

THE COWARD.

Dave was a coward and every one knew it, and Lord! how we went for him, and made him the butt of our brutal fun, till his face would blanch and his blue eyes brim

Into pools of tears!—but he murmured not—He would just skulk off to his tent and sit four after hour in the self-same spot, with his elbow crook'd and his face in it.

There was something about this same boy Dave—Something we never could understand; He came to the war on the first wild wave

That billowed the bluecaps over the land. He was an orphan, and whether he had Brother or sister we never knew.

Did I say Dave was a coward?—Well, it looked that way for a while, but when we saw him flash through the breath of hell At Stone River, laughing among the men—

When we caught the gleam of his yellow hair Through the battery's smoke, and heard his voice Ring out through the roar of the carnage there,

With the troops of Turchin from Illinois; When we saw, in the front of the awful fray, The bravest reel, and the old flag fall,

Clutched in the hand of the lad that lay Riddled with shot, and beyond them all— When we saw at the close of that fearful fight,

Two blue eyes and a shock of curls, Clotted with blood, and a face all white And calm, in death, as a sleeping girl's;

We turned away—and we spoke no word; We turned, with a feeling of shame o'er-powered; And we noticed that each man's eyes were blurred,

Boulevard St. Michael we struck into a labyrinth of streets that lie in this part of the city, the famous St. Giles of Paris, and finally stopped before a tumble-down house, into which my guide entered; and I followed him up a narrow flight of stairs to the garret.

Here, taking a key from his pocket, he unlocked a door, and we entered a low room, in the middle of which, upon the floor, were a little girl and a boy at play with some toys.

My guide disappeared at once through a side door into what appeared to be an ante-room; and I turned towards the children, both of whom had left their play to regard me with curious eyes.

The apartment, which contained little or no furniture beyond a bedstead and two chairs, with a sort of bureau, surmounted by a looking-glass, showed unmistakable evidences of poverty; but yet no want of neatness outraged the eye.

I had hardly made these observations when the door opened again, and there entered the room a young woman, scarcely more than twenty years of age.

She was rather delicate in appearance, and quite pretty, not to say handsome; and as she sat down upon one of the chairs, after placing the other for me, the two children ran to her knees with the instinct and affection of offspring of their tender years.

I had looked at her but a moment before I discovered that the pickpocket of the Pont des Invalides was a woman!

"Did you not suspect my sex?" she asked, after a moment. "I certainly did not."

"It is my one resort," she said, sadly, and never added until I am driven to it to fill those little mouths!"

"Dangerous business—you might have fallen into very different hands, as you must be aware."

"True, but I work by instinct. I saw your face, and I said: 'I must have money. He is not a hard man; if detected, I may, perhaps, appeal to his mercy.'"

"Why do you not ask for aid in place of being thus a thief?" "That is a hard word, but it is merited. Do you not know that beggars are treated in Paris like thieves? The law punishes both nearly alike."

"I fear that you speak truly. Are these your children?" "Yes;" and she kissed them both tenderly.

"Are you married?" "Monsieur!" "I mean no reproach."

"I am a widow." "How did you lose your husband?" "He was one of the Commune, was tried, condemned, and fell by the muskets of the soldiery on the plains of Satory."

"Alas, for these civil wars!" "Ah, but he was right," said she, with all the obstinacy of conviction and loyalty to his memory.

I then listened to her story. Her husband had been an engraver, with good wages, and had been able to support his little family comfortably until the war, which was followed by the intestine troubles. He was arrested with the Communists, and suffered the punishment of death. Since then she had lived and supported her children by selling off everything that would bring money.

With Bell Panches. I asked Senator Stanford, says the Chicago News Washington man, if his wife was correctly reported in a public interview the other day when she said that he had college graduates driving street-cars for his company in San Francisco.

"No," replied the Senator, "that is not quite accurate. I do not know what Mrs. Sanford said to the reporter whose interview you mention, but it is a fact that at one time in San Francisco I had five college graduates and three young preachers in my employ as conductors on the street railway, and I must say they made very good conductors."

"How did they happen to come there?" "Well, you know that I have a very wide acquaintance throughout the country, and there is a popular impression that any one can get work in San Francisco. My friends, knowing that I employed fifteen or twenty thousand men, assume, of course, that I can give employment to everyone who comes, and therefore they send out to me from the East all sorts of people with letters of introduction."

"While it is true that I employ a great many men, I make it a rule never to put a man into a position he is not qualified to fill. I have no work for college graduates, nor do I need any preachers, although I always pay my share towards supporting the church to which I belong and in assisting other churches that need financial encouragement. So when these people come out to me I am compelled to tell them that I have nothing for them to do."

"Afterwards, when their means are exhausted and they come to me again, I say to them that certain positions are vacant, and let them select for themselves. They invariably prefer positions as conductors on the street-car lines to manual labor, and are, of course, better qualified for them, and so it happened that at one time I had five college graduates and the young preachers that I mentioned in my employ. They did not remain long, however, because, all of them having good manners and more than ordinary intelligence, they were able to make acquaintances rapidly, and soon found other and more appropriate positions."

I had been surprised at the excellent manner in which she had expressed herself, while as she stood there now, her cheeks suffused with a slight color and her eyes lighted up by animation and a feeling of trust and gratitude, I thought that she was extremely beautiful.

"I am going to Havre to-morrow, by the way of Rouen," said I; "can you be ready so soon with your children?" "I can be ready in one hour."

"Pack up whatever is necessary for you to carry. Here is money to get you a good-sized trunk. Be ready to-morrow at noon, and I will come for you."

She attempted to thank me, but her lips quivered, and she turned away to hide the tears that coursed down her cheeks. As I passed toward the door she followed, and, taking my hand between her own, pressed it earnestly as she said: "There is a reward somewhere for such kindness."

As I looked upon her now it seemed impossible that this was the pickpocket of the Pont des Invalides—the dirty lad in a blouse, whom I had detained by force.

Stopping over for a few hours at Rouen enabled me to witness the meeting of the young mother with her sister at a very comfortable Norman farm-house, as she described. Pressing a purse of 50 francs upon her, I left the sisters together, both happy at the reunion which should make them share the same home together, even as they had done in childhood.

As I looked upon her now it seemed impossible that this was the pickpocket of the Pont des Invalides—the dirty lad in a blouse, whom I had detained by force.

"Keep your resolve and the secret of the past," I said to her in a low voice. "With heaven's help, I will," she replied.

Five to One. It is said to be a prevailing delusion among English tourists that the natives of foreign countries are guilty of peculiar stupidity in not understanding the English language. Sometimes, however, even those who were not born "bold Britons" attain a linguistic advantage.

Two English travellers in the East, one day entered the shop of a Jew who, though he spoke several other languages, had but a slight acquaintance with English. On his failure to make the Jew understand what he wanted, one of the travellers said carelessly to the other: "The old fool doesn't speak English."

Unfortunately, this remark came within the radius of the Jew's comprehension, and drew from him the following questions: "Do you spik Italian?" "No," answered both.

"Do you spik Grik?" "No." "Do you spik Turk?" "No." "Do you spik Spanish?" "No." "Do you spik French?" "No."

Then, after a pause for preparation, the old man ejaculated, energetically: "Me one time fool; you five times fool."

Patti Likes Billiards. A Chinese dispatch states that Signor Nicolini has presented Jacob Schaefer with a fine gold watch.

MAN WHO ABUSED HIS FELLOW MEN. Nobody Dared Attend His Wife's Funeral.

A man who never was known to grieve with anybody was just buried by tired mourners at Greenwood, says the New York Sun. His name was Henry J. Irving, and he lived for years in social ostracism upon a farm which he owned about two miles from Englewood, N. J.

He was nearly 70, but he lived entirely alone, because it was impossible for any one to abide in peace under the same roof with him. He died as he had lived, neglected and alone, his dead body being found by a neighbor last Friday upon the back stoop of his house, where he had expired probably about fifteen hours before.

In his early manhood Henry J. Irving was a lawyer of repute in New York. Little is known of his early career beyond the fact that he was at first successful and popular and that he was at one time a member of the Legislature, representing one of the city Assembly districts.

Something led him to abandon his profession and sowed his whole life. No one among his neighbors of the past thirty or forty years knows what drove him from the city to the obscurity of farm life, but certain it is that never within their memory has this eccentric man been at peace with his fellowmen.

Quarrels were of his persistent seeking with all with whom he came in contact, until he was avoided as carefully by the people around about as though he were afflicted with a plague.

About five years ago his wife, a good woman, died suddenly. She was much respected by her neighbors, yet such was the dread of Irving's quarrelsome temper that no one attended the funeral, for fear the old man might take it into his head to drive them out with a pitchfork.

He had been known to do such things on more than one occasion. The husband was compelled to hire pall bearers to assist in the obsequies, and to go with him to his wife's grave. His spirit was in no degree softened by his wife's death. He seemed rather to grow more bitter and violent in his last years.

Every man he looked upon as his personal enemy; every man was a thief and a robber in his eyes. He was not a miser; but he was grasping in money affairs. He never paid a bill of any description without first heaping a torrent of abuse upon his creditor.

Naturally everybody avoided doing business with him. He assumed a peculiar and somewhat ostentatious piety. He sometimes prayed in public in a conspicuous fashion. One of his neighbors did his teaming for him, but he hadn't the courage to present a bill for the work oftener than once a year.

On one occasion he called with his bill just as Irving sat down to supper. The old man paid no attention to his caller until he had said grace, a ceremony that consumed nearly a half hour. Then he asked what was wanted, and the bill was handed to him. Irving jumped to his feet and cursed the man with a storm of the rankest blasphemy that could come from a man's lips.

He raved until he was out of breath, winding up with a profane declaration that he would never pay the bill. The neighbor turned to go.

"Hold on, you good-for-nothing thief, what are you going for?" shouted Irving. "You say you won't pay the bill, so I thought I would be getting along," replied the man.

"Yes, I will pay it, and then don't you ever let me see your face again," and the old man handed over the money, while his creditor again started to go.

"Come back, you dirty Dutch thief," thundered Irving. "Did you think you were going to get away without giving me a receipt?" "I didn't know you thought it necessary," suggested the long-suffering caller.

"Do you suppose I'd trust you on anybody else? All men are thieves," and the ex-member of the bar went to his desk and laboriously drew up a full legal release from all claims, which he compelled his neighbor to sign before he would allow him to depart. It was not long before he applied to the same man to do some more work for him.

Irving's last public exploit was his violent opposition some time ago to the use of a schoolhouse in his neighborhood by Episcopalians for services on Sunday afternoons. He made things so warm for everybody concerned that the services were abandoned because of the annoyance which his denunciation caused.

Heart disease was probably the cause of his death. In the corner of the piazza was a basin of water, and the old man was found with his sleeves rolled up, as though he was about to wash after doing his chores about the stable. He leaves considerable property, though nobody knows how much. Besides his farm of thirty or forty acres, he owned other real estate in Englewood and neighboring towns worth nearly \$60,000. The funeral took place Monday at Richfield. None of the neighbors attended and, as in the case of his wife's burial, it became necessary to hire pall bearers to go with the body to the grave. He was buried by the side of his wife at Greenwood. He leaves no children. Two or three sisters survive him. One of them, now living in New York, when he drove from his house in a rage of anger many years ago, attended the funeral on Monday.

GEORGIA'S DEBT TO GRADY.

Georgia's Debt to Grady. But Grady gave Georgia new impulses. He took up the ideas of keener people and advocated them so strongly and so strenuously and so seductively in the columns of the Constitution that he forced people to adopt them.

The mere enumeration of the things he has accomplished in this way for the benefit of Georgia would consume more time than either you or I could spare. Let me, however, cite a few examples.

He urged the people of Georgia to cultivate watermelons on a large scale. A trifle, you say. So much of a trifle that to-day the melon product of Georgia represents nearly ten million of dollars. Some people were ruined by their watermelon schemes, and they blame Grady for the disaster, but a majority of those who followed his published advice rise up and call him blessed.

He called attention to the success that had followed the efforts of a man named Mitchell at Thomasville to grow the Leconte pear, and now that luscious fruit is found throughout the State.

He wrote ravishing lines about the beauty of the soft-eyed Jersey cattle and glowing words about the Angora goat, exemplifying his remarks with facts concerning the venture of Richard Peters with both these animals. To-day the value of the graded Jersey cattle of Georgia is exceeded only by the herds of New York State.

Through his instrumentality there was introduced into Georgia the Japanese persimmon, the beagle dog, the Guinea cow, which is so well adapted to a profitable existence upon the pine barrens, and his arguments led to the introduction in Atlanta of broom factories, match factories and soap factories. Georgia marble and Georgia railroads found in him an enthusiastic evangelizer.

And before I forget it I must say a word about his cotton-seed achievement. The Georgia planter hrew away their cotton seed as refuse material. Grady, in a series of his convincing articles, showed how a valuable oil could be expressed from the seed, and the material that remained could be utilized as a desirable food for cattle. To-day one of the greatest sources of Georgia's wealth is its cotton seed.—Philadelphia News.

Flight of Birds. It has been remarked that sailing vessels do not lay down their course upon the arc of a great circle, as they would if distance were the only matter to be considered.

The prevailing winds, the currents in the ocean, and many other aids or hindrances to navigation have to be taken into account.

It is of interest to find that migratory birds are equally sensible of the advantages of different routes. This is perfectly noticeable in their crossing of mountain ranges. A Russian traveller in Central Asia writes of this habit of the wild fowl:

"The observations on the spring flight at Lob-nor afforded new proofs that birds of passage do not take the shortest meridional course, but prefer a more favorable, though more circuitous route.

"All the flocks, without exception which appeared at Lob-nor, came from west-southwest, occasionally from southwest and west. Not a bird flew direct from the south, over the Altin-lagh Mountains, thus proving that migratory birds, or at all events, water fowl, will not venture to cross the lofty and cold Tibetan highlands on their passage from the trans-Himalayan countries, but pass over this difficult country at its narrowest point."

The Naugatuck railroad, in Connecticut, has never since its first train run killed any person who held a ticket and was one of its regular passengers.

There are two obelisks known as Cleopatra's needle. One stands on the Thames embankment, London, and the other in Central Park, New York.