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RAILROAD TIME TABLES.

Baltimore & Eastern Shore Railroad.

GOING EAST.

STATIONS.	Exp.	A. M.	Exp.	P. M.	Mix.	P. M.
Baltimore, Lv	7 00		4 55		
Annapolis	7 55		5 50		
Bay Ridge	Arrive	8 10	6 19		
	Leave	8 15	6 35		
Claiborne	Arrive	9 40	7 40		
	Leave	9 50	7 45		
McDaniel					2 30
Harper		*9 56	*7 50		2 36
St. Michaels		10 02	7 55		2 43
Riverside					2 48
Royal Oak		*10 11	*8 02		2 58
Kirkham		*10 15	*8 05		3 02
Bloomfield		*10 21	*8 10		3 12
Easton		10 27	8 15		3 22
Turner					3 32
Bethlehem		*10 42	*8 29		4 00
Preston		10 49	8 35		4 10
Daugless		*10 55	*8 40		4 20
Hurlocks		11 01	8 48		4 30
Ennals					4 37
Rhodesdale		*11 13	*8 56		4 55
Vienna		11 20	9 00		5 08
Harrek Creek S		11 32	9 18		5 13
Hebron		*11 46	*9 28		5 42
Rock-a-Walking					6 00
Salisbury		11 58	9 40		6 20
Walstons			9 50		6 30
Parsonburg		*12 11	9 54		7 20
Pittsville		*12 21	*10 01		7 45
New Hope			*10 10		7 55
Whaleyville		*12 33	*10 13		8 07
St. Martin's			*10 20		8 27
Berlin		12 47	10 27		8 34
Ocean City, Ar		1 00	10 40		8 50
		P. M.	P. M.		9 05
					9 30
					P. M.

GOING WEST.

STATIONS.	Exp.	A. M.	Exp.	P. M.	Mix.	A. M.
Ocean City, Lv	6 45		4 40		4 00
Berlin	6 56		4 53		4 05
St. Martin's					5 10
Whaleyville			*5 06		5 25
New Hope					5 33
Pittsville			*5 18		5 54
Parsonburg			*5 25		6 08
Walstons					6 17
Salisbury	7 45		5 39		7 25
Rock-a-Walking					7 43
Hebron	*7 57		*5 51		7 52
Harrek Creek S	8 07		6 00		8 07
Vienna	8 16		6 11		8 25
Rhodesdale	*8 29		*6 24		8 50
Ennals					8 57
Hurlocks	8 37		6 33		9 08
Daugless	*8 45		*6 40		9 25
Preston	8 50		6 45		9 30
Bethlehem	*8 56		*6 51		9 40
Turner					9 50
Easton	9 10		7 05		10 27
Bloomfield	*9 15		*7 10		10 40
Kirkham	*9 20		*7 15		10 50
Royal Oak	*9 25		*7 18		10 59
Riverside					11 10
St. Michaels	9 30		7 25		11 18
Harper	*9 35		*7 30		11 29
McDaniel					11 36
					11 42
Claiborne	Arrive	9 40	7 35		
	Leave	9 50	7 45		
Bay Ridge	Arrive	11 10	8 50		
	Leave	11 15	9 15		
Annapolis		11 39	9 30		
Baltimore, Ar		12 35	10 30		
		P. M.	P. M.		P. M.

‖ Leave Daily except Sunday. | Leave Daily. * Stop on signal to receive and discharge passengers for Baltimore, Ocean City, Easton and Salisbury. Stations at which time is not given trains do not stop.

Delaware & Chesapeake Railway.

Commencing Monday, July 13th, 1891, trains run as follows:

GOING SOUTH. 201 Mail	203 Pass	STATIONS.	GOING NORTH. 200 Mail	202 Pass
A.M.	P.M.		A.M.	P.M.
6 30	2 30	Baltimore	11 10	9 35
7 27	3 01	Philadelphia	10 23	7 35
9 42	5 07	Clayton	8 30	5 27
9 54	5 17	Easton	8 21	5 47
10 06	5 29	Harrington	8 09	5 35
10 07	5 30	Harrington	8 08	5 35
10 15	5 41	Marydel	8 01	5 22
10 22	5 48	Hartleton	7 54	5 15
10 28	5 55	Greensboro	7 48	5 05
10 40	6 10	Greensboro	7 38	4 57
10 50	6 20	Hillsboro	7 28	4 32
11 00	6 31	Queen Anne	7 20	4 22
11 10	6 41	Denton	7 11	4 12
11 18	6 50	Gilpin	7 05	4 15
11 25	6 57	Bethel	6 59	4 09
11 40	7 12	Laurel	6 39	3 49
11 55	7 25	Delmar	6 30	3 30
A.M.	P.M.		A.M.	P.M.

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Jan7-6m

THE WHITE DOVE.

The choir was full of children
Singing with heart and word,
With melody almost divine,
The praises of the Lord.
O sweet their ringing voices
Went up to the Father's ear,
And throngs of Easter angels
Drew nigh, their songs to hear.

But not to listen only;
With heavenly zeal and love,
The angels sing the melodies
Of the great choirs above;
And blending with the children,
Their Easter anthems rise,
Until the rapturous harmonies
Roll out beyond the skies.

So heaven and earth were blended,
In those sweet jubilees,
The unheard voices throbbing
Through the eternities,
Yet with the children singing—
When lo! far, far above
The listening congregation
There flew a fair white dove.

Down on the air it floated,
Its wings all silver bright,
Now in the shadow deepened,
Now on its pillared height.
As some soft breeze from heaven,
It stirred the listening air,
Like whispers after silence,
Like singing after prayer.

O Christ, thou loving Saviour,
Thine emblem was the bird!
As round and round it circled,
By the grand choral stirred,
Each heart swelled high with worship,
With joy and sweet surprise,
And Paradise to Earth drew near,
And Earth to Paradise.

—Mary A. Denison in Youth's Companion.

THE CRYSTAL.

Many years ago I was boarding in a well known house at the lower end of Broadway, kept by a jolly, light eyed, light haired, fat German lady, the widow of a "professor," Mme. Steinberg. As for myself, I was a quiet, old fashioned teacher of languages, and the place suited me. Among my pupils was the daughter of a rich widow lady, living in Washington square, which was the height of fashionable aspiration in those days. My department was instruction in the German language, and in Ella Cameron I found a pupil so completely and naturally imbued with the mysticism deemed peculiar to the Germans and the orientals that I found she grasped the instinct of that grandly expressive language as an infant learning its mother tongue. There was German blood somewhere in the long pedigree of Ella's ancestors.

Ella Cameron had inherited sufficient of the natural Scotch intellectual force to give her balance without blunting the subtle sensibilities of her mind.

One day there came to our house a foreign gentleman to board. No one knew his nationality, and to this day I am ignorant of it. He spoke English fluently and idomatically correct, but with such an accent as he might have learned by being educated abroad; yet he was not an Englisman, for he said so. His German was perfection, his French Parisian, his Italian and Spanish a marvel. As for his age, he might have been thirty or he might have been fifty.

Naturally enough, with our assimilating tastes, education and pursuits, and through the kind intervention of Mme. Steinberg, Paul Stolberg and myself soon acquainted and then intimate.

"Great men," he would say, "are but the embodiment of an abstraction, and as purely accidental as anything within the meaning of the word."

These and similar enunciations he would give utterance to, not in any dogmatic or self sufficient spirit, but simply as stating the result of his study and experience.

Most cultivated and educated persons I have met have possessed hobbies of some sort, and Stalberg's hobby was the collection of crystals. His collection, however, was certainly the finest I ever saw, containing specimens of quartz, spar and other minerals, and even the diamond in various forms. They were arranged in his cabinet under glass, and numbered several hundred. Besides these, he had in another case a collection of magnets, comprising about fifty, and also of all sizes. Such a curious concatenation of tastes surprised me, and I remarked upon it, asking why he had selected two such diverse objects for collection.

"Not so diverse as you think, my dear friend," said he. "for I, at least, think that where two powers, apparently different in form and character, produce the same results, if exercised in the same manner, there must be consanguinity somewhere."

"The magnet attracts," said I, "and the crystal, excited by friction, will do the same, but so will a glass bottle or a stick of sealing wax."

He smiled, and going to his crystal cabinet selected from it one of the larger ones; then he said, as he returned to my side, "Sit easily in your chair while I show you something else the crystal will do, and mark your sensations." I took an easy position, resting my hands on the arms of the chair, and waited.

Seating himself directly in front of me, he raised the crystal with both hands and at about a distance of six inches from my person, drew it slowly, perpendicularly before me, from my head to my feet. As he did so I noticed a sensation as of a light breeze blowing upon me. The operation was repeated, and this time I felt a pleasant drowsiness creep over me, the cool wind still blew upon me, and I seemed to see nothing but the crystal, which assumed a larger appearance and became luminous at the angles. A third pass, and it occurred to me that I would mention this luminous appearance, which was increasing; but on trying to do so I found I could not speak or move, and with a dim fancy that I was rude to fall asleep under such circumstances I became insensible.

When I became conscious the window was open, and the cool October wind blowing upon me; my forehead was wet, and my chair had been wheeled in front of the window. Stolberg sat by me, and I observed that he looked paler than usual and anxious.

"What is the matter?" said I.

"Nothing," he replied. "I do not care to wait until you should come naturally out of your coma, so I used physical means to awaken you. What do you think of the power of the crystal now?"

I replied that I had never heard of it before, and described my sensations to him; but he did not pay much attention, and his mind seemed distraught.

"But how is it about the magnet?" said I, "you have not yet proved to me any identity between these two forces."

"One experiment of this sort is enough for an evening," he replied; "on another occasion I will convince you that the magnet possesses precisely the same power; but tell me—you have a pupil whom I should much like to meet—Miss Cameron."

I was surprised that he should have heard of her, and said so.

"You mentioned her name when you were under the influence of the crystal," he replied.

"So, then," said I, "this power is allied to that of animal magnetism?"

"It produced a kindred result by a different means. But this Miss Cameron, as I judge from your rapture, must be a peculiar character—what I should call sublimated?"

"You are right, though I had no idea of talking in my sleep, or telling tales out of school; but really I would like you to see her and converse with her."

Stolberg expressed the pleasure it would give him to meet her, and I promised to make an arrangement to that end when I gave her my lesson on the following day.

My description of my friend, and my assurance of his scholarly attainments, roused sufficient curiosity in my pupil to render her eager to see him. So an appointment was made, with the consent of her mother, for the following day, and, punctual to the hour, we entered Mrs. Cameron's drawing room.

The ladies appeared immediately after, and, presenting my friend, what was my surprise to see Miss Cameron suddenly pause, trembling violently, while her face became vividly pale. I stepped forward to support her, but Stolberg had already taken her hand and, as he gracefully expressed his gratification at meeting her, she became instantly calm, and seating herself, in a moment she was pleasantly engaged in conversation.

Somehow or other we drifted into the subject of mesmerism, and I mentioned the affair of the crystal. Ella was interested, and begged that Mr. Stolberg would give her an opportunity of witnessing its effects. He agreed willingly, and a future occasion was promised when the experiment should be made on the young lady herself.

A few days later, on reaching our boarding house, I was informed by Mme. Steinberg that Mr. Stolberg had packed all his property, with orders to send it on board a packet, which was to sail on the following day for Hamburg. A note to me, left by himself, informed me that he had received letters which required his immediate departure, but that he would not deprive Miss Cameron of her seance, and would meet me at her mother's house in the evening at the hour which had been named.

At that time and place I found him, apparently making himself quite at home; and presently opening a small box which he had brought with him he drew from it the same crystal with which he had operated upon me.

Seating himself in front of her as she reclined easily in her arm chair he commenced the mysterious passes with his crystal. I watched her closely, and as he moved it slowly in front of her I could perceive that she gradually grew pale; then her eyelids dropped, and she was apparently in a sound sleep. Her mother called to her, touched her, and even used some gentle violence to awaken her, but without the slightest apparent effect.

Pointing the crystal at her Stolberg drew silently backward toward the door, when, to our astonishment, the sleeping figure rose, or rather glided after him, out of the door, into the hall, down the stairs, and as he opened the front door Stolberg called to Mrs. Cameron, who stood with me at the head of the stairs watching the results of this wonderful influence:

"You see, madame, she would follow me anywhere, and, as though sleeping, she would follow me to my home." Stolberg shut, and, to my horror, I heard him lock it after him.

I flew down the two flights of stairs into the basement, my brain turning mad, it seemed to me, and reached the sidewalk by the lower door just in time to see a carriage turning at full speed the next corner.

Returning to Mrs. Cameron I found her in a swoon, out of which, as she awakened to sensibility, she passed into convulsions and at midnight was a corpse. Meanwhile the police had been informed, messages sent in all directions, but of Stolberg or his unhappy victim I have never heard since.—Buffalo News.

Illustrious Women of Italy.

Italy has a great organization of illustrious women, of which Queen Marguerite is the honorary president. It is one of the most remarkable associations of the day, composed of the most eminent women in Rome, and before it twice each week the most celebrated orators of the day lecture on subjects of the education and advancement of women. Among its members are the Countess Giglinoci, for whom Rossini wrote his "Stabat Mater;" the Countess Lovatelli, the most distinguished literary woman in Rome and the only woman member of the German Institute of Archæology (at the celebration of the society this tall, slight and refined lady sat down among her gray haired colleagues, a radiant vision in white silk embroidered with sparkling beads); Signora Mancini, who has translated "The Cricket on the Hearth" into Italian and written many romances, and Louisa Sarardo, who is devoted to historical researches.—London Letter.

Under Suspicion.

"Somebody has picked my pocket," cried the Fat Woman.

"Whom do you suspect?" asked the Midget.

"That Sneaking Armless Wonder over there has a conscious look on his face. I believe it's him."—Puck.

Electric smelting is announced.

There are 13,000 different kinds of postage stamps in the world.

An electrician predicts that electrical fireworks will soon supersede those now employed.

A porter in a Philadelphia hotel is reported to be worth $80,000, and at the same time it is said the proprietor is insolvent.

Jinks (soothingly): Your wife was a bud when you married her, Mr. Breezy.

Breezy (sadly: Yes, but she's in full blow now, I can tell you!

Paying teller: You will have to be identified—have some one to introduce you to me—before I can cash this check.

Young lady (haughtily): But I do not care to know you, sir.

Debrag: Yes, when I charged him with stealing my $200 stop watch he hadn't a word to say. That's a case where silence is golden.

Jupkins: Well, no; I should say it was guilt.

"I am angry at that Mr. Muffy. He met me on the stairs just now with both my hands full of dishes, so I could not help myself."

"And he kissed you, I suppose?"

"No, he didn't."

Primus: Briggs has been courting an heiress, who, by the way, was old enough to be his mother, but she married his rival.

Secundus: Yes, I know; yet Briggs sent them an epithalamium he wrote and set to music.

"Very generous. Was it sung at the wedding?"

"No. The tune was 'Old Hundred.'"

ABOVE RUBIES.

Shall I tell you a tale that was told to me
When the roses blew crimson red,
And the white laden boughs of the hawthorn tree
Sifted blossoms upon my head?
In the dusk and the hush of the twilight gray
We wandered, my lover and I,
Till we came to the tree, with its breath of May,
And lingered its cool shade by.

"If a love that has lived since the years were ours
Were to come to you now," said he,
"And lead you away from your childhood's bowers,
Would you fear to trust it with me?
For I count you a woman above those gems
That circle your neck with their glow;
And because your true worth their light overwhelms,
I must ever be telling you so.

"When I catch a warm gleam from your soft brown eye,
It holds me more closely than they;
For I know that your price above them is high,
As the words of the Good Book say."
Then then through the fragrance and sunlight of life,
E'en more than those jewels to me,
No name is more valued than that of "a wife,"
And I whispered "yes," under the tree.

—Nina Picton in Detroit Free Press.

ALI.

In the last years of the Eighth century there reigned in Bagdad the Caliph Abulfeda. Into the coffers of his predecessors the wealth of the east had been poured with a most unsparing hand, and the magnificent "City of the Enchantress" was not only the "Abode of Peace," but a splendid jewel in the Empire of the Faithful.

Of all the caliphs of this wonderful city since Almansor, its founder, no two had blessed or cursed the world with the same idea of what it was necessary that man should do to enjoy life in this world, and at death to be worthy of a place among the dark eyed damsels and beautiful youths of the gardens of Paradise.

The magnificent Almamoun scattered his inestimable wealth in the greatest contrast with the abstemiousness and frugality of the mighty Omar; and the Haroun-el Raschid of Bagdad is vastly different from the Akbah, whose fanatic advance only the heaving waves of the Atlantic were able to hinder.

The Caliph Abulfeda had succeeded his father, whose desire to gather the gold of the then known world into Bagdad, without expending it for any purpose, had put the youthful prince to many disadvantages, and fostered in him the desire to do otherwise when he would succeed to the mantle of the prophet. Therefore when his own sons were choosing their ends or pleasures the Caliph Abulfeda was always ready to forward or indulge them.

Among the youngest of his many children was Ali. For years he had brooded over and planned on the idea of a wonderful edifice that he hoped in time to construct. Of all the magnificent structures it had been his privilege as a son of the Commander of the Faithful to see, none was in all things the perfection of which the young prince dreamed. Therefore, on the death of his father, the [illegible]

In time there arose on the banks of the river the most wonderful architectural dream that even that magic age and that wonderful city had produced. Yet to the prince it was unfinished; something was yet lacking to make it the abode of perfect pleasure.

One evening the prince was sauntering along one of the most magnificent of the curiously carved arcades of the palace when a voice called his name:

"Prince Ali! son of Abulfeda! Prince Ali! son of Abulfeda!"

The young prince glanced quickly around on all sides, but beheld no one except the silent sentinels on guard around the palace and the picturesque horsemen that, at a little distance, rode slowly back and forth as safeguards against approaching danger.

Again came the voice:

"Prince Ali! son of Abulfeda! Prince Ali! son of Abulfeda!"

Quick as a flash the prince drew the splendidly ornamented and equally splendidly tempered blade at his side and stood ready for face any opponent.

But it was unnecessary. Before him stood an old man, bowed and whitened by the sorrows and trials of many years. His dress and manner also distinguished him as belonging to some other period.

"Prince Ali! son of Abulfeda!" he began.

"I am," assented Prince Ali, scarcely knowing whether to tower up to his full height and answer with the pride he felt in his noble name, or acknowledge his inferiority before a higher power.

"I know you, I know you," answered the aged man. "I knew your honored father and your father's fathers, and!"—a supernatural expression spreading over his visage—"and I stood side by side with the prophet himself in many a dearly won fight with the enemies of the only true belief. But I wronged him. I did him an injustice, and therefore is my slumber in the tomb disturbed. When the Commander of the Faithful, or one of his children, has an earnest longing or desire, I, or some other who has wronged the prophet, is called from the tomb, in answer to their prayers.

"Prince Ali! son of Abulfeda! What is thy desire?"

The prince thereupon began at the birth of his hope for the possession of an architectural wonder, and related all until its completion.

"I understand! I understand!" cried the old man, slowly beckoning the prince to silence. "You have exhausted your worldly knowledge in attempting to succeed to happiness, in gratifying your desire, and have failed? Is it not as I say?"

"It is," answered the prince, "and I now yearn for something beyond the power of man to accomplish or understand."

"Be it then as you desire," answered the aged father. "Behold this staff. Ask not from whence it came, nor discover the mystery to any living man, until I return for its possession."

The prince took the staff and looked it curiously over, but nothing extraordinary occurred. Seeing his expectancy the aged man continued:

"The followers of the good man Jesus, whom the Christians believe, and the worshipers of the stars and moon, and the elements, and other works and doings of the one and only God—for there is but one God, and Mohammed is his prophet—have images beautiful to behold, yet far from the handiwork of the creator. To us is forbidden such images. Would you fill the structure you have built with more wonderful images, beyond the construction or understanding of mankind?"

"I would! I would!" exclaimed the prince, delighted with the expectation.

"The power is in your hand," answered the strange visitor, and vanished.

For several minutes the prince stood as if awakened from a dream. But not long, for just at that moment a young girl, a favorite with the prince, came on tiptoe behind him. Noiselessly, as the soft breeze that scarce moved the dark hair that fell uncontrolled over her white shoulders, she crept up, and was about to clasp her small hands over his eyes, when the prince, seeing the shadow, and excited by the strange visitor who had just left him, wheeled suddenly around, and in doing so touched the laughing girl with his staff.

As a statue of the whitest marble, she stood before him.

As the prince stood wondering at the magic power of the apparently commonplace staff, a courier approached in all haste with a message from a distant province governed by a very dear friend of Prince Ali.

The breathless messenger fell on his face before the prince, and after salaming after the manner of the day and recovering breath enough to speak, he begged the pardon of the prince for first exacting a promise of secrecy in regard to the matter upon which he had been sent, it being his master's special order.

In his anxiety the prince raised the hand that held the staff and placed it on the shoulder of the exhausted messenger, and he, too, was marble.

As the days went by the palace filled with strange images, and the possessor of the wonderful staff began to long for the supernatural donor. The possession of his gift began to be a weight, and each image added to the palace was a weight added to the burden of its ruler. Still the longed for visitor came not.

At last, when the prince was almost driven to madness, his strange visitor again appeared. Before he could ask a question of the descendant of the great Mahmoud the staff was thrust into his hands and he was prayed by the memory of the great leader to restore to life the silent images that, instead of adorning, cast a gloom over the palace.

"Is that not beautiful?" asked the strange visitor, pointing to the figure of the mischievous girl favorite. "Look at the grace, the smile almost bursting into laughter."

"It is beautiful, most beautiful," answered the prince, "but her laugh would be to me more beautiful than all."

"And that!" exclaimed the aged man. "Look how natural that courier is about to relate his message."

"Most natural, most natural," sighed the prince, "but the unspoken message is locked in that marble breast."

To several others the strange visitor drew the shrinking prince, and commented on the peculiar beauty of each. But the prince could not be diverted from the melancholy that possessed him.

"Take them away! Take them away!" exclaimed the prince. "Leave my palace as it was and I will be happy, perfectly happy!"

"Be it as you say," answered the aged man, "and profit by the lesson."

There was a slight rustle in the courts of the palace, and when it passed all was as it had been; even the strange visitor himself was gone.

The palace of Prince Ali of Bagdad stood for ages as it was erected, except this inscription over the main entrance:

ALI, SON OF ABULFEDA, TO THE PRINCES OF THE WORLD.
There is no pleasure where the happiness of a fellow creature is endangered; nor is there [illegible]
—Donald R. MacGregor in New York News.

An Old Fashioned Luncheon.

A unique luncheon was given recently in Brooklyn—nothing less, indeed, than an old fashioned one. "You are to come at 12, bring your work, and stay until 5," dictated the hostess, and at noon sharply the twenty women bidden duly appeared, all but two, with their sewing. Bonnets were doffed and a real visit was entered upon. The luncheon was a delicious one, and was served without a too arbitrary following of the course style—an agreeable medium, indeed, between no courses and "all plates," as are the country man explained his first French restaurant dinner.

When the guests returned to the parlor, instead of the brief standing round before leave taking, which characterizes the modern fashionable luncheon, chairs were cozily drawn into groups, needles and thimbles came out, and though, as one who was there confessed, no serious amount of work was accomplished, the pleasure and sociability of the afternoon were pronounced, as the company included some of Brooklyn's representative women, and the hostess is prominent in more than one circle.—Her Point of View in New York Times.

Two Pretty English Words.

"There are some queer things about words when you come to know them intimately," said Dr. Cones, stroking his long, light beard reflectively. "Now, one would naturally conclude that words of fifteen or twenty syliables, such as basickeratochondroglossus, the name of a muscle at the root of the tongue, and dacrycystosyringotomy, the name of a surgical operation on the tear duct of the eye, would be most difficult for the lexicographer to manage. Nothing could be further from the fact. The most difficult words we have to define are those of two and three letters. The truth is, like some people, they are so simple that there is nothing by which you can possibly describe them."—Chicago Post.

A Maryland railroad not long ago carried a female passenger half a mile out of her way, and had to pay $3500 for so doing.

Brown: I don't see Jerry with Miss Charmer now. You told me he had fallen in love with her. Fogg: Yes, he did fall in love with her, but her father raised him.

Miss Budding: Oh, Mr. Jagson, you looked so sad and unhappy while Mrs. Chumpleigh was talking to you. I suppose she enlisted your generous sympathies for some poor sufferer at the hospital? Jagson: No, she was telling me the bright sayings of her children.

Laura: What a clever girl Jennie is! She had sixty seven offers of marriage within a week after she left college. Clara: Indeed! And she is not very good looking. "No, but the subject of the essay she read at her graduation was 'How to Keep House on $12 per Week.'"

"We have a preacher," remarked one man to another, "who is a terror. He preaches for two hours nearly every time he strikes the pulpit." "Do you not get frightfully tired?" "Not a bit of it. I go to sleep just after he begins and don't know anything about it till it's all over."

"If you think you're going to collect any money from me," said Hardup doggedly as he handed back the bill, "you're way off. You can't draw blood from a turnip." "Maybe not," replied the man with the bill, peeling off his coat, "but I'm going to see if I can not pound a little out of a dead beat."

NIGHT.

Come with thine unveiled worlds, O truth of night,
Come with thy calm. Adown the shallow day,
Whose splendore hid the vaster world away,
I wandered on this little plot of light,
A dreamer among dreamers. Veiled or bright,
Whether the gold shower roofed me or the gray,
I strove and fretted at life's feverish play,
And dreamed until the dream seemed infinite.

But now the gateway of the all unbare;
The passions and the cares that beat so shrill,
The giants of this petty world, disband;
On the great threshold of the night I stand,
Once more a soul self contained and still,
Among the wheeling multitude of stars.

—Archibald Lampman in Scribner's.

WHICH TOOK HIM?

Mrs. Vincent, widowed and wealthy, looked haughty and fierce.

It was 3 o'clock in the afternoon, and the sun took the liberty to intrude through the window into the library, furnished in purple leather and walled with books, which had had a pretty complete rest for the ten years that the late Vincent had been in his grave.

Mrs. Vincent sat and glared.

Her dark, prominent and wrathfully astonished eyes had for their target a young man, in whose bearing appeared a singular mixture of deference and defiance.

He, on his part, saw before him a lady under fifty, but not far. The lips were yet full and red, and her figure, though ample, still retained agreeable lines. If her hair was white, the black eyebrows held their color and emphasized the air of command to which the Roman contour of the nose most contributed.

"Well, I never!" she cried, slapping down a pack of cards on the table.

The man smiled slightly.

A young man, with curly brown hair, cheerful blue eyes, uptwisted mustache and a firm chin—a fresh, alert, compact, healthy young man, whose loose, elegant costume proved that he understood how to achieve that careless grace which so charms women. An intelligent young man, with cynical confidence in his smile.

He stood unfrightened, just the sort of young man who should not be what he was—secretary to a mature California street widow of spotless reputation and large means.

"Well, I never!" the lady exclaimed.

The young man spoke resolutely:

"No, Mrs. Vincent; I shall play piquet with you no more. Piquet is a good enough game, and I am not averse to it, in reason; but I object to piquet in the forenoon, in the afternoon and in the evening, six days in the week. I confess I'm tired of piquet."

"In that case, and because of your insolence," said Mrs. Vincent, with cold deliberation, "you may consider yourself discharged, Mr. Middles."

"Very well, ma'am." And he turned toward the door.

"Mr. Middles!"

He halted, his hand on the portiere, and faced about.

She placed her glasses on her modified Roman nose, viewed him steadily and [illegible]

"Would an increase of salary be any inducement, sir?"

"No."

"Then go!"

He bowed and disappeared.

Her hand sought the bell. Jeames, in livery, both imported from London, responded.

"Hoggins, Mr. Middles is in the hall. Say to him that I wish to see him."

The secretary returned, overcoat on arm, hat in hand.

Mrs. Vincent threw herself back in her chair and, clasping her plump, white hands above her head, said in the conciliatory tone of the negotiator:

"Mr. Middles, let us not act hastily. I acknowledge that I cannot well spare you. Next to myself you are the best piquet player this side of New York."

"I know it, Mrs. Vincent. Indeed I play better than you."

"You do not!"

"I do."

His frozen calmness cowed her.

There was feeling in her words that followed:

"You loved my husband, did you not?"

"I did. He was a father to me. I owe my education to him, and—and"——

"All that you are."

"Which is not much, Mrs. Vincent."

"He was your benefactor and you loved him, yet you refuse so little a thing as to play piquet with your benefactor's widow."

"I do. Gratitude has its limits."

"Evidently. You will not humor an old woman's weakness and lighten the burden of her loneliness?"

"I will not. Besides it is not a weakness, but a disease, this insanity for piquet. Moreover, you are not old. On the contrary, Mrs. Vincent, you are still a charming woman, and by withdrawing yourself from the world and giving yourself over to cards you wrong yourself. Worse than that, you fail in your duty to your daughter, who has the life of a nun."

"That is nothing to you, sir!"

"True."

Again he moved toward the door.

"Will nothing," asked the lady in alarm, "induce you to sit down to a game with me—just one?"

"Nothing that you would give, Mrs. Vincent."

"Pooh! You know very well that I'll give anything you ask, I can't do without you. What is it you want?"

"Yourself."

"Eh? You mean"——

"That neither as secretary, protege, nor friend shall I play piquet with you again. As your husband I will."

"God bless my soul!"

To no woman unburied can an offer be either long surprising or disagreeable. It was with warmed cheeks and softened eyes that the widow said:

"Do I understand that—that you—you love me, Ernst?"

Mr. Middles bowed, but averted his glance.

She sighed and murmured:

"Ah, I am rich."

"Precisely, Mrs. Vincent. You are rich, you love to play piquet, and I am the best player on the Pacific coast. If you will marry me, I will play; if not, not."

"Well!"

"Under the circumstances, I do not see that more can rationally be said."

"Cut the cards."