### THE MYSTIC HOPE.

What is this mystic, wondrous hope in me, That, when no star from out the darkness born Gives promise of the coming of the morn: When all life esems a pathless mystery Through which tair blinded eyes no way can see; When illness comes, and life grows most foriorn, Still dares to laugh the last dread threat to

BCOTH and proudly cries, Death is not, shall not be? der at myself! Tell me, O beath, If that thou rai'st the earth: If "dust to dust" Shall be the end of love and hope and strife.

From what rare land is blown this living breath That shapes itself to whispers of strong trust, And tells the lie-if 'tis a lie-of life?

-Minot J. Savage

### MY AUNT'S HOUSE.

We were very well off until our aunt, who wanted to do us an ill turn, died, and left us her house. Of course we were very pleased at first. It was a pretty, rambling place, with a low veranda quite covered with ivy and roses, and an old fashioned garden, with trim straight borders and neatly kept gravel paths.

There were three of us--Matthew Jane and I. Matthew was a clerk in a bank when he was younger, but as our father had left us each a little sum of money when he died we persuaded Matthew to leave his work, for he had never been strong, and now that he was getting elderly we could not bear to see him coming back pale and tired from his desk in the evening. We were very happy together. We had a nice garden to our house, where Matthew spent most of his time, and though we lived in a small way it never occurred to us to wish for more. But now that this unexpected stroke of good fortune had befallen us we began to consult what we should do.

"I think we had better live in the house ourselves," said Jane. "Tenants are always a trouble, and it would be so nice to have that pretty place."

Jane is quite young-hardly more than 40-and it is necessary to check her when she is too forward in giving her opinion; but Matthew is always very lenient with her, and he said at once, "Yes, the garden would be very pleasant in the summer, and we should have no rent to pay."

I always have to think for them both. and I spoke up decidedly: "There could not be a more foolish idea. Live in it, indeed! What should we want with . great place like that for dust and mice to run riot in? We must let it of course, and the rent will make a nice little addition to our income!"

4 a:n the eldest, and-1 say it without pride-I have more common sense than obliged if we would release him from our both the others put together; therefore they generally fall in with my opinion, even though they may not altogether agree with me.

"Let us go and look at it," said Matthew, "and then we can decide what to do for the best."

My aunt's house stands about three miles out of the town, in a pleasant little hamlet: a branch line runs out past it, so that it would be a most convenient place for a gentleman of business.

It certainly looked very pretty on that summer afternoon, and I could almost

some too far from the town, and some | could only reply that it would make no too near; some wanted more bedrooms, and some even disliked our delightful corridor.

"Very pretty! Oh. yes, very pretty indeed!" said one lady as we pointed it we are to get no rent for a year we shall out to her; "but it is a perfect wilder. have to go in deeper still. ness of cold draughts!"

We were silent; we could not deny it, Matthew said something rather feebly about cocoanut matting, but the lady left without listening to him.

Things were getting very desperate when one day a gentleman called and and I think we were glad to get them at said that he had heard that we had a any price. No people could have been house to let. Instantly we were all in more pleasant than they were: they the highest state of excitement. Jane made no difficulties about anything and I flew to put on our bonnets, and and were always friendly and cordial Matthew reached down his hat and stick.

The gentleman told us that his name was Wilton: that he had seen our adver- good fortune. tisement in the paper, and that he wanted a house some little way out of the town, as his children were not very strong.

"How many children have you?" in quired Matthew.

"Oh, several," replied Mr. Wilton. Is this the house? It looks very pretty.'

We had become so accustomed to hear the house found fault with that our hearts warmed to him at these words, and we parted mutually pleased, after showing him over the place. We heard enjoyed our walk: the pleasantness of the from him in a day or two, accepting our day, added to the near prospect of relief terms. Our house was let! We could scarcely believe our good fortune.

We took an early opportunity of walking out in that direction, and paying a call on a friend who lived in a house not the windows," said Jane as we reached far from ours. The conversation soon the gate. turned upon our new tenants, and Miss Caxton's words confirmed our worst fears.

"I am so sorry you have got such a tribe of rampaging children into your house," she said. "I was going by the other day, and heard a great noise, and there were two boys crawling over the leaning out of the window trying to and pressed our faces against the glass. reach them with a broom, and as one of them got away from her he put his foot through the glass. You never heard such a set out as they made in your life.'

Our hearts sank to zero. The Wiltons -much more a year-had elapsed our they are house cleaning." poor house would be a ruin, and our garden a wilderness. It was not altogether with disappointment, therefore, that in a few months' time we heard that

Mr. Wilton had decided to leave the neighborhood, and would be much agreement.

We gladly consented, though with a we could not quite understand why the Wiltons were so eager to be off. They must think how to meet our creditors." had had the house remarkably cheap, considering their requirements, and it seemed ungrateful, to say the least.

They were no sooner gone, however, than we found out the cause of their think best now." haste. Our house was a wreck. The term may seem a strong one, but it is sell the house and pay off the mortgage, not too strong for the truth. Both pa- and then we will see how we stand with per and paint were practically gone, tiles the world." echo Jane's wish that we should make it off the roof, windows broken, pipes out of order-everything was a ruin where once all had been so neat and beautiful. affair of a moment; nor when the house time with very different feelings. There position than we were before; for in adwas no pleasure in it now, and though the bill was not so heavy as it had been to be paid there were the legal expenses. before it made no difference, for there were no funds to meet it. gested that we should sell out some of thew's forehead. As for Jane she cried our capital, but that was clearly im- all day, which only made me cross. 1 possible, for we should then have little could see no way out of our troubles, left to live upon. It was a difficult and I did not even try to advise Matpoint, but as usual I hit upon a solution. thew. The sky was so dark and gloomy We would mortgage the house! Matthew did not altogether like the plan, to appear. but, as he had no better one to propose, I carried the day. The house was mort-gaged, and both bills paid off. Months passed away, and still the house remained unlet. One gentleman was very much inclined to take it, but there was no coach house, and though we were sorely tempted to build one we dreaded bricks and mortar too much to venture, unless he would have taken the house for at least seven years. A widow lady offered to take it if we would let her have it free for the first two years, and we were rather sorry afterward that we had not closed with the proposal, for there seemed no chance of anything else turning up. Meanwhile we had to reduce our expenses daily to' meet the drain of the interest. "The next thing will be that we shall not be able to pay our debts," said Matthew gloomily, but it is always the darkpassage into the drawing room and run est hour before the dawn, and only a few days after he made the remark we came down to stay at an hotel in the town and look about for a house. Directly I heard of it I got Matthew to go with me to call upon them, for I felt all our troubles, but we feel the break that such an opportunity might not ocdoing it; there was no estimate to cur again. Mr. and Mrs. De Courcy were most pleasant people; one could see at once that they had been accustomed to move in the very best society; went about helping those in poverty and there was an ease and grace about them that contrasted pleasantly with our local manners. They received us most kindly and made an appointment to see the

#### difference at all. "It will be awkward, all the same,"

said Matthew to me afterward. "We have had to go into debt already, and if

"I know that, but what could we do: We might have lost them altogether if we had refused, and with such excellent references our money is safe enough."

When a thing is done there is no use in discussing it; we had got our tenants. The Adopted Son of Mrs. Hopkins-Searles whenever we saw them. Again and again we congratulated ourselves on our

We were very glad all the same when the year drew to a close, for of course we had been obliged to pay the interest as usual, and as we had only our regular income with which to meet it we had gone into debt on all sides.

"The year will be up in a fortnight now," I said, when Matthew was groaning one day over our unpaid bills.

The next day was fine and bright, and proposed that we should go out and call upon our tenants. We thoroughly from our difficulties, raised all our spirits, and we chatted gayly along the road until the house came in sight.

"I think they might keep curtains in

"Nonsense, Jane!" I replied sharply. "You are always finding fault about something or other; no doubt it is the latest fashion to have no curtains."

"The house does look rather odd, though," said Matthew; "in fact"- He broke off suddenly, and quickening his cretty and thoroughly as one in every pace went up to the dining room winroof of the corridor. Their mother was dow and looked in. Jane and I followed, The room was bare!

Not a stitch of furniture was left; carpets, curtains, all were gone. Jane burst into tears.

had taken the house by the year, and we claimed angrily, but more because of the interested in the great will case, for if Mr. did not see how to get rid of them at a growing dread at my heart than that I moment's notice; yet before six months really thought her stupid. "Of course

Matthew said nothing. He went up and tried the door; it was open, and we cally interesting Mark Hopkins, creator rushed in. The empty rooms echoed to of the vast fortune now to be fought for, the sound of our feet; the bare walls seemed to mock our misery: our tenants had run away, and we were ruined!

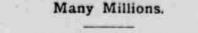
Whatever Matthew's faults are I must admit that there are sparks of nobility in his nature. When we had proved belittle outward show of reluctance. But youd a doubt that our fears were correct his first words were, "Now we

"Matthew," I cried, in a sudden burst of remorse, "it has all been my fault. Oh, I wish we had never had the house at all; but you shall do just what you

"Very well," said Matthew, "we will

I felt it was right, and I said not a

# year Playing the Game of Law for



SENSATIONAL WILL CONTESTS.

Preparing for a Bitter Legal Fight. Claims on the Seaman Estate-A Great Scotch Claim

Of all the complicated cases in modern will trials the case of Timothy Hopkins against Edward F Searles bids fair to prove the most complicated, and if, as is now threatened, it brings out the inside history of the Southern Pacific railroad for



MRS HOPKINS-SEARLES

Laits No four men ever worked more se thing from the election of a United States senator and the expending of \$100,000,000. down to the nomination of a congressman or the discharge of a clerk, then the famous Big Four of California-Stanford, Crocker Hopkins and Huntington.

in the United States senate, and now "Jane, how stupid you are!" I ex- Mr Collis Potter Huntington is mightily Searles holds the vast estate he is expected to vote with Mr Huntington and thus maintain his position as controller of the Southern Pacific All the characters of the drama are personally and historiwas a rugged New Englander and an "Argonaut of '49" in California. In four rears he returned and married his cousin, Mary Frances Sherwood, then went again to California and in due time became the famous millionaire and railroad king.

> little matter of \$20,000,000, or thereabout. That was the lowest estimate of it then, and some think it has more than doubled since. Edwin F Searles is also a Yankee, but of



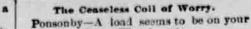
## Southern Pacific, with a salary of \$10,000 a

Tim was in Japan when he heard of his foster mother's death, and hurried home at once. He became an object of interest to the California and of the great railroad combination, as they naturally inferred that Mr Searles would continue the policy of his late wife in sustaining Mr. Huntington, while young Hopkins would vote the stock otherwise And the millions of stock belonging to Mark Hopkins' estate are ample to decide the control Now, Mr. Tim Hopkins hints that if Mr. Searles does not

surrender, he (Hopkins) will publish the secret history of the road, including a thousand literally stunning details. If he does the lovers of gossip will certainly be entertained, and the trial will be the feature of the decade.

Second in interest to the Hopkins case, and but barely second, is the suit brought against Laurence Drake and others by 143 persons claiming to be the natural heirs of Mrs. Ann Drake Seaman She died in 1878, leaving \$4,000,000 worth of real estate in New York city, about \$2,000,000 worth in Chicago and perhaps \$500,000 of personal property, about three fourths of which she had willed to her second cousin, Laurence Drake. She was very proud of her descent from the great navigator, Sir Francis Drake, and for many years before her death, at the age of eighty three, was ec centric to the verge of insanity All the other Drakes received something, but the Seamans and other relatives were left out, the natural result of which was a suit Fifty witnesses were examined, but the surrogate finally decided that "undue in fluence" was not proved.

Notice of appeal was filed, but nothing further was done. Now the Seamans come forward with two startling allegationsthat the alleged will was a forgery and that their attorney was bribed by the Drakes to let the appeal go by default. And that attorney was no less a person than Smith M. Ely, once mayor of New York, and now dead. It is conclusively proved, in fact admitted by his legal representatives, that he received a heavy fee from Laurence Drake, but it is claimed

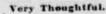


mind, Popinjay. What's up? Popinjay-I am disturbed by an article I

have just read. The writer proves that in 182 years the earth will be so overpopulated that there will not be enough food for people to eat. Ponsonby-Why should that worry you?

You'll be dead by that time. Popinjay-But how about my great-

great-grandchildrea?-Jewelers' Circular.





Simpson-Miss Diana, I love you desper stely. I am1 1

Louise-One moment, sir! Please let me give you this fauteuil-I keep it handy for such occasions, for I do hate to see so many gentlemen ruin their trousers by kneeling on the floor!-Munsey's Weekly.

#### Did He Get It?

A number of young men were standing on the corner of the street the other evening relating their various experiences with girls. Finally one of the number, who stutbered, said: "You know M-Ma-Mary Hollright, b-boys?" "Yes, yes," said two of the number. "W-we-well, I had her out on the p-po-pond rowing the o-oth-other night and I a-as-asked her for a k-ki-kiss," "Did you get it?" asked one. "W-w-wait a minnte. I says if you d-do-don't let me do it Fil p-pull the p-plug out of the b-boat and d-drown you." "Fil bet you got it then, d-drown you." "I'll bet you got it then, didn't you!" said another. "W-wait a minute. You h-haven't heard of her b-being drowned, have you?"-Lawrence American.

#### A Remedy.

Fitzdude-How are you progressing with that Miss Bute? Has she consented to be yours?

Smallpay-No! Confound it. There's an obstacle in the way, a young idiot, who is the heir to a million. I wish he would realize that his presence is entirely superfluous.

Fitzdude-I saw an advertisement in the paper the other day that ought to interest

Smallpay-What was it? that this was not a bribe, that it was Fitzdude-Something guaranteed to remerely to pay him for assisting in a speedy move superfluous heir .- America. settlement after the appeal was abandoned

#### Rivals.

Little Barbara has a brother Max, who is her rival as well. The other day she said to her mother:

"Mother, is Max older than I am?" Her mother said he was.

"Weil," she responded, in a tone of emi-Townsend was the lawyer found dead last nent displeasure and disappointment, "well, that boy beats me in everything, and he has beated me in bornin', too."-Washington Star.

a dozen years past, the public will cer tainly be surfeited with sensational de Crocker and Hopkins are dead, Stanford

When he died, in 1878, his wife received a type so different from bluff Mark Hop-



our home, but I knew better than to indulge such thoughts, and turned my mind to practical considerations, "Let us go over it." I said, "and see what repairs it will want."

"There is something wrong with the water pipes evidently," said Matthew, as he pointed to a large pool in the middle of the kitchen floor.

"Yes, they must be thoroughly looked to, of course, and I think the whole place must be painted and papered; it will never let while it looks so dingy as it does now."

"I must say the rooms are very small," said Jane. "Don't you think while the workmen are here they might knock down the partition and make a nice drawing room."

I generally snub Jane at once: it answers best in the end; but this remark had so much to justify it that I could not but listen to her, and Matthew took ap the idea eagerly.

"Well done, Jane!" he said. "That would be a grand improvement; but if we throw that piece of the passage into the drawing room how shall we get round to the dining room?"

"We must make another passage," said Jane decisively.

"Yes, but we cannot make a passage without a place to make it in."

I had been silent so long only because I had been revolving something in my mind. "Listen to me a moment," I said. "We will carry out your idea, Jane, but with an addition. We will throw the up an outside corridor, with French windows opening into the sitting rooms."

"Capital!" they both exclaimed at once, and the matter was settled.

We agreed not to employ an architect, but to engage a working builder to carry out the plan under our own directions. It was a much pleasanter way of frighten us, for we determined to take one thing at a time, and only go as far as we found it necessary. It was a constant amusement to go over to the house and see how things were getting on, and I think we both agreed with Matthew when he said, "Really, I shall be quite sorry when the work is done."

It was not so pleasant, however, when the bill came in. How it had mounted up so enormously we could not tell, but the sum total fairly staggered us. I undertook to write to the builder and demand an explanation, but when it came we could understand it less than the bill itself.

"I think we had better put it into a Lawyer's hands," said Matthew.

To this, however, I would not give my consent. "We shall only lose more in the end," I said. "We must pay an installment now, and when we have let it we can pay the rest out of the rent."

"When we have let it!" The words ed into a household phrase before that longed for day arrived. We put an advertisement in several papers, and many people came to see it, but they all had some objection or other to make. me thought it too big, some too small,

house "I can hardly hope that they will take

it," I said, as we walked home; but contrary to my expectations they were enchanted with it, and fell in with all our wishes with the most surprising readiness. I did not wish to say anything about a repairing lease, for I was afraid they might not like it, but Matthew had been so alarmed by our previous adventure that he insisted upon it.

Mr. De Courcy was most gentlemanly, I must say. "I should have proposed it myself if you had not thought of it," he said, with one of those bows of his that

made me feel that my bonnet was very shabby and that there was a darned place in my Sunday shawl.

Such politeness required a like return, and when he asked us if it would make as her own in Paris papers and magaany difference if he paid the rent yearly zines. When the frand was discovered instead of quarterly, as it would be a good deal more convenient to him, we

word to hinder him, but it was not the We watched the builders at work this was sold at last were we in any better dition to the back debts which still had I was not at all surprised to see streaks of gray in my hair, nor to notice how What was to be done? Matthew sug- many new lines had appeared on Mat-

that it seemed impossible for any light "I suppose we shall have to go through

the bankruptcy court?" said I bitterly one day.

"No," said Matthew; "there is another way, and I want to consult you about it. If we sell off some of our capital we can pay off all of our debts."

"But how shall we live?" I exclaimed. "We must take a little cottage and keep no servants, and I must try to find some work as a copying clerk. I am afraid that is all I am good for now."

"Matthew! You a copying clerk again? I cannot let you do it."

"There is no other way," said Matthew cheerfully, "and so we must make the best of it."

. I said no more; no, not even when 1 found that after all our debts had been cated him in fine style. paid we should not have enough to live on, unless Jane and I found some employment. I knew that Matthew was right, and that it was the only honorable thing left for us to do. Jane has gone had an offer that bade fair to remove onr out as companion to an old lady, and 1 dependent relatives, and only this legal difficulties. A gentleman and his wife take in needlework and keep our tiny mention of the adopted Tim: cottage in order for Matthew and myself.

We are not quite unhappy, in spite of up of our home keenly, and when I see Matthew come in, worn out and weary from his scantily paid labor, and think of the happiness he used to enjoy as he distress, I feel that the best wish I can bestow on any one who has an aunt is that if she should die she may not leave them her house.-M. B. Wheting in Boston True Flag.

#### Origin of Time Measure.

The division of the day into twentyfour hours originated with the Egyptians, then passed to Babylon and Greece. Why divided into twenty-four instead of some other number of hours it is impossible to say. The Chinese reckon twelve hours to the day and night-evidently making their hour to correspond with the time of the apparent passage of the sun over one of the twelve zodiacal signs .- St. Louis Republic.

An unprincipled French girl deliberately appropriated seven of Whittier's poems, which she translated into her own language and caused them to be printed by an American she boldly declared that Whittier had stolen the poems from her.

TIMOTHY HOPKINS.

kins that he fascinated the widow. He was and is reserved, refined and cultured, and ranked high in New York as a decorator and household artist, when ill health drove him to California in 1881. He was employed by Mrs Hopkins, whose prevailing passion it was to build and furnish fine houses, and in 1887 they were married. Several folks noses were thereby put out of joint, including two cousins of Mrs. Hopkins-Searles, old lathes who had no support save a pension granted by her. But the main objector was one Timothy Hopkins, born Timothy Noian His father, an Irish iaborer, was drowned in California and his mother died of grief, for she had been shipwrecked on the way to California and lost her only child besides Tim, and suffered greatly, only to land and find that her husband was no more Timothy Nolan was a bright boy, however, and was taken by the childless Mr. and Mrs. Mark Hopkins. In time they grew to like him so well that they gave him their name, reared and edu-

Imagine, then, the astonishment of all parties when the will of Mrs. Hopkins-Searies was opened and it was found that every dollar was given to her "beloved hushand." There wasn't the slightest mention of any great charity or of any of her



MRS. ANN DRAKE SEAMAN. "The omission to provide for my adopted son. Timothy Hopkins, is intentional and not occasioned by accident or mistake." It is the exact language prescribed by the statutes of California for disinheriting a natural heir Then "the neighbors did talk." It was remembered that Mr. Searles was but forty six and Mrs. Hopkins twenty years older when they married, and that **Fimothy Noian Hopkins had protested.** Nevertheless, Timothy had received quite handsome advance from Mr. Hopkics, and when he married a niece of the widow she presented him \$100.080 and deeded to

his wife a magnificent mansion and grounds at San Marco, some twenty miles from San Francisco-sold to have cost #1. GRAMM He was also made treasurer of the

November at the foot of the Palisades, near Weehawken. After a searching inquiry the jury decided that he had committed suicide, though there were suspicions of murder, and it now turns out that he was to have been an important witness for the contestants it is hard to believe that any one interested in the will would consent to murder, but \$5,000,000 is a great deal of money, and some men get very much excited at the prospect of gaining or losing so much

by the contestants All the real estate in

tied up by injunctions, all who have

bought or leased are in a quandary, and

One of these hints at a murder. It was

received by Lawyer George W. Wilson,

counsel for the contestants, and reads,

"Take care you do not follow Townsend."

threatening letters are flying about.

Some very queer testimony was introduced at the first trial, showing that Mrs. Seaman erected monuments to her dead dogs, scattered gold pieces on the parlor floor when visitors called, regarded Mr. Drake as the owner of her house and herwif as tenant, and believed that she could



#### MRS. BELLE CALLAGHAN.

float on water at will without sinking. Nevertheiess the surrogate decided that she was "competent." Mr. Laurence Drake, the principal beneficiary under the will, now resides in Europe.

In a secluded gleu in the Adirondack mountains lives an old Scotch farmer, a sort of hermit, named John Wilson, who claims that his daughter, Mrs. Belle Callaghan, of New York city, is the rightful heir to the vast estate in Scotland now occupied by the Earl of Airlie. And the evidence he adduces has proved sufficient to take a shrewd lawyer to Scotland to prosecute the chaim. In 1735 his great-grandmother owned the estate and made a will concerning it-so much is freely admitted by all. She intrusted the will to her brother, the Earl of Airlie. The troublous times came on-the "rebellion of 1745"-and the earls have ever since held the estate. More than one Scotch lawyer, however, has hinted that the will left the property to "The oldest daughter of each succeeding family of the testator's direct line." In the present generation that daughter is Mrs. Belle Calinghan, daughter of John Wilson. Fifty years ago, just before he left Dundee for America, a lawyer there offered to prosecute the claim for a big contingent fee, but Mr. Wilson refused. He was a religious entitusiast, and is now a hermit and devotee. His daughter is more worldly and wants the property, but time and prescription are against her

Last on the list, and interesting as a brantiful "fake," is the claim of Mrs. Eliza F. Knight, of 350 Putnam avenue, Brooklyn, that she had received a legacy of over \$1,000,000 from the estate of Lord Annau, in Scotland. The details were so ingenious that the shrewless were de-ceived till the police produced old records proving that "Mrs. Kuight" was formerly the most expert coefficience woman in America, and a dispatch from Sociated de clared that no Lord Annan had died. So the case is off J H HEADLE. A Very Vulgar Joke.

"Was there much of an attendance at Mrs. Soshle's reception?" asked a department clerk of another.

"It was a regular carbuncle." "What do you mean?"

"Why, a carbancle is a great gathering, isn't it!"-Washington Post.

#### An Object Lesson.

High Priced Doctor-You are now convalescent, and all you need is exercise. You should walk ten miles a day, sir: but your walking should have an object. Patient-All right, doctor; I'll travel

around trying to borrow enough to pay your bill.-Puck.

#### Impossible to Return It.

"Say, Binks, I came in to see if you could let me have my umbrella back. "I'd be glad to, Snicker, but the fact is Jimpson, who borrowed it from me, has lent it to Paxon, and Paxon's gone to Europe."-Harper's Bazar.

53 3

#### Not What Was Expected.

"Well, Kenniboy, whom do you love?" asked Kenniboy's father.

After a moment of deep thought the answer came:

"Kenniboy," he said.-Harper's Young People.

#### Overheard in 1492.

"That's it," said Columbus, as land first broke upon his vision. "That is America." "North or South?" asked his mate. "That I can't say until I've seen the map," returned the explorer .- Puck.

#### A Transparent Lie.

"Boy, I read in your eyes that you have told a lie.

"Papa, that is impossible. You cannot read without spectacles."-Texas Siftings.

#### He Earned His Name.

"Why is it that men call you the religious editor?"

'Because I observe the holidays so religlously."-Light.

> The Burglar of the Future. The burglar of the future comes

Adown the groove of time, In broadcioth clad and glossy hat-

- A graduate of crime. The very latest thing in boots
- The newest style in ties; His whole get up will fill the dude
- With envy and surprise
- He'il wipe his shoes upon the met With air urbane and bland, And leave his hat and overcoat And slick upon the stand He'll make a gracious bow and say. "I hope i don't intrade, Ere he will enter-for he'd die If folks should think him rude

He'll beg our pardon when he takes Our watch and diamond pin-To steal without apologies He'd think a grievous an He'll as's politely for a loan, And say. "I fear I'm rash-Excuse me, sir-don't mention it," The while he scoops our cash-

How different from the had old past The future's going to be-Twill almost in a pleasure noon A Chaude de lighes to and. The old, ane familed third . Must high his t stat in sharpe. For those of the serve some source polite, The light there all the same -Exchange