

LITTLE-Oh-DEAR.

See, what a wonderful garden is here,
Planted and trimmed for my Little-Oh-
Dear!
Posies so gaudy and grass of such
brown—
Search ye the country and hunt ye the
town
And never ye'll meet with a garden so
queer
As this one I've made for my Little-Oh-
Dear!

Marigolds white and buttercups blue,
Lilies all dabbled with honey and dew,
The cactus that trails over trellis and
wall,
Roses and pansies and violets—all
Make proper obeisance and reverent cheer
When into her garden steps Little-Oh-
Dear.

And up at the top of that lavender tree
A silver bird singeth as only can she;
For, ever and only, she singeth the song
"I love you—I love you!" the happy day
long;
Then the echo—the echo that smiteth me
here!
"I love you, I love you," my Little-Oh-
Dear!

The garden may wither, the silver bird
fly—
But what careth my little precious, or I?
From her pathway of flowers that in
springtime upstart
She walketh the tenderer way in my
heart
And, oh, it is always the summer time
here
With that song of "I love you," my Little-
Oh-Dearest!
—Eugene Field.

The Burglary in Lark Spur Lane

Larkspur Lane, with its three detached villas, was deserted and silent. The postman had left the last post at "Moneta" and "Delphinium," and trudged wearily away. A policeman had strayed down the road a short distance, and had thrown his lantern negligently on the oak fence, and then he, too, had turned back to the main road and Eliza, the cook, at "Valevian Villa," who awaited him.

Nothing broke the calm of Larkspur Lane, for the figure that entered it from the lighted street neglected the pavement and came forward in silence on the soft, badly paved road. There was no hesitation in his movements; apparently his actions were part of a premeditated plan. He glanced up and down the little cul-de-sac, and then threw his leg over the oak fence and dropped on the other side. Here he paused listening, but no sound came from "Moneta" to disturb him. Whoever the intruder might be, he evidently knew his ground, and had studied his plan of campaign with assiduity. He crossed the little square of turf and jumped lightly across the gravel path, where the scurrying of the stones would have betrayed him. Any one casually approaching the shed in the dark could not have noticed the path in the deep shadow of the trees. Silently he opened the door, disappearing one moment into the darkness, then emerged carrying a short ladder. The incredible noiselessness of his movements would have astounded a watcher. He walked up to the house and planted the ladder against a window. Again he paused to listen, and then ran lightly up it. The window was open, and he swung himself into the house. Swiftly he sped upstairs. The house had evidently no more secrets than the garden had held for him. On the next landing he stopped a moment outside a door, his ear to the jamb, then he opened it, closed it after him, and walked straight over to a chest that stood beneath the dressing table. From the pocket of his long coat he produced a steel chisel, the chest emitted one sharp, startling crack before the lid flew open.

The intruder glanced hastily to the floor before he plunged his hand amid the contents of the box. Papers, letters, he cast upon the floor, then held a large bundle up in the moonlight and looked at it carefully. Apparently he was satisfied with his scrutiny, for he dropped the packet into his pocket. He rose from his knee, and indifferently swept brooches, bangles, a little gold watch, a necklace, and a ring or so into a bag.

The thief looked round the room with a smile, and then opening the door, made his way downstairs. But the return journey was fated to be noisier than his advent. As he passed the bathroom he jabbed his foot with a crash against a can.

"Lawks! Who's there?" cried a voice from within.

The man did not answer, but sped on with a laugh.

Whoever had heard him crash into the can evidently heard his laugh as well, and did not recognize it, for he heard the bathroom window hastily thrown up. He flung his handkerchief over the lower part of his face as he climbed out to his ladder.

"Murder!" shrieked the servant girl from the bathroom. "Fire!"

The still laughing burglar slid to the ground, but not before there came a man's voice from the garden.

"What is it?" he called, coming rapidly nearer. "What is it, Mary? Where are you?"

"The bathroom, sir," came the muffled reply, as decency overcame inclination.

The man in the garden watched a male form pass the window he had just quitted. He sealed the pallings

once more, and before Mary had half finished her prolonged and complicated story Larkspur Lane was deserted again.

John Fenwycke tried to cut Mary short, but nothing short of a shaking could have accomplished that end, and the bathroom door was still between them. Even to talk to a gentleman in a state of nudity, although a deal door intervened, offended Mary's sense of the proprieties.

"Lor', sir, let me throw somethin' on," she ejaculated in injured tones. "Is the house on fire?" asked John sternly, snuffing the while.

"No, sir, 'twas a bur-gu-lar," stammered Mary, her clothes clinging to her damp form.

"A burglar! Where?" bawled John, stamping his foot in impatience. "Where?"

"Climb in out of the salerose window—" began the maid servant.

John waited for no more. One bound took him to the bottom of the flight of stairs, and in a moment he leaned from the window and observed the burglar's means of escape.

He climbed hastily down, and searched the lane, the garden, and the shed. His hostess, Mrs. Fossick, joined him from the garden, where they had been sitting.

"What was it, John?" she queried. "Mary's so hysterical—I suppose it was only a mouse or a black beetle—"

"No, it was a burglar," said John, laughing; "but as far as I can make out he has carried off no spoils. The dining-room's intact, and the plate, Mary heard him making his way upstairs, and started him. He must have fled incontinently, for there's no trace of him."

Mr. Fossick came back from his club about an hour later.

"Why, Mary?" he exclaimed, "you look as though you had seen a ghost." He gazed from one to the other as though calling for an explanation.

"We've had a burglar alarm in your absence," cried John, laughing; "it wasn't discovered till his departure, and Mrs. Fossick was a little upset."

"Burglars at 'Moneta,'" repeated Fossick, incredulity in his eyes; "why, there's nothing worth stealing."

His eyes fell on his wife's face, and he went a step nearer her.

"The jewels are still at the bank."

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"Mary, explain. Do you love this man?"

"John! love John!" she echoed. "Fred, Fred, what do you mean?"

"Just what I say," he answered, firmly. "Do you love him? Answer me—'yes' or 'no.'"

"No."

"Then why do you wreck your home for him?"

"What do you mean? Fred, tell me—explain, I—"

"The explanation must come from you."

"The explanation?" she repeated the word, dwelling on each syllable.

"Yes, I was in the garden before dinner—"

Mary did not remember what she had said to John, but she knew where in the trouble lay, while something in his persistency told her that he had guessed her secret about the jewels. But Fred knew nothing; he had seen only falsehood in her eyes, and wondered at it.

"I had to," she cried, wildly. "John did it for me. Babbie was ill—oh, Fred, you remember, and I said it was a little legacy, do you remember? I couldn't see Babbie die—of—of wanting the best. That's why I did it, Fred, darling. Oh, I should have told you, I know, but they were my jewels—to do with what I willed, and I knew you'd try to prevent me—perhaps run into debt yourself and be worried. So John did it, and I've been saving from my dress allowance—do you remember how angry you were about the bonnet? Three years, you said, and a hat became mummied millinery. But I saved it at last, Fred, and now—"

Slowly the light was beating through to Fred. Babbie's illness—the legacy. He drew a packet softly from his breast pocket. Not love letters—what then? He handed them without a word to his wife. She gave a great cry, and she broke the seal and the little tickets and contract notes fell to the ground.

"Pawn tickets!" he ejaculated, and then stared at his wife. For a moment there was silence, then he gathered her into his arms. "Forgive me, sweet," he murmured, his lips almost touching hers. "I was mad—jealous—unworthy. Because I heard those words there in the garden I destroyed the trust of a life. I thought that John and you—"

"Oh, Fred," she murmured, lifting her lips to his, "but—how did you get them back?"

"I—I— Fred started at her, and held her close. "I was a beast, Mary—distrustful—horrible! But I didn't open the packet, dear. I—I was the burglar."—Philadelphia Telegraph.

ENGLISH SPORT IS WORK.

Not Much Play About Hunting in Scotland, Says a Boston Man.

"The Americans who think that English sport is play made easy have something to learn," said John Mason Little, who returned to Boston this morning on the Saxonia after a month's shooting in Scotland. "I know that the notion prevails over here that the English go in for their sport in a spirit of enjoyment while we are supposed to make hard work of it. That is a pretty dream. As a matter of fact, the Englishman turns his sport into the hardest kind of work. It may not be professional, but their golf and their hunting are undertaken in dead earnest."

Since early in September, when he went to Scotland for a vacation from business, Mr. Little, accompanied by Mrs. Little and his two daughters, has been in the Scottish highlands at Beaufort castle, the country seat of Lord Lovat, which had been leased for the shooting season by Mr. Little's son-in-law, Charles W. Ogden of New York, says Boston Transcript.

"The Englishman who is stalking deer in the highlands may think he is having an easy time because he has never been used to anything else, but shooting in the Maine woods is a holiday compared to the scramble up hill and down after those Scottish deer. In the course of a day's stalking you are fairly sure to cover fifteen or twenty miles, while even if you go out for grouse, the tramp from cover to cover will take you ten miles before you know it."

The economic condition of Scotch lands Mr. Little found especially interesting to a stranger. "Practically the whole of rural Scotland," he said, "is leased, at all events, during the hunting season. The hunting lands are so valuable that there is hardly a laird of them who can afford not to rent his estate for the shooting."

Mr. Little said that the most forcible illustration of the difference between the old country and this was furnished by a servant in the castle which he was occupying. He spoke to a maid to tell her that his telephone bell was not in order. She seemed not to comprehend. He repeated that his telephone bell was not ringing, and asked: "Do you understand?"

"Ah'm takin' noative, sir," said the girl, "and Ah'll write the manager directly about it!"

But Still Out of the Union.

Nature is something of a manufacturer herself. In the case of certain cactus marvelous natural pottery is produced. Woodpeckers excavate nests in the trunk and branches, and to protect itself the plant exudes a sticky juice, which hardens, forming a woody lining to the holes made by the birds. Eventually the cactus dies and withers away, but the wooden bowls remain.

A brunette says that the blondes are always selfish, and that they are exceedingly affected in their manner toward gentlemen.



Steering a Big Ship.

The work of steering a big ship, even with the aid of all its machinery, is much more delicate than one would imagine. The larger and faster the ship, the greater the difficulty. It is not enough to hold the wheel in the same position to keep the ship on her course, for the wind and waves and the currents of the ocean tend constantly to knock her off. The great wall of steel offers a broad target for the wind and the waves. The art in steering is to adapt the ship to these forces, and when she is deflected, to bring her back quickly to her course. If you could watch the binnacle, especially in bad weather, you would see the needle of the compass constantly shifting from side to side, which means that the great steel prow is not going forward in a perfectly straight line.

Ling Loo and the Giant.



Little Ling Loo
Found a giant's shoe;
The shoe was broad and deep.
Ling Loo got inside
And did gayly ride
Across the ocean deep.

To an isle he went
On adventure bent,
As he sailed in the giant's shoe.
So he landed awhile
On the bonny isle,
For he'd nothing else to do.

While he rested there
In the fresh night air,
A step was heard hard by.
Ling Loo took a peep
Up the mountain steep;
Then, frightened, began to cry.

For a giant strode
O'er the mountain road,
Coming straight towards little Ling Loo.
And one foot was bare
As it cleft the air,
For the giant wore but one shoe.

"Ah, ha!" he cried,
When Ling Loo he spied,
"Little chap, you've got my shoe.
But, come, dry your eye;
You needn't cry!
For I'll tell you what I'll do.

"I'll let you stand
On my outstretched hand;
It will bridge the ocean deep.
Then, when I say 'Go!'
Be ready, you know,
To make the home-stretch leap."

So little Ling Loo
Did what you would do—
He jumped on the giant's hand;
And with one mighty leap
Crossed the ocean deep
To his own celestial land.
—Annie James.

The Party of the Winds.

"Big, blustering, boisterous Northeast invited all the little winds that live up in the sky to come and play. Northeast was so merry and mad that he briskly blew and friskily flew, getting ready for his party.

He whisked the leaves and twisted the trees, and broke off twigs with greatest ease. He was awkward, too, and made a big hullabaloo, for the little work he had to do. But at last all was ready and the guests began to arrive. North and East came together; they were cousins in weather.

North was quite a bright chap, with a cool manner and a clear complexion. He brought as a present some glorious, glittering icicles.

East was a high-spirited maiden, who could never keep still a minute, and she brought a gift of puffy, fluffy snow.

The three winds played a while. They made little twirls and whirls in the snow, then they made little tossings and crossings of the twigs in the tree-tops. They bristled and whistled, they bustled and hustled and tussled.

But when they heard West Wind coming, the three went away and hid in the deep, dark wood.

West was such a mild, gentle little lady she was quite contented all by herself, and smiled sweetly and played little lonely but lively games of puff and whiff. Then she went away.

She tried to find the hidden ones; but although she blew into every crack and crevice, and raised a terrible dust, she could not find North, Northeast or East.

Then South came, and finding no one to receive him, ate all the ice and snow, like the greedy fellow he was, and went back to his orange-blossoms. What a strange party!—Youth's Companion.

Arabic Numerals.

There is a widespread misapprehension about the figures that we use as numerals. They are not Arabic, as is generally believed, but are the first

man letters, with two exceptions, of the Egyptian alphabet. They are found on the mummy bandages almost identical in form, with the exception of 5 and 8, with the figures now in common use. The true Arabic numerals are totally unlike. The figures we use appeared for the first time in Europe in 1240. Alphonso, son of Ferdinand, king of Castile, ordered a table to be prepared and employed for the purpose Isaac Hazan, a Jew of the synagogue of Toledo, and Aben Ragel, an Arabian, and it was in this table that the figures were first given.

Gooseberry.

Many young people have wondered how the gooseberry got its name, supposing, quite naturally, that the fruit must have some connection with a goose. Here is the explanation: Gooseberries are called in German Johannisbeeren, that is, "St. John's berries," because they ripen about the time of the feast of St. John. St. John is called in Holland St. Jan, and the fruit is there called jansbeeren. This word was centuries ago corrupted into gansbeeren, of which our English word gooseberries is a literal translation, gans, in German, signifying a goose.

"JACKASS BATTERIES."

Men and Mules Required for Work in the Mountains.

One of the most interesting organizations which took part in the maneuvers at Camp Tacoma, Washington, of Western troops under General Frederick Funston was the Eleventh Battalion, field artillery, Major C. A. Bennett commanding.

This battalion consisted of the Seventeenth and Eighteenth batteries, sometimes referred to as "jackass" batteries, says Lealle's Weekly, because of the use of mules. The battery pieces are transported in sections on the backs of mules, the guns and carriages being divided into four parts, making four packs for the same number of animals.

This enables the batteries to be transferred through the most difficult regions accessible to troops, and the guns can be brought into action in mountainous country. In the United States army these batteries are comparatively new, but they received their baptism in the Philippines and have proved their practical value in many skirmishes upon the cottas and forts of the Moros.

It is surprising how rapidly the mules are unloaded, the parts of the gun thrown together and the gun loaded, sighted and ready to be fired. At a test of the Eighteenth battery the men ran the mules back fifty paces, unloaded and assembled the gun and fired in forty-five seconds. This was a world's record.

The work requires not only intelligent but powerful men. The gun itself weighs 236 pounds and the trail the same, but the men handle the pieces with ease.

The mules, too, are familiar with the drill and perform their parts in a very intelligent manner. They know their respective positions, and when the load is lifted they immediately jump forward, so the piece can be placed directly on the ground.

The gun used in these batteries has a range of from 3,500 to 4,000 feet. It fires a large shell, but has a lower muzzle velocity than the larger field pieces. In design the piece is somewhat similar to the "screw" gun of the British army.

No More.

Now the letter R appears;
Now the oyster gall steers
Toward the scallop or the stew,
For the summer days are through,
No more freckles; no more tan;
No more leisurely young man.

No more strolling 'neath the moon;
No more ice cream; no more spoon;
No more landlord smiling gay
At the bills you have to pay.

No more tunes in discords played;
No more boardwalk promenade;
No more sleeping rooms so small
That your elbows hit the wall.
Home again! Despite the heat,
A real town is hard to beat!
—Washington Star.

Not His Fault.

A first grade boy brought perfect spelling papers home for several weeks, and then suddenly began to miss five and six out of ten.

"How's this, son?" asked his father. "Teacher's fault," replied the boy. "How is it the teacher's fault?"

"She moved the little boy that sat next to me."—Lippincott's Magazine.

On Pa.

"That'll be quite a swell wedding at your house to-night," said the old friend of the family. "Of course you'll give your daughter away."

"No," replied the girl's father, "I guess I'll only be lending her. I believe she'll be back to live with us."—Philadelphia Press.

Open Season for Bandits.

Now is the time the plumber, Who's been humble all the summer, Begins to strut about with haughty mien And study the arithmetic Which will enable him to quick- Ly prove that two and two make seven- teen.

—Kansas City Times.

The average man is dissatisfied either with what he has or with what he hasn't.

A woman always imagines she is charitable when she lets her husband have his own way.

A girl may be as pretty as a picture—but some pictures are fierce.

CURING A BAD HABIT.

When Sir Sandford Fleming, the noted English engineer, inspected the proposed route of the Canadian Pacific Railway in 1883, he was accompanied by the Rev. George Munroe Grant. The party encountered the usual hardships of traveling through a wilderness, but has many interesting experiences. One of these, says Mr. Grant's biographer, was meeting the different parties of engineers stationed along the way.

The most picturesque person associated with this exploration of the mountains was Major Rogers, the discoverer and engineer of the passage through the Selkirk. Rogers was an energetic man, renowned for unconventional but exceedingly profane. The engineers who were passed on the eastern slope of the mountains were in a state of great expectancy at the prospect of the hard-wearing Rogers being host to a clergyman.

Rogers at first was under the impression that Grant, who was addressed as "Doctor," was a medical man. The day after the first meeting was Sunday, and Fleming proposed that Dr. Grant should hold divine service.

The major took the suggestion as a joke, and with great energy drummed up his men. Dr. Grant preached at length, and dexterously brought the subject round to profane swearing.

Avoiding any appearance of aiming at any one hearer, he pointed out the uselessness of the habit, and incidentally noted its gradual disappearance from the conversation of gentlemen.

He had observed with accuracy one salient point in Rogers' character. The man was passionately determined to live like a gentleman, and to have his men regard him as a gentleman. The discourse struck home. Then and there Rogers resolved to abstain.

Once at least during their stay with him his guest's pity was excited by his hero's suppression of his vocabulary at a trying moment. Something went wrong with one of the canoes. Rogers opened his mouth, but in the nick of time remembered his resolve and stood helpless.

Grant laid his hand on his arm.

"Major, if you've got to get rid of it, go behind a tree and say it."

Sir William Van Horne was fond of telling of his first meeting with Rogers after this affair. After some talk, Sir William said:

"What's the matter with you, Rogers? You haven't sworn once."

"Well, Mr. Van Horne, Fleming brought a parson up here named Grant. He gave us a sermon on swearing, and he made out that it wasn't gentlemanly to swear, so I stopped."

Living by the Pen.

The fountain pen has proved its usefulness in a way hitherto unknown to the general public, and undreamed of by its inventor, according to a writer in the Detroit News-Tribune. Two parentless squirrels, but a few days old, hungry and disconsolate, were recently discovered in the hollow of a tree in the suburbs of Detroit. They were rescued and given to a sympathetic man who lives near, and who willingly assumed the duty of foster-parent.

After the orphans were safely established in a roomy wire cage, the problem of feeding them presented itself. They were too young to crack nuts for themselves, and their little teeth were too sharp to permit the use of a rubber tube for liquid refreshments.

In this emergency, their protector had an inspiration. He filled the reservoir of his fountain pen with milk, and inserted the point in each small mouth alternately. The orphans drank eagerly. Succeeding experiments have been equally successful, and when last heard from the pets were thriving vigorously.

A Perambulating Pudding.

A "commuter" who lives up the Hudson River, and who is, of course, accustomed to "go downtown" every morning, contributes a specimen of Finnish humor to the New York Sun.

By the commuter's confession, he is prone to prow around the refrigerator almost every night and quietly dispose of any "unconsidered trifle" that may tempt his appetite, without publishing the same to the household at large.

Recently his wife was discussing luncheon with a new importation from Finland, named Hilda, and remembering a pudding that they had not been able to finish the day before, said to the kitchen auto-car:

"Do you know where that piece of cold pudding is?"

Without a smile on her face Hilda answered:

"Yes, ma'am, it has gone downtown!"

The Milky Way.

The milky way in the heavens is composed of myriads of fixed stars, but it is not true that they have any influence that anybody knows of on the direction of the wind or other element of the weather of the earth. Their apparent changes of position are due only to the changes of position by the earth in its daily and annual revolutions. The stars in the milky way are so far from the earth that it takes thousands of years for the light from them to reach us.

All Arranged.

"And now," said the dear girl, "you had better go up and speak to papa." "Are you—er—sure he's home?" stammered Mr. Sloman.

"O! yes, unless he's got tired waiting and gone to bed you'll find him in the sitting-room."—Philadelphia Press.