WHAT SHALL I DO! I know a little secret i dare not tell, much there's one I'd like to know it foll well-too well, What shull I do; Tell you ?

There's a lad I'd like to marry Whom I love well, And I think he loves me truly But dares not to tell; What shall I do, Know you ?

Tell him? 'Twould not be proper; Guess well! guess well! And if you guess correctly Don't try to tell; What shall I do. Think you ?

By your eyes you've guessed the secret, Ah well? 'tis well? As I love you, love me truly; Now you must tell. What shall 1 do-Wed you ?

AN IMPUDENT PUPPY.

"Where is Kitty?" inquired Mrs. Carrington, entering the room where her two elder daughters were employed, the one in reading, and the other with a bit of fancy-work.

of rancy-work. "I really don't know, mamma," an-swered Dora, looking up from her work. "I had scarcely a glimpse of Kitty since we came to the country. She appears to have taken an *al fresco* life, and is never in the house except at night." "I saw her about two hours ago on her

way to the orchard," remarked Cornelia. "She said she was going to feed the pigs and would afterward take a lesson in milking." "I wish I could find her," remarked

Mrs. Carrington. "I am certain that either Judge Bolton or his son will call this afternoon, and it is proper that Kit-ty should be present. She did not appear on their former visits."

"She will shock the Judge by her hoydenish manners, and as to his son, I do not think he will particularly admire her. He doesn't fancy female society, I've heard, and prefers his dogs and hor-ses. And wasn't he a little wild at college, mamma?" "A little too fond of what is called fun

-nothing more than that I ever heard. He is a clever young man, will be wealthy and is, next to his father, the best match in the neighborhood-though, as you say, he don't appear to care particularly for ladies' society. I fancy he looked rather bored while talking to his stately Miss Abbott, clever and handsome as she is. And then he must know that all the girls are trying to secure him, which naturally makes him a little shy of them.

These remarks were clearly intended as hints to her daughters, for Mrs. Car rington was a genuine match-maker, and had already married off two daughters advantageously. Finding that the re-maining elder daughters had failed to make the desired impression on either Judge Bolton or his son, she had bethought herself of producing Kitty, hitherto, as the youngest and prettiest, carefully kept in the background.

But meantime where was Kitty? Kitty, having filled a basket with apples for the pigs, strolled around the orchard, admiring the trees and fruit, and climbed a low peach tree in order to gather one especially fine peach for her father. In this position her eye was caught by a low line of green willows, bordering the sloping meadows beyond the orchard.

"It looks as though a stream was e thought

"If you try, sir, you will find how it can be done," said she, loftily. "And if I don't want to try?" "Then the other puppy must make you. Here he is, just in time. Here, Rolla, good dog! Hi, at him, sir!"

And Kitty clapped her white hands to-gether, and tried to whistle, as she had

seen her papa do, to the great amusement of the gentleman. But instead of gallantly rushing to the attack, at the command of his mistress

Rolla frisked up to the stranger with extravagant demonstrations of delight. "Oh, he knows you!" said Kitty, con-

temptuously, "and so you didn't run." "Yes, Rolla knows his friends. In fact, he's my namesake-an honor conferred upon me by the admiring partial-

ity of Farmer Hawes." "He belongs to me now, and I mean to change his name," said Kitty, positively.

"Pray don't! You have no idea of how musically it sounded across the field. I fancied some wood-nymph-or dryadwas calling to me. Belongs to you now, does he? Happy dog!" And he stooped and patted Rolla's head.

Kitty turned sharply.

"Are you going away, sir, or shall I?" she demanded.

"Oh, I would not for the world incommode you! And I beg you to remember that I came only because I fancied you were calling me, having probably seen me passing. I saw you from the bank above. Pray excuse the mistake, and allow me to wish you a good evening.

And with a courteous bow, he disap peared among the bushes. Kitty stood looking indignantly after

him until he had disappeared. "The impudent puppy!" she mur-ured. "I never heard of such asmured.

surance. And then a slow smile rippled over her face, which she remorselessly checked by biting the corner of her under red

lip. Come, Rolla," she called, in a subdued voice, "Come, sir, and go home; and see how you get me into scrapes again."

She climbed the bank into the meadow, the dog following with a dejected and culprit-like mien. But suddenly he gave a short, sharp bark, and at the same moment another and stranger sound smote upon Kitty's ear. It was a low, hoarse, sobbing murmur, which seemed to swell into an angry roar.

"If I were in Africa I should fancy that a lion's roar!" thought Kitty curiously looking around.

In an instant her check became deathly pale, and she stood breathless and transfixed, as a huge animal, with lowered head and eyes gleaming through shaggy forelocks, emerged from a thicket at some distance and came slowly towards her, tearing up the earth with hoofs and and horns.

Rolla, after a burst of obstreperous barking, turned and ignominiously fled.

Kitty strove in vain to follow his example, her lips felt paralyzed and she turned faint and sick.

The bull came slowly onward, now lowering his head, uplifting it and staring fiercely and threateningly at the figure in the center of the field.

Suddenly a voice shouted: "Don't be afraid! Throw away your red shawl! Now run-run to the nearest

fence-while I keep him off!" The assurance of help at hand inspired She tore off the light, scarlet her. trembling limbs would carry her. How she got over the high fence she never knew. Indeed, she knew nothing distinctly until the gentleman whom she had characterized as an "impudent puppy," lightly leaping the fence, threw himself breathlessly and heated, on the grass where she had sunk the moment she had found herself in safety. "Oh," said Kitty, half sobbing, "I am so glad you came! That awful creature would have killed me."

And this was the spectacle which greeted the horrified gaze of Mrs. Carrington as she stepped on the plazza where her husband was reading and looked across the lawn to the orchard. The tea-table was ready and she was expecting Kitty.

"Mercy on me," she gasped. "Why, Mr. Carrington, only look! There is ac-tually Kitty, with Judge Bolton's son, feeding the pigs!" Mr. Carrington chuckled.

"Well, my dear, I don't see the harm of it, if they like it. Though where she could have picked him up I can't imagine.

Meantime Kitty and her companion leisurely crossed the orchard and the lawn.

"Now I'll introduce you to papa," she said. "Only I don't know your last name.

"Oh, perhaps he knows it and will introduce me to you. Meantime, call me anything you like."

So Kitty walked straight up to her father, and putting her hand on his shoulder, said:

"Papa, I have had an awful fright. was chased by a raging mad buil, and my puppy, Rolla, ran away from me, and another, with the very same name, saved me, so I've brought him home with me," nodding in an introducing manner toward the guest.

"Eh?" said papa, looking up ; and catching the expression of the two faces before him, he fell into the humor, and so he arose and said, with a wave of his hand toward the waiting tea-table, "Very well, my dear, we'll feed him."

So Mr. Roland Bolton sat down to the table with the family, and with an utter absence of that unpleasant constraint which Mrs. Carrington had remarked in his intercourse with Miss Abbott, and, despite her vexation at Kitty, the meal passed off most agreeably. Of course this was not Mr. Bolton's

last visit to the Carringtons. Of course there were frequent subsequent calls, with walks and rides, in all of which he fulfilled his promise of taking the very best care of Kitty; and when, at length, he asked the privilege of taking care of years or more. My soul and body, her through life, she did not say him sir, what a sight of moose there DBV.

Lately, when Mr. Bolton was boasting that his wife had accepted him on their very first interview, by referring him to papa, Kitty looked around and said: You were an impudent puppy that

day, Rolla, as you are still.'

A True Story About Blaine.

As the Presidential aspirants loom up or recede, as the time for nominations draws near, stories of either a complimentary or derogatory character multiply regarding each of them. The majority of these are made of I could see the braid quite plain. He whole cloth, and bear the impress of unreliability upon their faces. As a contrast to these manufactured articles, we take pleasure in relating an incident concerning Mr. Blaine, which has the merit of being not only true, but heretofore unpub-lished, like most of the good deeds of the "great political magnet," as

Judge Chase used to call him.

Earl Dunraven's Ghost Story.

"My soul and body, sir," says John, the guide, "never see such luck in all my life; most as bad as we had two years ago when we was camped away down East by the head of Martin's river. You remember, sir, the night we saw the little fire in the woods close by, when there was no one there to make it. Very curious that was; can't make that out at all. What was it, do you think?"

"Perhaps ghosts making a fire, John," said I.

"Yes, sir, mebbe; some of our people believes in ghosts, sir; very feolish people, some Indians.

"Don't you, John?" "Oh no, sir, I never seed no ghosts. I have seen and heard some curious things, though. I was hunting once with two gentlemen near Rocky river—you know the place well, sir. We were all sitting in camp; winter time, sir; pretty late, about bed-time. The gentlemen were drinking their grog, and we was smoking and talking, when we heard some one walking, coming up to the camp. 'Hello!' said one of the gentlemen, 'who can this be at this time of night?' Well, sir, we stopped talking, and we all heard the man walk up to the door. My soul, sir, we could hear his moccasins crunching on the hard, dry snow quite plain. He walked up to the door, but did not open it, did not speak, did not knock. So, af-ter a little, one of us looked out-nobody there; nobody there at all, sir. Next morning there was not a track on the snow-not a track-and no snow fell in the night. Well, sir, we stayed there a fortnight, and most every night we would hear a man in moccasins walk up to the door and stop; and if we looked, there more than two miles. was no one there, and he left no tracks in the snow. What was it, do you think, sir?

"Don't know, John, I am sure," I said in upon a mining camp, and in thunder tones asked what kind of a graveyard 'unless it was some strange effect of the they had there. When they trem-blingly answered that they had none at wind in the trees."

"Well, sir, I seed a curious thing once. I was hunting with a gentleman-from the old country, I think he was-my word, sir, a long time ago, mebbe thirty in the woods in those days! Was graveyard starter of the Big West! and the caribou run in great herds then; all failing, now, sir, all fail-We were following caribou, right ing. fresh tracks in the snow; we were keeping a sharp lookout, expecting to view them every minute, when I looked up away and leave them alone. Indeed, they offered to write him a variety play, in which he, as the hero, should kill 155 and saw a man standing right between us and where the caribou had gone. He was not more than two hundred yards off men inside of an hour and a half, but he would not go. Arkansas William could -I could see him quite plain. He had not be bought with gold, and had fame on a cloth cap and a green blanket coat, with a belt around the middle-not a enough. leather belt like we use, sir, but a wanted blood, and must have it, a weazen-faced, flat-chested, thin-waisted woolen one like what the Frenchmen use in Canada. There was braid down the man from Cass county, Mich., who weighed 120 pounds, offered himself as a seams of his coat and round his outfits. sacrifice. He had never fought anyhad no gun, nor ax, nor nothing in his thing or anybody, and he was so tame and humble that the men used to wipe hands, but just stood there with his

hand on his hip, that way, right in the the greese off their knives on his brickpath, doing nothing. 'Our hunting all over, sir,' I said colored hair after the close of a meal. He crawled out of his tent and said he'd as soon fight as not. He had just received a letter from home to the effect that

his wife had run off with a blonde tin peddler, and now he didn't care to live very mad, the gentleman was, and was for turning right round and going home; longer. It was the custom of Mr. Blaine during the two Congresses of which man. He stood there all the timezephyr shawl which had attracted the at-tention of the bull, and ran as fast as her house on Fifteenth street, near I, in my head to him and he kind of nodded he caught sight of his victim. Yes, he would do that very Washington, to the capitol, a morn- his head, bowed just the same way to me. and me. 'Look at the moose, Captain,' said I. 'Shoot her!' 'Good heavens, up with the gun, fired, and downed the cleared off the man was gone; could not see him nowheres. 'My soul and body! off. best hold, and the way he had always fought. The little man was perfectly willing. All he wanted was a fight to was nothing there-nothing but a little the death, and he didn't care how he got pine tree, no man at all. I went all it. Arkansas William started up the round, sir-no tracks, no sign of a man trail, but halted and returned and said: "Boy, I'm the Great Gulch terror, and I've put 198 white men and over 200 "Well, John," I replied, "I think that Indians under the sod. But I'm no monster. Something in your face touches my heart. I'll give you one "Oh, mebby," says John. more chance to draw out and live on.' WHAT A PARIS DOG CAN DO .- A Paris The Cass county man wouldn't take it. He didn't want to live since his wife correspondent of the New Orleans went back on him, and, moreover, he Picayune tells the following story: was mad for the first time in his life. There is a terrier in the cafe, Rue St. and he wanted to see how he would act a fight. "Very well-get ready to die!" yelled new comer, opens his mouth and looks the terror, as he backed up the trail. He imploringly at the customer. The latter so well understands the pantomime that was backing and spitting on his bowiehe puts a son in the open mouth. The terrier bounds to the door in, an instant knife, and getting an awful look on his face when last seen. The miners waited for the rush, and expected every minute to hear his yells, but they came not. Three-five-ten minutes slipped away, and then they investigated. Arkansas William was no where to be found, but ing a word to the woman, began ex. given the terrier; the dog, having eaten it, stands on his hind legs, lets the custhey saw a man a mile away heading for tomer put the second piece of cake on Deadwood, and making the earth ache as he passed over it .- Detroit Free Press. his-the dog's-nose, lets it stay there "You can't open it, sir," said the untouched until the gentleman raps ten oldest child, a boy of ten, whose lit- times on the table, at the tenth rap the tle breast swelled with manly indig. dog tosses the cake into the air and Curiosity carried a foreigner into sevnation, child as he was; "the man catches it before it falls to the floor. The eral churches at Lima, Peru, during gentleman then takes the third piece of Holy Week. "As for any sort of recake in his hand and says: "Billy, you gligious feeling," he reports, "I felt have eaten two of the three pieces of more like being in a large puppet show than in a house of God, and to judge by cake. There are thousands of dogs in drew him along, the astonished child Paris who have never tasted a piece of running to keep up with the big cake. Now, Billy, if you be a gentle-man's strides. At the corner he was man-ani I believe you are a gentleman, the way in which the fair Limenas cast their eyes around them while sitting on their carpets on the pavement of Billy-you will take this third piece of cake and lay it on the street for dogs that church, in search of beaux, and looking, generally, for admiration, and evidently are not as well off in this world as you thinking of anything rather than pray-ing, to judge by them and the gentlemen key in the keyhole;" and then, as he of cake in his mouth, carries it to the ran up the steps, he called out, street, leaves it there, returns to the cuswho were exchanging 'nods and beeks and wreathed smiles' with them, they "Why, it isn't a key; it's a piece of tomer, looks inquiringly at him, as much had quite ss little feeling on the subject paper;" and the poor woman un- as to ask: "Have I done the genteel as myself. I allude now to the higher wisted and straightened out a hun. thing?" and lies down to doze until anclasses. There were very many who apother customer enters. peared thoroughly sincere and earnest in Mere freaks of activity never accom-

Arkansas William.

rel, flapped his arms and cried out:

They tried to coax him not to. They

even offered him fifteen cents to go softly

Well, when they realized that he

whole town!"

There are dozens of men in Michigan who will remember meeting Arkansas William, the Great Gulch terror in Julesburg, Col., Denver, Laramie and other places in that Territory a dozen years ago. He was a shooter, a slasher, an Indian killer, a Government scout, a

the brigade, one of the most amusing was an occurrence in the time of the Regent Orleans, in honor of whose birthday a grand masquerade was given in Paris. It was a high-class a cleaner-out of mining-camps, a tornado when he struck town, and a doubleaffair; tickets were a doable louis d'or for each; all the rank and ointed son of a dynamite generally. All beauty of Paris were assembled this he told us and sought to impress it around the Regent, and a costly and on our minds, and it came to pass by and luxurious supper crowned the at. by that whenever he crowed we all cackled. We'd have bet all the horses tractions of the night. While the in the First Cavalry against an Indian dog that Arkansas William was a match entertainment was proceeding, one of the Prince's suite approached and whispered to him: "It is worth your for any four Indian trikes on the plains, and we'd have backed him against all the Royal Highness' while to step into other terrors, tarantulas, wild cats. Rocky Mountain lions and howling the supper rooms; there is a yellow domino there who is the most extrabears between Omaha and 'Frisco. True, ordinary cormorant ever witnessed; we never seen him cut, nor shoot, nor slash, nor knock down, nor drag out, but it must be him, be-cause he said it was. It was an impreshe is a prodigy, your Highness; he never stops eating and drinking, and the attendants say, moreover, that he sive sight to see him stalking round with has not done so for some hours." a rifle, two revolvers and a bowie His Royal Highness went accord. strapped to him, and heavens! how he ingly, and sure enough there was the yellow domino laying about him as could yell! It was enough to make every mule at the post tremble to hear Arkansa described, and swallowing every. William utter his war-whoop-the same thing as ravenously as if he had only one he uttered, he told us, when he rode down 500 Pawnees and scattered them to the four winds. How many of us bought just begun. Raised pies fell before him like garden palings before a his tin-types at \$2 apiece will never be field-piece-pheasants and quail known, but he was more eager to sell them than to take the war-path. When the Michiganders left Colorado, William seemed to fly down his throat in a little covey-the wine he drank was hankering to lay in a supply of 250 scalps, several barrels of gore and a threatened a scarcity, whatever might be the next vintage. barnful of ears and noses, and his wild war-whoops followed the regiment for

After watching him for some time the Duke acknowledged he was a wonder, and laughingly left the The other day something was heard to drop in the Black Hills, and Arkansas William, the Great Gulch terror, walked room, but shortly afterward, on passing through another, he saw the yellow domino again, and as actively at work as ever, devastating the dishes everywhere and emptying the chamagne bottles as rapidly as they were all, and that all the men were in the brought to him. Perfectly amazed, best of health, the terrorr mounted a barthe Duke at last could not restrain "No graveyard here! No place in which his curiosity. "Who," he asked, "is to lay my victims! Whoop! I'm the Great Gulch terror! I'm the gigantic that insatiate ogre that threatens such annihilation to all the labor of TH our cooks?" Accordingly one of the tie both hands behind me and fight your suite was dispatched to him. "His Royal Highness, the Duke of Orleans, requires the yellow domino to unmask." But the domino begged to be excused, pleading the privilege of masquerade. "There is a higher law," replied the officer; "the royal order must be obeyed." "Well, then,' answered the incognito, "if it must be so, it must," and unmasking, ex-hibited the ruddy visage of an Irish trooper.

> "Why, in the name of Polyphemus!" exclaimed the Regent as he advanced to him, "who and what are you? I have seen you eat and drink enough for a dozen men, and yet you

seem as empty as ever." "Well, then," said the trooper, since the saycret must come out, plase your Royal Highness, I am one of Clare's Horse-that's the guard of honor to-night-and when our men

"Him! He! That man! That tooth- were ordered out we clubbed our pick! Why, I'll make hash of him in a money to buy a ticket and agreed to take our turn at the supper table, second!" roared Arkansas William, as turn and turn about." Yes, he would do that very thing, and "What!" exclaimed the Duke, "the that he would start a graveyard. He whole troop coming to supper.' threw down his rifle, put off his revolvers "Oh, its asy, plase your Highness. and crowed for blood. The little man didn't crow any, but he lugged out a Sure, one domino would do for all of wicked big knife, drew a hair across the us, is ache tuk it in turn. I'm only edge of it, and said he'd do the best he the eighteenth man, and there's could. The terror crowed again, and twelve more of us to come." told how many men he had killed, but The loud laughter of the jovial the weazen-faced man cut another hair Duke, probably the heartiest he had with his knife. The terror finally offered had for a long time, was the response to let him off on account of his conto this exclamation, followed by a sumptive look, and he wouldn't be let He wanted to die then and there. louis d'or to the dragoon, and a Then the terror wanted a fair show. He promise to keep his "saycret" till the wanted to go up the trail and come down entire troop had supped. to the attack on the run. This was his

The Yellow Domino

Among the adventures recorded of

water. I dare say it is lovely under those willows. Come, Rolla," calling to a little half-grown terrier, "you and I will go an exploring expedition together.'

Rolla, after some coaxing, rather sul-kily obeyed. He was an ugly, little, crooked-leg, hairy-muzzled pup, which Kitty had, on her arrival at the farm, begged the farmer for a pet. Yet, Rolla, despite all the pettings, did not take to his pretty young mistress, but persisted in evincing a decided preference for the barn and kitchen, and in fact, low life in general.

Kitty was not disappointed in her expectations. She found a clear, shallow stream which ran rippling and murmuring pleasantly beneath the willows be tween thickets of wild roses and blossoming elder. She seated herself on the bank, and took off first her hat, and then her shoes and stockings, and allowed the cool ripples to dance about her white feet. Then she became interested in watching some insect-life on the surface of the water, and when satisfied with this resumed her shoes and stockings and lay back on the turf, dreamily repeating snatches of poetry. A stray sun-beam glinted on her rippling brown hair, and the eyes that looked up through the waving foliage were as deeply blue and clear as the sunny sky overheard. Pity that there was no stray artist to gaze upon the picture.

Suddenly Kitty awoke to the fact that Rolla had disappeared. He had been smelling about the bushes and had now stolen off on the track of some scent, perceptible only to his own keen olfactories.

Kitty lifted up her voice, and called in her sweet, clear, girlish tones: "Rolla! Rolla!"

In answer, there was presently a rustling amid the elder bushes, and forth stepped, not the culprit Rolla, but a very handsome young man, equipped with a gun and bird-bag.

Kitty sprang up. Each stared for an instant at the other, then the gentleman, gracefully lifting his cap, said:

'May I inquire, Miss, what you want with me?

"Want with you?" repeated she, in surprise.

"Yes; I was crossing the field yonder, when I heard you call me," he replied, with a slightly demure expression about his mouth and eyes. "I called you?" said Kitty, indignantly.

"Yes, you called Rolla very distinctly and earnestly," replied he, biting the corner of his mustache; "and I, of course, obeyed the summons, and am at ur service. My name is Roland, or Rolla, as I am familiarly called."

Kitty surveyed him from head to foot. "Oh," said she very coolly, "It was a mistake an your part! It was not you, but the other puppy I was calling. His name is also Rolla."

"Indeed! Where is he?" inquired the gentleman, looking around with a great expression of interest. "He's run away from me."

"I wonder at him. In fact, I really don't see how he could have done it." said he looking at Kitty, and slowly stroking his mustache.

She drew herself up, with a great nesumption of dignity.

"I fortunately heard his bellowing, and, remembering you, came just in time to keep him off.

"Weren't you afraid?"

"Oh, no! I used when a boy, to bait these animals for my own amusement. But you see I can be of more use to you than 'the other puppy.' Where is he?" "Gone. Deserted me in my hour of need," she replied, smiling faintly, as she dried her tears. "But I've had enough of him. I'll give him away, and get a better and bigger dog to accompany me on my walks, if they are to be as dangerous as this one.

"Am I big enough?" inquired the gentleman. "T'll take the best care of you.

"Oh, I don't know, you see! I ask papa," she answered demurely.

"Certainly-by all means ask papa! said he, eagerly. Kitty blushed, with a strong inclina-

tion to smile, which she repressed, as beneath her dignity.

"I'm going now," she said, rising,

"Won't you permit me to see you safe? There may me more cattle about, to say nothing of snakes and owls!"

"Well, I think you may come, though we are near home now. I can see papa, sitting on the piazza, reading; and there, in the orchard, is my basket of apples, which I gathered for the pigs. If you wont mind, I'll feed them now, and carry the basket back to Mrs. Hawes,"

"I shall enjoy it of all things," he aserted.

Lifting the basket, he carried it for her to the sty, where she amused herself with tossing the fruit, one by one, to the eager, pushing crowd within.

"So you take an interest in these poetic animals?" remarked her companion, as he stood curiously looking on.

"I feel sorry for them-they are so ugly and dirty. Nature seems to have treated them unjustly, poor things, in making them so inferior to other ani-mals. But then, the little ones, with their pink noses and funny eyes, do look so chubby and so innocent.

She tossed some apples to the little ones and looked thoughtful.

"They remind me of a picture which I saw lately-Circe, surrounded by a herd of swine, into which she had transformed her admirers. And you would never have imagined how much expression there was in the way that they wriggled and grovelled at her feet."

"I see that picture now, at least some thing like it,"

thing like it," the gentleman remarked, looking from Kitty to the pigs. And again Kitty repeated to herself, "What an impudent puppy!", as she dropped more apples into the sty.

ing constitutional of, say, a mile and Well, I started to go up to him, when up a half. He always took the same rose a great, fat cow-moose between him route, which was along the most unfrequented streets, and was almost John? he says, 'if I do I shall shoot the always alone. One morning, in the man too?' 'No, no, sir, never mind,' I winter of '75, the writer was plod- cried, 'fire at the moose.' Well, sir, he ding along through a heavy fall of snow in one of the most deserted moose. She just ran a few yards, pitched thoroughfares of the town, when he forward, and fell dead. When the smoke observed the tall form of the Speaker a short distance ahead. The teathery what's become of the man, Captain ? I snow prevented the footsteps of says. 'Dunno, John; perhaps he is down, either from being heard. As the too,' says he. 'Well, sir,' says I, 'you writer reached a corner, around stop here, and I will go and look; mebbe which the Speaker had turned, he he is dead, mebbe not quite dead yet. ssw that the latter had stopped sud- Well, I went up to the place, and there denly, and was standing transfixed by a scene on the other side of the way. Around the closed door of a anywhere on the snow. What was it, plain little one story frame house, do you think, sir, we saw ?" stood a sorrowful group indeed. A woman of about forty, and attired was a curious instance of refraction." in the weeds of a widow, was sobbing on the shoulder of a little child, who strove in vain to comfort her. Three other small children, with wet eyes and terror-stricken faces, stared wistfully at their late home, while a wistfully at their late home, while a meager array of boxes, clothes and customer enter than he runs up to the utensils piled on the pavement, completed a story that told itself unmistakably at a glance. The poor family had just been turned out into the street by some pitiless landlord. Pausing just long enough to take in the picture, Blaine strode rapidly brings to his benefactor, who breaks the across the street, and without speak- cake into three pieces. One is forthwith

amining and fumbling around the lock of the door.

locked us out, and went away."

Without opening his lips the statesman seized the boy's hand, and released, and trotting back, said:

"Mamma, that gentleman says the door ain't locked at all. He saw the dred dollar greenback.

And now for the essence of the story-for every good story has one, as a rose is known by its perfume. The poor woman never knew who while; a bad man can be good; a lary man her helper was, and the writer has can be active; a stingy man may be genhimself more than once seen Speaker Blaine turn out of his way and go clear round the same block rather be thrown up like a wave of the sea, but

their prayers, and who evidently beplish much because they do not last. A man can do almost anything for a little lieved in the importance of all they saw around them." erous. But every man's character has a

One of the occupations of Texas young men is to breed geese. One of these has 3000 geese whose feathers are plucked every two months; each bird will average clear round the same block, rather like a wave of the sea, it will come down a pound and a half a year, worth 50 cents per pound.

Holy Week in Peru.

the

Girls Brought up to do Nothing.

Before the French Revolution the members of the royal family and the grand lords and ladies never thought of loing anything for themselves that othefs could do for them. Taine, in his "Ancient Regime," gives a curious illustration of the effect of this enforced helplessness. In the course of a conversation with Mme. Louise, the daughter of Louis XV., who was a Carmelite nun, Mme. de Genlis said: "I should like to know what troubled you most in getting accustomed to your new profession. "You could never imagine," she replied. 'It was the descent of a small flight of steps alone by myself. At first it seemed to me a dreadful precipice, and I was obliged to sit down upon the steps and descend in that attitude." The Princess had never descended any staircase save the grand one at Versailles, and only that while leaning on the arm of a noble cavalier. The steep and winding steps of the convent, therefore, seemed appalling when she had to descend them alone.

A story is told of the Duchess of Edinburg, the daughter of the Czar of Russia, which exhibits a similar training. Shortly after her marriage with Victoria's son, the Duchess was entertained at a nobleman's house. A party was made up to visit the extensive greenhouses, the Duchess leading, as was her right, the way. In passing up the narrow aisle of one of the houses, the royal lady came to a closed door. The passage was too narrow for any of her suit to pass her and open the door, and she stood motionless as a statue. "Oblige me," said the Duke in a whisper, "by sending some one around to open the door from the other side, for she'll not open it if she stands there for a month.'

It may excite a smile to read such illustrations as these of the physical helpessness involved in the etiquette of royal households; and we fear that a training similar in kind, if not in degree, marks many American families.

In a recent sermon, the Rev. Washington Gladden, of Springfield, Massachusetts, spoke of the fact that some American girls are brought up to learn nothing and do nothing. He referred to one woman who was proud that her daughter never did any sweeping, and to another who never let daughter do any kitchen work. Such training must foster selfishness and indolence, and a loss both of respect and of true regard for others.