

A TOWN GARDEN.

A plot of ground—the merest scrap—
Deep, like a dry forgotten well,
A garden oasis in a brick-built wall.

There is a rose against the wall,
With scented, smoke-incensed leaves;
Fair showers on happier roses fall—
On this, four droppings from the cave.

The poorest blossom, and it were classed
With color and fragrance but never a flower;
It blooms with the roses whose bloom is past.

Could one transplant you—(far on high
A misty sunset lights the ties)—
And set you 'neath the arching sky,
In the green orchard, so many eyes,

Yet not who needs you in those bowers?
Who prizes gifts that adorn give?
Beside your life instead of a wreath,
And slowly die that dreams may live,

THE SERJEANT'S WILL.

"Mr. Warrington, I believe?"
Simple words and true as far as that I
Am Mr. Warrington; but this I can as-
sert, that never had words so taken me by

I am a barrister, as you guess, and my
chambers are in Hare Court; it is the
most ancient, quiet and retired place in
the Temple, just on your right if you
come in by the archway at the bottom of
Chancery Lane.

Well, about the time I have men-
tioned, I was obliged, no matter why—
perhaps because over my dinner at the
Suffolk Street Club I discovered a fallacy
in the opinion to be sent out the next
morning—I found myself obliged, for
the first time in certainly a year, to go to
my chambers after dinner.

"Mr. Warrington, I believe."
With one hand resting upon the table
and pressing some among the many
papers which littered it, stood the
speaker, a lady! Apparently about five-

"You must be surprised to find me
here. I am Serjeant Greathhead's niece."
"Oh, yes!" I answered, with a bow and
a vain attempt to indicate by my tone
that I thought this a perfectly satisfactory
explanation of her presence at 9:30
in his chambers; "Oh, yes."

"He is rather unwell this evening,
and thought he would like to have some
papers to read, in case he should not
appear. I have volunteered to fetch them—
was it not bold of me—and my cab is
waiting in Fleet street."

lit a candle and drew some water from
the filter. There was a flavor of romance
about this, and yet, handsome as she
was, and singular as were the circum-
stances, something repelled me. I had
not got over the start she caused me
perhaps.

"Are you sure that you have got what
you want?" She had replaced the papers
and cleared the table with wonderful
deftness while I was away. She was
standing now by the fireplace, evidently
ready to go.

"I have, thank you," she answered
rather thoughtfully; "perhaps you would
be good enough to escort me to my cab,
my nerves have hardly recovered yet."
She smiled bewitchingly as she spoke
what I took for badinage, but the next
instant I saw that it was true enough.

"It would hardly do for any one to
find me here," she said, with a forced
laugh, finding my eyes fixed upon her
face.

"No? but that was so like your uncle's
footstep that it did not alarm me."
She did not smile as I expected. On
the contrary, she helped to unfasten the
outer door with almost petulant eager-
ness. Once in the open air she breathed
more freely, but she hardly spoke again
except to thank me when I put her into
the cab.

I did not get much work done that
night, quiet as it was; my visitor had
unsettled me, I suppose. Twice I thought
I heard someone in the Serjeant's room,
and was foolish enough to take a light
and go and see. Of course there was no
one there; so after a short time I gave
it up and went home to bed.

"Umph," I said to myself, and being
a lawyer, began to think and to put two
and two together, not without now and
again a little eerie feeling down the small
of my back. Mr. Serjeant Greathhead
died on Saturday evening. On Saturday
evening, before or after the event, is not
proved, a lady is occupied all alone
among Mr. Serjeant Greathhead's papers
in his chambers, and, though this I was
not quite sure about, among the drawers
of his writing table. "Umph!" I said,
I was never on very intimate terms with
the old gentleman, who was thirty years
my senior, and it is no particular busi-
ness of mine. It's all right, or will come
so in the end, doubtless. And I put on
my boots and coat and went down to
chambers and discussed the old gentle-
man's death, with the due amount of
sympathy, with his clerk, and forwarded
a letter of condolence to the family, of
whom I knew nothing, applied to the
treasurer of the Inner Temple to take on
the Serjeant's chambers, and did my
usual work and lived my usual life for
four days. Then something happened.

"Not the slightest. We were not on
very intimate terms, though the best of
friends. Have you searched his cup-
board and books?"
"Carefully. Yet I feel sure that it is
here. The day he signed it he said to
me, 'Here you'll find it when you want it
Ford,' and he tapped the table, so that
I took it for granted he meant to lock it
up there."

"What family has he left, Mr. Ford?"
"His was never married. His niece, a
remarkably nice girl, has lived with him
for over a year. Except a distant cousin
who acted as a kind of housekeeper, she
was his only connection."

"Was his niece a very great favorite of
his?"
"Yes, of late, very much so. Her
mother and the serjeant did not get on;
a year ago the mother died, and Mr.
Greathhead, who was a good man at bot-
tom, took the girl home. I don't mind
telling you that the missing will leaves
her nearly everything."

I told him all that had occurred on the
Saturday night, just as I have related it
above. If my readers feel a tittle of the
wonder he expressed, I am satisfied with
my powers of description.

"If you had not told me face to face,
sir, I would not have believed a syllable,"
he said emphatically, "not a syllable!"

"Well, I could. Perhaps it would be
more satisfactory if you saw herself."
"Not at all. What in the world made
the man fidget so?"

"Then I think—I have—somewhere,
if I've not left it, the very thing you
want. Oh, yes, here it is." And after
fumbling in all his other pockets, from
his breast pocket Mr. Ford, a little red
in the face, produced a neat little Ras-
sia leather case. He opened this and
held the portrait within for my inspec-
tion.

"Well?" he uttered impatiently, while
with a critical eye I was examining a
very pretty, very youthful, wholly good
face.

"Nose a little, just a little, too retrou-
so," I murmured.
"Elph?" shutting it up with an angry
snap.

"But, however, that is not the lady
who was occupied here on Saturday
night. That is one point clear, Mr.
Ford. Now, who would profit by the
destruction of this will? Is there any
earlier one in existence?"

"Yes. There is a former will discov-
ered in the serjeant's desk at home. It
was made before Olive—I mean Miss
Greathhead—came to live with him."

"Its date?"
"January, 1879."

"Well?"
"Let me leave two thirds of the estate to
the cousin who then kept house for
him."

"A tall, pale, dark-eyed woman, de-
cidedly good-looking."

"Yes. By Jove, I see! She was your
visitor, and with instinctive caution,
gave Olive's name, or rather descrip-
tion," he cried.

"And has destroyed the last will?"
"I don't know so much about that,"
he answered, slowly wiping his forehead.

"Upon my honor," Ford whispered to
his confidential clerk, as the door closed
behind them, "I am afraid to leave them
together."

"Show her in. Good gracious! How
do you do? Please to take a seat, miss—
ah, yes, Miss Greathhead. Very sad
things have happened since I saw you
last." It was my former visitor, the
Serjeant's niece.

Thus Mr. Ford, in a low, apologetic
tone, busy with the paper.

"Oh, Edith, I am very sorry!" Miss
Greathhead had risen, too, and put her
hand upon the older woman's shoulder.
The servants were filing out. Miss Chilling
pushed the other aside, not cruelly,
but as she were in the way.

"The will! show me the will!" she
said, in hoarse, low tones, holding out
one white hand imperatively. Mr. Ford
banded it to her without a word. She
took it to the window and examined it
carefully. Wonderful as under the cir-
cumstances was her self-command, one
could hear the paper rustle in her shak-
ing hands. In a moment she faced us.

"No," Mr. Ford answered nervously,
"he took, I suppose, other advice. The
attesting witnesses are Mr. Warrington,
who, you may be aware, has chambers—
had, I should say—with the serjeant, and
the laundress, who died some months
ago. So it is evident that it was made at
chambers."

"Is Mr. Humphreys still here?" she
said to the servant.

"Yes, Miss."

"Ask him to come to me, if you
please?"

"My clerk shall fetch him," cried Mr.
Ford, hastily, with a glance at the ser-
vant and then at his unprepossessing
follower.

"No," said Miss Chilling, imperatively.
We all stood still and listened to the
clock ticking solemnly, till the old clerk
appeared.

"Humphreys," she said, with a
strange yearning in her voice, a sudden
softening, as it were, "please to examine
this signature, and tell me if it is your
late master's."

"Upon my honor," Ford whispered to
his confidential clerk, as the door closed
behind them, "I am afraid to leave them
together."

"Why? what! you don't think she—?"
He stood still.

"The serjeant? No, I don't. I have
seen his doctor. She was first on the
scene, that's all; a couple of hours be-
fore any one else, I expect."

"Please do not think it an odd one. I
have a reason. Do you remember wit-
nessing my uncle's signature about a
year ago?"

"Well, I remember this much, that I
did so, but I don't think I can tell you
much about it; as far as I can recall the
matter, Mrs. Coil was there. No one
else, I think. If I can help you any
further, I will think it out."

opened the drawers, cast my eye over
them, felt behind them; as I expected,
nothing. Then I procured a chair and a
candle, and with a minuteness that
would have done credit to a Foucher, I
looked along the top of row after row of
the half-bound books that on three sides
concealed the walls from floor to ceiling.

"There has been a lady here, your boy
tells me?"

"Yes, the lady. She wished to see her
uncle's room once more. Sweetly ap-
propriate, wasn't it?"

"Well, out of consideration for her
feelings—"

"He was on his knees in the twinkling
of an eye, and had both eyes glued on
the top of the eleventh and twelfth
volumes of Bevan's Reports of the Court
of Chancery. The layer of dust, which
elsewhere lay in uniform smoothness,
was here disturbed."

"The will is in Chancery, you may de-
pend upon it," I said, airily. At a sign
from me Ford gingerly removed the
books, and opened first one and shook
it—nothing. I won't swear that other
and did not flush as he opened the other
and used a naughty word. I examined the
volume closely, with the same result.
We looked at one another.

"Nothing wrong with our calculations,
is there?"

"No; under the missing will she gets
£5,000. That will disappear, that she
may get two-thirds of the whole estate
under the first; when, lo, up starts an
intermediate will—a devilish odd will—
leaving her only £500, and good, as far
as she knows, until the missing one turns
up. She's no fool; therefore it will turn
up."

"If she has not destroyed it."

"Exactly. How much time did you
give her?"

"Five minutes at least; and wait a minute,
what fools we have been!" Two volumes
of Bevan's reports still lay upon the floor
side by side. I plunged my hand into
the orifice caused by their absence from
the shelf. I groped. Ford's eyes grew
perceptibly bigger. "What's this?" I
cried, and brought out a paper.

"Right!" he shouted, as he hastily
glanced at it outside. The lost will!
We've won!"

"No chance of 'five years with—' eh,
now, Ford?"

"No, but upon my honor, at one time
things looked awkward."

The five thousand pounds were prompt-
ly paid to Mrs. Chilling, and she had
passed from our sight with that modest
independence. She was a very clever
woman, and most certainly will get on
in the world. I am glad she never learned
how she was cheated. Olive Greath-
head is now the wife of "our Mr. Ford,"
a cozy, pleasant resort is their house in
Grenville place. So much of the busi-
ness of Ford, Ford & Bittle comes to my
chambers in Hare Court, that I also am
thinking of setting up a little double
establishment at the West End. Ford
and I sometimes chat over the Serjeant's
three wills, and the last time I dined
with him I heard him say, with singular
emphasis, to his guest on the right:

Description of a Cowboy.

A genuine cowboy is worth describing,
writes a correspondent of the Philadel-
phia Press. In many respects he is a
wonderful creature. He endures hard-
ships that would take the lives of most
men, and is, therefore, a perfect type of
physical manhood. He is the finest
horseman in the world, and excels in all
the rude sports of the field. He aims to
be a dead shot, and universally is. Con-
stantly during the harshest season he
rides seventy miles a day, and a majority
of the year sleeps in the open air. His
life in the saddle makes him worship his
horse, and it, with a rifle and a six-
shooter, complete his happiness. Of vice
in the ordinary sense he knows nothing.
He is a rough, uncouth, brave and gener-
ous creature, who never lies or cheats.
It is a mistake to imagine that they are
a dangerous set. Any one is as safe with
them as with any people in the
world, unless he steals a horse or is
hunting for a fight. In their eyes death
is a mild punishment for horse-stealing.
Indeed, it is the highest crime known to
the unwritten law of the ranch. Their
life, habits, education and necessities
breed this feeling in them. But with all
this disregard of human life there are
less murderers and cutthroats graduated
from the cowboys than from among the
better educated classes of the east who
come out here for venture or gain. They
delight in appearing rougher than they
are. To a tender-foot, as they call an
eastern man, they love to tell blood-
curdling stories and impress him with
the dangers on the frontier. But no
man gets harmed unless he commits some
crime. They very often own an interest
in the herd they are watching, and very
frequently become owners of ranches.
The slang of the range they always use
to perfection, and in season and out of
season. Unless you want to insult him,
never offer a cowboy pay for any little
kindness he has done, or for a share of
his rude meal. If the changes that are
coming to stock raising should take the
cowboy from the ranch, its most inter-
esting feature will be gone.

Milking Three Times a Day.

Messrs. Muller and Jones, of Ger-
many, have been making some quite ex-
tensive experiments in milking cows
more than the usual number of times a
day. By milking three times a day a
slight percentage of fat is secured that

would be lost under other practices. In
one experiment reported, if the butter
were worth thirty cents a pound, the
butter from the two milkings would be
worth \$14, and from the three milkings
\$18, according to the percentage of fat
found to be secured by the extra milk-
ing. The question arises in the extra milk-
ing. Is the extra money value secured worth
the labor expended in securing it? The
will, of course, depend very much on
the pasture, the trouble of driving them
back again, is not altogether measure-
by the labor expended, but the loss of
regular daily labor are serious matters
a farm where long distances separate
the hands from the cattle. When
again, on the dairy farms of the
country, the great bugbear is the
want of good milkage. Few men suc-
ceed in dairying who have to depend
on hired help outside their own family
or connections. Men hate to milk, and
women cannot do it where large num-
bers of cows are to be handled in a
reasonably short time. In the old country
where hands are numerous and are to be
had for the asking, the burden of the
milkings a day may be imposed without
creating a riot, but in this country that
would not do. The chances also are
that such frequent milkings would lead
to dry up the cows for want of distaste
of the udder. This of course applies to
cows in the usual condition. When the
cow is fresh and produces a yield that
threatens the udder and is evidently
painful to the cow, it is well to relieve
the udder by one or two extra milkings
a day, and even then it is scarcely worth
while to draw the udder to the last
milkings. Under the ordinary conditions
of American farm life, we are quite sure
that the extra per cent. of fat saved by
one additional milking, in view of the
inconvenience attached to its perform-
ance would not pay the dairymen to
practice it. In view of the effect on the
cow, we would be slow to recommend
the practice, even if it did pay.—Am-
erican Dairyman.

A Baby on the Battlefield.

The Martinsburg correspondent of
the Wheeling Intelligencer relates the
following story: Almost every family
here has some bit of romance con-
nected with the late war. To-day a
musical, at which I was kindly invited,
I met a lady whose talents as a musi-
cian and whose remarkable beauty
had attracted my attention. She pos-
sessed that rare type of prettiness which
is wholly southern. Great, deep blue
eyes, the face perfect in every feature,
hair rich in its abundance, and woe-
ful in its tint. This is her story:
Twenty years ago, when the tide of
battle in long, bloody waves swept
over the terrible field of Manassas,
every girl was left an orphan on the
fateful day, the home of the blue-
eyed girl was at one time directly between
the fire of both armies. As the first
whistled above the house, the parents
started to flee for a place of refuge, a
dozen yards from the door both were
shot down, and the baby, an orphan
without sister or brother, was alone
in the world. The father, aged on,
and dying were everywhere, but the
baby was unharmed. The day was
away, and just as the sun's last rays
half hidden in the curling smoke,
kissed the earth good night, General
Jubal Early, riding by, heard the baby
cries. He dismounted, and taking the
little waif up, cared for it until he could
place it under the care of his sister.
They watched it through its infant
years, giving it an education and a
wed of love, and now that baby, grown
womanhood, lovely and accomplished,
the pet of a wide circle of friends, we
call her "Waif," is the sole support
these two women, sisters of the re-
giment. Over these she sits direct-
musical offering, every inch a woman,
able and true. She talked to me
estly, and her beautiful eyes filled with
tears as she spoke of her two old friends.
If I should write her name it would
be a strange one here, for all the world
knows Miss Ida Henry.

HER CONDUCT EXPLAINED.—The ob-
ject of Lillian Russell will not be
much wondered at when the following
extract from an interview with her
mother is read: "My children are
bright," continued Mrs. Leonard, "in-
credibly self-helpful and self-reliant.
They can all do for themselves. I
had eight children in all, five daughters
surviving; three of them have been mar-
ried and all are separated from their
husbands. This, including my own,
does not argue strongly in favor of
institution of marriage, which you
I condemn. About that my principles
are well known. I believe in propa-
gation on purely scientific principles,
and marriage in my family has certainly
been a very successful institution."

The next great artistic event will
be the opening of the triennial exhibition
organized by the French government.
The choicest works of the great French
and foreign masters produced since 1875
will form a valuable collection, which
will attract crowds to Paris from the
15th of September until the 31st of
October.

"I should think it would make
nervous to have ladies stare at you
so," said a sympathizing friend to
young clergyman in a street car.
"Does not at all," replied the clergyman.
"Christmas is near, and those ladies
long to my congregation."

"So you are married at last, Charlie?
I hear your wife is an energetic woman
and keeps things stirred up. Of course
you married her for love?" "No," said
the husband, bracing him up. "I mar-
ried her to cure my dyspepsia."

Bulgarian linen scarf, with gay
Tunish embroidery in each end are pressed
into the milliner's service, and are used
to form entire hats, or else merely trim
the rough straw round hats, and
adorn the smallest capote.

"Mar I ask you why you left your
place?" innocently inquired a charming
young bride of a showy looking man
who offered herself as a cook. "What
may I inquire why your last cook left
you?"

A trade dollar saved is eighty-five
cents earned.—Philadelphia Press.