

A CITY DWELLER'S WISH.

I love the leaf of the old oak tree, I love the gum of the spruce, I love the bark of the birch, And I love the maple's juice.

ALONE IN THE HOUSE.

It was the 3th day of November—"Guy Fawkes Day" in the old English calendar that hung above the mantel in my maternal grandmother's long dimmed room upstairs.

It was the 3th day of November—"Guy Fawkes Day" in the old English calendar that hung above the mantel in my maternal grandmother's long dimmed room upstairs.

"I say, Miss Ruth," he had said, "there's plenty of wood and everything's all snug for the night, and I'm going over to Stephenson's. They're in trouble there."

"I just met Peter going to Stephenson's," "Oh!" said I. "But we don't have traps around here, Mrs. Gludge."

"I'm not so certain of that," said the farmer's wife. "Your folks hasn't lived here as long as I have. We're just high enough to the Canada line to have queer characters prowl about when ye least expect 'em.

"It's very strange," said she. "I made sure I had it. I did have it when I started away from home, but now I remember

Just at the foot of Gibb's cliff I took out my handkerchief to dry around my neck. The wind came so keen around the rocks, and I must have pulled it out with that, and everything too pitch dark around me to see.

"Report you, Mrs. Gludge?" said I. "Of course not. It wasn't your fault. If you hadn't kindly thought of me, and started to bring it on your way to Romney's, you never would have lost it."

"And quite true," said Mrs. Gludge ruefully, "but all the same I wish hadn't been so thoughtful. I'll send the boys out to look for it just as soon as—"

"Ob, never mind the letter," I interrupted. "I dare say it's only from Jack. Tomorrow morning will do very well for that. But, Mrs. Gludge, you'll come back and stay with me till Peter gets back? Jean is away, you know, and—"

"Yes, my dear, I'll do that," assented the woman, evidently relieved to be let off so easily on the score of the letter. "And it won't be long first. It's only a short half mile to Romney's, if the wind didn't blow so like all possessed."

"I'll go up to the garret and bring down some butter-nuts," thought I, "and then I'll get some cider from the cellar. It will be fun to crack the butter-nuts and watch the shells blaze in the fire, and Mrs. Gludge will like a drink of cider when she comes back all wet and chill."

Chooed by this happy thought, I caught up a lamp and flew to the garret of the roomy old house where my father had bestowed all the nutty treasures of the autumn woods. Somehow, Priscilla, the cat, had got locked into the garret, and I had to release her from duress vile, and replace a box or two which she had knocked off from the window sill, before I came down, driving her erstwhile before me, with the lamp in one hand and an apronful of butter-nuts in the other.

"I made sure I had it. I did have it when I started away from home, but now I remember

my head, and stammer out incoherent apologies amid the laughter of Jack and the polite reproaches of the friend whom he had unexpectedly brought from Montreal with him, and whose coming had been announced, as it seemed, by the very letter Mrs. Gludge had lost.

That's all. There is no sequel to my story. In real life I have found that stories seldom do have sequels. I had had a dreadful fright, and they all laughed at me at first and made excuses for me and petted me afterward and said "Poor little Ruth!"

"How do you manage to keep your stock so fresh away up here?" I asked. "You must have a pretty good trade."

"Oh, yes, pretty good," he said. "It isn't hard to get a good run of custom if you only go about it on business principles. I don't think because I am so far up town that I ought to make an extra profit on all I sell. That idea would spoil my trade."

"The most of the men that live around here go down town every day, and all of them once a week or so, and to get their trade and keep it I have to sell at down town prices. There isn't much money in it sometimes, for the tobacco men do cut prices awfully when there are many stores close together, as there usually are, but I figure that it is better to get the trade at a small profit than not to get it at all."

A short time ago the queen regent of Spain wrote to his holiness the pope asking him to grant a bishopric to a poor and humble priest, the son of a Tyroise shepherd. The interest shown by the young sovereign in this peasant's son had its source in an incident which took place when Maria Christina was a little Austrian archduchess of five years.

She was one day passing about the hills with her governess when a violent storm came on, and they took shelter in a shepherd's hut which was near at hand. A little boy was amusing himself with some pebbles in a corner of the miserable dwelling when they entered.

It is a curiosity to watch the male ostrich assist the hatching out process. As soon as he sees the beak or toe sticking through the shell he will take the egg up by the protruding bill or foot, lift it two or three feet, and drop it on the ground until it breaks. I have seen him release two chicks at once by dropping one egg upon the other in this way.—Interview in St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

GUILTY, YET ACQUITTED.

How a Lawyer Secured a Verdict for a Self-Confessed Criminal.

"Well, I will tell you of another case," said John D. Townsend, the lawyer, one night while chatting about a strange scene in law courts with me at an up town club.

"The father of the man who killed Jeffords lived in the upper part of this state, and he retained me for the defense. I went to Sing Sing shortly after I was retained to take the testimony of witnesses in favor of my client. I knew that most of them would be convicts, and I wanted to get their testimony, etc., before they got away."

"I suppose a lawyer ought to know everything about the case he has in hand?" "I replied that of course he should be thoroughly posted, or he could not competently defend his client."

"Just please to imagine the condition of my feelings! However, I had but one course to take. I remembered a somewhat similar case occurring a short time before in England. Counsel defending a murderer was just about to sum up with a certainty of a verdict when he was handed a note from the prisoner confessing his guilt!"

"It was unanimously determined that counsel must proceed to sum up on the evidence just as though his client had never spoken to him. On the reassembling of court he did so, and his client was acquitted!"

At a seaside resort some boys caught a ribbon snake about eighteen inches long, and after playing with it for awhile took it into their hands to see if it could swim. They carried it to the pier and threw it into the harbor. The snake set out swimming at once, but instead of coming toward the land it made for a small yacht lying at anchor.

The shouts of the boys called the attention of the only man on the yacht to the presence of the snake, and after climbing the poor creature with a broom about the deck, he succeeded in throwing it into the water again. The snake, still plucky, swam to another yacht near by, but was driven away with an oar.

By this time it was somewhat exhausted, but it had strength enough to crawl away among the rocks, and the men who were watching it felt that it had earned the right to live, even had there been any reason—first place—for killing it in the New York harbor.—Youth's Companion.

"You wear a wooden leg, Billie?" "Old Billie sat in a sailor's saloon on the east side yesterday afternoon."

"That's what?" "Where did you get it?" "In the West Indies, in '65—pirates."

"You love New York?" "Depends. Say, this is the most wonderful wooden leg in the world."

It is usually supposed that the faint and squeaky hand organs played by woolly old women, seated on curbstones and wrapped in shawls, are decrepit from long service in the cause of art. That is not the case. Their builders intentionally leave out notes, so that they shall sound more mournful and touch more quickly the sensibilities of some people.

TO HONOR ERICSSON.

New York's Tribute to the Inventor of the Monitor.

How the American people delight to honor their dead heroes, though reluctant and slow in doing them justice when living, is well illustrated in the case of John Ericsson, the inventor of the famous Monitor.



For years Ericsson had a claim of about \$15,000 against the national government for services rendered prior to the war, and 20 years or more ago the court of claims decided that the debt was a just one, and yet today it remains unpaid.

Just about that time, too, the New York legislature appropriated \$10,000 to build a monument in his honor, which will soon be unveiled on the historic Battery amid the thundering of the cannon of the mighty ships of war assembled in the harbor for the Columbian naval review.

All Thought Better of Him for It. The young man had been with the party some time, and he finally rose to go. The others vetoed the proposition.

"Oh, sit down!" cried one. "What do you want to break up the party for?" asked another.

"Well, I'll submit the case to you. You are talking of going to the theater or having a game of cards at the club, and you want me to be one of the party. Now, in a cozy little flat on the North side there's a little woman!"

There was another pause, and then one of the party took a sip of champagne and said: "I'd rather you'd go home."

How to Catch a Rattlesnake. The largest rattlesnake on exhibition at P. C. Montgomery's drug store was captured on Deer Creek, above the Hot Springs, by Allen Coultas, a professional snake charmer and wild animal specialist.

His Wooden Leg. "You wear a wooden leg, Billie?" "Old Billie sat in a sailor's saloon on the east side yesterday afternoon."

Remember the Total. Now that the tabulations for the eleventh census are in once for all, it is well worth our while to recall the formula by which we set out to remember the sum total.