

AN OLD TIME ROMANCE.

Right here, in this venerable oak tree's shade, My grandmother, mother sat one day, In solemn state and in stiff brocade, Awaiting a lover, a knight they say.

HEINE'S FIRST LOVE.

THE DISILLUSIONMENT OF A GREAT POET.

To those who are acquainted with the romance of Heinrich Heine's life, his writings must seem almost repellent. In this age, when optimism is as inconceivable a fad as was pessimism in the days when La Rochefoucauld's bitter maxims secured the approbation of the court of the Grand Monarque, it is customary to hear the "Reisbilder" disposed of with that trite metaphor concerning the noxious swamp, with here and there a brilliant, but dangerous, flower.

When this first love began it would be difficult to tell. Molly Heine was the poet's cousin, and together they grew up in a close companionship of which he writes with ineffable tenderness and reverence.

His love was reciprocated, and in those years all that was best and praiseworthy in the man's nature showed itself. "I brought her a lily which I had plucked," he says, "and I said to her: 'Be mine, that I may I am to be good and happy like thee.'"

But the lily could not last. Heinrich went to Goettingen, and Molly was betrothed to Mr. Friedlander, who, like the Heines, was a Jew. Heinrich's wound was deep, and it gave no promise of healing.

into a woman old and wrinkled, whose face had lost its animation and whose form had grown leavy and ungainly. The negligence of her dress accentuated these defects, and the impressionable dreamer saw the goddess of his fancy transformed into a German "hausfrau" of the most prosaic sort.

His dream had been twice rudely shattered, and henceforth he could only live and love in the past. The man who never, in spite of his genius, was made still less so by this circumstance. Yet, for all his faults, there are few who know his life and writings who will not echo the words of Matthew Arnold, written at the German poet's grave:

Ceremonies of Striking Interest to the Foreigner.

A marriage ceremony in Algeria is an interesting relic of ancient customs. The bridegroom goes to the bride, and the guests assembled outside the house will wait for his coming. Soon the sound of pipes is heard coming from the summit of some neighboring hill, and the marriage procession approaches the bridegroom's house.

A Dying Woman's Indictment on Our Social World.

"There is help for all but the gentle poor," is the eloquent indictment hurled at society by a pitiful woman who sought eternity and peace through the dark way of suicide. A woman of good education, of moral excellence, of honest purpose, of refined sensibilities, she was driven from starvation to death because no one would give her employment in New York because she had no "references."

A Crusade Against Kissing.

A preacher in a neighboring town has just undertaken a violent crusade against kissing at church fairs. In the most peremptory manner he has forbidden the members of the flock to engage in games which end in osculatory rewards or penalties.

And the Little Woman Knew the Gateman's Weakness.

Now and then one finds a person who understands railroad human nature, as exhibited by the gatemen in the depots. Their orders are to pass no one in without a ticket, and it is the easiest thing in the world for them to wave back old age, youth, beauty and anybody else who wants to pass in to meet a friend expected on that train.

"Can't pass without a ticket." The other day, while I was watching him, a little, blue-eyed woman came gliding into the throng waiting at the gates. Of the two tenders she selected this one to operate on, although any one could have seen that the other had the biggest heart.

"What is it, ma'am?" "My sister will be in on the 6.30, and I so want to go inside the gates and help her with the children. As you must have the authority of the manager in his absence, I make bold to—"

A woman, driven by the vicissitudes of life to throw her home open to boarders, finds the experience, as most other women who try it do, difficult, to say the least. But she says, philosophically: "I am learning human nature. I have discovered that the soft-voiced, refined-looking woman often carries tigerish claws beneath her velvet and that the frank-looking, well-dressed man may develop into a 'Meddlesome Matty' before my eyes."

Oliver Goldsmith's modesty has become proverbial, but he was by no means the dullard in conversation that he is sometimes represented. David Garrick, who fond of his little joke, once asked Goldsmith before a large party of gay Londoners: "Why does an ass brag when he can argue so eloquently with his hind hoofs?"

"People ask me to take them cheaply because they are striving to buy a house or because the husband has extra office expenses, or, as one quashing creature told me, 'because we want to go to Europe next Summer.' The more they want the less they want to pay. Look at the advertisements for 'board wanted,' 'everything unexceptionable,' and 'terms moderate.' Would those people think of going into a shop and saying, 'I want your most expensive goods at a low price?'

"Will," said Bacon one day to Shakespeare "they say I wrote your plays." Shakespeare laughed. "Why do you laugh my William?" "Because my... they think you are the swan of Avon, you're a devil of a swan, you are."

You can tell what kind of a spirit there is in a man by the way he treats woman. There is no bigger coward anywhere in the world than the man who is afraid to do right.

WITHOUT RELIGION.

Mr. James Knappell Lowell, our late Minister to England, recently, in an after-dinner speech, replied to some skeptical diners out, as follows: "I fear that when we indulge ourselves in the amusement of going without a religion, we are not perhaps aware how much we are sustained at present by an enormous mass all about us of religious feeling and religious convictions, so that whatever it may be safe for us to think—for us who have had great advantages and have been brought up in such a way that such a moral direction has been given to our character—I do not know what would become of the less favored classes of mankind if they undertook to play the same game."

"The worst kind of religion is no religion at all, and these men living in luxury and ease, indulging themselves in the amusement of going without religion, may be thankful they live in lands where the Gospel they neglect has tamed the best in us and ferocity of the men who, but for Christianity, might long ago have eaten their carcasses like the South Sea Islanders, or cut off their heads and thrown them into the sea."

Which May Possibly be Recognized by "Harper's Magazine." Shortly after the death of Caesar's daughter Julia, who had married Pompey, the latter grew very distant toward Caesar and before much time elapsed the two had become thoroughly estranged.

On another occasion, Bosworth having said in Goldsmith's hearing that the "Vicar of Wakefield" should have been called the "Vicar of Sleepfield," modest Noll turned toward him and without a moment's hesitation cried: "Shut up your mouth!"

Ben Johnson said it took one of Bacon's strongest essays to keep him from striking the poet.—New York Sun.

Thought He Could Kill. Father (to editor). "I would like you to give my son a chance in your printing office." Editor. "What can the boy do?" Father. Well, at first he couldn't do anything more than edit your paper and take general charge of the mechanical department, but later on, when he learns sense, he'll be handy to have around to wash windows, keep lamp chimneys clean and sift ashes."

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FOOD FOR THOUGHT.

Riches lie in self-sacrifice. "I serve," is a truly moral motto. True freedom stands in meekness. Ignorance never settles a question. In nature there is no blemish but the mind.

Every man is some kind of a coward. No man is who knows himself proud. Any work is hard work to a lary man.

The cross can only be seen from a cross. Every good man builds his own monuments. He who knows most grieves most for wasted time.

Pride, generally, is at the bottom of all great mistakes. Even vinegar has to work in order to be worth anything.

Thou must be true to thyself, if thou the truth would teach. Evil shall hunt the violent man, to overthrow him.

There is nothing sadder on earth than an unhappy child. The apple you mustn't have always looks the sweetest.

Beware of people who do not love children and flowers. Troubles will run when you look them squarely in the face.

People do not grow into grace by looking at the faults of others. No man is so worthy of envy as he that can be cheerful in want.

No life is wasted unless it ends in sloth, distaste or cowardice. Tell me whom you live with, and I will tell you who you are.

Life, like every other blessing, derives its value from its use alone. A woman can be more dangerous on a bicycle than when she throws a lens.

The sun did a good deal of shining before there was anybody here to notice it. The law is always written on stone, but grace comes to us through a loving heart.

The man who undertakes to get rich at the expense of his conscience will find that he can't do it. Commonplace people see no difference between one man and another.

Cultivate not only the corn-fields of your mind, but the pleasure-ground also. Resignation is the name of the angel which carries the most of our soul's burden.

A skeptic is one who knows too much to be a good fool, and too little to be wise. One bird in the bush has more charms for the natural man than two in the hand.

He who can take no interest in what is small will take false interest in what is great. When a man has run his race in this world and the end comes he is out of breath.

There is a great deal of good luck in industry and a great deal of bad luck in laziness. Never ask the devil to dinner unless you are willing to take him for a regular boarder.

Fruitless is sorrow for having done amiss if it issues not in a resolution to do so no more.

HORSE NOTES.

The Iowa Central Stock Farm, Butler county, one of the largest in Iowa, was reported sold recently, by Lewis Stout, of Dubuque, to John Lusk, of Ankeny, Ia., who will cut it up into small farms.

Judge P. P. Johnson has positively declined to serve another year as President of the Kentucky Association of Trotting Horse Breeders, and Mr. John E. Green will probably become his successor.

Mr. Jacob Ruppert lost by death recently the wearing chestnut filly, by imported St. Blaise, dam imported Potenta, which he recently purchased at the Belmont sale, paying \$2500 for mother and foal.

There were three 2-year-olds to beat 2:30 at Vaneer Park, Muir, Ky., during its meeting: Thistle Dew, by Sentinel Wilkes, 2:25; Lady Princeton by Princeton, 2:30; and Lakewood, by Norwood, 2:27.

Lockhart, 2 1/4, is up to the present time, the fastest trotting representative of the Nutwood family. His dam, Rapidan, by Dictator, was bred by Captain B. J. Tracy, Lexington, and she is now owned by W. A. McAfee.

The Jewett Farm has another great yearling pacer in a filly by Bonnie Boy, son of Patchen Whip, that, it is said, can make a mile in 2:31. She is out of a mare by Rochester, and her second dam is Lady Belmont, the dam of Sherman, 2:24.

Although Director, 2:17, was a game racehorse, and is well bred, he was despised by Kentucky breeders before Baldsburly bought him. His success in California has been wonderful, and he will now be brought back to Kentucky to enter service.

J. G. Davis, for many years Superintendent of Highland Farm, has purchased all the stock belonging to the estate and has leased the farm for a term of years. He will sell at an early day all the brood-mares and young stock, reserving only about 1, 2, 23, for stud service.

Ben B. Kenney, who has had charge of Marcus Lusk's stables this year, has taken his horses back to Versailles, Mont. He let recently a lady Wilton, 2:14; Red Cherry (2), 2:24; Fantasia 2:41 and Whirl, 3-year-old filly, by Wilkes Boy; Merry Wilk, 2-year-old colt, by Wilton.

Mr. Simmons of New Douglas, Ill., not only lost a horse with glanders recently, but his own life as well. Whenever there is the slightest suspicion of glanders in a stable a competent veterinary surgeon should be sent for at once. It is one of the most infectious of diseases and incurable.

F. S. Gorton, Chicago, has sold to Sisson & Lilley, Grand Rapids, Mich., a half interest in the bay horse Pleasant, 13:42, foaled 1888, by Director, record 2:17, dam May Day, record 2:30. This horse is full brother to Margaret S., 4-year-old record 2:12, and May Day is also the dam of Lucas, record 2:14.

J. Malcolm Forbes, Boston, Mass., has recently purchased from A. J. Alexander, Woodburn, Ky., a bay filly foaled May 20, 1891, by King Wilkes, Wavelet (sister to Viking, 2:19); Waterloo, 2:23; Sprite, Fairy Belle and Maid, by Belmont. Also a bay filly foaled April 27, 1891, by King Wilkes, dam Pasha; 2:29, by H. Roll.

At the track of the Iowa Driving Park, recently, A. L. Sardy drove Joe Jefferson against the four-mile pacing record, 10:3 1/2, lowering it to 10:10. The old record was made by Loufellow at San Francisco, in 1861, and has stood for thirty years. Joe Jefferson now holds the world's pacing records for three miles and four miles.

It is said of Manette, the dam of Arion, that she would never trot a little bit. Her gait is the run, and she was frequently used as a runner to accompany and stimulate trotters. With her inheritance of trotting blood this is strange, and stranger still it is that she should be the one to produce the wonder of wonders.

The body of the Arab stallion Kismet, which died recently from pneumonia, contracted on the voyage from England, will be brought from New York to Philadelphia. Mr. Randolph Huntington has presented the body to Dr. R. S. Hildekoper, who will use the skeleton in his lectures on the anatomy of the horse.

The brown stallion St. Valentine, 2:23, by Westwood, son of Blackwood, dam Laura Logan by American Clay trotted in 2:17 1/2, over his owner's new kite shaped track near La Belle, Mo., recently. He went to the half in 1:07. St. Valentine is said to be the largest horse in the 2:20 list. He weighs 1450 pounds in racing condition.

Items For Your Scrap Book. A teaspoonful of borax added to cold starch will make clothes stiffer than anything else, though it adds no polish.