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

There was something about this same boy

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, Nor whence he came to us-he was a lad That was hard to fathom, and talked with

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

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

Two blue eves 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. As they fell on the face of that fallen coward.

I tell you the army was full of men Like Dave, who, timid and half afraid, Patiently bided their time, and then Died, like Christs, on the barricade. -James N. Matthews.

## A YOUNG PICKPOCKET.

It was a bright, clear, Sunday morning that I stood lingering on the Pont des Invalides, looking at the interesting view that lay to the eastward. Towering above the green and turbid waters of the Seine, the walls of the Louvre stretched in gray perspective, while beyond was seen the dome of the Institute, the pointed turrets of that famous prison the Conciergerie, the bu ky towers of Notre Dame, the dome of the Sorbonne, and the sharp, serrated spire of St. Chapelle, each and all historical. Memory was very busy with the scene and the thoughts which it suggested, when, suddenly, I felt a hand at my pocket, and turning suddenly I grasped the hand of a lad at my side. He struggled for a moment to escape from me, but when he found this impossible he stood silent and sulky.

I know not why, but as I regarded the little rogue I did not feel the least anger at his audacity, but watched him with not a little interest. He wore the inevitable blouse coming half down to his knees, the type of the humble class of artisans, with a slouched hat much the worse for wear. The fellow might have been good looking, though it was difficult to judge upon this point, so thick was the coating of dirt upon his face.

As I looked at his hands, his wrist being grasped firmly in my right, I observed that they were small and well formed; not one of those accustomed to labor, though, in the matter of want of cleanliness, they rivalled his face. He was rather tall, quite slim, and I should have judged not over seventeen or eighteen years of age.

Neither of us had spoken a word while I was making these observations: and I was rather surprised that the fellow did not show fight, or at least struggle to get away. But he saw that I was more than a match for him, and I kept a firm grip upon his wrist, determined not to let him go.

"You are hurting my wrist," he said, at last.

"Very likely," I replied. "You put it where you had no right to just now."

"I didn't take anything."

"No; I was too quick for you." "What are you going to do with me?" "Hand you over to the police." "Don't do that," said he, drawing

closer to my side. "You are not a hard man-I can see that." "You deserve punishment."

"Ah, but you will also punish those at home; they are not to blame, poor

I was interested at once, and told the lad I would like to see his home. If he would show me to it, and promise not to run away, I would let go his wrist and not hand him over to the police. He looked at me with a searching glance and thought for a moment before he answered, then said: "You have a right to make terms, I don't see what good it will do, but I promise, and you can follow me.

I released his wrist, and followed him acros bridge to the other side After crossing the

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 oldest could not have been more than four years of age, a bright and pretty-faced boy, while his sister was perhaps a year younger, and extremely beautiful. They were coarsely dressed, but were clean and neat in appearance.

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

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 sus-ect my sex?" she asked, after a moment.

"I certainly did not." "It is my one resort," she said, sadly, and never ado ted until I am driver 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. saw your face, and I said: 'I must have money. He is not a hard man; where for such kindness." if detected, I may, perhaps, appeal to

ace 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 enderly.

"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 replied. Satory."

"Alas, for these civil wars!" "Ah, but he was right," said she, with all the obstinacy of conviction

and lovalty 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. Had got some work to do with her needle occasionally, but at last all seemed to fail her, and by means of disguising her sex, she had successfully consummated several small robberies of money, and once or twice had made attempts similar to that which had failed in my instance. She reasoned with me very cooly, and said, "If it were not for these dear children, I should cease to suffer very soon; for," said she, "the Seine is always there with open arms!"

I found that her sense of morality; or conscientiousness, could not be aroused, except in the matters of personal purity-there she was immaculate. She said, tenderly: "My husband is in heaven, but he is my husband still, and I shall live and die

faithful to him." Notwithstanding her noble sense of honor in this respect, she felt no com-

punctions as to stealing. "The world owes me and my children bread. I take nothing from the poor, only from such as can well afford to lose it."

Honesty, as a matter of principle.

she could not recognize. "Have you no friends?"

"None here." "Have you any elsewhere?"

of a farmer. If I could get there, she interest in its many beauties.

would give me a home for myself and children, in return for the work I could do for her."

"You shall go there," said I. "Monsieur!"

"I say you shall go to your sister." "It will cost fifty francs."

"Inst about." "You will pay this for me, who would have robbed you half an hour

since?" "I will. But I exact from you one promise.

She looked at me suspiciously for moment.

"What is it?" "That you will learn to be as honest and true in relation to the rights and property of others as you are with regard to your honor."

"I believe I understand you," she said, thoughtfully; "and I will promise to try and do as you have said." "That is all I can ask,"

She came towards me now, leading the children, and said, "Monsieur, let them kiss you. I believe, after all. that there is disinterested benevolence in the world. I have been more than once offered assistance, but it has been coupled with conditions so hateful that I have felt insulted. Kiss him, Marie; kiss him, Gustave; he is good-good, like your papa!"

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 beauti-

"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 tomorrow at noon, and I will come for

She attempted to thank me, but her rips 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 some-

As I looked upon her now it seemed impossible that this was the pickpocket other and more a propriate positions." "Why do you not ask for aid in of the Pont des Invalides—the dirty

> Rouen enabled me to witness the meet- recently which may give the children ing of the young mother with her sis- of the present generation a vague idea ter at a very comfortable Norman of the magnitude of the transactions farm-house, as she described. Press- which took place when oil was \$8 and ing a purse of 50 francs upon her, 1 89 a barrel, and poor people gained a the reunion which should make them | face of creeks or gathered it from pools share the same home together, even as they had done in childhood.

"Keep your resolve and the secret of the past," I said to her in a low

voice. "With heaven's help, I will," she

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 Eas. one day entered the shop of a Jew who, though he spoke several other languages, had but a slight acquaint. he had counted out on the table \$500, ance with English. On his failure to make the Jew understand what he wanted, one of the travellers said care- by the sight of the pile, but my father essly to the other: "The old fool doesn't speak English."

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?"

"Ne." "Do you spik Spanish?"

"No."

"Do you spik French?" "No."

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

Patti Likes Billiards.

A Chinese dispatch states that Signor Nicolini has presented Jacob Schaefer with a fine gold watch. Mme. Patti has a table in her apartments at the Richelien, and Schaefer goes there every day to give lessons to Nicolini and his charming wife. Patti's love for the noble game is one of her chief and brightest characteristics, and she 'I have a sister at Rouen, the wife honors the game by her patronage and

With Bell Punches.

I asked Senator Stanford, says the Chicago News Washington man, if his wife was correctly reported in a pubtic interview the other day when the said that he had college graduates firiving street-cars for his company in

San Francisco. "No," replied the Senator, "that is hot quite accurate. I do not know what Mrs. Sonford 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 anyone 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 t-ue that I employ s 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 me as 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 politions 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

## A Fortune Just Missed.

Quincy Robison related an incident Stopping over for a few hours at of the early history of the oil regions left the sisters together, both happy at | competency by scooping it off the suraround the tanks which had overflowed. The story as told by Mr. Robison was

as follows: "Within a month after Col. Drake nad struck the first petroleum ever brought to the surface in America by means of drilling, my father and the father of my relatives here bought a tract of land, comprising 1,280 acres, adjoining the farm on which the Drake well was located, for \$350,000. Not long afterwards I was sitting in their office one day-I remember it as distinctly as though it happened only yesterday-when an agent for an Eastern syndicate walked in and offered \$500 .. 000 for the 1,280 acres. The owners looked at him rather incredulously for a moment, but before they could speak 000 in cash and drafts, which he offered for a deed of the tract. I was appalled and the father of these gentlemen retired for consultation, and decided that Unfortunately, this remark came if the property was worth \$500,000 it was worth \$1,000,000, and the offer was refused. Their heirs still own the land and now it is valued at about \$20,000. Where they could have got dollars we could scarcely get nickels. Thus you can see what seemingly fairy stories could be told of those days. They are almost incomprehensibe to the present generation, out they were red-hot facts." And a sigh of regret that the offer had not been accepted went around the circle.

> A Young flere H nored. The secretary of the navy does honor to the memory of one of the bravest of the brave in bestowing the name of Cushing upon the new torpedo boat, which the Herreshoff's will launch in a few weeks from their yard at Bristol, R. I. Commander William B. Cu:hing, who dest oyed the rebel ram A!bemarle and did a score of acts of daring which won for him a national reputation before he was twenty-three, had a brief and brilliant career, dying at the early age of thirty-two. He was well known in Boston and its vicinity, where there are many who will be services are to be recognized in the naming of the new navv.

HATED BY EVERYBODY

MAN WHO ABUSED IIIS FEL-LOW MEN.

Tobody Dared Attend His Wife's Funeral.

In his early manhood Henry J. Irv ng was a lawyer of repute in New York. Little is known of his early pareer beyond the fact that he was at e was at one time a member of the Legislature, representing one of the ity Assembly districts. Something led soured his whole life. No one among ais neighbors of the past thirty or forty years knows what drove him from the city to the obscurity of farm ife, but certain it is that never within Quarrels were of his persistent seeking with all with whom he came in conby the people around about as though e were afflicted with a plague.

About five years ago his wife, good woman, died suddenly. She was much respe ted 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 some what ostentatious piety. He some times prayed in public in a conspicuous fashion. One of his neighbors did his teaming for 1 im, 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 be 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, upon the arc of a great circle, as they winding up with a profane declaration would if distance were the only matter that he would never pay the bill. The to be considered. The prevailing winds neighbor turned to go.

"Hold on, you good-for-nothing thief, what are you going for?" shout- have to be taken into account.

I thought I would be getting along," vantages of different routes. This is replied the man.

and the old man handed over the habit of the wild fowl: money, while his creditor again started "The observations on the spring

giving me a receipt?"

"I didn't know you thought it necessary," suggested the long-suffering which appeared at Lob-nor, came from

"Do you suppose I'd trust you or southwest and west. Not a bird flew anybody else? All men are thieves," direct from the south, over the Altinand the ex-member of the bar went to tagh Mountains, thus proving that mihis desk and laboriously drew up a full gratory birds, or at all events, water legal release from all claims, which he fowl, will not venture to cross the compelled his neighbor to sign before lofty and cold Thibetan highlands or ne would allow him to depart. It was their passage from the trans-Himalsyar not long before he applied to the same countries, but pass over this difficulman to do some more work for him. country at its narrowest point."

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 or glad to learn that his courage and his the services were abandoned because

of the annovance which his denunci-

ation caused.

Heart disease was probably the cause of 14s death. In the corner of the plazza was a basin of water, and the old man was found with his sleeves rolled np, as though he was about to wash after doing his chores about the stable. He leaves consider A man who never was known to able property, though nobody know, gree with anybody was just buried by how much. Besides his farm of thirty sired mourners at Greenwood, says or forty acres, he owned other real es he New York Sun. His name was tate in Englewsod and neighboring Ienry J. Irving, and he lived for years towns worth nearly \$50,000. The n social ostracism upon a farm which funeral took place Monday at Rich ie owned about two miles from Engle- field. None of the neighbors attended good, N. J. He was nearly 70, but and, as in the case of his wife's burial, ie lived entirely alone, because it was it became necessary to hire pall bearmpossible for any one to abide in ers to go with the body to the grave. seace under the same roof with him. He was buried by the side of his wife Te died as he had lived, neglected and at Greenwood. He leaves no children. done, his dead body being found by a Two or three sisters survive him. One neighbor last Friday upon the back of them, now living in New York, stoop of his house, where he had ex- Thomas he grove from his house in a ne pired probably about fifteen hours be- of anger many years ago, attended the funeral on Monday.

Georgia's Debt to Grady.

But Grady gave Georgia new impulses, He took up the ideas of keer irst successful and popular and that 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 sim to abandon his profession and 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 cultheir memory has this eccentric man tivate watermelons on a large scale. A been at peace with his fellowmen, trifle, you say. So much of a trifle that to-day the melon product of Georgia represents nearly ten million act, until he was avoided as carefully of dollars. Some people were ruined by their watermelon schemes, and they blame Grady for the disaster, but s 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 throughou

He wrote ravishing lines about the beauty of the soft-eyed Jersey cattle and glowing words about the Angors goat, exemplifying his remarks with facts concerning the venture of Richard Peters with both these animals. Today the value of the graded Jersey cattle of Georgia is exceeded only the herds of New York State. Through his instrumentality there was introduced into Georgia the Japanese persimmon, the beagle dog, the Guines 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 soar factories. Georgia marble and Georgia railroads found in him an enthusiastic eulogizer. And before I forget it ] tmust say a word about his cotton-seed achievement. The Georgia planters 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 greates sources of Georgia's wealth is its cos ton seed .- Philadelphia News.

Flight of Birds.

It has been remarked that sailing vessels do not lay down their course the currents in the ocean, and many other aids or hindrances to navigation

It is of interest to find that migratory "You say you won't ray the bill, so birds are equally sensible of the adperfectly noticeable in their crossing "Yes, I will pay it, and then don't of mountain ranges. A Russian travyou ever let me see your face again," eller in Central Asia writes of thu

flight at Lob-nor afforded new proofs "Come back, you dirty Dutch thief," that birds of passage do not take the thundered Irving. "Did you think shortest meridional course, but prefer you were going to get away without a more favorable, though more circu itons route.

"All the flocks, without exception west-southwest, occasionally from

The Naugatuck rallroad, in Connec. ticut, has never since its first train rat killed any person who held a ticket and was one of its regular passengers.

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