#### THE WHITE CLIFFS OF DOVER.

to the bright summer sunlight We see near the strand The cliffs made immortal By great Sinkespeare's hand. You may search the fair shores Of old England over, You will never find cliffs Like the white cliffs of Dover.

the top of the stairway.

sind in the landlady."

The gray castle may stand On the rock-bound coast, And the pretty town near it In vain pride may boast; There is no sight se pleasant To the tired sea rover As a view o'er the waters Of the white cliffs of Dover.

Ob, land of our Fathers, Our heart-love for the Is as warm as the sunshine, As deep as the sea. Thy bright fields are fresh With the sweet-scented clover, As we bid thee farewell By the white cilf's of Dover.

The steamer moves out From the long wooden pier, And the parting is sad, With the sigh and the tear; But we still watch the land, Growing lower and lower, THI we leave in the distance The white cliffs of Dover.

THE BLACKTHORN.

I came in on the morning-car from Cabirceveen and was going to Killarney. room if the terms were reasonable. Pat Byan was the driver, one of the best and jolliest car drivers in all Ireand. Toward dusk we stopped at a schers and myself on the car and they went in to get drinks. I sat on the car. A bent old woman came up to see me with a bundle of canes in her arms and

"Fur dhe luv ave Gad, yer anner, and ye buy a good blacktarn shtick ison a poor ould cratur dhat hasn't mated bite nor sup dhis day?" "How much are they?"

"Only threepince aich, yer anner."

"All right; pick me out a good one." motty blackthorn cane with spikes bristling all along it, a most formidable poking weapon. I gave the woman ixpence, and this unexpected generosiby on my part brought down on my head more blessings than ever had fallen to arm. In my right I took my blackbecame positively embaurassing.

the train for Dublin, which place I was that mement the most frightened man not know. micus to reach, as my cash was get- in the three kingdoms. I didn't so ing short. I had stayed a week longer | much mind being killed, as being killed Ireland than I had intended, and Whough I had tickets through to Lon- of certain kind friends would be, "Ser-The next evening after I bought that great yearning to be left so that I might | are devious and many." mane I stood on Sackville street with explain. the blackthorn in my hand wondering what I had better do. The wind was to go. I have no money except some blowing a hurricane down the broad small change, which under the circumtreet, and it whirled around Nelson's stances, you are welcome to." pillar in a terrific manner that **howed me it would be no fun crossing** and swore if I did not at once plank

I didn't hear what the answer was, She drew the fair dirkist aside and but the man said, "Shtip up the stairs, whispered something to her, to which sor," and I followed him up. The hall the other nodded: was quite dark, and the stair rather

"Get to the further end of the room steep.-At the first landing he pushed you too, Mrs. Duffy." open a door and the light came out on They did so, and for a moment

stood with the open door and the dark "See if it suits ye, sor," he said, "I'll hall before me. I knew the street door was locked, and that while I fumbled "The room was large. In a corner at it the three would have me at a worse was a bed that was neat and clean. A disadvantage than I was then in. But sofa and comfortable chairs comprised I noticed the key of the room was on the furniture, with the exception of a the outside of the door, and I saw my big solid square table that occupied the way of escape. I moved slowly toward center of the room, over which hung a the open door-then made a bolt-drew large lamp with a huge shade on it it shut, and turned the key, locking in This lamp threw a brilliant light on the my fair hostess and her sylph like comtable and the shade allowed a mellow panions.

haze to pervade the room. A large, The next instant I was throttled by well-framed steel-engraving hung on unseen hands,

the wall, and the subject was the fa-miliar play scene in "Hamlet"-the "Force the doore, force the doore!" cried the voice of my late cowardly original of which is in the National comrade, as we struggled in the dark. gallery. The whole interior of that He had me against the banisters, two room is indelibly photographed on my hands on my throat and his knee pressmemory. I can see as I write the eager ed against me. I flung bag and coat to face of the Danish prince as he lay at the foot of the stairs and tried to hit the feet of Ophelia, scanning the half- him with the blackthorn, but we were turned countenance of the king. Ham- at too close quarters. I bent over the let's answer to the inquiry about the banisters, shortened the cane by graspname of the play-"The Mouse Trap" it near the end with both hands, the -has seemed to me since singularly numerous thorns on the stick giving me applicable to my own case at the time. | an excellent grip on it, and with all my I put my valise and waterproof on rapidly vanishing strength harpooned the sofa and laid the stout blackthorn him in the face with the point of it. beside them. I concluded to take the | With a yell of pain he loosened his hold and grasped the stick. I followed up The door opened and a big muscular wo- my advantage by forcing him backwards down the stairway. Half way man shoved in as if some one had been little hut, where Pat got off and went holding the door against her. She down he fell and putting my foot on him to get the mail. There were three shoved it shut with a slam by leaning him I swore to brain him if he stirred. holding the door against her. She down he fell and putting my foot on This took place very rapidly, and as the life?" back against it. One hand was conwomen inside were shaking vigorously cealed behind her, the other held the handle of the door. She was young and at the door I expected a crash every inher face had been once comely, but was stant. I felt along the inside of the now blotched by drink and dissipation. street door for the key and handle while Her eyes were red and watery. She one foot remained on the fallen man. I opened the door and let in the light

She began in a loud voice as if I were | from the street lamp. a mile away. Her first utterance was "Roll off my coat, will you?" He a torrent of the most fearful oaths 1 rolled. I picked up my coat and handhave ever heard from buman lips. She bag. The cane I still held. As I sprang ended by commanding me to lay my into the street I heard the upper door She did so, and handed me a tough, watch and money on the table, under crash. The ladies of the house had things, are you, mademoiselle? Eight penalty of having my "skool" crushed evidently got free. I must confess that I ran for the next few blocks just about

as fast as I was able. I hailed a pass-With a calmness I regret there were ing car and asked to be taken to the no impartial witness to, I picked up my North Wall. A few minutes later .I waterproof and threw it over my left was on board the boat for Holyhead. my share before. She blessed the cane thorn, grasping it near the point. In The old woman's blessing seemed to my blessed myself until the benediction my left I took my value. This was have put a good deal of usefulness in done with a cool deliberation that exci- that cane. I have it yet, but whether When we reached Killarney 1 took ted my utmost admiration, for I was at or not the blessing still clings to it I do naturally expect to pay something for

## Matrimonial Detectives.

in a den like that. I knew the verdict "Of course, there are tricks in every ton, yet I knew if I lingered much ved him right. No business going to trade, and there are a few in ours,' enger in the Green Isle I would not such a place." I felt a serene certainty said a well-known private detective, have the wherewithal to work the rall- that the worst construction would be with a smile, the other day. "The way lunch counter on my way home. put on my presence there, and I had a ins and outs of the detective business

"Do criminal cases pay the best?" asked a reporter. "By no means, the bulk of my work

is tracking private individuals and ascertaining their daily life."

"Who are your best customers?" "My best customers are usually wo-

# Mile. Annette.

It was just such an American village as you see in pictures. A background of superb bold mountain, all clothed in bluegreen cedars, with a torrent thundering down a deep go ge and falling

in billo vs of foam; a river reflecting the azure of the sky, and a knot of houses, with a clurch spire at one end and a thicket of factory chimney at the other whose black smoke wrote ever-changing hieroglyphics against the brilliancy of the sky. This was Dappinvale. And in the rosy sunset of this blossomy June day the girls were all pouring out of the broad doorway, while Gerard Blake, the foreman, sat behind his desk, a pen behind his ear and his small, beady-black eyes drawn back, as it were, in the shelter of a precipice of

shaggy eyebrows. One by one the girls stopped and received their pay for one week's work, for this was Saturday night. One by one they filed out, with fretful, discontented faces, until the last one passed in front of the high-railed desk.

She was slight and tall, with large, velvety-blue eyes, a complexion as delicately grained and transparent as rosecolored wax, and an abundance of glossy hair of so dark a brown that the ty. "Annette, my love, this is Blake, casual observer would have pronounced | my foreman." it black, and there was something in the way the blue ribbon at her throat was tied and the manner in which the simple details of her dress were arranged that bespoke her of foreign birth.

"Well, Mile. Annette," said Mr. Blake, "and how do you like factory "It is not disagreeable," she answer-

ed, a slight accent clinging to her tones, tended her hand for the money the foreman was counting out. "You have given me but \$4," she said. "It was to be \$8 by the contract." Mr. Blake shrugged his shoulders

disagreeably. "Humph!" he grunted; "you ain't

much accustomed to our way of doing -of course; but we deduct two for a fee-

"A feel For what?" Annette demanded, with flushed cheeks and sparkling eyes

"For getting you the situation, mademoïselle, to be sure," said Mr. Blake, in a superior sort of way. Such places don't grow on every bush. And folks the privilege."

"I did not," flashed out Annette Duvelle. "Oh-well-all right. Because, you

know, you ain't obliged to stay unless you choose." "Do you mean," hesitated Annette, "that if 1 do not pay you this money-"

works," said Mr. Blake, hitching up his collar. "But the other \$2?" "Ob," said Mr. Blake, "that's a per-

centage the girls all pay." "But what is it for?" Mr. Blake laughed.

"Well, it helps out my salary. Of

a pretty hard world to get on with. Mr. Elderslie never comes here, or maybe things would be a bit different. Mr. Elderslie lives abroad-in Paris, they say.

"He is in this country now," Annette. "I intend to write to him." " 'Twon't do no good, miss."

"Yes, it will," said Annette quietly.

The petals of the June roses had fallen, a pink carpet all along the edge of the woods, and the Dapplevale works wore their holiday guise, even down to Simon Pettengill's newly brightened steam engine, foa Mr. Elderslie and his bride were to visit the works on their wedding tour.

"It's a pity M'amselle Annette went away so soon," said Simon to his assistant, "'cause they say the master's kind-hearted in the main and she might have spoken up for herself."

Mr. Gerald Blake, in his best broadcloth suit, and mustache newly dyed. stood smiling in the broad doorway as carriage drove up to the entrance, and Mr. Elderslie, a handsome-browed man, sprang out and assisted a young lady, in a dove-colored traveling suit to alight.

"Blake, how are you?" he said, with the carelessness of conscious superiori-

"Mademoiselle Annette!"

And Mr. Gerald Blake found himself cringing before the slight French girl whom he had turned from the factory door a month before.

"I must beg to look at the books. Blake," said Eldershie, authoritatively. 'My wife tells me some strange stories about the way things are managed here. It became so notorious that the rumors like fragrance to a flower, as she ex- reached her even at Blythesdale Springs and she chose to come and see for herself. Annette, my darling, the best wedding gift we can make to these poor working girls is a new foreman. Blake. you may consider yourself dismissed,' "But sir \_\_\_ "

"Not another word," cried Mr. Elderslie, with a lowering brow, and Mr. Gerald Blake crept away, with an un comfortable consciousness of Annette's scornful blue eyes following him.

Elderslie turned to his wife. "You were right, my love," said he. 'The man's face is sufficient evidence

against him." And a new reign began for poor Jenny Purton and the working girls, as well as Simon Pettengill.

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

### Gambetta and His Mother's Death.

After his mother's death, in July, Gambetta grew more silent, and sometimes showed signs of melancholy, so "You can't expect to stay in the orks," said Mr. Blake, hitching up him, checking his overflowing hopefulness and hilarity-his joyousness came fitfully and seemed to sit superficially upon him. One day, in August, 1882, a friend went to breakfast with him in his poor and comfortless home, in the Rue St. Didier. Gambetta talked earnestly and eloquently, and after the dejeuner, as was his wont, flung himself on a low couch. As he sometimes snatched a few minutes sleep in the day, his friend, seeing him lying back very still, thought he was sleeping, and taking up a newspaper, went to the window, when, stealing another glance at Gambetta, he saw two big tears roll down his face. Knowing Gambetta's courage and manly endurance, with mingled pain and surprise not grive unreasonably; the thought of collection, and not a bitter sorrow; representing a young peasant gurl, beneath which was written "Alsace." You are right," he said, pointing to the picture; "there is my duty," and he added, "un devoir qui console de tont." Undoubtedly that was his dream, but he had the fine judgment and the good taste rarely in private or public to touch this subject; he knew too well that the Revanche could only be ob- have him severely bastinadoed. tained by the regeneration of France, by patience and self-control. "For the sake of our dignity," he exclaimed, "let us never speak of regaining Alsace and Lorraine, but let it be understood that it is ever in our thoughts." Mme. Leris, his sister, told how passionately warm were his family affections, During his last illness he sent his father as illustrating the old saying, that "the the little money there was in the house, boy is father to the man," that both a few hundred francs, "to buy himself," he said, "a New Year's present," When Gambetts seemed a little better, and not till then, would he allow his friends | raie, the former in a dashing, swooping to write to his father. "Spare him as much anxiety as possible; write him a reassuring letter."

Street Musicians

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

"Between fifty and sixty. They are called 'tramps.' Here and there some very fair musicians may be found, but as a rule the members composing these street bands are, strictly speaking, amateurs-that is to say, they belong to some trade, and being out employment, take to this means of getting a living." "To what nationality do they principally belong?"

"To Bavaria. The most of them speak little or no English, and have not been in the country long enough to become used to the ways of the people." "Is there any organization of street musicians?"

"Not in the sense of mutual protection. They have a sort of unwritten etiquette. For instance, it is not considered in good taste for one street band to play within earshot of another." "Is this a remunerative business?"

"Well, very much depends upon the manner in which it is carned out. By this I mean to say that it is not unusual for several really competent musicians to form themselves into a street band and play on certain nights in front of leading hotels and a few private residences, whose occupants will pay them for their trouble during dinner. In this way they will make as much as from \$15 to \$20 in a night. But of course this is exceptional.

"But even then if there are twelve men to share it this makes less than \$2 a man, which you'll admit is not a bonanza?

"Yes, it is to people who are out of employment. Then again the man who acts as leader sometimes hires the rest of the band as a speculation, and pays them so much a day and their lodgings at night."

"How much?"

"Perhaps fifty cents apiece, and often ven less than that."

"Where do they get their food?" "From some hotel whose proprietor will give them a few scraps of stale meat and bread. Very little satisfies this class of Germans, who have never been accustomed to much."

"Are their own people liberal to them?"

"It is a singular fact, but they are not. German street bands are not popular with Germans, because it implies a lazy species of existence, which those who are better off do not care to encourage. What money they do make they receive from Americans in tenement districts, where there are plenty of children."

"To whom do the instruments belong?

"They are generally owned by the performers, and are worth next to nothing. That's one of the reasons why they make such poor music. There is, however, a bitter feud existing between the organ-grinders and street bands. An organ grinder can't operate within a block of a street tand, because they drown him out, so to speak, yet of the two evils, I'd prefer the organ-grinder."

to cross. I had been pretty sick coming over and the breeze that night wasn't a before. Just then a man touched me a thought reader.

"Are ye looking for a nice quiet lodg-

ing for the night?" "I'm not looking for anything but anis wind to go down," I answered.

"It'll be worse before it's better," mid the man casting a look at the tall grin. top of the monument. "Yer not thinkin' av going away from Dublin the might?'

"I'm thinking of crossing the chan-202 77

"Ohl wurra, wurra," cried the man, with despairing gesture, "it would be a out to sea a night like this,"

That was about my idea of the mat-her, and as the wild blast gave an extra woop that seemed to blow out every amp on Sackville street we drew closer into the dark shelter of the side thormighfare.

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

"The best in Dublin, kept by a dacent widdy woman, and troth if the price don't plaze ye there's no obligaand luk at the rooms, and if the price and room don't plaze ye-shure there's se harum done at all at all."

"Is it far from here?"

"Just a sthep."

Everything is just a step in Dublin. 'All right," I said, "I'll go and see

Me place.

"Ye'll be plazed wid it, sor," he reslied as he led down the side street. It was quieter as we moved along this street and my partner talked in a He struck me as a man whom WEAY. ife had completely crushed all ambition mut of.

"Ye're a stranger in Ireland, sor?" "Yes," I said; "I'm from America." "An' have ye seen much of this poor

sountry sor?" "I've been three weeks in Kerry."

"Ahl a wild country that, sor, a wild

country. No man's safe there." "Oh, I didn't find it so. I was delighted with Kerry and the people.

'Ah! thim that's well armed have

attle to fear wheriver they go." f often have thought since how long a man may live in this world without | in the Liffy. acquiring too much sense. It had been always a sort of idiotic boast of mine that I had been in all kinds of places anarmed and unharmed. We went

through a maze of streets and at last I "Se here, I'm going no further. We

must have come a mile already." "it's the next street," said the man,

burrying me on. It was in the next street. He knock-

ad at a door, which, after we waited a long time was cautiously opened. I looked at my watch in the interval and maw I had still an hour to catch my boat at the North Wall if the place fidn't suit. The man said:

"Here's a gentleman that wants to "ook at the big room. Is it occupied?" | out."

the channel that night. I was afraid down at least five guineas and my watch she would dissect me.

wasn't strictly sober then.

At this moment the door shoved open sircumstance to the gale that was ra- again and two more women came squeez- his conscience is suspicious. That fact ring now, yet I had not the money to ing in. One was young and tall. Her face alone makes his capture more difficult tay at a good hotel, for good hotels in had not the depravity of the first, but it and dangerous, although a lively con-Dublin are rather expensive, as I had was bad enough, and gave me little found on my previous visit three weeks hope of the mending of matters. The other was a short hag, and was, I imon the arm and said, as if he had been agined, the one who had opened the door. She was simply a living horror. Some terrible, cancer-like disease had eaten her nose entirely away, and had also destroyed much of the upper and lower lips, so that the left half of her mouth was one perpetual and ghastly

"Madam," I said "kindly allow me

She shrieked an incredulous laugh

The first female still did the talking, carrying it on in a loud voice, which illustrated the truth of what she saidthat I might shout my lungs out and no help would come.

"Now, look here," I said, "I've only a few shillings in my pocket. If I carmase of life or death wud take a man ried my usual wealth I wouldn't be here. I'll shell out these peaceably."

I emptied my pockets on the table. That didn't suit them. They insisted on the watch, and although I said the watch had been given to me by a very dear friend (it had -I bought it myself.) that seemed to make no difference. So I scooped back the cash into my pockets and said if there had to be a fight there would have to be. The first woman took her hand from concealment and showed an ugly looking dirk. She took ion to sthay. Just stip there wid me a step forward. I backed up against the l was more afraid of a treacherwall. ous attack from some concealed confederate, but I imagine my own fright at the time rather exaggerated the dan-

ger of the situation. "Stand back," I cried, "or I'll massacre you," and I flourished the blackthorn. She stood back, swearing like a

trooper. "Now, for the last time, will you let

me out?' "Divil an out," was the reply. I soft, insinuating, deprecatory sort of swung my cane and smashed to pieces the Hamlet picture. The head of the cane went clear through the glass and the play scene in the center. The broken glass rattied down on the floor and one of the cords snapped, leaving the shattered picture dangling on the other; then that broke and the heavy frame and runed engraving fell with a crash to the floor. The three women shrieked at the unexpected disaster just as ordinary women would have done. The grinning hag was the most disturbed. She was evidently the proprietress of the den. She shook her list, and as "I never carry weapons," I said, and near as I could understand her mum-

bling talk, said my body would be found "Don't talk to me," I said, "Get your woman away from that door and open it. If I can't call the police I will ring up the fire department. The next thing I smash is that lamp and the mo-

ment after this room will be on fire .-Open that Goor." The woman would have done so, but

the one with the knife prevented her. I raised the cane and stauck the lamp. The pieces of the shade and the lamp

glass were scattered all over the room. The lamp itself swung too and fro unbroken, but its yellow, chimneyless, smoky light threw a ghastly uncertain glare over the whole scene.

The second woman now spoke: "For God's sake, Mrs. Duffy, let him

men. Tracking criminals is laborious and difficult, not to say dangerous. In the first place a man with a crime on science, particularly when reflected in a man's actions, often gives him away, and he himself furnishes the groundwork upon which we weave the net of convicting evidence against him. With old 'crooks,' however, there is no such thing as conscience, and they of all others are the most difficult to capture. And, again, an old one at the business is usually desperate and does not hesitate to adopt desperate means when cornered. On the other hand, 'spotting' reckless young men for their sweethearts, wild sous for their fathers, and suspected wives and husbands is what you would call a 'snap.' You would be surprised at the number of suspicious minded persons in the world. "Only a few weeks ago I had a call

from a house on Thirty-fourth street. almost under the shadow of the Stewart manaion. I responded in person, and an elderly, white-haired gentleman received me in his library. After coniderable beating about the bush he mentioned his daughter's name, and surmising the rest, 1 said:

"She has a suitor and she thinks s good deal of him, and wants to marry him; and you want to know something about the young gentleman?" said I.

"Yes, yes. Bless my soul, how did rou know," said he, really astonished. Finally, after much talk, I succeeded in getting all 1 wanted out of the old gentleman, and went away with a partng injunction to be very careful, the old man exclaiming, 'Bless my soul, but I think he is a wicked young man.

"That night I followed the young gentleman after he and his betrothed had returned from the opera, and he had left her at her father's door. The first place he visited was a saloon, where he had a good stiff horn of whisky. On top of this he visited the Haymarket, where he spent the best part of the night, getting home about 4 in the morning. I made my report to the old gentleman, who said, 'Bless my soui; just as I thought. Try him again to-night. I did, and the young man's operations were about the same, only varying the Haymarket for a faro bank, where he lost heavily and went home pretty well 'loaded.' That was enough for the old gentleman, and when the young man called the next time, instead of the warm welcome of his betrothed. he was met by an angry old gentleman So you see how he lost a pretty wife and her father's well-filled money bags. The old gentleman was deeply grateful to me and gave me a check for \$100, and when I said it was a good deal, he replied: 'Wny, bless my sonl, you have saved my daughter, sir; you saved my daughter, and the old man's eyes were filled with tears."

Messrs, Schulz, Knaudt & Co., at Essen, have overcome the difficulties of producing water gas. The apparatus now in use produces gas containing 48 per cent. of hydrogen and 44 per cent. of carbonic oxide. The gas is obtained from the refuse of the fire-grates of the gas is used for welding and for producing incandescent lights, pudding and reheating furnaces. The

course, you know, the girls all expect to pay something every week for keeping their situations in a place where there's so many anxious to get them." "And Mr. Elderslie?"

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

am master at the Dapplevale Calico Worka,"

"Mr. Elderslis owns it, I believe?" "Well, yes, he owns it. But I manage everything. Mr. Elderslie reposes the utmost confidence in my capacity, ability and-and-responsibility. Mr Elderslie is a good business man. He understands his own interest. And now if you've any more questions to ask-

"I have none," said Annette, wistfully. "But-I need this money myself, I work hard for it. I earn it righteously. I cannot afford, any more than the other girls, to pay it to your greed-

"Eh?" ejaculated Mr. Blake, jumping from his seat as if some insect had stung him. "And I will not pay it," calmly con-

cluded Mfle. Annette. Just as you "Very well-very well. like, mademoiselle," cried the foreman,

turning red in the face. "Only if you won't conform to the rules of the Dapplevale works -----

"Are these the rules?" scornfully demanded Annette.

"Pray consider your name crossed off the books," went on Mr. Blake, 'You are no longer in my employ. Good evening, Mademouselle. Whatever - you - may - call - yourself."

And Mr. Blake slammed down the cover of his desk as if it were a patent guillotine and poor Aunette Duvelle's neck were under it.

Two or three of the factory girls, who had hovered around the open door to hear the discussion, looked with awestricken faces at Annette as she came out with four dollars, which she had received from the cashier, in her hand.

'You've lost your place, ma'amselle, whispered Jenny Purton, a pale, darkeyed little thing, who supported a cripoled mother and two little sisters out of her slender earnings.

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

"It matters not," said Annette. "He is a rogue, and rogues sometimes outgeneral themselves," "But you can't starve," said Jenny.

"Look here, ma amselle; come home with me. It's a poor place, but we'll write to your friends."

Annette turned and impulsively kissed Jenny on her lips. "I thank you," she said, "but I do

are nearer than you think."

the little red brick cottage, all thatched with the growth of the woodbine, where she lodged with the wife of the man who tended the engines in the Dapplevale works.

"Does he cheat you, too, of your money?" she asked, when Simon Pettengill came home, smoke-stained and grimy, to eat his supper. 'One-sixth I have to pay him," said

Simon with an involuntary groan as he swallowtail. looked at the five little ones around his the world is full of such. And I find it | with and marries him.

### Modes of Courtshtp.

# The tailor presses his suit.

The shoemaker lays his awl at her feet.

The blacksmith strikes while the iron is hot.

The carpenter says her society adz joy to his existence.

The woodchopper offers himself as her feller.

The mason believes his chances rest on a good foundation when he informs make you welcome till-till you can her that refusal would be mortar fying to him.

The sailor first ascertains how the land lies; then approaches her when she's in stays and then informs her that she's in need of a first mate.

The dairyman he is bound to helfer, and can love no udder.

The furniture dealer is so much in love with her that he is willing to accept her affection on installments, onetenth down.

The poet woos her with a sonnet, and her big brother starts out in search of him with a shotgun.

The "funny man" approaches her with jokes and puns, and has the dog set on him and loses the skirts of his

Finally the champion roller-skater board. "Yes, miss, he's a villain; but rolls into her good graces and she elopes Osman Digna.

This noted man at the present time is a Frenchman by birth, and was born in the year 1832 in a small hotel in Rouen. His father dying a year or two after, his mother married an Alexandrian merchant in 1837, half French and half Egyptian, of the name of Osman Digna, who, taking a great fancy to young Osman (at that time named A phonse he went up to him and said: "You must | Vinet), insisted on having his name changed to his own, and, dying in 1842, your mother ought to be a tender re- left him about 500,000 francs. After the death of his step-father he was left besides, you have work to do; you are to the guardianship of Ali Khana, a not at liberty to yield to grief.' Then kind of half partner of the elder Osman. Gambetta, turning his face away, said: a Mussulman, who, at the death of "Oh, my friend, these private and pub- Mme. Digna in 1844, took young Oslic sorrows are, at times, more than I man into his house. His religion, at can bear." Then looking up his eyes that time being very much of the Chrisrested on a beautiful picture by Hen- tian unattached type, was soon convertner, given him by the ladies of Alsace, ed into Mahometanism. Ali Khana was a very wealthy man, and lived in great Oriental pomp and splendor. Though intending to be very kind to young Osman, his kinness was of a very Spartan order indeed. He had numerous professors of various branches of learning, and would often be examined by Ali himself, who, if he did not consider that he had made progress, would

At the age of 15 he was sent to Cairo to an ex-French officer to be taught the various methods of European warfare. Captain Merale had some fifty boys residing in his house studying war in all its branches, two or three of whom have since become famous, not least among them being Arabi Pacha. It is strange, Osman and Arabi distinguished themselves as leaders in the mimic battles fought in the grounds of Captain Mekind of way, carrying everything before him, and the latter as a tactician. The consequence was that a rivalry existed between the two, both having about an equal number of their school-feilows siding with them. Osman remained here until his 19th year, when he was sent by his guardian to France on matters relating to Ali's business.

In 1866 he obtained command of his regiment, but shortly afterward, offending the Knedive, he had to leave Egypt. and had his property confiscated. He then went to Suakim, and entered business as a ship chandler and coal agent under an assumed name; but, while on a hunsing expedition, he was captured by a roving band of Arabs and was sold as a slave to the the man who at present calls himself the Mahdi. The Mahdi was charmed with his new slave as a man of unbounded learning, and who would be able to train his numerous supporters in the art of war. He gave Osman his daughter in marriage, and has ever since treated him like a son.

The British Royal Geographical Society has received a communication from Captain Willard Giazier, of the United States Navy, stating that he has discovered the tren source of the Mississippi to be a lake of considerable siz in latitude 47º 13' 25" having a level three feet above Liske Itasca, the hitherto supposed source of the river, and of a total latitude of 1,578 feet above the sea