

NO DEATH.

There is no death; the common end Of life and growth we comprehend...

When wastes the seed, the sower sows, Beneath the clog of winter snows...

When Science weighs and counts the strands In economic Nature's hands...

They do not die; our darling ones: From falling leaves to burning suns...

When stills the heart, and dims the eye, And round our couch friends wonder why...

THE UNWILLING GUEST.

The old Baron did not require much pressing, but soon began his story:

I think, my friends you have all heard of the Countess Repey—the younger, of course—the bewitching little sprite, my little black-eyed princess.

Minel I only wish she were mine. You must all know her. I suspect you have all lost your hearts to her, as I have done; yet I, insignificant as I am, have been most favored.

With these words she walked up to the door. For a moment I reflected that it would be wisest to leave her here, and to betake myself to the forest; but it would not have been right to forsake her, and, besides, I had no choice, for Mlle. Cesarine, the chaperone, had seized my arm, which she would not relinquish.

She immediately ordered her carriage. I was the only person near at hand. "Please, dear Baron," she cried, "escort me to the Arad."

"Dear Baron, dear Baron!" what answer could I give her? "Countess, ma dessee, it is dark as Erebus; the carriage will be upset; we have to cross three rivers—it will be a wonder if even two have safe bridges."

We shall be drowned, Countess; our road lies through a forest of vast extent, lonely as the grave, and infested with thieves and murderers. We shall be assassinated—I could not protect you alone! Besides, why should we hurry so? Let us have an early cup of tea, and set out in the morning; we shall reach Arad by noon, and you will have the whole afternoon for your toilette.

Let us start to-morrow, Countess. My representations were futile—she would start instantly. You know how obstinate she is. She said she "did not wish to postpone everything till the last moment," she wished "to recover from the fatigue of the journey."

"How can I step straight out of the carriage into the ball-room after being heated, jolted, crushed, and tumbled by the driver?"

And, besides, she has a mania for driving at night—it is "so lovely, so romantic; the stars, the frogs, and the moonbeams." These were only pretexts—she was determined to satisfy her whim at any price.

Enfin, what should I do? accompany her, or stay alone in the castle?—a sweet alternative. I chose the former course; in her gratitude she allowed me the privilege of sitting opposite her in the carriage.

The truth will out; it was devilish pleasant; I was almost oppressed with marks of the Countess's favor. First she confided a handbag to my care, then her muff, then her travelling-bag; lastly a pair of gloves. Next she fell asleep—dead to all conversation, she slumbered soundly; occasionally when the carriage jolted over a stone she would wake with a start: "Where is the travelling-bag? Where is the muff? Are you sure you are not sitting on the bonnet-box? For heaven's sake take care, dear Baron!" Then she fell asleep again; then the chaperone, who was suffering from migraine, began a querulous conversation, whimpering piteously while I closed my eyes, feigning sleep.

Suddenly the carriage stopped and began to heel over on one side, as if it also was about to seek repose. The coachman jumped off the box and came to the window.

"I am almost afraid, your ladyship, that we have lost our way." "What matters?" answered the Countess; "does not the road lie before us? Drive on, of course."

"There is a road, my lady, but where does it lead?" "It must lead somewhere."

"But I am afraid it will lead us to a place not altogether safe."

"What a fool you are! Every place is safe—where are we now?" "In the forest of Szalonta."

"Well, this forest ends somewhere. If I remember right it only takes two hours to drive through it either way."

"But the coachman is afraid"—I ventured. "Is he paid for being afraid?" "He is afraid, dear Countess, that something disagreeable may happen to you."

"That's no affair of his." "Or that the horses—"

"Well, that's his lookout." "That there are some poor devils in this forest who try to get their living by—"

"Folly! Isn't our coachman a poor devil himself?" "Yes, yes; but he means those poor men who are in the habit of relieving one of a horse, and not infrequently of a carriage, too. Countess, ma dessee, it is no joke; they might steal the horse, take our lives, or even worse. If I only had my revolver with me."

"So that you might have it stolen, too," jested the fair fiend. Thereupon she opened the carriage door, and, before I could prevent her, leaped gracefully out into the darkness. "Oh, what a lovely night! How fragrant the forest is! how the glow-worms sparkle! Look at them, dear Baron!"

"Look? What am I too look at? It is pitch dark. I cannot see anything."

"Nothing? Is not that a light gleaming under the trees yonder?" My blood curdled. We were close to

the robbers' den. The coachman had also deserted the light; he now said, in a voice which resembled that of a man who was being hanged:

"That is the inn, my lady, frequented by the poor men."

"Capital! Drive to the inn, coachman, for we have no other refuge for the night."

I was in despair. "For heaven's sake Countess, what are you going to do? This is a notorious den of thieves, where we shall all be assassinated; the host is a confederate; many travelers have already met their death. Only lately I read in the papers—"

The diabolical creature interrupted me with a loud laugh. "These are only old women's tales," she said; "who is afraid of such imaginary bogeys? If there were a hotel anywhere near, we should of course drive to it. As it is, we must put up with the tavern."

So saying, she told the coachman to follow her slowly with the carriage; she meant to advance on foot, to show him the way. Remonstrances were useless, she threatened to penetrate the *csarda* alone if we would not accompany her. The little Countess would have done it, too! As we approached the building, strains of gipsy music became audible.

"Strange!" jested the Countess, "we wanted to go to a ball, and here we suddenly lit upon one. How very fortunate!"

"And you, old gentleman, you are not (insolence! "Old gentleman" to me!) "Thank you, I cannot dance."

"Indeed, that alters the case." He turned away to the Countess: "Pardon us, your ladyship, for not being duly prepared for the reception of distinguished guests. I hope you will be content with what we have; it is not much, indeed, but none the worse for that."

He alluded to the supper. It was a sumptuous banquet, I can tell you! A small kettle filled with slices of lamb was placed on the table, and the whole band gathered round it. The riches of the world would not have procured a plate; each person fished scraps of meat out of the kettle with a pocket-knife and a bit of bread! My little Countess ate as though she had had nothing for three days. The captain of the band himself selected the tid-bits for her, and out several pieces of white bread. Her appetite was excellent.

Fekete suddenly remarked that I was taking no part in the repast. He first frowned ominously, but soon recovered his temper, and smilingly inquired why I did not eat.

"Eat away! eat away, old gentleman; this will fatten you—stolen meat is very nourishing."

"Thank you," I answered, "it is too highly seasoned for me."

The wine of course was served in a *kalitass*—such people know nothing of glasses. After their custom Fekete drank first himself, rubbing the neck of the vessel with his wristband, he handed the wine to the Countess, who took it readily, and putting her lips to it, drained a hearty draught. Think of it, my friends! she drank, and a good deal too!

"Once more it came to my turn, "Drink, old boy" "old boy" he had come to now, "drink, just to wake yourself up."

"Thank you, I am not allowed to drink; I live homoeopathically."

"Ah!" laughed he; "I understand, *similia similibus*." (He even understood Latin!) "I also follow the homoeopathic system; yesterday wine did me an injury—to-day I cure myself with wine."

I felt sure that they wished to intoxicate us first, and then take our lives. How they could drink, too! Though only five in number, they emptied a quart of wine, and, from the table perfectly sober. Whilst the others took some wine to the gipsies, the captain again approached my humble servant:

"Well, well, old gentleman" "Devil take you, your 'old gentleman'" thought I; "you don't eat, drink, or dance? How do you pass your time? Do you play cards?"

He took a pack of cards from his pocket. "Now," thought I, "he wants to find out how much money I have."

"I don't do that either," I answered; "I have never played."

"No matter. I'll soon teach you a game—it's very easy. Look here! I put one card here, and another there. You stake on that, I on this; whoever's number first turns up wins the stakes."

The numberless fellow wanted to teach me lansquenet—as if the equipment of that game had not cost me two of my estates! Yet I had to allow him to teach me. I had a little silver and some coppers in my pocket—this I thought I might risk.

"What! do you want to play for coppers with me? Whom do you take me for, sir? Here is the bank."

He threw a whole pile of brand-new ducats on the table. I had a few gold pieces in a pocketbook; tremblingly I laid one on a card. The cards were shuffled, and I won. The robber paid me. At no price would I venture to take up my winnings. I left it as a fresh stake. I won again, and did the same thing. For the third, fourth, fifth and sixth times I won. Thick drops of perspiration covered my forehead. It is not exactly one of the pleasures of life to win money from a robber. The seventh time also the stakes were mine. I quivered like an aspen-leaf. Why had I not had this ill-timed luck at Presburg during the Diet? How ardently I prayed that Providence would relieve me from one! Vain the wish—for the eighth time also I was the winner. Now indeed I was a dead man.

"Old boy," said the robber, "you must be in love with the beautiful Countess, or you would not have such good luck at cards." The man still had the face to joke at my expense. My heart beat as if it would burst when he shuffled for the ninth time. "There it is, you've won again!" Fekete struck the table with his fist so that the gold jingled, and rose from his seat. "If you went on winning like this, old gentleman, I might in an hour lose all the money of the neighborhood," he cried,

over her, as if about to embrace her; suddenly stopping, he would throw back his head and turn aside with wonderful grace, the bewitching little fairy floating towards him at one moment as it about to throw herself into his arms, then drawing back and luring him thither and thither in pursuit of her, the glance of their eyes alone showing that they formed one couple. At last the Betyar turned round completely and placed himself in front of the gipsies, as if he had turned his back on his partner, wishing in his rage to dance quite alone; again with one bound he resumed his place before her, their hands met, and he waited round with her at lightning speed. It almost made me giddy to watch them.

I feared all the time that the unblushing rogue would, in his excitement, be rude to the Countess. He had ample opportunity. One misdeed more or less would matter nothing to a man with a price on his head—the Countess was quite in his power. I was determined that if he forgot himself or displayed any impropriety in his manner toward the Countess I should make a rush for the pistols and shoot him down like a dog. What are you smiling at? *Parole d'honneur!* I was bent upon it!

Nothing of the kind occurred. Fekete led the Countess to her seat, reverently kissed her hand, and then turned to me. Laying his hand familiarly on my shoulder, he said:

"And you, old gentleman, you are not (insolence! "Old gentleman" to me!) "Thank you, I cannot dance."

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with a laugh, putting the remaining pieces of money in my pocket.

Tremblingly I ventured to offer him the sum which I had won. Proud as a Hidalgo, he cast a glance of withering scorn at me.

"What do you take me for, sir? Put your money into your pocket or I will throw you and it out of the window."

Good God! what was I to do with this money, which had doubtless already been the cause of bloodshed, and would probably lead eventually to my own destruction?

In my trepidation I threw it, large sum as it was, to the gipsies. I regretted the act at once; it betrayed the fact that I was rich, and that money was no object to me. The gipsies overwhelmed me with thanks, and offered to play me anything I liked. I sent them to the Countess to be rid of them. Without much pressing the Countess, with the voice of a siren, set up one of her favorite Volklieder. Forgetting in the perfection of the melody all the surrounding circumstances, I applauded as madly as if I were in my opera box at Pesth. The bandit captain applauded just as heartily and volunteered to sing himself. He favored us with one of those indigenous melodies which may be heard in every village at the corner of every street. The song ended, he turned to me:

"Now, old gentleman, it is your turn; we must have your song."

I was in a sad quandary. I sing!—under such circumstances, too!—I who, except the song "Fare the well, thou silent house!" had never been able to learn a tune in my whole life.

"I—I cannot sing—I can't sing at all!"

(The fiend of a woman who had got us into this fix always laughs immoderately when I absently begin to hum an operatic air. I have a high squeaking voice. A peacock is more melodious.)

The Countess begged me in French to sing something, as my refusal might be hurtful to all. That was all that was wanting—what was I to do? Convinced with terror, my heart transfixed as it were with fear, I commenced:

"Fare thee well, thou silent house! Fare thee well, thou silent house! Fare thee well, thou silent house!"

My voice was so feeble, and my singing so pitiful, that I got half-way through my song; when in my third strophe, by an unlucky mischance, I made an agonizing shriek. The Countess could no longer contain herself, but burst into a hearty laugh. The bandits also began to laugh; and, lastly, I myself joined in the chorus, though I had little cause for merriment.

The dance was then renewed. The Countess was unwearied. They danced till dawn. Not till the sun's first rays began to peep through the windows did she interrupt the festivities and beg her partner, as it was high time, to have the horses put to.

"We shall now see their true aspect," thought I; "may God have mercy on our souls!"

The robber went out, roused the coachman and the servants, had the horses harnessed and then announced that the carriage was ready for our departure.

"Of course they mean to murder us on our way," thought I.

I got inside the carriage with more alarm than I alighted. It seemed so suspicious to me that they did not demand my purse. The chief of the band at the same time mounted his horse and accompanied us to the high road; after directing us on our way, and expressing hopes that we should enjoy the ball, he took leave of us, and rode off to rejoin his companions.

I did not breathe freely until we reached Ziered. I then began to reproach the Countess with her very thoughtless conduct, and to remind her how great had been the danger to which she was exposed, from which my authority alone had rescued her. Who knows what might have happened to the Countess had I not been with her? The humiliation, too, of dancing the *csarda* with Betyars till daybreak!

She listened quietly to my reproaches; when I had finished, she said: "Appropos of daybreak, dear Baron, are you not sleepy?"

"Not in the least," I answered, crossly.

"Then be so good as to sing me the song which you left unfinished."

You may imagine how quickly I became flustered.

I had flattered myself that the Countess would faintly purchase my silence with some of the sweetest marks of her favor. How mistaken I was! We reached Arad about 6 o'clock—half an hour later all the fashionable world were in possession of the details of the story. She even robbed me of this slight satisfaction.

She was the belle of the evening. She did not dance, however, and thus failed to follow up her latest triumph; yet she was queen of the ball. She pleaded weariness as her excuse. I can well believe she was weary after dancing eighteen *csardas* in one night. I had not danced at all, yet I was comfortably tired.

I hastened to the card-room. "I am in luck to-day," I thought. They were playing lansquenet at one table. Now I shall pluck you, my pigeon. Nicely I did pluck them—I lost all my money, and incurred a debt of a thousand gulden.

Six months after these events I read in one of our political organs the announcement that Fekete Jozsi, the celebrated robber chief, was lying in prison at Szegedin, condemned to death, and that he would be executed according to law in that town. I at once hastened to tell the news to our little Countess.

"What a pity!" she remarked, laying down the paper; "he was such a charming dancer!"

Paper may be stuck on wood by means of this solution: Gum arabic, half-ounce; powdered-gum tragacanth, half-ounce; water, one and one-half-ounces; acetic acid, 20 drops. It will cause labels to adhere very firmly without staining them, unless the paper is of an unusually bad quality. A clear solution of gum arabic applied once or twice is all the varnish required in finishing for most purposes.

A 10,000 spindle cotton mill, to employ 500 hands, is about being completed in Selma, Ala.

The American Soldier.

On entering the office and making his wishes known, says an intelligent United States soldier, the recruit is taken to a side room, stripped and examined by the doctor, after which an outfit of clothes, consisting of blouse, cap, drawers, stockings, shirt, shoes, pants, and blanket is issued to him. He signs a blank form for the clothes he has just drawn, his signature being witnessed by the officer. A note at the bottom of the form declares that all spaces not used to denote articles drawn shall have a red ink line drawn through them, to prevent any person having charge of the same from inserting other articles of clothing than those drawn after the blank has been signed. This filling is never done, and when the recruit reaches his company he is apt to find himself charged with clothes he never drew, and is truly fortunate if the company commander does not prefer charges against him for disposing of clothes he never had. As there are several grades of clothing he often gets the poorest and is charged for the best, while when any of the recruiting squad draw clothes they draw the best and pay for the poorest. After drawing his uniform he is informed that he must dispose of his citizen's clothing as he will not be allowed to keep it. The sergeant or one of his men accompanies him to a dealer in old clothes, who offers him one-twentieth what his suit is worth. He refuses to part with them at the price, but is told by the sergeant that he cannot be running around town with him as he has other duties to perform. Not wishing to make enemies at the start he takes what is offered, knowing he is imposed upon, and returns to the office. Had he kept his eyes open he might have seen the old clothes man place a bill in the sergeant's hand which would explain why he could get no more for his clothes.

When, at last, he is shipped with a number of others to the depot, he is again examined, and, having passed, is put out to drill. His drill master, nine times out of ten, is a Swede, German, or foreigner of some sort, whose slight fund of English is composed principally of oaths. Under such a teacher he does not progress very rapidly, for which failing he receives an ample share of abuse.

I neglected to tell about the cleaning kit sold to the recruits at the depot by the post sutler. It consists of one clothes brush, one blacking brush, hair brush, brass brush, two combs, one towel, one cake of soap, button stick and small paper of tripoli for cleaning buttons and a box of blacking. I did not ask the cost of these articles, but on reaching the company found \$3 charged for sutler's kit. Now, omitting the brass brush, button stick and tripoli, I have seen the other articles sold in Chatham street for fifty cents and of a better quality. After the recruit has reached his company and learned his drill he is assigned for duty with his company and draws another outfit of clothes. As the price of these clothes is taken out of his pay he usually serves six months or more before he draws any money.

What's the How?

A South Ferry bus awaying from side to side like a steam lighter in a cross sea, stopped for one breathless moment at Park place, New York, recently, and then lurched wildly forward. In that brief space of time a gentleman with an abnormal desire to keep in the current of what little air was stirring had ventured over the high front wheel, and hung suspended from the driver's seat, with his feet dangling in dangerous proximity to the horse's haunches. Half a block further on he succeeded, with perspiration-compelling effort, in drawing himself up to a place of safety beside the driver.

"What's the row?" he demanded, crossly. "Can't you wait till a man gets on your bus?"

The driver was too busy to reply. One of his hands held the reins, one hand wielded the whip with surprising energy, another hand collected fares, and still another seemed constantly beckoning for sweating passengers on the pavement.

"What's the rush?" said the passenger, varying his question as he handed out his nickel.

"We're racin'!" barked the driver, in a voice strangely resembling the wheeze of a high pressure tug-boat with a heavy barge in tow.

"With whom?" asked the passenger, seeing nothing but a cheap cab and a dry goods truck near the bus.

"Back there," gasped the driver, jerking his thumb over his shoulder.

Half a block down Broadway a Fulton ferry bus was swinging clear of a tangled mass of wagons and heading up a clear stretch of street.

"We've raced up and down Broadway, between Fulton street and Fourteenth street, every day for two weeks, and I've beat him every time. He's a fresh young man, he is, an' he's got a good team, but I haven't drove 'em for twelve year to be laid out by a young cub from a street car line."

Then the old driver plied his whip and cursed roundly at a truck-driver who was blocking the way. There was a momentary pause, and when the street was clear again the white horses of the Fulton ferry bus were stretching their heads past the front of the South Ferry bus. Then the race began in earnest. The driver of the grays shouted, shook his fists, and invited his rival to "catch on behind," but the old man confined his whole attention to the rare art of cutting the hair off his horses' ears with the cracker of his whip. Neck and neck the buses ran for a block. Then they plunged into a wedge of wagons—a slow-moving current of black, with white umbrellas showing above it, like upturned boats on a troubled sea.

"I've got 'em now," said the old driver, reining in his horses. "He can't drive in a crowd, you know. Street car drivers don't know how. There! See him!"

The grays became blocked behind a one-horse truck, and the young driver, with his hat and coat off, swore like a pirate.

"Swing that horse around and let 'em pass," he howled.

The driver of the truck turned upon him a cold, calculating blue eye. "An' how would I swing him?" he sneered, with withering sarcasm. The Fulton ferry bus next became entangled with a hack,

but the driver cursed himself loose. Then he charged up the street, scattering people right and left, and making a hot race for two blocks. At Fourth street he got hopelessly mixed up with a coal cart and a south bound bus of the Wall street line. When the South Ferry bus turned the angle at Grace Church he was hopelessly in the rear, and with a string of trucks and part of a funeral procession yet to over-

come. "Same way every day," said the old driver, as the passenger prepared to get down. "If the street was clear, he'd give me a hot race, but you see, he can't drive. It's a science, drivin' 'em."

Tricks of the Flower Boys.

"Buy a bckay, mister? All fresh flowers, ten cents each."

Any afternoon or evening, until nearly midnight, a little fellow with bright eyes, dirty face, and a basket of buttonhole bouquets on his arm, can be seen in the neighborhood of Twenty-third street and Broadway, New York, accosting every passer by with the above invitation. He works with a will, and seems to enjoy it.

A few nights ago he saluted the reporter: "Won't you have one, sir? I've only a few left, and it's getting late. Buy one to help me out; they are nice and fresh."

"Isn't it pretty late to be out with bouquets?" the reporter asked.

"Oh, no, this is just the time to sell them. There is lots of fellows and their girls out now, and I catch nearly all of them. Hold on now, and see me do it. Here comes a dude and his girl now."

The couple referred to came up Twenty-second street, and turned up Broadway. They were just rounding the corner when the flower boy made his assault. He addressed himself to the young woman.

"Won't you have a bouquet, miss? They are all fresh and nice. Have a pretty one?"

"Get out of the way," growled the young man, and she looked wistfully at the basket.

"Oh, you oughtn't to have such a good-looking young lady if you cannot even buy her a ten-cent bouquet when she wants one," said the boy, with a tone of well-assumed disgust, and the young fellow cut short further comment on his generosity by reducing the number of bouquets in the basket by two.

"That's the way we catch them," said the little fellow, as the couple passed on. "I tell you I can fetch them 'most every time."

"Do you make much money on the bouquets?"

"Oh, that depends on how many we sell. I made a dollar and five cents to-day, and I've only been out since I o'clock this afternoon. Sometimes I make a good deal more."

"What is the most you ever made in a day?"

"Twenty-nine dollars, clear money. That was two years ago at the fair. I made \$13 one day on an excursion up the river. You know I go out on the excursions all the time, and that's the best place to make money."

"Where do you get your flowers?"

"Buy them of the flower dealers, and make the bouquets myself. Pretty soon flowers will get cheap enough to sell the bouquets for five cents a piece, and then we will make more."

A Royal Matchmaker Outwitted.

Going one day from Potsdam to Berlin, Frederick saw coming towards him in the opposite direction a magnificent girl, young, handsome, and of good figure, "wrest in number of inches. He was at once struck with admiration for her; stopped to talk, and found that she was unmarried, and was on her way from Berlin to her Saxon home. "Then," said Frederick William, "you will be passing the gate of Potsdam, and will no doubt give this note to the commandant, receiving a dollar for your trouble." But women, even when tall, are not so easily outwitted as Kirklindas, Josephs, and the like. The girl knew the King by sight and reputation, and knowing that to refuse a note would probably bring her a shower