MISSED THROUGHOUT THE YEAR the ear in my wrath. "Am I to be

I miss you, dear, in the springtime the willows blossom whitely, When the sloe boughs bloom and bour-

geon, and the blackbirds build and sing.

When over the sky of azure the whitefringed clouds pass lightly, When violets wake in the woodlands, and the corn blades freshly spring.

But I miss you, too, in summer when the

waves break on the shingle, When the languid bilies' perfume is

wafted upon the breeze When creamy, and pink, and fragrant the roses nod in the dingle,

When the kingcups turn the meadows to glistening and golden seas.

And I miss you more in autumn when in rustling cornfields yellow

Reapers sing their lays of gladness when the plovers loudly call When the woods are gold emblazoned, and

the apple orchards mellow, And the bramble red and purple where the ripened berries fall

But most of all I miss you when the snowflakes white are flying.

When the days are dark and dreary, and the nights are long and drear;

When through leafless forest branches winds are sadly sobbing, sighing, Then it is I think I miss you, oh! the most of all, my dear.

-Chambers' Journal.

THE SAHIB'S GOODS.

I am the bearer. My master is an English sahib, and not country born, like many who live in the city, wherefore he trusts in me, and I govern his household. Further, he is not closefisted, but leaves his money lying about, so that it is ready to my hand. Truly, he is a master in every way to be desired, for does he not know good tobacco from bad, and smoke those cigars that I myself most approve of? I speak openly, for this whereof I write will never meet the sahib's eyes. Who is it that sews up the holes in the sahlb's socks when they want mending but 1? Who is it that holds the sahib's head, first on one side and then on the other side, when through exceeding slothfulness he lies in bed and lets the barber shave him? All these thingsand more-do 1 do! I am the sahib's right hand; without me can he do nothing.

Certainly it is true that the sahib sometimes calls me evil names, but that is only when the money runs short by reason of the many heavy expenses I have had to meet in mine own household. But, though he is a good master, there are some things I cannot approve of in him, for what bearer can look with a favorable eye upon the young sahibs whom he honors with his friensdhip? Are they not as roaring lions, and is not their presence to be mistrusted in any house? Truly, they have been whelped in wickedness, and have delighted in rascally conduct from their youth upward. Do I not remember the day when four of them entered during the sahib's absence. and, having thrust me aside, did they not do many strange things to the fur niture and to the sahib's most private goods? Then, having written a letter and pasted it upon the door, they took And when the sahib cheir departure. returned, which was before I could arrange the house as I approved of, he was on the point of beating me for the confusion which prevailed on every hand; but before he could do so his eye fell upon the letter the young sahibs had left pasted on the door, and then he laughed and said that this was marching order! Such is the way I am vexed by the sahib's friends.

brought to shame because of your negligence in obeying my commands? How

am I to make the sentence light for you, should the sahib return and find that the house has been left for thieves to break into? Hasten before me and light the lamp, so that all may be ready on my arrival."

So, Hussain All, the khansama, and I walked slowly, so that the chowkidhar might have time to do his work fully before we came. But as we drew near to the gate, behold! he came running back to meet us, and I saw that he trembled with fear, so that he could hardly stand.

"Al! al! I am undone!" he cried aloud. "Would that I had died before this evil day had dawned!"

Then an unknown fear made my heart stand still. "Speak, you son of a dog!" I cried, tiercely; "speak and lay bare all the wickedness that has grown out of your negligence!"

"Alas! what can I say?" he cried: "for truly this is the work of the evil one. How can I tell you how the sahtb's belongings have vanished when I know not myself, but I believe of a surety that this can't be the work of no mortal man."

I know not how Hussian All, the khansama, and I reached the house after this, but when we got there we found that everything was as the chowkidhar had said, for the house lay empty and the sahib's furniture had gone, as if the evil spirits of the air had come and blown it into nothingness with their breath. Truly the dog of a watchman had spoken the truth when he said that this was the work of no mortal hand.

"Gird up your loins," I said, turning to the chowkidhar, "run with the speed of the wind to the houses that lie on the four sides of the compound and ask of the servants whether there are any who know how this evil thing has come about; perchance you will find some one who has stayed at home and not gone to the marriage."

And when the chowkidhar had told all who dwelt round about how the sahib's belongings had vanished a great crowd came running, so that in a minute the house was full. But every man had been to the marriage feast and no one could tell how this thing had happened.

At this moment the khansama seized me by the arm and pointed to the gate and as he did so my heart sank within me, for it was the sahib who had returned, and with him had come the magistrate sahib, and we had not prepared a tale. Truly never before had been so unwilling to go forth and meet the master.

Then ran I and held on the step of the sahib's carriage as he alighted. "Oh, heaven born," I cried, prostrating myself humbly on the ground before him, "I am not fit to lick the dust of thy feet; I am like a worm in thy path."

"What is the matter, Girzi Khan?" the sahib interrupted. "Make short work of it and tell me why this crowd has collected in my house."

"Great and wonderful things have happened in thine absence," I replied quickly, so that he might not be vexed with impatience. "It was thus: I had ta all the ever at in the veran accordance with thy command, oh, high born one, when suddenly I was seized in a most uncontrollable manner with a raging thirst that forced me to go to my house in order to drink water. But, sahib, hardly had I reacned mine own threshold when I heard a mighty rushing sound behind me, and, looking round, I saw that thy house was enveloped in a great cloud of dust. And immediately my heart stood still with fear, so that I returned in all haste-I and an the other servants also. And sahib, the house was left as thou seest it now, for the floor stands as have as the desert of the Punjaub, and the evil spirits of the air have left the heaven born neither a bed to rest his weary limbs upon nor a plate that the khan sama may set before him at meal times And all these men who live in the com pound about thine own have seen these things and can bear testimony.'

returned, and with him came two constables, one of greater rank and one of lesser. Then did the one of lesser rank marshal us into line, while he who was the superior questioned us and wrote down our statements in a book that he had brought from the Thana, which is the police station. And when all was finished, it was found that the

evidence was different, and that no two men had told the same tale; so the two constables withdrew a little distance from us, and talked among themselves. "Listen to me, O ye rogues," cried the principal one, when the consultation was finished; "pay attention while I speak. This is a grave case. How can you expect any magistrate sahib to be merciful when no two men give the same evidence? and how are we to know that you yourselves may not have taken the missing goods? The case lies black against you; and which of you does not know that the English law is mighty, and can do as it listeth with such miscreants as come within its grasp? Who has not heard how during the mutiny the English blew men from the cannon's mouth, and hung true believers in pigskins in order that they might not inherit paradise, Be wise, therefore, and pay heed to what I say; for there is but one way of escape, and through me alone may that way be learned. Run now every man to his house, and bring me as much money as you can lay your two hands on; for I would have you know that I stand close to the magistrate sahib's ear, and therefore can lighten the sentence for each and every one of you who will appease me with money offerings."

Then did we run and bring money, each man according to his circumstances. And when the two constables had divided the spoil they departed, taking with them only the bhesti (the water-carrier) and the chowkidhar, the former because he was poor and had only been able to bring 8 annas, and the latter because he had left the house unguarded, wherefore decency demanded that he should be offered up to the law.

Ah! it was a merry time in the bazar then, for such a case had not been known for many years, and wagers ran high as to what the sentence would be; so that we became the laughing stock and byword among the idlers who congregate round the well that lies in the center of the market place. Truly the bullfrog croaks loudly in the night season, but when the morning dawns the hawk comes forth, and then the song of the bullfrog suddenly ceases: so it is with all loud-voiced ones!

As for our master, he lived with the magistrate sahib, and wore the magistrate sahib's clothes, having none of his own. But the loss of his goods did not weigh heavily on his soul, for wherever there was feasting or merriment there was our sahib to be seen. Such is the strangeness of the sahib log!

Sometimes time travels slowly, and so it did in our case. It was the night before the day of trial, and we (that is to say, the other servants and myself) were gathered round the grasscutters' fire, wrapped in the mantle of our own black thoughts, when suddenly a man appeared in the circle of light, and sat down at my right hand, and I looking on him, saw that it was Munnoo Lall, able to exercise the Briton's privilege he mess khansama, who was hutl the officers that are my sahib's friends. "Ram! Ram!" the man cried. And the other Hindoos who were present took up the salutation and answered back, "Sita Ram." "Open your ears wide, oh, ye men." said Munnoo Lall; "for I have come all the way from the messhouse in order to tell you a tale, and to ask you the meaning thereof. Behold, there once lived a king in a great land. A humane ruler was he, and also a man of great understanding; yea, the ants in their houses gathered not more wisdom than he. But one day this king departed for a short season, leaving instructions with his vizier and other officers to guard all things in his absence. Now, when the master was away, each man repaired to his own house, and did there what he pleased. One betook himself to the bazar to buy a new coat; a second entertained a large party of friends, and so on-each man according to his own inclination. Then the king returned and it was found that while those unworthy servants had feasted and made merry the treasure had been left unguarded and it had vanished, no man knew where. But the king only laughed and dismissed those unworthy servants, and, strange to tell, the king laughs still. Tell me, O Girzi Khan, what is the meaning of this tale?" Then my heart grew uneasy within me, for this story was like in many respects to our own.

all fast again. But the magistrate sahib looked on only and took no active part, for it was fitting that he should keep his hands clean, being a ruler. Then when the tale was finished there was much laughter at the messhouse and under cover of it I slipped away to tell you how all things had happened. Run quickly, now, O ye men, and see if all is as I say.

So we ran, and I, having leaped upon Hussain Ali, the khansama's shoulders, looked through the window and there saw in the dusk many shadows within the godown that might perhaps be recognized as the sahib's goods; accordingly the sweeper went with the speed of the wind to the bazar, and, having borrowed many keys of the locksmith in order that we might undo the lock, we opened the door. And there truly everything was as the mess khansama had said-nothing gone and nothing broken. "Do now as I say," Munnoo Lall

cried. "Take your sahib's belongings upon your shoulders and carry them with all speed to the house; and you. Girzi Khan, see that they are arranged as the sahib was accustomed to see them. Then, when all is ready, go and tell your master that his furniture has returned; any further explanation that you desire to give you must arrange among yourselves." So saying he departed.

Ah! how we worked that night no man can tell, but at last, when the sahib's clock pointed to the half hour after 3, we looked round, and, behold, all things were in their accustomed places. So, as it was too early yet for our sahib to have risen, we repaired to the magistrate sahib's compound, and there sat round the fire that the grass cutters had lighted in front of the stables until such time as our master should awake. However, all things come to an end, and so at last word was brought that I might go into the presence of the heaven born.

"What is the matter, Girzi Khan? the sahib asked, as he lay on his bed.

"Oh, high-born one!" I cried pros trating myself on the ground before him. "I have sought an audience in order that I might lay before thee the mighty workings of providence. Behold, oh, sahib, as we lay on our beds last night, our hearts being heavy with despondency, there came a mighty wind from heaven that wrapped thine house in its folds, and when the wind had passed away we went to look, and, lo! all the sahib's furniture had returned. Let me beg of the heaven born, therefore, to return and take up his abode once more in his own house; and I pray that the sahib will not forget his unworthy servant, Girzi Khan, in that day.'

Then did the master laugh and call out to the magistrate sahib by name, and I was forced to repeat the story once more. Ho! ho! there was much laughter among the sahibs that day, and they called us lying devils and other evil names-such is the character of the sahib dog.

Oddities of English Villages.

singularly indifferent. Their ambitions Undoubtedly the most extraordinary are small. When they can gain a living township in England is that of Skidsalary, their dreams are generally realdaw, in Cumberland. It contains but lzed. The hopes of wealth and luxury one house, the occupier of which is unwhich haunt the imaginings of an ordinarily ambitious man are far beyond of voting because there is no overseet



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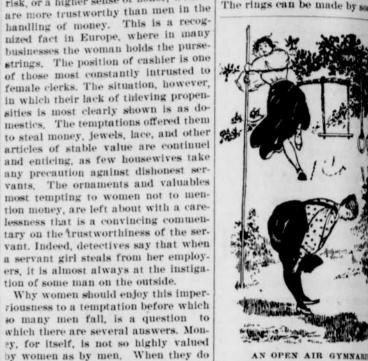
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steal, it is to gain possession of some ple boughs until they are so bending them into a hoop an coveted article, while, with the other sex, it is the money, or the pleasure to them firmly with fine picture be directly gained from it, which tened without the slightest m prompts the theft. Women, moreover, Many prefer to purchase sm that are warranted secure for have few temptations to pastimes which call for money. Outside their ing. The horizontal bar can love of personal adornment, they are aged by bending down a tour seldom swayed by desires and ambiwhile the Indian clubs and du ions the gratification of which requires can be carved from some hear wealth. The great world of outside It will be found that pract pleasure which invites a man does not open-air gymnasium is most exist for them, and that absorbing love ing, for there is the swaying of dress and jewelry which is supposed trees and the supple bending to lead so many weak spirits to frivolboughs to make the exercise ity and sin is much less strong than is and varied,-Chicago Chronie The temptation of business ventures.

Bloomers Not Popula

Bloomers are not nearly so chances, is one to which women are is formerly, but a suit seen day deserves a word. It was ish-gray cloth, and was woral tremist. There were full blo in knife plaits, and gathered

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over collar and a neat black

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NOBLE DEER

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tic at the knee. As it was sunny afternoon the lady we

WASHINGTON COUNTY HATCHET.

I say these few things that all men may know how I stand, and that they may see how hardly I have been treated. It was one evening, shortly after our

return from the hills, and just before the approach of the winter, that the Presence called to me, and, having told me that he was going to eat dinner at the magistrate sahib's house and would not be back before midnight, he bade me sit in the veranda and await his return. Now, the khansama (the butler) was that very evening entertaining many friends in the babbourchi khana, which is the cooking-house; so, having reflected that the sahib was thoughtless, and therefore could not understand that the veranda was not a pleasant place to sit in after the fall of the night, I closed all the doors carefully, and, having exhorted the chow kidhar to keep strict watch lest thieves should pass that way and steal what they listed, I wended my way to the babbourchi khana. Truly, we were a merry company, and had many things to say to each other as we smoked our hookahs and ate such sweets as the bunnia (the grocer) had sent around as a reward for our having been silent on the matter of the short weight and the inferior quality of the articles with which he supplied the sabib. Then suddenly in the midst of the converse there came to our cars from over the mud wall of the compound the sound of samtams and of much shouting and singing, and as we looked forth we saw that it was a marriage procession and that there was a great crowd and the glare of many torches.

Now, I recollected that this must be the marriage of one Khudah Bux, whose mother had sewn the wedding garments that my uncle's wife's sister had worn; therefore, having looked to see that the chowdikhar was diligent in his watch, I invited the khansama and his friends, and together we went to the bridegroom's house. Ah! It was open house, and such was the liberality that prevailed that we stayed until about half an hour of the time of the sahib's expected return. | But as we turned to leave I noticed a man hiding away in a dark corner, as if he shunned our sight, wherefore I haled him forth, and, behold, it was the chowkidhar, who had left his post.

"Rise up!" I cried, seizing him by

And the crowd shouted: "It is all as the bearer has said."

Then did the magistrate sahib look sternly at me, as if he would look down into my lying soul.

"Is this tale true?" he asked. Now my heart sank at his sternnoss "It is true," I answered, bending down before him in order to hide my confusion.

But my sahib only walked up and down the veranda, and said, "Damn! damn!" as all English sahibs do when they are angry.

"Send for the other servents," the magistrate sahib said.

So the chowkidhar ran and fetched them from their houses, where they were in hiding, for they had all returned to the compound by this time.

"Drive quickly to the Thana," the magistrate sahib continued, addressing the syce (the groom) "and bring back with you two constables, who will take down the depositions of these roques."

Then did the magistrate sahib offer to take our master back to his house, for our sahib had neither a chair to sit upon nor a knife with which to cut his meat. So they departed.

Now the English law is a strange thing: sometimes the Government will act with the foolishness of a little child. and at other times it will rend the evildoer limb from limb. Therefore, as none of us knew its power, and as there was great diversity of opinion as to whether the magistrate sabib would cause us to be beaten with cords until we were near to death or whether we would be thrown into prison for the rest of our lives, we all agreed to tell different tales to the police when they arrived, so that no man might know which was the truth, and thus the ends of justice might be frustrated. And after a long time had passed and our ovidence was guite propared, the ayce "I know not," I answered.

"The answer to this ridlle is not far to seek," Munnoo Lall called, rising and gathering up his robe as if he would leave us, "for it lies in mine hand. But knowledge is a pearl of great price, and is only to be bought with money!"

Then did we consult among ourselves, so that at last we went and fetched that which the man required.

"The explanation is so simple," Munnoo Lall continued, "that ye have walked past and left it! This is how the knowledge has come to my hand. You must know that there was a great dinner at the messhouse to-night, and the magistrate sahib and your master were both invited. Now, when the wine passed round, the tongues of all who were present got loosed, and they knew not that I could understand their language. And at last the lieutenant sahih told a tale which was to this effect. On that evil night when your sahib's things vanished, you must know that your master returned earlier than he had intended, and with him came the lieutenant and the magistrate sahibs. And when they saw that none had been left behind to watch they laughed, and your master having opened a godown, of which he alone keeps the key, they ced the furniture within and made

to prepare a voters' list and no church or other place of worship or assembly on which to publish one.

The most remote village in England is that of Farley-cum-Pitton. This truly rural spot is thirty and a half miles from the nearest railway station. As a contrast to this may be mentioned the hamlet of Ystrad, about ten miles from Cardiff. This tiny settlement possesses two important main roads, two railways and two large rivers.

A very unique feature is exclusively claimed by Trimley, a small village in Suffolk. In the one churchyard of the parish two churches are to be seen. Service is conducted three times a week in each of these churches at the same hour.

The deepest well in England is found at Hamilton, in Hampshire. It stretches 350 feet below the surface of the earth. About half way down this well shaft is a subway, three miles in length, which leads to the seacoast.

On the top of the parish church tower in Bicknoller, Somersetshire, is a yew tree, now five feet high, and still growing in a hardy fashion. It is generally believed that the tree owes its origin to a seed dropped by a bird. Perhaps the most splendidly decorated church in the kingdom is that of Whitley Court, Worcestershire. It is entirely constructed of white marble, the pews are chastely carved and the pulpit is of genuine Carrara marble, richly paneled with precious stones.

On the village green at Meriden, in Warwickshire, there is a large stone cross, which is supposed to mark the central point of England .- Pearson's Weekly.

Without Prejudice.

Dick-And how did you proceed? Fred-Why, I just went up to her and asked her if she would marry me. Dick-Without first telling her how much you loved her and all that sort of thing?

Fred-Of course; I dld not want to prejudice her judgment.-Household Words.

A Fellow Feeling.

"My brethren," said the minister, "you don't know how happy you will he if you only have a fellow-feeling in your bosoms.

"Humph," said one of his hearers, "I had a fellow feeling in my bosom last night and I've got no diamond pin this morning."-New York Tribune

Accompanied Her.

"It's a shame," cried the young wife, not a thing in the house fit to eat. I'm going right home to papa."

"If you don't mind, dear." said the husband, reaching for his hat, "I'll go with you."-Youkers Statesman.

the modest desire for affluence of the most energetic and enterprising wonan. If a woman is not rich by inheritance or marriage, she sets aside the dream of riches as one never to be accomplished. To achieve wealth by her own endeavors, honorable or otherwise, is so perilous and formidable an undertaking that she no more contemplates it than she would seek to gain glory by Arctic or African exploration.

of daring speculations and hazardous

generally believed.

tion of some man on the outside.

Revolution in Hoir Dressing. News from England says that a revo-

lution in the arrangement of hair on the heads of fashionable women has begun. Hints of the change have been current in London boudoirs for weeks, and already a few women, greatly daring, have displayed the new style in public. The innovation, as usual, is a revival and dates back not to 1830, that epoch year of fashion, but to the years immediately preceding Queen Victoria's accession. Its salient features are a boldly upstanding loop or two of the hair brought decidedly forward, on the top of the head, while the arrangement behind tapers to a point an inch or so from the base of the skull, The novelty which renders it noticeable is the introduction of a scarf of soft silk gauze, or lace, twisted in and out of the coils of hair, which are usually gathered slightly more to one side of the head than the other, the balance being created with a puff or bow of the

For the Summer Girl.

material.



What Woman Owes to Society, Woman stands as the sacred guardian of future homes and our nation's prosperity, and to her must we look for true reforms. To her standard must society come. Let her be sure to place it high and keep it pure, and make it apply impartially to all people. Let her keep out those whom she knows fall short of her standard, and never condone in the stronger sex what she condemns in the weaker. Let her think not to elevate society by hiding or condoning the evils which surround

Floral patterns abound grenadines and lace lawns. Many jackets are of white gold or black scroll braiding her on every side, but only by shutting A touch of cerise relve out those whom she has found it impos-

A Kentucky woman cut tons off her betrothed's a cause she didn't like the wi EN ELE to her. A Chicago woman sever man whose boy insulted by

A Boston woman with a off several angry men who her husband.to "do" World.

Hints for the Sh Gold lacing is effectively boleros.

The fichu in vogue is of dered muslin.