THE ROSE AND THE POPPY.

"Stand apart," said the Rose, "and taint not
The sweetness I throw on the air;
What art thou to man, that thou claimest
His garden with me to share!

'I soothe him with beauty and odors,
I recall the loved one's face;
I am Love's own chosen emblem,
The painter's symbol of grace.

"But thou in thy sickly whiteness,
Or hue of blood fresh spent—
What hast thou to offer the Master,
That he should forgive thy scent?"

"I bring," said the Poppy, yawning,
"The gift man longs to possess,
That he racks the world in seeking—
I bring him forgetfulness."

—*The Spectator.*

A Commercial Episode.

A sound of revelry, but not by night. The clock has just struck 12, and the sun is shining vertically upon the pretentious roof that houses Mr. Humphrey Davison and family. Beneath that roof are now complete the extensive preparations for the marriage ceremony that is to make the only daughter of the house Mrs. Thomas Winfield. The parlor is full of guests; the perfume of an elaborate floral decoration pervades everything; and from certain quarters of the establishment proceed the savory odors of a spread feast; for the wedding is to be an event.

Up-stairs, in the downy environment of her own apartment, stands the pivot of the occasion in bridal array. The toilet is a marvel in its way; a frail embodiment of monumental expense and labor, as such things are apt to be, but petite Miss Alice is so beautiful in it that only a churl could bewail either expense or labor in the presence of such a result. She is surrounded by a bevy of admiring friends of the same sex, who chatter incessantly, and manifest their anxious interest by sundry little touches here and there upon veil or drapery, for the groom has not yet arrived.

Presently it is a quarter past the hour and he has not come yet, but no account is taken of this circumstance, for who ever heard of a wedding being celebrated with anything like precision in regard to time?

Uncle Peyton pauses at the door to remark in jocular vein that this "seems to be one of the occasions when we 'linger shivering on the brink and fear to launch away,'" and to deliver himself of numerous malign prophecies that are flatly contradicted by the look of affectionate interest and unqualified admiration in his eyes.

Another quarter slips away. It is now half-past twelve and still the delinquent does not appear. Up the broad stairway comes the murmur of impatient expectancy, and the face under the filmy white veil wears a shade of vexation. When it is nearly 1 o'clock Mr. Davison comes to the door and softly calls his wife. In the hall outside they hold a consultation, and Alice, with alert eyes upon their faces, divines that something is wrong. In a moment she has separated the crowd about her like an arrow, and is before them demanding the latest intelligence, whatever it may be. "It is postponed, my dear," says her mother, choking.

"That's it, my dear—postponed," echoes her father, as he stands absently twirling a crumpled note around his finger.

Alice sees the note, and before he can prevent her has taken it. She opens it with breathless eagerness. It is soon read, and runs thus:

I can't do it, uncle—not for twice your fortune. I have seen her, and I wonder that you could ever ask it of me. Do as you please with the money. I'm off. Your affectionate nephew, T. W.

It is malicious, inhuman, crushing. Why did he wait until this moment? She turns back to the room with a white face, throws herself upon the lounge in reckless disregard of flowers and perishable confections, and lies there with her face buried in the pillow in an agony of humiliation.

By-and-bye the situation is communicative to the assembled friends, who take their leave, marveling greatly, and go home to speculate for days with greater or less accuracy upon all that has not been given them to know.

Where a few hours ago there was laughter, congratulation and anticipation, all is now sorrow, indignation and resentment. There is mockery in the flowers scattered everywhere, and bitter, intolerable remembrance in the odor of baked meats.

The afternoon passes, and still Alice lies with her face among the pillows, thinking how it must all come out finally; how everybody will know about that brutal note, and how they will pity her. She wishes she might die now, so that the time would never come for her to lift up her head and face the world, with its knowledge of this dreadful affair, and its soul-sickening commiseration. One thought is always uppermost: to fly from the scene of her humiliation and the officious sympathy of her friends. Filial ties, luxurious surroundings, the perils and hardships of flight, every consideration whatsoever dwindles into invisibility in the presence of this great indignity. Her mother comes and sits by her, and after several hours of remonstrance and persuasion induces her to go so bed, but when she comes in the morning, hoping to see her somewhat soothed, she finds only an empty room and a hasty note.

* * * * * *

It is 7 A. M., and the mammoth retail drygoods house of Gray & Gordon begins to show signs of life without and within. For the last half-hour a continuous stream of salesmen, shop-girls, and cash-boys have been pouring into the great building like so many swallows into a chimney. Shades are raised, covers taken off, and simultaneously in every part of the house begins a vigorous dusting and putting to rights.

The new cashier, a young man with fine eyes and a pleasant manner, who has been some three weeks in the establishment, comes in and goes behind his desk. As he does so he notices that there is a new girl at the glove-counter just opposite. Only her head is visible above the pile of boxes she is dusting. It is crowned with red-gold hair, and the face is very beautiful in spite of the hopeless depression it expresses.

Presently the business of the day begins. Whenever there comes a pause in his monotonous labor of stamping bills and making change, and he looks out over the green wire net-work that incloses his desk, his eyes rest naturally upon the blonde head and delicate figure, because they are directly in front of him, and in the course of the day he learns without making any inquiries that she is No. 47.

As for the girl herself, she is thinking of nothing but that terrible day, and wondering whether she will live through it. Her face is flushed, her eyes glistening and feverish, the joint result of bad ventilation and bewildering transactions.

To her the first day behind the counter seems a shoreless eternity. She can scarcely remember when it began, and has almost lost faith in its possible ending. Two hours of this new and trying ordeal are enough to make her unutterably weary; before the day is half over she is aching miserably in every limb and joint. After this, standing is the purest agony. All day long the feminine division of humanity bears down upon them en masse. The proprietors, wedded to quick sales and the largest possible profit, are positively ubiquitous in their efforts to enforce the strictest attention to duty; obsequious salesmen, with an eye to premiums and percentage, step briskly about; cash-boys scurry hither and thither, and errand-boys find no rest for the soles of their feet. But it does end at last. The customers are gone; the curtains are up, the counters are again shrouded in white canvas, making the long isles look like so many wards in a hospital, and these human swallows begin to pour out of their great chimney.

The cashier on his way to the cloak-room sees No. 47 crouching on the ledge behind her counter. She is thinking of the long, dark streets that lie before her, and of the aching feet that protest against further service.

When he comes back she is still there. He stops, and says kindly: "If you don't hurry out they will lock the doors. Everybody else is gone now."

"How will I ever get home," she moans, rising wearily, her eyes still red from crying.

"I'll go with you it you are afraid. Is it far?"

"Oh, yes, it's far, and then I am so tired." He is the only person who has spoken to her to-day, excepting the customers she has waited upon. He has such a graceful, easy way, that by the time he has helped her to put on her cloak he seems like an old acquaintance. They hurry out together, and are just in time, for the doors close behind them with a bang, and the bolts are drawn.

It happens that their ways lie in the same direction, that they are domiciled in two dreary boarding-houses not more than half a square apart, and after this they go home together every evening, and speedily come to be very good friends indeed.

* * * * * *

The season known to retail traffic as "busy" waxes and wanes. Summer comes, and August, sweltering, intolerable, settles upon the deserted town. The houses are like ovens, the streets like blast-furnaces, and everything that remains behind the migratory population is undergoing a lingering process of cremation. The proprietors have fled the heat, one salesman to a department is found to be sufficient, and the rest are away taking their summer vacation. Those who remain behind have little to do, for there are hours together when there is not a penny's worth sold.

It happens that "47" is reigning alone in the glove department, and that she is a refreshing object for contemplation this sultry afternoon in her dress of blue organdy, with pale ribbons fluttering at throat and waist.

Above her head her wares are most effectively displayed in a complete canopy of long-wristed gloves in every conceivable color and shade of color, and, there being nothing else to do, she sits upon the ledge below the shelving and wields a monster palm-leaf.

When nothing is selling there is no change to be made, and the cashier steps out of his narrow, stifling inclosure and wanders in search of a breeze. The long lace mits that fringe the canopy over the glove-counter are stirred as if by a zephyr, and the airy freshness of "47" is attractive. He goes behind the counter and sits down upon the ledge.

"You look awfully gloomy to-day. What is the matter?" she asks.

"Well, I have reason to look gloomy. I have made an unpleasant discovery; or, perhaps I should say, I've been unpleasantly discovered."

"Tell me about it."

"Oh, it is a long story," he says, more than half persuaded.

"This is a very long afternoon."

"Well, I have a very rich and very crochety old uncle, and about seven months ago I received a letter from him telling me that if I would come and take charge of his business and marry a girl that he had picked out for me he would leave me his fortune. He said the girl was pretty, and I knew the fortune was ample, and as I was not getting on any too well where I was you will infer that I did not hesitate long before accepting the proposition. It was all arranged with the girl, who seemed to be quite fascinated with the romance of the affair, and I started for the town in which she and my uncle lived. But on the way I got to thinking about it, and it struck me that I would like to see her at least once before the die was irrevocably cast, so when I reached the town I hunted up a cousin of mine who knew her and told him that he must arrange for me to call on her incognito. He assented very readily, and, as I only reached there the day before the wedding was to take place, we called the night of my arrival. She came in directly, and I was introduced as Mr. Falkner."

"And such a girl! The moment I laid eyes on her I grew rigid with indignation to think that my uncle dared impose on me in such a way. He had led me to believe she was everything a man could want in a wife. I found her painted like an Indian, dressed in horrid taste, talking at the top of her voice, and altogether the most ill-bred creature I had ever seen. I could not stand it, so I wrote a note to my uncle, left the town that night, and have never been back since. I learned to-day for the first time that the girl I saw was not the one I was to have married, but a friend of her cousin's, whom he had taken into his confidence, and that her horrid curls and her vulgarity were assumed for the occasion, all a part of Dick's little pleasantry; and my fiancee, who Dick says is the prettiest woman he ever saw, was so cut up by my brutal behavior and the note I left that she ran away, and for a long time they thought she had drowned herself. Of course there was a big sensation, and everybody denounced me. Dick, a cowardly knave, hadn't the nerve to tell the truth about it and acknowledge his part in the affair, but the girl who abetted his fiendish deception went straight to my uncle and told him everything as soon as she heard I was gone.

When he saw how it was he swore that we should both be found, dead or alive, and if we were alive the marriage should be consummated. They started detectives after us and advertised us everywhere, and at last they got on the track of the girl and they've traced her to this very town. Think of it! Dick says they are sure she is here, and he was here looking for her when he accidentally stumbled upon me. They'll find her, of course; it is only a question of a few hours, and then I must be dragged up like a schoolboy that has been playing hookey, and married to a wife of some other man's choice, or leave here between two days and give up a good position."

He turns toward her, but she manages the palm-leaf so that he does not see her face, and asks presently in a hesitating way: "But if she is as pretty as they say she is and—you would get the money besides, why do you object?"

"Because I am in love with somebody else, and I'm done with matrimonial negotiations by proxy. I will attend to my own love affairs hereafter."

He proceeded to carry out this resolution by insinuating an arm between the shelving and the slight figure that is resting against it.

"I've been in love with somebody else ever since I found her crying in a corner not a thousand miles from here, and if she can only say the same of me I'll whistle the fortune down the wind and defy all the detectives in Christendom."

He draws his arm a little closer about the yielding figure, and, screened from view by the swaying fringe of gloves, he feels safe in bringing the other arm into position, so forming a complete circuit. The accommodating palm-leaf is quite large enough to conceal two heads, and a sound like a half-audible osculation issues from behind it.

A long, low whistle breaks the silence. Proceedings are immediately adjourned, and haunted by visions of presuming and prying cash-boys, they both start up and confront—Dick.

"Have you found her?" asks the cashier, dejectedly.

"Oh, yes, I've found her," says Dick, leaning heavily upon the counter, as he wiped the moisture from his brow.

"Miss Davison, allow me to introduce my cousin, Tom Winfield; Tom, Miss Alice Davison. The introduction seems to be a little subsequent, but we have done the best we could."

So, another wedding-feast was spread beneath the hospitable roof of Mr. Humphrey Davison, and this time to some purpose; for a marriage was solemnized, at which ceremony Dick, his sins forgiven, officiated as best man, and his perfidious accomplice, minus paint, curls, and all objectionable features, made a charming bridesmaid.—*Chicago Tribune.*

The Farewell Kiss.

Among the confused mass who were struggling and screaming when the Columbus was wrecked, were noticed a middle-aged man and his wife. Their conduct was in marked contrast with that of the other passengers. The panic which had seized the others was not shared by them, but their blanched faces told that they realized the peril which surrounded them. The only movement of muscles or nerves was produced by the chilling atmosphere. They stood close together, their hands clasped in each other, as if about to contemplate suicide together, and thus fulfill the marital vow of standing by each other in the varying tide of life's fortunes and misfortunes. As the wreck careened with the gale from one side to the other, and while the spray and waves were drenching them at every moment, the husband turned and imprinted a kiss upon the companion of his life, and while thus embraced a heavy sea broke over the wreck and both were washed away and not seen afterward. Mr. Cook says the scene was one which will remain indelibly impressed upon his memory until his dying day.—*Boston Herald.*

In London the tricycle is fitted up for milk men and newsboys.

The Russian army costs $150,000,000 a year to maintain.

Peculiarities of Babies.

Indian babies, as a rule, are not kept in their cradles more than twenty to twenty-four hours at any one time. They are unlimbered for an hour or two every day and allowed to roll in the hot sand or tumble on the blanket. When the pappoose is laid in its cradle the mother bothers herself no more about it, other than to keep it in sight and hearing. She stands it up in a corner of the wigwam or hangs it on a tree. When the mothers travel they carry the cradle on their back, no matter how bad the roads or how dismal the weather. The Esquimaux babies are carried in their mother's hoods, and, hemmed up as they are for so many long months of the year, owing to the severity of their climate, their parents fairly surfeit them with toys, all sorts of miniature models of the rude and simple implements of their humble life. They have neat little images of bears, foxes, seals and birds made out of walrus ivory, tiny sleds, bows and spears, and dolls for the little girls. The Esquimaux mothers are not stern disciplinarians, and do not use the slipper or box the ears of the obstreperous child, but when he becomes refractory they toss him out into a cool snow-bank, and this never fails to reduce him to submission. Indian mothers chant low dirges to their babies, or sing little songs in which the young hopeful is to have a brilliant future. His little legs will be as big as the pine-trees; his arms grow into muscles more powerful than those of a grizzly bear: he will never fail in the chase, and will be good to his mother when she is old. Fashion has a great deal to do about babies and their care. It is not fashionable for a Parsee baby on the banks of the Ganges to ever go with his head uncovered. At night or by day, in doors or out, the young Parsee always has on his jaunty silk cap. In Algiers it is quite the mode for babies to ride pick-a-buck, and in Bavaria they are tied flat to the nurse's back. In Italy babies wear droll little caps and little old-fashioned costumes, like their grandmothers, or they go in leading strings or in a wicker-work frame. When the mother goes to market she hangs the baby in a basket on one side of the donkey, and the little brother or sister in a similar basket on the other side. The babies and vegetables get along in the basket together, and on top sits the mother in a parasol hat, knitting or sewing as she goes along.

Wood as Food.

W. Mattieu Williams says in an article in *Popular Science Monthly:* Certain animals have a remarkable power of digesting ligneous tissue. The beaver is an example of this. The whole of its stomach, and more especially that secondary stomach, the cæcum, is often found crammed or plugged with fragments of wood and bark. I have opened the crops of several Norwegian ptarmigan and found them filled with no other food than the needles of pines, upon which they evidently feed during the winter. The birds, when cooked, were scarcely eatable on account of the strong resinous flavor of the flesh.

I may here, by the way, correct the commonly-accepted version of a popular story. We are told that when Marie Antoinette was informed of a famine in the neighborhood of the Tyrol, and of the starving of some of the peasants there, she replied: "I would rather eat pie-crust" (some of the story-tellers say "pastry") "than starve." Thereupon the courtiers giggled at the ignorance of the pampered princess, who supposed that starving peasants had such an alternative food as pastry. The ignorance, however, was all on the side of the courtiers and who repeat the story in its ordinary form. The princess was the only person in the court who really understood the habits of the peasants of the particular district in question. They cook their meat, chiefly young veal, by rolling it in a kind of dough made of sawdust, mixed with as little coarse flour as will hold it together; then place this in an oven or in wood-embers until the dough is hardened to a tough crust, and the meat is raised throughout to the cooking-point. Marie Antoinette said she would rather eat croutins than starve, knowing that these croutins, or meat-crusts, were given to the pigs; that the pigs digested them, and were nourished by them in spite of the wood-sawdust.

The Work of a Single Hair.

In the base of the capitol at Washington is the enginery by which the House, the Senate and the committee rooms are warmed and ventilated, and the gas lighted by electricity. It is altogether a big apparatus, consisting of three immense fans, four engines and eight boilers, with the necessary appliances for regulating the temperature and moisture of the air supplied to the nation's legislators. The instrument which tells whether the air is too moist or too dry is operated by a single human hair. A perfectly dry hair is put at 0; saturated air, that is carrying all the moisture it will hold, is put at 100. A dial with a hand like that of a clock represents the different figures from 0 to 100. The human hair absorbs moisture like a rope, and like a rope it becomes shorter when wet. The difference in length between a hair six inches long when wet and the same hair when dry, is made to represent the hundred degrees of moisture on the dial; and the hand, or pointer, moves backward or forward as the moisture in the air varies. If it becomes too dry more steam is thrown in; if too moist, less steam is allowed to escape, and thus the atmosphere for the nation's statesmen is regulated and kept at the healthful point, which is about fifty degrees.

Not very humorous, but still a paper full of sharp points—a paper of pins.—*Ashmore Toothpick.*

THE MODEL BEAU.

Sentimental Suggestions as to What a Swain Should Be.

The New York *Morning Journal* offered a prize of a big box of old-fashioned molasses taffy to the contributor sending in the best poem on "The Model Beau."

Among the bushel or more of contributions received, the best are the following, the prize winner being the writer of the lines signed "Jay, from Newark:"

No Bull Dog Required.

Oh!
Bestow
On me a beau
Who has some sense to know
When to go!

—*Mary J. N.*

Dress Does Not Make the Man.

Not merely mustache, cane and curl,
With stare and manner rude;
What kind of a beau can we make, do you know,
Of the flattering, modern dude?

Not mere trousers, coat and vest
Adopted by some elf;
But just a man, an honest man,
Who'll love you for yourself.

—*Hattie C.*

He Doesn't Live in New York.

The model beau
So far as I know,
Is one who neither drinks nor smokes;
He dresses neat;
His talk discreet—
Indulges not in silly jokes.

He is refined,
And not inclined
To flirt with every girl he sees;
He has but one
Under the sun,
And only her he tries to please.

—*John Charles.*

Too Good to Live.

The model beau is one, methinks,
Who has no appetite for drinks,
But treasures up his ducats spare.
To purchase the confections rare
Which tickle Claribel's larynx.

You'll find him with the pretty minx
In theatres or skating rinks—
He's all attention, I declare,
The model beau!

He writes in variegated inks
Effusions which would pose a Sphinx,
He strokes his upper lip with care
And in the middle parts his hair,
And yet the ladies style young Blinks
"The model beau!"

—*George B. Haywood.*

Arrayed a la Mode.

If then as model young beaus you would shine,
Dress like King Sothy, in raiment most fine!
Wear single eye-glasses and twirl your mustaches,
And gaze on the dear girls with rapture divine.
Bang your hair smoothly, never talk rudely;
Bathe your complexion in pure lily white,
Act very slyly, kiss your girl shyly,
And never, oh! never, be caught out at night.

—*E. C. S.*

Multum in Parvo.

Lots of money in his purse,
Always ready to disburse;
Good strong arms to hug the belles,
Pockets full of caramels;
Well cut clothes and big mustache—
That's the beau ideal "mash."

—*Anne Lloyd.*

He Who Knows When To Go.

The model beau
Will always go.
About the hour of ten;
While those who stay
'Till near next day
Are not the model men.

—*Annex Boy.*

Liberal and Loving.

Will ask his girl to go
To every first-class show;
He also ne'er refuses
To do whatever she choses.
Is it ice-cream or candy?
His pocketbook is handy.
Just so,
Model beau
I know!

—*Po Ree.*

Too Nice For Anything.

The model beau is he,
Who when he comes to me,
His eyes with love they shine
As he lifts them up to mine.

Who when he kisses me
His heart goes out in glee,
His true love does impart
To my humble, willing heart.

Who when he takes his leave,
Gives me no cause to grieve
For fear he will forget
His precious love, his pet.

—*"Jay" from Newark.*

Only Money Needed.

This is true, very true,
Although it sounds funny::
He requires no brains
If he has plenty of money.

—*A. W. H.*

A Beau Ideal.

A calm, protecting air,
A soft, yet manly voice;
A good mustache and plenty of cash,
And you have a maiden's choice.

—*J. C. W.*

Mother-in-Law Wisdom.

The mother-in-law's fountain of knowledge philosophy, according to R. Burdette, the Burlington *Hawkeye* humorist:

She meeteth her son-in-law at the door when the new clock tolleth fourteen, and he essayeth to let himself into the hall by unlocking the front gate with his watch key. And for this ofttimes he feareth her.

She knoweth his ways and his tricks are not new unto her. She is up to all his excuses, and when he sayeth he was detained down at the bank until the next morning;

Or, that the last car had gone, and he had to walk;

Or, that he was sitting up with a sick friend;

Or, that he was looking for his collar button;

Or, that he was drawn on the jury;

Or, that he had joined the astronomy class;

Or, that his books wouldn't balance;

Then doth she get onto him with both feet, for she sayeth within herself: "All these things hath his father-in-law said unto me for lo! these many years. Lo! this is also vanity and vexation of spirit."