Little Girl on the Wall.

Now the daylight is done, and the curtains are drawn,
And the katydids sing all alone on the lawn,
And my little one's cries, as she comes at my call,
"Can't I play with the little black girl on the wall?"

Tho' she's dollies that cry and a dog that can bark,
A Manx cat and a fully equipped Noah's ark,
What delighted her most, ever since she could crawl,
Has been what she calls the black girl on the wall.

'Tis bedtime, and Bessie, our one little lamb,
Comes bleating, "O, mamma, I'm lonely, I am!
I've no brothers nor sisters. I've no one at all
But that dear little darling black girl on the wall!

"I don't see her by daytime—O, where does she go?
But at twilight she follows me now to and fro
Wherever I turn, and if I get a fall,
Why, then, down goes the little black girl on the wall!

"Mamma, what does she eat, and, O, what does she drink,
And what does she do all day long, do you think?
Now she's little like me and next minute she's tall,
But I never can catch that black girl on the wall!"

So our pet prattles on, when she's in for a race
With her shadow. O, isn't life just such a chase?
And she dances like mad down the fire lighted hall!
As she hunts for the little black girl on the wall.

—Boston Globe.

EUCHRED.

"I am going away to-morrow, Miss Clingstone."

Roderick Sweetwilliam uttered the words in the rich, opulent, Oswego bass voice which fitted his throat so well. Yet, withal, there is a faint tremor in that voice—a tremor such as quivers upon the air for several minutes after the dinner-gong in a fourth-rate hotel has received the final stroke. Roderick had practiced that tremor many days for this occasion, and had got it down to a fine, delicate point.

"Going away, so soon?" sighed rather than spoke Gladiola Clingstone.

Then for a long time neither spoke and as everything else was also still, silence reigned.

The descending sun of a late August day shot withering glances through the over-hanging branches to where the two sat deeply immersed in such thoughts as they happened to have handy. From afar, borne on a breeze so gentle that Gladiola's sigh would have been a hurricane in comparison, came the fervid exclamation of some honest, callous-palmed farmer addressed to the nigh horse which showed a disposition to lag. A small, thin-voiced mosquito winged its flight on gauzy wings from the neighboring swamp and alighted on the end of Gladiola's nose, whence the insect rose again with a tiny shriek of fiendish joy as it nimbly dodged a terrific right-handed blow aimed by Gladiola, which now spent itself upon the nose and circumambient air in about equal parts.

"Yes, I can stay no longer; I must return to my duties in the city. I go away to-morrow," reiterated Roderick after many minutes.

Both were playing a waiting game. From much perusal of the ephemeral literature of the present time each had learned that when a young man states to a young woman in whose company he has spent a large portion of his summer vacation, that he is going away again, and does it with the tremulo stop pulled out to its full extent, the young woman may be prepared to hear of something to her advantage if the young man is eligible.

Gladiola was waiting for Roderick to say something additional. Roderick was waiting to be encouraged to go on.

"Couldn't you stay two or three days longer?" asked Gladiola at length. At the same time she sighed so violently that Roderick involuntarily pulled his hat down more firmly as he would have done had a breeze suddenly sprung up.

"Would you be pleased to have me?"

"To have you? Why, Mr. Sweetwilliam, I ——"

"To have me stay, I mean?"

"What did you think I thought you meant?"

"Nothing."

"What you say often means nothing, Mr. Sweetwilliam," remarked Gladiola, who was quite an expert at repartee.

"You flatter me, Miss Clingstone; but few of us have the ability to converse freely about nothing. But suppose I should say something that did mean something; suppose I should ask you to be ——"

"There comes papa. Mr. Sweetwilliam, ask him, Roderick," exclaimed Gladiola, who, in addition to her many other accomplishments, had acquired the art of mind-reading and could tell beforehand what Roderick wanted to ask.

"With your permission, I desire to make you my father-in-law," calmly announced Roderick when Gladiola's father, the owner of vast estates and oceans of watered stock, approached.

"Ha, ha," laughed Mr. Clingstone without changing the position of even a single facial muscle. "And what are your prospects in life young man?"

"Prospects? I dalsy no longer with prospects. I live on the proceeds of the past. My uncle was worth a million when he died. I am his sole heir. See?"

"Presumptuous youth! Begone from my sight! How dare you ask me for the hand of my daughter? You! the representative of plutocracy. My daughter shall wed a poor and worthy young man unencumbered with wealth and possessed of nothing but his prospects. Begone! I say."

Thus having spoken, Mr. Clingstone turned and went away.

"How long has your unfortunate father been afflicted with paresis?" asked Roderick, who had failed to begone when Clingstone pere had vanished from view.

"It isn't that," murmured Gladiola. "Papa wishes to be considered eccentric."

"He will succeed; but it strikes me that he is overdoing it," responded Roderick. "But listen: I have a plan."

For half an hour thereafter Roderick poured words into Gladiola's left ear. When he had concluded Gladiola said:

"Since we shall be as one it shall be a mere form, and papa cannot kick."

Gladiola had one fault. In moments of deep emotion she sometimes became addicted to the use of slang.

"You here again? I told you yesterday to begone," angrily exclaimed Rufus Clingstone when Roderick Sweetwilliam came into his presence again at 10:30 a. m. the following day.

"I was gone but I returned," replied Roderick respectfully.

"Well what do you want?"

"Your daughter's hand. See, here is a paper conveying to your daughter all my property. I am now poor; I have nothing but my prospects. Truly, I am worthy to be your son-in-law."

"You have done this? The papers are all drawn up?"

"Drawn up and signed. Here they are. I am not worth a penny now."

"So I see," replied Mr. Clingstone, after a hasty perusal of the papers. "Well, young man," he continued, in a sorrowful tone, "I deeply regret to be compelled to inform you that since yesterday I have changed my opinion regarding the choice of a husband for my daughter. I think after all that it would be better for her to marry a rich man."

"Then we can destroy these papers, Mr. Clingstone, and I shall be eligible even in the new view you take of the matter."

"I am afraid not," replied the old man who was quite shrewd, musingly. "These papers are all formally prepared and it would be wrong to destroy them. Besides, I think that a man who will sign a large fortune away so readily ought not to be intrusted with it again. As Gladiola's guardian I shall take good care of the property you have conveyed to her until she marries. I shall take good care that her husband is a man with a better business head on his shoulders than you will ever have. Good day, Mr. Sweetwilliam; if ever you get hold of any more money hang on to it, my boy."

Roderick's face had assumed the expression of one who having placed all his money on the favorite sees a dark horse come in as winner.

"Surely, you are jesting," he stammered; "you joke with me."

"I never jest, and I joke with no one," sternly replied the shrewd old financier. "By the way, in order that you may have something that will keep you from want until you get a fresh start, I shall allow you an annuity of $500 until you can get along without it. Now go away, please, and don't detain me any longer. My time is valuable."

Speechless with conflicting emotions, Roderick picked up his hat and stole away. At the door he met Gladiola. He started to tell her of her father's doings.

"Don't trouble yourself," said she, interrupting him. "I was in an adjoing room and heard it all. Dear papa is eccentric; it's just like him to do this."

"Miss Clingstone—Gladiola—it can not be that you approve of his action? You will be true to me will you not? I have revealed to you the depth of my affection; I have intrusted my all to you; surely you will not desert me."

"I could not think of marrying you without dear papa's consent; that would be undutiful, you know," replied Gladiola coldly.

"Is this your final decision?"

"Certainly."

"Then listen to me, Miss Clingstone," began Roderick in stern, measured accents, at the same time drawing himself proudly erect until he seemed to be at least nine feet high. "You and your precious father think you have the bulge on me; but you are in grevious error. I am not nearly so great a fool as I may seem to be to the casual observer. Those papers which your father in triumph holds are written in patent evanescent ink. Long before you can get possession of my property the writing will have faded; the paper will be blank. You will perceive, Miss Clingstone, that he that indulges in the final hilarity derives the greater enjoyment therefrom."

"I was but jesting, Roderick; it was all a joke," murmured Gladiola liberally lubricating her words with soft soap.

"I shall leave you and your father to enjoy your little jest, and I hope you will be able to laugh heartily over it," replied Roderick, as he bowed himself out and walked away to the railway station, whistling merrily.

"Gladiola, my pet, we have been euchred," grimly remarked Rufus Clingstone to his daughter a moment later, after the two had compared notes.

"Who would have thought that a man could be so deceitful," remarked the maiden with a sigh.—*Arthur Lucas in the Epoch.*

Beats Three Times a Day.

"Whenever I tackle a plate of pork and beans," said the advance agent to an Oil City *Blizzard* man, as he leaned back in his chair, crossed his legs, and surveyed the "stack of whites" placed before him with a critical air, "my alleged mind and memory revert to a season I put in with a road show, otherwise a circus, traveling wagon. One Saturday I dropped into a little town called Saccarappa, in the state of Maine. There was but one hotel in the place, and not having the entree to the society columns, as it were, I placed myself beneath its roof. When supper time arrived I was seated in the dining-room ere yet the coatless landlord had ceased to agitate the bell that called the victims to feed. The persecuted heiress that piloted the provender asked me if I would have tea. I realized the hopelessness of my case and said I would. She retired, reappeared, and placed before me a dish of hot beans, a plate of bread and butter, and a cup of tea.

"One Sunday morning I broke my fast with a boiled potato, a cup of something, and some cold beans. The mid-day meal was an improvement and consisted of a piece of corned beef, boiled potatoes, and baked beans. For supper we had tea and cold beans, and for breakfast Monday morning dallied with a cup of something and a dish of hot beans. When I left, I expressed my regret to the still coatless landlord that I had not been able to enjoy the beans for which the house was noted. If I live to be a thousand years old I'll never forget the expression on his face as he started back and said: 'What! y' didn't get no beans? Wal, by gosh, I'll see about that.'"

TALMAGE IN THE WEST.

Gorgeous Rhetoric Describing the Beauties of the Yellowstone—A Carnage of Color.

In a recent sermon Brooklyn's great preacher devoted a good part of his sermon to an enthusiastic description of the Yosemite and the Yellowstone park, whose wonders he described as follows:

"That valley of the Yosemite is eight miles long and a half mile wide and three thousand feet deep. It seems as if it had been the meaning of Omnipotence to crowd into as small a place as possible some of the most stupendous scenery of the world. Some of the cliffs you do not stop to measure by feet, for they are literally a mile high. If Jehovah has a throne on earth these are its white pillars.

"No pause for the eye, no stopping place for the mind. Mountains hurled on mountains. Mountains in the wake of mountains. Mountains flanked by mountains. Mountains split. Mountains ground. Mountains fallen. Mountains triumphant. As though Mont Blanc and the Adirondacks and Mount Washington were here uttering themselves in one magnificent chorus of rock and precipice and waterfall.

"Yonder is Yosemite falls, dropping 2,634 feet, sixteen times greater descent than that of Niagara. These waters dash to death on the rocks, so that the white spirit of the slain waters ascending in a robe of mist seeks the heaven. Yonder is Nevada falls, plunging 700 feet, the water in arrows, the water in rockets, the water in pearls, the water in amethysts, the water in diamonds. That cascade flings down the rocks enough jewels to array all the earth in beauty, and rushes on until it drops into a hell of waters, the smoke of their torment ascending forever and ever.

"But the most wonderful part of this American continent is the Yellowstone park. After all poetry has exhausted itself and all the Morans and Bierstadts and the other enchanting artists have completed their canvas, there will be other revelations to make and other stories of its beauty and wrath, splendor and agony, to be recited. Yellowstone park is a geologist's paradise.

"In some portions of it there seems to be the anarchy of the elements. Fire and water, and the vapor born of that marriage, terrific. Geyser cones or hills of crystal that have been over 5,000 years growing. In places the earth, throbbing, sobbing, groaning, quaking, with aqueous paroxysm.

"At the expiration of every sixty-five minutes one of the geysers tossing its boiling water 185 feet in the air and then descending into swinging rainbows. Caverns of pictured walls large enough for the sepulcher of the human race. Formations of stone in the shape and color of calla lily, of heliotrope, of rose, of cowslip, of sunflower, and of gladiola. Sulphur and arsenic and oxide of iron, with their delicate pencils turning the hills into a Luxemburg or a vaetican picture gallery. The so called Thanatopsis geyser, exquisite as the Bryant poem it was named after, and the so called Evangeline geyser, lovely as the Longfellow heroine it commemorates. The so called pulpit terrace, from its white elevation, preaching mightier sermons of God than human lips ever uttered. The so called Bethesda geyser, by the warmth of which invalids have already been cured, the angel of health continually stirring the waters. Enraging craters, with heat at 500 degrees, only a little below the surface.

"In some places waters as innocent and smiling as a child making a first attempt to walk from its mother's lap, and not far off as foaming, and frenzied and ungovernable as a maniac in murderous struggle with his keepers.

"But after you have wandered along the geyserite enchantment for days and begin to feel that there can be nothing more of interest to see, you suddenly come upon the peroration of all majesty and grandeur, the Grand Canon. It is here that it seems to me—and I speak with reverence—Jehovah seems to have surpassed himself. It seems a great gulch let down into the eternities.

"Here, hung up and let down and spread abroad, are all the colors of land and sea and sky. Upholstering of the Lord Almighty. Best work of the Architect of Worlds. Sculpturing by the Infinite. Masonry by an omnipotent trowel. Yellow! You never saw yellow unless you saw it there. Red! You never saw red unless you saw it there. Violet! You never saw violet unless you saw it there. Triumphant banners of color. In a cathedral of basalt, sunrise and sunset married by the setting of rainbow ring.

"Gothic arches, Corinthian capitals, and Egyptian basilicas built before human architecture was born. Huge fortification of granite constructed before war forged its first cannon. Gibraltars and Sebastopols that never can be taken. Alhambras where kings of strength and queens of beauty reigned long before the first earthly crown was impearled. Thrones on which no one but the King of Heaven and Earth ever sat. Font of waters at which the lesser hills are baptized, while the giant cliffs stand round as sponsers.

"Hanging over one of the cliffs I looked off until I could not get my breath, then retreating to a less exposed place I looked down again. Down there is a pillar of rock that in certain conditions of the atmosphere looks like a piller of blood. Yonder are fifty feet of emerald on a base of 500 feet of opal. Wall of chalk resting on pedestals of beryl. Turrets of light tumbling on floors of darkness. The brown brightening into golden. Snow of crystal melting into fire of carbuncle. Flaming red cooling into russet. Cold blue warming into saffron. Dull gray kindling into solferino. Morning twilight flushing midnight shadows. Auroras crouching among rocks.

"See all this carnage of color up and down the cliffs; it must have been the battlefield of the war of elements. Here are all the colors of the wall of heaven, neither the sapphire nor the chrysolite nor the topaz, nor the jacinth, nor the amethyst, nor the jasper, nor the twelve gates of twelve pearls wanting."

An Ohio boy of 14 purposely cut his foot to avoid being sent to school.

BILL NYE IN PARIS.

HE HAS A LITTLE ARGUMENT WITH A FRENCH POLICEMAN.

A Modern Version of an Ancient Love Affair—Too Smart for a Grasping Cab Driver.

I have just returned from a joyful ramble through Pere la Chaise, the largest and most flourishing cemetery of Paris. Other burying-grounds have started up, and for a time, perhaps, threatened to equal Pere la Chaise, but have been compelled to take a back seat, as one might say. Pere la Chaise is on one side of a pretty hill and was once, of course, away out in the country; but now business houses and traffic surround it. It was named for the Jesuit confessor of Louis XIV. The ground was laid out as a cemetery in 1804. Paris has twenty-one other burying-grounds besides Pere la Chaise, but as I say, this one gets the cream of the trade.

The graves are mostly surrounded by stone decoration in the form of sarcophagi or Gothic stalagmites. Sometimes the grave is covered by a staple flat stone, and the older ones are not always in good condition. I fell into an old grave, but it was not deep, and so I got out almost at once. Funerals are conducted by a company who will bury you plainly for $3.75 or in style for 7.144 francs. You have to tip the officiating clergyman besides, however. Of course you would not think of visiting this place without shedding two or three tears over the grave of Abelard and Heloise. There the soft hearted pilgrim goes to gnaw the iron fence and think sadly of this unhappy pair. Abelard taught school and boarded with the parents of Heloise, it would seem, and while putting some sorghum in his coffee the first day he went there he caught the eye of Heloise and loved her, oh, so madly! Still he concealed his love for a time, but while he toiled at school trying to find out how much of a ball of yarn would belong to A provided A, B and C each had out on it different fractions to a common denominator, his thoughts were with Heloise. As he ate his stewed prunes at the house or in evening attended the revival her image was in his heart, her name was ringing in his ears. She also entertained similar feelings towards him.

While she peeled the *pomme de terre* or skane the milk, something seemed to be whispering in her ear the name of Abelard. This continued until one day as they were leaning over her slate correcting her spelling-lesson, her bright and fluffy hair tickled the ear of the young tutor, and he felt so shocked that he looked around to see if lightning had struck the house. Again he looked at the spelling. It was no go. He had forgotten how to spell for once. With a glad cry he sprang to his feet and threw the slate about four rods as the crow flies. Then he took the chin of Heloise in one hand and putting the other back of her head, so that he would not break her neck, he turned the fair young face up so that he could scan it without straining his eyes too much, and planted a large Amelie Rives kiss on her mouth with such sincerity and earnestness that the clock stopped and covered its face with its hands.

After this her spelling got worse. He punished her by keeping her after school and making her write those mis spelled words on the blackboard. The parents of Heloise saw how it was going. They went to the school board about it. He bought her a big red apple and she knitted him a muffler, which they used to wrap around their heads jointly, as they went to revival or returned after they had aided in the great work. To cut a long story short, they had a stormy time of it with the old people. And though they at last were married, the were harassed by relatives and finally cruelly separated. The parents got the laugh

IN A SUNKEN GRAVE.

on Abelard and he died in 1141.

The tomb is familiar and you recognize it among the 20,000 graves of Pere la Chaise, because everybody has seen at least the picture of the Gothic canopy and sarcophagus with recumbent statues—the shrine of disappointed love.

I had the pleasure of being arrested in French the other evening and so got into the papers. Lest a garbled account of the matter should reach home and alarm my legion of friends in America I will give a brief account of it myself. It was on the 14th of July and of course a great national holiday. Paris was filled with life. Paris was filled with excitement. Paris was full of serging humanity. I was there, but did not seem to attract any attention at first. Finally I went past the door of an English grog-shop, and as usual several tables stood outside the door. One had a glass of wine on it. I heard the glass fall long after I had passed the place. When I reached the Hotel Castiliogne a waiter followed me in and requested me to pay for the glass. I said "Scursely." The grog proprietor then came and demanded pay for the glass and contents. I replied with perfect polish and wonderful naivete that I would see him doing time over yonder before I would do so

All right, we will ave a policeman, then," he straightway to me did make reply. I did not think he would do it, but he did. Then he told the policeman his story, and the officer told me I would have to accompany him to the Commissaire. I said I had agreed to go somewhere else that evening. He did not understand me. Just as we were starting for the station-house the proprietor of the Castiliogne and the young Count de Passano, both of whom I had met only a moment before, interfered; told the officer he was barking up the wrong tree, I think, though it was all in French, so I am not sure of the exact words. At last he finally hitched up his linen trousers, touched his cap and backed away. De Passano is a young Italian here going to school, and having also yet a good time already. He was very polite and wanted to pay for the glass himself, but I would not permit it, because it was wrong for anybody to go about paying for the general breakage of crockery and glassware in a large place. You cannot keep it up. I was quite ill at ease for a little while, I will admit, for it is so rarely that I am arrested nowadays that I hardly know what to say. Besides, you cannot argue with a French policeman in English and make that favorable impression you would like.

CORNERED BY THE POLICEMAN.

While writing this my laundress has dropped in with my linen and the bill. There is something wrong about it. I sent six shirts and on the bill I am charged with six chemises. A man can't be too careful here in this town. You never know what advantage will be taken of you by tradespeople and everybody else. A man who makes men's shirts in Paris calls himself a chemisier, or something like that; possibly it is chemisetter, but it is in odd taste, it seems to me. Why don't he call his establishment a shirtory? That is plain and a little elegant without being offensive.—*Bill Nye in New York World.*

An Old Buffalo Hunt.

The Hon. C. J. Jones, the veteran buffalo hunter of America, is the gentleman who originated the idea of raising the buffalo for domestic purposes.

In an interview he gave the following interesting story regarding his early days as a hunter and his pet hobby of domesticating this now almost extinct race of bovines:

"I began hunting the buffalo in 1871 at 50 cents apiece. All I did was to shoot them down for a company, which would take the hides in to Hayes City and Fort Wallace and sell them. They would split the hide down the belly, cutting the legs a little distance down. Then they cut the neck and slipped it back a little. Taking a loop in a rope they would hitch one team of horses to the hide and one to the horns and whip the hide off in less time than it takes to tell it.

"I have often killed from forty to sixty buffalo right in their tracks. I figured out a plan of my own to corral them on the prairie. I made an effort to get in front of the herd when they were traveling, so that they would come within twenty yards of me in passing by. I then shot the leader through the head and dropped her in her tracks. The leader was generally a cow. The old bulls were lazy and usually lagged behind. The herd would fall back in the direction from which they came about one 100 yards, stopping to turn around and look for danger. In a few minutes one of the cows led out to go around on one side or the other, and then I could drop her, as I did the first. They would again fall back a short distance and huddle together closely.

"After a short pause another cow might undertake to go around on the other side and invariably met the same fate as the other two. The herd after this was sure to form in a very close group upon the ground where they halted after the first shot. Buffalo retrace their steps only a short distance.

"Now they had trouble on three sides and on the other their back track. I was free to shoot down as many as I wanted, provided I did not shoot too rapidly and alarm them. Whenever one attempted to lead away I made sure to kill it, and this taught the others that it was sure death to the leaders.

"To be sure, it was cruel, but I could hear the crack of guns on every hand and I thought I would have my share.

"I began to realize that these animals would soon become extinct and I turned my attention to saving the remnant. I began to save the young to atone for my slaughter. In 1884 I began to gather up calves. It was very difficult to raise them. At first I lost 50 per cent, but after a little experience I could save 90 per cent. I stocked my farm near Garden City with young ones as rapidly as I could gather them. At the close of 1884 I had raised only four, the next year seven, and the next year thirty-two, and so on until I had a herd of nearly one hundred."—*San Francisco Examiner.*

When John Orr got home in Camden from a trip to Wilmington, Del., his wife asked what had become of his son Charles. Then he remembered that he had forgotton the boy, who was found some time on Friday night by Philadelphia police.

Do We Know More than the Ancients

I think we had better give up sneering about the simplicity of the ages that feared witchcraft and shuddered or were glad at omens and were guided by superstition. They had their excuse in the mysteries of nature and all her works. They were ignorant of laws and forces and methods of the creator. We who know so much, who recognize the practical in everything, who have driven from the language the word supernatural, still are guilty of as much absurdity as our forefathers. We have no excuse. We are taken in by the patent medicine man, who in the past had not so many curious and inexplicable diseases to cater for, but who made his way just as effectually with other kinds of pills, lotions, and herb decoctions, destined to cure human nature's ideas of diseases as the patent medicine man of to-day. We have the faith cure. In the days of old the faith cure was not any more generally believed in. Are we ever anything but children, scared by phantasies, frighted by imagination? Is it within the bounds of possibility that a storyteller may arise and scare us with the stories of witches and goblins so badly that we would fear to go a block on a dark night. There are some things that progress, science, knowledge will never drive out of us, and from the days of Adam and Eve down to this present nineteenth century man has had a fear of death and he has pursued desperate means to prolong his life, even when it has lost its usefulness and become a burden to everybody else.—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

Murders in London.

Out of twenty-eight murders committed in London last year in only six instances were the perpetrators brought to justice.

Letters in the United Kingdom.

Fifteen hundred and fifty-eight million letters, or forty-one per head of population, were delivered in the United Kingdom during the year which ended the 31 of last March. Besides that there were 800,000,000 postal-cards, newspapers, and parcels. The telegraph service showed a deficit of £240,000.