HER ANSWER.

They sat in the twilight dim and still— Larry and Lulie and Uncle Will— Under the sweep of the vines that made A deeper shadew within the shade.

From the marshy meadowland below The croak of a frog rose hoarse and slow, Where the river-shallows lay shimmering wan Like a mirror the breath has blown upon.

But the sky-plains' vast and vacant gloom, Budded with light, as the earth with bloom, And out of the shadow, star on star 'Gleamed into the purple fields afar.

ent out like tapers before the sun.

Just then a step on the stillness broke, As mamma's voice from the doorway spoke: "Larry and Lulie! time to sleep! Come to your pillow, little Bo-Peep!"

Down out of Dreamland Uncle Will Brought back his gaze from the moon-crowned hill.

"My little maid," with a smile, said he To the child that nestled against his knee,

"My little Lulic, you seem so wise With that steady look in your lifted eyes, Can you tell me, now, how it comes about That the stars go in when the moon com out?"

But the little maid, with a calm disdain Of the folly that lurks in a grown-up brain, "Of course I can tell you that," she said, "For the moon is their mother, and sends them ____to bed!"

-KATE PUTNAM OSGOOD, in Wide Awake.

"THAT DREADFUL CHILD.

A THANKSGIVING BTORY BY GRACE BUNN.

The "golden spoon,"nsed on all occasions by the odious braggart, Bounderly, to point a moral or adorn a tale, was no fiction in the case of little Elsie Von Vielgeld.

Like Miss Kilmansegg, she had been surrounded by the glitter of gold from her birth, indeed before her birth, and that is why its glow had crept into her great, black eyes, and its hue into her soft, creamy complexion.

Bridget O'Shannon used to declare that Miss Elsie's heart was made of "gold entirely;" not that of papa Vielgeld's money-bags, but the brighter gold of the New Jerusalem. Of course, Bridget was only an ignorant servant.

Elsie's brothers and sisters were all fair and stately-very fair, and stately to majesty. At the time of their creation, Dame Nature seems to have to have had serious thoughts of pre- room senting these fair and stately products adornment of her white and silent gal- tion. giving them eyes of the faintest blue, fleecy white clouds and sunbeams." hair of the palest gold, and cheeks and fallen Archangel Lucifer, and sent child to herself, and said: them into the world as living human beings

But they were statues all the same, world about them, and felt for its sor- | you look pretty?" rows as the eyes and the hearts of statues alone can look and feel.

Prince Von Vielgeld-he was an Americsh merchant-prince-had decided to always do.' have a very quiet family Thanksgiving

Elsie's chamber indeed a lovely Merning Land. Of what was the child thinking, lying

in her silken perfumed nest? Zhe was having her edd thenghts of

eyes were closed by grave-dust years said the great man with a helpless look, ago, ever get tired, as she so often did. to play with, such as she saw in the tirely new tongue to him. Goldenkalb was happy. He was very rich, so rich, Sister Gracilia said, papa's few millions were nothing in com-

parison. says money that never does any good will in time, like the fairy gold, turn to withered leaves.'

The entrance of the maid, and the bath and breakfast that fellowed, during which the bells in the churches were ringing for service, turned the ourrent of Elsie's thoughts, and she asked so many questions about Thanksgiving Day and the whys and the wherefores of church service and homefeasting that Du Barry, the maid, complained to the house-keeper, that she

really believed "Miss Elsie would be the means of shortening her brief term of existence. "Her odd questions make me that

the presence of some father confessor his life?' about to administer the last sacrament. others than a bee is like an eagle.'

dressed for dinner in silk of woven to retain in his employ or to aid in any threads of gold, with belt and clasp way. and necklace of the same procious metal, her black hair bound by a rib-

bon of gold, and her slender feet encased in golden slippers, she looked like an embodied sunbeam, or a human soul clothed in a flash of light.

Just then her sister Gracilia, in a sweeping robe of pale blue, 'mid the moonlight sheen of pearls and the been almost out of coloring matter, and blue flame of sapphires, entered the

"O, how sweet!" cried Elsie, claspof her hand to her sister Art, for the ing her brown hands in genuine admira-"Sister Gracilia, you look like leries; but she afterward relented, and a bit of the sky floated down with its Gracilia was pleased with this complilips tinted with the rose-reflection of an ment from her odd, little sister, who Arctic Aurora, she breathed into their never said a word she did not mean, cold, white ears the thoughts of the and smiling pleasantly, she drew the

"And you look like a bit of the sun, little sister, a veritable 'Gold Elsie.' Now," she continued persuasively, and looked on this weary, work-worn "will you not act to-day as prettily as

Elsie opened her eyes very wide and regarded her sister for a moment in Thanksgiving Day was near, and silence. Then she said easily: "Of course I shall act prettily.

"Yes?" questioned Gracilia, "and

"The angels," with emphasis. "You CONFEDERATE know they have Thanksgiving every day, and the Lord Christ sits at the

EXPECTING ROAD AGENTS.

Robber.

head of the table. Now," with an eager smile, "What do you suppose Dir. Goldenkalb and her great annt they talk abont?" Elsie. "Did aunt Elsie, whose black "Indeed, my child, I cannot tell,"

-for although he had the reputation of and wish for some nice boys and girls be ng a fluent linguist, this was an en-

country once, who played tag and made "Well," with rapid utterance, "the delicious mud-pies? And were all of angel's talk of the many things they see her brothers and sisters grown up and on earth and ask the Lord's advi e. white and tall like her own? And You see they are always doing good, did she ever have a nice, faith- and they can never thank the Lord ful Bridget O'Shannon to go to for enough for giving them a chance. comfort?' Then she wondered if Mr. Probably," with a little air of perplexity, "the angels are talking about our Thanksgiving dinner now. I wonder how they like it?"

Just then a gorgeous waiter placed "I wonder whether he dees good with his money," thought Elsie. "Bridget with fruits and flowers, sent with the love of sister Gracilia. Elsie looked over with a nod of thanks. Then her brother, Rodwick, began, with unusual animation, to talk of a coming masquerade, in which his part of the table was deeply interested, and the host secured the attention of his immediate neigh-

bors to a projected railroad scheme, and for a time Elsie, with those foreigners, the angels, and that unknown country, Heaven, was forgotten Presently the cold, blue eyes of Col.

Hardt were looking straight into the bright black eyes of Elsie, who said in a clear voice that must be heard:

"Don't you think it is awfully wicked to turn a poor, old horse out to die, nervous," she said, "that I feel as if in after he has been a faithful servant all

Col. Hardt's conscience suddenly She is a dreadfal child," added the flung a blood-red flag into either cheek persecuted one, "No more like the for he remembered just then a faithful employe whom he had refused, now When this "dreadful child" was that he was getting old and feeble,

'Don't you think it mean and wick-

ed?" persisted Elsie. "Yes," he said solemnly. Selfcondemnation is always a solemn thing

"You wouldn't do such a thing, would you?" she questioned pitilessly. Her

black eves demanded an answer. "No," he said, with a change of tense, most profitable to the old and faithful employe, "I will not."

The signal was given to rise from the table. In deference to the honored and invalid guest, there was no lingering at the wine. Mr. Goldenkalb took Elsie's hand and led her into the drawing room. Judge Allwright, with a look of deep interest in his fine, thoughtful face, joined them.

Elsie smiled very sweetly at this genleman and then entered into a very frank talk with both. She told them of Bridget O'Shannon and her blind boy, and was all sunshine when the Judge promised to get the son into a good school for the blind. She asked Mr. Go'denkalb if he was so rich as people said, and if it were true that gold unused or badly used, would turn to withered leaves, and he said he had no doubt of it or that it sometimes became deadly serpents.

lege of an interview. This talk was not unheard, and strang

lowed the bait and went off with the MONEY dummy roll. ' "Anyhow, there is now quite a brisk

IN GREAT DEMAND BY PEOPLE demand for Confederate notes and old bank bills, and nobody, except the road agents, will object to that, I'm

One Way To Beat the Western Highway sure."

He Had His Revenge. "Ha! You refuse me, do you, Miss

"How much do you want for them?" Hamtagg?" "Assorted denominations, 75 cents

The man who asked this question per thousand; special issues, \$1 to had passed the first flush of youth. \$1.50 per thousand. He was no longer, properly speaking,

"Well, make me up three packages a young man. Yet he was well preof \$1000 each, assorted denominations. served. He had not reached the age Got any old State banks?" at which it seemed expedient for him "Yes; what kind would you want?" to part his hair above his ear and plas-

"Oh, I'm not particular. If you've ter a thin layer thereof over the top of got any with a greasy look or a shade his head. He had thrown aside the of green about them they'll do. I would walking-stick of young manhood, but want about five hundred 'fives or tens.' had not assumed the cane of middle This conversation took place in Broad age.

street a day or two ago, and was over-It is well to speak of these facts, heard, unwittingly, of course, by a for they are necessary to the full unreporter for the Charleston Sunday derstanding of this painful history. News. Moreover, they cost nothing extra.

The purchaser stood in front of a "I do, Mr. McStab," said the young broker's office, in the window of which lady, coldly.

was displayed an enticing assortment "Then listen to me, Rachel Flickerof gold dollars and sovereigns, silver gy Hamtagg!" he hissed. "I swear dollars, Mexican and American, copper you shall bitterly repent it !"

coins, gilt-edged certificates of stock, Wild whistled the bleak wind. Dis-State bonds, county bonds and other mally moaned the huge elm tree that securities, and a large bundle of Con- rasped and scratched itself against the federate bills. cruel edges of the shingles on the

As may be inferred, the inquiries cornice. Shrilly shrieked the weatherwere directed to the Confederate bills, cock on the barn roof for a drop of for which, as strange as it may seem, oil, and grewsomely groaned Algerthere is quite a market in Charleston, non FitzThompson McStab as he stole and probably in other cities at this forth in the dead of night, made his way cautiously by a circuitous route time.

Having given his order, the inquirer, to the ancestral smokehouse in the preceded by the broker, entered the back yard and went inside.

office, while the reporter glued his face "I'll show her!" he muttered beto the glass and watched the further tween his teeth.

proceedings. These were brief. From beneath his coat he drew a The broker seized three packages of compact bundle of letters, cut the Confederate bills of the denominastring that bound them together, struck tions ranging from \$1 up to \$100. a match, made a bonfire of the collec-He next picked up a bundle of greasy tion, and watched them slowly conlooking bank bills, some with an ap- sume to ashes, while the crazy building pearance of green on their backs; shook as if with indignation and the wedged each package of the Confede- wind sighed hoarsely, like one in symrate (pink and blue) bills between half pathy with the wretched, but wratha dozen or more of the old bills, deft. | ful man.

ly pinned a border around them and He was burning the letters he had handed the three packages to the written in happier days to Rachael stranger, who slipped them into his Hamtagg. She had returned them to inside pocket, paid the broker \$3.75 him scornfully. and strolled down the street.

"This is so sudden," said the widow, Then the reporter entered the blushingly, and so unexpected. I-I broker's office and requested the privithought your visits to our house were AUNT SHAFFER'S WHIM.

An Old Lady Who is Put to Sleep by the Beating of a Drum.

Among the queer people in this part of the world, says a letter from Findlay, Ohio, is Mrs. Ann Shaffer, familiarly known as "Aunt Ann." She lives on a farm with her husband about ten miles from this city, is over 79 years old, and in full possession of all her faculties. Her chief peculiarity-for she has a number-is that she cannot sleep unless her husband beats the drum in front of the house for at least an hour; and summer and winter, night after night, the roll of old Jacob Shaffer's drum can be heard by the neighbors for miles around as he leads the charge which his wife is making into dreamland. He has a snare drum which he made for himself during the early years of the war, and, as he was incapacitated from going into the army by reason of physical disabilities, he did what he could for the country by acting as the drummer for a company of "home guards" which drilled in his neighborhood.

It was during this period that his wife first developed her strange mania. Being of a highly-nervous temperament and much wrought up over the war, she could not sleep at night unless her husband was awake. As he was not permitted to sleep until his wife had first journeyed into the realms of slumber, he put in time practicing upon his drum. In this way "Aunt Ann" grew into the habit of falling asleep to the systematic music of the drum, and soon it became a necessity. She could not sleep without solacing sound, and th is the years have gone on, every night the same. About 8 o'clock Uncle Jacob gets out his drum and goes to work as if he were leading a charge on a battery, and then gradually drops into slower and more soothing music, until, at the end of an hour's steady beating, he feels convinced that his wife is sound asleep. Then he puts aside his sleep-producer and joins the partner of his joys and sorrows on her excursion to slumberland.

The Shaffers have a nice farm and are in good circumstances, and barring this drum peculiarity, are quiet people and good neighbors.

FOREIGN NOTES OF INTEREST.

dinner in honor of an old friend, who you will not ask awful questions nor had lately come from the Orient, where | make any astounding remarks?" his nativity. All the family were one | things." in doing great honors to this beloved guest. what did it matter since he came out of | with so much mental effort. the furnace a heavily gilded calf whom all the people fell down and worshipped.

Madame Von Vielgeld satin her blue and silver boudoir surrounded by her good things." three daughters, Rosingluhn, Lil ienbluhn and Gracilia. Their usually placid faces were-not disturbed-but less serene than usual.

gluhn, her pearly hands lying motionless upon her silken lap of pale gold, and she left the room, but not "is very odd. Why should he insist hearing that dreadful child say, on the presence of Elsie at the Thanksgiving dinner? He has never expressed such a wish before.

"Elsie," said Madame Von Vielgeld, "is said to resemble a great aunt of fair to be a brilliant success. sympathy.

"Elsie's selfish darkness," said Lilienbluhn, the snowiest of all the lovely contributions. snow images, her pink lips partin only with the fruits and nuts we may not say any of those dreadful things wealth of crystal and gold. she is always saying. If Elsie cares for not her?'

of her beauty, witnessed.

mamma dear. Your nurse must have brightly as a sunbeam. been faithless," and she smiled gaily at

for her great black eyes were wide open | she was a little girl like you." and fixed on nothing. Strange, too: the most exquisite loveliness rewarded them.

the lustrous hoor were beds of crimson roses entangled in sanshine; the ceiling a blushing Aurora in the midst of a storm of roses. The exquisite carved work of the furniture, the groups of gleaming statuary, the glow of beauti-ful paintings, the predominant hues everywhere of orimson and gold, made

he had amassed fabulous wealth, to be Another silence with wide eyes, and patriotically expended in the land of then, "Oh, no, I never do those

"But Elsie, don't talk at the table or To be sure, long since, he had in the drawing-room of Angels and thrown himself, with his bright jewels | Heaven and Bridget O'Shannon and of youth and truth and purity, into the her blind boy, and all that sort of lurid fires of debasing pleasures; but things," said Gracilia, quite exhausted Another silence and then the child

said: "Do you call those things awful, Sister Gracilia, I thought they were

said the fair elder sister, "Elsie," rising with a deeper rose in her cheek than when she entered, "they are good

about at all times and in all places,' and she left the room, but not without

"I thought, sister, good things, real good things were for all times and all

Well, the Thanksgiving dinner bade How yours another Elsie Von Vielgeld, whom | could it be otherwise when the Occi-Mr. Goldenkalb, our dear friend, once dent and the Orient had joined hands knew and admired, and it is for this in making it a success? When the reason your papa insists that our Elsie flaming plains of India and aromatic shall be present. We must make the Arabia, the rose-scented vales of Per-best of it," with a look of such resign-is and liked dells of Japan, the farm life; for a little child shall lead him. ed patience, the very diamonds, on her yards of Massachusetts and orange broad, cool bosom seemed to twinkle in groves of Florida, the sunny vineyards of California and even the blazing

Desert of Sahara had sent in their It was strictly a family affair, and

ed in a calm smile, "will be a fine foil with the exception of Judge Allwright to our fairness; and as she is brought and Col. Hardt, old friends of the beloved and distinguished guest, only the escape any great evil. If she would family sat at the table flashing with its

Entering the stately dining room any one next to papa, it is you, Gra- hall, you would be reminded of the cilia," to her youngest sister. " "Can- land where it was "Always Afternoon," you have some influence with for it seemed upholstered and draped

Gracilia, being the latest creation in Franklin, with his roll of ginger-bread this fair group of sisters and brothers, under his arm, being ushered into this had received a larger share of color, as dining room of a simple American citthe more decided blue and rose and gold | izen! But when the heavy silken portiere, moved in the perfumed air, it

"Of course," she said, "I will do my was not to fall behind the sturdy form utmost. But," with a skeptical arch of the American sage, it was little Elof her golden brows, "do not expect sie who glided in on golden tip-toe and too much from my efforts. Elsie is not slipped into a seat between papa and at all like us. She is a changeling, Mr. Goldenkalb as quietly and as

"This is my little Elsie, Mr. Goldenthat lady who languidly rose, as if to kalb. Do you see any resemblance?" end the conference. "Elsie, this gentleman used Elsie was lying in bed, but not asleep, to know your great aunt Elsie when

Elsie looked up from her grapes with for wherever their glances might fall, a smile, all pearl and scarlet, but it God to send a girl as soon as he could, soon died away and she began to exam- but our folks said that I needn't put me him very solemnly. His face was yel-

The silken curtains of her bed of the low and withered, his eyes were small hue of the heart of a Jacquemenot rose, and glittering, and he did not look trimmed with lace that seemed woven happy. The little ripple caused by the dew, were held back by hands of gold, entrance of the child soon subsided and on the index finger of which flashed a conversation began anew. The hongreat burning ruby; the soft rugs on ored guest was telling of an elephant the lustrous floor were beds of crimson | hunt, and all were giving him the clos-

currents of benevolence and humanity seemed to ripple the perfumed atmosasked.

phere of the grand drawing-room. The subject of pleasure-getting and noney-making somehow dropped out of sight, and reminiscences of the innocent inspirations and aspirations of childhood came in; and these simple homely tales of the elders brought a glow of human feelings even to the marble hearts of the stately sons and daughters of the House of Von Vielgeld

far enough.

and old State bank bills?" Ah! this was a wondrous Thanksgiving Day, whose sunshine brightened the after life of not Bridget O'Shannon and her blind son alone, but many of the poor whom we always have with us. ss serene than usual. "This wish of papa's," said Rosin-ubn her nearly hands laise and Rosin-that is, Angels and And as for the honored guest, like the insane King of the East, a life under explained :-the sweet heaven, and amid the morning dews of childhood, took away forever the heart of a beast and gave him

the heart of a man. He still has his worshippers; but the bject of worship is not, as heretofore, the perishable gilding of the beastly the North and West, and I was myself substitute for God, but the erect image of God himself, face and heart aglow demand. from frequent interviews in the Holy

Mount. And blessing and blessed, he will walk

> ANTHONY, Kansas. God Gave the Baby.

A lady walking along a street came upon a little girl wheeling a baby car-

"What a beautiful baby!" exclaimed gers had become so prevalent that men the lady as she discovered a pink face done up in a cream-colored shawl. "Whose child is it?"

"Mine," the little girl answered. "Oh, you mean that it is your little

brother or sister?" "No, I mean that he is not my brother, but is mine-my child."

"You are a very young mother." "I ain't no mother.

"Then why should you say that the baby is yours?" the lady mischievously asked.

"Cause God sent it to me. My mamma asked me if I didn't want a little baby in the house, an' I said yes, an' she said if I prayed for one God would send it, an' then I said I would pray for a little sister, 'cause I like girls better than boys, but mamma said I'd jest better pray for any kind that God has a mind to send, but I didn't; I prayed for a little girl, but God took an' sent a boy any way, an' I guess i t was because he didn't have any girls on hand. Then I said I would pray to myself to any trouble on that account.

Amelie Likes Paris.

Amelie Rives-Chanler has grown fond of Paris. She writes to a friend: "There is so much going on continuously that life has an ever-changing interest. Each evening finds us amid some new enjoyment, and what with keeping our eyes, ears, hands and mouths ever busy with all sorts of "The what my dear?" asked the good things, this is an ideal life we are leading.

for the purpose of seeing my daugh-"What did that man buy?" he ter.'

"She is too young," replied the "Confederate bills and old State visitor decidedly. "I told her so last bank notes," was the reply, which was evening. We parted in a friendly to the point and satisfactory enough as spirit, but I gave her to understand as far as it went, only it did not go quite delicately as I could that I should not call to see her any more. This is sud-"Why should a Northern traveller ---den, it is true, but I trust none the less for the purchaser was evidently a Northern man-buy Confederate bills agreeable on that account. May I not

venture to hope?" "Why, sir, I ____"

The broker, who like all Broad-street • • • brokers, is a pleasant gentleman and "And now, my dear," he said, at always approachable to the reporter, the expiration of a happy half hour, as he gently lifted her head from his "Within the last three or four shoulder, "I should like to see your-

out."

months," he said, "there has been a or perhaps I ought to say ourrather brisk demand for Confederate daughter, to tell her of this happy notes and old bank bills. I have had svent." to fill several orders for them from "Shall I call her?"

"If you please, my dear."

rather curious to account for the "Rachael," said Algernon Fitz-Thompson McStab, pleasantly, "you

"A correspondent in New York, to will be glad to know, I dare say, that whom I shipped about \$10,000 of old I am to be your father. That is all we State bank bills and \$500,000 of Con- wished to say to her, was it not, my federate bills, wrote to me in reply to love? You may go, Rachael. Please

Warned in Time.

Yabsley-So young Bjinx is to marry Miss Grimme, I hear. I might have proposed to her myself if a rat had not run into the room one evening when I was calling on her.

Wickwire-And when she jumpea up and screamed you got disgusted, I suppose? You shouldn't be so critical, old State bank bills on the outside, and Yabsley. A woman can't help acting carry these in their pockets, stowing that way. You mustn't expect a woman to act otherwise.

Yabsley-But she didn't do anything of the kind. She cooly picked up a a hurry when going through a train, book and smashed the life out of Mr. Rat the first time. She has entirely too much nerve to suit me .- Terre

Hunting Geese.

It has been the custom in Stillwater. dnued the Broad street broker in his Minn., for several seasons to go goose geese, which rose, making straight for the boat, driving the men on the upper deck below. Several of the geese the boat. Some twenty struck the smoke stack and rigging, and were stunned, six being captured, while the others got into the water. Not a shot was decid

The next novelist of previous distinction in other ways will be Mr. Bram Stoker.

Professor Herkomer's next play will include a theatrical marvel not as yet attempted-real lightning.

"Dante" is a new opera by Benjamin Godard, to be brought out this winter in the Paris Opera Comique.

The greatest prizes at present are going to Buenes Ayres. The Queen has sold to some one in that city her finest Hereford bull.

It is announced on what is said to be good theatrical authority that Coquelin will return to the Theatre Francais, after cancelling his engagement at the Porte Saint-Mastin.

Of what good are the prohibition laws against modern science? An expert can now "reduce a barrel of spirit to six ounces of powder," as easily as they condense milk.

It may be that the new powders now being invented for European use will lead to a marked change in the style of guns. The German powder is said to my inquiries that they were wanted close the door, my child, as you go explode in a manner to render the gun liable to be blown out near the muzzle. The new French powder has burst several guns in the same way.

> The natives of the Feejee Islands have taken up cricket through the efforts of an enthusiast, Mr. Wallington. They like the game much, although they do not like to confine themselves to the orthodox eleven on each side. They play their matches with forty or fifty a side, or tribr against tribe.

A hotel in Rome, anxious to secure English patronage, has set forth its advantages, in the following advertisement, which is placarded about Paris: _ "The Hotel de ----, the very most favorite resort by English and American travellers, as during the winter presents all kinds of comforts for what concerns the general heating, during the summer, is just fit to afford the freshest and the most wholesome temperature on account of its special position, breadth, and ventilation. The largest and most monumental table d'hote is there to be found."

Bells on Sheep.

A Michigan farmer claims to have saved his large flock of sheep from the

The hardest pursuit is leisure.

own peculiarly mild way, "that the hunting down on Lake St. Croix with thing has been tried and that it a boat fitted with an electric light. On worked successfully. In fact he gave a recent evening a party started out. The lake was covered with smoke and me the name of a friend who had pro- fog. They came on a large flock of struck the wheel house and other parts of

nowadays who had much travelling to do, and who are compelled to carry money with them, are providing themselves with green goods as a decoy to the railroad agent. He says they make up packages of Confederate bills, with

away their money in their sachels or hiding it under the seat. "The railroad agent is generally in-

"He said that the practice of 'hold-

ing up trains' and robbing the passen-

and as the passenger throws up his pocketbook with the roll of Confeder- Haute Express.

hands the agent grabs the big fat ate bills in it and hurries along to the next passenger without stopping to examine the pocketbook. "My correspondent tells me," con-

mostly by travellers.

vided himself with one of these dummy

pocketbooks, and who was on a train that had been held up out West somewhere.

"The man had over \$5,000 packed away in his socks, and a roll of old Confederate and State bank bills in his fired. inside vest pocket. The 'agent' swal-