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Her Letter.

Prue!

The winds—and birds sang, too.
They saw you thro' the village highway pass,
And press your pretty nose upon the glass,
To see if in the pigeonhole for you,
Reposed a letter,
Prue!

Prue!

They sang your secret to
All those who cared to listen to their song.
You were not dreaming as you passed along
The forest aisle, of some one's eyes of blue.
O! I know better,
Prue!

Prue!

Beneath the pines you grew
(When you took that letter from your bodice, and,
With sparkling hazel eyes and trembling hand,
Broke the seal) just as scarlet as the hue
Of poppies—I know,
Prue!

Prue!

Oh! my, if you but knew!
The wood birds saw the sweet words that you read—
Aye, saw you bend your pretty golden head,
And press your rosy lips upon the two
Kisses from your—Oh,
Prue!

A BUNCH OF WHITE LILAC.

"So much? It is *too* much!" said a soft, plaintive voice behind me.

I turned—to see a small creature standing on tiptoe before a flower stand at the entrance to Covent Garden as I was passing.

In this position, her head was about on a level with a huge bunch of white lilac; and the rough straw hat pushed back, and the fair curls glittered in the sunshine, as the little face was fairly buried in the fragrant bloom.

I stopped short; the bright hair and the pale flowers both arrested me.

Swift as thought, they had caught my memory back to a bowery seat under a white lilac clump, and a golden head upon a level with my shoulder, and a face that for fairness and sweetness might have put the white lilacs themselves to the blush.

Somehow I could not help wondering if this face would be like that face, as these blossoms were like those of the past, faded now more than half-a-dozen years ago.

And it was startlingly like. So like, that I could almost believe that three times half-a-dozen years had vanished, and my little playmate, May—my May Queen, as I used to call her—stood before me in the lilacs.

The child looked up at me, frankly and confidingly, out of those great blue eyes—that might have been May's eyes, forgetful that there had ever been a bitter quarrel and a parting.

What a folly in me to be thinking of her now! But, thinking of her, some how I could not help answering those soft, appealing eyes.

"You wanted the flowers, little one?"

"Yes, sir. Please sir, the big white ones."

"You like white lilacs?"

The flower-girl behind the stall was singling out a great, sweet bunch, responsive to the coin I had laid beside it. But the child was shaking her small head.

"I like those better she said, pointing to a mass of yellow daffodills. "But Little Mother, doesn't she just loves the big white lilacs?" They're for her, sir; and will you make this buy them?"

She showed me her penny, over which the rosy fingers were shut jealously.

"Keep your penny, child, and I will buy the lilacs for you."

But she shook her head.

"No; Little Mother was crying this morning when I woke up—did you know grown-up people ever cried?—and she told me it was because she had no white lilacs on this May-day. Wasn't that a funny thing to cry for? And then she told me she was Queen of the May once, and she had to get down off her throne, and wander away and away from the white lilacs, and out into the cold, dark streets here. I don't think they're cold and dark, do you?" the little thing added, looking up at me in the sunshine.

Suddenly a wondering expressing grew in her eyes.

"You are not going to cry, are you?" she asked.

If Little Mother had felt the blank sense of misery which had been closing in and blotting out the bright day from me, as the child prattled on, she would have been too near to despair for tears. I could only hope her pain was less than mine. The small hand I took into mine had torn open an unhealed wound; and now it must lead me until I could see her Little Mother face to face, and know if it were indeed my lost sweetheart, May Elliston.

"No, no! I am not going to cry," I said. "But I am going home with you to see your Little Mother. See, we will take her all these lilacs."

"Yes, but I must buy them myself," she declared. "I didn't tell her so; but I promised myself to take my bright new penny as soon as I had done my lesson and Little Mother was at her work and wouldn't miss me."

So the bright new penny was laid down on the counter beside my coin, and the little maid, her pinafore heaped with a gay bunch of daffodils amongst the lilacs, trotted on, her free hand trustingly in mine.

It was not until we were some distance from the stall, and the knot of wayfarers about it, that I could give voice to the questions burning in my heart.

"What is your mother's name?"

"Why, Little Mother of course! What else should it be?"

"And your own name?"

"Bertie."

"What else?"

"Why, nothing else!" she said with wonder in the uplifted eyes which were so like May's.

My heart grew heavier and heavier. For Bertie was the name of May's scapegrace brother who was lost at sea when my little sweetheart had not much more than entered her teens. She had all a young girl's romantic devotion to him. What more likely than that she should have named her child after him?

There were ugly stories whispered about of Bertie Elliston before the vessel was wrecked in which he was fleeing from his country—out of reach of the law, it was rumored. But May would be sure not to believe the stories; she was never a half-hearted partisan.

If every one had not known that the vessel went down with every soul on board, it might have been supposed that May had gone to her brother somewhere, when, after the death of her grandfather, her last remaining relative, she simply disappeared with the fortune the old man had left her, because he could not carry it in his grasping, miserly hands into the other world.

That was just after May and I had had our bitter lover's quarrel; and when I came back to the old village to look for her, she had vanished. And now to find her again—not my May, but this child's mother.

I could not bring myself to question the child about her father. She had a bit of black ribbon tied round her straw hat.

I dared not even think of it. I tried not to think at all, while she drew me gaily on, her feet dancing over the rough ways of the dingy streets, up which she turned, as her bright eyes were dancing over the fragrant blossoms heaped up in her pinafore.

Up the dingy street, up and up the dark staircase of a dingier house to the very garret floor. Surely it could never be May Elliston, the heiress, lodged so high as this!

"Little Mother!"

There was a slender figure in black, stooping over a long, white seam over her knee.

It must have been the sun that shone full on the window where she sat which dazzled me, for I seemed to see a halo shining round the drooping golden head, that never lifted though May's voice—it *was* May's voice, faltering with the sound of tears in it—answered the child.

"My little Bertie back again already? Why, you couldn't have got as far as the park, darling; and it would have done you good to play there in the sunshine. Did dolly get tired and want to get home?"

She was stitching away so busily that she never glanced round.

"Wait, darling; I am just finishing. Then we'll go out together and take all this work home, and if they pay us this time"—this in a lower tone—"we'll get a nice dinner that will make up for the breakfast."

"Little Mother, see!"

The child had slipped behind her, and was showering down the fragrant blossoms over her shoulder into her lap.

"White lilacs!"

It was with a wild sob in her voice that May cried out, and she gathered up the fragrant lilacs and buried her face in them.

When she lifted her face they were all shining and wet, but not with dew.

And when she lifted her wet eyes, it was straight into mine that they looked.

Slowly she yielded her hand into mine, outstretched for it.

"Donald! After all these years——"

"And changes."

Perhaps my voice was bitter, for after that first impulse to draw her to me, to claim her in spite of everything that had come between, came the revulsion.

I looked down at her black dress, and I seemed to see, under the mocking heap of flowers, and the coarse, white work, the little left hand with the wedding-ring upon it.

No, I couldn't forget that she had forgotten—that she had given herself to some other man! I touched a fold of the black dress, letting go her hand.

"He is dead, May?" I said.

She gave a startled glance at the child, pressed against her knee, absorbed in bunching the flowers together.

"Yes, he is dead."

And then, very softly, lifting up her lovely eyes to me:

"If you know so much as that of him, Donald, it is likely you know all. But let his memory rest; he was sorry enough at the last."

"Sorry! But first he brought you down to this. Your fortune——"

"Gone!" she said; and with the hand I had let fall she gently stroked the golden head of the little one, intent upon her task, not heeding us. "His child," she said. 'Donald, when I parted with my last sovereign for the simple cross that marks his grave, that 'Sacred to the Memory' made his memory ever sacred to me. So let it rest, untouched by any slightest breath of unkind word."

I looked down into the drooping face of the girl—my May Queen once; and suddenly I knew that, try to dethrone her as I might, she was my queen still and mistress of my fate.

"And because of that stone, sacred to his memory," I said bitterly, "because of that, May, you are going to send me from you again, more wretched than when we quarreled and parted, years ago?"

"Send me from you again!"

There was a frightened gasp in the sweet voice; and in the blue eyes lifted to me a look that told me I might venture to do what thereupon I did—that is, to catch both of her hands in mine, to draw her to me, the left hand as well as the right.

Then, suddenly and sharply.

"May, what have you done with your wedding ring?"

"My—wedding—ring?"

"Oh, see,—all the poor, pretty flowers spilt!" the child broke in, trying to push us back from the fragrant showers lying about our feet. "Oh, Little Mother, see what you have done!"

I felt the start that went through and through May, as I still held her in my arms.

And then she looked up at me, smiling tremulously, blushing ravishingly.

"Ah, now I see what Bertie has done! It is her 'Little Mother' that misled you into fancying I could ever have been false to you! Yes, I am her 'Little Mother'—the only mother she has ever known; for her own mother died before she could remember. She is poor Bertie's child, Donald."

I stooped and caught up the little one rapturously, setting her down again, bewildered and staring, in the midst of her blossoms.

"Blessings on her pretty face! It is just what yours was, May, when I can first remember it."

She shook her head.

"I never could have been as pretty as that," she said simply, lowering her voice that the child should not hear. "But my brother and I were very much alike."

Her voice softened.

"After all, he had never sailed on that ill-fated vessel," she explained. "And when he wrote me to come to him, after grandpapa's death had left me alone in the world——"

"After it had left you an heiress," I answered, in my own mind, but never from that day to this one syllable of it aloud.

"Of course I went," she continued. "And I had to disappear, for it was not safe for him to be seen by any who had even known before,' she whispered, with a pained glance at the child. "I never thought you would care—we had parted in anger, we two——"

I stopped the last words with my lips on hers; we would never be two again.

She whispered, clinging to me:

"Never ask me of those years, Donald, if you love me. Only, he was sorry—sorry at last."

The tears vanished in sunshine in May's blue eyes as I made her look at the child among the flowers.

"Little Bertie never shall be sorry all her bright life long, if I can prevent it," I said. "I owe her all that fortune can give her for bringing me again to woo my love among the white lilacs. Sweetheart, long ago I bought back the old place, for the sake of that white lilac bower, where once—you remember it?—you were enthroned May Queen, and ever since have been Queen May. We will be married to-morrow, May, and will go down there while the lilacs are still blooming.

The Dreadful Devil Fish.

A jolly party of ladies and gentlemen went over to Santa Rosa life-saving station to enjoy the fine surf-bathing on the gulf beach. One gentleman rushed himself into a bathing suit in double-quick, and, with a triumphant cheer, plunged into the briny, scoring the first "header" (not a charity), and swam out some ten or fifteen feet seaward; his triumph was short-lived, however, for he discovered, by the bright moonlight, an enormous devil fish within a few feet of him, which hoisted its dippers above the water and splashed threateningly. With a yell of dismay, the gentleman made for the shore much faster than he went out, and, while each breaker took him off his feet, he imagined himself in the clutches of the horrid monster and made frantic efforts to escape from the impending danger, finally reaching the shore, safe in limb but fearfully weary.

When safe ashore the gentleman and his companions viewed the monster, which slowly moved around or calmy floated near the surface, not more than twelve or fifteen feet distant, and saw that it was a large devil fish, such as are often seen on the Florida coast, which seemed desirous of having their company. "Bush" Hutchinson says that he and another of the crowd walked along the water's edge some 200 yards down the beach, and that the fish kept them company, timing its movements with theirs, and stopping when they did, swimming or floating as near inshore as it size would allow. Bush says it appeared to be about eight feet across, and that it occasionally elevated its flippers playfully above the water. It finally disappeared for a time, but after on was discovered near the first place, when all hands scampered ashore, and concluded they didn't want to bathe any more that night—a very sensible conclusion, though it is doubtful if the fish would have harmed them, unless they had "run agin" it.

New Post Office Decision.

The Postmaster General has issued a circular to postmasters concerning the acts authorizing the extension of the special delivery system to all postoffices in the United States and to all mailable matter. The circular says that on and after Oct. first, every postmaster will be held responsible for the immediate delivery of every article of mailable matter stamped with a special delivery stamp. Such immediate delivery must be made, except on Sunday, when the article is directed to a person residing or having a place of business within one mile of the postoffice, but the postmaster will be at liberty to make such delivery beyond such limits, and to receive the compensation thereof as in any other case. The hours within which immediate delivery shall be made shall be at least from 7 a. m. to 7 p. m., and further until the arrival of the last mail, provided that such arrival be not later than 9 p. m. At third and fourth class offices the postmaster must provide the means, and pay expenses of such delivery, and will be allowed the full compensation of 80 per centum of the face value of all special delivery stamps on matter properly delivered from his office and recorded as provided in the circular.

New Postal Cards.

The new postal card adopted about a year ago will soon be superseded by another, which has been preparing at the Bureau of Engraving and Printing. It consists of one piece of engraving instead of two pieces, as on the present card. A head of Jefferson, a miniature portrait after the original in the State Department, occupies a central place on the upper third of the card. Over his head, in light letters are the words "United States." In panels, supported by scroll work at the left and right, are the words "Postal card" in distinct letters. Under the head are the words "One cent" and beneath the border line enclosing the line of designation is the line "Nothing but the address to be on this side." The Postmaster General may decide to print the new cards on white paper, in black ink, for the reason that white paper furnishes a better ground for written characters. As there is a stock of about 12,000,000 postal cards now on hand it is probable that the new cards will not be out for a month or two.

The Acken Family.

The Acken family of Middlesex county, New Jersey, has furnished four sons whose great age, height and weight are remarkable. The oldest, William, is 83 years of age, six feet in height, and weighs 246 pounds. The next, Henry, is 81 years of age, six feet in height, and weighs 200 pounds. Capt. Samuel, the third brother, is 75 years of age, six feet five inches in height, and weighs 225 pounds. The youngest is Theodore, and he is 73 years of age, six feet three inches in height, and weighs 230 pounds. The combined ages of the four is 312 years, an average of 78; the combined height twenty-four feet eight inches; and the the total weight 895 pounds, an average of 223¾. The brothers are all in good health, and bid fair to live many years yet.

—During the twenty-four days of the Monmouth Park meeting 156 races were run, and there was not a single postponement on account of the weather. The aggregate of stakes and purses amounted to $250,000. The most successful owners were the Dwyer Brothers, who won twenty-two races and $85,165. A. J. Cassatt follows with eight races and $22,505, principally earned by The Bard. Then comes J. B. Haggin, whose stable captured five races and $17,845, while the Preakness stable won eight races and $1230. Thirty-three other stables won amounts ranging from $1000 to $10,000

HOW THEY USE TOBACCO.

Peculiarities of the Tobacco Trade.—Tricks and Oddities of Smokers.

"How do men smoke?" repeated the man of knowledge, as he tilted back in his chair and lit a cigar. "I should answer that by asking another question that is, 'Why do men smoke?' You tell me why a man uses the 'noxious weed,' and I will tell you how he does it. There are an infinite number of reasons why men smoke. Some men smoke because they are nervous, some men smoke because they are phlegmatic many merely from habit, a very large number do it because others do so, and a small minority smoke because they really enjoy it.

"A nervous man will smoke because he thinks that it will soothe his too active organization. Such a man will take short quick puffs, one after another in constant succession. A nervous smoker I can spot every time.

"Then there are the phlegmatic smokers. They are followers of Sir Walter Raleigh, because they want a stimulant and they think, or pretend to think, that tobacco will stir up their sluggish temperaments. Such men take tobacco as a man would take a whisky cocktail. A great many men, in fact I might say almost all men who have smoked for any great length of time, smoke more from habit. To see these men fumigating always disgusts me. They don't seem to think of what they are doing. No thought of the pleasant sensations which they are or might be experiencing seems to enter their minds. They puff away and emit the blue volumes of choice Havana in combustion as if they were so many Chinese. They smoke as they would sleep or dress for dinner. Their one idea seems to be to get through and light another. You will see a man pulling away on a stump of a cigar, every little while looking at it impatiently and wondering if he will ever get through so as to start the next one. Now, why should they do this? They are not enjoying themselves. They simply seem to consider it a duty to get away with so many cent's or dollars worth of cigars in a day. And they perform the task.

"Now, smoking is one of the most delightful experiences in the world of sense, to those who can appreciate it. Some men are, however, so coarsely made as not to have any knowledge of the fine pleasures of life. You set before such a man a dainty dish, a pate de foi gras, a few exquisitely browned frogs' legs, or any other of the triumphs of a French chef's art, and what will he do? He will swallow them down like so much corned beef and cabbage or pork and greens, He is so crudely constituted that his palate cannot appreciate the niceties of the culinary art. In the same way, if you set before him a dainty glass of rare old sherry or Madeira, he will gulp it down with no more knowledge of its virtues than if it were a 10-cent glass of Jersey lightning. So it is with some smokers. One of your cross-grained men will pull away on a choice culling from the sunny fields of the West Indies with no more satisfaction than if it were an old clay pipe full of navy plug. Probably he won't enjoy it as much. With a man of finer grain, however, it is different.

"I enjoy, above all things, the sight of a connoisseur of the weed at work on a fragrant Havana. He takes a dainty puff. Then he draws the cherished 25 or 50-center from his lips and gazes at it lovingly, meanwhile emitting from his lips a slender thread of blue smoke. Then he will pause and the fragrant, soothing narcotic will seem to penetrate through every nerve in his body. That's the way a man ought to smoke. I've no patience with those fellows who hurry through their smoking just as they hurry through their dinners, never stopping to enjoy it. Such men rush through life in the same blind fashion. They don't know what real enjoyment is. Smokers have all sorts of peculiar tricks and oddities. One man I once knew had a trick of constantly knocking off the ashes with his little finger. He would keep that little finger wagging continually, and when there was no ashes he would burn his finger But it was a habit which he seemed wholly unable to overcome. Some men whom I have known would always swallow the smoke. The nicotine laden vapors which they would take into their stomachs must have kept those organs in a constant state of distension.

"Others seem to find an inexplicable delight in making chimneys of their noses and sending the smoke in volumes through these orifices. I once knew a man who had a peculiar trick of shutting one eye to look along his cigar with the other as he put it into his mouth. He was a bashful man and never thought of flirting with the girls on the street, but that habit used to get him into no end of scrapes. How? Why the girls all thought he was winking at them.

The peculiar habits of smokers will sometimes run through a whole family I remember a funny instance of that. A man came to me in my office one day and represented himself as a brother of an old friend of mine. He was a shabby, forlorn-looking specimen and I was not inclined to believe his story, especially as there was no personal resemblance to his brother. But I sat and talked with him awhile. He told a plausible story, but still I was not inclined to believe him, and finally I told him to clear out, that I couldn't be bothered with him. Then my better feelings came to the front and I gave him a cigar. He took it with a sad, forgiving smile and lit it.

"He hadn't taken but one puff before I was on my feet begging his pardon. After taking that puff he had taken out his cigar with a peculiar jerk and had blown the smoke out of the corner of his mouth in a manner which I had noticed and laughed over a hundred times when with his brother I saw him do it. I knew then that I was not being imposed upon.

"But talking about smoking makes me think what a wretched habit it is, after all. It is expensive, dirty, repulsive. Will I have cigar? Well, yes; thank you. Have you got a match?"

A Great General.

Twenty years ago the name of Creisau was never spoken of, but Moltke has made the place famous, just as Bismarck has thrown lustre upon Varzin. Here in rural quiet, far from the activity of the city, Field Marshal Count von Moltke has set up for himself a Tusculanum, where in the utmost seclusion he recruits his strength after the fatigue of the winter. Having intercourse only with his nephew and his immediate neighbors, he assembles here new forces for his work. Chatting on the way, we came at last to the village of Creisau, and soon we arrived at the castle. It is a plain, quadrangular building, with one story and a high gable. General von Moltke acquired this seat with the money given to him by the grateful Fatherland. On both sides of the iron steps leading to the hall are great cannon taken in the French war at Mount Valerien and afterwards presented by the Emperor to the Count. They are bronze, and are covered all over with reliefs and chased work. In the hall itself are three beautiful equestrian statues of bronze, resting on colossal sockets. The central figure is that of the Emperor, with mantle, helmit and flying plume, the right hand raised. An inscription says this was a gift from the Emperor on the sixteenth anniversary of Moltke's service. Right of this statue is an artificially executed copy of Rauch's monument of Frederick the Great. On the third plinth stands the excellent equestrian statue of Moltke himself, a gift of the Great General's Staff. On the walls of the vestibule are large bronze busts of the Prussian Kings, with those of the Crown Prince and Prince Frederick Charles. Entering the sitting-room we find it simply furnished, giving a true picture of the Field Marshal's modesty. Here is the low field-bed, with a plain writing desk, while large maps hang on the walls. In the upper rooms of the castle are many family portraits. In these rooms, too, are kept the gifts made to the Count from time to time. Beneath a glass shade is a small marble bust of Napoleon III.; a gift of the late French Emperor to Moltke, made when he was at the height of his power. Bronze busts of the late Grand Duke of Mecklenburg, of the King of Saxony, and portraits of the Emperor, the Crown Prince and Prince Frederick Charles also adorn the rooms. All these works of art were the gifts of the Princes themselves, and were accompanied by cordial words expressing high praise of this faithful counselor. Count von Moltke likes when staying here to go over his fields and to prune the young trees planted in the park. Home-grown fruit must appear on the table, and the Count then speaks with pride to his guests of the produce of his lands. The school which he has is often visited by him, and he listens to the teaching, questioning the young ones himself at times. It was late at night when we left the portal of the castle by moonlight. On the corner pillars rise gladiators larger than life size. They keep guard at the entrance of the residence of the man whose name will be spoken of so long as any one asks after the architects of the German Empire.

SOME SUMMER GIRLS.

A Few Samples that May be Found Everywhere.

The unlucky girl who is one of six or seven big sisters.

The giddy girl who wears short skirts, tight shoes and dotes on Saratoga.

The elephantine girl who bowls twice a day in an ineffectual effort to reduce her weight.

The engaged girl, who, with an anxious air, is always expecting a telegram from "him."

The envied New York girl who has more stylish dresses than any one else in the house.

The subdued girl with older sisters, who wishes they would marry off and let her have a chance.

The particular girl at Ocean Grove who will not permit herself to be hugged anywhere but in the ocean.

The lively Atlantic City girl whose craze is caramels, and who thinks the sweetest thing in life is dancing on the pier.

The sensible, modest girl who behaves herself, and will be married well when all the raging belles have become old maids.

The ing nious girl, who, in the absence of young men, flirts with the hotel clerk and bathing master just to keep her hand in.

The smart New England girl who goes botanizing in the mountains, and paralyzes the young men with long Latin names.

The ugly girl, with a blue-blood pedigree, at Mt. Desert, to whom every nice young man has to be presented as soon as he arrives.

The stupendous girl in a litchen green costume and a Rembrandt hat, who carries her chin in the air on the front seat of a Newport drag.

The eccentric girl who sits on the beach at Sea Girt alone, or wanders in the woods and doesn't seem to want to know a soul in the house.

The shapely girl at Narragansett Pier who looks best in her bathing suit and spends her afternoons in the water or lounging on the sand.

The athletic girl who is camping in the Adirondacks, who has cultivated her muscle by smashing the pestiferous insects that abound there.

The inexperienced girl who is tickled by the attentions of a played out beau, and thinks the other girls are jealous when they advise her to discourage him.

The happy girl who went to Europe early in the season and slipped several nice Paris dresses through the custom house, in which she now flourishes superbly.

The flirtatious girl who goes boating with gallants without a chaperon at Lake George, and has been doing so for successive seasons without any appreciable result.

The desperate girl nearing 30, with an extra bottle of bloom of youth, and a trunk load of juvenile sashes, who feels that "now or never" is the time to decide her fate.

The sentimental girl who carries a yellow-covered novel to the breakfast table at Cape May and whose stock of conversation is confined to a rehash of the latest silly fiction.

—Bar Harbor is gayer than many other resorts.

Any gold jewelry that an immersion in water will not injure can be beautifully cleaned by shaking it well in a bottle nearly full of warm soapsuds, to which a little prepared chalk has been added, and afterward rinsing it in clear, cold water and wiping it dry.

A simple test of the quality of leather belts is thus given by the London *Mechanical World*: A small piece of the belt is cut out of the strap and put into vinegar. If the leather is thoroughly tanned and of good quality it will remain unaltered, and even show, after some months, only a somewhat darker color, while if it has been insufficiently prepared with tannin the fibres swell and are converted into a gelatinous mass in a short time.

BOYS AND GIRLS AS MODELS.

Mites of Humanity Who Pose as Subjects for an Artist's Pencil.

There are several hundred persons in this city whose business is to sit as models for artists. Young girls who are particularly beautiful are engaged every day in the year, and may earn from $1 50 to $2 a day. They must keep still for hours, and often stand or kneel in tiresome positions while preserving their gracefulness. An artist who has a handsome studio uptown was visited the other day by a reporter. He was drawing designs for Christmas cards. A small blonde-haired boy half naked was sitting in a chair made fast on a table, which is called by painters a throne. His mother, a handsome woman of 25 years, stood near the throne with a pair of reins tied round her waist, the other end which the little cherub held in his hands.

"What is the purpose of this arangement?" asked the reporter.

"Don't you see?" said the artist. "We make the little fellow think that his mamma is a horse and that he drives her. I have to keep two things in mind: first, to make the picture; second, to amuse the boy. That is not so easy a task as it might seem. At first, perhaps, during the first sitting I only play with the child or get his mother or brother or sister to play with him, until I see some pretty or natural movement or catch some striking expression on his face."

"He does not look particularly pleased at present," the reporter remarked.

"When I wish to see him laugh," rejoined the artist, "I request his mother to caper around like a wild horse. Sometimes she must make a car horse of herself, and stop every moment and let him take up passengers, and whenever she stops I get a good chance to put in some good touch."

"Don't many of these artists paint out of their heads, so to speak?"

"No artist who does not paint or draw from life, as painting from models is called, ever gives his picture a look of reality. We may be able to paint a marble floor from a small piece of marble, or a brocade dress from a yard or two of the material, but even to do this we must have made studies of large surfaces of marble when opportunity has offered, and we must have spent several days in studying the folds of drapery in a dress worn by a living model before the special material of the brocade can be copied into it."

"How do you procure your models?"

"There is no difficulty in obtaining any material or substance, for we can get at any time a piece of it. But the most important of all things that can be painted or drawn are the forms and faces of men and women and children; and for that purpose we must employ people to pose for us. As a rule the models form a caste and are usually known to each other."

"How old are your youngest models?"

"Some begin to sit when they are mere babies. I have often wished that some rich children could see how patient these little ones can be when they understand that they are earning money to buy food and clothes. There is a little girl who lives in a tenement house on the west side who is very proud to sit for me. I make a chalk mark on the throne where her little feet should go, and she will carefully keep on the mark. She has a few minutes for rest at intervals during each hour, and a long rest at dinner time, but she will keep very quiet while I am working and not move without leave."

"What other expedients do you resort to in order to keep the children models quiet?"

"Patience will accomplish almost anything. I have a little boy who found a stuffed bird in my studio, and he is always quite happy for an hour if I let him play with it."

Second-Hand School Books.

"What becomes of all the second-hand school books?" was asked of a veteran dealer by a reporter.

"That's what people are all the time wondering" he replied. "The general public have the idea that they go where pins, needles, hairpins and such things go to, that is, they disappear somehow or other and no one knows where to. You may be surprised to learn it, but there is a large and increasing trade done in second-hand school books alone; so much so that we have now a regular school book exchange. You see, boards of school trustees are all the time changing the books their pupils study, unless not allowed to do so by law, which is the case in some States, and in former times, when they made a change, they either sold the discarded books for old paper or burned them. But now they are more economical. They hunt up the school-book exchange and are allowed to trade their discarded books for those they want, of course paying something for doing so. Why, through the agents, booksellers, school trustees, and others, we keep track of changes of this nature made in any important school throughout the United States.

"I have a book here, indexed, which gives the towns in which a certain publisher's geography is used. To give you an illustration: As soon as I hear that a school is going to substitute another geography for that one, I make a bargain for the discarded ones, and at once writing to the towns where it is still in favor, probably will have the lot sold before they reach here. It is the same way with dealers in a town. When the public schools branch off from a certain book the dealer has no further sale for them, and so he is glad enough to get rid of his stock to me, and I can dispose of them where they are in use. I have on file blanks from all localities on which are given the names of the school books in use in the vicinity. Of course, I take the books at a discount."

"How much do you get for a second-hand school book?"

"As a rule, about half price. The demand for the regular second-hand ones is now particularly in the farming districts and throughout the south. Take a farmer's boy who has been to school only a few months and has not much spare money, and he will eagerly buy a school book but little worn when he can get it at half its original price. As to the demand in the south, there seems to be a greater appreciation of the advantages of a more general education, and my agents all report a marked increase in the demand for schools books there."

The power of persistence, of enduring defeat, and of gaining victory by defeat, is one of the forces which never loses its charms.

A Story that Doesn't End in the Usual Way.

"I want to tell you a story; may I?" This proper petition came from a clerk in a down-town banking-house. I was willing, and this is the way he went on: "Ten years ago two young men went to work for the same firm in Wall street. Their salaries were the same, their opportunities even, their tastes similar, and, generally, they were on a par all round. Both married, neither adding much to his dollar-and-cent account in that way. They climbed along together. Eight years ago they were drawing a yearly salary of $5,000 apiece; but in one particular the twain differed, and this difference was in their method of taking care of their money. A at the end of each week took his salary home and handed it over to his wife. B looked out for his own funds himself. When A wanted funds during the week he went to his wife for it; he took but a certain sum from home each day for lunch and incidental expenses. When B wanted funds during the week he dived into his own pockets for it. He didn't need—this was his boast—he didn't need any petticoat financiering in his family. B had lots of fun at A's expense as the weeks heaped themselves up into months and piled into a year, but A seemed rather to have the whip end when, at the end of the twelfth month, he asked B to compare bank books. B had $43 to his credit, sole remnant of his whole year's salary. A's account showed credits that amounted to $3,000. That wife at the purse-strings did it. But B was set in his way. He went on enjoying himself; prospective rainy days didn't annoy him; the theatre and the dinner-table, excursions and good fellowship—these kept him fat and happy. And the first year's $5,000 that Mrs. A accumulated grew in increasing ratio year by year. On last New Year's day it had become, through safe and shrewd investment, something like $50,000, all in hardcash."

"And, to boil the story down," I interjected, "Spendthrift B, who hasn't saved a cent, has to go on toiling for a living, while, thanks to his trust in his good wife, A gives up labor and is settled down to enjoy his remaining years in ease."

"Now that's where you make your mistake," ejaculated my tale-teller in a tone sublimely sarcastic. "Because you newspaper men are always so good, and because your goodness always brings you happiness and shekels, you imagine that the same rule holds good everywhere. And, as I've said, that's where you make the mistake. This is isn't a Sunday-school chestnut. No; A isn't living at his ease; no more is B toiling for a living. Fact is that last New Year's B, the scalawag, calmly eloped from this town, and Mrs. A and that $50,000 of hard cash went with him."

Intelligent Gratitude of a Dog.

"You may call it instinct, if you like, but I shall insist that it is intelligence that makes some brutes behave as sensibly as they do," said an Allegheny gentleman in conversation with a reporter last evening, and then the gentleman added:

"I've had all the proof I want of it. In the door-yard of an unoccupied house adjoining mine, were twelve little puppies uttering their first yelps. Their mother—an old black and white mongrel—with an eye to the safety of her large, new family, took them one by one and laid them in a narrow area, down by one of the cellar windows. One of the panes happened to be out of the window, however, and before night every one of the puppies had crawled through the opening and fallen to the cellar floor, some six feet below.

"Next morning we missed them, and from the whining of the mother, supposed the puppies were all dead on the hard cellar floor. But later in the day, day, the maternal brute set up such a pawing and howling at the cellar window that I made up my mind that there was some puppy life below. Accordingly I broke into the cellar, and, to my surprise, found eight of the little family of dogs still alive and kicking. One by one I took them up and placed them in the door-yard grass for the mother to take whatever care she might choose, and one by one she laid each one of them back in the area of the broken cellar window.

"This compelled me to stop up the hole in the broken pane to prevent the puppies from crawling through again. Then when it was done the old mother brute, beside herself as she was with joy, and anxious to devote every second of her time to the recovered puppies, crawled up laboriously out of the area, and leaving the litter alone, came wriggling and sneezing and all but laughing, up to me a stranger, licked my hand and I held it down to pat her head.

"No, that's not instinct. That is as plain and as intelligent a 'Thank you' as a human being ever uttered."

Restoration of Chillon Prison.

It is said that the Canton de Vaud is about to repair the Castle of Chillon and to make it a residence fit for human habitation. We see no reason why one of the most interesting buildings in the world should not be rescued from damp and decay, so that it may afford shelter to happier human beings than the luckless prisoners who once pined within its gloomy dungeon walls. The lake which laves and gently kisses its foundations is said to be 800 feet deep beneath the windows which still dimly light Bonnivard's cell, and in the seven pillars which Byron has immortalized the iron rings to which the early reformers were chained are deeply imbedded. The furrow wrought in the stone pavement by Bonnivard's footsteps during the six years of incarceration is still visible, and across his cell stretches a wooden beam black with age, from which it is said that the condemned were formerly suspended. We entertain no doubt that the dungeon occupied for many generations by nameless prisoners, and celebrated by Rosseau and Lord Byron, has brought in a good revenue to the syndic of the Canton in which it is situated. To be on the Lake of Geneva without visiting Chillon would be tantamount to putting "Hamlet" on the stage without assigning a part to the Prince of Denmark. Even, however, if Chillon be repaired and modernized, the flow of English and American visitors will probably know no decline.

Children are unconscious philosophers. They refuse to pull to pieces their enjoyments to see what they are made of.

A child is laughed at when it tries to catch a shadow, and yet grown persons grasp at and capture but little else in this world.

NEWS IN BRIEF

—Always have the change when you board a street car.

—Bostonians have developed a craze for the moonstone.

—The Toledo *Blade* flashes in favor of cindered streets.

—Harvard students may omit Greek or Latin in future.

—Mussels are much esteemed as a delicacy at Cape May.

—Golden-rod parties are being given now by rural belles.

—Carnegie is to build a Scotch castle near Cresson Springs.

—The average employment bureau is a delusion and a sham.

—Seventy-two acres in West Duluth Minn., sold for $90,000.

—A machine for drying fish has been invented by a Pensacola man.

—Cantaloupe has taken the place of berries at the morning meal.

—A Lowell co-operative association makes 120lbs of butter daily.

—Lisle thread stockings are only half the price of last summer.

—Robert Kershaw, of Perry, N. Y., has a white robin with pink eyes.

—A New York family has a Mt. Desert house built entirely of logs.

—Mrs. Goodacre, of Wayland Mich., is 60, and is teething the third time.

—Damage by hail in the vicinity of Inkster, D. T., covered 30,000 acres.

—Twelve old ladies at a Parma, Mich., quilting, aggregated 912 years.

—The Michigan forest fires have driven the bears from their leafy lairs.

—Pacific county, Washington Territory, has no end of oysters and clams.

—Signal service officers in Ohio are aggravatingly called weather pedlars.

—The wealthiest sections of New York are called the tenderloin districts.

—A Washington *Star* writer says tyrotoxicon is the lofty name for dirt.

—Boston is trying a noiseless pavement of granita blocks set on concrete.

—Mr. Girardean, of Monticello, Fla. will save ten tons of watermelon seed.

—Piloting into and out of Philadelphia is not so profitable as it once was.

—A man in Campbell county, Ga., had twenty-three sons killed in the war.

—The surface of California still vibrates with the tread of 1,000 pound bears.

—Among South American cannibals a tattooed man is thought unfit for food.

—A tin can, holding $2,000 in gold, has been found on a Mahoning, O., farm.

—There are one hundred and forty-nine Grand Army posts in the State of Maine.

—The ore output of Leadville for July reached 1000 tons a day for every working day.

—The output of the mineral products of the United States in 1884 was valued at $403,204,620.

—It is believed that the California wine crop this year will reach 27,000,000 gallons, the largest yet produced.

—The product of the silver mines of Bolivia is estimated at 16,000,000 ounces The Bolivian government levies a tax of four-sixths for each ounce of silver mined.

—The Silver King mine of Arizona has paid since 1879, $1,500,000 in dividends and has produced something like $3,400,000 in silver.

—The total value of all minerals raised in the United Kingdom in 1884 is reported at £61,232,028 at the mine, as against £64,635,834 in 1883.

—Sir John Lubbock's Clearing-House returns show that the volume of trade during last year was less than that of the previous year by $350,000,000.

—A lot of dairy cows have recently been shipped from San Francisco to China, where the natives are turning their attention to the dairy business.

—The "Wm. Penn," a locomotive built in Philadelphia in 1835, was the first railroad engine ever run in California, and is still doing good service in that state.

—A Hindoo, who enjoyed himself by denouncing Christianity in blasphemous terms at Ocean Grove, has been sent to jail on the charge of disturbing religious meetings.

—Of gold and silver the mint authorities estimate the production in the United States in 1884 at $30,800,000 gold, and $48,800,000 silver (coining rate); total, $79,600,000.

—There are only one thousand people—men, women and children—in all of Harlan county, Kentucky, yet the murders and assassinations during the year outnumber the births two to one.

—Not very many years since tomatoes were known as love-apples, and were regarded as poisonous. Last year the canning establishments of the United States put up 52,322,952 cans of tomatoes.

—The number of railway servants employed per mile in the United Kingdom has risen from 16.7 in 1875 to 19.68 in 1883. That is to say with the growth of traffic, increased precautions, etc., it takes three more men to work a mile of railway now than it did eight years ago.

—Shakespeare's birthplace, the trustees report, was visited last year by nearly 14,000 people, who paid the usual admission fee. The trustees have over £2500 in consols, and purchased deeds of lease and release from Sir John Clofton to Hugh Clofton (dated January 1699) for the property at New Place (Stratford on-Avon), where Shakespeare spent the last days of his life, and where he died.

—The live stock of the United Kingdom steadily increases. The cattle this year number 6,241,127, an increase of 4.7 and 7.5 per cent. respectively on last year and the year before. The sheep and lambs number 26,037,217, an increase of 3.9 and 7.1 per cent.; and the pigs number 2,592,323, a decrease of 1.4 per cent. on last year, but an increase of 2.9 per cent. on 1882.

—The saving effected by the cable system of propelling street cars is strikingly shown by