Dews from the wild rose drip unheard,-Their unforgotten scent With that of woods and grasses blent; No muffled flight of bird, No whispering voice, m. footfall stops; No breeze amid the poplar-tops The smallest leaf has stirred.

Yet round me, here and there, A little fluttering wind Plays now,—these senses have divined A breath across my hair,— A touch,—that on my forehead lies, And presses long

These lips so mute of song, And now, with kisses cool, my half-shut

This night? O what is here! What viewless aura clings So fitfully, so near, On this returning even-tide When Memory will not be denied Unfettered wings?

My arms reach out, -in vain, -They fold the air. And yet-that wandering breath again! Too vague to make her phantom plain, Too tender for despair.

OR, THE OUTLAW'S SISTER.

Captain John Hablett, in whose truthfulness we all have implicit confidence, relates the following story:

One night, several years ago, I was a passenger on a Missouri railway train that was mercilessly robbed by a party of jeering young wretches who not only deprived us of our valuables, but who, during the outrage, subjected us to their low flung raillery. I was not burdensomely encumbered with money, and gave up without a pang the small amount which I had, but when one of the rascals teld me to take off my watch, I filed my motion for an appeal. The watch, aside from being a gold timekeeper of finest make, had been presented me by a dear friend.

"Look here," said I, can't you let me keep this watch? I suppose you have often heard such a request-not at all strange in your line of business-but which by granting would exhibit your remaining dregs of grace, and which I might say might in time be the fruit meat for repentance."

that time, rather liked to hear the sound of my own voice, and thought this little speech so applicable and delivered with such emphasis, should at once gain my case, but the villain, graceful of form as well as graceless of morals, bowed profoundly, and replied:

'My dear sir, I like to hear you talk, and under ordinary circumstances would listen to you with only a moderate degree of impatience, but on this occa-I am accommodating, and willing to grant a hearing to any one dissatisfied with the manner in which I conduct my affairs, yet I must insist that you pay more attention to prompt delivery and less to oratory.-"Ah," taking my

About two years after my experience vacation to Wisconsin. One day, while threshing a little trout stream, I met a young gentleman to whom-as he was engaged in the same pastime, and as he had caught nothing -I became at tracted. He was a tall, graceful young man, quick witted and with a face impressively handsome. We sat in a mossy shade and ate lunch together. We talked for an hour together, and, then, like American citizens, introduced ourselves. This is an American characteristic. An Englishman must know here the other day," said I. "Come your name before he will exhibit the slightest interest in you, but an American must become acquainted with you before he cares to know your name.

"My name is Robert Gosman," said he, when I had delivered my cognomen, "but I am known as Wild Bob, I don't know why, for no one ever sees me in a hurry. Here's some very fair cabbage pickle.

"Call you Wild Bob because you are not wild probably," I replied. The members of a certain bar in Arkanse call me Coldwater John, though I don't now remember that I have ever shown you think thatany marked predilection for cold water

-Pickle is first rate." "Say, Hablett, I live about three thing to do particularly, have you?'

"Well, anything I have to do, I do it particularly. "I mean have you anything particularly to do?"

"Well, suppose you go home with me. You will find the folks to be very agreeable, It's no boarding-house. understand?"

As the boarding-house which I had secured was hardly up to the standard of appetite, to say nothing of association, I agreed to accompany Mr. Gos-

The Gosmans lived in a large brick house, surrounded by tall trees. The cool yard, the spring near the house, and even the great barn from which issued the sharp, filing notes of a score of very little to say, but shimmering like Guines hens.—all to me were inviting. a pice of satin, said that she had no ob-Old man Gosman-old man through courtesy, for he was not so very old, was quiet and undemonstrative, but I could see that I was not an "unwelcome guest, a guest unbid." Mrs. Gosman was one of those women who remind me of a piece of silk. Smooth, never showing a ruffle, smiling nearly always, but so quiet of manner, and a soft voice said Lanette. that sometimes, when hearing an indis-tinet sound in the room, I would look up, thinking that she had spoken. Miss Lanctle Gosman-but how shall I speak of her? The adjective beautiful expresses much, yet how common-place and incomplete. Did you ever notice that some girls carry sunshine in their voices? It is a fact, whether or not you have noticed it. I know that Lanette's voice was full of sunshine, for everything was brighter when she spoke. Her beauty, when she entered the room, bounded upon my vision like a glad

"Oh, yes, you must remain awhile the watch. It was mine, unmistakably. to take with ns," she remarked the next even. Could it be possible that Bob was one flasks. Oh, yes, you must remain awhile

newed his invitation. that makes me more lonesome than to and said: see a man walking around that way. It always seems to me that he is in trouble; and mother, she is so quiet and easy-well, mother reminds me of a piece of china, Bob, I'll declare she does," turning to her brother and growing brighter in the light of her newfound companion, "No one would ever know that she is on the place,

hardly," turning to me. "We can't say as much for you," replied Bob. Everybody in the neighboahood knows when you are at home.

"Am I such a romp, Mr. Hablett?"
"No," I replied. "I—I never saw any one more lady like." "There, now, Mr. Smarty," shaking her head at Bob.

"Oh, he says that because he can't get round it," said Bob. "No. you don't, do you?" appealing

to me with an air so bewitching that I actually felt like getting up and dancing the "Essence of Old Virginia." "I mean it, Miss Lanette. You are lady-like."

"There now again, Mr. Smart Jac-

"Haven't told you?" "No, haven't told me that you can remain with us awhile,' "Well I am on a vacation and I much

world, I came in one of saying-"prefer it to any other place I have found.' "Thank you," she said.

As I sat there contemplating her entrancing beauty, I wondered if she could really be a flirt. Then this crushing thought fell upon rather than arose within me. "Of course she is. A girl so frank, so easily delighted, could be carried off by any clod hopper." had never heard it intimated that I was handsome, and my feet, with a pronounced affinity of No. 9's, now seemed to be encased in twelves. Oh, yes, I loved her-loved her until I was actually sick. After supper I went out alone and told myself that I was a fool. I heard Lanette singing, and addressing myself. I saidt

"Hablett, von are the biggest fool I ever saw. Why don't you pick up a few grains of sense as you go along. I was a young member of the bar at Don't you know the girl is laughing at

you?' I returned to the house, and going to my trunk - which had just been brought from my boarding-house-I took out Blackstone and decided to rub up my knowledge of common law, but incorporal herediments, free-holds and the like were powerless to divert my mind from the engulfing channel into which it was determined to flounder. I put down the book, and as I sat musing, or sion I am really pressed for time. While rather agonizing, I heard a woman in the hallway ask:

"Miss Lanette, whar Wild Bob ketch up wid dat cuis lookin' white man?" Three weeks had elapsed and yet I remained a guest at the Gosman farmhouse. Bob and I spent much of our dropping on the ground and kicking in with the robbers I went on a summer the agonies of fatal love! The girl's attentions had not abated, but, hang it, I could not see that they had increased. I couldn't fool along this way. I was

determined to bring the case to a trial. Late one evening while moping in the woods near the house I met Lanette, who, with a handful of wild flowers. was returning home from a neighborhood visit. On my part I don't think that the meeting was altogether accidental.

"I saw some beautiful flowers over with me and we will get them."

Oh, what a liar. I had seen no flow ers. She joined me and we proceeded along a path so narrow that it seemed impossible for me to get more than one foot in at a time.

"How far are they?" she asked. "Not far. Let me see. Just over there, I believe." "Are you quite sure that you saw

"Oh, yes." "When?" "Yesterday mor- Lanette, I expect

"Think what?" she said, stopping. the house. No, I'm going to tell you. miles from here, You haven't any- I love you, Hold cn. Oh, it's a fact.

"I did't dispute it," she said. "Of course not, but-" I had caught her in my arms. I had seen tears in

"I love you so much," she breathed in my ear. Ah, lightning, it is a wonder you of business and profit; stop grumbling badn't settled me right there. She at adverse providences. You will probaround to see if anyone were about to shoot at me, but sawnothing but a cow quietly gazing. I wondered if I were and kill myself. I was a fool-but I

was so deucedly happy. consent, declaring that Lanette's choice was his choice. Mrs. Gosman had but

jection to me. One day, about two weeks from the time appointed for our marriage, I decided to go over and catch a few trout-Bob was not at home, and as the distance was too great for Lanette to walk, I concluded to go alone.

"You must be back by four o'clock," "But how am I to know? I have no

watch. "Couldn't you take the clock under your arm?"

"Hardly." "Wait, Bob has a watch up stairs .-He never wears it, but I don't suppose he would care if you were to take it. Just wait a minute and I'll wind it up

and set it." "A few minutes later she returned with the watch. I could scarcely re-press an exclamation; "J. H. L.," en-graved on the case. I said nothing, but after leaving the house I examined

ing after my arrival, when Bob had re- of the train robbers? I was so disturbed "It is very lone- that, taking no interest in fishing, some here at times. When father is soon returned to the house. As I not at work he walks around with his | neared the gate I saw that Bob had rehands behind him. There's nothing turned. Seeing me, he came forward

"Lanette tells me that she let you take my watch." "Yes, here it is."

"Of course it is safe in your hands, but___ "But what?" I asked.

"Oh, nothing." "Seems to be an excellent timekeeper, Bob. Where did you get it?" "Oh, by the way of a chance," he replied, but I could see that he was

"Ah," thought I, that night as I lay in bed, "that is doubtless one reason why you deserve the name of Wild Bob. Marry the sister of an outlaw, I shuddered. Yes, I would marry her even though she were an outlaw herself. It was my duty though to have Bob arrested. What a thought! It would almost kill his parents. I will wait until we are married," I mused,

"but I must discharge my duty." The very next morning, upon taking up a newspaper, I saw that one of the Missouri train robbers had been captured-"He had in his possession, ketty. But Mr. Bablett, you haven't continued the account, "a number of told me yet." why he had not disposed of them, he replied that he was afraid that such a step might lead to his detection, and that it had been his intention to leave prefer this to any other place-" in the the country and sell them. The chief of police of St. Louis requests that those who lost watches during the late train robbery in this State will please furnish him with description of pro-

> Although I was satisfied that Bob had my watch, yet I wrote to the St. Louis chief of police, and to my infirite surprise received a few days later ny watch. Now I could see a difference; though very slight; between my watch and Bob's, but I could not account !or the same initials. This thought puzzled me. Why should he have shown such embarrassment when I asked him where he got the watch? I was determined to find out where, so, accompanying Bob to his room, I related the circunstances of the train robbery and then showed him my watch.

"Why, it is just like mine!" he erclaimed. "Same initials, too, "Wel, it is strange, surely.

'So strange, Bob, that I don't understand it. Tell me where you got your watch. Of course it is no business of mine, but I would like to know.'

"I got it from a friend." "Yes, Bob, but why were you embarrassed when I asked you concerning For a few moments he remained

silent. A cloud crossed his face. Passing his hand over his face as though he would rub the cloud away, he said: "One of the best friends I ever hid was James L Harmon, This watch once belonged to him. One night ke took it off and gave it to me in payment

of a gambling debt. I took it, jokingly, intending to return it, but the first watch, "a jeweled checker-off of time's time in fishing, but I didn't want to thing I saw you was that James had hurrying moments, So long, sir. I dish. Fish the mischief! Talk about paper, next day, was that James had fishing to a man almost on the verge of been killed while in a saloon. The horrible affair occurred a short time after he left me."

"Bob you will never know what relief vou give me."

"How so?" I related my suspicions. He laughed in genuine appreciation and said: "You don't know me, John, I haven't the courage to rob a bee hive, much less a railway train, but really I am glad that vou do not necessarily believe your property in danger of stealthy removal when I am around."

"I know one thing, Bob." "What's that?"

"You are the best fellow I ever met." Lanette and I were married by a good old parson who talked through his nose. Everybody seemed to be happy, although the old gentleman walked with his hands behind him. The old lady wept smoothly and without a flaw, bat still looked like a piece of china,

Rest Awhile.

You are wearing out the vital forces this way subtracting years from the vice. Let me tell you why you will sum total of your life. This rush and fail, mon ami. The man who buys worry, day after day, this restless anxi- diamonds cannot smuggle them.' "Think what?" she said, stopping. ety for something you have not got, is "Think that I am—well, let's go to like pebblestones in machinery; they grate and grind the life out of you. You have useless burdens; throw them off! You have a great load of useless care; dump it! Pull in the strings; compact your business; take time for thought of better things. Go out into the air and let God's sun shine down upon your busy head. Stop thinking a bet. Have you ever tried smuggling?" would marry me! Great Cæsar! I looked ably never see much better times in this doomed world, and your most opportune sewon is now; your happiest day is to-day. Calmly do your duty not in duty bound to run against a tree and let God take care of His own world. He is still alive and is the King. Do not imagine that things will Our engagement was not kept secret | go to everlasting smash when you dis-The old gentleman readily gave his appear from the mortal stage. Do not consent, declaring that Lanette's choice fancy that the curse of heaven, in the shape of the vain tasks of righting up a disjointed earth, is imposed upon you, Cease to fret and fume; cease to jump and worry early and late. The good time is coming, but you can never bring it, God can and will. breath, sir; sit down and rest, and take a long breath. Then go calmly to the tasks of life and do your work well.

The Vexed Question Settled.

Two drummers were disputing very hotly one night in a smoking car. One insisted that "either" and "neither" are correct, while the other stoutly maintained that only dudes and Anglomaniacs would so pronounce the words, and that "cither" and "neither" were the proper pronunciations. Finally they agreed to leave it to the man in the next seat. They woke him up and stated the case.

"Now, then, which is right," asked one of the drummers, "neither or neither?"
"Nayther," responded the Irishman,
and settled back to sleep, while the rest of the car accepted an invitation to take something out of the drummers'

Wasting Time at Whist.

Richard Proctor in talking about whist said: In passing, I may give an illustration of the stupefying effects of the duffer sort of whist play, even at the bost London Clubs. At the Portland Ciuo the following incident, which seems netterly incredible, really took place: Five rounds had been played, two of : hem trumps; bot : these trump tricks had fallen to one pair of partners, the other three to their opponents; the player who had aken up the two trump tricks put down the eight cards left in his hand to take a pinch of snuff, after which he inadvertently took up the eight trumps instead of his own cards. The four players went on as if nothing had happened, though all four honors were included among the eight trumps thus played twice over. Assuming for a moment that the player who had thus taken up eight trumps, including the four honors, knew what he had done, what are we to think of three whist players who failed to note the fall of the four honors a second time? Manifestly they were simply tired out by waste whist. They cannot possibly have found any enjoyment in the game which they played so carelessly. The first doctrine I would inculcate then as to whist is this: Play whist often-daily if you can-but waste no time over it; play it in such a way that it interests by calling forth the exercise of skill. A little of such whist goes a long way in relaxing the mind and giving pleasure to the player. I have wiped the cobwebs out of my mind after six or seven hours of application at difficult geometrical work by an hour's good whist, That means a saving of time for work, and an oiling of the mental machinery by which the next work will be done with less friction. But I have also sat down seeking rest from whist, and because the play was not whist at all I have risen unrefreshed after two or three hours of meaningless play, or play at cross pur-Whist is so easily learned, nowever, that there is no excuse for the prevalent bad play. In my own case, after years of other game, which I played for want of knowing better, I learned to play the real game in a few weeks. Of course nothing but steady practice for a much longer time than this will make a good player; but no amount of practice at Bumblepuppy will turn the player of that game into a whist player.

The Empty Watch Case.

There was something peculiarly charming about Leblane's conversation. Anyway, it enchanted Peter Thorne to such an extent that he never missed the hour which he knew would find Lebiane at the cafe. It was there that Thorne had made his acquaintance, met him casually and became interested in him. he scarcely knew how. Perhaps Leblanc's prodigious ignorance of American geography attacked the humorous element in Thorne's nature, but when he compared it with his friend's excellent English, he might have been start ed had he not been too muddy of intellect to note the effect of the comparison.

"It is wonderful, the intelligence of blane one day, in his sprightly manner. proaching Colonel Crockett, said: Observe how impossible it is to smuggle into your country. Every tourist from America is a smuggler at heart, and each thinks he knows how, only to be detected and to discover that his plan is older than himself."

"Yes, there is a great deal of it done in diamonds," said Thorne. "They are easily concealed, and I know of instances where money has been made, I could do it myself, and I may when

I go back," "I would go with you and assist," said Leblanc, with a laugh that meant the contrary, and intimated a want of faith in Thorne's ingenuity.

"Come," said Thorne, a trifle an-"If you will go in with me I'll try it. "But how?" asked Leblanc, still incredulous. "Would you break the skin of your arm and put the gems in the sores? It is as old as the Jews who in vented the scheme. There are men in your American prisons for attempting

it. Hollow boot heels? Peste! It anfaster than there is any need, and m noys me to think of such a shallow de-"Why not?" demanded Thorne.

"It is easy to say. The purchase is cabled to your country and the purchaser is searched." "Is that the case?" asked Thorne in

surprise. "I never heard of it." "Do governments explain to their enemies what they intend?" replied Leblanc with a shrug. "Let us make

"No." "Been searched?" "No."

"And you have crossed the ocean?" "Seven times."

"You shall buy a hundred thousand francs' worth of diamonds, and I will wager ten thousand francs' that your person is searched in New York,' "Will you telegraph over the news?"

smiled Thorne. "You shall not lose sight of me." "You will go with me? "Without doubt."

"And I shall lose my hundred thousand francs' worth of diamonds to win your ten thousand?" "You will lose nothing but your stake. You will be searched, but you

willisave the gems." Leblanc's manner was so confident that Thorne was staggered. "How?"

raising his hat, politely strolled away. The conversation rankled, Thorne shrank from refusing the bet, but he felt there was something behind it all which he couldn't understand. He met his friend repeatedly, but neither referred to the wager. The Frenchman was too polite; the American politic.

will carry it until you reach your shore. we

You will then hand it to me and be searched. I will win my 10,000 francs, There could be no doubt of success, and Thorne did not disguise his pleas-

"We must be strangers now until we meet on ship," said Leblanc. "They know in America now that you have purchased the stones, but they do not know that Monsieur Leblanc intends a

visit." Thorne was astounded by the dense ignorance of his identity as manifested by the Frenchman when they met on the steamer. Leblane wormed himself into the acquaintance of every one else, but Thorne he ignored. Had not the watch-case reposed safely in the vest pocket of the American, that worthy would have been worried.

"I shall win my bet," he thought.
"I shall win my bet," whispered Leblanc, as he passed swiftly by him. It was all that passed between them until they reached the pier.

"Now," and Leblanc took his station at his friend's elbow. Thorne slipped the watch-case into his band.

There was no interference on the pier. A hasty giance at the trunks was satisfactory. The usual question and answer and the friends passed on.
"I have won my bet," said Thorne,

with a look of triumph. "And I will pay," said Leblanc, a little crestfallen., Ten thousand francs! It is a great deal, but I have learned mach. Your money, mon ami, is here,

and your watch-case. You have won, and I will see you to-night." Thorne made no attempt to detain him as the Frenchman strode away. A man in deep grief does not care for ex-

pressed sympathy. "I will see him to-night," smiled Thorne to himself.

But he didn't. 'Something must have detained him, muttered Thorne, late in the evening. He drew out the watch case and opened it. It was empty. On the cap was prescribed: "Presented to Peter Thorne by his friend Louis Leblanc.

Thorne put it in his pocket and went to sleep without a word. "I have lost my bet, but," whispered Leblanc to himself, "I am sorry I can-

not meet him this evening." He leaned back in his chair and drew out a watch case the counterpart of that he had given to Tnorne. It was the one Thorne had slipped into his hand on the steamer.

"I pay ten thousand francs cash for one hundred thousand in gems," and he pressed the spring. The watch case was empty. Inside the cap was inscribed: "Presented to

Louis Leblane by his friend Peter

Thorne,'

Teaching a Prince.

During the war, it will be remembered, Prince Polonac, of France, came over to assist the Confederacy. He arrived at a time when whiskey had become a scarce article, a fact especially lamented by the Arkansaw troops. One night at an entertainment in Camden, Polonac was present, dressed in his royal gew-gaws. He drew much your customs officials," observed Le. attention, and General Shaver, ap-"Bob, is there any whiskey in

neighborhood?" "Yes, there's a jug full, down in the

"Suppose we take the prince below and show him how we drink in Arkansaw?" "All right," and approaching Polo-

nac, he asked: "How would a snifter strike you?" 'Smitter, I do not ze honor of his acquaintance. He no strike me, by gar

"I mean how would a drink of good whiskey strike?" 'Aw gat, he strike me fine." "Well, if you will consent to drink Arkansaw fashion, we will take you

down and instruct you." "Leads ze way, co'nel. I follow They conducted him to the cellar, Crockett pulled the long corn-cob from the jug, took up the vessel and said: "Pay strict attention." Then, giving it a toss with one hand and catching it

with the other, he brought it down to his mouth, counting three as he did so. This performance was twice enacted, after which the prince was informed he had received sufficient instruction. He had paid close attention, believing that he was being introduced to a rule of national politeness. He tossed the jug, precisely as Crockett had done, counted three and caught the neck of the earthenware in his mouth. Removing his lips, and while the water stood in his eyes-for the whiskey was awful-he

"Aw, how nice was him," Again tossing the jug and drinking,

"Aw, how I do lef ze ways of ze Ar-

kansaw. He kept on tossing the jug. Crockett and Shaver looked at each other. "Aw!" continued the prince, "how ver' nice is zis,'

"You've had enough, d-n it," said Crockett, but the prince, declaring that he liked to practice the politeness of a country, continued to toss the jug. Then they began to reason with him, but he declared that politeness, like love, was not founded upon reason. Then they tried to take it away from him, but turning away with the jug, he continued to study the rules of Arkansaw etiquette. General Shaver swears that the student drank at least a quart; nor, does it seem that he limited the engagement to one time only, for later at "Buy the diamonds," and Leblanc, night, when Crockett went down to get a drink, the jug was gone.

Money to Look At.

A friend told me that in West Virginia he went to a house and got food tor himself and companions and their horses. He wanted to pay for this, but the woman was ashamed to take pay "I have bought the diamonds," said for a mere act of kindness, He press "I have bought the Thorne suddenly, one day.

"And I have the empty watch case," "If you don't think I am mean a take 25 cents from you, so as to look at it now and then, for there has been no take 25 cents from you, so as to look at it now and then, for there has been now and then the state of the stat is here. The cap is on the inside. I it now and then, for there has been no open it with this spring and you place the stones in it. Mark the inscription: little farm and barter at the store had 'Presented to Louis Leblanc, etc.' You supplied all the absolute wants of this will conver it note.

The Round Trip.

"I have taken my last order. I am going home," he said as the clock struck the midnight hour. The nurse looked at the doctor with

significant glance and whispered: "His mind wanders!"

Presently he lifted his feverish head from its pillow.

"Any letters from the house?" he in-"There ought to be letters here.' Then he slept, and in his sleep he

was a boy again. He babbled of fishing streams where the trout played, and of school hours and romps with his mates. At 12 he suddenly awakened. "All right," he exclaimed, in a strong voice, "I'm ready."

He thought the porter had called him for an early train. The doctor laid a soothing hand on him and he slept. In his sleep he murmured;

"Show you samples of our goods. I'm going off the road now. This order closes me out. The house has called me in. Going to have my first vacation, but I shall lose time-time-time!" He drowsed off, and the doctor counted his pulse. Suddenly the sick

man started up. "Give me a letter from home. Ellen always writes to me here. She never disappointed me yet-and the children. They will forget me if my trips are too long. I have only a few more towns to sell-promised to be home Christmas-I promised to be home-promised---' He slept again, and again awakened

with a start. "No word from the house yet?" He was going fast now. The doctor bent over him and repeated, in a somforting voice, the precious words of

"In my Father's house are many mansions. If it were not so I would have told you."

"Yes-yes," said the dying traveler, intly. "It is a clear statement. It faintly. is a good house to travel for. It deals fair and square with its men.

The chill December morning dawned -the end was very near. The sick man was approaching the undiscovered land from whose bourne no traveler re-

"I've changed my route," he murmured, faintly. "The house is calling me in-write to Etlen and the children that I'm-en-my-way-home-it's in my sample case-without money and without price-s good house-fills all its orders as agreed. Call me for the first train-I am going to make the

round trip and get home for Christmas." They laid his head back on the pillow. He had made the round trip. He had gone home for Christmas,

Chang's Courtship.

A newspaper man has been interviewing Chang, the Chinese giant, with the following result: I understand you are to be married, Chang. How is

A slight smile passed over Chang's face-it took quite a while to get over it- and a blush was just perceptible. "Yes, I am to be married, though I

expect te go home to China first," "Who is the lady?" "I would rather not tell her name She lives in Kansas City. She is rich and is worth over \$200,000. I am worth about \$150,000, and I think we will not be in need when our marriage is consummated. The lady is large in stature. She is six feet six inches in height, and her dress makes her look much larger. She is an American lady and lives with her parents. She first saw. me on exhibition and talked to me a long while. The next day I was sitting in a parlor in a hotel, playing on the piano. I can play nicely on the piano, and would like you to hear me. Well, I was playing on the piane when I heard the lady enter the room. I turned and saw her. She looked rather timid at first, and I said, 'Come in, lady: I will not charge you fifty cents to hear and see me.' She laughed and acted more at ease. I played many pieces, which seemed to please her not a little. Finally I got up and placed one hand on her shoulder, said she was a nice, big woman, and I would like to have her for my wife. She laughed and ran merrily out of the room. A week later I received a letter from her father asking me if I really wanted his daughter in marriage, and asking me what I intended to do if married. I said I wanted his daughter, and would become a tea merchant. The engagement was then made. I will come to St. Louis, settle down here and open a tea store.'

Heirs to Millions.

A Cleveland, O., dispatch says: Mrs. A. R. Trottner whose husband is butcher, Mrs. E. Goldner, wife of a saloonkeeper, and Mrs. E. Rosenberg, wife of a poor peddler, all of this city, have received word from Pressburg, Hungary, to the effect that a suit for the recovery of 6,000,000 florins, (about \$2.500,000) has resulted in their favor. M. Whitelaw, an Akron milliner, is another heir. The case is a romantic one. Many years ago a rich couple named Weislovith lived in Pressburg with a handsome adopted daughter. Mrs. Weislovitch died. Weislovitch was 70 years ago, but he astonished his relatives by wedding this adopted daughter, who was engaged to an ambi-tious young physician. Weislovitch calmed his relatives by willing them a part of his estate, and promising that if his young wife should die childless all the estate should be theirs. At Weislovitch's death his young widow married the doctor, and soon died without issue. The Doctor remained in possession of the property. A suit was brought by the heirs, but the lawyers for the prosecution proved false, and the case was dropped, leaving the Doctor in possession. One of the faithless lawyers being near to death, consessed that he was bribed by the Doctor, and gave information which gives the Wetslovitch heirs all, and leaves the aged and now decrepit Doctor penuless.

The lustre of morocco is resicred by varnishing it with the white of an egg. Apply with a sponge.

The bread of life is love; the salt of life, work; the sweetness of life, poesy,