

MISYPHUS.

The flush of the dawning day
Stinks up o'er the brow of night
The wood-thrush's tender lay
Is the echo of lost delight

THE DIAMOND NECKLACE.

She was one of those beautiful girls,
born as if by mistake of destiny, into a
family of laborers. She had no dowry,

She suffered constantly from the
wretchedness of her abode, the bareness
of its walls, the age and ugliness
of its furnishings.

One evening her husband came
home with a proud look bearing an
invitation to a ball at the residence of
the Minister of Public Instruction.

She looked at him with irritation,
and demanded impatiently:
"What do you expect me to put on
my back?"

But by a desperate effort she
overcame her distress and answered
calmly, as she wiped her wet
cheeks:

She looked at bracelets, at a
pearl necklace, and a Venetian
cross. She tried on the jewels be-
fore the mirror, and could not make
up her mind to give them up. She kept
asking:

"Have you not something else?"
Suddenly she discovered in a black
satin box, a magnificent chain of dia-
monds, and her heart began to beat
with immoderate desire.

She left about 4 o'clock in the morn-
ing. Her husband threw over her
shoulders the wraps he had brought,
modest garments of every-day life,

She took the wrappings from her
shoulders before her mirror, that she
might see herself once more in her
glory. Suddenly she gave a cry and
turned to her husband in distraction.

Her husband returned about 7
o'clock. He had found nothing.
He went out again, and she waited
all day in the same state of terror
before this fearful disaster.

Loeisel returned at night with a
pale and hollow face. He had found
nothing.
"You must write to your friend,"
said he, "that you have broken the
clasp of the necklace and have sent it
to be repaired. That will give us
time to turn around."

When Mme. Loeisel took the neck-
lace to Mme. Forestier the latter said
with annoyance:
"You ought to have returned it
sooner; I might have wanted it.

Her husband worked evenings, clear-
ing a merchant's account, and often
did copying at five sous a page.

where she had been so lovely and so
admired.
What would she have been had she
not lost her necklace? Who can tell?
How small a thing can make or mar a
destiny!

One Sunday, as she was taking a
quiet stroll, she noticed a lady leading
a child. It was Madame Forestier,
still young and lovely. Should she
speak to her? Yes; certainly. And
since it was all paid she would tell
her the whole story. She drew near.

"Good day, Jeanne!"
But the other was astonished to be
so familiarly addressed by a peasant
woman, stammered:
"Who? Madame?—I do not know
—I must be mistaken."

Cowboy Fun.

"I shall never forget an experience
of mine in Montana a little over two
years ago," said Brakeman Schultz,
of the Northern Pacific. "There were
Andrews, the conductor; Wylie, the
engineer; Colby, the fireman, and my-
self running No. 3 passenger on the
Montana division, and one night
about dark we were getting out of
Miles City, when a red light was seen
by the engineer, and he stopped the
train. Just as it stopped about a dozen
cowboys, togged up in full uniform,

"I looked intently at him as he
made this bewildering proposition.
His face was as straight, and as seri-
ous as if he were considering to buy
a simple building lot in Harlem. I
was forced to believe that he was seri-
ous, and, consequently, that his mind
was disturbed. So I answered
that I thought well of his plan, and
would see what money I could raise to
carry it out. 'But just now,' I added,
'I'm a little short, and should like to
borrow a few thousands of you. How
much have you on hand?"

Young Married People.

"Drive gently over the stones!"
This piece of advice, which is frequent-
ly given to inexperienced whips, may
be respectfully suggested to the newly
married. There are stony places on
the road to happiness, which, if not
carefully driven over, may upset the
domestic coach. The first rock ahead
which should be marked "danger-
ous," is the first year of married life.

On awakening suddenly from sleep
we feel put out and rather cross.
May not the young husband and wife
experience feelings not entirely differ-
ent when they awake to reality from
the dreams of courtship and the fasci-
nation of the honeymoon? Every-
thing must once more be contem-
plated after the ordinary manner of
the world, once more with subdued
feelings spoken of, considered and
settled. For the first time husband
and wife see each other as they
actually are. Each brings certain pec-
uliarities into the married state to
which the other has to grow accus-
tomed. They have now to live no
longer for themselves, but for each
other, and the lesson is not learned in
a moment. In all things indifferent
the husband and wife must be willing
to yield, however new it may be to
them, however different from what
they themselves thought. Self must
be sacrificed in order thereby to gain
the help of another beloved existence.

Of late years the impression has
been gaining ground that the old-time
celebration of the Fourth of July was
falling into desuetude, and that in the
not-distant future the bonfires, fire-
works, and other accessories of the
day would be given up. A visit to the
various manufacturers tends to dispel
the delusion that fireworks on the
Fourth are going out of date.

A QUEER CLIENT.

Among the brilliant army of coun-
sel which Col. Rogers, whose unsettled
mental condition recently got him into
trouble with a Staten island hotel-
keeper had called to his relief, was
Ira D. Warren. The colonel fancied
that a great many people were earnestly
engaged in doing him serious
injury, and had intrusted a variety of
litigation to Mr. Warren, Clark Bell,
Roscoe Conkling, Lucas L. Van Allen,
and others. In regard to this remark-
able case of dementia, Mr. Warren,
said:

"The case of Col. Rogers is nothing
to the extraordinary insanity that be-
fell a client of mine some years ago.
He came of a fine family, and was
well known about town. He was quite
as much my friend as my client. I
knew him and all his family intimately.
His affairs had been in my hands
nearly twenty years, and during all
that while I knew him as one of the
most practical, common-sense men I
had ever met. Indeed, he was the
embodiment of vigorous and robust
manhood.

"One day he came into my office and
told me he had contracted to purchase
ten houses. I thought I knew his
financial condition almost to a dollar,
and I was surprised at the announce-
ment, for I did not see how in the
world he could carry it out. He spoke
very decisively, however, and as he
did not seem disposed to confide his
plans to me I assumed that he had got
hold of some money somehow or other,
and knew what he was about. He
wanted me to search the titles of the
property that he intended to buy, and
added that the men would be in my
office at noon the next day to sign the
agreement of purchase. Sure enough,
at noon, they were on hand, and ac-
cording to his instructions I drew up
the papers for both of the contracting
parties to sign. Then to my infinite
astonishment, he said he was going to
pay \$5,000 down on the bargain.

"This is absurd," I said. "It will
take me a week to look up those titles,
and these people are strangers to us.
What if the titles are not good?"
"O never mind that," he answered,
indifferently; "they're all right. Be-
sides, I have plenty of money, lots of
it, oceans more than I know what to
do with. Pay up, pay up."

"I knew that this was all nonsense,
but I supposed that he had his reasons
for wishing to impress the men with
his presumed wealth, so I said no
more but reluctantly gave them his
check. A day or so afterward he re-
turned and said briskly, Warren, do
you want to make a fortune?"
"How?" I asked.

"I'll let you into it," he said. "I
have arranged to buy all the lots in
Central park from Fifth avenue to
Eighth avenue up to Seventy-third
street, and I'm going to erect a building
on them thirty stories high."
"I looked intently at him as he
made this bewildering proposition.
His face was as straight, and as seri-
ous as if he were considering to buy
a simple building lot in Harlem. I
was forced to believe that he was seri-
ous, and, consequently, that his mind
was disturbed. So I answered
that I thought well of his plan, and
would see what money I could raise to
carry it out. 'But just now,' I added,
'I'm a little short, and should like to
borrow a few thousands of you. How
much have you on hand?"

"Half a million," he answered as
coolly as could be. I knew well
enough what he had, and asked for
\$10,000. This, I knew, would not
leave him more than \$100 in cash. He
gave me his check and left the office,
and within five minutes I had it certi-
fied and secure. I then wrote his
wife, and her reply was convincing
and as she was clearly insane, his man-
ifesting that he was immensely rich.
A day or two later he came into my
office in company with another man
whom I recognized as a picture-dealer.
Then, for the first time, I saw
symptoms of insanity in his face. His
eyes were wild and bloodshot, and his
features contorted, as if in rage. I
immediately concluded that we were
to have a live time over that \$10,000,
and quickly rose to my feet to prepare
for it.

"He walked rapidly up to me,
grasped my hand, pulling me toward
him, whispered 'Old man, lend me
\$500 till to-morrow'
'I wasn't prepared for that, and
hardly knew what to say, but reaching
into my safe took out an old check
book, long since disused, and point-
ing to a stub that showed a balance
in bank of less than \$100, I answered:
'Does that look as if I could?'"
" 'No,' he replied, 'it don't,' and
wheeling around, he darted out of the
office as suddenly as he had come in.

Six Millions Gone in Smoke.

A Toronto paper has printed twenty-five
and a quarter columns of a speech by a
member of Parliament. This will make our
congressmen restless. The Toronto paper should
be remonstrated with.

blow up on the Fourth, not a dollar is
spent by the people south of the Po-
tomac and Ohio rivers. They use
them only on Christmas day. The
demand for all kinds of goods fell off
rapidly, for two or three years after
the Centennial, but for the past five
years it has steadily increased, and
this year I think will show a general
increase all over the country. I don't
believe that there was ever before so
many fire crackers exploded as on
Saturday. From all the data obtain-
able I should say that there were dis-
tributed over the country over 500,000
boxes, worth about \$500,000. Then
the big crackers, which have risen
rapidly to favor, have become ex-
tensively sold than at any other time,
the patriotism of the young men who
are too old for the old-time fire cracker
expanding itself in producing the
unearthly din these big crackers make.
Of course I judge at least \$500,000
more were blown into smoke and frag-
ments on the Fourth.

"The fireworks manufacturers do
their best to discourage the consump-
tion of firecrackers, but the young peo-
ple appear to have renewed the loyalty
to these time-honored explosives, and
our opposition seems to have made
but little headway. The fireworks
now mostly in demand are of a kind
decidedly superior to those mostly in
vogue in the past, and the demand for
them is not by any means confined to
the big cities, but Oregon and Mont-
ana want just as good fire goods as
we can make. Of these, rockets,
Roman candles, and the various col-
ored fires have struck popular fancy.
There have been sold this year, I
think, fully \$5,000,000 worth of these
for consumption on the Fourth alone,
so that Saturday witnessed the disap-
pearance of fully \$6,000,000 in smoke
as an evidence of the patriotic feelings
of the country north of the Ohio river.

The Increase of Profanity.

It seems as if this increase were cor-
responding with the general spread of
intelligence, the distribution of wealth,
the increase in the number of gradu-
ates of the public schools, the general
expansion and activity of the people.
It is certainly in many individual
cases the inevitable concomitant of the
imperious instinct of expression and
self-assertion. This instinct is becom-
ing more and more developed in an
entire class of our people, who are be-
ginning to feel the effects of civiliza-
tion, of increased population, and of
social propinquity. Whereas once
they were few in number, under the
necessity of hard work and wholly
unoccupied with the thought of amuse-
ment, they are now numerous, well-
to-do, more or less gay, and they
accordingly feel in its fullest measure
the workings of the great instincts of
expansion. Accordingly they have
"begun to curse and to swear" like
Peter when he felt himself an imper-
ious desire to say a great deal and
really had nothing to say. With a
great many, perhaps with most swear-
ers profanity simply means the artic-
ulate expression of thought or emo-
tion. For people whose powers of
expression are slight, who have only
recently come to feel the need of any,
profanity has the attraction of seeming
to be very expressive. We shall
never as a nation, swear any less un-
til our society in general insists more
on adequacy and accuracy of expres-
sion and definitely makes up its mind
what is mere interjectional exuber-
ance and what is grossly indecent.—
Philadelphia Press.

An Angel Rat-Catcher.

There is at present in the county
hospital a professional rat-catcher,
named Angel. He is a half-witted,
low-browed fellow, and his looks indi-
cate that he is anything but what his
name would imply. As a rat-catcher,
he is a success, and late yesterday af-
ternoon he gave an exhibition of his
powers that was simply wonderful.
Several of the best rat terriers in the
city were procured, and against these
Angel was pitted. The first exhibi-
tion of his beastly work was at the
hospital, where twenty-five rodents
were dispatched. Angel killing a ma-
jority. The party then went over to
Gerber Brothers' slaughter-house,
where the "game" was found to be
more plentiful. The rodents had con-
gregated by the score under bales of
hay, and the exciting contest was kept
up for over an hour. The dogs and
man would gather about a bale, some
one would give the hay a sudden tip,
and the rat-catchers would rush in.
Angel, with the rapidity of lightning,
would grasp a rat with his left hand,
and with his right give the rodent's
head a quick twist that would break
its neck instantly. At other times he
would grasp a rat in each hand, dash
them together, and both would fall to
the ground lifeless. Over one hun-
dred were killed here, and Angel killed
two to the dog's one. Prior to Angel
going to the hospital, he gained a liv-
ing solely by killing rats, and on one
occasion slaughtered forty-five in one
hour in the basement of a K street
establishment.—Sacramento Record-
Union.

A File Wanted.

He had a wizz-wazzy, go-as-you-
please gait as he approached a citizen
standing in the door of a drug store,
and he took off his hat and made an
old-fashioned "kerchey" before asking:
"Say, be you a lawyer?"
"Well, I know something of law!"
"Say, then you can help me out. I
was out last night. Indeed, I'm out
yet."
"Been on a spree?"
"K'reet. Just sobering off to go
home. When I git there she'll say
'I've bin off'n a tear and she'll jaw and
file a dozen affidavits.'"
"Who? Your wife?"
"Of course. Say, I want to file
something. I don't know what you
call it, but a lawyer ought to know.
Suppose I said you was a thief? What
would you do?"
"Fetch your head."
" 'Not no! What would you do in
law?"
"File a general denial."
"K'reet, again! That's exactly
what I want. She'll roar and take on,
and I'll file a general denial and plead
privilege on facts. That's what I was
after—that's what'll humble her in no
time. Say—have sunthin'?"
" 'No.'"
" 'All right—just the same. Let's
see. General denial, and the burden
of proof is on her. Jury trial—verdict
of not guilty, and I come out
whiter'n a spring lamb. Awl right—
—much obbeeged—hie—awl right.'"
—Detroit Free Press.

The Perfect Bartender.

A gentleman whose nose had the
ruddy hue which is sometimes ascribed
to the lavish absorption of spirits lean-
ed familiarly over the bar of an up-
town cafe as he said:
"Perfect bartenders are rare. It
takes as much genius to run a bar
satisfactorily as it does to become a
lawyer. Of course, I do not say what
kind of a lawyer, but I will say a fair-
ly good lawyer. This is a busy age
we live in, and men do not like to take
unnecessary trouble. I have often
noticed a crowd of men who walked
into a barroom chatting agreeably,
and who have been utterly broken up
and knocked endwise by the questions
of a stupid bartender. Right in the
midst of a good story, or just as the
point of some good anecdote has been
arrived at, the stupid bartender gets
the orders mixed up and has to ask
everybody over again or forgets what
you ordered. He interrupts you without
the slightest compunction of con-
science, and the whole of your story
is knocked in the head. He never
remembers the sort of drink you like,
forgets your name, gives you Vichy
instead of seltzer to mix with your
liquor, and makes you feel under cer-
tain restraint while you are near him.
He is almost as bad as the very flip-
pant bartender, who places his knuc-
kles on the bar, leans forward, smiles
sweetly, and says, 'Whats your plea-
sure, gentlemen?' before you have had
time to draw your breath or come to
a full stop.

"I tell you a good bartender is a
jewel. The best one I ever knew retired
from business with an independent
fortune. He has gone over to Europe
and remembers the sort of drink you
like, remembers the sort of drink you
like, forgets your name, gives you Vichy
instead of seltzer to mix with your
liquor, and makes you feel under cer-
tain restraint while you are near him.
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Preserved Walnuts.

Preserved walnuts are delicious, and
well repay the trouble of preparing
them. The nuts should be gathered
before the end of June, and must be
without the inner shell and free from
spots. There is an old saying that
nuts gathered on St. John's day, June
24, will be in prime condition. For
each pound of walnuts take one pound
of sugar, some cloves, and cinnamon.
Prick the nuts with a sharp wooden
skewer in several places; lay them in
a large bowl and cover them with fresh
water, which must be changed three
times a day; leave them in the water
for fourteen days. At the end of this
time cook them quite soft, changing
the water once; let them remain in
cold water over night, and the next
morning let them drain thoroughly by
placing them on a sieve. In one side
of each nut stick a clove without the
blossom, and in the other a piece of
cinnamon. Then clarify the sugar in
this way: To each pound of sugar add
a gill of water and cook until quite
clear, taking off any scum that may
form; for each pound of sugar add
the juice of one lemon; then boil the
nuts for a few moments in the sugar.
Let the nuts remain in the sirup for
three days, and then pour off the sirup
three times for five minutes. Put the
nuts in jars and pour the sirup, cold,
over them. Should bits of the shell
separate from the nuts strain the sirup
before the second boiling, so that it
may be perfectly clear, although no
harm is done by leaving the bits in.—
New York Commercial Advertiser.