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My Kingdom and My Queen.

If I were but a beggar,
And she were on a throne,
I still on her would fix my heart
And claim her as my own.

Were I a mighty monarch
And she a country maid,
She soon would sit a titled queen
In gold and silk arrayed.

And I have won her favor!
She gives her lips to me
Who am not fit to touch her hand
Except on bended knee.

I envy not the treasures
That monarchs can impart,
I have a better realm than they—
My kingdom is her heart.

MARION AUDLEY.

"There's a gentleman to see you, miss."

Miss Marion Audley walked into her aunt's artistic drawing-room with a slight hastening of the artificially languid step that had lately become habitual with her. A gentleman at this particular time, this particular afternoon, meant someone she was conscious of rather wishing to see than otherwise. She gave in passing a sidelong and surreptitious glance at a mirror, which reflected a satisfactory vision in severely elegant visiting-dress, and with a most unexceptionable spring bonnet upon a well-poised little head, and raised her eyes to encounter a straightforward masculine gaze which caused her to start back with a dark flush suddenly overspreading her cheeks.

"Owen Hilyar!"

"Yes. You don't seem very much pleased to see me."

She did not; there was no doubt of that. The young man came forward and took her hand.

"Marion, come. Haven't you a word of welcome to say to me? I have looked forward to this moment so long and so ardently."

He was very handsome and eager, bending down to her, but to Marion he only seemed, compared with the men she had of late been thrown into contact with, uncouth and rough, and his clothes had not the right appearance at all.

"Of course I am glad to see you," she said, drawing herself away with badly concealed impatience, "but you took me so by surprise. I didn't expect you." She turned from him and began removing her bonnet.

He looked a moment at her slight round young form, thrown into delicious relief with the two raised arms, and then said in a changed tone:

"I thought the surprise might be as pleasant to you as it would have been to me."

She made no reply. Good gracious! why need he be so intense? And why need he come dropping in upon her like this, without a word of warning?

"You expect some one, evidently," he hurried on. "Who? Some man? Tell me, Marion! Why have you written so little of late and such cold letters? Have you changed towards us all? Have you forgotten us?"

He had approached her again, and suddenly, with a burst of uncontrollable passion, stooped and seized her in his arms. She gave a low cry, pushed him from her and stood before him with flaming eyes.

"How dare you?" she said, trembling with anger. "How dare you presume? I have forgotten you in the sense that you mean, if you must know all. I do not wish to be reminded at all of those days before I left home. The whole thing is hideous to me—the life, and the place, and all. Aunt Harriman has made another sort of existence for me, and I mean to follow it. I have nothing more to say, and I hope you understand, once for all."

Hilyar had looked at her very steadily while she spoke. He interrupted by not so much as the movement of a muscle. When she had quite finished he slowly took up his hat and walked toward the door.

"Thank you for opening my eyes. You have been very frank," he said.

She made, unconsciously a faint movement to detain him, but the door had already closed behind him.

Five minutes later, the person she ad expected to find on coming in rom her drive, and who was Frank Dutton, made his appearance. He oticed that she looked a trifle pale. He did not know that she was quite s pretty so it. And Mr. Frank Dutton was in matters of feminine oveliness quite a connoisseur, or so e considered himself.

* * * * *

One bright spring afternoon two ears later Mrs. Harriman was driving up the Champs Elysees, in Paris, vith her two nieces, Marion and Virginia Audley. The latter had only ecently enjoyed her favors and the dvantage of her position and her ortune, but though not to be compared in point of looks to her stately lder sister, had already impressed er aunt with the idea that, after all, he might "do better" than Marion.

To speak the truth, Mrs Harriman was very much disappointed in that young lady. Had she not done everything for her, taking her from her plain home in an obscure little town, and giving her two seasons in London and one now in Paris, and all under the very best au pices? And what had come of it all? She had had a great deal of success at first, to be sure, and had seemed very sensible of her privileges and alive to the duty incumbent on her of making the most of them. But then gradually she had lost interest, grown more and more listless, and actually let pass three most exceptionable opportunities—such as any girl in her right mind would have jumped at—of settling herself in life. And now this last inexplicable freak about the Comte de—

"Why, Marion! There is Owen Hilyar," suddenly cried Virginia, interrupting her aunt's irate monologue. The carriage, rolling slowly on in the press of vehicles, passed close by a tall, broad-shouldered pedestrian, who was waiting for a momentary break in the stream of horses and wheels to make his way over. He heard the exclamation and raised his eyes. Virginia leaned forward and smiled all over her pretty face. Hilyar raised his hat, and already the crywe had seperated them.

"Oh, hasn't he got to be awfully handsome?" cried Virginia. "He always was, of course. But Paris and civilization have agreed with him wonderfully."

"Who is the young man?" inquired Mrs. Harriman.

"Why, a friend of our earliest childhood, isn't he, Marion? Good gracious! What's the matter, Marion?"

Marion was leaning back in her seat, pale as the white lilac in her dress. "Nothing. These first spring days are so oppressive."

Mrs. Harriman produced her gold-mounted cut-glass pungent, and having insisted upon her niece making use of that restorative, concluded that she had recovered sufficiently to listen to her warnings.

"I should like you to tell me whether you really mean to let all your chances slip, Marion? With the exception of Frank Dutton, you never had as good a one as this Comte de—. You let that go—heaven knows why, I don't!—and now you are on the way to letting this go, too. But let me tell you, if you do you'll rue the day. Do you hear me?"

"Oh yes, I hear you, aunt," was the weary reply.

She had been through numberless scenes of this sort before now, and she had always held her own. But now, somehow, as the carriage drove through the porte-cochere and they alighted and mounted the long stairs to Mrs. Harriman's apartments, Marion felt as though she could battle no longer—as though something had snapped within her. A few hours later Mrs. Harriman, with her two nieces in tow, entered the drawing-rooms of the American minister. It was one of the largest balls of the season.

Marion was regally lovely in pure, simple white, and Virginia looked like a fresh rosebud in her fleecy skirts of pink. Mrs. Harriman's ambitious soul filled with gratification at sight of the sensation the two girls were evidently producing. And to make her sense of triumph complete, there was the Comte de— approaching and claiming Marion's hand for the first valse.

Having assured herself that Virginia's order of dances was being also rapidly scribbled over with the hieroglyphics of desirable partners, she allowed herself to be led away by an elderly diplomatist to a more retired coign of vantage, where her nieces could seek the shelter of her wing in their unattached periods during the evening.

The elderly diplomatist proved to be a conversationalist of exceptional brilliancy; so much so that Mrs. Harriman, usually the most Argus-eyed of chaperons, quite failed to notice, after a time, that Virginia was dancing and had already danced repeatedly with the broad-shouldered young fellow whom they had passed in the afternoon.

Not so Marion. She had become conscious of Hilyar's presence before she had been in the house a quarter of an hour. Now, as she passed on the comte's arm, listening with a distant distrait look upon her face, which the Frenchman took for the expression of maidenly shyness to the words of respectful adoration he poured into her ear, she came upon him standing with her sister in the deep embrasure of a curtained window.

Virginia was looking up with a smile that played in a thousand enchanting dimples about her mouth, and Hilyar's eyes were bent with a sort of pleased contemplativeness upon her. The comte gave a glance sideways and a half smile which seemed to express an appreciative apprehension of the situation.

A pang shot like a knife through Marion Audley's heart. After all, she asked herself, why not? Virginia was so pretty, so unspoiled by the world, so true, though she professed to be so worldly. She turned her head slowly and the two looked toward her. Virginia made a sign with her hand, and simultaneously Hilyar's eyes met Marion's. There was no look of recognition in the man's calm, direct glance. The next moment Marion had passed on.

"Why, is it not possible you did not know that that was Marion?" cried Virginia.

The next morning a storm burst in the Harriman abode. The diplomatist's conversation had not succeeded in rendering Mrs. Harriman oblivious to all surrounding persons and things during the entire evening before, and towards the end of it she had become conscious of certain happenings, the thought of which now caused a violent uncorking of the vials of her wrath.

"I had hoped better things of you, Virginia, at least, whatever your sister may see fit to do. I did not think you would put all your prospects in jeopardy at the very outset of your career by making yourself so scandalously conspicuous with a young man who is a nobody—a pauper—"

"I'm sure he is not a nobody at all," cried Virginia. "Owen Hilyar is well born and a gentleman. And as for his being a pauper—well, one doesn't think of an artist's pecuniary position as one does of other men's, and he is rising wonderfully. The work he is going to send to the salon is quite remarkable. In any case he's an old friend. And if Marion chooses to turn her back upon such I don't."

To which Parthian shot Marion replied not a word. But as the days passed she saw a change come subtly over the laughing little sister. And once, having called unexpectedly upon a friend, she found that she was supposed to be spending the day with one of Mrs. Harriman's French acquaintances, deep in conversation with Hilyar.

The latter turned a trifle pale as Marion entered, and Virginia crimsoned with an embarrassment that was absolutely painful. Marion made but a short stay. She had learned more than she wanted to know.—That evening, as the two sisters went to their room, Marion said very quietly.

"Tell me, Virginia, do you love Owen Hilyar?"

Virginia bit her lip, hesitated, then laughed.

"Well, you're such a Mentor, I suppose I must make a clean breast of it with you; I don't know that I exactly love him, but I admire him more than any man I know. He is so simple and manly, so unlike that foppish Comte de ——, and all those fellows of the type of Frank Dutton, you know. And he seems to single me out for attention wherever we go, and—well, I think I could be happy with him, really.

"You are sure?" very gravely.

"Yes, I think I am sure. What makes you look so solemn, Marion?"

"A human being's happiness in this world is a solemn thing, little one. Sometimes one misses it before one is aware. That must not happen to you, Virginia."

A month passed, and then one evening Marion came face to face with Hilyar at a ball. It was a last breaking up for the season, as it were. The night was warm and the windows stood open. People who had been growing languid in their pursuit of social pleasure of late were galvanized into new life by the feeling that society was disbanding till next year. Marion, with a sudden resolution that was the fruit of many sleepless nights, made a sign to Hilyar and stepped out upon one of the small balconies—flower-encumbered—which looked down upon the broad Parisian avenue with its even procession of lights broken into here and there by the broad glare of a cafe, and with its quiet-moving forms of pleasure-seekers enjoying the warmth of the night.

"You will think what I am going to say extraordinary, I know," she began at once. "But let that pass. I have a duty to perform and I will not neglect it. We were friends once—I want you to forget all the past and be my friend again. I know all about Virginia and you—and I wanted to tell you that I will help you both, if you will let me. There, that is all."

She put out her hand bravely and he took it slowly in his. His eyes burned so strangely in his white face that an irrepressible nervousness took possession of her.

"Let me go." she said faintly. He paid no heed.

"Did you think I loved Virginia?" he said in a voice that echoed in her inmost soul. "Did you think I had forgotten?"

"You can't—you can't—" she stammered.

"Love you yet? Ah, Marion!" His grasp tightened like a vise upon her hand, his eyes burned into hers through the darkness.

"But I treated you so shamefully. I did not know then—I was crazy! Can you forgive me all?"

"Marion!" The passionately appealing tone seemed to draw her to him, and perchance the midnight stars might have looked down upon the lover's kiss they knew so well, had not Mrs. Harriman appeared at that moment with a certain look of haughty surprise.

"Marion, aren't you dancing this valse?"

"Yes, aunt. With Mr. Hilyar."

"What will your aunt say!" Owen was asking a little later in the pause of the dance.

"I shudder to think of it!" she laughed; but nevertheless there were no signs of overwhelming dread on the charming face upon which Hilyar now looked down, at last unrebuked, with adoring eyes.

* * * * *

And Virginia? Alas for the selfishness of poor human nature! The thought had never come to Marion until she had shut herself into her own room on her return. But then it caught her heart with a cold spasm. Was her younger sister's happiness to be wrecked because she, the elder, had found her own?

She went to Virginia's door and knocked; some moments elapsed and then Virginia slowly opened the door and stood before her sister in her long white wrapper. The child-like face was paler than usual

"Oh, Virginia!" said the latter, conscience-stricken, and could say no more.

But if Virginia had a battle to fight, she would fight it out alone and in silence.

"I know why you have come, Marion," she said, quickly, "and I know that you are feeling badly about me. But you needn't. You had a first claim on him, and he has loved you all along. I didn't know anything about that at the beginning; but of late I have found it out. I think he saw that—that I was getting fond of him, and he—I don't know how he did it—but he made me understand. And to-night, when I saw you two come in from the balcony together, I was so glad—I knew you had made it up. There! Don't cry, Marion! I'm sure you're much more worthy of him than I ever could be. And I—I'm a scatterbrain, you know, and I'm certain to get over it!"

And with a laugh that might have ended in a sob had she permitted it, Virginia resolutely pushed Marion back and closed the door.

A little while, and in spite of Mrs. Harriman's opposition, Owen Hilyar and Marion were properly united.

Business Methods of the Cabinet.

Business in the Treasury department is disposed of with greater dispatch now than at any time before in the memory of any of its employes. Clerks are not only checked but reported by detectives if found engaged in social talk in the halls during office hours. The new order is business during business hours, and gossip afterwards. There is neither smoking of pipes or cigars nor reading of newspapers to be seen anywhere in the building and any employee found indulging in these luxuries may not be surprised if he receives a yellow envelope from Secretary Manning containing an indefinite furlough.

In some of the other departments, however, more freedom becoming to gentlemen of leisure may be found. In the State department, for instance, everything is high-toned, and if a clerk comes late or has occasion to leave early no questions are asked. He is regarded as the very soul of honor and it is assumed that he has a good reason for everything he does, and as he is not one of the sons of toil there is no reason why he should be a slave of time. Time is made for slaves, not for Secretary Bayard's diplomats.

In the department of justice the employees are hard worked but they work spasmodically, as do most lawyers. There is not much regularity about their coming and going. If they happen to come before 8 o'clock in the morning they are just as apt to leave by 12 or 1 o'clock, and as likely to come late in the day and stay till late at night. Attorney General Garland himself always gets to the office earlier than any one else in the department, usually before 8 a. m. and he requires his private secretary to be there on time to meet him to make an early start on the day's business.

Secretary Lamar of the Interior is the first to come and the last to leave his department and while kind and considerate to all who are under him requires them to work faithfully from nine to four. In order that the work of the department requiring correspondence and examination of records to its discharge may be expedited he has ordered that no person shall be admitted to the building after 2 o'clock. From 9 till 2 every person calling is accorded a courteous interview and respectful hearing, but after 2 o'clock the Secretary must have time. to himself in which to consider and act upon matters prepared in the meanwhile and submitted by chiefs of the bureaus for his final decision. This often keeps him at his desk till the shades of the evening are low, but the Secretary is an indomitable worker aud cares not for hours when duty requires his attention, and he is determined that the business of his department shall be disposed of with all dispatch possible consistent with the good of the public service.

In the office of the Postmaster General everything moves on with the regularity and promptness of the coming and going of the mails, and any person having business before the department knows that it will be taken up and disposed of in its regular order without any postponement or delay. General Vilas says to his clerks: You must be up and doing.

The departments of War and Navy move slowly, but with the decision characteristic of Secretaries Endicott and Whitney when action is necessary. It is hard to get the chiefs of the divisions in these two departments to realize that they should act except when and in the manner that their own judgment tells them is right and proper. Each seems to think that he alone is responsible in a great measure for the manner in which an order is executed and therefore objects to dictation from a civilian. The chiefs of the different bureaus are supposed by reason of their special training to be peculiarly well qualified to judge of the needs of their respective charges and for that reason the two Secretaries rely in a great measure upon their bureau chiefs for advice in planning and executing for the good of those two departments of the government.

Epitaph.

Here lies the man
Whose crown was won,
By blowing through an empty gun;
No sooner through the gun he blew
Than up the golden stairs he flew,
And met the girl on Heaven's green
Who lit the fire with kerosene.

Dark weight—coal scales.

Napoleon I.

He was everything. He was complete. He had in his brain the cube of human faculties. He made codes like Justinian. He dictated like Cæsar. His conversation joined the lightning of Pascal to the thunderbolt of Tacitus. He made history and he wrote it. His bulletins are Iliads. He combined the figures of Newton with the metaphors of Mohammed. He left behind in the Orient words as grand as the pyramids. At Tilist he taught majesty to emperors. At the Academy of Sciences he replied to Laplace. In the Council of State he has held his ground with Merlin. He gave a soul to the geometry of those and the trickery of these. He was legal with the attorneys and sidereal with the astronomers. Like Cromwell blowing out one candle when two were lighted he went to the Temple to cheapen a certain tassel. He said everything. He knew everything; which did not prevent him from laughing a good man's laugh by the cradle of his little child; and all at once startled Europe listened, armies set themselves in march, parks of artillery rolled along, bridges of boats stretched over the rivers, clouds of cavalry galloped in the hurricane, cries, trumpets, a trembling everywhere of thrones, the frontiers of the kingdoms oscillated upon the map, the sound of a superhuman blade was heard leaping from its sheath; men saw him, standing erect in the horizon with a flame in his hands and a resplendence in his eyes, unfolding in the thunder his two wings, the Grand Army and the Old Guard, and he was the archangel of war.—Victor Hugo.

All Things to All Men.

One day big, handsome Ben Le Fevre was laving his rotund and jovial personality in a marble bath tub in the House bath rooms at the Capitol.

While he was deporting himself in tepid water, made foaming with scented soaps, and was about ready to be rubbed dry by the attendant, a messenger came down and called to him from the outside that there were some gentlemen above anxious to see him on important business for a moment, as they were obliged to depart hurriedly to catch a train.

"Who are they?" called the general, blowing the water out of his mustache with a snort like a porpoise.

"They are some gentleman from Ohio, sir."

"Are they from my district?" asked Ben.

"Yes, sir," answered the messenger.

"Then for heaven's sake don't send them down here. Shut the door there and keep them out. Good Lord! if any of them find I bathe in a marble tub and am rnbbed down by a nigger, instead of going down to the creek and drying myself with my shirt, it will lose me a thousand votes."

The unterrified and unwashed constituents didn't get in.

Lifting the Hat.

In the good old times when siety" didn't depend on the heig of a man's shirt collar, or the scar of cloth in his pants, or the drawl his articulation, there was somethin stately and commanding in the manner of lifting the hat when the lady gave the signal for recognition. It was combined with a bow which had to be well executed in order to make the other effectual. It was a sure index to a gentleman, for I never knew a vulgar man to acquire the art of lifting the hat gracefully. But this seems to have been obliterated by the coming generation in pants. The thing now is to grab the rim of the hat in front with much the same celerity you would grab for a seat in a street car. Having clutched the right spot, you jerk the hat down as if you were trying to hide your face—then rub the hat up and down your front, taking care not to go below the belt, very quickly, as if you were trying to allay irritation. When the hat gets back to its place you grin like a monkey; one grin is all that custom requires. By this time the lady has passed and if she is a sensible woman it is her turn to grin.

"Uncle James," said a city young lady, who was spending a few days in the country, "is that chicken a Brahmin?" "No," replied Uncle James, "he's a Leghorn." "Why, certainly, to be sure," said the young lady. "How stupid of me. I can see the horns on his ankles."

"Why don't you hold up your head as I do!" asked an aristocratic lawyer of a sterling old farmer. "Squire," said the farmer, "look at that field of grain. You see that all the valuable heads are bowed down, while those that have nothing in them stand upright."

"The dairy products of this country," yelled an orator at a fair, "amount to a hundred millions, and the industry is still in its infancy." "Wrong," cried a cute by-stander, "it is infancy that is still in the dairy business."

A society writer wonders why girls have to be pressed to sing. He is evidently a greenhorn on the subject of girls.

James R. Randall, who wrote "My Maryland" when he was 22, is about to publish his first collection of poems.

President Cleveland is the babies' best friend. He declines to kiss them.

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