

THE WHITE CLIFFS OF DOVER.

In the bright summer sunlight
We see near the strand
The cliffs stand immortal
By great Shakespeare's hand.

THE BLACKTHORN.

I came in on the morning-car from
Dunrobin and was going to K. Kearney.

Pat Ryan was the driver, one of the
best and jolliest car drivers in all Ireland.

When we reached Kearney, I took
the train for Dublin, which place I was

"Are you looking for a nice quiet lodg-
ing for the night?"

"I'm not looking for anything but
this kind of go down," I answered.

"Oh! wurra, wurra," cried the man,
with despairing gesture.

"That was about my idea of the extra
watch had been given to me by a very

"Do you know of a good lodging that
is cheap?" I asked.

"The best in Dublin, kept by a danc-
ing widdy woman, with a troop of

"You're a stranger in Ireland, sor?"

"I've been three weeks in Kerry."

"Oh! I didn't find it so. I was de-
lighted with Kerry and the people."

"I never carry weapons," I said, and
I often have thought since how long a

"Se here, I'm going no further. We
must have come a mile already."

"It was in the next street. He knock-
ed at a door, which, after we waited a

I didn't hear what the answer was,
but the man said, "Shtip up the stairs,

"The room was large. In a corner
was a bed that was neat and clean. A

I put my valise and waterproof on
the sofa and laid the stout blackthorn

The door opened and a big muscular
woman shined in as if some one had been

With a calmness I regret there were
no impartial witnesses to, I picked up my

"Madam," I said "kindly allow me
to go. I have no money except some

She shrieked an incredulous laugh
and swore if I did not at once plunk

At this moment the door showed open
again and two more women came squeez-

The first female still did the talking,
carrying it on in a loud voice, which

"Now, look here," I said, "I've only
a few shillings in my pocket. If I carried

I emptied my pockets on the table.—
That didn't suit them. They insisted

"Stand back," I cried, "or I'll mas-
sacre you," and I flourished the black-

"Now, for the last time, will you let
me out?"

"Divil an out," was the reply. I
swung my cane and smashed to pieces

"Don't talk to me," I said. "Get
your woman away from that door and

"Open that door."

The woman would have done so, but
the one with the knife prevented her.

The pieces of the shade and the lamp
glass were scattered all over the room.

The lamp itself swung too and fro un-
broken, but its yellow, chimneyless,

"For God's sake, Mrs. Duffy, let him
out."

She drew the fair dikist aside and
whispered something to her, to which

"Get to the further end of the room
—you too, Mrs. Duffy."

They did so, and for a moment I
stood with the open door and the dark

The next instant I was throttled by
unseen hands.

"Force the door, force the door!"
cried the voice of my late cowardly

"Well, Mrs. Annette," said Mr.
Blake, "and how do you like factory

"It is not disagreeable," she answer-
ed, a slight accent clinging to her tones,

"You have given me but \$4," she
said. "It was to be \$3 by the contract."

"Roll off my coat, will you?" he
roared. I picked up my coat and hand-

"A feel for what?" Annette de-
manded, with flushed cheeks and spark-

"For getting you the situation, mad-
emoiselle, to be sure," said Mr. Blake,

"Oh—well—all right. Because, you
know, you ain't obliged to stay unless

"Do criminal cases pay the best?"
asked a reporter.

"By no means, the bulk of my work
is tracking private individuals and as-

"Who are your best customers?"
"Mr. Blake asked.

"Well, it helps out my salary. Of
course, you know, the girls all expect

"I have none," said Annette, wist-
fully. "But—I need this money my-

"Are these the rules?" scornfully de-
manded Annette.

"Pray consider your name crossed
off the books," went on Mr. Blake.

"You are no longer in my employ.
Good evening, Mademoiselle. What-

"And Mr. Blake slammed down the
cover of his desk as if it were a patent

"Two or three of the factory girls,
who had hovered around the open door

"And he'll never let you in again,"
added Mary Rice. "He's as vindictive

"It matters not," said Annette. "He
is a rogue, and rogues sometimes out-

"But you can't starve," said Jenny.
"Look here, ma'am; come home with

"Does he cheat you, too, of your
money?" she asked, when Simon Pet-

Mlle. Annette.

It was just such an American village
as you see in pictures. A background

"He is in this country now," said
Annette. "I intend to write to him."

The petals of the June roses had fall-
en, a pink carpet all along the edge of

"It's a pity M'amselle Annette went
away so soon," said Simon to his as-

Mr. Gerald Blake, in his best broad-
cloth suit, and mustache newly dyed,

"I must beg to look at the books,
Blake," said Elderslie, authoritatively.

"My wife tells me some strange stories
about the way things are managed here.

It became so notorious that the sum-
mers reached her even at Plythesdale Springs

And Annette never regretted her
week's apprenticeship in the Dapplevale

Gambetta and His Mother's Death.

After his mother's death, in July,
Gambetta grew more silent, and some-

"Do you mean," hesitated Annette,
"that if I do not pay you this money—"

"You can't expect to stay in the
works," said Mr. Blake, hitching up

"But the other \$3?"

"Oh," said Mr. Blake, "that's a per-
centage the girls all pay."

"But what is it for?"

"Well, it helps out my salary. Of
course, you know, the girls all expect

"And Mr. Elderslie?"

"Oh, Mr. Elderslie," repeated Blake,
"He hasn't much to do with it. I am

"Mr. Elderslie owns it, I believe?"

"Well, yes, he owns it. But I man-
age everything. Mr. Elderslie reposes

"Oh, Mr. Elderslie," repeated Blake,
"He hasn't much to do with it. I am

"Very well—very well. Just as you
like, mademoiselle," cried the foreman,

"Only if you won't conform to the rules of the
Dapplevale works."

"Are these the rules?" scornfully de-
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a pretty hard world to get on with. Mr.
Elderslie never comes here, or maybe

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Street Musicians.

"How many of these bands are there
in New York?"

"Between fifty and sixty. They are
called 'tramps.' Here and there some

"Not in the sense of mutual protec-
tion. They have a sort of unwritten

"Well, very much depends upon the
manner in which it is carried out. By

"But even then if there are twelve
men to share it this makes less than \$2

"Yes, it is to people who are out of
employment. Then again the man who

"Where do they get their food?"

"From some hotel whose proprietor
will give them a few scraps of stale

"It is a singular fact, but they are
not popular with Germans, because it

"They are generally owned by the
performers, and are worth next to no-

"This noted man at the present time is
a Frenchman by birth, and was born in

At the age of 15 he was sent to Cairo
to an ex-French officer to be taught the

The British Royal Geographical Society
has received a communication from

The "funny man" approaches her
with jokes and puns, and has the dog

Finally the champion roller-skater
rolls into her good graces and she slopes

The poet wows her with a sonnet, and
her big brother starts out in search of

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