

FOR HER.

For her the sweetest blossoms should breathe a perfume rare.

For her the tenderest music should come floating through the air.

For her the choicest pleasures should bedeck and pave the way.

And brightest beams of sunlight at her feet in glory play.

For her the blushing rosebud should discard its cruel thorn.

And for her heaving bosom other eager searchers scorn.

For her a pure contentment should throw its arms about.

And circle her, while pleasure shuts all care and sorrow out.

For her I'd make the journey through this land of bitter tears.

A lasting day of smiling love, devoid of doubt and fears.

Her path should glow resplendent, the way be like a dream.

I'd make her life with happiness like dearest heaven seem.

—Detroit Free Press.

BUD'S COPY.

The city editor opened the door and peered impatiently through the clouds of smoke rolling up over the long center table in the reporters' room.

"Did you get that story, Carleton?" he asked.

"Carleton's not in yet, Mr. Howard," one of the men replied. "He"—

But the door shut with a bang, to open a minute later, when the same worried voice inquired:

"Where's Bud? No; I suppose he isn't to be found either! Did any one ever know him to be on hand when he was wanted? Here, Bud," as the grimy faced galley and general utility boy in question came in with his proofs, "go down to the foot of F street and find Carleton. There's a wreck off the point, but it won't do us any good unless he gets here with that copy pretty soon. We go to press at 3 o'clock—in just two hours. Bud!"

He stopped with a half smile, for the boy was already part way down the stairs on his way to the street.

None of us knew exactly why we gave the weird, shriveled specimen of boyhood the name of Bud. Possibly it was because of the certainty we felt that he would never become a blossom. He was a thin shouldered, sunken chested little fellow, small even for his 12 years, with a sharp featured, unchildish face, and the suggestion of eternal croup in his voice. He had drifted into the office one stormy night about a year before the time of which I write, and although his request for "a place" had been promptly refused he had calmly staid on and become a fixture. He was not communicative about himself, and we were not particularly curious. One of the women proofreaders discovered before long that the gray rat under her desk was not a more constant habitue of the office than was Bud. He spent the hours between the time that the paper went to press and the arrival of the day men at 11 o'clock sleeping on a pile of empty mail sacks in a dark corner of the engine room, but from that time on he was alert and ready for business.

As "understudy" for Frank, the regular galley boy, he was fast picking up a knowledge of printing and had occasionally displayed a surprising amount of information regarding the general makeup of a newspaper. Strongly imbued with the idea that all things were secondary in importance and must be subservient to its requirements, nothing pleased him so much as an errand of the kind just given him by the city editor, and we all knew he would return on time if he was alive.

Carleton was a new man on the paper, a little green in the business, but with a "nose for news" and a sense of honor and the eternal fitness of things, coupled with reliability of statement. Mr. Howard had looked over his staff that night before giving the assignment.

"Get to that wreck, Carleton," he said testily. "You are the only man here who can write it up without having the waves roll mountain high." And the new reporter had torn a thick section from the block of copy paper and hurried away.

Bud found no difficulty in locating the wreck, although he could see its dark spars outlined against the sky much better by running along the water front as far as H street. The storm, which had been raging for three days and had finally caused the disaster, had subsided a trifle, and from his distance the great, black hull seemed resting easily upon the waves. On account of the hour there were but few spectators—only the hurrying life saving crews, the patrolmen and the inevitable groups of ragged wharf rats. And Bud observed, with delight, that not another paper had a reporter on the scene. He looked around for Carleton, and some one told him that the "chap" that had been writing there for a long time, sitting on an overturned small boat, had at last righted the little craft and set off for the half submerged ship.

"He hadn't oughter either," the man continued. "This water ain't as peaceful as it looks. We had a hard pull gettin in the last trip with the passengers, and the wind is risin higher every minute."

It was true that the clouds had begun to roll again, while the lightning threw ever sharper and more jagged fangs across the sky. The crew on shore made hasty preparations to put out. There were still many people aboard the wreck—a number of them women and children. Bud was the first one in the boat.

"Come out of that, youngster," said a sailor. "Be quick with you!"

"I'm goin," cried the boy. "I've got to see Carleton—I've got to, I tell you!"

The sailor's hand was on his collar, but Bud clung to the seat with desperation, the muscles in his little hands standing out like a gladiator's.

"I've got to get something for the paper," and his voice rose to a shrill scream.

The man lifted him out, sat him—not ungently—down on the wet sand and pushed off the boat. With a fierce cry the boy was after him, clinging like a monkey to its side. The sailor loosened

the boy's hands, and he dropped back ward into the water. He scrambled to the shore and stood choking with impotent rage, strange oaths pouring from his lips and his frail hands beating at the air.

The wind increased in violence. The thunder was terrific, and the heavens were cut with broad, white blades. The night grew ever blacker, but he could see by the flashes that the lifeboat rolled heavily and seemed in distress. He sank down and dug his hands deep into the sand. All at once a peal of thunder shook the solid earth. A flash of lightning leaped down and seemed to lap up the sea and ships. Bud uncovered his eyes, and in a moment his shrill voice was added to the chorus of agony sent up from among the flames of the fated steamer. Lightning had struck her, and the boy had heard the sailors say that she carried a consignment of coal oil.

The light was bright enough now, and the watchers could see a small, dark object leave her luminous side and head toward shore. It was the small boat. Bud screamed in ecstasy as he saw a man—Carleton—work at the oars. The time seemed an eternity, and the boat, overcrowded as it was with women and children, seemed to make no progress. It was in danger of swamping. How long before the explosion must occur?

The boy threw himself face downward upon the beach and waited. Presently he lifted his eyes and saw the man in the boat rise and gently put back the hands that were extended toward him, as if in entreaty, and then with a long leap spring into the ocean. Bud saw him strike out with strong, confident strokes, while the boat, relieved of his weight, made a leap forward. Then there was a sudden darkening of the sky as the flames swirled downward, followed by a long, reverberating shock and roar, a glare that turned the heavens into fire, while the waves hissed around the scene with the foam at their lips stained red. There was a hurrying back and forth along the shore, the whirling of long ropes, lassolike, over the waters, and after awhile a few charred, blackened shapes upon the beach.

Bud opened the office door at half past 2.

"This is a nice time for you to show up," growled the city editor. "Where's Carleton? Did you get that copy?"

Bud approached the table slowly, fumbling in his coat with trembling hands.

"I've brought the copy," he said, his lips drawn and ashen. "It's a little wet, 'cause 'twas in his pocket, and"—the boy put his hand up to his throat and sobbed hoarsely—"you see, he—got drowned."—Grace Duffie Roe in Chicago Post.

A COMEDY OF ERRORS.

To the Shrewd Paris Police Official There Was Something Tragic About It.

Paris is just now shaken with unholly mirth over the tribulations of a commissaire of police. A certain lady went to the Bon Marche the other day and stole a quantity of valuable lace. She was arrested forthwith and turned over to the police. The culprit was invited to dine that evening and begged the authorities to let her notify her expectant host, but as the authorities are not tender to thieves they calmly ignored her request. That evening M. Preat, the police official from the left bank of the Seine, hired a cab and went to the guilty woman's rooms.

There he found so many stolen goods that he rummaged through the entire place, and packing all the stolen effects in a big black trunk got his cabman to aid him in taking it down to the carriage. The next morning the gentleman whose dinner was spoiled by the absence of his fair guest called to see what was the matter. He rang and pounded unavailingly, so the concierge produced a pass key, and they both stood aghast at the terrible condition of the apartment. The case was plain. A malefactor, probably an anarchist, had got in on some pretext. The disorder of the room denoted that his victim had fought desperately for her life, but he had murdered her and stuffed her corpse and all the valuables he could find into a missing black trunk.

The friend flew off with cries of despair to notify the police of the quarter of this awful crime. The concierge related the whole affair to a knot of curious bystanders, which speedily expanded into a dense crowd. The police took down the description of the criminal who stole the black trunk and the description of the cabman who drove a white horse, ordered the locks changed on the apartment so that no one could enter without the knowledge of the police and then withdrew with dignity. Half an hour later, while the crowd was still staring at the murder stained house, the cab with the white horse drove up to the door, and the supposed murderer alighted. He was instantly denounced by the irate concierge, and being utterly unconscious of his own supposed misdeed was nearly lynched before he sufficiently realized the situation to produce his police badge, when the crowd respectfully dropped him. We rather dislike the police in Paris, but we certainly stand in wholesome awe of them.

The unoffending commissaire then found himself locked out of the apartment, owing to the precautions of the police, and was forced to send for his colleague to open the door for him. His search for stolen goods was successful, as he netted about \$3,000 worth. The only people in Paris who do not perceive the farcical side of this situation are, first, M. Preat, who came near being lynched and was knocked about roughly by the mob for the perpetration of a crime that never was committed; the officious friend, who raised all this bother, and the lady herself, who is gloomily meditating behind prison bars on the convenience attendant on her breach of the eleventh commandment, "Thou shalt not be found out."—Paris Cor. Philadelphia Telegraph.

Dummies In the Band.

Quartermaster Liebhich of the Fifth regiment made a discovery once and has been careful ever since whenever he has occasion to engage a band to play martial music for the gallant boys in blue.

"I wanted to engage a brass band," said he, "and there was a certain rivalry among the boys that made it difficult to reach a conclusion. I finally made up my mind and engaged a certain band, and the next day the bandmaster of the rival organization said to me, 'You watch your band tomorrow and see that they don't ring in any dummies on you.' I didn't know what the man was talking about, so I asked him to explain, and he did. A light then dawned upon me, for he gave the snap deliberately away, that while leaders of certain bands collect so much per man from the people that engage them they frequently ring in people in the band that don't know a bar of music from a bar of soap. They just simply walk along with the rest of the players and nobody is any the wiser. The next day the parade took place, and I followed the advice of the other leader and watched my band carefully. It didn't take long to pick out the two dummies. They just strolled along with the brass instruments at their mouths and acted as though they played without inflating their cheeks. We had to pay for those fellows \$3 apiece just the same."

"And what did you do?"

"I asked the leader to tell the two dummies to play solos."

"And they did?"

"Not by a jugful. He simply said that that wasn't in the contract, and he refused to do it. I have had my eyes opened since, and you may rest assured they don't ring in any more 50 cent dummies on me and charge me \$3 for them."—Cleveland World.

A Curious Fish.

"Being something of a naturalist," remarked A. L. Bellows of Camden, N. J., "I have always been fond of hunting up queer instances of animal instinct and have found few more curious than the habit of a fish belonging to the genus 'geophagus,' which is found in the rivers of Brazil. These fish may be frequently seen in shallow water accompanied by a brood of 20 or 30 young ones. Should any cause of disturbance, especially any imminent danger, present itself, these young fishes disappear in an instant. On such an occasion, several years ago, I caught the parent in a hand net, and on opening its mouth I found it filled with the young packed away toward the gills and filling the entire cavity. When I mentioned the fact to the natives, they informed me that it was well known to them, and that it was continued until the young attained a considerable size."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

An Imposing Glacier.

About 13 miles from Cooke, on the Rosebud, is a grand and imposing glacier at least 150 feet high. Upon its glistening surface the bright sun looks down as it has for ages and in no way affects this icy mirror below. Here and there are immense cracks or fissures where the awe stricken adventurer can look down into unknown depths.

The strangest part of this glacier is that all over its surface in vast multitudes, and particularly near its base, lie great grasshoppers in a perfect state of preservation. At the base they are heaped up in windrows and present a curious spectacle. There is field for much speculation and room for wonder and admiration as we stand and view this vast glacier and its burden of grasshoppers.—Phillipsburg (Mo.) Call.

Subterranean London.

It gives an impressive idea what subterranean London is fast becoming to learn that, on emerging from the river, the new city and Waterloo line will, in its passage up Queen Victoria street, run for a part of the way underneath the low level main sewer, which in its turn runs along beneath the District Underground railway, so that at this point in the city we shall have first a busy main thoroughfare, below that a steam railway, then a huge metropolitan sewer, then an electric railway, reaching its terminus at a depth of about 63 feet below the streets, and here it will communicate with another line—the Central London—which will lie at a depth of 80 feet.—London Daily News.



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Helped Herself.

The old southern mammy is one of the peculiar and picturesque relics of the past, now almost traditional, so seldom is one found in her native surroundings.

A young southern girl who has been visiting in the north gives this amusing bit of local dialogue which took place after her return to her home in Virginia, where Aunt Carline, an old colored woman who had always been her attendant, was awaiting on her at table.

"Cream in yeh coffee, honey, same as befo?"

"Yes, aunty."

"Sugar? Fre lumps, same as befo?"

"Please, aunty, let me help myself to sugar."

"Deed, indeed, yoh don't, honey. Does you drop de lumps in yonsef in de no?"

"Always, aunty."

"Yoh poor chile! I jes' knowed dey 'bused yoh dar. Done put de sugar in her own coffee! It gibs me a misery jeh to 'tink yoh get so fah 'way from home yeh has to do like dat. Dey mus' be pore shiffless folks to let yoh do dat, suah enuff."

"And," writes Miss H., "she is still pitying me for having met with such a misfortune and insists on giving me four lumps in every cup as a compensation."—Detroit Free Press.

A Young Idea Shoos.

"Gold is a precious metal," explained the professor, "because of its scarcity. All the gold now in use in the world," he added, referring to a memorandum on the flyleaf of the textbook he was using, "according to careful and trustworthy estimates could be put within the walls of a room 34 feet square."

"So could all the silver in the world," suggested a little red-haired boy in the class, "if you make the ceiling of the room high enough."—Chicago Tribune.

Begin at Home.

Mrs. Suffrage—it's woman's highest mission to correct the crying evils of the time.

Mr. Suffrage (mildly)—Then wouldn't you better spank those twins and put them to bed before they yell the roof off?—Life.

All Gone.

Nodd—I lost \$4 yesterday.

Todd—How's that?

Nodd—I made a mistake and gave my wife a \$5 bill when I thought it was \$1.—New York World.

"Bucking the Tiger."

The source.

Mrs. Baldwin (paying a visit at Wynham's country home)—Why, Percy, how tanned you are!

Percy (frankly)—Yes. Papa done it.—Brooklyn Life.

A LIFE INSURANCE POLICY.

Every man ought to have one, but a long step towards that is the possession of Alcock's Porous Plasters. It is certain that they prolong life, by relieving the strain that comes from continued suffering.

Many a man can endure a sharp disease better than he can the wear and tear of pains, little in themselves, yet constant in their strain upon the system. A weak back, stiffness in the joints, soreness of the muscles, seem to not a little to exhaust the powers of physical endurance. Alcock's Porous Plasters relieve them at once, and no wise man will fail to use them on the first sign of pain. It is a very small premium that he has to pay.

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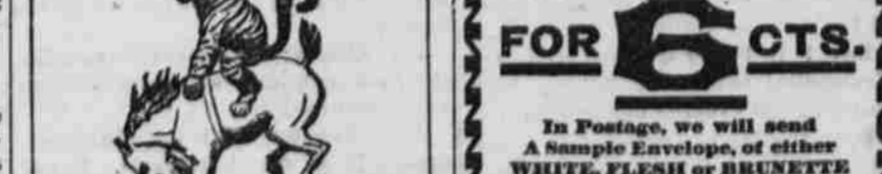
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