight until a fashionable season has actually begun, and then suddenly and extensively display it, thus gaining a few weeks of monopoly before his domestic rivals can put duplicates into the market. There are several dealers in hats who originate styles of their own, usually in felt materials, and are able, through an acquired reputation for fashionable leadership, to force them into popularity in nearly every instance. Having perfected the designs for the winter, they close the doors of their factories as tightly as the portals of a Masada lodge, and manufacture a full stock as securely as possible. Rivals send spies to discover this, and a ham-

per contained ropes as well as wine, and when Albany had made his keepers drunk with the liquor, had diked them, and thrown their mail-clad bodies to grill on the fire, he escaped to the ship at Leith by aid of the ropes. But the favorite way of escaping had a bland and child-like simplicity. The captive's wife paid him a visit, the pair exchanged clothes, and the prisoner walked out in the lady's petticoats! This old trick was played in the Castle as often as the confidence trick in the capitals of modern civilization. Apparently it never missed here, and we may conclude that in every case the turkeys were bribed. The only prisoner of note who ever failed was the first Marquis of Argyll, in 1601. The Marquis came to see him in a sedan chair; he assumed her dress and coat, and stepped into the sedan. But presently he lost heart and stepped out again, though what he was afraid of is difficult to guess. He could only do the once, his execution was certain, and he might as well be shot privately, in the attempt to run away, as be decapitated publicly in the town where the great Montrose, his enemy, was done to death. When the Marquis's son, in his turn, was confined in the Castle, his ready brain conceived the novel idea of escaping, not in the dress of a lady, but in that of the lackey of his daughter-in-law. He let the lady's train drop in the mud, whereon, with the wit and coolness of a daughter of the Lindseys, she switched the dripping silk in his face, crying, "Thou careless loon!" Then the soldiers laughed, and Argyll, for that time, got clean away."

In answer to this remark that she had ventured away from home on a bad day, she said: "It does look like rain, but I brought my gossiper with me, and I ordered John to meet me at the station with the phantom. By the way, have you seen my silver-mountain harness that I bought last week?"

"Who is that poor old fellow tottering along, munching a crust? He looks as if he had not had a square meal for a month." "That is the owner of a well-known line of hacks." "And who is that fat, jolly gentleman with the heavy gold chain and bulging pocket-book along side of him?" "Oh! he is one of the men who drive the hacks." "Where the stopper of a glass decanter is too tight a cloth wet with hot water and applied to the neck will cause the glass to expand, and the stopper may be removed."