

IN LILAC TIME.

In lilac time the moon is still. At night we hear the whippoorwill. The garden's full of snipe-crow. I wonder how I could forget. What this time means: Remembrance's path. Transports me to the field again. In lilac time.

To fragrant fields, where, after school, I played long in the evenings cool. Until I heard my mother call— When shall I hear that cadence fall? When feel those dear arms sheltering me, To which I ran so fast and true. In lilac time.

In lilac time we little know. As we are going to and fro, With purple blossoms in our hands, That some spring day in foreign lands Their scent will make our old hearts young. Swifter than any song that's sung. In lilac time.

—Mary Tenney in Boston Transcript.

MY MISS SMITH.

When I was about to come to America—for though I was born here, I had lived most of my life in London—every one who spoke to me on the subject told me that I should find young girls had much more liberty in the United States, and that this made it pleasanter for young men who desired to pay them attention. Whatever else they said, they were sure to say that.

I was very young—barely large enough as yet to wear high hats and dress coats on occasions of importance—and though I solemnly shaved twice a week, all that appeared on the edge of the razor was a little pale yellow down.

I was to go into business in New York, to take the place of a son of a certain Peter Smith, who had insisted upon going upon the stage instead of into the cotton business.

Old Mr. Smith was, I had heard, constantly a prisoner in his own room in consequence of the gout, and his daughter, Miss Smith, was to come on board the vessel to receive me. I remembered afterward that I had never heard Miss Smith's name mentioned, but I supposed her to be a mature spinster.

"You can't remember Miss Smith, I am sure," said my elder sister, who had brought me up, our parents having been taken from us while I was yet a child. "But she used to come to see us often when you were four years old, and admired you greatly. It is likely that she will think you ought to have some recollection of a little horse and wagon she gave you."

"A horse and wagon?" said I. "Yes," said Sophia, "and you'd better pretend to remember it, for I know she is very touchy—very touchy indeed."

I promised to do so. As my sister and her husband intended following me in six months our parting was not a melancholy one. My voyage was pleasant, and I arrived in New York without having met with any unusual experiences.

It appeared to me absurd that I should have been sent over to be called for as if I were a parcel, but as it had been done I waited in the cabin like a lamb until one of the waiters appeared, bearing upon a saucer a card which he presented to me. I read it and started to my feet.

"Miss Smith is here, then," said I. "Yes, sir," replied the waiter. And I followed him into the presence of a lady in a gray walking suit, who came running toward me, holding out both hands.

"I was so afraid you would not wait for me!" she said. I had expected an elderly lady. The person who addressed me was both young and pretty, and I hesitated a moment before returning her greeting.

"This is Miss Smith?" I asked. "Yes," she answered. "And this is Mr. John Smith?" I bowed and held out my hand. "It is all right, Johnny," she added. "Let us get into the carriage at once. Is everything arranged about your baggage? Dear me, how strange to see you again after all these years! How you have altered!"

"Naturally," I said. "I was such a little fellow when you saw me last." "I am older than you, you know," said she, as we took our seats in the carriage. "Yes, your hair used to curl; but I suppose you have forgotten me entirely."

Her lip quivered. She was touchy, as my sister had said. I hastened to soothe her. "Forgotten you? No, indeed," said I. "I was speaking only yesterday of the toy horse and wagon you gave me."

"Did I?" said she. "I had forgotten all about that. What sort of a horse was it?" "Oh, brown," said I innocently; "and a little wagon with wheels." She nodded. "Yes, I think I faintly remember," said she. "It has been said, has it not, never to see each other all these years?"

As I had no remembrance whatever of Miss Smith, I knew that I spoke in a somewhat formal and conventional tone when I replied, "Extremely so," and in a moment more I saw that tears stood in her eyes, and that she was trying to wipe them away with her handkerchief without letting me perceive the fact.

"Of course," said I. "Call me Tiny, and kiss me, then," said Miss Smith. "Well, might they have told me that American girls were freer in their manners than English maidens?" I thought. Then I put my arm about her waist, and said:

"My dear Tiny, I don't think any man could be cold to you, even after being Anglicized so thoroughly as I have been." "Oh, that English way is not bad," she said quietly, putting my hand and returning my kiss with interest. "It's gentlemanly, and you are well dressed. I'm quite proud of you, and we'll live together all our lives, and never, never part again. Will we?"

I sat dumfounded. This was going on rapidly. Evidently this American Miss Smith had taken advantage of my year, and was making an offer of her heart and hand.

"There! you are silent again," said she. "Oh, John! I believe you have fallen in love with somebody—that you are engaged to some English girl. Tell me at once if it is so, that I may not build my poor little air castles only to have them knocked over."

"I have never dreamed of engaging myself," said I. "I haven't been in love, and I don't think myself in circumstances to marry."

"I begin to breathe again," said Miss Smith. "As to circumstances, I can make a dollar go as far as five. I'll show you how to live on next to nothing, and live well. Kiss me again, Jack! I am so happy! When shall we go housekeeping?"

Her view of the matter evidently was that she had proposed and been accepted. However, I kissed her. She was so evidently respectable that I could but believe these proceedings customary in America. I felt that my friends should have informed me how far these Yankee girls could go. It must be that to one thought it wrong in this part of the world; for I knew that Miss Smith was respectable, and her father a man of good position. Moreover, she had an innocent air, with all her boldness, and I could have fallen in love with her on the spot but for her curious conduct. This, however, revolted me. She sat there, after this astounding behavior, without a tremor in her voice or a blush upon her face, and again remarked:

"I'm so happy, Jack!" "Oh! what were these American girls made of?" We came to a pause at last before a house which was not quite up to my idea of the wealthy Mr. Smith's residence, but was very respectable, and Miss Smith ushered me into a parlor which seemed to me to be full of girls. In the back one a tea table was spread.

"I've asked everybody to meet you," she said. "All the dear girls who were in the last class at boarding school with me." Then, having caused me to deposit my hat upon the rack, and having somehow disposed of my traveling bag, she took me by the arm and whirled me about, introducing me to Kate and Ann, Tilly and Nelly, Jane and Eliza, with last names which I did not catch, or forgot on the instant, and each one made some remark to the effect that dear Tiny had spoken so much of me—that she thought of no one else—that they supposed she was happy now, etc.

My bewilderment grew greater, but I was determined to see the affair out. It was to me as curious as any strange ceremonies among the Cannibal Islanders would have been.

This was apparently a betrothal party. However, they could not marry me against my will in any land. When it came to that I should assert myself.

At last we were all summoned to the table. "Your place is at the foot, Johnny," said Miss Smith; and I stood behind my chair, waiting for the ladies to be seated, when a servant whispered something in Miss Smith's ear, at which she turned pale, looked at me for a moment with an unutterable expression in her eyes and fled from the room.

The girls looked after her; one followed her, came back and whispered to the others, who, one after the other, left the room. It occurred to me that the clergyman had arrived, and that the matrimonial ceremonies were about to be celebrated, and I decided to get nearer the door. It might be that my only hope lay in flight. As I entered the front parlor I saw that the hall was deserted. On an upper floor voices were lifted, and some one seemed to be in hysterics. Shortly a masculine voice said fiercely, "I'll settle him!" and a youth in a traveling costume came rushing down stairs three steps at a time.

He entered the room in which I stood and advanced toward me. "What is the meaning of all this?" said he. "Exactly what I should like to know, sir," said I. "I am John Smith," said he. "So am I," I answered. "I arrived from England in the —," said he. "So did I," I replied. "I am Miss Smith's brother," said he. The truth began to dawn upon me. "I am not," said I, and then as gravely as possible I related the facts that I have already told you, at the same time producing from my pocket letters which gave witness to my veracity.

"This is a dreadful thing for Tiny," said the young man. "We have been separated since our childhood. She is very excitable and is terribly mortified. She believes that you purposely played a trick upon her, and really I don't know what to say!" "Don't say anything," I replied. "If I may have my hat and portmanteau I'll go. No doubt I can find my friend very easily. I'll get a cab. I have the address."

"It is awfully absurd!" said the other John Smith. "Awfully!" said I. With those words we parted, and about an hour afterward I had shaken hands with another Miss Smith, a jolly, middle-aged lady, who enjoyed the story that I told her hugely.

As for the other Miss Smith, I had not known the street to which she took me or the number of the house. I discovered that there were several pages of John Smiths in the directory, and she has passed out of my life as completely as though she were one of those mysterious females who assist the young princes of "The Arabian

Nights' Tales," entertain them splendidly in marble halls, where fountains play and slaves serve curious dainties, and who at dawn have vanished with their servants and palaces as though they were but visions of a dream.

Had it not been so I fancy this story might have had a more romantic termination, for I still remember her as the loveliest and sweetest creature whom I ever met, and have often followed some pretty figure for long blocks, only to discover, when at last I got a glimpse of her face, that it was not my Miss Smith. However, I am not old yet. The world is not a very large place, when you come to think of it, I may meet her yet—Mary Kyle Dallas in Fireside Companion.

AN EXCEPTION.

A Case Where the Railroad Porter Got the Worst of It. He was a large, elderly man, with an expression of discontent in his face, and when the porter had deposited his traveling bag in a section of the sleeping car the elderly man looked around at the ventilators, then critically at his neighbor across the aisle, and then he said to the porter:

"Where do we stop for supper?" "Dining car on the train, sir," was the answer. "Is, hey; what time is supper ready?" "It is being served now, sir."

"Is, hey—b-m; what time do we get to Albany?" "Nine-fifty." "Connect there with train from Boston?" "Yes, sir."

"Wait long?" "No, sir; only ten minutes." "H-m; what time do we get to Buffalo?" "Six-fifteen to-morrow morning."

"What time does the next train leave Buffalo for Cleveland after we get there?" "Six-forty, sir." The elderly man looked over his spectacles at the porter for a moment and then said:

"Want my ticket?" "No, sir; the conductor will take it by and by." "H-m—does that Cleveland train pass through Dunkirk?" "Yes, sir."

"What time?" "Six-forty-three." "How big a town is Dunkirk?" "About 10,000 inhabitants, sir." The elderly man seemed to be amused about something, and as the dialogue continued he became more so. He eyed the porter again and asked:

"What time does the train reach Erie?" "Three minutes past, sir." "How much bigger is Erie than Dunkirk?" "About four times, sir."

This concluded the interview. The porter walked away and the elderly gentleman sat down; but he didn't seem to feel easy. He gazed at the passenger across the aisle, then he took off his overcoat, sat down and commenced reading the evening paper, but three it aside almost immediately, and rising again walked gloomily to the back end of the car and looked out of the window. Then he went back to his seat and sat there silently until the porter came that way again, when he said:

"See here, young man; if I take that 6:40 train from Buffalo to-morrow morning, what connection can I make at Chicago for a northwestern train that stops at Kenosha, Wis.?" "I don't know, sir."

The elderly man eyed the porter fiercely for a moment through his spectacles, then over them, and then he said sarcastically: "You don't know?" "No, sir, you see—"

"I see, yes I see, you don't know! When a passenger asks you a civil question—you don't know. Great Scott! Why don't the railroad companies hire wooden dummies and save expense! Say, do you know beans when you see 'em? Do you know when it's night? Why don't you travel around with your eyes open! Say, why don't you—just one day? I would if I was you!"

And as the porter went quietly about his business the elderly man took up his newspaper again. He seemed to feel more contented after that.—Detroit Free Press.

Getting Even. In one of the largest dry goods stores in this city there is a particularly crook salesman. He is altogether too superb a creature to be behind a dry goods counter, and when he does condescend to wait upon a customer—the woman says—it is such a favor that it is really painful.

Yesterday a young woman who had suffered at his hands got even with him in the highest style of the art. She had been selecting a material for a dress for an out of town friend and the disagreeable salesman had chosen to assume, when she asked for samples, that she had no intention of buying, and had loftily referred her to some one else, intimating as much. The young woman had bought at least half a dozen dresses at that counter, and she vowed vengeance.

Yesterday she walked up to this superb creature with her sweetest and most demure air. She had a sample of calico that she knew couldn't be matched in Chicago, and she laid it down in front of him without a word.

If there is anything that is hated—the women say—it is to take down goods from the shelves; but when a sample is brought in to be matched he can't help himself. He was in a particularly lofty frame of mind yesterday, and picked up the offending sample with the condescension of a digno at the feast. After he had taken down three heavy bolts of cloth he grumbled:

"How many yards of cloth do you require?" "Two," she answered, with her sweetest smile. After he had taken down two or three more he impatiently remarked to space: "Rather an unusual shade!" "Yes!" He took down several more, and nodded. "Is it necessary to have an exact match?" he finally asked. "Yes; it must match perfectly," said the young woman, decidedly. The salesman knows his business—if he is disagreeable—the women say—and, giving a disgusted kind of a sniff, he went to work again. Finally, after he had taken down at least a dozen pieces and gone over his entire stock, he brought her a piece:

CONSORTED WITH THIEVES.

The Sad Case of a Girl of Aristocratic Family. The New York police made a grand raid on a Sixth avenue "fence" the other night and took in fourteen prisoners. Seven of these were discharged for lack of evidence. The other seven were held for the criminal court, and among them were "Doc" Bliss and two women, whose appearance excited general interest and astonishment.



LILLIAN STEVENS. Bliss and two women, whose appearance excited general interest and astonishment. When their history was brought out and published all New York was astonished to a degree that was painful.

One was Mrs. Byrne, a handsome woman with dark eyes. She was the wife of Dr. Byrne, a respectable and well-to-do physician of Lexington avenue, who died several months ago. About a year ago he brought Bliss, who had been his college chum, to his house. Bliss was then a thief, but the doctor did not know it. Since the doctor's death Bliss and Mrs. Byrne have lived together. Her mother, a woman of the highest respectability, was sent for and found her daughter in the felon's dock, the mistress and accomplice of a sneak thief!

The other case is, if possible, still more astonishing. Lillian Stevens is of a distinguished southern family, and her father attained to the rank of a general in the Confederate army. His estates were devastated, but he partially recovered his lost wealth, and when Lillian was twelve years old she was sent to a convent in France to be educated. She developed into a handsome young woman and fell in love with the son of another old southern family. Lillian's father opposed the match, but the young couple eloped. Lillian's husband became the confidential clerk in a wealthy manufacturing firm, but was dishonest and robbed his employers. He had to run away, and his wife left him. Her family refused to recognize her. She took refuge in New York, and went first to the opium den, and then to be the companion of crooks. The name of Stevens is of course an assumed one, but her true history is known.

Over 300 people who had been robbed recently came to examine the recovered swag, and many valuable articles were identified and the ownership proved. It is needless to add that the two women were stared at by the crowd in the police court-room as if they had been "wild Australian children." They were still womanly enough to feel their disgrace keenly and will be released if they consent to testify freely.

The Gorgon Theater. It is much to be desired that actors should be duly protected against the laches of unscrupulous employers, and against the perils of insanitary dressing rooms and of ill constructed theaters; complaints on such matters are, unfortunately, only too well founded. There are, especially in the smaller provincial towns, numberless adventurers, theatrical managers—Heaven save the mark!—whose capital consists of a limited stock of picture posters, probably obtained on credit, and unlimited stock of innate effrontery.

Small as are the salaries they covenant to pay their actors, they seldom disburse them in full, while an ingenious system of proclaiming the end of a season in one town, and inviting applications for re-engagement in the next enables them to saddle their unhappy company with the cost of any unusually expensive railway journey.

Again, those who only play the part of audiences in our theaters, little know how sordid is sanitary and architectural reform to stop short on their side of the footlights. There are theaters, gorgonous as to their foyers and corridors with gilding and electric lights, whose sanitary arrangements behind the scenes would disgrace a bovel, whose stages communicate with the street by passages so tortuous that a stranger's chances of threading the labyrinth amid fire and smoke would be well nigh hopeless. The bogus manager and the insanitary theater are certainly ills which cry aloud for remedy.—Saturday Review.

A Bond of Union. Mrs. Parvenue—I'm awfully sorry to learn that dear Mrs. Hantoun is so very ill. Blunt Friend—Why, you haven't even a bowing acquaintance with her. Mrs. Parvenue—No, no, exactly; but we've had the same milkman for years, you know.—Harper's Bazar.

Assistance, Not Annoyance. Friend—Heavens, Bagley! How can you write with that baby's untelegible prattle ringing in your ears? Bagley—Don't disturb us, Dobson. I'm writing a dialect story and the baby is furnishing the language.—Life.

The formal custom of bidding guests to call again, whether man or woman, is now in disuse. It is understood that calls are expected after one invitation or permission, either verbal or by card, has been given.

General Winfield Hancock was known as "Hancock the Superb," a name given him by General Meade after the magnificent manner in which he repulsed Longstreet at Gettysburg.

ALMOST A CHOLERA SCARE.

An Incident of the Peculiar Fright That Seized New York City. "Let me tell you how I came near being the innocent cause of a big cholera scare," said a well known lawyer to a reporter one afternoon. "It happened in this way: I was breakfasting alone in East Twenty-eighth street at a private Italian boarding house filled with the leading people from several comic opera companies, including 'Robin Hood' and 'Puritania.' My landlady, Mme. S., whose English pronunciation is at once the delight and despair of those who seek to imitate or understand it, came in and said: 'Mista John, writta me una note. Say Alda wom' are down. Comma quock. You putta ma non attia bot, Sophie.'

"I was in haste to get down town," continued the narrator, "and I wrote it out as I understood it. 'All the women are down; come quick.' I thought that the message sounded odd. She said, however, that it was 'alla rat,' and sent it to Dr. X. around the corner in Lexington avenue. That worthy young physician glanced at the note, and thinking that it opened the way to fame for him informed the board of health that he had discovered an outbreak of cholera in an up town Italian boarding house. He telephoned the same message to several newspaper men of his acquaintance.

"In less than twenty minutes a squad of burly policemen appeared in front of the house, followed by the doctor, six reporters and several officers of the board of health, whose instincts had been wrought up to a white heat by the message. Mme. S. answered the incessant ringing of the door bell in person. She was attired in a becoming morning gown, and being a large and remarkably handsome woman, presented a dramatic appearance as she explained the situation: 'Gentleman, you eatta brikkaf now, no undastanda me. I tell him olda wom' are down, slippa down, you undastan! Olda wom worka for me. Falla downa de stair. Hurra her side. No wom' down here. Atta. Dey alla out. Goodday, gentleman, goodaday.'

—New York Tribune.

Dickens as a Dancer. My father insisted that my sister, Katie, and I should teach the polka step to him and Mr. Leech. My father was as much in earnest about learning to take that wonderful step correctly as though there were nothing of greater importance in the world. Often he would practice gravely in a corner, without either partner or music, and I remember one cold winter's night his awakening with the fear that he had forgotten the step so strong upon him that, jumping out of bed, by the scant illumination of the old fashioned rushlight and to his own whistling he diligently rehearsed his "one, two, one, two," until he was once more secure in his knowledge.

No one can imagine our excitement and nervousness when the evening came on which we were to dance with our pupils. Katie was to have Mr. Leech, who was over six feet tall, for her partner, while my father was to be mine. My heart beat so fast that I could scarcely breathe. I was so fearful for the success of our exhibition. But my fears were groundless, and we were greeted at the finish of our dance with hearty applause, which was more than compensation for the work which had been expended upon its learning.—Mamie Dickson in Ladies' Home Journal.

Cruel Indifference. "The other day a woman who spends thousands of dollars a year on dress sent for me and gave me an old garment to make over for house wear," says a dressmaker. "There were trimmings and linings to buy, but she gave me no money. Of course it was taken for granted that I would furnish those. That was all right. When the work was done the bill amounted to \$11.90, and I had less than \$1 in cash. I wrote an apologetic little note to my customer when I sent the dress home, asking for the amount of the bill—if convenient. My messenger returned empty handed. He waited in the hallway of the rich woman's house for half an hour, and receiving no answer to my note ventured to speak to one of the servants about it. The servant kindly said that she would inquire about it. Soon she returned with the message that Mrs. — said that she had no time to bother with petty bills then. In consequence my little family had a very 'skimpy' Sunday dinner."—New York Times.

Little Rhody's Greatness. Little Rhody is "some pumpkin" of a state after all. The smallest of all the states, she has the largest population per square mile, or 318.44 persons. The figures of the last census show that if the whole union were as densely populated it would contain 945,766,850 inhabitants. Now it is seen for what Rhode Island is distinguished above all her sister states. She has been observing Lord Baltimore's Maryland motto, which rendered into plain English reads, "Increase and multiply."—Washington Star.

The Negro and the Earthquake. At Fort Augusta, in Jamaica, one of the defenses of Kingston harbor, on the opposite side of the inlet of Port Royal, is shown the tomb of a negro, who in a great earthquake was swallowed up, and apparently buried alive in a chasm which was opened under his feet. A moment later another convulsion threw him out on the surface again, undamaged but for a few bruises, scratches and scars, and he lived for many years afterward.—All the Year Round.