

MEMORY'S PICTURES

BY CLAUDE RAFAEL

Of all the beautiful pictures... That adorn sweet Memory's hall...

THE WIDOW ARMSBY.

I was smoking my third Havana, and meditating upon a variety of things...

When I had finished reading the others I could scarcely summon courage to open Laura's...

"Dear Jack—it is just the most fortunate thing imaginable that you are coming down next Tuesday...

"You are Uncle John, then?" she said, frankly, extending a daintily-gloved hand...

Now perhaps you may think, especially if you are a she, that I was a cynical old bachelor...

Laura was accustomed to ask me, sarcastically, if I ever expected to find this paragon of perfection...

The Widow Armsby's photograph had dropped to the floor. It occurred to me then to see how she looked...

I did get very much puzzled on Tuesday morning. The waiting-room was pretty well filled...

My spirits rose. I had done my duty, and yet I was not burdened with the widow Armsby!

"A," on it, caught my eye. It was hanging directly over the seat in front of me.

"It's too funny for anything!" she declared. "I thought that you were very unlike Ella's description of Uncle John...

"Oh, dear me! I mustn't get left!" said my fair companion, in a flutter. "It is such a funny thing altogether—and I am so much obliged to you..."

And then I saw her gathered to the embraces of half a dozen women and a very black-whiskered young man...

"Your very ideal!" whispered Laura, and I looked at her again.

She was a little pale woman, with drab hair, combed plainly behind her ears and done up in a "pug" behind...

"I am so glad to have met you! I dislike traveling alone so much! I quite dreaded the journey! When you didn't come to the hotel, I thought something must have prevented you from meeting me..."

At the hotel! Oh, that was so like Laura, thought I, with a smothered groan. She had not mentioned a hotel to me...

Once I might have called it rattling, for she did talk a great deal, but, ah! not now. Was it possible that I, a man of thirty-three, with an ideal, was subjugated by a pair of saucy black eyes...

"I couldn't be expected to, I say, but I did! What sentiment wouldn't I have responded to, backed by these eyes and that bewitching smile..."

"Who's Nellie—isn't she a darling?" And Nellie—Nellie? Not one of Ned's children. Possibly one of Laura's friends...

"No, Newport is a good many miles away, yet," I said, almost wishing we might never get there, to have an interruption to this blissful dream.

"I don't know Alice," I said. "I am going to Newport to meet my sister Laura, who wrote to me that you were going there, too."

tor, who is married and lives there; and she wrote to me that her husband's uncle would come to the hotel for me. Aren't you, Uncle John?"

"I am Uncle John to my brother's children but not to my sister's husband, I am afraid," I said dolefully.

"Allow me to give you my card," stammered I, as I assisted her out, hardly awake yet to the situation, "and to hope—"

"I fell to wondering what her husband was like; what her second husband would be like. I would be the fortunate man or perish in the attempt."

"She looks like the Witch of Endor," said I, ungalantly.

"I went to K— on the early morning train. How I was going to find my inamorata was more than I knew, but find her I would. I asked the proprietor of the hotel if he knew where Mrs. Armsby of Chicago was visiting...

"My Aunt Mabel is here—she isn't Mrs. —, she's only a young lady." It responded to my question.

Could it be possible that she wasn't the Widow Armsby, after all? Perhaps it might have been Miss that I saw on the letter!

A Sagacious Dog.

Jacob Steffen, the butcher at the corner of Georgia and Marin streets, has a dog of the Scotch shepherd breed, for which he was offered fifty head of sheep...

"Come, now," she said impatiently, "I want to look particularly well, for Willard Wharton is coming. It is the first party since he came from Europe; he has been vegetating in Florence ever so long, with a consumptive mother, but she died a year ago, and after traveling awhile he has come home. Did you know him?"

"I never heard the name." "Come to think of it, he left long before you came."

Allie's primer was put aside, and Margaret accompanied Laura to the room where her finery was being prepared for a brilliant party a few hours later.

THE GOLDEN TALISMAN.

"I cannot recommend you, believing you to be a thief, but I will be so merciful that I will let you depart. Go at once."

There was no reply, and the boy, for he was not 19, walked slowly from the room where he had been accused of crime, condemned and punished in a brief half hour.

He was a widow's only son, and very poor, but Abraham Hoyt had been very kind to him, employing him in light labor about his extensive grounds...

"I will find out who did take the watch, Jeff, and then you will surely come back."

"No, Miss Daisy, I never took it." "I know it! I'm going to find out who did take it. And, Jeff, you must take this."

"No, no, Miss Daisy," he said, "I can not." "But you must. It is my own, my very own. Aunt Louise gave it to me on my birthday."

"I will find out who did take the watch, Jeff, and then you will surely come back."

"Margaret!" The voice was sharp and imperative, and Margaret Hoyt looked up from the task of teaching little Alice Bristow her letters...

"Margaret, I want you to come and show Elsie how to trim my dress for tonight. Everybody said you had such exquisite taste before your father failed and died."

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"Miss Hoyt," Mrs. Bristow said, looking up from the cloud of tulle under her fingers, "I wish you to come down to play, and I wish you to wear white lace ruffles and a white flower or two in your hair. That will not interfere with your mourning, but you will look a little less like a mute at a funeral."

The guests were gathering, and Daisy had gone into a small sitting-room opposite the wide drawing-rooms to wait until she was summoned to sing and play.

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She had never been in society in Albany, and she knew none of Mrs. Bristow's friends, so she was graciously excused from taking any more active part in the social gathering than to amuse by her singing, or help willing feet along by playing dance music.

Through good and ill, years of prosperity and the temptation that assails all of us, I have carried a golden talisman, to keep my heart pure and true, that I might one day dare to bring it to your feet," he said.

And through a mist of happy tears she saw him open a large locket hanging to his watch-chain. No miniature face, no lock of hair was there, but carefully set, a twenty-dollar gold piece, with "M. H." scratched with a pin in one corner.

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How to Please.

Pleasing people is a very simple thing, the same as dancing or swimming, if one only knows just how to do it. The whole secret of the matter is nothing more or less than to want to please.

The explanation looks very easy, and no one could help guessing it at sight. Yet it cost the writer the experiences of quite a number of years in ups and downs before he fairly solved this bit of a life problem.

It is certain that some have much more of a natural talent in this line than others. Such happily-endowed folks seem to give pleasure to everybody without the least effort.

It will not do to be playing a part, and feigning an interest we do not feel. We must contrive to say what we think, and behave without any affectation.

Let us resolve to reverse this process whenever an acquaintance is present, and try to take a pleasure in what concerns him chiefly.

Boys and girls can live the happiest of lives by trying to display this gentle and companionable spirit in the family circle. Dim-eyed and feeble grandmas may be saved many a troublesome step by a little care.

Besides, in this manner of living, kindly habits will become so well-fitting that, when the time comes for each to go out to make his own way in this busy and selfish world, the lad will have the best of all starts for forming pleasant and profitable alliances in business or professional life.

When his old museum at Broadway and Ann streets was burned down, fifteen years ago, Barnum sold the site to Bennett, of the Herald, and decided to withdraw from public life.

He reappeared at the head of a new museum, further up Broadway, within two years, and having again been ousted by fire, he resolved once more to seek privacy.

He even went so far as to sell a number of his properties to George Wood, and to agree, in consideration of a certain amount of cash, not to occupy the field on pain of forfeiting \$25,000.

He was very quiet, for him, for a considerable time; but the restless blood of the exhibitor conquered at last. He gave Wood a check for \$25,000, and went back to his early love.

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The City of Timbuctoo.

The following information in regard to the little-known city of Timbuctoo was lately obtained by the Geographical Society of Oran, Algeria, from an Israeli rabbi of Morocco, who was on his way from Timbuctoo to Paris.

The rabbi described Timbuctoo as an Arab town in every sense of the term, built absolutely like those of the interior. The inhabitants are Foulah negroes, and there are no whites. There are, however, sometimes Jews from North Africa, who come to trade, but they never settle there.

The town is at about an hour's distance to the mouth of the Niger. Its population is about 50,000. It is larger than Oran (about six miles round), but not so large as Marseilles. The town is, in fact, a mass of villages, extending over a very considerable area.

The Niger, which passes to the south of the town, flows from the west to the southwest, and is very broad; there is abundant fish. Navigation is carried by means of oared barges and rafts, constructed of pieces of wood bound together by cords.

The river is subject to regular floodings, which fertilize the lands on its banks, the only ones which are cultivated; the inundation reaches the walls of the town. The country is very fertile; the crops are sorgho, millet, rice, tomatoes, onions, turnips; indigo grows wild. There are also many coconut trees, gum trees, and a tree which produces oil which the natives use for lighting.

There are also forests of valuable timber trees. The country is governed by Marabout, who takes the title of Sultan; the present ruler is named Mohammed Bekai. He does not reside at Timbuctoo; his capital is Ahmet-Ella, a town of about 100,000 souls, situated twelve leagues from Timbuctoo.

The man who goes a-fishing on the ice has rather an ice-hole-stated occupation.