

sentiment fervently, and his brow flushed with embarrassment.

"Do not get heated, madam, I beg.—If you only had the sense to see it, I keep your position in society for you, and without me all your money couldn't do it. Maudie has met with an accident and of course will drive home with you. This brave boy here has saved her life, and he can get up with the coachman and go with us. I mean to give him something for his carriage."

Mrs. Landersdale's eyes fell upon John, who was striving to get out of sight.

"No, sir, ee, Landersdale! It shan't be done. I told that boy more than a year ago to keep out of my sight; and if he's sneaking around for my money, he won't get none of it. He ain't too good to foot it home; and perhaps it will be a lesson to him in the future not to hang onto the skirts of rich folks. I'll let you know that this is my carriage, and my money keeps it, Landersdale. You can get in here Maud; and, Verne," turning to a dainty-looking bundle of velvet half-hidden in the carriage wraps, "you can set with Johnson and drive the horses home. I know that will please you. Don't look at that boy, or I will not buy that velvet!"

Ross Landersdale felt absent in his pockets, and looked yearningly toward John; but perhaps a wholesome fear of his wife restrained him from giving a large sum, or caution may have whispered that his month's allowance was already overdrawn. At any rate he drew out a fifty-cent bill, and, flushing painfully, held it toward John.

"Here, boy! I am sorry for you, and it is deuced hard that I can't do more; but it is too much of an effort to oppose the powers that be! God bless you! and good-by."

John drew back from the proffered gift, and, with his scornful gray eyes fixed full upon Mrs. Landersdale face, exclaimed:

"No, sir! I wouldn't take one cent of that old she-bear's money, not if I was dying! Keep your money, and give it to a beggar that needs it! I don't want your stamps."

He was turning away with curled lip, when Maudie, who had slipped from her uncle's arms, ran toward him, and caught him by the arm.

"Dear, good little boy! you shan't go! I want you to come home with me and ride my beautiful pony. I hate that Verne! He pinches me and pulls my hair; but you won't, I know. He is awful strong, but I guess you could fight him, couldn't you?"

"Fight him? I rather think so!" with a contemptuous gaze up at Verne, who was already seated beside Johnson, kicking that much-enduring lackey's shins, and tickling his horses with the long whip. "I'd go for him, I guess, if he was bully enough to hurt one golden hair of your pretty head!"

"Maud!" shouted Mrs. Landersdale from the carriage, "come here this instant! What dirty talk is that little rough telling you? Come here, I say!"

"Well," exclaimed Maud, "I am going to kiss you good-by, little boy, anyhow."

Then standing on tip-toe, to Mrs. Landersdale's horror, she pressed a kiss upon the boy's brown cheek.

"And you must take this too; and when I get big, I'll give you lots and lots of money. Uncle Ross says I am rich; so her money didn't buy this, you know."

She loosened a tiny chain from her throat, and placed a handsome blue locket in John's hand.

"No, no, little one; I mustn't take it is worth money."

But Maud had left him, and the carriage was already rolling down Fifth Avenue.

John ran after it for some distance, then ceased his efforts, and wended his way homeward, with the resolve to return the trinket should he ever meet any of the Landersdales again.

A summer haze over the blue waters of the Hudson, and a June warmth and brightness in the air. Sail-boat and steamer cut through the sparkling waters, throwing the dashing spray far behind, and the "Vibbard" bore down past Newburgh with a holiday aspect quite in contrast to the solemn-looking canal-boats alongside being towed with their burdens down the river.

On the upper deck of the steamer, keeping time to the "Mabel Waltzes" with her tiny foot, sat a young lady of perhaps eighteen. Her dark eyes flashed with suppressed gaiety and she evidently, as she listened to the music, longed for one whirl down the long deck.

"Don't your feet ache, Maud?" inquired a dark-eyed, stylish girl who stood near looking for "Washington's Headquarters" through a long glass. "Mine do; and I should just delight to clear off these tiresome people and jump around to my heart's content. Wait till we get there, though, and then there won't be any lack of beaux and dancing, I guess. Max says the cadets are gay fellows, and

so handsome! I do wish the old 'Vibbard' would hurry up; and I'd admire to know how much longer it will take to get there."

Miss Flo Van Ruyter was from Boston, and "admitted to know" a great many things.

"Don't be so absurd, Flo! But if the cadets are so fascinating, I mean to flirt with that brother of yours—that is, if he is heart-free, of course."

"Umph! old lady, you're not going to do anything of the sort. Mr. Verne is as jealous as a Turk, and you will get mighty little fun while he is around."

"Who is taking my name in vain?" inquired a foppish-looking youth, in tourist costume, with the least possible drawl.

He held quantities of novels, wraps, and satchels, and seemed to be buried behind a mass of flesh and silk he was trying in vain to support upon his puny arm.

"Is Miss Flo going to annihilate me with those killing eyes? or has Maud determined to break my heart, and desert me for a red-cheeked, tight-laced cadet?"

"You shan't say one word against the cadets, Verne Landersdale, for my brother is one, and some of the noblest men in our country come from their ranks."

"Granted, Miss Flo; and the conquering hero of your destiny will be found there also, I dare say."

"I don't know but that he may," blushed Flo. "Max has a splendid friend who graduates this year and delivers the valedictory. My brother says he is one fellow in a thousand, and will adorn any position. I mean to try my powers of pleasing upon him, though he has the reputation of being a woman-hater, and I've never dealt with any of that species of the genus homo before.—I shall have to adopt new tactics, I fear."

"You are all-conquering in whatever role you choose to assume," simpered Verne. "Mother, here is a seat; and I will hold your parasol for you."

"Thanks, my dear. Those stairs are so fearful to mount. I declare, it takes away all the pleasure of the beautiful Hudson. I wonder they don't have elevators."

"You are all-conquering in whatever role you choose to assume," simpered Verne. "Mother, here is a seat; and I will hold your parasol for you."

"Thanks, my dear. Those stairs are so fearful to mount. I declare, it takes away all the pleasure of the beautiful Hudson. I wonder they don't have elevators."

"They have them at the bar, madam," laughed Verne. "You can get a 'leetle elevated' by just stepping down-stairs and taking a glass or two."

"Ha, ha! what wit the boy has!—Verne, get that camp-stool and sit beside me, and then hand me your glass. I do enjoy this scenery so much; there is nothing in Europe half so superb. Ah! give me my native land, my dears," turning with a condescending smile toward the two girls, "Have you ever been abroad, Miss Van Ruyter?"

"No, madam; but pa is going to take us next year."

"That is well, my dear; it gives such a style and pose to a girl's manners.—When Verne and Maud get married, I mean to take them abroad with me."

Verne smiled delightedly, and turned to look at Maud, who blushed, pouted, and pulled Frisky's ears until that poor little dog, curled away in her lap, awoke and yelled for mercy.

Verne ran for a stool, and in his haste nearly upset a shabby-looking woman in black who was leaning forward in her chair gazing wildly at Mrs. Landersdale and party.

"Ah, pardon me, my good woman!" with an exaggerated, pert bow; "but—aw—really musn't get in people's way, you know."

A very ordinary speech, and one to be looked for from such a youth; but it caused tears to fall from the faded blue eyes of the "good woman" addressed, and she hastened to draw the heavy veil down over pale face with trembling fingers. She listened with intense interest to the light conversation of the party.

"Who is this admirable Crichton, Flo?" asked Maud, with as much interest as her high-bred, languid manners would allow. "One of your Boston prodigies, no doubt. I notice that all our smart men and women do come from the Hub, by the way."

"We will sue you for libel, Maud!" cried Verne, with the least possible annoyance in his tone. "You don't give us New Yorkers credit for much brains, and it is deuced hard, you know."

"Well, I should say that you are not overburdened," laughed Maud, with a contemptuous little shrug of her shoulders. She snubbed Verne at times dreadfully, but he dutifully submitted, and rarely resented.

"Verne has enough heart to make up the deficiency, if there's any," Mrs. Landersdale hastened to interrupt. She started a quarrel in the air, and was polite enough to wish to avoid it.

"Here is Cornwall already, and we'll be there in no time. Is your brother's friend of high birth, Miss Van Ruyter?" hastening to renew this subject.—"Though of course one so fastidious as Max Van Ruyter would choose no one low for a friend."

"That is the very cream of the affair," Flo answered, with a touch of

satire. "Now your high-bred people, Mrs. Landersdale, wouldn't approve of him, of course; but we Van Ruyters are democratic enough to admire such ability. He is of very humble birth, was brought up in a tenement, educated in our common schools, and when your New York Senator threw open his appointment of the West Point cadetship to the pupils of the public schools, Max's friend came out number one, and justified the selection by graduating this year one of the first in his class. High birth is all very well, but what does it amount to without intellect?"

"To be sure," acquiesced Maud. "I should like to meet your brother's friend, get acquainted, and see if I could rid myself of some of the exclusive notions that have been drilled into me since childhood. I really do believe I shall do something dreadful some day,—run away and marry the barber, or turn waiting-maid to somebody or other."

Mrs. Landersdale looked annoyed. "Don't be so eccentric, Maud. It really isn't becoming, and savors of strong-mindedness. Do try and be like other people."

"Thanks, auntie; but you have brought Verne up so exactly after your pattern of excellence that one such prodigy should content you. He makes such a splendid cockney, or I would advise him to give West Point the benefit of his presence. He might come in contact with low-born people there, though, who could not appreciate his intellect."

Maud knew, in the depths of her wicked heart, that Verne Landersdale had applied for a cadetship, but had failed to pass the necessary examination creditably, and even Mrs. Landersdale's money could not buy it for him. So he had contented himself with a seat in Mr. Landersdale's office, and honored Wall Street with his presence once a week or so.

Verne's face flushed scarlet, and he pretended to be gazing attentively at a passing boat. Maud, whose heart was good, regretted her remark as soon as made, and hastened to add:—"Concluded next week."

Capture of a Devil Fish.

ONE of the fishermen employed by Larco in drawing his nets this morning found, entangled in its meshes, a veritable devil fish of large size. The ugly thing was so entangled, and held on with such tenacity, that it was with great difficulty, and only after tearing the net badly, that it was released and got into the boat. It was brought to the wharf, where a number of persons visited and inspected the monster. The body is an elongated oval about 15 inches wide 4 feet long from the head to the end of the spear shaped tail. The mouth, or rather beak, is exactly like the mandibles of a hawk, and is placed underneath the body. The long arms or feelers, of which there are eight, radiate from around this beak, and the largest of them are upward of 7 feet in length, making 11 feet from the end of the two longest tentacles to the tip of the tail. The other arms are from 4 to 5 feet long. The underside of these feelers, for about two feet from the tip, are armed with rows of sharp-pointed hooks, increasing in size as they approach the end, where they terminate in veritable talons. The body is of a reddish-gray color on top and a pale salmon pink underneath. The underside is covered with small suckers possessing considerable power. Even after the creature had been on the dock for some time, and was nearly dead, a finger placed to the mouth of one of these suckers was seized upon and only released by a strong pull. While lying on the dock the fish exuded about two gallons of the dark fluid with which it is supplied, and it uses to discolor the water, either to conceal itself, or to render helpless its prey. The fluid is of a most offensive odor and it is of a dark yellow color. The monster, which was captured just inside of the line of kelp, would be an unpleasant thing to come across in the water, and after seeing him one can thoroughly appreciate the scene in the cavern, so graphically described by Victor Hugo in "The Tollers of the Sea." The fish was cut up and taken out by the fishermen to their crab nets as bait, but the beak and some of the larger talons were secured by Mr. Reece. Small fish of this description have been found in the channel at different times, measuring from 6 to 8 inches, but nothing approaching this one in size has ever been captured in this vicinity.—Santa Barbara (Cal.) Press, March 22.

A Menagerie in Winter Quarters.

A REPORTER of the Phil'a. Press has obtained from the keeper of the menagerie that is wintering in that city some interesting information in regard to the care of wild animals. "For the past winter," said the keeper, "we have been giving the lions from fifteen to twenty pounds of raw beef once a day; occasionally mutton is given instead. When traveling this amount is increased seven or eight pounds. A hyena, when

not on the road, is allowed twelve pounds a day, which is increased five pounds when traveling. Leopards, pumas and jaguars are given three pounds. Elephants subsist principally on hay, about half a ton per day, more or less. In fact they eat all the time almost, only stopping to play. Well, sir, those ten elephants there will get together and play a half a day at a time without stopping. Now look at their eyes and ivory. Isn't there some resemblance to a human being laughing? What different expressions animals have! Look at that elephant. Do what you please with him, he wouldn't harm you; while that leopard, to your right there, would fight as long as life lasts.

"Does this noise continue during the night?"

"Well, no, not the whole night through. As soon as dark comes, the hyenas commence pacing up and down their cages, in quest of food; his regular time, you know, in his native jungle. Then the elephant begins; the lion answers him, another lion roars back; the panther takes it up; then the sea-lion joins with its peculiar shriek; and now come the monkeys, the macaw and cockatoo, while an additional neigh of a horse and bark of a dog make a noise that is at times deafening, but not altogether unpleasant. Finally nothing is left of the hubbub save the occasional chirp of a bird, when all of a sudden the elephant will wake the echoes, and the whole gang takes up the chorus."

Live for Something.

Live for something, if it be ever so little. Better to accomplish something than nothing. Better to look back on the little you have done than to sigh over wasted hours and mis-spent time.—There is work for every one to do, and he who labors with a willing heart and hand will one day reap the reward of his labor.

Live for something. Let every leaf in the volume of the year bear some mark of yours upon its pages. Let every turn of Time's old iron wheel give some account of well-spent days.—Live so that your deeds will be remembered long after you have ceased to be. Live so that virtue excel your vices, and shine brighter as the years grow less and less. Live so that you can look to the past without regretting that you have done too little in this life. Labor for something noble and praiseworthy. Live so that in passing from this to another shore you will leave behind you "Footprints on the sands of time."

Live for something. There is no one but what can do some good—no one who need say I can accomplish nothing—none who need spend their days in idleness. Life is a blank book, ever page of which must bear something worthy of record or a blot that can never be erased. Then be mindful of what you leave upon its leaves; for it will tell in time and eternity what you have lived for, and He who keeps a record of our deeds will reward us accordingly.

A Plucky Girl.

A tramp entered the residence of G. H. Kitchen, near New Lebanon, O., recently during the absence of the family, and began searching a bureau, where a large amount of money had been placed. Carrie Roberts, a young girl, a domestic, who was in the upper part of the house, heard the noise, discovered the tramp at work, approached him unobserved, and suddenly clutching him by the hair with one hand endeavored to wrench a box of valuables from his grasp with the other hand. Finding her efforts unavailing she released her hold, sprang upon a chair, secured a revolver from the top of a clock and fired at the tramp several times in quick succession. The latter dropped the box, ran to the yard, scaled the fence and escaped. Upon examination it was found that nothing of value had been taken.

Isn't it True?

A man who marries without any trade, profession, visible means of support, or a rich father-in-law to feed him, is pronounced a fool; but a young woman who weds, without possessing any knowledge of the first rudiments of housekeeping; who knows how to eat bread, but not how to make it, and whose knowledge of domestic affairs is limited to getting up in time to eat a cold breakfast, is said to have made a good match. Will the female at the head of the class please stand up and tell us why young women should not be just as competent to preside over a household, as the man who is to provide for the same? When she has answered this question satisfactorily we will go down in our grab bag and get another conundrum for her.

"In choosing a wife," says the "Phrenological Journal," "be governed by her chin." The worst of that is, that after having chosen a wife, one is apt to keep on being governed in the same way.

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