as so happy; and to-day, ough God hath parted far away Your unknown life from mot ense of peace my bosom fills ad lo! I bring fair daffodils, Beloved, for a sign.

sign of love that tires not yet, iat would not, if it could, forget; Of love by love made brave; or I can bear you flowers to bring ad bear to hear the thrushes sing Here, by your quiet grave. -All the Yearlound

## The Knave of Berts.

"She has heaps of money, il in her own name, besides being sooutrageously pretty and fascinating lucky he second time, for smile gain she nust, before long.'

"May I ask who is the radint being shall return without delay." inder discussion?" said LarryMunroe, roung gossips of the sterner ax upon

e balconv. "Old Tom Lester's widor, to be are—the rage among the forign eleent here. If you troubled ourself bout the society-doings of th place, ou would know all about herin half an hour, and be ready to sell pur soul for an invitation to her house.

"As I'm thinking of going to Vihave the chance of falling vitim to the luckiest event of his life.

Mrs. Lester's charms," said M. Mun-

oe, nonchalantly. "She is going to give a mostunique arden-party and ball, a fctnight ence, at her villa near Stanberg. The people are to be in fancy cotumes, chosen with great skill-nothin hackneyed nor commonplace will oppear there. Mrs. Lester's special facy is having twelve people represet the court cards in the pack. Eleve people have been selected, but she i still short of the Knave of Hearts She seems very difficile in the choce of this card, and twenty men ormore the role. She gives all the She gives all the men their costumes; elegant hings they are, too, so she has a per-tect right to be whimsical."

"Which card does she represen?" "The Queen of Diamonds. They say she will be splendid-a prfect blaze of jewels. Ah, me! why 3 she blind to the fact that I am thevery fellow she needs for the Knaw of

"Why don't you stop a bit longer, Munroe, and fish for an introduction? Perhaps she would hit upon you."
"No chance of that," said on of

bluntly. "We young English fellows, none of us anybody in particular, lave so chance there."

"Is Mrs. Lester of an age that alls man of twenty-six young?" asted Mr. Munroe, with dignity.

"She is twenty-two; was married at seventeen, and left one of the richest widows in the country at nineteen." "The best people in Munich, and out of it, for that matter, are to be at that all," continued the regretful young man, who felt that the youth of his nation were at a discount. "She was obliged to select her kings and queens among the swells who have feted ber, out the knaves might be anybody."

most profund indifference for the beautiful Mrs. Lester, he, in spite of himself, felt privately considerable inerest in the chatter of his friends upon this their favorite subject. It would be rather a triumph to be chosen Knave of Hearts, to the discomfiture of scores of his countrymen. But as he did not know the lady even by sight, he decided that he was a conceited ass to dream of such possibilities.

The next morning found Mr. Munroe agreeable object than his boots offered itself for his furtive contemplation.

shady path. The pink silk lining of the bony fist menacingly uplifted.

her parasol cast a delicate glow upon her "Thank Fortune she is gone!" Mr. long lashes.

As there was no other bench near, arm by a bewildering system of rib-bons, from which she produced a book, o follow him, left the garden. and apparently forgot herself in its epportunity to study the fair stranger's nto whose ears Mr. Munroe poured charming profile, the perfect hand that he tale of his grievance. He learned train instantly. It is very important held the book, and the graceful flow of he old woman's side of the story in for everybody to understand this mather embroidered skirts, down to where he following words: the most mignon little foot in the world

seeped forth. garden-railing took off their hats with o bring these objects, and you, a viomarked deference to the unknown one. ent Englishman, forbid her, with jecting from the toilet room of every "Lucky devils!" he mentally ex- trange language and fierce eyes."

Whereupon Mr. Munroe began to dictionary for the expression "trumped THE SHAH EN ROUTE." moralize upon the stupid restrictions up," and failing to find it, requested THE SHAH EN ROUTE. of polite society. Here he must sit the gentleman to clothe his idea in like a mute imbecile beside one of the loveliest women he had ever seen, unless some lucky accident should give him the right to address her.

Mr. Munroe's star was certainly in the escendant that day, for shortly something occurred which gave him the opportunity he so longed for. child in a huge collar and sash, clearly a runaway from some distracted nursemaid, bore down upon the pair. He dragged after him, in the manner little boys love, a goodly branch of a tree which a care-taker had lopped off, with many another, that morning. It scraped along the gravel with a noise that was music in the infant's ears, and came to a sudden halt in the embroidered-skirt of the fair student on

Mr. Munroe sprang to the rescue of the dainty fabric, and was rewarded with an angelic smile, and some gracious words of thanks in the purest English. The young man naturally made the most of this chance for setting the conversational ball rolling, and was succeeding brilliantly, when an interruption occurred. A lady driving a phaeton stopped at the entrance to the garden and beckened to Mr. Munroe's companion.

"Will you have the kindness to guard my property for a few mowill be the fellow she smiles pon for ments?" she asked, rising, with another ravishing smile. "I have something very important to say to that lady, and

Had she asked him to throw himself onffing his quota of cigar smke into under the prancing ponies' heels, Mr. he cloud about the heads f three Munroe would have consented gladly; so, leaving her parasol, book, embroidered bag and enormous fan upon the bench, she hurried away. In a moment she was hidden behind a slump of shrubbery, into the shade of which the ponies had withdrawn. Could Mr. Munroe have witnessed what then occurred, he would have escaped the particularly bad quarter of an hour which followed, and he would enna to-morrow, I fear I sall not have also missed what proved to be

No bull-dog in custody of his master's old boot ever assumed a fiercer expression than did Mr. Munroe guarding the feminine vanities inrusted to his care. The duty of proecting them was not very onerous, as few people passed that way; still, he chose to believe that the task was fraught with difficulty. For one moment he was called away from his post, by a fellow whom he had beaten at billiards the previous evening enticmg him into a few remarks over the aedge. When he returned, he saw to his rage a common-looking woman standing by the deserted bench, coolly appropriating the property confided to ais care. "Look here, old girl!" he ried, dashing to the rescue, "leave

:hose things alone!" The woman looked at him with a blank amazement, which he easily in erpreted as fright at being caught in a heft.

"Come, my friend, be off, or I will out you in charge of the first police officer I can spot," he followed up, aying hold of the parasol, already ucked under her arm. The old woman hung on with a grip that beied her appearance, launching at that young gentleman's companions, Munroe a voiley of invectives of which ne did not understand one word. His restures and defiant expression were cloquent enough.

the coolly proceeded to annex the bag | dise. and fan, at which the young man's

wrath burst forth. "You hardened old reprobate, how lare you persist in your vicious ways under the broad light of heaven? Give his heart in his eyes.

ne those things!" And he, with no gentle hand, depoiled her of her booty. Why should of the old creature take herself off, estead of standing there lashing him rith her tongue like a very Jezebel? surprised his fair companion? Though Mr. Munroe professed the the situation was growing very awkvard. People were stopping in their surried walk to wonder what all the hiss was about. Mr. Munroe, not beaking or understanding a word

graceful? The crowd that always ap- for a pretty woman's freaks." years to rise from the earth on such ocasions gathered quickly around the aitting in the Pinakothek Garden, con with a package to be delivered with pelligerants. The errand-boy intrusted templating his immaculate boots and he utmost haste—the lank little girl spend another week in the City of the dlers of all descriptions—watched the Munchner Kindl. Presently a more tray with keen interest. At last findng her eloquence of no avail-only

pure, pale face, illumined by large eyes Munroe murmured to himself. "But by springs, and the air is turned into of the deepest brown, with singularly will she come back?" he thought un-

lasily. She did return, alas! and in comshe sat down upon the other end of the any with a stolid-visaged guardian of the train the air is let out, and then one occupied by Mr. Munroe, acknowl- he peace. This functionary gravely the springs apply the brakes and stop edging his presence by a slight inclination ook possession of the fan, bag and the train. This last method of using tion of her lovely person. An emther articles which had caused so air pressure has great advantage over
broidered velvet bag hung from her
nuch disturbance, and motioning Mr. the old way on the score of safety.

At the nearest police-station a man This gave Mr. Munroe an was found who spoke a little English, parming profile, the perfect hand that he tale of his grievance. He learned

Two gentlemen passing outside the bjects. This dame send her, the wife,

simpler language. "Let her bring a note from her mistress stating the name of the book left in my charge. 'The Madonna of the Future' is rather a mouthful for this old fraud to learn by heart and have introduced in some swindling epistle. If this is correct in the note,

I will resign all the things." This suggestion being pronounced by the head of the establishment, the old woman, furious at her word being doubted, was dispatched for the state

ment from her alleged mistress. Mr. Munroe sat grimly down upon the hardest stool in the office to await her return. What was his mingled discomfiture and delight, half an hour later, to see the fair owner of the disputed property-his divinity in the embroidered muslin-drive up to the Police Bureau in an elegant victoria.

She alighted, sought out Mr. Munroe, and began a hearty apology for all the annovance her thoughtlessness bad caused him.

"My old laundress has just told me the whole story, or, rather, her side of it," she said, struggling with a desire to laugh. "I really ought to have foreseen that the honest old blockhead might have brought about such contretemps. My friend Mrs. Trevor insisted upon my going with her to look at a picture. As my old servant happened to be passing just as I entered the phaeton, I sent her for my things left in your care. I never dreamed of your so grievously misunderstanding each other. Can you forgive me, Mr. Mun-

That young gentleman found clemency, in this instance, a very facile sentiment. He was also flattered that the fair suppliant for his pardon was so quick to catch his name from the official's lips. He wondered if he would ever be lucky enough to know

"This unpleasant occurrence has assured me of two pleasing facts," the lady continued-"that an Englishman cannot be false to a trust, even of the simplest, and that my old servant is ready to fight for my interests. But come, this is surely not the place for a prolonged tet-a-tete. Pray let me drive you to your hotel, as a slight

compensation for your loss of time. The eestatically happy Munroe took his place on the satin cushions of the victoria, devoutly hoping that the coachman would lose his way to the Hotel Bellevue, and prolong the drive indefinitely. But the man did nothing of the kind, and Mr. Munroe was obliged to alight all too soon.

"Who was that lady?" he asked of a servant, when he had effaced himself among the admiring crowd of menials who watched the victoria depart. "Mrs. Lester, the millionaire's wid-

"Will the acquaintance stop here?" Mr. Munroe asked himself, wonder-

The next day a note requesting his presence at dinner, and signed "Constance Lester," gladdened the heart of Larry Munroe. Other invitations followed close upon the heels of this one, and people began to gossip about Mrs. Lester's predilection for her good-looking companion at the Bellevue.

. . . . . She was walking in the garden with English was as Greek to her, but his him one evening, he fanning her with the very toy of tortoise-shell and feathers which had been instrumental in Instead of leaving go of the parasol, bringing him into his present para-

"Mr. Munroe, I have a favor to ask of you; will you grant it?" "Anything, even to the half of my kingdom," said the young man, with

"Oh, I don't exact such a sacrifice as that. I only wish you to be my Knave of Hearts; will you?"

Need it be added that Larry Munroe accepted with an eagerness that

. . . . "And so the Queen of Diamonds is going to marry her Knave of Hearts?" Society said, when the season was if German, was powerlesss to over. "That lucky Munroe. I can't explain. Why did not the fair see what she finds in him, compared owner of the things return, to end a to the dozens of really clever men in cene that was becoming really dis- her train; but there is no accounting

### How the Air Brake Works.

Said a railroad man to me to-day: "I'll bet not one in the hundred of the wondering if it was worth his while to arrying a sore-eyed baby-squads of people who travel on railroad trains understand how the pressure of air is used to apply the brakes to a train, When the air brake was first invented A lady charmingly dressed in a marthe gain possession of the other things the gain p over Munroe's prostrate body could the air was turned into the cylinder the wheels. But at the present day the brakes are held against the wheels the cylinders to push the brakes away from the wheels as long as the train is in motion. When it is desired to stop

"Whenever an accident happens to a train one of the first effects it is apt to have is to rupture the air pipes leading from the engine to the cylinders under the cars; and that of itself stops the ter, because a child five years old can "This old wife say she is servant to stop a train in thirty seconds from any he dame who leave upon the bank her | ear in the train if he simply understands how. You will see, if you look for it, that there is a sort of rope pro-"Incky devils!" he mentally exdaimed; "they know her, and in my
place could talk to her. With those syes, and that expressive mouth, I'm and Munroe, doggedly.

The official gravely looked in his drad wards "

car. That connects with the air pipes to the train. If you catch hold of it and give it a little jerk it will stop the official gravely looked in his drad wards "

HE TRAVELS VERY MUCH LIKE A CIRCUS,

Accompanied by an Army of Men, Women and Horses

It was pitch dark as we approached the royal camp, and the appearance presented thereby was very extraordinary. There appeared to us to be miles of white tents, each with a camp fire burning before it. There were camels, mules and horses in every direction that our eyes could penetrate. It was as if we had suddenly been plunged into the midst of a vast army, and well it might be, for the following are roughly the statistics of the retinue which accompanied the Shah from his capital to the frontier: Four thousand quadrupeds, including mules, horses and camels, for carrying the luggage and drawing the carriages; 3000 tents to accommodate 7000 to 8000 individuals; 25 carriages for the royal suite alone, 3 royal wives, and their 40 fe-

male attendants. The Shah's tent arrangements cover over an acre of ground. . . . The huge red tent inhabited by the still slumbering monarch was visible from afar. It was pitched in a grove of poplars by the side of a tiny lake, and surrounded by a wall about eight feet high, made of Resht embroidery-that is to say an embroidery of chain stitch, uniting little bits of colored cloth, which we know well enough in England in the shape of table covers and antimacassars, and for which I have never really felt any great affection; but still, when it decorates a high wall nclosing an acre of ground the effect

startling and magnificent. Finer table covers of the same material were spread as saddle cloths over the many gayly-caparisoned horses around us, and just as we approached quantities of mules were on the point of starting with royal and other baggage, with bright red palls cast over their burdens. All the carriages were waiting ready before the gate into the royal inclosure, which was formed of poles painted red, looking not unlike gallows. Anisi Dowlet, the Shah's favorite wife, was just going to start in her gilded carriage, drawn by six gayly-caparisoned horses. She is a remarkable woman, who has held her position of favorite for thirty years. She has no children, she is not young, and I am told not beautiful; but her intellectual qualities are such and her manners so bright that they have placed her far ahead of the other ladies in the royal harem. There, too, was the Shah's own horse, called Beest Sitoun, or Twenty Pillars, with its beautiful and neat gold bridle and its saddle cloth of very fine Resht embroidery

partially covering its glossy flanks. From the bearing-rein two straps of gold lay across his chest; he is a splendid animal and always held in readiness for his Majesty to ride when tired of driving in his carriage. Close to Twenty Pillars stood another horse in readiness to carry his Majesty's pipe bearer; the pipe is a luxury indulged in by all Persian grandees when travelling. His Majesty's own kalyan or water pipe is carried in a drum-shaped case, covered with purple velvet and gold, and strung from the saddle. At the other side are suspended the firebox and the water gourd, similarly decorated and all ready, so that at s a moment's notice the pipe can be prepared when the Shah expresses a wish for a whitl.

# Curious Things in a Cotton Bale.

At the Wampanoag Mill the other day, says a Fall River letter in the providence Journal, the workmen in the picker-room stopped a package of matches just as the bundle was disappearing into the picker. It had come out of a cotton bale the men had just opened. Had they gone into the machine there would have been a lively postoffice. blaze. Speaking of this incident, s man who has tended a picker for several years said that the things which come out of a cotton bale and evidently grow in bushes would astonish one. One day he heard something grind inside the picker, and, stopping the machine, found a silver spoon. Lizards and small snakes are common. \* set of false teeth, small coins, knives, tobacco, and occasionally articles of more value, have been found. These things undoubtedly get inside the bales accidentally, but there areother things which evidently get inside in accordance with a fixed purpose, and, by strange coincidences, they are found to weigh more than cotton, and not te be worth as much per pound on the market. Sand, scrap iron and dire are often found wrapped inside s cotton bale for ballast.

### Japanese Dancing Girls.

The Japanese girls! Ah! they after the Eiffel tower. They are more questions? talked about than the colored foun-Rider Haggard ought to study these male at present living with you who is extraordinary creatures; they have s known in the neighborhood as Mrs. look of being related to Cleopatra. Costello?" They are still in their teens, and promise never to quit them; they are yellow, Egyptian, and have an extinctactive volcano air. They have the eyes of vipers and the eyeballs of the tain her?" tiger. Their dance movements are supple; they are as cold as serpents, and as impassive as they are enigmatical. They dance in bare legs. They seem to have been born boneless; they can twist their forearms at the elbow joints round like a Catherine wheel, and can apparently move the upper part go down."

of their bodies—the bust like the revolof their bodies—the bust like the revol-ving wax beauties in the shop win ment, Mr. Costello. Is the female in sows of a capillary artist.—Panama

#### THE STUB-TAILED COW.

An Incident That Reminded 1 resident Lincoln of a Little Story.

Stories of President Lincoln's keen humor are seemingly inexhaustible. One, which I think has never appeared in print, comes from a man who held a prominent office under Lincoln, and who knew the great statesman well. At an official ball some thieves made off with many of the hats and overcoats of the guests, so that when the can what they get .- Boston Tranpresidential party was ready to take script. leave Vice-President Hamlin's head

covering was not to be found. "I'll tell you what, Hamlin," said a friend; "early in the evening I saw a man, possessed of keen foresight, hide his hat upstairs. I am sure he would be willing to donate it to the administration, and I will go and get it for

When the hat was produced it was found to be much after the style affected by Hamlin, but it wore a badge of mourning, which emblem the Vice-President ripped off with his penknife. The party stood chatting merrily as they waited for the carriages to be driven up, when a man stepped directly in front of Mr. Hamlin and stood staring at the "tile" with which his head

was covered. "What are you looking at, sir?" asked Hamlin sharply.

"Your hat," answered the man mildly. "If it had a weed on it I should say it was mine."

"Well, it hasn't got a weed on it, has it?" asked the Vice-President. "No, sir," said the hatless man, "it

"Then it isn't your hat, is it?" said the proud possessor of it. "No. I guess not," said the man as

he turned to walk away. When this little scene was explained to President Lincoln he laughed heartily and said: "That reminds me, Halmin, of a long time ago when I was pioneering and soldiering in Illinois, and we put up a joke on some officers of the United States Army. My party and I were a long way off from the comforts of civilized life, and our only neighbors were the garrison of a United States fort. We did pretty well for rations, had plenty of salt meat and flour, but milk was not to be had for love or money, and as we all longed for the delicacy we thought it pretty mean that the officers of the fort, who had two cows-a stubbed tailed one and a black and white one-offered us no milk, though we threw out many and strong hints that it would be acceptable. At last, after much consultation, we decided to teach them a lesson and borrow or steal one of those cows, just as you choose to put it. But how it could be done without the cow being at once identified and recovered was the question. At last we hit on a plan. One of our party was dispatched a day's ride to the nearest slaughter house, where he procured a long red cow's tail to match the color of the stub-tailed cow, after possessing ourselves of which animal we neatly tied our purchase to the poor stub, and with appetites whetted by long abstinence we drank and relished the sweet milk which 'our cow' gave. A few days afterwards we were honored by a call from the commander of the fort. 'Say, boys,' said he, 'we have lost one of our cows.' Of course we felt very sorry and expressed our regret accordingly. 'But' continued the commander, 'I came over to say that if that cow

it was ours.' "But she hasn't a stub tail, has she?' asked we, sare of our point. "'No,' said the officer, 'she certainly

of yours had a stub tail, I should say

has not a stub tail.' "'Well, she isn't your cow then.' and our argument was unanswerable as was Hamlin's."-New York Tri-

#### bune. The Face at the Window.

"This letter is to my husband," she said as she licked on a stamp at the window in the corridor of the crowded

"Yes'm." "Will it go out to-day?" "Yes'm."

"By first mail?"

"Yes'm." "He ought to get it day after to-mor-

"Yes'm." "And I ought to have his letter by aext Saturday?"

"Yes'm." "It isn't over weight?"

"No'm." "And if he gets it, and if I get his answer by Saturday I can write-"Please don't obstruct the window,

ma'am; there are forty people wait-"Oh, there are! That's always the way of it! I can't get a word of information out of this postoffice, try as I will. Good day, sir!"

Cross and Redirect. Lawyer-Now, Mr. Costello, will you have the goodness to answer me, are the clou of the Paris exhibition directly and categorically, a few plain

Witness-Certainly, sir. "Now, Mr. Costello, is there a fe-

"Is she under your protection?" "She is." "Now, on your oath, do you main-

"I do." "Have you ever been married to

"I have not." (Here several severe jurors scowled gloomily at Mr. Costello.)

"That is all, Mr. Costello; you may

question your grandmother?

#### FUN.

A cracked-up diet-Scotch oats.

Chicago Globe The original national flower was the

Mayflower .-- Chicago Herald. An Electric Spark-Making love by telegraph.-Washington Capital.

The original "big four"-The forefathers at Plymouth.—Chicago Herald.

Berrypickers get what they can and

When a man drinks like a fish it doesn't follow that he is in the swim. -Boston Post.

This is thirsty weather. Even the mercury is filling its glass higher these times .- Puck.

The man who ought to listen and learn usually does most of the talking. -Atchison Globe. A harness thief is the most difficult

to detect because he takes all traces with him.-Light. You don't look for motes in the eye

of your summer girl; you look for the beams .- Baltimore American.

There is nothing but the price to in dicate that the peach crop is, as usual, short this season .- New York Herald.

When the schoolmaster whips one of the girls he hits a miss. When the girl dodges she misses a hit.-Philadelphia Press.

Gossip reminds us of a high building. Only one story out of a dozen rests on a foundation .- Binghamton Republican.

The expression "the long and the short of it" is never better understood than when a man longs for money when he is short of it .- Harper's Bazar. Can I swim? Why, of course. But I never

go far; By interest, not pleasure, I'm led. men on the beach won't be mash'd as they are

If they see nothing more than my head. The act of swimming furnishes an exception to the rule that kicking operates against a man getting along the world .- Binghamton Repub-

Rev. Primrose- Do you knew where you will go if you do these naughty things?" Little Johnnie-"Yes, sir - go to bed." - Harper's Bazar.

Since cloudbursts have become popular we hear little or nothing of cyclones. They're unfashionable, and so refrain from appearing in good society.-Troy Press. "No, Mr. Jones, I cannot be your

wife." "But you'll be a sister to me. Promise me that." "It is unnecessary. Your brother proposed to me last week and I promised to be his sister. I have been your sister for a week." "The bridesmaids were handsome breeches, the gift of the bridegroom."

Do not be shocked; the compositor could hardly have recovered from the annual picnic when he made this sad blunder about the bridal brooches. Dr. Grimshaw-"Don't you know. young man, that it is very injurious to blow cigarette smoke down your nose

in that way?" Mr. De Addle-"Is

it? I know it's vewy agweeable, and I hate to do it, but all the other fellows do it, doncher know?" Jones (the gardener, whose son is office boy in the city office)-"Well, sir, I hope you like my son John. I hope he gives you satisfaction." Master-"Oh, I expect he'll get on presently. There's one thing in his favor;

doesn't snore as loudly as my last

one." A French soldier on active service was informed by the mayor of his village that his father had recently died. In acknowledgment he wrote as follows: "M. le Maire, I heartily thank you for my father's death. It is a little accident that often happens in families. As for myself, I am in the hospital minus one leg, with which I

have the honor to salute you!" Jenkins (walking up the front garden)-"What on earth" (reads "No admittance except on business") ---"What on earth, Mr. Parker, have you got that stuck on your front door for?" Parker-"Why, so many ornamental fellows call on my daughters they are in one another's way, and as the girls don't go off I must do something to reduce the surplus! Coming in? No? Well, ta ta!"

Scene-The gaming table at Monte Carlo. Young English lady with her little sister and a gentleman whose acquaintance they had recently made while traveling. Young Lady-"Now, I shall just try one five-franc piece on the number of my age," putting one on number eighteen. Number twentyseven wins. Little Sister-"Oh, Mand, what fund Now, if you had put it on your right age you would have won, wouldn't you?"

One day a clergyman's wife, preparing to give a collation to her husband's association on the following Monday, and not being in the habit of doing extra work on Sunday, told her cook that she had better boil the ham for the sandwiches on Saturday, lest if boiled on Monday it would be too warm to slice. "W'y," drawled the cook, "Miss W'ite, yer don't think it ud be wickid ter bile it on Sunday, deyer, ef we biled it slow?"

Stranger-"I'd like to see Mr. Squib, the society editor." Managing editor—"Well, he's busy just now." Stranger—"I thought he was not occupied about this hour of the day?" Managing editor—"Well, he isn't usually; but we had to detail him to-day to report the divorce proceedings between stands the case better than an outsider