

PLEADING.

Come back, dear heart, and love me still. For all is dark and drear and cold; I little thought my pride and chill...

HIS MOTHER.

The cold gray shadows of the wintry twilight had enveloped tree and meadow and sluggish forest stream in their uncertain mist...

For upon that especial evening there was to be an opera in the little town, a genuine New York company, with a chorus, a full orchestra, and all the paraphernalia of scenery and costume...

"I am going," said Emery, slowly; "but not with you!" "But you will change your mind, though," said Harrison...

Charles Emery went on his way rather graver and more self-absorbed. He had asked his mother the day before to go, and his mother's eyes had brightened with genuine delight...

"Then I shall be delighted to go," said Mrs. Emery. And her voice and eyes bore witness to the truth of her words.

But now that a regular party had been organized, and Kate Marcy had promised to join it, things looked different to the young man.

"I have been trimming my bonnet over with some violet-velvet flowers," said she, smiling, "so as to do you no discredit, Charley; and I have a new pair of violet kid gloves. And now you must drink your tea. I've made some of your favorite cream-biscuits, and the kettle is nearly boiling. Oh, Charley, you'll laugh at me, I'm afraid, but I feel like a little girl going to her first children's party. It's so seldom, you know, that a bit of pleasure comes in my way!"

And then Charles Emery made up his mind that his mother was more to him in her helpless old age and sweet, affectionate dependence, than any blooming damsel whose eyes shone like stars and whose cheeks rivalled the September peach.

"Going with some one else!" said Kate Marcy, rather surprised and not exactly pleased.

She was a tall, beautiful maiden, the belle of C—, and rather an heiress in her own right. She liked Charles Emery, and she rather surmised that he liked her. And when she had been studying up her toilet for the opera, she had selected a blue dress, with blue flowers for her hair and ornaments of turquoise, because she had once heard Mr. Emery say that blue was his favorite color.

"Going with some one else!" she repeated. "Well, he has a right to suit himself."

And she kept within her own soul the jealousy that disturbed her all the while she was sitting waiting for the great green curtain to be drawn up, until, of a sudden, there was a slight bustle in the row of seats beyond, and Emery entered with his mother.

Then Kate's overgloomed face grew bright again. She drew a long breath of relief and turned to the stage; it was as if the myriad gaslights had all of a sudden been turned up, as if all the mimic world in the opera house had grown radiant.

Never was a voice sweeter to her ears than the somewhat thin and exhausted warble of the prima donna; never did scenery glow with such natural tints or footlights shine more softly. Kate Marcy declared the opera was "perfection!"

"Yes; but," said pert little Nina Cummings, "do look at Charley Emery with that little old woman; why couldn't he have come and sat with us?"

Kate said nothing. In the crowd now surging out of the aisles of the little opera house she could scarcely venture to express her entire opinion, but she said in a low, earnest tone,—"I don't know what you think of it, Nina, but I, for my part, respect Mr. Emery a thousand times more for his kindness to his mother."

And, almost at the same second, she found herself looking directly into Charley's eyes.

For a moment only. The crowd separated them almost ere they could recognize one another, but Kate felt sure—and her cheeks glowed scarlet—that he had heard her words.

"Charley," said little Mrs. Emery, looking into her son's face as they emerged into the veil of softly falling snow which seemed to enwrap the whole outer world in a dim, dazzling mystery, "who was that girl with the large blue eyes and the sweet face wrapped into a white, fleecy sort of hood—the one who said she respected you?"

"It was Kate Marcy, mother." "She has the face of an angel," said Mrs. Emery, softly.

The next day Charley went boldly to the old Marcy homestead, whose red brick gables, sheathed with ivy, rose up out of the leafless elms and beeches, just beyond the noise and stir of the busy village.

"Miss Marcy," he said, "I heard what you said last night." "It was not meant for your ears, Mr. Emery," said Kate, coloring a soft rosy pink.

"But," she pursued, looking her full in the face, "I cannot be satisfied with that, Miss Marcy, I want a warmer feeling. If you could teach yourself to love me—"

The dimples came around Kate Marcy's red lips, wreathing her smile in wondrous beauty.

"Mr. Emery," she said, "I do love you. I have loved you for a long time." And Charley went home, envying neither king nor prince.

"But I never should have loved you so dearly," his young wife told him afterward, "if you hadn't been so kind to that little mother of yours. In my eyes you never looked so handsome as when you stood bending over her gray head in the crowded hall of the opera house that night."

Carlsbad Improvements. Consul Will L. Lowrie writes of improvements planned by the Austrian city of Carlsbad which will cost several hundred thousand dollars:

"A \$3,750,000 loan has been secured recently. A part of this sum will be expended under the direction of the City Council, and the balance is for refunding purposes. The betterments proposed include changes in the streets, enlarged colonnades at the thermal springs, baths, etc. It is reported that an electric railroad may be constructed connecting the suburb of Fischern, where the railroad stations are located, with Carlsbad. This is a much needed improvement, as the distance is more than a mile and the carriage charges are high. The great opposition to the complete electric railway system, which would be a boon to the 270,000 annual visitors to this spa, comes from the hotel and lodging house keepers, who are able under present conditions to charge extremely high prices for rooms. The congestion during the three months when the number of 'cure guests' is at its height will be relieved somewhat next year, when one, and possibly two, large hotels will be built, equipped with modern conveniences. This will be appreciated especially by the Americans, who, to the number of eight thousands, come to Carlsbad annually during the summer season."—Consular Reports.

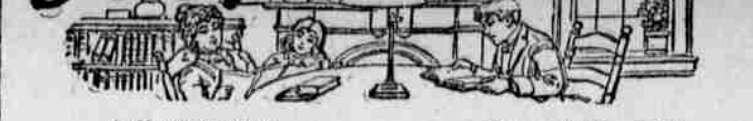
A Joke. A seedy-looking man entered a store in Trenton the other day, and asked for assistance, backing up his request with a long tale of sickness and lack of employment.

With a wink at his clerk, the merchant pointed to a friend who happened to be in the place and replied: "Ask that gentleman. He is a proprietor. I am only a clerk."

The friend received the beggar's request in a sympathetic manner, and, turning to the merchant, remarked: "This seems to be a worthy case, Mr. Jones. Give him a dollar from the cash register," and walked out of the store.

It was in vain that the merchant protested that it had been a joke. So insistent did the seedy one become that "de boss's" directions should be carried out, that it was finally necessary to do so in order to be rid of him. —Lippincott's.

YOUNG PEOPLE



A Mouse-Eyevew. Begged a lean little mouse, "Oh, mother, dear, please let us go to the moon, if it's made of green cheese! There's nobody there but a stupid old man. And he couldn't catch us if nimbly we ran." "My dear," said her parent, "I've really a mind to lend you my specs. You are sometimes so blind, you could see if you'd half the sight of a bat. That it's no man at all, but a villain old cat." —Catherine Young Glen, in the Washington Star.

Conundrums. Why is a prudent man like a pin? Ans.—Because his head prevents him from going too far.

Why are printers liable to catch cold? Ans.—Because they always use damp sheets.

Why are a ropemaker and a poet alike? Ans.—Both make lines. I'm longer and longer the lower I fall. And when I am highest I'm shortest of all. Ans.—A plummet. —Washington Star.

An Adventure. The following is an adventure of mine with a highway robber while driving from my uncle's house to the village. About 11 o'clock in the forenoon uncle told me to hitch up the horse and drive to the village, about a mile and a half away, to get some mail and make some purchases. In about twenty-five minutes I was on my way, and on nearing a little pass, about an eighth of a mile long a man came out of a thicket and asked me to give him a ride to the village, which I did. As we reached the end of the pass he seized the reins, grabbed my coat collar and demanded my money. As he pocketed my money, which amounted to about 45 cents, he gave me a severe beating and disappeared into the woods. As I returned home with some bruises on my face which I could not hide, the story of my adventure was told. Since then I have never been allowed to go to the village alone. —Henry Gensley, in the New York Tribune.

Faithful Larry. Not very long ago I was in the library, studying, and Larry (my dog) came up to me and began to whine. I was all alone in the house, and as Larry took hold of my skirt, I followed him to see what was the matter. He led me to the kitchen, and there I saw some cloths in back of the stove were blazing! I had quite a time putting the fire out, but finally succeeded. The fire was caused by a box of corn flakes, which had been placed in the back of the stove to heat, bursting into flames and igniting the cloths.

Another time I was outdoors playing and Larry led me to the house the same way, and all he wanted me to do was to let the cat out. The cat was at the side door, crying to come out. As soon as I let the cat out Larry ran off to play perfectly satisfied. —Alison Winslow, in the New York Tribune.

The "Boy Police." In the city of Council Bluffs, Ia., there is a unique organization known as the "Boy Police," composed, as its name indicates, entirely of boys, whose duty it is to preserve order among the lads of that city and to see that the rising generation does not become too boisterous in its fun. The young law officers act under the eyes and orders of the regular Police Department of the city and have authority to make arrests when necessary to preserve order.

The size of the force fluctuates, at times decreasing until not a single member is on the roll, and at other times increasing until it reaches a strength of 250. This is the maximum number allowed to serve in the boy police force. The boys receive no pay for their work, but are recompensed solely by the prestige which accrues to them as guardians of the peace.

So greatly is the honor esteemed at holiday times, when the mind of Young America naturally turns to mischief, that anything from 500 to 1,500 boys besiege the police headquarters, seeking appointments as policemen. It is the greatest honor that can come to a Council Bluffs boy—to be made a policeman. Every grade of society is found among the applicants, from the street Arab to the son of a banker and railroad magnate, for practically every lad in Council Bluffs is a standing candidate for the job of a boy policeman.

Boy and The Giant.

At a certain place in the interior lived a manly little boy who was very fond of hunting. He would take his lunch and go off hunting very early in the morning and stay all day, bringing home two or three porcupines in the evening. One morning he started earlier than usual, and came upon a giant as tall as the trees. He was very much frightened and ran away with the big man in pursuit. As the giant was not a very fast runner, the boy kept ahead of him until he came to a sort of cave like a house at the foot of a hill, and entered it. When the big man saw this he said: "Come here, my grandson." The boy refused, and the giant continued his entreaties for a long time. At last the boy consented to go with him, so the giant said: "Get inside of my shirt. I will carry you that way." Then the boy vaulted in there, and they started off.

After they had gone along in this manner for some time the boy, who had his head out, saw a very small bird, called old person and said: "Grandpa, there is a bird I would like to have." Then the big man stopped and let him down, and he shot the bird with an arrow and put it into the big man's shirt. But now this bird had increased the boy's weight so much that the giant could scarcely move along. At every step he took he sank deep into the moss. When the boy noticed this he said to himself: "How is it that, since I picked up this small bird, I have gotten very heavy and it is hard for him to walk?" Then he threw the bird away and the giant walked on again as lightly as before. The boy enjoyed so much being with this giant that he had forgotten all about his father and mother. After that they traveled on together until they came to a very large lake. In it the boy saw beaver houses, and the beaver dam ran right across it. He thought: "This is a beaver lake. This is the kind of place my father has told me about." Then the big man tore a hole through the top of a beaver house, took all of the beavers out and made a fire right back of the lake at which to cook them. They camped there for several days, living on beaver meat and drying the skins. But the first evening the giant said: "Keep a lookout. If you hear any noise during the night, wake me up. There is a bigger man than I of whom I am much afraid." He also said to the boy: "Sleep some distance away from me, or I might move against you or throw my leg on you so as to kill you."

The second night they encamped there the boy heard the bushes breaking, and sure enough the second giant came along. He was so tall that his head was far up above the trees, and they could not see it. This second giant had been looking for the other for a long time unsuccessfully, so he rushed upon him, threw him down, and lay on top of him. Then the boy's friend cried, "Grandson, take that club of mine out and throw it at him." The boy ran to the big man's bed, took his club, which was made from the entire skeleton of a beaver, out from under it, and threw it at the intruder. As soon as he let it go out of his hands it began chewing at the second giant's leg, and, as he was unable to feel it, the club chewed off both his legs. Then the other giant, who had been almost smothered, killed his man and threw his body into the lake.

After this the boy's companion had nothing to fear, and wandered from lake to lake, and the boy was so fond of hunting that he forgot all about his father and mother. It was now winter time, and that winter was very severe. From the time the second giant had been killed he had been doing nothing but killing beaver.

One evening, however, the boy began thinking of his father and his mother, and was very quiet. Then the big man said, "Why is it that you are so quiet this evening?" The boy answered, "I have just thought of my father and mother. I feel lonely (i. e., homesick) for them." Then his companion said, "Would you like to go to them?" "I can't go to them, because I don't know where they are. I don't know how way to go to them." Then the big man said, "All right, you can go," but the boy did not know what he meant. Now the big man went to a small tree, broke it off, trimmed it well for the boy, and said to him, "Take this along, and as soon as you feel that you are lost, let it stand straight up and fall over. Go in the direction in which it falls. Keep on doing this until you get to your father's place."

At first the boy was afraid to start off alone, but finally he did so. Whenever he was in doubt about the direction, he let the tree fall and it led him at last right down to his father's village, where all were exceedingly glad to see him. —Recorded by John R. Swanton for the Smithsonian Institution.

Etah—Spell It Backward. The development of a spirited controversy over the discovery of the north pole has called attention to the fact that the name of the town from which both the explorers started, when reversed spells Etah. —Elmira Star-Gazette.

ELEGANCES OF THE PAST.

The language they are passing round like "stung" and "oh, you kid." Seems not to ring with sense profound. An old-time phrase did I hear. The "rah, rah," people seem to like. The racket which they raise. But modern diction does not strike The pace of other days.

I wish that they might hear the way. When some one stood aloof. And proud, some friends in accents gay. Would cry "Come off the roof!" And when some lad appeared with fuzz Upon his hip we'd shout "With real wit: 'Say, sonny, does Your mother know you're out?'"

The cry "Whoa, Emma!" is unheard. Likewise, "Pull down your vest!" No weary soul by anguish stirred. Exclaiming: "Give us a rest!" The rapid times through which we whiz Compel us to agree. The art of conversation is Not what it used to be. —Washington Star.

Bobbs—"What is Guzzler like when he's sober?" Slobbs—"I don't know. I've only known him about nine years." —Philadelphia Record.

"Does your husband ever speak harshly to you?" "No. Thank heaven, my husband and I are not on speaking terms." —Chicago Record-Herald.

"Is your occupation a sedentary one?" "No; 'tain't nothin' so hifalutin'. It's just sittin' down sewin' by the day." —Baltimore American.

"What do you suppose that umbrella manufacturer selected as the motto of his business?" "What?" "Put up or shut up." —Baltimore American.

She—"Short stories seem quite the thing just now." He—"I should say so. Nearly every fellow I meet staps and tells me how short he is." —Boston Transcript.

Ardent Golfer (on the eternal subject)—"They tell me old Simpkins has gone right off his huffy." Aunt Amelia—"Ah, I always thought that man peculiar!" —Punch.

"Honestly, now, hasn't your wife ever called you a brute?" "I'm not sure." "Not sure! What do you mean by that?" "Is an ass a brute or a beast?" —Boston Transcript.

Teacher—Now, if your father gave you mother three dollars today and ten dollars tomorrow, what would she have? Small boy—She'd have a fit. —Boston Transcript.

"When I returned from our poker party last night my wife just looked at me; not a word was spoken." "My wife looked at me, too, and I don't believe that a word was unspoken." —Houston Post.

Amateur—"If I can't have the leading lady part I just shan't be in the show, that's all!" Manager—"But you will be the farm maid, and you will have to lead the little calf down to the spring several times." —Boston Herald.

"What makes that young manager so positive in saying he knows more about your great enterprise than you do?" "Perhaps," answered Mr. Dustin Stax, "he judges me by the answers I gave while my business was under official investigation." —Washington Star.

The cousin from the West—"If you want your girls married, why don't you take them out West to some thriving mining town?" The Widow Jebb—"Is there any chance there?" "Chance! Why, before the train's slowed down all three would be engaged and by the time you reached the principal hotel you'd be fighting for the bridal suite." —Life.

Age of Olive Trees. The longevity of olive trees is extraordinary. In Syria recently have been found some remarkably ancient olive trees whose ages are established beyond question. A trust deed exists which relates to an orchard covering 490 trees near Tripoli, Syria, the trust deed having been issued 499 years ago.

Though the trees look aged, they still bear fruit of fine quality in abundance and are likely to maintain their productiveness for many hundreds of years yet. An olive grove near Beirut is admitted to be the third largest olive farm in the world. Syrian fruit farmers are extending olive culture with much zeal and effect. One planter recently set out 300,000 trees in a block for commercial purposes.

Under European systems of culture the Syrians make the olive trees bear each season, while in the old days one crop in three years was thought to be all that the trees could produce. The low cropping capacity of the trees was due to the native method of thrashing the fruits from the branches with sticks, which seriously injured them.

The methods of grinding the olives for oil and picking the fruit are peculiar. Neither the grinders nor pickers receive wages, but are paid on percentage. The pickers receive 5 percent of the actual fruit picked and the grinders get 10 percent of the fruit around. —Dundee Advertiser.

His Lofty Aspect. Brother Q. c. De Puhsidin' El-dah am a powerful good man. Brother Tarr—Yaasah, he is so. But at a funeral like dlyser, wid dem dab austepanarious side-whiskers o' his-n, he allus 'pears to me he was 'spectin' a 'pology fun de cawps. —Puck.

TRIALS of the NEEDLES. Illustration of a woman sewing at a machine.

Illustration of a woman and a child, possibly related to the 'Paw Paw Pills' advertisement.

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