

### TO A LOST LOVE.

I cannot look upon thy grave,  
Though there the rose is sweet;  
Better to hear the long waves wash  
These wastes about my feet.  
Shall I take comfort? dost thou live  
A spirit, though afar,  
With a deep hush about thee, like  
The silence round a star?  
Or dust fulfil upon the wind  
Some heavenly behest?  
But wherefore, then, this loneliness,  
More awful than unrest?  
No, I should feel thee like a fire,  
Should know if thou wert near;  
Couldst thou pass by me like the wind  
And I not start and hear?  
Nay!—if I knew thee thus—thy laugh,  
Thy look, thy charm, thy tone,  
Thy sweet and wayward carolines,  
Dear trivial things, are gone.  
Ah God! when life hath lost its fire,  
Life's age to thee may bow—  
When we can only laugh at love—  
But ah! not now—not now!  
Therefore I look not on thy grave,  
Though there the rose is sweet;  
But rather hear the long waves wash  
These wastes about my feet.

### HIS LAST CALL

[From a Story in Chatter.]

'Tis the old, old story. "A titled scoundrel, who, with his flattery and false vows, won the poor girl's heart. She was a bright little creature," he continued, "of just 18 summers, and Stevenson, poor fellow, was wrapped up in her, heart and soul; he lived only in the atmosphere she breathed. It was the latter part of last season; he had just returned from school. How she became acquainted with this man I scarcely know, but one night Stevenson returned home to find his daughter had fled. In her room he found a note she had left imploring forgiveness, and in his own room—think of it, Austin—a purse of gold from the scoundrel who had robbed him of his daughter. Gold! gold! I thought the blow would have killed poor Stevenson, but we pulled him through it. Since then he has been a broken-hearted man. When we heard the sad news, I immediately sought him out to try and console him as best I could. Poor fellow, I shall never forget his words to me as long as I live. "She was my all, Wilkins," he said, with the tears rolling down his haggard face; "my own little bright-eyed darling. Thank God!" he exclaimed, in a burst of agony, "her poor mother has not lived to see this day. Gone, gone," he moaned, piteously.

We walked on towards poor Stevenson's lodgings in gloomy silence. At last I ventured to say, "Has anything ever been heard of her since?" "No, 'tis now twelve months since her flight, and no word has ever reached the broken-hearted father, who mourns her as one dead."

We arrived at the lodgings and were shown into Stevenson's room; he looked more dead than alive. I never saw such an alteration in a man in so short a time. He was a ghost of his former self. He raised himself in bed as we entered, and tried to smile—a faint, broken-hearted smile.

"How is it with you this morning?" I asked. "Better, somewhat," he replied; "I think I might manage to get through to-night, Wilkins," said he, addressing him; "you can read for me at rehearsal this morning. I know you are anxious for the success of the piece, and I should not like to disappoint you."

Wilkins explained to him he had a London manager coming down to witness the production, and after ascertaining we could do nothing for him, and promising to call with a cab to take him to the theatre at night, we departed for rehearsal.

"By Jove, what a house, Wilkins, old fellow," I exclaimed as I descended from my dressing-room and met him on the stage; "You've beaten us all."

I walked to the prompt entrance, and peered through the curtain. The band was playing loudly, but the impatience of the audience could be heard above it. The house was crammed from floor to ceiling. I never saw it so full. The stalls seated a mass of shirt-fronts; circle, pit, gallery, every available space was occupied. "Overture, beginners, please," echoed from door to door of the dressing-rooms. The orchestra ceased playing. Wilkins could be heard exclaiming, "Clear, please," up went the curtain, and the play began.

The first act was over, and the audience, breaking from the spell which had held them, were giving vent to their enthusiasm. The second act was on, and played with even more effect and applause than the previous one; at its close the London manager came behind delighted.

"If the last act only equals the first two," he exclaimed to Wilkins excitedly, "there's a fortune in it."

Last act, "Beginner, please," the call-boy was shouting, when I observed the doorkeeper approach Wilkins cautiously, and whisper something in his ear.

"Great Heavens, you don't mean that?" I heard Wilkins say. "I do, sir, every word of it, and it's as sure as my name is Bob Roberts," replied the man, and they both walked rapidly towards the stage door. I followed, and was about to enter the doorkeeper's office, when Wilkins stopped my further progress. "What on earth is the matter?" I said. "You look as scared as if you'd seen a ghost."

"So I have seen a ghost or what is worse to me now, poor Stevenson's daughter, who has returned to her father with her newly born babe dead in her arms, from exposure and starvation."

"If her father sees her now," continued Wilkins, "my play is ruined, for he will never be able to get through the last act."

"Mr. Wilkins, said the call-boy now appearing, "we are waiting to ring up."

Poor Wilkins looked as if he had just signed his own death warrant. "You had better keep the girl away from her father till the play is finished," I said.

"Look here, Austin," said Wilkins, his face brightening up suddenly, "I have a plan in my mind, which, if it succeeds, will make the fortune of my play."

Before I could speak the mar was gone, and the curtain rose on the last act. The final scene of the play had commenced and I was standing at the entrance ready to go on, when I observed Wilkins, with poor Stevenson's daughter leaning on him for support, coming towards me.

"In heaven's name, why do you bring the poor girl here?" I exclaimed, angrily.

"It's all right, Austin," said he; "her father is on the stage and won't see her till she goes on."

"Go on! what do you mean?" "I mean that instead of the leading lady (Miss Webster) going on to ask her father's forgiveness, I shall send Stevenson his own daughter. Nature will speak better than the best acting in the world, and it will be a grand climax to the play."

I tried to remonstrate with him, but, my cue being given, I had to make my entrance. The scene was going capitally, and we had now come to the closing situation, when the father forgives his erring daughter. Stevenson was working up splendidly, the cue was given for the daughter's entrance; Stevenson turned to embrace, not the leading lady, but his own daughter!

The audience were spell-bound; you could have heard a pin drop in any part of the house.

"Father!" "My child!" was all that was said; it pierced the audience like an electric shock. The two were locked in each other's embrace, and then the curtain descended on the finest climax I had ever witnessed. But oh, the cost! The success of the play was made; the audience were clamorous in their enthusiasm to have the principals before the curtain. Each member of the company had taken their call, and there were loud shouts for "Stevenson! Stevenson!" but poor Stevenson had answered "His Last Call." He was dead in his daughter's arms.

What the Chinese Cannot Understand. From some extracts of a letter published in the Presbyterian Messenger, we learn that the first major surgical operation performed in Changpu by the Presbyterian missionary was in many ways a remarkable one. One evening a beggar with a dreadful leg, and in all but a dying condition, was laid by some of his friends at the door of Dr. Howe's house, and left there. The doctor had the patient at once carried to an empty house belonging to one of our church members, and there on the morrow, in the presence of a large and wondering crowd, amputated the limb below the knee. To the surprise of all, the man stood the operation well, and has since greatly improved in general condition. That the foreign doctor should pay so much attention to and spend so much time and trouble on the beggar seems to have astonished the Chinese. They cannot understand how any one should give himself so much trouble without being paid for it.

A Newport Castle. Mr. E. D. Morgan, of New York, is building a veritable castle by the sea at Newport. It has not yet risen above the first story, but one can readily see that it is going to be something unique. It is built of the same stone as the cliff on which it stands, and one can scarcely see where the rock ends and the house begins. This effect has been enhanced by the skill of the architect, who has placed the foundations on different levels, the front wing springing from the steep face of the crag, fifteen feet below the base of the main body of the building.

Grant's Youngest Son. Jesse Grant, the youngest of the three sons of Gen. Grant, is back from Europe, with the aroma of a successful financier about him on account of a report that he has succeeded in selling a Mexican silver mine to the Britishers. Jesse has been in so many schemes of the wildest order, in which his name was wanted, that there is some hesitation about believing this new report, although the public is pretty well disposed toward him. Indeed, he is generally better liked than his brothers, because of his boyish nature.

His Own Interior Too Much. T. Yamagata, Japan's Minister of the Interior, has returned to Philadelphia from Washington to consult Quaker City physicians. He has been in this country several months at the head of a commission investigating the progress and achievements of America. Count Yamagata was taken ill in Philadelphia a short time ago but recovered and went to the capital. His illness has worried his companions a good deal, who seem to feel that a man who can manage the Interior of Japan ought to be able to take care of his own.

Callo has a son at college. The other day he wrote him a long letter, in which he took him severely to task for his foolish extravagance, and wound up as follows: "Your mother incloses twenty dollars without my knowledge."

### LAS VEGAS BULL FIGHTS

#### TRAVELING MEN'S DIVERSIONS IN THE EARLY DAYS

##### Novel Methods of Advertising the Fights by Indian Pantomime.

"Las Vegas was once a great place for bull-fights, but most of them occurred on Saturday," said an old drummer to a Kansas City Journal man. "Every drummer working New Mexico would make it a point to strike Las Vegas Friday night or Saturday morning. Of course he could not get there to witness every fight, but you could count on his not missing any when it was possible for him to reach the ring before the fun began."

"The bulls were usually game fighters, and the sport was never tame. Did you ever hear how the fights were advertised? Well, it was a novel way. The day preceding each fight all the Indians of the locality would be sent through the town and into the surrounding country, and by dancing and pantomime convey to the people the information of the coming fight."

"It was amusing to see the Indians and observe the peculiar way they advertised the fight. Most of them had on their war-paint, and a stranger seeing them would have imagined they were out to pillage and torture."

"The bull-ring was right in the city, and the fights were always well patronized. In fact, it was considered quite the proper thing to attend the bull-ring and witness the goring of horses and slaughter of bulls."

"There was one feature of these fights that was not pleasant either to anticipate or witness. They always were succeeded by a row, in which guns and knives were used freely. No one could tell just why the rows were precipitated with such regularity, but they usually resulted in some one receiving more lead than he could carry and live."

"I presume the sight of bloodshed in the ring inflamed some of the spectators and left them in a killing mood. These little side issues did not tend to render the sport any less popular, only a trifling more courageous, and if it had not been for the march of civilization the bull ring would still be a drawing card at Las Vegas."

"There were no theatres in the country we worked in those days, but dance-houses were numerous. I may remark incidentally that no reputable travelling man ever visited these places, especially if he had the interest of his firm at heart. He was liable, you know, to be sent where grips and samples don't count, if caught in a place of this kind."

"When we struck a town where there was a scarcity of amusements we usually gathered around the table and toyed with a pack of cards. It is essential that a man should find some means of killing time, and card playing at times fills the bill. Still I confess I never was afflicted with ennui while carrying my grips into the border towns. Maybe this was due to the atmosphere, possibly to the character of the inhabitants."

"While I have travelled thousands of miles by stage, and through a country the toughest under the sun, I have never found myself in actual danger from the crowd I was in. I have had a good many thrilling experiences in snow storms and swollen rivers, but the whistle of bullets never sounded in my ear."

How Air You, Judge. The lack of conventionality in Judge Gresham's court frequently results in some amusing situations. The other day the judge was in his room in the Federal building hearing an argument by A. C. Harris in an important case, when the door opened and in walked a countryman from Harrison County, Judge Gresham's old home. The visitor was a well preserved specimen of an independent farmer. His face, unshaven, was round and chubby; he wore a broad white hat; he was without collar, and his clothing and shoes showed yellow clay. He spit some "amber" when inside the door, and without noticing Attorney Harris or the other occupants of the room stalked up to Judge Gresham with:

"Well, how air you, judge! How! all the folks? I was in town on a little business, and I knew the folks down home would like to hear from you, so I come up to see you a little while."

Attorney Harris halted at a period in his argument, when, with both arms outstretched, he was about to clinch a point; he looked at the intruder a moment, who had not removed his hat, and then beckoned to Deputy Marshal Conway to have the man take off his hat.

Judge Gresham apparently did not notice the embarrassment of the attorneys and spectators. He arose from his chair, took his visitor by the hand, called him by his given name, asked him about all his family, also calling them by name, and said he was glad he had come in.

He chatted pleasantly with the old gentleman for several minutes, asking about many Harrison County people, and seemed to enjoy the call. All this time the attorneys and the deputy marshal were bewildered. The latter half feared it was his duty to prevent such an interruption of court, but he hesitated about moving. The farmer stood talking with the judge as freely as he would have conversed with his nearest neighbor over a rail fence, and when he was ready to go, he said: "Well, good luck to you, judge; come down and see us." And he walked out as independently as he had come in.

The judge resumed hearing the case as if nothing had happened.—Indianapolis News.

### A CLEVER FORGERY.

#### Depositing Money to His Debtor's Credit in Order to Get Out More.

Some years ago a merchant engaged a broker to dispose of some stock to meet an urgent demand for ready cash. The stock was sold, but the owner had considerable difficulty in getting the sale proceeds from the broker. At last, driven to desperation, the merchant threatened proceedings. The broker, after making a mental calculation, sat down and drew a check for the amount realized on account of the stock sold, less 2 per cent. broker's commission, and handed it to the merchant with many apologies for the delay. After this both parted good friends. The transaction occurred in the early morning, and as the merchant wanted the money urgently he presented the check at the bank without delay. Guess his astonishment when the check was handed back to him with the remark "Insufficient." The merchant was hurrying away from the bank when he met Reid the detective coming up the stairs. He stopped the latter and related how he had been "sold" by the broker.

"How much short of the amount of your check stands the credit of the broker at the bank?" inquired the officer.

"I never asked," replied the merchant.

"Very good," said Reid, "go back and ascertain."

The merchant did so, and returned with the reply, "Two hundred rupees."

"And the check is for five thousand?"

"Yes," was the reply.

"Look here," said Reid, "there are half a dozen writs against the broker, and he has only given you this check, knowing it would not be paid, in order to gain time. He will draw this money himself before the day is out, and probably bolt from his creditors."

"What is to be done," exclaimed the merchant in blank despair.

"Just this," said Reid, as cool as a cucumber; "take a pencil and piece of paper and write in a hurried scrawl as I dictate: 'To the Secretary of the Bank, Dear Sir: I have just accidentally discovered that I have drawn a check in favor of — this morning, and that my credit at the bank falls short of the amount by Rs. 200. I have sent this sum per bearer to prevent disappointment should the check be presented during the day.' Now," said Reid, as the merchant finished the note, "the broker's initials."

The merchant looked up in astonishment. "Never mind," said the officer, "it's no offence to pay money into the bank to a man's credit, though it would be to draw money out under a forged document."

This advice overcame the merchant's scruples, and the broker's initials were duly attached to the letter, and the money despatched to the bank. It was paid in without a question being asked. The check was afterward presented and paid in full. On going down the stairs the merchant met his friend the broker coming up. The latter, on recognizing the former, stopped suddenly, put his hand to his breast pocket and exclaimed: "Good God, I have forgotten my bank book!" He then turned on his heel, hurried from the bank, and entering a ticca gharry at the door hurried away. He had come to draw from the bank the balance to his credit, but seeing the man he had intended to cheat he was afraid to encounter him, never thinking for a moment that the intended dupe had then in his pocket every pice the broker had to his credit. Of course the merchant lost 200 rupees over the transaction, but as Reid explained, it was better to lose 200 than 5000.

#### MR. AND MRS. BOWSER

When Mr. Bowser unlocked the front door one night this winter he did it so softly, and made so little noise in the hall, that I suspected something wrong. He came into the sitting room looking rather sheepish and like a man who had something on his mind; but I asked no questions and he volunteered no information until after supper. Then he suddenly asked:

"Do you keep up your piano practice?"

"You will practice in the garret, I suppose?"

"Not by a jugful! I shall practice right here! That is, there won't be much practice about it, as I shall be playing tunes by Saurday."

He uncovered and brought in a greasy, ill-shaped harp, which looked as if it had been carried around the country since the days of Columbus, and when he saw me looking at it he said:

"This harp was made by Givoni himself over 100 years ago."

"Who was Givoni?"

"Who was Givoni? Why don't you ask who George Washington was?"

"Well, it's my opinion that you have been swindled on the instrument, and I fear you are too old to take up such music."

"Do you? That's a nice way to encourage a husband! I see now why so many men run out nights. I not only saved \$40 in buying this harp, but I'll make your heart ache with jealousy before the month is over!"

He sat down and began to thrum. He held his head on one side, run out tongue, and picked away at the scale, and he had been going about five minutes when the cook opened the door, beckoned me out, and whispered:

"I give you notice that I shall leave after supper to-morrow!"

"Why; what is it?" I asked.

"Him—Mr. Bowser! He'll bring spooks and ghosts about! I have already been taken with palpitation of the heart. Mercy! but listen to those voices of the dead calling out to each other across their graves! Mrs. Bowser, it's the wonder of the people that you don't commit suicide!"

Mr. Bowser thrummed until I had to carry baby upstairs to quiet his howls, and until the ends of his fingers were sore, and he wouldn't have quit when he did, had not a voice in front of the house shouted:

"Why don't some one throw a rock through the window or ring for the patrol wagon?"

Next day a dark-skinned man who said he was a grandson of the late Givoni, came up and gave Mr. Bowser a lesson, and the cook, who had almost consented to stay, suddenly rose up and rushed after her bundle. When ready to go she whispered to me:

"I'm sorry, mam; sorry for you that's left! If the child dies, send me word and I'll come and do all in my power."

### FOOD FOR THOUGHT.

No wonder time flies; time is money. Don't laugh at anyone's misfortune. Beauty is the melody of the features. Don't laugh and giggle in public places.

A good conscience can bear very much. He who sips of many arts, drinks of none. Fate hath no voice but the heart's impulses.

If you are a good man what are you good for. Wrinkles are shadows of departed pleasures. Keep out of the frying-pan and trust to the broiler. Going into debt—accepting presents from people. There is more weakness among men than malice.

Would we be happier if all our hopes were realized? To get a few flowers one must sow plenty of seed. A woman's affection for man makes him conceited. There is no man in the world so easy to cheat as ourselves.

Doubt is that which makes man suspicious of all his kind. Never cast pearls before swine. Pearls are not very fattening. Riches have wings, but they always roost on the highest branches. A secret is like an aching tooth—it keeps us uneasy until it is out. When a good woman begins to get as sweet as sugar, look out for sand.

The only way to learn some men how to do anything is to do it yourself. The miller is a fit subject for universal sympathy; life is a regular grind to him. Actions speak louder than words, unless you happen to be using the telephone. A man lives by believing something, not by debating and arguing about things.

About the first and the last thing a human being does in this world is to shed tears. Just about in ratio that a person or individual is proud and haughty, they are ignorant. There is no one so difficult to please, in matters of good taste or good morals; as one's own self. Everybody seems to be willing to be a fool himself, but he can't bear to have anybody else one. When thought is too weak to be simply expressed, it is a proof that it should be rejected.

Before you undertake to change a man's politics or religion, be sure you have a better one to offer him. Politicians are a good deal like shoes. You can't expect the machine made ones to be of the highest grade. People who fish for compliments do not need long lines. They will get their best bites in shallow water. Growing old makes men no better any more than the process of ripening alters or increases the quality of fruit. The devil himself, with all his genius always travels under an alias. This shows the power of truth and morality.

Whenever a minister has preached a sermon that pleases the whole congregation, he probably has preached one that the Lord won't endorse. The preacher who bears down his heaviest on our neighbors' failings is the one who will get the largest salary. Some Christians are nastier with their tobacco chewing than some worldly men are with their wickedness. It takes more religion to hold a man level in a horse trade than it does to make him shout at camp-meeting. The man who talks too much makes the mistake of thinking he is the only man present who knows anything. Sin is to be overcome, not so much by maintaining a direct opposition to it as by cultivating opposite principles. The best of all men is he who contents himself with being good without seeking to appear so. Believing and disbelieving is oftener an effort of the will than of the understanding. Our preachers do not write so many or so wise proverbs as did Solomon, but they have fewer wives and better children. We speak of redeeming to-morrow before we have purchased to-day; this, too, when we are yet in debt for yesterday. Tell any man he is a good man, and he will be thankful. Ask him what he is good for?—in support of your praise—and he will seem puzzled and troubled. Energy will do anything that can be done in this world, and no talents, no circumstances, no opportunities will make a two-legged animal without it. There is a plagiarism in life that is contemptible. Some men and women spend their time chiefly in copying their neighbors. They duplicate their dress, their furniture, their manners, their ways of living. They possess the same views, utter the same ideas, attempt the same actions. But they never succeed in their poor aim, for spirit that animates an ear never be copied—the soul is lost. Just as a particular soil wants some one element to fertilize it, just as the body in some conditions has a kind of frame for one special food, so the mind has its wants, which do not always call for what's best; but which know themselves, and are as peremptory as the salt-sick sailor's cry for lemon or a raw potato. Words are little things, but they strike hard. We wield them so easily that we are apt to forget their hidden power. Fittly spoken, they fall like sunshine, the dew, and soft summer rain; but when unfitly, like the frost, the hail and the desolate tempest.