The Guest

When I am dead, a broken reed, Lot me supply a violat's naed And all its streams of being fool.

For one, perchance, from out its most, May pluck and lot the flower rest A little moment on her breast.

The while its olor awast with apring Doth like a gentle spirit wing Its soul, and round her beauty cling.

And she will look with loving 0705 Upon it there, as calm it lies, Asking an more until it dies.

So shall I live again, and be-The petaled good of memory. Clothed in my inmortality.

-(Chicago Record.

She Spoke For Herself,

One of the remarkable features of the French revolution was the almostuniversal madness that colled the time. People of every class and degree were insane, some in one way, some in another. Every passion feeling and emotion of the human heart was superintizely and morbidly developed. Martel Du Bois, a young man of good family, but of somewhat limited means, was, at the breaking out of the revolution, affianced to the daughter of a tradesman named Zoulonche-a man of wealth, but no principle.

Celeste was pretty, artful, ambitious, and treacherous; and when she thought it to her interest to get rid of her laver, see secretly denounced him, and he was arrested and thrown into prison.

Meantime a young willow, Mme-Romaine, who had secretly conceived a passion for him, on learning of his incarcoration and its cause, determined to save hun.

She went to the jailer, and by means of a bribe, for money was potent in those days as well as in these, obtained an interview. Du Bois was surprised at her visit.

"I have come," she said frankly, "in the hope that I may save a life for which I would frealy give my own."

"I do not knowns I understand you, Madame!" replied the wondering prisouer.

"Probably not, for I am a woman, and women are sometimes enigmas even to themselves. I will not ask if you know me, for you certainly do not, but do you know my name?"

"Yes; you are Mine. Romaine, widow of Jules Romaine, daughter of Gustavus D'Auvergne-young, lovely, accomplished and rich."

"I see you know how to flatter even in prison !" returned the other "But let us not waste time in idle words, Your life is in danger, and I would save it ! We have ten minutes to converse in private. You must escape from here and fly from France! You may be tried at any hour; and, once tried, you will be condemned and executed."

"But of what an I accused, and by whom?"

"You are accused of being an aristoerat, a royalist, and in these times of blood the suspicion is enough to bring your head to the block."

"But who so base as to denounce ine, Madame? I would know the name of my enemy, that, if over I do escape, I may at some future time exact reparation for the injury." "Oh, perfidy?" exclaimed Mme. Romaine. "Prepare yourself, Martel Do Bois, to hear a terrible truth. Wh ra you trusted most you have been most basely betraved. Celeste Zoulouche is your secret denouncer." "Impossible !" cried Dn Bois, staggering under the mental blow. "Impossible! Mon Dieu! You are trying my faith."

"You will live, then? You will esearne? "If possible I will, if only for your

anke, "Quick, then, give car to my plan. Hore is a powder, of which you will take a small portion at a time. It will make you sick-you will look pale. Eat little or no food, and you will lose your strength. The physician will be called and you will be removed to the hospital. Once there, I trust I shall be able to effect your escape, You will obey my instructions? " "Religiously."

"Thea if your trial should not come on meantime you may be saved. I go to watch and pray and hope. Adien!"

He followed the directions of Mme. Romaine, and the third day after her visit he was removed to the hospital. Here he fell under the charge of a lay sister named Agnes.

"I know all !" she said to him at the first opportunity. "Julie Romaine is my cousin-1 am her confidante. We have agreed upon a bold and novel plan for your escape. It is this: You must seem to get worse and worse, and at last, at the proper time, you must teign convulsions and appear to die. I will cover your face, and, when the chief physician comes his rounds, annonnee your death. If he takes my word for it all will be well; if not, we may fuil; that is our risk,"

"And suppose he leaves me for dead -what then?"

"Then, after dark, I will protend to have received an order to have you conveyed to the disacting room, where you will be provided with a surgeon's suit, in which diagnise you must ORCHIDE.

Near the close of his fourth day in the hospital, Martel Da Bois was seen by more than one person in convulatous. An hour or two later, when the physician made his rounds, he was covered with a sheet.

"There is no more need of your aervices here!" said Sister Agnes. calmly, as she intercepted him. "The next patient seems worse; will you be kind enough to see him at once?" The doctor passed on. So far all

well. It was quite dark when the body of Du Bois was borne into the dissecting room. The attendants retired in huste, leaving Sister Agnes and a lad with him.

"Now, then, here are your gar ments-quick I" said the fair nurse.

In less than five minutes the late corpse looked like a very active and important surgeon.

"This lad will guide you-follow him!" said Sister Agnes, hurriedly. "Linger not a moment. Adieu! Adiou !"

Five minutes later Martel Du Bois. guided by a youth, was hurriedly passing through the streets of Toulouse. In the outskirts of the town the youth led him to an old stable, where they found two swift horses prepared for a journey.

They mounted and rode southward, toward Spain. When morning dawned there were forty good miles between them and Toulouse. The second night they entered Spain and were safe "Now, my brave lad," said Dn Bois, back to your mistress, Mme. Romaine, and tell her my hand, my heart and

bronco that was noted with the Z. bell outfit for speed at short dashes. When the race had progressed but a few hundred yards Tom thought he had gained sufficiently upon the wolves to make a catch. He had an extra long lasso, and he threw it out at full length, at least two hundred feet. It looked like the wolf was beyond its length, but when it dropped it settled right around the wolf's neck, and Tom pulled it up with a jerk. He didn't even brace his pony for the catch, and he kept right ou running at full speed, hauling in the wolf as he went, until he lifted it up to his saddle choked to death and tied it on. All the time the other wolf was lighting out at a gait that would have made Nancy Hanks sick, but the pony was steadily gaining on it, and by the time Tom had the first wolf secured he was close enough to make a second eatch.

"The second catch was an exact repetition of the first, and the rope had but just tightened on the second wolf's throat when he wheeled his pony and came back laughing. By the time he reached us he had drawn up the second wolf choked to death as the first had been. He had run the two animals down within range of our evesight, although handcapped by their long start, and their skilful capture had been made in less than fourteen minutes,"-|Kansas City Times,

Finding an Egg of an Extinct Giant Bird.

A month ago I noticed the sale in London of an egg of the extinct giant bird Epyornis at a high price. The Epyornis was, in reality, the fabulous Roc of "Sinbad the Sailor" in "The Arabian Nights." I know of only two eggs in this country, one belonging to the Long Island Historical Society and the other to our own Museum of Natural History,

Now one has been brought to London by a Mr. J. Proctor or Tamatave, in Madagascar. It was discovered by some natives about twenty miles to the southward of St. Augustine's Bay on the southwest coast of Madagascar. It was floating on the calm sea, within twenty yards of the beach, and is supposed to have been washed away with the foreshore, which consists of sandhill, after a hurricane in the early part of the year. The childlike 'longshoremen of the antipodes, opining that the egg had a value, showed the unusual flotsam about, and it thus came into the hands of Mr. Proctor.

The egg, which is whity-brown in color and unbroken, is a fine specimen, 331 inches by 28 inches, and an even higher value is placed upon it than upon the egg of the great auk, which lived within the memory of man. The brobdingnagian proportions of the egg are better demonstrated by comparison with the eggs of the ostrich and crocodile. An ostrich egg is about 17 inches by fifteen inches, and the contents of six such are only equal to one egg of the Epyornis. The measurements of the egg of the crocodile are normally 9 inches by 63 inches. It would require the contents of 165 emu's eggs to equal the contents of this great egg, or 148 eggs of the homely towl, or 30,000 of the humming bird.

WILD DUCKS.

HAUNTS AND HABITS OF THESE WARY HIRDS. There Are Many Varieties -- Some Gen-

erally Found Inland, While Otaers Frequent the Sea Coast-**Hints For Hunters.**

OME ducks are cosmopolitanothers only so by spells. So 10) extensive is their migration that many are common to four continents. The mallard is the same on both sides of the Atlantic-monogamous everywhere except in contact with man.

So, too, the gadwell, spoonbill and a few others are common to all the regions of the Northern Hemisphere. but while the hooded merganser, the golden eyes, the three little teals and he bufflehead make their homes with as they are sometimes projected by their swift flights like missiles on foreign coasts. The English teal is likewise occasionally found on our shores. The wood duck, however, the redhead and the scaups are ours, along with the ringneck and the ruddy. We have, too, as American widgeon, and of course the canvasback is one of "our institutions.



ON THE CREEK BANK

The species mentioned are those most generally found inland. Many an old hunter has not seen all of these. But there are others that frequent the seacoasts exclusively, that struggle to as sometimes in passing. While all pass in the fall on the way South and afford good shooting at well known but limited haunts, it is mostly in the wake of the warm spring rain and on the south spring wind that ducks come to us everywhere. The earth then is keeping open house for them. Large swamps that were dry in autumn are flooded now to just the proper depth. and little pools are strident with the screech of frogs and other wriggling things that ducks delight in. This, too, is the stimulant season.

In the blotchy patches in the sky, the squawk and quacks and wing swishes that fret the air, there is a larger hope ahead than a larder or a couch. Ducks have come, are coming, are everywhere. Any one that can pull trigger can bag them. The "hardpan" ponds, whose dams afford such sure approach,



each side of the writer, only a mile away, is a creek, but on one ducks are often plenty, while not a feather is to be found on the other. But generally rich muddy shallows full of grass roots



or crustaceous creatures, haunts of the spring frogs, rice or celery fields, bottom woods, rich in acorn or beach mast, or even the cornfields, and at times the upland growing wheat, contain them In all these ducks are hard to an

Cold, blustery days, with a proach. thread of snow, are apt to drive them to the wooded streams, where they huddle against the lee bank, or the high north bank of some prairie pool may furnish them a haven. In all re gions they will have their favorite roosting lakes, to which they are much attached, and your success will likely lie more in knowing their couch than their table. Find the route of incom ing and outgoing by being on hand early. Conceal yourself on this line by any blind you can find already at hand—at least dress inconspicnously and crouch low. Wading pants, al lowing you to stoop to the arm-pits in the shallow edges, are ideal, if you can stand the two exes-exposure and ex-DEDBO

Take a heavy, strong, shooting gun, all the powder you can stand behind, and the largest shot that your gun carry well at forty yards, and will reach out for anything you can see the color markings on. It is down wind and down grade, too, usually, remember-flight, sails and gravity combined



-the speed about treble that of your usual shooting. Eight to ten feet ahead may not be too much sixty Calls may help when yards away. ducks are feeding, but are of little avail when they are going to roost. So, too, with decoys. Don't make the mistake of setting these with the wind, for ducks are apt to alight against them, and always feed with them in their faces.

This paper is written for the ama teur, and all the sinkboat, swivel gun and other professional methods of capture are omitted. Go out with an dd hunter some time and learn of him -if he will let you. -James Newton Baskett.

A Simple Gown.

Here is a costume for the woman who still chings to the plain gown. It is just the dress to wear beneath a coat

SOLDIERS' COLUMN SOLDIERS' LYRICS.

Extracts of Postical Letters Sent Home During 1861-65.

DURING the war of 1861-65 the mails reaching New York city from the South and the Weat were unusually heavy. The soldiers who comprised our various armies when not en gaged with the enemy of mak

ing long marches, had many weary and lonely hours.

To pass this time pleasantly and profitably, many of them devoted their leisure moments to writing long letters to their various relations and friends at home.

Very many of the soldiers' letters during this period bore rhymed addresses, some of which were quainr and witty, while others were sentimental in character and expressed the writer's feelings with a greater or lesser degree of accuracy; and though sometimes there was a struggle to make the address "fit in" nevertheless it was seldom they failed to make it clear enough to finally reach its des tination.

The writer was connected with the New York general post-office during the above period, and at odd momenta collected a number of these poetical addresses-good, bad and indifferent.

A selection of a few of these may re call "old times" to the veterans and afford entertainment to your younger readers, giving them an idea of how some of the soldiers amosed themselves and their friends at home.

In order that the younger readers may more clearly understand some of these "addresses" it should be stated that the soldiers were permitted to send their letters without prepayment of postage, and lack of funds often compelled the acceptance of this privilege. However it was necessary that the letter should bear the endorseanent of some regimental officer and it was then duly forwarded, double postage being collected from the receipent, who of course cheerfully paid the "fine."

It was a well known fact that the soldiers did not receive their pay very promptly, small as it was; consequentiy when they were paid the friendly sutler claimed the "lion's share" to cancel the account he had so kindly (?) permitted them to "hang up" and fre quently the insignificant balance was soon quandered in the same direction. Therefore we need not wonder that the boys were proverbially "dead broke" and the following extracts will show the almost chronic financial condition in which many found themselves:

A soldier, down in Florida swamps. Having spent all his money and used at

his stamp. Requests that this letter may be put

through. While he fights for the nonor of "filed. White and Bine."

Soldier's letter. "Nary red." Hardtac i instead of bread. Postmaster, put this through. Nary stamp, but mine months free

Uncle Sam's to me a debtor. That's the reason I "frank" bislatter. If he would pay my lawful due I then would stamp this letter thro'.

To be "strapped" in camp or elsewhere is a sufficiently disagreeable condition of affairs, even when you daily expect the paymaster; but when all hope is gone, as in the case of this poor comrade, he surely merita our sympathies. Listen to his lamenta-tion:

"Now is the hour of our discontent"

"We are wasting precious time," said the other, glancing at her watch. "Believe what I tell you. You will have corroborative evidence all too 800b."

"Then welcome the guillotine! Why live in a world so treacherous and base?"

"But all are not like Celeste Zoulouche."

"Your presence here, Madame, is a proof of that. But my faith is shaken and life seems of little worth."

"We should not be too selfish," rejoined Mme. Romaine, hurriedly. "Live, Martel, or one of your friends will henceforth be wretched."

"Is it so?" exclaimed Du Bois, as the truth flashed upon him.

"This is no time for false delicacy. pursued the other, with agitation. 'Circumstances have caused me to betray feelings you otherwise might never have suspected, and for which even now I may be receiving your secret censure. But no matter! Let me but know you have escaped and are beyond the reach of your enemies, and I can be happy, even should we never meet again.'

"Censure you! Despise you for wying to save my life? Oh, Madame, your words give me pain ! "

my life are at her disposal."

"She will accept your hand and heart, but begs you to keep your life !" returned the youth, with a light laugh.

"She will speak for herself!" re joined Du Bois, sharply.

"She does!" langhed the other. "How is this this?"

"I am Julie Romaine."

They were married in Spain, and at the close of Reign of Terror returned to France and lived long and happily. New York Press.

Quick Cowboy Work.

They were discussing the wonderful feats of riders in Wild West shows at the Coates House, and now they don't know whether to believe Dave Douglass, a well-known stockman of Alzada, Montana, or not.

"The most expert rider I ever saw on the plains was a cowboy named Tom Bride," he said. "He was acquainted with all the tricks of Wild West riders and of the regular circus rider, and was equally adept with a lasso. His feats with the rope were remarkable. The last time I saw him was only a few months ago, near Hermosa, South Dakota. We were on a roundupon the south fork of the Cheyenne River, and just before reaching camp in the evening we scared up two wolves.

""Watch me catch those fellows, he said, and off he started in hot chase of the scared beasts, lifting the coil of his lasso from the pomel of the saddle as the race began. Now, a plairie wolf can outrun almost anything if pursued. But Tom had a wiry little | | Truth."

A Currency Mystery.

There are 119,900,000 old copper pennies somewhere. Nobody knows what has become of them, except once in a while a single specimen turns up in change. A few years ago 4,500,000 bronze two-cent pieces were set afloat. Three millions of these are still ontstanding. Three million three-cent nickel pieces are scattered over the United States, but it is very rarely that one is seen. Of 800,000 halfcents, which correspond in value to English farthings, not one has been returned to the government for recoinage or is held by the treasury. Congress appropriates from \$100,-000 to \$150,000 yearly for recoining the uncurrent silver coins now in possession of the treasary. These are mostly half dollars, and are not circulated because there is no demand for them. Not long ago the stock of them amounted to \$26,-000,000, but it is only about half that now. The money set aside for recoining is not intended to pay for the cost of the minting, but is required to reimburse the treasury of the United States on account of the loss in weight which the silver pieces have suffered by abrasion. This loss amounts to \$30 on every \$1,000, and it has to be good in order to set the treasurer's account straight. -[Chicago Herald.

A Great Obstacle.

"The inventor of that flying machine has given up all hopes of being able to fly."

"Why so?"

"His creditors have attached it."-

the narrow prairie runs, the sloughs and deep cuts of the wooded creeks, the stalk field furrows, the very way side puddles, are dotted. Everywhere are skulking, creeping figures of men and splashing steps, and lumbago and rheumatism find food and lodging all over the land.

Where are the ducks from?

The mallard, that prince of inland ducks, just spreads himself during the colder months from Labrador to Panams, reveling anywhere that ice remains unformed, beating about with the low storm centres. The pintail keeps him company, with a penchant for Cuba when it is very frigid here, while the black duck acts very like them both over a space much farther east. So, too, the gadwall, but the baldpates, spoonbills, scaups and most others hail from Mexico, the West Indies and Central America, and come up from a feast on the Southern lagoons for love and a new suit of clothes on the Northern lakes to the music of the melting ice crash.

The blue wing teal goes farther south than the green wing. It is the greater traveler of the two-in fact, it has perhaps the swiftest wing among webfoot birds. These are apt to be a little late because they have been so far away. The mergansers, too, come up as the the crawling things loose their hold upon the slimy bottomsfor they are animal feeders exclusively -true fish ducks. The sea ducks, too, are apt to be a little late for the same reason. But many of them make a mixed meal, and our canvasback is so fond of Potomae celery that it is rather losth to leave the limits of our territory.

The wood duck may go South sometimes as the ice holes close up, but he is generally with us, and you may often scare him with the tinkling of your skates.

and does much towards bringing out the beauties of a well-rounded figure. The material is dark-blue habit cloth. The skirt is perfectly plain ; as

B R

it reaches the hem there is a glimpse of an eeru cloth petticoat headed by a wavy design of gold braid. The tightfitting bodice is cut to show a yoke and pointed vest of the ecru cloth

outlined with the gilt braid. The sleeve scorns all trimming.

A new coat attracting much attention in an uptown shop is of dark brown box cloth. It is made with a skates. Where are they after they do come? Why, when abundant, almost any where, as I have said, but when scarce you want to know their pet regions. They have them, I assure you. It is largely a matter of local experience, and if the country is strange to you a guide will be an essential of success. Ou World.

Ard we've got not a cent

It was often remarked, during this period, that the armies contained a wonderful array of professional talens and also all the trades were numerously represented. Small wonder, then, that we find a "naturalist." who appears to have been roving about, and, attracted by some charming music. tells the story:

To Clara Redüeld, Madison, New Haven county, state of Conn.. Who when she pours her music forth (The arcetest tones of all the earth). The nightingale, that bird of fame, Stops short its own, and sinks in shame!

Again, we have a fair example of the class of puzzles called an agrams:

To Hiram Allen, Oswego. Transposel it readeth., We-go so, Transposed again, and you will see That thus it runneth. So-go-we Transposed once more, and it will show A common sdage—So-we-go!

Once more, in a similar vein, we find an effort to puzzle mail clerks:

I wish I was a U. T. K.. Where once I used 2 B.. For there resides Miss K. T. J. And her I wish 2 C.

Surely, it needs no demonstration to show that the loved ones at home very anxiously and unceasingly awaited the arrival of letters from the dear ab sent ones, and this feeling is somewhat graphically expressed in our closing selection of verses, written by a sol dier who, for awhile, was stationed at Fort Schuyler, New York. They are entitled

THE MAIL Oh! what a world of destinies is compassed by thy hand, Thou bearer of the idings From the loved of every land!

And yet thou hast no sympathics, While speeding on the way. For those who pine and long for these With each returning day.

What care hast thou for those who stand With half suspended breath. To read the missives borne by three Of love, of life, or death?

Of these who watch and wait for thee, Till minutes scene like years. Till checks grow pale and eyes grow dim. With bitter, heart sick tears

Who bear thy dismai signal notes, Half wild with each delay. Than meet the careless, rapid words, "No mail for thes to day." -E S. BROWNE in Blue and Gray