

We were playing at see-saw—
'Twas thirteen years ago—
Sweet little Patience Preston,

BOB'S MARRIAGE.

As the depot clock was pointing to the hour of five, the huge, fire-throated monster commonly vclept "locomotive," in the covered space beyond, was giving several premonitory shrieks as a signal that it was ready to start;

He walked hurriedly up and down the floor ever and anon comparing his watch with the clock on the wall, and eagerly scanning the faces of all the new comers, but in vain.

"Please buy a bouquet, sir? Only five cents."
The voice was sweet; the face that belonged to it was sweet, yet. But Mr. Morrison was too much perturbed to heed them.

"No, no—don't bother me," he said, petulantly. "Conductor, is this the last train that stops at Olive Hill?"
"The last train, sir. Anything wrong, sir?"

"Confound it—yes—everything is wrong! I was to bring up a waitress-girl for my sister, and the creature hasn't come."
"Where did you get her, sir?"

"Yes—at a quarter to five."
"Happens very often, sir," said the conductor. "You can't put any dependence at all on that class of woman."

And away he bristled. Mr. Morrison was about to follow, muttering discontentedly to himself, when a light hand fell on his arm. He turned around, and, to his surprise, encountered the timid blue eyes of the bouquet-seller.

"Pardon me, sir," she said, in an accent unmistakably foreign, "but the domestic you expected has disappeared you?"
"Where is she?"

"If you would take me—I can wait well at table; I would make myself generally useful to madam, your sister. Oh, sir, I am so tired of trying to sell flowers."

"But you have no recommendation."
"Who should I, sir? I am a stranger in your country. My name is Desiree Fontaine."

Desiree shook her head.
"I have tried. I answered advertisements for a governess, then for a seamstress, but nobody would take me, for I knew no one and had no recommendations. I have been here selling bouquets for a week, but I earned little—oh, so little! Sometimes I went to bed without my supper because I had not a penny to buy it!"

It was nearly dark when they reached Olive Hill, and quite so when the carriage that had been sent to the station to meet the train deposited them at Mrs. Foulke Ferrars' door.

"Did you bring me a girl, Bob?" was his sister's first question, hurled at him through the darkness.
"Where did you get her, Bob? at the French intelligence office?"

"Oh, I picked her up," said Bob, evasively.
"Did she have a good recommendation?"
"First-rate," was the reckless answer.

"Where did she live last?"
"Bob! Bob! at this point went off into ecstasies over the first tooth of his niece, a small morsel of humanity some eight or nine months old. Mrs. Ferrars fell at once into the trap, and Desiree's "references" were forgotten.

"Nonsense!" said Mrs. Ferrars, glancing quickly up. "Bob is far too sensible for such a piece of Quixotism as that."

"I do not know that it would be Quixotism," said Bob, stoutly. She's certainly pretty."
"Is she not a lady?"

"What absurdity, Bob!"
"Well, then, will you begood enough to tell me what constitutes a lady?"
"Birth—education—refinement."

"Desiree is educated and refined."
"Is she only a servant?"
"I maintain that she is a lady for all that!"

Bob clung so resolutely to his view of the subject, that Mrs. Ferrars took the first opportunity to tell her husband confidentially, that she should send Desiree away.

"What for?" he asked.
"O, dear!" said his wife, men are so stupid. Don't you see that Bob is falling in love with her?"

"That's rather hard on the poor girl, isn't it, to punish her for Bob's folly?"
Mrs. Ferrars' face grew very rigid. "I shall discharge her," she added.

"Pardon, madam," interrupted the banker, "she is mademoiselle no longer. She was married this morning to one who has disinterestedly wooed and won her in her humblest estate."

Mrs. Ferrars was a little disappoformed. She had already begun to form plans for Bob's benefit.
"I am married, too," observed Bob, as it were accidentally.

"You, Bob! And to whom?" shrieked his sister.
"Desiree Fontaine."
Mrs. Ferrars, pale as death, was just about to open her lips with a torrent of reproaches, when the old French banker suavely interposed.

"This is a riddle, an enigma of which I alone chance to possess the clue. Prepare yourself, madame—allow me to greet you as a relative—Desiree Fontaine is my niece—Mr. Robert Morrison, who married her this morning before a happy accident made us acquainted with our relationship, is consequently my nephew."

And Mr. Fabillon went on to tell the astonished guests how the clergyman who had performed the ceremony was an old friend of his own, and recognized the bride's name as that of the niece for whom his friend had searched so long and vainly.

"And you may imagine my gratification," said Mr. Fabillon, with the courteous foreign bow again, "When I learned that the husband of my Desiree's choice was Mr. Ferrars' brother-in-law."

Mrs. Foulke Ferrars grew red and white; she hardly knew what to say, and the few hurried congratulations that she finally stammered forth were indistinct and confused enough, while Bob sat by maliciously enjoying her embarrassment.

Mr. Morrison took the next train back to town; he had only come up to witness the denouement of this little life romance, and was impatient, bridegroom like, to return to Desiree.

But as he made his adieu, he whispered roguishly in his sister's ear:
"Now, what do you think about what constitutes a lady?"

And Mrs. Ferrars answered, blushing:
"O, do have a little mercy, Bob! How was I to know that my waitress was the great French banker's niece?"

"I knew that she was a precious jewel," answered the young husband enthusiastically.
Nor did Mrs. Ferrars contradict him this time.

Free Seats.
When Prince Albert Victor was at Yarmouth last May, he attended service in the parish church one Sunday without being recognized, and having taken his seat in a large empty pew, he was presently ordered to quit it by the owner, who arrived late and fuming, but resolved to insist on his rights.

The episode has led to a correspondence with the bishop of Norwich, who has written expressing a hope that "the deplorable incident" may be the means of effectually putting down the unjust claim of any parishioner to an exclusive right in the parish churches of the land.

Musings on the Nature of a Mule.
I know that the mule is the only animal that Noah didn't take into the ark with him. I looked over the freight list carefully, and could not see a mule way-billed for any place.

So clear-headed a man as Noah did not dare to take one on board as he knew he would kick a hole through her in less than a week. I don't know a man on whose head you could pour quicksilver and run less risk of spoiling it than on Noah's.

He was a dreadful level-headed man, and before the fresh-let was over everybody on earth realized the fact. The origin of the mule is enveloped in a good deal of mystery. Tradition informs us that when the flood had subsided and the ark had landed on Mount Ararat Noah was very much surprised in one of his observations to find a good healthy mule standing on the top of an adjoining mountain.

The same tradition informs us that the mule is the only animal that lived through the flood, outside the ark. The mule can be considered in a great many ways, though the worst place to consider him is directly from behind, anywhere within a radius of ten feet. I never consider a mule from that point unless I am looking through the flue of a boiler.

The mule has one more leg than a milking stool, and he can stand on one and wave the other three round in as many different directions. He has only three senses—hearing, seeing and smelling. He has no more sense of taste than a stone jug, and will eat anything that contains nourishment, and he doesn't care two cents whether it contains one per cent., or ninety-nine.

All he asks is to pass him along his plate with whatever happens to be handy round the pantry, and he won't go away and blow how poor the steak is. He just eats whatever is set before him and asks no questions. If I were to have a large picture of innocence to hang in my parlor and I should get a correct likeness of a mule, there is innocence in a mule's countenance to fit out a Sunday school class.

A mule never grows old or dies; once brought into existence he continues forever. The original mule is now alive somewhere in the South and is named Bob Toombs, because he is so stubborn. Toombs are chiefly found in the South and West. They have been more abused than Judas Iscariot. A boy who would not throw a stone at a mule when he gets a chance would be considered by his parents too mean to raise.

The mule is a good worker, but he cannot be depended upon. He is liable to strike, and when he strikes human calculation fails to find any rule by which to reckon when he will go to work again. It is useless to pound, for he will stand more beating than a sitting-room carpet. He has been known to stand eleven days in one spot, apparently thinking of something, and start off again as though nothing had happened.

To fully appreciate the mule one should listen to his voice. You never can really know whether you like a mule or not till you hear him sing. I attended a mule concert at Chickamauga during the war. The wagon train was in front. The mules were starved for water. The gallant Cleburne was protecting the rear. Thomas pressed him hard. The music, or programme, opened with a soprano solo and then swung into a duet, and then pranced off into a trio, followed up by a quartet and ending with a full chorus of the whole army train. I didn't hear the whole thing, for when I came to, the regimental surgeon was standing over me, giving me powerful restoratives, and I heard him say that I might possibly get out again, though I would never be a well man again. I have been in places where it took nerve to stand such as falling out of a three-story window, and having been through the New York Exchange and spent a part of a day in a boiler factory, and having been on one or two Sunday school excursions where the crowd were all girls—but I never knew what noise was till I heard a lot of army mules bray.—Dyersburg (Tenn.) Gazette.

Interesting Discovery.
From Chambers's Journal.
A small portion of the crypt of Canterbury Cathedral, set apart by order of Queen Elizabeth and fitted up as a church for the use of the French Protestants, has been held by them to this day. For the purpose of repair, it recently became necessary to remove a portion of the floor of this little church and make certain excavations. Very soon a large number of pieces of exquisitely carved and moulded stonework were brought to light, which, once, without doubt, formed parts of an elaborate executed shrine. They are colored blue, vermilion and gold, and are finely wrought in the style of the middle of the fourteenth century.

Many of the pieces are carved canopy-work, very delicately executed, clearly showing that there were many such niches surrounding what must have been a splendid work of art. A small piece of a sculptured robe was found, belonging to an ecclesiastical figure, life-size, and in this a single pearl remains imbedded as one of the ornaments of the robe, showing how rich and elaborate the monument must have been in the days of its glory. From a careful inspection of these fragments, it is believed they agree in character with the remains known as the shrine of St. Dunstan, situated on the south side of the choir.

Marshall P. Wilder says that he has grown melons on the same land for ten years; the ground has a southern aspect. He prepares a compost of manure, soil and guano, which he spreads on the land in addition to manuring in the hills. Surface manuring he considers very important. He has no trouble with insects, as he gets up in the morning before they do.

The Hon. J. Warren Keifer, representing a syndicate of Ohio capitalists, has just purchased a tract of some thousands of acres of farming land at Ellsworth, Kan., including the site of old Fort Harker.

AN AMATEUR DETECTIVE.
How a Mysterious Murder Was Unraveled.
The Philadelphia correspondent of the New York Herald writes that paper:

In one of the oldest houses on South Ninth street, near Christian, lives George Rodman, a man of sixty years, who is one of the most interesting characters in this city. Talking with John Sharkey, the well known detective, a few days ago about the infatuation which some men have for tracking criminals, he incidentally mentioned Rodman, and your correspondent finally succeeded in learning something about the man.

He is the son of a former Market street merchant, and at his father's death, twenty-five years ago, inherited a comfortable competence and considerable real estate, which, by rapid advance in price, has made him wealthy. He had been a great reader in his youth and has imbibed a morbid fondness for studying the ways of that part of the community that preys upon the other.

He watched all the records of crime in the daily journals, and often rendered service of the utmost value in tracking important criminals. Having plenty of means of his own, he would pack his grip-sack and leave on the impulse of the moment for Boston or Pittsburg to work up a peculiar bit of criminal work that delighted his fancy.

This work has been his amusement for a quarter of a century. Rodman is a bachelor, who lives in the house his father occupied before him, the house in which he was born, though the neighbors of his youth have all moved westward with the social tendency of the town. An old housekeeper attends to the establishment and he has very few visitors.

He has all the records of crime in the city at his fingers' end, and among his library are all the records of crime, including the "Memoirs of the Sanson Family" and the "Newgate Calendar." So highly were his services recognized under Mayor Fox that he was appointed a special detective (under the name of Smith, it is said), and has ever since been distinguished by the official honor of a nominal membership with "the force." Of course he will not accept any pay, and his nominal salary of \$1 a month was for years included in the incidental account, and added by him to the fund for providing a cot in a hospital for disabled policemen.

During the past year his health has not been good and he has remained nearly all the time in the city. Your correspondent found him in the chess room of the Mercantile Library and made an appointment to visit him at his house.

The long stories that he told me cannot be repeated here. They were all part and parcel of the last quarter of a century's record of crime. It is needless to say that he has theories of his own regarding every undetected crime that has occurred in this country. He begins with the "pretty cigar girl" murder at Hoboken, for the solution of which he has framed a structure of interesting theory that excels Poe's "Marie Rouget" and accquies Hamilton and Anderson of any knowledge of the poor girl's death. The Nathan murder of 1870 he regards as "the most beautiful case of this century. He did nothing about it, however, as he was engaged in Chicago at the time, and when he returned he found the reward so large that "every vulgar fellow who could shadow an ox cart was at work on the case on his own or somebody's account."

He declares that the real detective must be a gentleman by birth and education. One story that he told, divested of many interesting but not vitally important incidents, will bear telling. Twelve or fourteen years ago a copy of the Picayune fell into Rodman's hands, and he there read the details of the trial of a young girl, at New Orleans for murdering her lover. The crime was apparently of the most cold blooded character. Evidence seemed to show that the young woman, who previously had borne an irreproachable character, had lured the young man to a secret meeting place and there knifed him. Rodman was very much impressed with the case, especially with the resolute conduct of the accused girl when arrested. She had positively refused to make any statement whatever. The more the detective thought of it the more certain he became, without any light from the evidence to influence him that she was innocent. He had never been in New Orleans. He caught up his grip, took the night express and went. The sickness of a juror had caused an adjournment of the trial for a week.

Rodman went to work. No motive for the girl's act existed. That had been the weak part of the prosecution, but Rodman's investigation developed the fact that the murdered man had betrayed a sister of the accused when the family lived at Natchez. This was evidence against the girl, and his faith in her innocence was sadly shaken. He was about to return home as he did not want to supply any evidence to the State. But he decided to visit the girl in prison. He could only look at her; she would not say a word. He would then have sworn to her innocence. He settled down to stay the case out. In short, after the girl's conviction he found the sister, whose identity had been lost, and extorted from her the confession that she had learned of the appointed meeting between her pure sister and the destroyer of her life; that she had supposed it meant the ruin of the family against the girl, and his faith in her innocence was sadly shaken.

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Then she had learned from her agonized sister that the murdered man had betrayed a sister of the accused when the family lived at Natchez. This was evidence against the girl, and his faith in her innocence was sadly shaken. He was about to return home as he did not want to supply any evidence to the State. But he decided to visit the girl in prison. He could only look at her; she would not say a word. He would then have sworn to her innocence. He settled down to stay the case out. In short, after the girl's conviction he found the sister, whose identity had been lost, and extorted from her the confession that she had learned of the appointed meeting between her pure sister and the destroyer of her life; that she had supposed it meant the ruin of the family against the girl, and his faith in her innocence was sadly shaken.

knew of the erring daughter. In short a new trial was obtained, the convicted girl was released on bail, which Rodman secured, and the sister died in a hospital before her case was reached on the docket.

A Japanese Curio Store.
A curio store that most delights my heart is kept by one Hari Shin, a Japanese gentleman of the old school, who still shaves his hair in a strip across the top of his head and turns it forward in the gun-hammer curve of the ancient samurai. Hari Shin, despising modern ways and business signs, simply hangs a huge sword over his gateway, and leaves one to stumble in accidentally upon a rubbish and lumber-room, and take it into his head to pursue his way across the garden unguided.

Hidden away back there is a room full of old saddles and state kagons or palanquins; a niche full of old banners and spears; an apartment piled high and hung with old dresses, brocade draperies, and uniforms; rooms filled with carved and gilded Buddhas; divine Kwannons more or less battered and worn, and rooms of old china, old lacquer, and old wood-carvings. The last room looks upon a little garden, which holds, of course, its miniature pond crossed by a stone bridge; its stone lantern under the shadow of a tree at the water's edge, and bronze storks and stunted pines along the slope of the small mountain, cunningly represented at one end.

Across the garden are three more rooms of armor, coins, and all kinds of ancient things, and a second story repeats all this labyrinth of rooms filled with more and more curios. Hari Shin's was the kind of placet that I had been dreaming of, and since thanking the accident that took me there I have found that few knew of him and his treasures outside of the men in the curio business. My enthusiasm for the place was followed by that of the others, and Hari Shin's queer, picturesquely crowded and hidden-away place has become our distraction; so much so that we insisted on dragging an artist friend there one night the minute we landed from the steamer.

Hari Shin having taken in his sword sign when he closed his outer gate, we had a serious time wandering back and forth before a neighbor took pity and pounded on his gate for us. By the light of their common house lanterns, held aloft on their sticks, we wound all through the labyrinth of lower rooms, the lights now bringing to view a glittering piece of old embroidery, a sheaf of spears, an old helmet, or the solemn face and touching thumbs of some great Buddha. It was a melting July night, and although attendants following us fanning, we wiped the perspiration from our face and eyes, and continued roving, fully repaid by the fine effect of the lantern-lighted scene for any discomfort we suffered. When we had gone the first round and paused at the garden's edge to catch a breath of air, one member of the party, a Japanese gentleman who had resided for some years in the United States, and acquired the right idea that it was the greatest and only country of the world after Japan, proceeded to take Hari Shin to task for hiding himself and his treasures so completely away from the general eye. To all suggestions Hari Shin was deaf and obstinate, insisting that he preferred not to be advertised and known to curious tourists and the mob. He said that he sold enough to the dealers of his own country, and then as a pardonable boast said that he had lately been exporting a great deal to a foreign country, "to Austria," in fact.

"To Austria!" cried our Japanese friend, with affected horror. "That is of no good. The Austrians are a queer kind of people, not quite civilized. You should export to America and get Americans to come here. There is the richest and largest country, and they can appreciate your fine things."

Though Hari Shin's face showed some interest at hearing that his best customers were barbarians, he betrayed but little interest in the suggestion made to him to enlarge his trade, and we left him standing in his one gauze garment and gun-hammer coiffure, a fine type of a conservative Japanese of the original old school in which were trained the soldiers, nobles, and rulers, who so long kept outside nations at bay.—Kobe, Japan, Correspondence of St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

What Can Be Done on a Bicycle.
Hartford Daily Times.
After the races Canary came on the track, radiant in a maroon velvet jacket and lavender tights. He showed some wonderful things that may be done with a bicycle. Before he got through with his exhibition, no one would have been surprised if he had thrown aside the wheel and ridden around on the air where it had been. His best feat was: Riding with small wheel off ground. Backing with small wheel on ground. Swinging in small circle on the big wheel only. Facing backward and riding forward. Standing up on saddle. Sitting on saddle, the machine being still, and balanced. Machine upside down, mount the big wheel, turn the small one over into place, and start off. Removing the small wheel, ride the large one backward or forward. Lay handle bar on the ground, mount the big wheel, reach over and get the bar, and start off. He succeeded on the third trial and was cheered.

Then he removed the handle bar, leaving only the big wheel which he rode. Next he removed the treadle from the big wheel, and, mounting, propelled it with his hands. Next he stood upright, hands in air, and rode the wheel. Then he brought out a common wagon wheel, placed his feet on the hub on either side and propelled it with his hands. He closed by laying the wheel flat on the ground, suddenly pulling it upright, springing on and riding away. This was loudly applauded.

Charles Francis Adams is the heaviest tax-payer in Quincy, Mass.