

MIRIAM.

"That is a sweet voice—very!" said Capt. Mayell; "and with more cultivation, too, than one is apt to find among the general run of itinerant minstrels."

But when Captain Mayell had taken leave for the night, and was groping his way down the stairs, he was suddenly and unexpectedly confronted by Miriam herself, wrapped in the black shawl, with Beatrix at her side.

"Captain Mayell," exclaimed Beatrix, in a low voice, "what must you think? For our own sakes, we owe you an explanation."

"Hush, Trix!" cried Miriam, excitedly. "All this preamble is quite unnecessary. I will tell him all about it. Papa doesn't know that I sing with Bartimeo in the streets, but mamma does, and Trix. They know that Bartimeo takes excellent care of me; and I wear his daughter's dress, and—and we cannot let poor papa starve."

"And," sobbed sadly Trix, "we give papa the money, and he thinks old Bartimeo has sold a picture for him to some of the Italian dealers down town. Poor papa! and it makes him so happy! And, indeed, indeed, no one speaks to Miriam except in the greatest courtesy and kindness. And we hope you will not betray our secret to poor papa, as he would never forgive us all!"

"Pray," cried Mayell, genuinely touched, "do not imagine that I could be guilty of such a dishonorable thing. Believe me, Miss Castleton—"

Miriam, very white and cold, was looking at him with eyes that flashed scornful lightning. "Here is the wretched coin you gave me," said she. "Take it back!"

"Why?" he asked, confounded and hurt. "Because I hate you!" she answered, abruptly seizing his sister's arm. "Come, Trix, let us go!"

But he posted himself directly across her path, determined not thus to part. "But why do you hate me?" said he. "Because I respect your courage and good sense, and honor your filial duty?"

"Because you despise me!" she retorted. "Never!" he cried, taking her hand in spite of herself, and then and there they became fast friends. "I am coming tomorrow," he said, "to order a picture of your father. Will you also bid me welcome, Miss Miriam?"

And she answered, shyly, "Yes." But she went out singing no more. Blind Bartimeo and his violin were unaccompanied now. Wardie Castleton died the next summer, entirely unaware of the deception that had been practiced upon him. Shortly after Captain Mayell asked pretty Miriam to be his wife.

"Do you know, darling," he said, "I have loved you ever since I saw you singing on the pavement in that picturesque Italian costume?"

And among her wedding gifts was a diamond-studded gold locket, in which was set the tiny silver coin which he had given her on that bleak November afternoon when the twilight was verging into dusk.

England's Troubles.

The troubles of England continue to increase. The Irish question is in as bad condition as can be, and when the bill for the repression of crime is finally passed, we may look for a fresh crop of outrages which will tax the patience as well as the intelligence of the government to treat judiciously.

If we may trust the news of the day, she is on the verge of a war with Egypt, with but one ally and that ally so lukewarm and suspicious that she can look for no help from her, for the old distrust and jealousy between England and France were never more apparent than now.

South Africa is again in commotion, and every day's news shows that it will soon be ablaze with war which will be dangerous to British subjects, and may require greater efforts to put down than did the revolt of Cetwayo. The wretched condition of Zululand only shows that a national injustice cannot be perpetrated without entailing its punishment. However much the conquest of Zululand may have been in the interests of civilization, the manner of its conquest was not creditable to the English Government.

Might made right in its capture, and Cetwayo was despoiled of his Kingdom by force, upon no other plea than that he had defended his right to rule over his own people. The result is civil war all over the country. When hostilities concluded, in 1879, Zululand was divided up into thirteen little Kingdoms by Sir Garnet Wolseley, and a large share of these are now at war with each other.

The prominent chiefs among those who have risen are Oham, a brother of Cetwayo, who was always opposed to him, Dabuko, another brother of Cetwayo, and John Dunn. Dabuko has taken the field in Cetwayo's interests, and has already defeated and routed his brother Oham, and is now massing his forces for an onslaught upon John Dunn.

If he overcomes him the eight little kingdoms will soon be disposed of, as they have no followers or forces worth mention. In this event the English must interfere not only to restore their supremacy over Zululand, but to protect Natal. Meanwhile, after having compelled the miserable natives to submit a settlement, the Government left them to the mercy of those who could break it, and the result is massacre and pillage, which will probably continue until it permanently occupies the country.

Besides these intestine feuds, the Boers of the Transvaal, who have always hated their neighbors and regarded them as their rightful slaves, are encouraging the war and improving their opportunities to secure captives and pillage the territory, although it is hardly a short year ago that the English Government settled the Transvaal difficulties and defined the exact relations which were to exist between the Boers and the neighboring tribes. The entire situation shows the rank folly of such injustice as was perpetrated by England in its half-way measure.

One of two courses seems to be imperative, either to let the Transvaal and Zululand alone altogether and allow them to take care of themselves, or to go in and occupy the entire Caffre territory and administer it under British rule. Meanwhile, however, injustice to the Egyptian people on the one hand, and to the Irish people on the other, has placed England in a position so full of embarrassments that she may well hesitate, as she is now doing, what course to pursue in South Africa. If an occupation of it is to have the effect that English occupation in India, Egypt and Ireland has had, namely, to reduce the people to a condition of beggary, the South Africans may well beg to be let alone, and settle their difficulties at once.

Chicago Tribune.

Facts About Blizzards.

"Tell me about those dear, delightful, beautiful blizzards you have in your country," said the Brooklyn girl, folding her hands, and looking up to him with a bewitchingly pleading glance. "I know they must be just too sweet for anything!"

"Oh, they're sweeteners!" ejaculated the Montana man, throwing one leg over the other, and warming to his subject. "You once get a blizzard after you, and you'll wish you hadn't any skirts on to bother you."

"And did you ever see one?" she asked with profound interest. "Well, I should fire a grin!" responded he politely. "I've been around when our neck of the woods was toiling hard to save its own representation! Why, miss, I seen a blizzard tip a prairie fire right up on end, and it blazed away, a streak of fire thirty miles high! just tipped it right up!"

"Gracious!" squealed the girl. "I should have thought it would have blown it clear off!"

"That's where you catch my heel! You see, the fire struck agin a railroad locomotive that was passing some eight miles up, and the engine held it perpendicular," exclaimed the Montana man. "You can't fool a prairie fire, much! When it came down it k'pt right on blazing, and the melted engine dropped on the track and ran right to the round house in a liquid stream. They had to pack it in ice so as to freeze it into shape again! Oh, we have ice in our school district!"

Our Nice Little Army.

The array appropriation bill, which passed the House of Representatives on the 5th of April, and is now in the Senate, fills seventeen folio pages and is an interesting document. It appropriates in all \$26,563,000. Of this sum \$12,200,000 is for the pay of one general, one lieutenant-general, three major-generals, sixteen brigadier-generals, 39 aides-de-camp (in addition to their pay in the line), 66 colonels, 85 lieutenant-colonels, 244 majors, 314 mounted captains, 263 captains (not mounted), 34 chaplains, 21 storekeepers, 40 adjutants, 40 regimental quartermasters, an adjutant and quartermaster of the Engineer Battalion (in addition to the line pay), 202 first lieutenants (mounted), 361 first lieutenants (not mounted), 150 second lieutenants (mounted), 306 second lieutenants (not mounted), 180 acting assistant commissaries of subsistence, pay to retired officers, and to enlisted men of all grades not exceeding 25,000 men; 500 enlisted men of the Signal Corps; mileage; hire of 125 contract surgeons and 200 hospital nurses; 54 paymasters' clerks, at the rate of \$1500 each; 14 veterinary surgeons; commutation of quarters, and other little trifles. Now, by all this it will be seen that it is no joke to keep up an army; and it will also be seen that to take care of 25,000 enlisted men no less than 2703 officers of all grades are required, which is at the rate of less than ten men to one officer. We are not complaining about it, but are simply stating the fact. Captions critics might easily question the utility of the thirty-four chaplains; and others might ask why a man who is fit to be a paymaster at all, and whose whole duty consists in paying off an average about 500 officers and men once a month, should need a clerk at the cost of \$1500 a year to do his work for him. It may indeed be questioned whether the service would suffer at all if the office of paymaster were abolished and the duty of paying the army transferred to the colonels of the regiments, or to the regimental quartermasters.

For the Subsistence Department of the army \$2,200,000 is appropriated, and this is to feed the 25,000 enlisted men, the landresses, 1865 civil employes, the contract surgeons, the hospital matrons, ninety-three convicts and 500 Indian prisoners, which are to cost 20 cents each. Besides sundry extra items for "hot coffee and cooked rations for troops traveling on cars," and so on. For the Quartermaster's Department, which provides fuel, light, forage, horses, stationery and so on \$3,500,000 is necessary. For incidental expenses, which are very numerous, ranging from postage to horseshoes and from the hire of spies and interpreters to the apprehension of deserters, \$1,000,000 is given. For transportation of all kinds the large sum of \$4,100,000 is required. For the hire of quarters and repairs, \$880,000; for clothing and camp equipage, \$1,400,000; for medicine, \$200,000; for the Army Medical Museum, \$5000; and for the manufacture of arms at national armories, \$400,000 is among the other items in this interesting bill. No one grudges the army anything it ought to have, and probably there is little, if anything, provided for in this bill that it ought not to have.

Birds flying in the night. One of the phenomena which have been noticed in connection with the cold weather of the past four weeks is the scarcity of some species of birds which usually make their appearance from the 1st to the 15th of May. Although in the milder weather of last month the early birds came thick and fast, passing on their way to the north, the tide of migration has apparently been stayed by the unfavorable weather, which has retarded as well the growth of vegetation in some ways. Many of our birds which may be seen here regularly in numbers on certain dates every season have not appeared at all, or but few of them have been seen.

It is well known that flights of birds occur quite regularly in autumn before the storms, and in spring after them. It is also well known that many birds in their migrations travel during the night, resting during the day. We were prepared on the rise of the mercury Saturday evening to note a flight of birds during the night, and were not disappointed. The early hours of the evening passed without much having been heard of the birds, except now and then the chirp of a warbler, or the noise of a small flock passing overhead.

At eleven o'clock, however, bird calls began to resound high in the air and on all sides, and from twelve to two in the morning multitudes of birds were heard passing overhead; some low, some so high that their notes came back like a faint echo from the darkness. Occasionally a flock of warblers or sparrows would pass, flying so low that the rustling of their wings could be heard. Now and then a flock of some small birds passed high overhead, making their call notes a continuous musical ripple through the night. From the regions of the upper air, high above all, came back the tones of the plover and other shore birds, all tending towards the north. This vast multitude of birds continued to pass throughout the night.

The notes of many, such as the bobolink, tanager, Wilson's thrush and white-crowned sparrow, were recognized; during a walk Sunday morning these birds and many others were found in numbers. Those who wish to observe the smaller land birds, now on the alert, for in a few days from this time very few birds will be found here, except our summer residents. This flight of birds, which is probably not local, may extend over the entire portion of the northern United States, east of the Mississippi, or even further. Countless millions of birds are now spreading through these States, returning from their wanderings in Southern forests to their old homes in the North.

Statistics appear to show that Germany surpasses all other countries in the consumption of matches, the number used there daily being as great as from ten to fifteen per head of the population. This fact is attributed to the almost universal custom of smoking. In Belgium the consumption is about nine per head; in England, eight; in France, six.

Girls, like opportunities, are all the more to you after being embraced.

My case is just here," said a citizen to a lawyer the other day; "the plaintiff will swear that I hit him. I will swear that I did not. Now, what can you lawyers make out of that if we go to trial?"

"Five dollars apiece," was the prompt reply.

When the plaintiff was asked to state his case, he said: "I was walking along the street, and I saw a young girl, very nice, and I was attracted to her."

"And she was attracted to you?" asked the lawyer.

"Yes, she was," replied the plaintiff.

"And you were attracted to her?" asked the lawyer.

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Ideal Indians.

The Osages are said to be the nearest to ideal Indians in appearance among the remaining tribes of Indian Territory. The average height of the man is fully six feet, and their features are strongly characteristic. "They retain the savage dress," says a correspondent of the Providence Journal, "save their heads except a cock's comb, streak their faces with red ochre, and their bodies and arms with dark lines. When the three youths presenting this appearance dashed up on their ponies, it looked as though we had got among the native aborigines at last. They extended their hands with a smiling greeting that displayed their white teeth, and uttered their talismanic 'Howgh,' to which we responded with an attempt at equally deep-lunged emphasis, and then they clattered on, sitting straight on their horses' back, and riding like centaurs."

In the same letter, however, the writer describes something far less picturesque and more civilized—the spectacle of a native constable lugging a drunken Indian to jail, and clubbing him, policeman fashion, on the way. He also heard some squaws singing selections from Pinesiro in a most dreadful manner, to the accompaniment of a painful accordion.—[N. Y. Sun.

Soon after starting we passed the seater where Jens lives when he is not hunting in the mountains, and Esau, wishing to see what kind of snow-shoes they use in this part of the country, Jens ran up to the house and fetched his "skier." To give an idea of the absurd honesty which prevails here, we noticed that though Jens had been absent from home for the last two months, and the windows were shut up, yet the door was only latched, and after the inspection of the snow-shoes, Jens would not trouble to take them back, but simply left them by the side of the road to wait his return three or four days hence. Another instance illustrating the same simplicity occurred to us once when traveling in quite a different part of Norway. When changing carriages at a station our baggage was all heaped together on the roadside, and as we waited to stay there an hour or so for dinner, and this was a main road with a fair amount of traffic, we suggested to the landlord that our goods had better be brought inside the station. He merely looked up to the sky with a weather-wise eye and replied: "Oh, no; I'm sure it won't rain."

Three in Norway.

The Miser's Prayer. Joaquin Miller, has the following in the Century Magazine for July:

When they had finished the hymn for the second time, the man from Maine grasped the hands of Lazarus and Nut Crackers and cried out:

"Once more, boys! Once more! And, boys, the pit and main thing in the prayin' and the singin' is that the kid gets well, of course. But, boys, chip in a sort of side prayer for the mine. Now, all together."

"From Greenland's icy mountains—"
"Yes, boys, heave it up for the mine, on the sly, like. Keep her up, now!"

"From Joppa's coral str-a-n-d—"
"Where America's sunny sea-u-s—"
"Roll down their golden sa-u-n—"

Yes, boys, keep your eye on the mine; don't cost a cent more, you know, to come right out flat-footed for the mine, so that she can't miss in the mornin' under no possible durned circumstances."

His to Candidates. A citizen who lately built himself a residence was the other day showing a friend through it, and when everything had been noticed and discussed, he asked:

"Well, do you see anywhere you could improve it?"

"Yes, I noticed a bad error right at the start," was the reply.

"You have no balcony in front."

"But I didn't want one."

"Well, perhaps not, but when you are running for office and the band comes up to serenade you and the populace calls for a speech, you will either have to go to the roof or come down to the ground to respond. A balcony is a sort of middle ground—just high enough to escape making pledges, and not too high to promise all sorts of reform. Ought to have a balcony, sir—regret it if you don't.—[Texas Figures.

Matchless Liar of Chicago.

"Do you doubt me, Myrtle?" "Never!" exclaimed the girl, putting on her invisible net as she spoke and placing her hand to her forehead where she would be sure to see it in the morning.

The sun had glared down fiercely all day upon the parched earth, and now that night had come the heat was even more oppressive than ever, because the cold wind that had been wafted from the lake during the day had died away, and was a dreary, sensuous, one-gauze-under-shirt-and-no-vest evening, such as one often noticed while traveling in Palestine.

"You have great faith in me, have you not, little one?" Vivian McCarty said, taking the girl's off hand in his.

"Yes," replied Myrtle, "I believe in you with a childlike faith akin to that which enables a boy to bite a pie in the dark, and I love you with a deep tenderness and fair loyalty that can never die."

"And would you believe anything I told you?" Vivian murmured, kissing the dimpled hand that lay in his.

Looking at him with her starry eyes, in which there gleamed a holy love light, the girl replied slowly and with infinite pathos:

"I would believe your every word, no matter what you told me."

"Then," said Vivian, while a baleful light shot from his near eye, "there is no ice cream in Chicago."

For an instant, dazed by the shock, Myrtle did not speak, but presently the voice of her heart found echo in words:

"I can never leave you now, she whispered. "There cannot be another such lust in all the wide, wide world."—[Chicago Tribune.

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"Yes, she was," replied the plaintiff.

Wonderful Longevity of Our Widows.

The widows of the soldiers and sailors of the war of 1812 are, fortunately for themselves and unfortunately for the public treasury, blessed with marvelous health and strength. According to the latest official reports from Washington, twenty-six thousand of these interesting ladies present themselves every three months before the accredited agents of the government and draw their pensions with a precision that shows a high condition of financial discipline. Their ages, individually or collectively, no one of course will be so ungallant as even to hint at, but the date of the late war with Great Britain is pretty well back in the century, and is a more trustworthy record than even Judge Speir's family Bible. In the darkness and uncertainty that develop the pension office at Washington, regarding the possible claims against the government arising out of the late war, the roll of the records of the heroes of that patriotic epoch in our his-tory may afford some light and instruction. The total number of killed and wounded in the 1812 fifteen campaigns was a little more than five thousand. At the end of seventy years the pension list of the widows alone outnumbers that of the casualties by five to one. If the widows of the veterans of the rebellion stand by the treasury as patriotically as those of 1812, the commissioner of pensions in 1950 will have a couple of hundred thousand of them on their books.

When the widow of a soldier or sailor of the war of 1812 is asked to state her case, she says: "I was walking along the street, and I saw a young girl, very nice, and I was attracted to her."

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