THE LIGHT OF LOVE. Fair is the flush of the summer dawn,

Then the gate of pearl uncloses, As it glimmers along the dewy lawn And shimmers amid the roses ; As it wakes the little drops of dew To quiverings of delight, And threads the aisles of the forest through

On the trail of the flying night. Soft is the gleam of the summer stars

When the feverish day is over.
When the fays are affoat in silvery cars.
And the dusky moth is a rover,
When over the couch of the dreaming for
The mists of the fountain creep. And the languid ears of the drowsy hours Are wood by song of the deep.

But the dazzling hues of the morning fall And dull are its golden lances, And all the light of the stars grows bale In my darling's tender glances; For the stars may burn with a thousand dy And a myriad sunbeams fall,

But the light of love in a woman's eyes Is the purest light of all. -New Orleans Times Democrat

WOMAN'S WORLD.

The Elevation of the Stage... Mrs. Cleveland's Influence.

A short time since I was one of a party invited by a New York manager. Mr. A. M. Palmer, to make the trip to Washington with his company and witness the performance of a play which has been running all the season at the Madison-square Theatre, New York ("Jim, the Penman"), for the benefit of the Actors' Fund of America. The Actors' Fund was founded five years ago. Mr. Albert M. Palmer, of the Madisonsquare Theatre, being its most active promoter, and is the first substantial effort of actors and managers to provide they were so much more broadly cultipermanent resources from which to draw for mutual benefit, aid in sickness, protection in old age, and strength and encouragement during the days of health and vigor. Highly as individual actors and actresses have been esteemed, they had no organization of national dignity or importance, and no certain source of mutual help, sympathy and encouragement, and the Actors' Fund is intended to supply all of these. Already it has a capital fund of \$50,000, and it is in contemplation to not only provide certain aid in case of sickness or disabilty, but to provide a fine permanent building in the city of New York, which shall be an educational institute, a club-house, and a home worthy of a pursuit which demands superior intellectual qualities and is beginning to take its place as one of the noblest of the professions.

This is why the Actors' Fund has a national importance, and this is partly why the invitation for this special performance came from the President of the United States, the members of the Cabinet and chief officers of the government. The train consisted of special cars, and taking in, at the first glance, the persons who made up the assemblage and the provision for their comfort, one could but arrive at the conclusion that a vast advance had taken place in habits, customs and public opinion, since the time when the "players," the "best" the city did afford, were overtaken on their way to the court of Denmark, and given over to old Polonius for care and entertainment. The modern "manager" is no player. In this case he was the son of an old and respected clergyman who has occupied one pulpit for upward of thirty years. His young son and daughter were both with him. and his grief was that his wife could not accompany him because of indisposition. which would have prevented the whole expedition, had not the publicity rendered this impossible. The belle of the party was a young married lady, an actress, whose husband, an actor, is her devoted slave, and of the other lady members of the company one has carned her title to "Queen," and another is a grandmother, yet still a fine actress and recognized anywhere and everywhere as

It was curious to see these people, whom the public generally only see upon the mimic world of the stage doing the common things, actuated by the ordinary motives, and supplied with as complete an outfit of the usual joys, sorrows delights and anxieties as the most ob-scure individual among us. It was pleas ant, also, to see that in the national capital they were received with due honor, that beautiful flowers crowded their table, that senators and their wives were eager to see and greet them, and actress" no longer stood i way among the intelligent and educated of honor and social distinction.

Up to within a very short time society of our large cities has been far behind Europe, and particularly London. in this respect. In this latter city I have seen a duchess wait on the edge of a crowd for a chance to speak to Miss Genevieve Ward, the actress, at an even ing reception; while such women as Mrs. Kendal, actress and wife of manager, are received into the finest houses in London

This has not heretofore been so in this country, and it has been one of the greatest drawbacks to the entrance into the profession of young women of education and refinement. But this social ban igradually and very sensibly being removed. The dramatic profession is one of the few that offers equal chances to women with men. It demands superior intelligence; it calls for the exercise of high intellectual qualities it requires the possession or the simulation of culture and refinement. If it presents temptations to those who are assailable, so much more reason why society and all good women should throw around the subjects of them all the guards which self-respect. association, countenance and fellowship can command. Much that we call temp tation only assails the weak and vain, not the strong, or those inspired by a worthy purpose. It is infinitely better, therefore, the women of the stage should be drawn from the best, not the poorest sources; that they should be educated, intelligent, self-reliant, not the victims of a vulgar desire for display and admira-

It is rather remarkable that the cen tral figure of Washington society should be a young girl, whose previous life, while charged with some grave responsi-bilities, and experiences, had been as far removed as possible from expectation of the high position she was called upon to fill. That she is the wife of the President does not explain the hold she has obtained upon the hearts of men and women alike, of every rank and degree. "There is not a man in Washington who is not dead gone on Mrs. Cleveland," said a gentleman who holds official rank, "nor a woman who has not been conquered by her sweetness. I was present," he con-tinued, "at her first important reception after her marriage, and saw her as she entered the long hall of the White House leading to the conservatory on the arm

the President. The corridor was lined on both sides with a critical, curious crowd, composed of the most experienced and distinguished members of Washington society. She endured the ordeal with perfect composure. The graceful, fearless young figure passed down through the midst of the brilliant throng, bowing to the right, and left, as if born to homage, and I made up my mind it was not the possession of exceptional gifts, but simply the talent and adaptability of the Amerithe talent and adaptability of the Ameri

can girl, which makes her the peer of princesses and crowned heads anywhere." Is it not singular that while the Ameran girl is demonstrating her fitness for the purple the royalties of the world are endeavoring to gain distinction by hard, genuine work "Who among all the royal princesses and queens of Europe did con admire most?" was the question asked recently of a gentleman who has had unusual opportunities of judging having been entertained en famille at

nearly every court in Europe.
"The Queen of Roumania," he replied without hesitation. "She is Queen in her own right. She would be queen any where, for she is a queen among women In manner perfectly simple, yet emi-nently graceful and distinguished, it is a distinction, and makes one prize one's self more highly even to have spoker with her." This royal lady's great grief is that she is childless, and she flies for consolation to literary work and to teach ing. She has written some novels that are faithful studies of homely life, and she passed a public examination in order to be able to repeat to the girls in the high school at Bucharest the course of class lectures she had given privately in the palace to the daughters of court off cials. These are higher examples of how extremes meet in these days of work and equality. But there is one grave possibility that our girls need to be guarded against; it is that

becoming mere specialists in Some years ago a foreigner who had the entree of the best New York society, remarked that the society of American women was infinitely more desirable than that of the men, because vated and generally better read. The men were immersed in business or politics and have no leisure for cultivation; the women cultivated literature, music and the social arts, and were therefore fitted for the companionship of intelligent men. This desirable state of things does not seem likely to last. The tendency now among women is to devote themselves to some trivial specialty in literature or art and make a little money at it, whether they need to do so or not. To follow even the most trifling pursuit with a moneymaking object requires a devotion which becomes absorption and dwarfs all other possibilities in one's life. Interest and thought revolve in a circle, petty care accumulate, nerves become attenuated life is limited to the smallest of indi vidual interests and all the fruits of leisure and happy home life are sacrificed to a little money, which is perhaps wasted in one direction while gained in another. Money is a cruel god and women should be delivered from its JENNY JUNE.

> BARY LOUISE. ERNEST DE LANCEY PIERSON.



Baby Louise, is it really you? Grown to womanhood, tall and cold, still that Yet they do not seem like the eyes of old; Surely, it is but a year or so Since the time I drew you upon my knee, winter nights by the back logs' glow, And told you stories of land and sea.



In those days, if my mem'ry serves

Then your kisses you lavished free For a flower, perhaps a caramel; ou had been nursed in a worldly school My lady mama had taught you well That a girl or woman was half a feed Who didn't know charms were made to



The Newspaper Picture. "Did you see my picture in the paper to-day, dear?" inquired a young traveler who had taken quite an interest in politics, as he came into the house the other evening. "Yes, I did—and—and—" Here she burst

into tears. "Why, what's the matter." Why does it make you cry?"
"Why, Jack, I'm so disappointed If I had known you looked like that I'd never have married you."—Merchant Traceler.

"The war sare is over in Europe," remarked Jones.
"So!" exclaimed Smith, excitedly.
"Yes," responded Jones. "That's where it's been right along, I believe. Don't you read the papers?"—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Ouite the Reverse. What a sad, pathetic thought it is that to omeone, somewhere, the oldest minstrel oke is new !— Annixon (Ala.) Hot Blast. PAPA'S LULLARY. W. R. speciality

You're sound asleep at last You restless little elf-Wee image of myself, Old Morphens holds you fast!

Rest, tiny, tired feet-Rest, chubby, medding hands You, my imp from Fairyland Recese in slumber sweet.

The livelong day, my boy, Like bee among the flowers ion've sipped from all the hours Life's honey-shildhood's joy

S. removeful is some brook Methinks the angels' fan Your ruddy face, my man As they watch o'er you now

And papa is at rest! He's found longed for repos I say it-and it goes-

The Underground Mail.

BY GEORGE ALFRED TOWNSEND.

spirit so like his own in youth that Colonel Devoe looked up from his great political manuscript

nous letters must have come anonymous brent

"Here am I. grandpa, described as still in love with Mark Hanson, and most inimate things related of the period of my engagement to him. I showed them to Dave, and asked him if he had received any such letters. He confessed that he had, but would not let me see them. I shall tell him to-day that until he disovers their author I will not be his wife t is the duty of a spirited man to unover the slanderer of his betrothed

"Poor Carrie! though I have fought my duels on less matters than that, in he days when I edited our political organ. I never would give an underhand correspondent dignity enough to trace him or er out. You can't suspect Mark Hanson :

of everybody. Granny, I shall take a lesperate remedy You go on with your memoirs!

As she called for her saddle mare to ride over the mountain, the poor old olonel wiped his spectacles of film and is eyes of tears, and resumed the com-

and I believe they all received anony nous letters. It must be a disease of

dog, running between the mail buggy's wheels.

Mark Hanson had given her that doe

of the war, and took a little patch of

There, Carrie, an orphan child, who had never looked with sentiment on man efore, fell in love and cared it by loving

She was now to do an act as impetuous as her first love, and her frank rebellion against it; and the clustering village she had beheld from the mountain top was soon echoing with the hoofs of her sad-He mare. Entering a place of business there, she confronted a plain but beaming young man at the business desk, who

What have you done about them?"
"Nothing, though I have also had a
third one. They contain nothing tangible, nothing I could believe. Why let Sharp Girl.

"Oh, Ella," said Clara, "I think Lily and her bean have quarreled."

"Why," replied Ella, "what makes you think so!"

"Well, her parlor has been brilliantly lit

"Well, him lately."—New York Sun.

"David Hightman, I will not be parlor to the parlor has been brilliantly lit

"David Hightman, I will not be parlor has been brilliantly lit."

tient. It is not my family's way. They resented and detected foes of society, such as write these letters."

Mark saw that the mail buggy was at the gate and the deaf-looking old man of a driver had a letter for him. "Dunno. You know I can't read."

made to it to do the works of peace and not of wrath I shall keep like the yow I made to you of a pure heart and a pure

"Then, sir, I shall find one who will defend me-Mark Hanson. I am going "Hold on, Carrie! I will go there with

He overtook her at the end of town and

she felt his passive moral authority which had both conquered and exasperated her, as he rode at her side.

Bred among some of the old pictist, non-resistant German sects, David had an influence above courage in his steady, tranquil, yet deep nature, where love could lie like a trout poised in the brook, at perfect rest, with all its graces and all

Mark Hightman came out from his crib of Spanish cocks, which he raised for the sporting trade or tought them

"Carrie," said be, with calm hospitality, what brings you yet? It was Dave. I see. Negerfoot, go yander, and lay down!"

"Mark, I come to you for justice. If I cannot love you, you will defend me.

"And these, too, Mark!" from Dave They passed the skulking letters over to the only person in the world who could have suffered any known injury at

Dave's and Carrie's hands. Mark read poorly, physical education and not the spelling book being his bia-ile was of warm blue eyes and soft red complexion, and made of tendons and small toints and cool as such importances

exposure and sporting society. His cheek sparklest once or twice, and then tamed its crimson down. Finally he assorted the letters and put them together and touched them to his nose "Excuse me he said. "I'm in the habit of living on nateral food rabbits, possums, and what varmints education has left us yer It's not good till it gits right old, and so I put these letters to my nose, for they're ancient history. Yes,

they are in the proper condition to be

I come to you, Mark, because we had been friends, and to show you that we considered the writer of those vile imputations to be your enemy also." I appreciate your confidence, Carrie, and Dave's too, in coming along. There's



of you two could. After I've loved a girl and give her up to my friend, and bear neither of them any grudge because they obeyed nater"- he stopped and seemed to swallow the Adam's apple in his lean throat—"why, I couldn't go live on revenge instead of this kind of game sorrow that's such a sweet, cruel

You couldn't, Mark, and be in your right mind," added Dave Hightman, "and I know your mind is right because it's your heart that's hurt and not your con-

Good-bye to you both Hanson, passing his wrist across his eyes The longer you stay yer the worse I feel. So I'll keep these letters and my old dog, and bring both back to you, Carrie, in a few days Good-bye, Mark ; when you have found

the man, take your horsewhip and flog him. But I must go and see it done." him. But I must go and see it uone.
"I'll bring the whip if I find the rogue.
Carrie, and you shall tell me how long to

Dave Hightman rode quietly home with Carrie, exercising no authority, but say ing the homely speech that it wasn't well to make an appointment with trouble when it would be sure to call at one's

They found poor grandfather working at his memoirs, over the due is and intrigue of the past and the era of good feeling ain, fertless of man or beast so that her under Mr. Monroe, which he never could

Granny," cried Carrie Devoe in high spirits, "we are going to find the anony-mous letter writer! Mark Hanson has got the letters. Well," said grandfather, "I hope you

her amiable hound, as quick as any coach dog, running between the mail buggy's becoming distinguished as a special mail agent.

After they had gone Mark Hanson sat on the porch of his old, neglected house, with Negrofoot in his lap, and had a quiet, bovish cry over the loss of the large, mature, brown-eyed woman who had so dis-turbed his life, over his vision of ap-proaching age without any comforter but dogs, chickens and rabbit traps, and also over his neglected opportunities of school nd the money-making trades. He had been left a little independence.

posessed a part of it still, never knew av-arice, consulted such tastes as he had, and therefore was no cynic if he had failed to acquire either glory or his girl. A movement of the Talbot bound's

lose from side to side attracted the obervant hunter's eye, and he saw that the package of anonymous letters had been held against the animal's muzzle "That paper has a mean order," Mark anson observed. "It's not been well Hanson

washed in chloride of lime at the mill, or the rosin and alum they use there ham got the chloride of lime out of it." He passed the paper over the blood

ound's nose again and again. Carrie's bloodhound was not of the isnamed Spanish mastiffs which hunter uban slaves, but a real bloodhound black-and-tan in color, slow but steady in pursuit, developed like a tobacco chewer, bow-legged as a country tailor, fierce in nothing, merely marvelously scented and only more solemn than foxhound. In all respects of civility Ne grofoot was a Quaker, except in the well known Quakerly scent for either the spirit or the substance on which his perceptions have been set. He had loved Mark Hanson; he loved Carrie Devoe, cation as well as inclination now kept

im with the discarded lover.
"Negerfoot!" exclaimed Mark, after he had appeared to leave the contents of the anonymous letters to the hound's intelli-"you and me is too old to learn anything new. I can set a good snare

Where's it from ?" demanded Mark.

The mail carrier in that country, who also carried packages to the train to eke out a living, delivered letters to some roadside customers. As he passed along. Mark opened the letter.

It was a mocking narrative of his be ing tilted. It reminded him of some im perfections in his youthful history. It ven jeered at his gamecocks and emphasized the stubborn fact that he had not

on a main all last winter. There was no signature to the letter It did not seem, to Mark's inexpert art with the pen to be in the handwriting of other anonymous letters, which now took up from the caress of Negro-

'It's somebody with a game flavor for ole family history, anyway."

As he spoke the bloodhound ran his muzzle-barrel into the freshly-opened tter and sniffed and whined.

Mark Hanson smelt the paper. He next him and applied them to his nose. Slowly whistling he took his dog to rib and daintily, parsimentously fed aim on a rare morsel of food and locked im in with the anonymous letters for is education.

All the next day Mark Hanson sat thinking over the people far and near who knew so much about other people's business. He made a list of all the gosips and meddlers, men and women. The third day be took his hungry

sound out of the crib, showed him favor ite food but withheld it, made him scent the anonymous letters again and again. and trail them from place to place, petted the animal while teaching him The fourth day Mark took his riding

whip, mounted his horse, whistled to Negrofoot and started on a journey of nspection His free habits made him easily welome at every suspected homestead, and upon each he had often bestowed small fame in Maryland hospitality.

At every place he called for paper and writing materials to write a letter Near nightfall Dave Hightman saw his

friend come into the store with a weary Dave, I've failed. Me and Negerfoot.

too. I s'pose we ain't had the proper schooling. Git your horse and ride over he mountain They passed the gap under the bright stars that seemed so near, while the winds roared in the forests upon the knobs

Carrie Devoc read the failure of the inquest as they entered, and she rejected her lover's kiss.

her lover's kiss.

"Never can we marry," she repeated, "until this miscreant is found!"

"Carrie," spoke Mark Hanson, "it's that which touches my honor; for you may think I'm trying to divide you from Dave by not finding this culprit. I've followed every clue. T've gone to the old woman's tho sits at the window-blinds and peeps and to the young preacher's who is so affectionate at funerals; to the book-can vasser's and amongst the postmaster's laughters; wherever there was too much slyness, or to smuch knowledge and op-portunity, or a hidden rescality that could tempt one child of nater to accuse his fellow-being of the same."

He stopped and looked suddenly across the room where Grandfather Devoe was writing his memoirs, indifferent to the conversation around him.
"Carrie! Dave!" exclaimed Mark Han

son, "did you ever see a bloodhound that could read handwriting before." Look a-The muzzle of Negrofoot, the bloodhound, was on Grandfather Devoe's man

With a gunner's sliding movement, Mark Hanson stole across the room and lifted Grandfather Devoe's page of manu-

eript.
"Yer, Negerfoot," he whistled, "I've got your supper in my pocket. Yer, Carrie! how many lashes do you say for the anonymous letter-writer?" old man started up, feeble and

His granddaughter ran forward and seized the whip. "He the writer of these anonymous

letters? Impossible? Til trust the dog's scent every time! Til trust my nose, too! Smell of that paper Colonel Devoe writes on, and of the papers these yer letters is wrote upon. It's the same, and there ain't no such paper used by another, that can write in all this district of country. Thar's Italian of lime in that letter paper. accuse this man of sending them letters Down fell the whip lightly upon the old man's back

Instead of resenting it the old man cowered to the floor and took Mark's taunting words:

Who knows as much ancient history as him, about everybody? Who is all the time writing something that never gets to be finished? Who gives letters to the mail driver, that can't read the in-scription on em nor tell them from other ple's letters? Who else knows that my chickens hain't won a main this whole season but him, and he heard me tell you,

Carrie Devoe, and you alone?"

"Colonel Devoe," David Hightman. gravely said, "I fear the bloodhound scents your stationery as well as he can scent the skin upon one human foot from another. We had suspected you already. and that was why I could not assist my affianced wife to disclose the culprit and blemish her family name. Tell us, in this ittle private group, the motive of your

doing so, and be forgiven! The old colonel arose and staggered to a chair and looked around at them with omility and fear.
"It was an old, old habit," he said, "ac-

quired in the contentions of public writers and partisans. God knows I have tried to break myself of it, but always failed. It began in the tyrannical desire of an editorial desk not to allow an op-ponent to vanquish me. It extended to my career as a public officeholder when I breathed forth the secrets I suspected through the secret mail and fought duels to defend my character and still wrote anonymous letters. Finally banished by my suspicions and the suspicions against me from the crowded baunts of men, I discovered that I could let nothing alone not even my own family. Behold me, who hate nobody and am helpless to defend myself, still whispering my senile and spiteful apprehensions to the offspring of my children and those who give me dependence! It is the awful consequences of one early habit I cannot

"I can break you of any habit," Mark Hanson exclaimed, "for I have made my old bloodhound a special mail agent. You never could have been cut out for a public writer, colonel, if the edition of anonymous letter satisfied your talents

"David," Carrie Devoe exclaimed, "if I had taken your counsel this disgrace would not have overwhelmed my family I have lost you forever.

"I have won you forever, my wife," David Hightman replied. "These things were done in the days of chivalry. Be a hristian woman and no anonymous word can anger you."

He gave her his hand and drew her father from the floor.

"Colonel Devoe, we forgive you," Mark Hanson said; "you will now be with me, and you shall at last have an active career. You shall raise the game chickens while I go off and fight them, and when we win together you shall praise my breed of fowls in well-contrived articles. and I will have them published in the newspapers.

"Take him and make a man of him," Carrie Devoe said. "Dear Mark, what hall I give you for your sagacity

Take him.



HISTORY REPEATS ITSELF How Leonidas Tried to Hold the Pass

apposition to the interstate commerce bill of

that period, and when the obnoxious measure

Thermopy be. Leonidas was a prominent editor of Sparta, n the sweet long ago.

His paper, the Polladium, was noted for its

ure became a law Leonidas was as hot as a Like the law which is now distracting and overworking the commissioners, this annt statute prohibited the issue of passes Just before the law began to do its deadly work Mr. Nerxes, president of the Ther mopylie Railway Company, issued a circular

of which the following is a copy : (Form 291.) THERMOPYL & RAILWAY CO.

OFFICE OF COL. W. H. XERXES, Presiden LOCKES, April 75, 480 B. C. Their Sir-As you are aware, the interstate commerce law, which goes into effect on the the issuing of free passes or the honoring of You will, therefore, return to the general

dices of the Thermopyle Hailway Company the annual pass new issued in your name, as the same will not be available for passage after the date named. Regretting the necessity for issuing this vir-

cular, I beg to remain, yours faithfully,
WILLIAN HENRY XERKES,
President and Gon'l Freight and Ticket Agent. When Leonidas reviewed this intimation he was even more wroth than when the bill

The pass was a young and beautiful one with the figures 480 in large gift letters all ver the face, and Leonidas had not exhib ited it more than three times to the admiring gaze of the conductors of the line.

Then again the fishing season was about to open, and he intended to take a run down into Thessalv county every Saturday after the paper had gone to press, and include in the pleasant sport of lazily drowning worms. He had several other little excursions

clanned for the summer, one of which was o visit his girl in Ohio. Leonidas was therefore sorrowful when he usefulness, had been cut down in its fresh young beauty.

Then he made a brave resolution He asolved not to give it up, but die in beforese it necessary.

He died, as the sequel will show. "olonel Xerxes was determined to see the to return the pass at the appointed time.

Xerxes sent a postal card to inquire the wherefore. Leonidas replied that Xerxes might go to

Halifax, but Xerxes went not. Halifax was not on his line of read. He went for Leonidas instead, having first called out the militia to assist in taking the

pass from the angry editor. The latter levied three hundred Pinkerton guards, armed with Remington rifles, to defend the pass. But it was of no use.

Xerxes captured the precious pasteboard. but not until Leonidas and all his retainers but one had been sent to that land where the wicked legislators cease from troubling and

the weary editor is at rest. The man who escaped got back to Sparta and wrote an account of the fight for the Palladison, which thus had a scoop on its

contemporaries. This little incident shows us that there is state commerce law, for passes were called in

more than 2,000 years ago WM. H. SIVITER.

TRAVERS STORIES. Manufacturing Process Now Busily Engaging the Humorists.

The New York papers are busily engaged printing stories of the late Mr. Travers, for hich there seems to be a popular demand. set to be outdone in this department of cumor, we have laid in a large supply of yphens, which, being judiciously distribarranted to give the true Travers flavor. The following anecdotes are warranted to was genuine as those which other journals

re publishing Once when Mr. Travers was a boy his nother was instructing him in history, when tie asked

"Now, tell me, my dear, why we celebrate Washington's birthday more than your I d-d-don't know, m-m-mamma," replied

precocious child, "unless it's 'c-c-cause he -never t-t-told a l-i-lie." When a boy his playmates always called a "Bill." which accounts for the follow-

One day his mother asked him where had been. P-p-playin with J-j-jule Harris' 1-1-little b-boy," he replied.
"Hush, my dear, Mr. Harris' name is

Julius, not Jule." "I s-s-suppose, then," replied young Fravers, "t-t-that m-m-my n-n-name is B-b-billions." One day the youthful wit was playing

proudly: "My pa's nearly fifty years of age." -w-well," he replied, "m-m-my pa": only t-t-thirty-six, but if you was to c-c-c it by the f-f-fun he's had he'd b-b-be about

t-t-two hundred.

with a neighbor's little girl, who remarked

A friend of the family was one day dand ling the precocious child on his knee, when the bright boy suddenly asked: "D-d-do you know w-w-where I b-b-born?

in Queen's county. Thereupon little William hopped off the gentleman's knee and was hurrying away, when the latter asked: Willie, where are you going?"

"O, yes," replied the gentleman; "I recol-

lect the circumstance well. It was over here

"G-g-goin' to m-m-mamma." replied the little Travers, "to t-t-tell her 'f-f-fore/any body else d-d-does." It will be seen from these specimens that the field for the manufacture of Travers

stories is practically unlimited. Logislative Requirements

'Have you got a copy of the laws passed the last Texas Legislature?" asked a by the last rexus Legislature asked a stranger of an Austin stationer.

"No, sir; the laws of the last Legislature have not been published, but we have Schenck's Handbook on Poker," pocket flasks, and almost every other legislative requirement you can think of.—Texas Sift-

He Has one Further West. A Western man sent in to an editor an item to the effect that his fortieth wedding anniversary would be observed on a certain day, but the printer inadvertently left out the word "anniversary."

Horses from the Pacific slope ought to have a golden gate.—Texas Siftings.

IN WALL STREET.

A SHOP WHOSE WARES CONSIST OF STOCKS.

Jay Gould Making a Quiet Purchase Investors Who Handle Securities as if Examining Dry Goods - A Curious Place in the World of Finance.

[Special Correspondence,] NEW YORK April 28 .- 1 followed Jay Gould into Wall street. A great many who try to do that same thing, financially, are led to disaster; but my act was lit eral, and it took me into a curious place. It also enabled me to discover that Gould does not risk his all in venturesome enterprises, but habitually lays away a portion of his fortune beyond the reach of ordinary losses. He entered a broker's office in the second story of a buildingthe minds of the people of the United States - the office of a dealer in what are called "unlisted securities," or stocks which are not speculated in at the Stock Exchange. There is no business on margins here. The proprietor keeps on hand an assortment of stocks, and his customers, after the manner of a shopper in a dry-goods store, look them over, cogitate over prices, dicker awhile, and finally purhase what they desire, taking away the securities as they would so much cloth. fay Gould on this visit asked the dealer the had anything attractive. The reply was that some street railroad sharesabout a hundred thousand dollars' worth -were good and cheap. Gould took them in his hands, gazed critically at them, talked about their value, and at length bought them-giving his check on the spot for the amount, putting them

"I think that Mr Gould gets genuine satisfaction out of these purchases for investment " said the broker "I under stand that he makes gifts of them to his children, and at times to employees, counseling them to regard them as permanent capital. He takes my word implicitly as to the dividends of the securities that I offer, and other matters of fact, and then we haggle a little bit over the price; but he isn't mean at all, if he thinks he is getting real value. I don't doubt that I have. within five years, sold two millions to him, and he has probably purchased five earned that his nice new pass, which was times as much elsewhere in securities ust ready to blossom forth into a career of quite outside of speculative range. When I find a lot of stocks or bonds that can be had cheap and for cash. I buy them out right, and when somebody comes along to take them at a satisfactory advance, then I sell. Sometimes my profit is large, and sometimes small, but it is always something, because I am never forced to law enforced, and when Leonidas neglected make a sacrifice. I am like a merchant who deals in staple securities instead of staple dry goods. I have a regular run of trade, built up by twenty-four year-of attention to business, and I have cap-ital enough to keep a good assortment of goods always on hand

into his inside pocket, and departing

quietly

"Who are your customers?" I asked "Well," he replied, "Thurlow Weed was one. I have no doubt that in ten years I sold him an aggregate of half a million dollars' worth of stuff. He had no great desire to own real estate, deeming it bothersome to manage, whereas securities were portable, convertible and on the whole about as safe. But he was never a speculator. Whatever he bought disappeared permanently from the market. He had a fancy for street rail road stocks and often came here to see what I had in them. He had a knowledge of the condition of the companies and their present and probable incomes that was remarkable, and he was a shrewd close buyer. He stopped dealing with This little incident shows us that there is nothing alarmingly original about the inter. I have understood that a delusion to the poor got into his otherwise remarkably clear head. The last time I saw him here he seemed to have suddenly lost some of hiformer good judgment. He fancied that horse railroads were about to be come bankrupt, and for the first time during our business relations he desired to be a seller instead of a buyer. thought at first that he was loking, and when he asked for an offer for a certain block of excellent stock I named a price away below what he had a few month ago before paid me for it. He surprised oil through chestnuts of the proper age, are arranted to give the true Travers flavor.

The following anecdotes are warranted to with me, and I believe that the manage. ment of his business affairs was practi

cally taken out of his hands Our talk was interrupted by the en trance of an old man, whose dress indi cated that he had stopped forty years ago in his effort to keep up with fashion. and whose decrepitude was such that be ought to have been seeking a kind c-treasure that he could lay up beyond the reach of moth, rust and thieves. But he was on the lookout for monetary bar-

gains "This is the most chronic old shopper among my customers," said the broker.
"You'll see him paw over my stock like an old woman at the marked-down

counter in a fancy-goods store."
As this was spoken aloud, I looked for hot resentment in the ancient and refined Knickerbocker, but he had not heard a word, and when the broker said anything for him to understand it was through the medium of an ear-trumpet. But merely hearing about the securities did not sat sfy him. He must see and feel them. One lot was recommended to him as cheap and valuable, but, after crumpling and rustling it, holding it up to the light examining the fibre of the paper and the creases, he seemed to think that it would not wear well, and so declined to buy His final choice was about half a yard of Sixth-avenue horse railroad stock—a soft, yellow fabric, which he rubbed lightly across his lips, as though it was a piece of rare India silk. He paid for with a check for \$13 782, tucked it into an inside breast pocket, and instinctively hugged it as he joddled out. F. F.

SOCIETY IN A FLUTTER. The Approaching Visit of Prince Leopole of Prussia to this Country.

Society is anticipating an interesting event in the visit of Prince Frederick Leopold, of Prussia, with his suite, who, it will be re-membered, left Germany last summer for a membered, left Germany last summer for a tour around the world. He is expected at San Francisco shortly, and will probably be here about the 1st of May. As everybody knows, he is the only son and heir of Prince Frederick Charles, nephew of the Emperor William. He is but twenty-two years old. His departure for home is fixed for the 18th of May, and passage has already been engaged for him on board the North German steamer Trave, which leaves on that day. Already our German citizens are moving to Already our German citizens are moving to provide for him a suitable reception, in which the city authorities no doubt will heartly participate.—New York Letter in Philadelphia

No Change for Him-

No Change for Him.

No Change for Him.

Bagley—Going to Newport this summer?

De Baggs—H'm—well, Idunno. Maria inclines to Cape May, Tom wants to take in the Yellowstone, Hortense thinks there is nothing like Saratoga, and Mrs. De Baggs has a hankering after Europe. "And where do you want to go? "Me? Oh. I'll take my outing on the street cars riding to the loffice every day. Just the same as last suprimer—just the same."—Philadelphia Call.

Asleep I like you best

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"I will never marry Dave Hightman," said Carrie Devoe. until this Anonymous Letter-Writer is found out." She stamped her foot with a

and snoke: "Grandchild, don't notice it. Remember the saying that whoever writes anony-The underbred send them to the lawful

You would do it if you were still young

ut whom else have you offended?" "No. I always found him the man of ionor. But it is the nature of these anonymous letters to make us suspicious

osition of his never-finished book on the mes of Robert Goodloe Harper. "Dear Carrie!" he exclaimed aloud. She is my last unmarried grandchild

society From her grandfather's hermitage, in the narrow Pleasant Valley, Carrie was soon bounding along the rills of Israel's reck and up through the chestnutcould slopes of the great South Moundoesthound followed along with her; get past. and as she turned the crest of the road in he gap and overtook the mail buggy where the great prospect of Catoctin Valley stretched below and afar, she saw

n the days when she thought she loved It was the only present she had not re-turned, because Negrofoot, as the bound was named-from his former use in chasing slaves-had been her gallant, too. making the wild mountain paths safe and sociable to Carrie as the streets of Marinsburg, where she had been reared. Her official at the capital of his State, lost heart and faith after the great convulsion

patrimonial property among the moun-ains to get pure air and indite his recol-

She had found when plain, dutiful, store keeping Dave Hightman came around her the explanation of her frequent fallings out with Mark Hanson, his friend. It was that she had never been truly in love with Mark, but only infatuated.

"Why, Carrie!" "Here, sir, is another of those letters.

"Carrie, much as I love you, I will not quarrel or fight for you. The long life of faith and household joy I expect to spend with you must not be interrupted by every undertoned remark some gossip every undertoned remark some gossip may make and every unacknowledged letter sent to us. I am a peaceable com-municant of the church, and the vow I

and you can follow a strong trail. That's The hound stood up and bayed low.

some people low enough in this society—people who trust their reason instead of the people with them letters. I know neither