

A LISTENING BIRD

A little bird sat on an apple tree. And he was as hoarse as a horse could be. He crooned and he chirped, and ruffled his throat.

HOW A WOMAN LOVED.

"As the marquis has said," began the old doctor, "love is an affair of temperament; for my part, a passion came under my observation that lasted fifty-five years, without a day of respite, and was terminated only by death."

The marquis clasped her hands. "Isn't that nice!" cried she. "How delicious to be loved so! What happiness to live fifty-five years enveloped by such affection! How happy he should be, and how he ought to bless life, the man who is adored in that fashion!"

The doctor resumed with a smile: "Indeed, madam, you are not deceived upon the point that the beloved being was a man. You know him—he is M. Chouquet, the apothecary of the town. As to the woman, you knew her also—she was the old chair mender, who came every year to the chateau. But I will make myself better understood."

The enthusiasm of the ladies had cooled and their countenances expressed disgust, as if love had no business save with elegant and highborn people. The doctor continued: "Three months ago I was summoned to that old woman's deathbed. She had arrived the day before in the wagon that served her for a dwelling, drawn by the sorry horse you have seen and accompanied by her two huge black dogs, her friends and guardians. The cure was already there. She made us her testamentary executors, and to explain to us the meaning of her last wishes, related to us the history of her whole life. I know of nothing more touching."

"Her father and mother both were chair menders. She had never lived in a house built upon the ground. When young she had wandered about, ragged and dirty. They stopped just outside of the villages, along the ditches; they unharnessed; the horse dropped the grass; the dog dozed, his muzzle upon his paws, and the child rolled amid the verdure while her parents mended, in the shade of the roadside elms, all the old chairs of the commune. They spoke but little. After the few words necessary to decide who should go around among the houses uttering the well known cry, 'The chair mender is here!' they began to twist the straw, sitting opposite to each other or side by side. When the child strayed too far or endeavored to make the acquaintance of some village urchin, her father's angry voice recalled her with, 'Will you come here, you little wretch! These were the kindest words she ever heard.'

"When she grew larger they sent her to gather up the broken chairs. While thus engaged she became acquainted with several lads here and there, but it was then the parents of her new friends who roughly recalled their children, shouting: 'Will you come here, you slovenly boy? I'll teach you better than to chatter with barefooted vagrants!' Often the little lads threw stones at her."

"Some ladies having given her a few sous, she kept them carefully. One day—she was then twelve years old—as she was passing through this district, she met back of the cemetery little Chouquet, who was weeping because a comrade had stolen two sous from him. Those tears of a little bourgeois, of one of those lads whom she imagined in her weak vagrant's head to be always contented and joyous, upset her. She approached, and when she knew the reason of his trouble she poured into his hands all her savings, seven sous. He naturally took them and wiped away his tears. Then, wild with joy, she had the audacity to kiss him. As he was attentively gazing at the money he let her go ahead. Seeing that she was neither repulsed nor beaten she began again; she hugged him with all her might, with all her heart. Then she ran off."

"What was passing in her miserable head? Had she attached herself to this boy because she had sacrificed her vagabond's fortune for him, or because she had given him her first tender kiss? The mystery is the same for children as for grown up people. For months she dreamed of that corner of the cemetery and of the boy; in the hope of seeing him again she robbed her parents, pocketing a sou here and another there from the money she collected for chair mending, or the suns with which she was sent to buy provisions."

"When she returned to the district she had two francs in her pocket, but she could only catch a glimpse of the little apothecary, looking very neat, through the window of the paternal shop, between a bottle filled with red liquid and a shelf well stocked with drugs. She only loved him the more, fascinated, agitated, rendered ecstatic by this glory of colored water, this apotheosis of sparkling glass."

"She kept in her memory the ineffaceable recollection of him, and when she met him the following year, back of the school house, playing marbles with his comrades, she hugged and kissed him with such violence that he howled with fear. Then, to quiet him, she gave him her money—three francs, twenty centimes—a genuine treasure that he stared at with wide open eyes. He took it, and left her caress him as long as she wanted to."

"For four years more she poured into his hands all the money she could get, which he pocketed conscientiously in exchange for willing kisses. It was one time thirty sous, once or twice two

francs, once twelve sous only (she was a with pain and humiliation on account of the smallness of the sum, but the year had been bad), and the last time five francs, a huge coin that made him laugh contentedly."

"She had no thought but of him. He awaited her return with a certain impatience, and ran to meet her as soon as he saw her, which made the young girl's heart leap."

Then he disappeared. He had been sent to college. She found this out by shrewd questioning. Then she used infinite diplomacy to change the route of her parents, so that she could pass through here at holiday time. She succeeded, but only after a year spent in stratagems; she had thus been two years without seeing him, and she hardly recognized him, so greatly had he changed—he was so tall, so much improved and so imposing in his jacket with gilt buttons. He feigned not to see her, and passed proudly by her. This made her weep for two days, and from that time she suffered constantly."

"Every year she returned, passed before him without daring to speak to him, and he did not even deign to turn his eyes toward her. She loved him desperately. She said to me: 'He is the only man I have seen on this earth. I know not if any others exist.'"

"Her parents died. She continued their trade, but she took two dogs instead of one—two terrible dogs that no one would have dared to brave. One day, on entering this village, in which her heart had remained, she saw a young woman come out of the Chouquet shop on the arm of the man she adored. She was his wife. He was married. That very evening she threw herself into the pond near the mayor's house. A belated drunkard fished her out and carried her to the apothecary shop."

"The younger Chouquet in a dressing gown came down to care for her, and restored her to consciousness without appearing to recognize her. Then he said to her in a harsh voice: 'You are mad! You must not be so stupid!' This sufficed to cure her. He had spoken to her. She was happy for a long while. He would receive nothing for his care of her, though she stonily insisted upon paying him. And all her life passed thus. As she mended chairs she thought of Chouquet. Every year she saw him through the window of the shop. She acquired the habit of purchasing of him supplies of trifling medicines. In that way she saw him close beside her, spoke to him, and gave him money."

"As I told you when I began, she died this spring. After having related her sad history, she begged me to take to the man whom she had loved so patiently all the savings of her lifetime, for she had toiled only to put aside and be sure that he would think of her, at least once, after she was dead."

"She gave me 2,327 francs. I left with monsieur the cure the twenty-seven francs for the burial and carried away the rest when she had uttered her last sigh."

"The next day I went to the home of the Chouquets. They were just finishing their breakfast. They made me sit down, and I began my speech in an unsteady voice, satisfied that they would weep. As soon as he comprehended that he had been beloved by that vagabond, that chair mender, Chouquet leaped to his feet with indignation. His wife was equally exasperated. Chouquet strode about the room, exclaiming: 'This is simply horrible! Oh, if I had known it when she was alive, I would have had her arrested by the gendarmes and put in prison! I was stupefied at the result of my pious undertaking, but I had my mission to complete, and I resumed: "

"She charged me to give you her savings, amounting to over 2,000 francs. As what I have told you seems to be very disagreeable to you, it would, perhaps, be better to give the money to the poor!"

"The man and woman stared at me, dumb with amazement. I took the money from my pocket. Then I demanded, 'What is your decision?' Mme. Chouquet was the first to speak. 'Since it was the woman's last wish,' she said, 'it seems to me that we cannot well refuse to take the money.' The husband, slightly confused, resumed, 'We can at least buy something with it for our children.'"

"I said, with an air of disgust, 'as you please.' Then I handed him the money, bowed, and took my departure. That was the only absolutely unselfish love I ever met with in my life, the love of the poor chair mender for so unworthy a man," said the doctor in conclusion."

Then the marquis, who had tears in her eyes, sighed: "Decidedly, only women know how to love!"—Theodore de Banville in Newark News.

A Remarkable Painting.
The vivid and stupendous processes in modern iron working, with their remarkable capabilities of representation on canvas, have been availed of, it appears, in a most attractive manner by a German artist, Adolf Menzel. In a great picture, the "Cyclop's Workshop," there is represented the interior of a large iron foundry, with its giant steam hammer, its blast and puddling furnaces, and its huge cylinders, that roll out glowing masses of iron of vast weight as if they were but soft paste. One of these glowing masses forms the center around which the interest of Menzel's picture moves.

COLD NERVE AND WASHERS.

How a Young Clerk at Cheyenne Stopped a Run on the Bank.

"We've got a bank clerk up in our neck of woods who some day will give Jay Gould cards and spades in the game of financing and beat him to a standstill," says Mortz Curren. "He's only nineteen years old but is a hammer. Two or three months ago, while the president of the bank was away, the cashier was taken sick and in a few hours was in a delirious state. The young Napoleon was left in full charge of the bank. Some evil disposed person started the story one afternoon that the institution was in a bad way, and intimated that the president had skipped the country and that the cashier's illness was only a bluff. Before night it was evident there would be a run on the institution the next morning. The young clerk knew there was scarcely money enough to last an hour. He had no one to advise him, but he acted promptly."

"He called on the leading hardware merchant and held a brief conference. Then this young Napoleon went home, where he found a committee from the depositors awaiting him. He did not wait for them to speak, but made this bluff: 'I refuse to discuss business with you. There will be \$50,000 in gold here in the morning, and there is a like amount in the safe. You may draw out every dollar you are deposited, and we'll be glad to get rid of your small accounts.' Then he turned on his heel and left the committee. Bright and early there assembled at the bank the creditors."

"Just before time for opening the doors an express wagon was driven up, in which were seated two heavily armed men, one of them the watchman of the bank. A pathway through the crowd was made, and the watchman began carrying into the bank canvas bags containing gold coin, as indicated by the prominent marks. Some of the bags were marked '\$5,000,' and one or two '\$10,000.' The people saw these bags, heard the chink of the metal, and believing the bank was 'O. K.' were about to move away."

"Just as the last bag of gold was handed into the door the young financier threw the bank open. The crowd did not make any effort to reach the paying teller's window. 'Come on, now, every one of you,' shouted the clerk. 'No one responding he made another bluff. 'You must come and get your money. We don't want your d—d accounts any more. Here, Jim Bartley, take this and sign this receipt in full. Here, Bill Wyman, come and get your dust.' He insisted on their taking the money. Just at this juncture the committee came in and begged the clerk to 'stop, for God's sake.' They almost got down on their knees to ask the bank to keep their money. The young 'Napoleon' finally consented, but declared if there was ever 'any more nonsense he would throw every depositor's money into the street.'"

"The crowd departed happy, and confident that the bank was one of the strongest institutions of its kind in America. Their confidence might have been shaken had they known the canvas bags marked '\$5,000 gold,' etc., and bedaubed with red sealing wax, contained nothing more nor less than iron washers, which the young clerk had purchased from the hardware man, who had otherwise assisted in the deception, he being convinced of the soundness of the bank. The two men, the young Napoleon insisted on paying in full the bank had long wished to get rid of."—Cheyenne Leader.

A Poner for the Lawyers.
John Doe owns a farm on the bank of the Niagara river. He has a fine pasture along the river, and he makes an honest penny now and then pasturing cows for his neighbors. Richard Roe has also a license from him to hitch his rowboat on the bank, with incidental right of ingress and egress through the pasture. About a week ago Richard lost his chain and improvised a rope of hay with which to moor his boat.

Now Ebenezer Dick's cow, pastured in the lot aforesaid, is fond of hay, and smelling the fragrance of the extempore rope she waded into the river, climbed into the boat, chewed up the rope, and floated down the stream, over the falls, where she met an untimely death. The boat was also pulverized en route to Queenstown."

Has Ebenezer Dick any right of action for the loss of his cow? If he has, of whom can he recover? Has Richard Roe any remedy for the loss of his boat, and if so against whom?—Buffalo Courier.

A Bible 280 Years Old.
A. T. Stratton, secretary of the Y. M. C. A., brought into our office a Bible printed in London in 1610. This Bible was bought soon after it was published by John Stratton, and has been handed down from John to John till it came into the present owner's hands. A part of the family record remains, some entries being made in 1763. As this Bible appeared one year before the King James' version it is difficult to determine what translation it is, though it differs very little from the authorized version. The book is evidently in the original binding and is in a fair state of preservation. The page upon which the date is found needs protection or the most valuable part of the book will be lost. It is a rare relic and is highly prized by the owner.—Dover Republican.

New Rules of Politeness.
In certain private schools of Brooklyn new rules of politeness are enforced. It is no longer proper for the little pupils to say: "Yes, sir," "No, sir," "Yes, ma'am," and "No, ma'am," to their elders. Now the correct thing is: "Yes, Mr. Brown," "No, Miss Smith," and so on.

If the child happens to be addressed by a strange lady or gentleman the child is instructed to reply, "Yes, mister," or "Yes, lady."

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