

ONE YEAR IN HEAVEN.

BY ERNEST REEFORD.
One year in Heaven. O, blue-eyed little darling,
One year in Heaven by the throne of God.

LOVE IN A CAB.

BY JULIA E. LEWIS.

Englewood is not a very large place
and is not apt to grow much, for the
simple reason that it is situated some
four miles from a railway station.

There were only two classes of
people in that town. One class included
the residents who had lived in that
town all their lives, and whose children
would most likely occupy the same
houses, pursue the same business,
and do just exactly the same things
as their ancestors had done.

and easy room awaiting him at home.
As I had no anticipations of such a
job, but was looking forward to saying
farewell to the familiar scenes of
my life, on the next day, my feelings
were decidedly morose.

that I would speak out and ask for her
hand, so she could say "yes."
Anyway I shall never forget the
night I rode with Ethel from Clifton
to Englewood, and whenever I see a cab
I feel like taking off my hat to it.

HE WANTED VENGEANCE.

I had been riding in the same seat
with a very plain sort of man for the
last twenty miles, when a couple
boarded our car at a junction, and he
suddenly uttered a curse word as long
as my arm. I saw that he was excited
by their advent, and naturally inquired
if he knew them.

"How do you propose to do?"
"I dunno. How would you do?"
"I should go for the man without
delay."
"Is that the proper way, I suppose,
but if I get wild who's to hold me?"

"GOOD ENOUGH," SAID THE DRIVER,
AND HE ASSISTED HER IN.
late, and why it was that no one was
there to meet her. In a cool, deliberate
manner she informed me that she had
been on a visit to her aunt in New
York, and had missed an earlier train.

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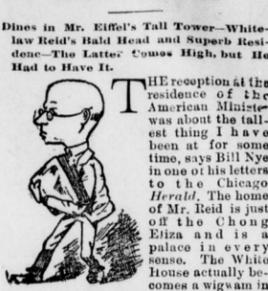
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ON THE "CHONG ELIZA."

BILL NYE AMONG THE ELITE OF
THE FRENCH CAPITAL.



Dines in Mr. Eiffel's Tall Tower. White-
law Reid's Head Held and Superb Resi-
dence. The Latest Course High, but Ho
Had to Hold It.

THE reception at the
residence of the
American Minister
was about the tall-
est thing I have
been at for some
time, says Bill Nye
in one of his letters
to the Chicago
 Herald. The home
of Mr. Reid is just
off the Chong
Eliza and is a
palace in every
sense of the word.
The White House
actually becomes
a wigwag in
comparison. It comes high, but White-
law is bound to have it. He pays, as
every one knows, \$2,500 per year more
rent than his salary amounts to, and
that shows his desire to do it right
night. The entrance is very magnificent
indeed, and the residence itself
is not only very grand, but richly fur-
nished. Whitelaw is a great social
success, and for that he should honor him
at the start. I have had no diplomatic
relations with him, but socially we un-
derstand each other first-rate. He likes
society and so do I. Frequently I put on
my other clothes and go into society,
speak of the average rainfall, the mean
temperature, and the open winter, thus
endearing myself to one and all. I then
go away.

I saw Senator Sherman and wife, also
Buffalo Bill; also many other Americans.
Miss Eames was on the programme and
sang charmingly. Mr. and Mrs. Hill and
daughter were here. Mr. Hill is the
President of the St. Paul, Minneapolis and
Manitoba Railway. The two Misses
Hill are noted for their agreeable man-
ners and exceedingly careful manner of
conversing on all subjects. I might also
add that, by way of relief, they are
something interesting to meet. One
never hears either of the Misses Hill
skating on the ice, or of their dresses, or
tell how much money pa has spent on
cabs and tips since they came abroad.

Among others were Mrs. Helen
Dunwoody and Charles Rheinhardt,
John Hay and wife, Mr. and Mrs. Henry
E. Abbey, and Theodore Tilton. The
band, after three weeks' rehearsal, played
"Yankee Doodle" and "Hail Columbia."
The fountains squirted and the pink
spiral columns of the American contin-
gent glimmered in the soft, voluptuous
light along with the bald heads of eminent
men.

By the way, the American Minister
cannot poke fun at me much longer on
the dome business, for he has a good-
size skating rink on the back of his
head which the cartoonists ought to uti-
lize. We compared that tank last even-
ing, and although I do not claim any-
thing in that line he is getting, as I say,
quite and on top. However, Mr. and
Mrs. Reid are able and luxuriously rep-
resenting the United States and hold up
the national flag in good shape, a thing
which in former years we have not had
too much of in our foreign ministers. Our
ministers have been, in many instances,
a disgrace to the pulpit.

Frenchmen, old ones, I mean, have a
way of brushing their hair forward when
they get bald, which I am going to adopt.
They part the hair in the neighborhood
of the shoulder blades and work it all
forward. It looks real cute.

I dined in the tall tower the other day,
and while the great grass lay far
in little squares and the plan of Paris
was laid out beneath my eye, I ate the
loftiest dinner I have ever been the
proprietor of. I would not be always-
if I had to board in the Eiffel Tower.
You see the restaurants have to pay 25 per
cent of their receipts for the privilege of
being there, and then they have to haul
the provender so far and there is no
competition, that altogether I am glad I
eat there. I take my meals there. But
the sight as one sits at the table, peering
down over the parapet or up toward the
top of the hill, and eats his choice juicy
gareon or tells the peon to bring in an-
other plate, betwixt here is one never to be
forgotten. Below you the Seine winds
itself in and out among little farms and
rich vineyards, and far away you see the
ocean. You know the mighty hippodrome
looks like a pipe in a clover. Think of get-
ting up over a show 1,000 feet and thus
saving your admission fee. Already the
tower is one big autograph album. If
you want a place to write your name on
the tower, you will have to be here inside
of two weeks. There will be no room af-
ter that, unless you telegraph. Such
great names as those of Peleg Hitchcock
of Lower Sandusky, and Lulu Merkins of
Dead Horse, and here, also Miss Vivian
Bull of Shaker Rag, Ill.

Christine Nilsson, the sweet singer,
now the Countess Meranda, lives at
our house. She has just purchased a
small home on the Champs Elysees for
100,000 francs, or say \$50,000. She is
haughty and weighs about 240 pounds.
In the language of an eminent journalist,
she is a good woman weighing 240 pounds.
I hear her warble once in a while as I
wake in the morning, but I do not have
to pay \$2 per omelette. She sings quite
well. With proper cultivation her
voice has a future for it, I think. By the
way, there is another Christine Nilsson
who sings like a lark and is pretty be-
sides. She is from America and is now
in Europe to improve her voice. She is
very liable to be extensively heard from.
She came across on the same steamer
that I partially occupied, and on which I

did some literary work in the way of con-
tributions to the Atlantic, as Dr. Holmes
has so delicately put it.
One reason I did not speak of the
United States exhibit before was that I



HE DINES IN THE EIFFEL TOWER.
did not find it until to-day. I happened
to see it to-day because it was a very
clear day, and I had a powerful glass
with me. The truth is sometimes dis-
agreeable, but what I like about it is that
when washed to earth it will invariably
rear up again upon its hind feet and as-
sert itself. The United States are poorly,
cheaply, meanly, and meagerly rep-
resented, with a few exceptions.



AMERICAN PORTER.
When their zeal begins to flag, too,
let them spur it and force it to continue
in the same path. The man who is ar-
dent in the pursuit of one object is suc-
cessful. The man who is zealous in the
pursuit of a dozen soon ranks as a
feather-headed fool among other men.
—Youth's Companion.

DIDN'T WORK THAT WAY.
"Most gamblers have their supersti-
tions, and I used to have mine," re-
marked an old sporting man to the re-
porter. "It was once cured. I know it is
supposed to bring a man luck if he
gives anything to a beggar. About
five years ago I was playing in about
the hardest luck a man ever had. I
had the clothes on my back—a new
suit, fortunately—and a new hat. That
was about all. The day before I had
my last bill broken and was living on
the loose change.

PI (E).
Dying Sayings of Notable People.
Addison—See how a Christian can
die.
Arria—My Petus, it is not painful,
Louis XIV.—Why weep ye? Did
you think I should live forever? (Then
after a pause): I thought dying had
been harder.

BYRON—I must sleep now.
Charles II. (of England)—Don't let
poor Nellie starve. (Nell Gwynne.)
Charles IX. of France—Nurse, nurse,
what murder, what blood! Oh! I have
done wrong. God pardon me!
Chesterfield—Give Dayrolles a
chair.

COLUMBUS—Lord, into Thy hands I
commend my spirit.
Lady Jane Gray and Tasso also used
the same words.
Cromwell—My desire is to make
what haste I may to be gone.
Democritus (philosopher)—You may go
home, the show is over.
Lord Eldon—It matters not where I
am going, whether the weather be cold
or hot.
Fontanelle—I suffer nothing, but
feel a sort of difficulty in living longer.

PROFESSIONAL AMENITIES.
Brown—Why, is Dr. Squills dead?
Dr. Smith (of different school from
Squills)—Yes.
Brown—What was his ailment?
Smith—Committed suicide.
Brown—Why, how?
Smith—Prescribed for himself.

FIERCE AND FIEKLE.

When John Snowden was a boy he
always had a hobby. One winter it
was coons, and he daily tormented
every shopkeeper in the village for odd
specimens. In the spring it was pigeons;
he sold all his coons, bought and bor-
rowed money from all of the family to
buy fan-tails and rare breeds for his
dove-cotes.

Then he suddenly took a fancy to col-
lect autographs. The pigeons were
neglected, and either died or were
stolen. John was busy in mailing
pigeons appeals to every man or woman
of distinction in Europe or America
to write their names on blank cards for
him.

He was succeeding very well when the
pigeon lost all interest for him. He
bought a printing-press. Now he
besieged all his friends for orders—
"Bill-heads, labels and cards, executed
with neatness and dispatch." Before he
had executed the orders, however, the
delight of type-setting pulled upon
him, and he gave it up.

When John grew to be a man he was
a violent Abolitionist for a few years.
Then he lost all interest in the slaves
and became an ardent vegetarian, who
tormented all his friends and acquaint-
ances by appealing to them to give up
meat and live with him on fruits and
vegetables. This hobby lasted but a
year, when he took up the cause of
woman suffrage, and quarrelled with
every one who did not agree with him.

Since that he has been, by turns, a
leader among the Spiritualists and the
Theosophists, and is now—for the mo-
ment—a vehement Ritualist.

He is a good, sincere, well-meaning
man, anxious to find the truth and to
draw all men with him to find it.
But he draws them with such vehemence
that his friends avoid him in terror.

Rational man does not object to be
pulled by a steam-engine, provided he
is pulled in one direction and that the
right one. But he will not consent to be
jerked hither and thither as by the
vagaries of a restless wind.

John Snowden's temperament and
habit of thought are very common in
the world. The life and usefulness of
many a strong, conscientious man have
been paralyzed by them.

THE following sketch
of the
pen of Opie
Pope Read,
the immit-
table humor-
ist of the
Arkansas
Traveller.
The Post-
master at
Oak Flat
was sitting
on a stump
in front of
his door
when a well-
dressed
stranger
came and
asked if he
were the
postoffice.

A POSTOFFICE BOSS.



"Yes," the Postmaster answered,
placing his chin on his hand and squir-
ring a yellow streamer at a lizard.
"I am expecting a letter and—"

"What's your name?"
"James Henwood."
"Any kin to old Zeb Henwood that
lives down beyond the forks?"

"Same name."
"Yes, but that makes no difference."
"Is it not out for you, but it does to
me."
"How so?"

"Wal, ef you air any kin to old
Zeb you kin't git no letters outen this
office."
"I tell you that I am no kin to him,
but even if I were, that should make
no difference."
"But it do all the same. He pizened
my pup last fall, an' that settles it with
him."

"I don't care anything about that. I
want to know if there's a letter here
for me?"
"Yas, thar is one; come day befo'
yistday."

"Let me have it, please."
"Not till you prove that you ain't no
kin to old Zeb."

"I also tell you that it makes no
difference whether I am or not."
"I know what you tell me—know
that as well as you do; but you ain't
proved nothin' yet."

"I don't have to prove anything. You
don't know who I am."
"I and I don't keer, nuther."
"I am a United States Postoffice In-
spector."

"That's all right."
"I know it is. Give me that letter."
"Not till you prove what I want you
to prove."

"If you don't give me that letter at
once I'll have you removed."

"What from?"
"From this postoffice."

"What'll remove me?"
"The Government."

"Wal, now, lemme tell you: This is
my postoffice. I built this house my-
self."

"But as Postmaster you are under
the Government."

"No, I ain't. I ain't under nuttin'."

"Are you going to give that letter?"
"Not till you prove."

"What is your name?" the Inspector
asked, taking out a note-book.
"Rose Hicks."

"Well, Mr. Hicks, I'll see that you
are removed."

"All right."

"And more than that I'll have you
arrested."

"All right."

"I'll teach you what it is to keep
back a letter."

"All right."

"I'll give you one more chance."

"Better remove me."

"No, I won't give you but one."

"Well, I'll shake you the dice for the
other one."

"You are a fool."

"All right."

"You haven't got the sense of a mon-
key."

"Ain't compar'd myself with you yet."

"If you were to start out to look for
a river, you couldn't find a spring
branch."

"All right."

"You give me that letter now, or
you'll have trouble."

"That's me."

"Give me that letter or I'll whale you
right here."

"In yo man."

"Do you mean that you'll give me the
letter or fight?"

"Hafter fight, I reckon, under the
circumstances."

Just about that time the Inspector
knocked the old fellow off the stump.
He got up, rubbed himself, and said:
"Your air a pretty quick pusson. Ef
thar's a thing I like it's a man that ain't
lazy."

He went into the house and brought
out the letter. Just as the Inspector
was turning away the old fellow said:
"Thar's another letter here for you."

"Give it to me."

"No, not till you hit me ag'in."

The Inspector hit him again and he
brought the other letter.

The King's Little Joke.
A Swedish statesman recently in-
vited most eloquently in Parliament
against oleomargarine. Next evening
he was invited to dine with the King,
who loves a joke. There was only
oleomargarine on the royal table, and
the statesman liberally partook there-
of. At the close of the meal the King
asked him: "Well, sir, how do you
like our butter?" "It is excellent,"
replied the statesman. "The contrast
between it and artificial butter is very
marked." "But," said the King, "that
is artificial butter." The other guests
roared with laughter, but the "old par-
liamentary hand" returned quick as a
flash: "Your Majesty, if one can be
deceived so easily, there is all the
more need of strict laws against bogus
goods."

EMPEROR WILLIAM, of Germany, is
a very hearty eater and drinker. He
consumes an enormous amount of meat,
beer, and wine every day, and is never
troubled with indigestion. He prefers
a pipe to a cigar, and shows an ele-
ment of greatness by detesting cigar-
ettes.

The French have a custom of visit-
ing the graveyards wherein their rela-
tives are buried on the 1st of Novem-
ber.

Some of the dry-goods clerk—Swing-
ing in delaine.

Germany's army last year cost \$121,061,000.