Happy face 'heath the tattered bonnet, Marry eyes matching the ribbons on It: What unitter the old, tern shawl and gown! With her sunny hair for a golden crown She's the richest queen in all the land— With her happy face under the bonnet.

Her kingdom, the billowy meadows fair; Her subjects, the birds and butterflies there: Her wine, the dew in the floweret's cup, Which she quaffs with give, ere the sun is up She's the proudest queen in all the land, With her winsome face under the bonnet.

be cares not for fashion, cares not for fame, knows not sorrow—to her, but a name.

wears bright jewels, the wildflowers aweet,
and they lift their heads her smile to meet.
She's the happiest queen in all the land,
'Neath her old and faded bonnet.

To those who are blest with wealth untold. Comes not such joy as her life doth hold. They think they are happy—how little they

The sweet confent her eyes reveal! We may find if we search through all the land A queen 'neath a tattered bonnet. —Good Housekeeping.

## PETEY'S CALL.

Petey sat half asleep on the little beneet apart for the messenger boys thinking-If his drowsy meditations could be dignific by that term-thinking of the long tramphad been on and the probability of an other one when the manager next looked his way. It was raining outside, and the streets were in that mushy state suggestly of chocolate pudding, with no hint abou them of the heavy downfall of beautiful snow which had preceded the rain.

Petey dldn't relish the idea of going on again-be was not a "regular" and had no ther uniform nor rubber coat. He had been taken in as special during the holiday week and wasn't quite sure yet whether he would he retained or not. As a matter of fact, it his present drowsy condition be didn't car much what happened to him as long as he wasn't disturbed.

Just when his meditations were assum ing a chaotic mixture in which the actua and the fancied were strangely combined the cry of "Next!" was called, and the boyish form straightened up, the brown eye were vigorously rubbed by two very dirt knuckles, which operation did not tend to beautify his countenance by any means, and a very dejected figure presented itself a the desk in answer to the call.

"Here, you, what's your number?" "Eighty-six," drawled Petey, still almost too sleepy to answer.

This call is from 617 North Blank street Do you know where it is!" 'Yes, sir," said Petey, whose rare knowl

edge of the city had helped him materially in securing the place. "Well, here's your car fare; don't forge the tariff; get out."

Clapping his hat on his towsled head, which resembled nothing so much as a floor mop, the boy waited for no second invitation, but shot out of the door like flash, only to drop into a gentle saunter when he was out of sight of the office.

Taking his card out of his hat he solllo quized as he walked along: "Swell neighborhood! I suppose they want me to go to de caterers or de florists. Dem nabobs alluhas some such job like dat for us poor fellers. A messenger boy's life ain't no snap. I kin tell you," he remarked sagely to himself as he stopped to watch a fight between a yellow dog and a stub tailed cat that had just run out of the alley adjoining a printing office. When tabby had vanquished, her enemy Petey proceeded on his way, and after several encounters with sundry street gamins and a parley with an apple woman about the price of her wares he surreptitiously mounted the steps of a northward bound street car, cautiously avoiding the eyes of the driver, and settled himself for a good time with a thrilling tale of the plains, which he drew from his pocket, and the two apples which he had bulldozed from the woman for the price of

Somehow the adventure of "Mark, the Cowboy," failed to interest him today, the jingle of the bells, the steady drip, drip of the rain and the ever increasing number of passengers necessitating his jumping on and off at almost every square did not tend to the undisturbed enjoyment of his men-tal feast. He therefore fell back upon his own thoughts for company, and viewed in detail his life since he had entered the service of the "A. D. T." He smiled grimly as he thought of the baby which he had held for two mortal hours while its mother shopped from one department to another It wasn't a good baby, and he had been obliged to walk up and down with it-trot and sing to it. He had slapped it once-at this thought the smile broadened into a flendish grin.

Some one passing by had suggested that it was hungry, another thought that a pin was sticking into it and a third was certain that it had the coilc. Petey knew that it was nothing but temper, but what could be do but walk, trot and sing, and when that mother returned was it not unkind of her to snatch the infant from his arms, and exclaim in a voice for all to hear, "What did the naughty little boy do to mother's angel?" while the miserable "angel," with a look of unholy satisfaction, cuddled down the woman's arms and never shed an other tear?

He thought it all over again, the day that he went for the undertaker; the maid-en lady he escorted to the theater, as she was quite too young to go to a place of amusement without a chaperon; the bundles that he had carried; the candy that he had bought and the notes he had delivered, and he came to the conclusion that school life wasn't so bad after all.

The car by this time was nearing the neighborhood where he wished to alight, so he awung off with that easy grace that the children of the streets are quick to acquire and sauntered leisurely along the pavement. It was a very elegant section that he found himself in. A great square in the center and large, substantial looking stone houses facing it on each side. A few children with their nurses were playing in the park, and at several doors well appointed carriages were in waiting. No. 617 was a corner house as handsome as those about it, and with a wing built out on a side street, which was evidently a conservatory. Petey took all this in at a glance, and as he ran up the broad steps and peeped in through the silken vestibule curtains be murmured, "Here's richness,"

A trim little maid with a snowy cap and apron opened the door and told him to wait in the hall while she informed her mistress of his arrival. Left alone, Petey took in the details of the beautiful house. The wide hall was fitted up as a sitting room, achierful fire blazed in the open fireplace and fur rugs lay about on the polished floor. Palms were set in every conceivable niche, and the fragrance of flowers pervaded the air. Through the heavy curtains which hung between the hall and the room behung between the man and the room be youd Petcy caught a glimpse of a large picture hanging over the mantelpiece. It represented a very pretty young lady in bridal costume, and when a moment later a swish of silk made Petcy look around he

knew that the original of the picture was stones for many a mile in that uncomforta-

looked anything but happy. "I suppose you loitered on the way. Messenger boys walk." Some envious boy would give the warning cry, "Cut behind," and he would have to walk. always do. There is not one fit to be in the service, not one, and if I had my way they all should be discharged. Here I have waited nearly an hour for you and rung up the office a dozen times."

"I came as soon as I could," apologized Petey. "It's a long ways from de offus." He didn't think it necessary to tell of the stolen ride or the saunterings prior to it.
"Well, I suppose you did," smiled the

lady, showing the leveliest teeth and cute little dimples in that one fleeting burst of sunshine, "but I needed you so much that I presume it seemed longer than it really was. You are very small," she remarked abruptly, sizing up the little figure before

"I'm going on 14," answered Petey, resenting the implied youthfulness of his ap-Destrance

'Maybe it is as well. Now, do you think you could do something very important, something that I would trust to no one else, and something for which, if you are successful, I will pay you, say, \$10?"

"Try me, ma'am," enthusiastically responded Petey, hoping, however, that it vas not another baby,

"You haven't any uniform," noting for he first time this lack on the boy's part. "No, ma'am; I ain't a reg'lar-only took 'ur de holidays.'

"So much the better. You won't look unlike a hundred other boys who play in the streets and will attract less attention on that account. Now, come with me in here, and I will tell you what I want you to do. She led the way into the conservatory, and Petey, nothing loath, followed in the wake of the trailing silken gown. She told him to sit down on a low stool in the winlow, which he had noticed from the street, where he could see all the passersby with out one of them knowing that he was there. The lady stood back of him and gave her instructions in a low voice that trembled with emotion at times and then became

harsh and almost metallic. "You see that large building opposite, across the square? That is a clubbouse. 1 want you to wait here with me until a tall, fair man, with a long coat, comes out of it. He is my husband. I want you to follow him from the time he leaves that door until he returns to this. You will then be admitted here, where you can watch for his

exit. Then you must follow again. I want you to do this until I tell you to stop. You understand? Here is \$10 for your expenses. You boys know how to get into places where other people cannot. Now you will watch with me until he comes out; then you start. I think you know what I want,"

"But the office!" gasped Percy, who had not anticipated doing detective work. What will they think when I don't show

'Oh, that'll be all right!" replied the lady in the inconsequent way rich people have of looking at the affairs of others not so well off in the world. "Trust me, I will see that you are no worse off by entering

my employ.
"There," she suddenly exclaimed, "there he is now! Go at once, and do not lose sight of him for an instant,"

In less time than it takes to tell Petey was out of the house, across the square and following in the wake of a tall, broad shouldered man, who strolled along all unconscious of the small shadow at his heels. Into another club he went, then out again and down into the more thickly settled portion of the city where offices abound. into a tall building, with ever a shabby little boy copying his movements, up in the elevator together went the man and his

The door of the wire cage clicked, the man vanished into an office, and Petey was left outside in the ball. What was he do ing inside the door? If it were only glass, so that Petey could glance in now and then! would miss him after all. At this horrible thought Petey grew bold, and drawing up one leg and assuming the beggar's whine, e pushed open the door and walked confilently in. The room was filled with clerks, who glared at him, and one roared, "Get out!" but it didn't matter, for in that brief interval he saw that his man was there all right, and that he couldn't get out save by the way that he went in. Therefore Petey was satisfied to wait in the shadow of the

hailway until he emerged. He then followed him to the top of another big building, where be had luncheon, and Petey's \$10 bill did good service here, as he sat down and ordered a steak and a cup of coffee. He didn't dare tackle any of the unknown dishes on the bill of fare that the quizzical waiter set before him, but stuck to what he knew how to pronounce and the taste of which he was acquainted with. Eighty-five cents seemed pretty big sum for such a little meal, but then Petey was wise enough to know that ne had to pay for style and didn't expect

eating house prices.

The rest of the day was spent in a weary tramp from one place of business to another, in none of which his man staid over 20 minutes. Petcy was getting pretty tired when the tail, broad shouldered figure stopped at a jeweler's, and his weary follow er was permitted to rest for awhile. When he had made his purchases, he came out and ordered a cab. Instantly Percy secured another, and they tore on out of the business section until they drew up before the very house they had quitted in the morning

"This is satisfactory," thought Petey
"I can rest for a little while at least." He went to the kitchen door, and a little while later the lady came to him for particulars of his day's work. She seemed rather disappointed at the details of the morning, but when he mentioned the jeweler's her eyes flashed with fire as she strode up and down, regardless of the eyes of the watcher. "He bought something at the jewel-er's, did he? That but confirms my suspicion. What was it, boy? You do not know? How stupid! Never mind, it does not matter. Oh, the base, deceitful wretch! And I loved him so!" Here she broke down in a very torrent of tears that poor Petey

was powerless to assuage. The next day, after a comfortable night's rest below stairs, Petey was summoned to the conservatory and in a few minutes the banging of the hall door gave him his signal. The lady, however, changed his directions somewhat by telling him to report that evening at the house of a friend, where she intended to spend the day.

Petey's work on the second day was not as arduous as on the first occasion, and he was about thinking that his man meant to stay in his office forever when he came out, told the porter to call a cab and consulted his watch auxiously every now and then before the vehicle arrived. Petey was used to his actions by this time, noted the un-usual impatience and concluded at once that at last he was about to discover some thing worth telling his pretty employer. The time was too short for him to secure another cab, but that did not matter much as he had often before this rested on the back of a carriage and joited over the

"How long you have been?" was the first the start to hang on behind, balf sitting. greeting that he received from the lady, at times running, and ever anxious lest

> Fortune favored him, however, and he rode on over the stones undisturbed, and was spry enough to jump off before the

The well knit figure rushed up the steps the smaller one but a few steps behind, and stepped out into the waiting crowd just as a train drew into the station. From the number of passengers that passed through the gates a lady, heavily veiled, stepped rush toward her, and without more ado hurried her down stairs again to the wait-

Petey was not close enough to hear the vords, but there was no mistaking the varmth of the greetng. "Ah, ha," thought Petey, "I sees which way the land lays. Yesterday de bird buys dimints, and today meets a lady what's closely veiled. I see it all," and with another chuckle he resumed his position on the back of the cab.

On and on they go, the street they are coming to is familiar to the amateur detective, and before he has time to recover from his surprise the cab draws up before 617. "Here's a go," he says to himself, as the passengers alight. "Men what meets ladies don't bring them to their house Leastwise, I wouldn't if it was me. But"and here a light beams on Petey's clouded brain. "My, but he's foxy," is the involuntary homage that he pays the man he has watched for two days. "The missus is has watched for two days. away. It couldn't be safer. He knows a thing or two, does that one. He's a dandy he is. Well, I'll just scoot around and tel

what's going on, and then hang around and see the fun." The house be went to was almost as hand some as the one he just left. In answer to not cope. After much tedious experihis inquiry for Mrs. Bryde he was shown into a cozy little nest all blue and white where sat the lady whom he sought, with traces of recent tears on her cheeks, and an other to whom she has evidently been tell-

"Ah, here is Petey at last," she exclaims as the messenger boy comes in. "Now tell me what you have discovered today." "Yes, ma'am, but"—and he glances in voluntarily at the other lady.

'Oh, that's all right, speak out. You see," she says, turning to her friend, "even this boy has some delicacy about mention ing the horrible discoveries he has made My dear, I need your sympathy and your friendship now as I never needed it before.' "Well, ma'am," commenced Petey, "somethin orful has happened today," and

he pauses like a trained actor to note the effect of his words. "I knew it," sobbed the wife, while the other, despite her friendly interest, looked

keenly alive to the revelation she was about "He didn't do nothin much this morning but this afternoon, ma'am, he took a cab and drove to the station, where he met a veiled lady, and I'll be blowed if he didn't

take her to your house, and she's there now," he concluded in a positive whirlwind of satisfaction as he noted the sensation he had produced. "Alice, you hear-you, dear, will be wit-

ness-little boy, I can never thank you enough. At my house, did you say? Alice, did you-did you ever hear of anything so shameless? I will go around there now and show him I am not the meek mouse he takes me for. And the woman-just wait until she hears what I have to say to her! Oh, it is awful, awful?" and she rocked herself to and fro in the very frenzy of her grief while her friend pinned on her hat. Petey assisted with her overshoes, and the frightened maid managed to button her gloves and help her on with her wrap.

How they got around to the house Petey never could tell; the few squares were tracarsed on a run and several people stopp to watch their very unconventional method of progress. With her fingers pressed on the electric button with nervous energy Mrs. Bryde sent a thrill through the whole house that brought the maid to the door in double quick time.

'Where is he-where is she?" she de manded, as she rashed by the girl and with Petey at her heels hurried up the thickly carpeted stairs to the floor above.

With a face as white as death, and hands that trembled as with palsy, she threw open the door of her room and stood aghast upon the threshold. Petey, who at this time was nerved up to face almost any denouement, peeped in expecting to see he knew not what, and was decidedly disap-pointed at the very mild and gentle tableau that greeted his eyes. In a rocking chair sat an old lady, while by her side stood the man whom he had watched with a leather case in his hand. That was all, and moreover they did not look one bit guilty, though decidedly surprised. "Mother," cried Mrs. Bryde as she rushed into the arms held out to her, "when did you come?"

"Only just arrived, my dear. Jack had prepared my visit as a little surprise for you, but some one must have told you. We were great conspirators, we two, my big son and I, hoping to have me arrive in time for your birthday, and more telegrams and letters have been exchanged than I would care to confess. You know it is almost as bad as moving a menagerie to get an old woman like myself from home in the winter. We did it pretty well, dearle, didn't we? though I can see that Jack is provoked because you caught sight of the present he meant to keep for tomorrow. Never mind, dear, one day sooner won't make much difference after all. How strangely you act, dear. Aren't you glad to

"Yes, mother, dearest, only-only I am so surprised." And the poor little woman, who had expected a blow to her life's hap-piness, now that it had turned out so differently, did as all women do after the dan-

ger is over-calmly fainted away. Petey at this move slipped out in the hall to wait further developments and was not surprised to be called into the room when Mrs. Bryde had fully recovered. He found her sitting with one hand in her mother's, the other in her husband's. "And those letters which you wouldn't let me see were from mother," she was saying as he entered. "What a foolish, suspicious little woman I have been. Ah, Petey!" as she caught sight of the small figure. "Jack, here is the lit-tle boy that has done me a great service, and I want you to give him a place in your office as another birthday present to me-

will you, Jack?" A kiss on the trembling lips and a look of love into the wistful eyes was sufficient answer, and thus it happened that Petey never answered another call, and a new boj sits and dreams on the bench in the office of the A. D. T. company. - Philadelphia

A Decided Help.

"But, Mrs. Monks, why do you always play the piano when your husband is writ-

Because :: is necessary. He is working on a tragedy, and I must make him wild." THE RUSSIAN AUTOCRAT.

Will His Haired of Germany Overcome His Horror of War?

The situation is strange, lurid and in a sense humilisting. Armed Europe waits upon the ultimate mandate of one man. "The heaven for height," says Solomon. "the earth for depth, and the heart of fare alighted at a great station, where the kings is unsearchable." Czar Alexander puff of the engines told of the ever ebbing and flowing tide of travel.

High has two ruling emotions—a horror of and flowing tide of travel. war and a hatred of Germany. The problem is, Which passion in him shall conquer the other? Trammeled by no parliament, influenced neither by reaponsible ministers nor by personal favorites, the big, lonely despot is wresde, and the tall man made a little, quick | tling out that problem single handed. It is an awful position.

There is no real public opinion in Russia whose voice might sway the autocrat. He must fight out his own battle with himself. Probably no solution would better please him individually than a general disarmament, but that is hopeless. We must leave him to his wrestlings with himself. Meanwhile, at all events, there is a period of reasonably assured respite. Russia is never quite ready, and the millennium will probably surprise her in her chronic attitude of unreadiness. At present she is swapping not horses, but rifles. A year ago there was not a magazine rifle in the Russian army, and the great majority of her soldiers are still armed with the improved "Berdan," a very inferior weapon both to the German and the Austrian rifle.

But Russia retains still the warning memory of her fearful losses before Plevna from the Remingtons, which America placed in the hands of the Turks, and with which her obsolete Krenkes could menting, a year ago a definite selection was made of a weapon known as the "three line" rifle, and the production and issue of this firearm are being pushed forward with great energy. But you cannot order in 2,500,000 rifles as you can a bundle of toothpicks. I believe that about a third of the requisite quantity is now delivered.

It is absolutely impossible that the equipment can be completed and the troops trained to the use of the new weapon within the present year. It seems extremely improbable that this result can be attained before the spring of 1896. The opportunity for war-I do not say the certainty of war-will come when Russia shall have completed the equipment of her hosts with the "three line rifle.-Archibald Forbes in North-Amer-

Secretary Palmer's Greek Sign.

Ever since the secretary of state's office was removed from the old statehouse at the corner of Eagle and Pine streets to the new capitol the clerks and the secretary on the Washington avenue side have looked out on that little paintshop and the sign "John Palmer, Painter." About six years ago one stormy day in winter, the monot ony of the sight was suddenly broken. A great cloud of black smoke burst from the windows and doors of the paintshop. Fire had started among the pots and oil cans, and of the establishment nothing was left

in a few minutes but the old front wall. While deploring the loss the proprietor had met with, the clerks in the secretary of state's office were glad to have removed John Palmer's office window, which consisted of one large pane of glass on which was inscribed in finely ornamented capital letters the Greek word for "painter. The word had greatly annoyed the clerks. Those who could not translate it were sorry their classical education had been negscted, and those who could felt that it be onged on the secretary of state's window nstead of on the little paint shop across the way. When the building was repaired, the paint shop looked just the same as it did before, but the annoying Greek word was not restored .- Syracuse Herald.

Paris Morgue Statistics.

That center of grewsome interest, the Paris morgue, yields curious statistics. The official report for 1898 shows that 909 corpses were received, a few more men than women. Of these 215 died by drowning, 76 by hanging, 68 by firearms, 41 by stabs and 62 by poisoning. There had been 109 sudden deaths. Of other fatal cases 64 were attributed to suffocation and 83 to falls. More bodies are taken to the morgue during the summer than at other seasons of the year.-New York World.

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Aberdeen, Brown County, O.

Capt. J. D. Johnston

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