

A SUMMER IDYL.

She called me brother; I called her sister,
We met in the orchard on a summer day—
A mutual friend, "Miss—," this is Mr.—
We bowed and deplored this queer weather's
last freak—
All in one week.

She called me brother; I called her sister,
We splashed through the breakers hand hold-
ing hand;
We danced, and we strolled, and we sat on the
sand;
While the sun kissed the back of my neck, and
a bilster
Developed thereon a gigantic physique—
All in one week.

She called me brother; I called her sister,
She "took such an interest in me," she said,
"Such a sisterly interest," drooping the head;
"I had read so much; she wished she were
well read";
So I stooped and in brotherly fashion kissed her,
She grew pretty well read, and she "never would
speak," etc.—
All in one week.

HER OWN ENEMY.

An extremely pretty girl was Desiree Le Strange, and one who had many admirers, but not such as her heart prayed for. One by one the poor curates were given their conge, likewise the struggling authors and erratic artists. "When poverty comes in at the door, love flies out of the window," was a maxim in which Desiree Le Strange very stanchly believed.

"If I cannot marry a rich man I will not marry at all!" this country vicar's daughter told herself, with a deep-drawn sigh; this girl who was utterly sick of cold shoulder of mutton and plain boiled rice and treacle; who had to wear her gowns till they were thread-bare, and her shoes till they would mend no more.

It was pure accident of course, merest chance, that just as she reached the old stone bridge on the left of the moor—the picturesque, lichen-robed bridge, beneath which the river danced and rippled as smoothly often as limpid woodland stream—Daniel Wessels should suddenly appear.

"O, how you startled me!" cried the girl, whereat the young man laughed and offered her a penny for her thoughts. "Well, if you must know, I was thinking of you," she returned candidly.

"Thinking of me?" he echoed, and a deep flush covered his honest, handsome face. "Something pleasant, I hope, Miss Le Strange? Don't you remember the old adage, 'Talk of the old gentleman,' etc., and I suppose talking holds good for thinking?"

"I thought it was 'Talk of the angels and you'll hear their wings,'" said Desiree, shyly.

"O, so I am a white-winged angel, am I? Well, I could scarcely be anything better."

And then, involuntarily it seemed, they both halted, and looked down at the river with its edge of fallen leaves and withered bracken, with its little wavelets all rosy dimpled and amber crested beneath the sun's dying smile.

"How pretty those flowers are!" remarked Daniel presently. "The ox-eyed daisies are quite lovely."

"Do you think so? Perhaps Annie might take them for her parlor vases," and she held the little bunch up carelessly for acceptance. He took them with a quiet "Thank you," but he did not say he would give them to Annie, his landlady's red-haired granddaughter. In Daniel Wessels' eyes there was no girl so beautiful as Desiree Le Strange; to him she was just perfect, with her crown of rippling hair, almost the color of the burnished autumn leaves, with her scarlet throat of a mouth and wild-rose tinted cheeks, and eyes deep and blue.

"When I met you just now," he said diffidently, "you said you were thinking of me, Desiree," in a half-timid whisper, "my darling, I think of you always!" And now, the ice broken, he told her how there was no room in his heart for aught but her, his soft eyes dark with intense feeling. Eloquently he pleaded—passionately. "You will not throw away a love like mine; no man will ever love you as I love you, Desiree!" And he moved a step forward as though to clasp her to him, but the girl shrank back terrified.

"O, how could you mistake my meaning!" she exclaimed. "I never thought—can't you understand? I was but tugging over in my mind the probability of your eventually coming to care for Jane or Muriel."

"I could not marry your stepsisters," declared Daniel emphatically. Then in a low, earnest tone, so tender, so gentle, so pleading, that the words seem to find their way to Desiree's heart: "You, dearest, are my 'ideal woman'; don't you think you could learn to care for me a little? I am a very young barrister, it is true, but not wholly dependent on my profession for a lodging and crust; besides, Desiree, darling, I do not mean to be always a briefless barrister. I have gone through the usual cramming, my father is ambitious for me, and—who knows?—perhaps some day I may rise to eminence. O, don't blight my future."

He opened his arms as though he would clasp her to his throbbing heart and keep her forever, for all time. But the next moment he had checked himself, his hands dropped heavily to his side; for there was no answering love in Desiree's face, only a stony, fixed stare.

"How handsome he is!" the girl could not help but think. The perfect face and the form of splendid man-

hood were his. O, what a thousand pities he had none of this world's wealth! Had he been only moderately rich Desiree Le Strange would have suffered him to take her small hand in his broad palm, and they would have been eventually married, and like the legends of nursery days, lived happily ever after. But Desiree Le Strange did not see fit so to do. "I could not marry a poor man," she said, softly but firmly. "A barrister's career is so full of disappointments and struggles; Jane and Muriel have their grandmother's little fortune, which makes them in a measure independent. I have nothing."

"Only your beautiful face—your loving, gentle heart!" he whispered tenderly. But she broke in with:

"O, do not say any more. The kindest thing you can do is to forget me. I have never cared for you—never! Forgive me if I have seemed to encourage you."

"Forgive you?" he passionately ejaculated, and the genuine misery in his voice went to her heart. "Forgive you!" he repeated in a hoarse, low voice, his face at a white heat, the words coming through his lips, like set iron.

"If I could promise you riches, would you care for me then, Desiree Le Strange? Answer me truly."

"If you were rich as a merchant prince or Indian nabob I would not marry you!" she cried with startling vehemence, but her voice trembled at the close of the sentence as though the heart was denying what the lips uttered.

With a sad smile he turned from her and looked down into the waters that were no longer gold or crimson flecked.

Desiree instinctively moved away. She felt she had no strength to prolong the scene.

Thick rain-drops fell with a melancholy, monotonous thud on the tangle of fallen leaves; but Daniel Wessels did not move.

Long after Desiree's footsteps had died away away in the lane he remained standing where she had abruptly left him, with his arms folded over the old stone bridge, thereby unconsciously crushing a wealth of beautiful lichens and fairy fronds.

Down into the angry, frothy waters he gazed fixedly, paying no heed to the rain-drops, which fell more heavily every moment.

The shortest way from the common to the vicarage was by following the beaten path on the outskirts of Bramble Hall, and along here Desiree hurried, while the sad autumn rain pattered dully around on the slenderly-robed trees, and the wilted harebells, on the dying bracken. The wind piped shrilly through the reeds and rushes flanking the river and whistled mournfully 'midst the undergrowth in low, sad notes.

A restless deer peeped shyly over the palings at her; a pheasant whirred in the dark trees above her head. From the far depth of the woodland sounded the solitary "tap-tap" of a lonely woodpecker and the half-muffled bay of a deep-mouthed hound. The world seemed suddenly to have grown for Desiree very cheerless, very eerie.

Years passed on, bringing no merchant prince, no Indian nabob, no wealthy cotton spinner to the feet of Desiree Le Strange; cruel years, robbing her of kith and kin, drifting her from home to home, always with strangers. A melancholy shadow, a ghost of the bright, lovely Desiree Le Strange, was this world-weary woman who was so thoroughly changed in all but name that the girls who envied her in her dazzling youth and the men who raved about her passed her by without a smile of recognition.

Uninteresting days crawling laggardly one after the other; how sick she was of the drudgery—the thankless office of teaching! But she could not starve—she dared not die; and, though life had been one miserable mistake from the beginning, and all her brightest hopes had been crushed, she plodded on at her monotonous duties in a dull, apathetic way, which showed all energy and spirit had died out of her.

One delicious afternoon in May found Desiree Le Strange at a house in Harley street listlessly turning the leaves of the leather-bound books which told how governesses were wanted, very highly accomplished, for very small salaries.

"A steady, conscientious lady," she read presently, "fond of the country and quiet life, wanted for two delicate girls of 6. Apply Lady Wessels, Cranforth Grange, Worestershire."

"Wessels! Wessels!" murmured Desiree, "any relation I wonder, to the Daniel Wessels I once knew!" and she at once made up her mind to try for the situation.

Cranforth Grange was a many-gabled granite-blocked mansion, standing on a slightly-wooded eminence in a richly timbered, undulating park. The avenue, which led up from the main road, was a good mile long and shaded by tall beech trees melting in an arch overhead; and winding through the grounds, now flashing in the sunlight, now hiding 'midst the shadows of the drooping silver willows, flowed the beautiful Pinkthorne River, bordered with plummy ferns and tangled briars, with here and there a clump of brilliant rhododendrons. The wild ducks loved this river, and the swans seemed never weary of sailing on its surface; yellow water lilies floated like miniature islands here and there, and the prettiest rustic bridges spanned it in parts where the waters were tolerably narrow. At the far end, under the thick-

est shades of the willows, nestled an old boat house, all creeper-smothered and rush-senteled.

It was a gala day for the whole village—a day of rejoicing when Judge Wessels came home to Cranforth Grange. The bells rang merrily, the banners waved to and fro "Welcome, Welcome," in the soft spring breeze, and now the carriage dashed up the long beech avenue, and presently, in a twinkling it seemed, the child en were springing into their father's arms and smothering him with kisses. Kindly, generously the years had dealt with Daniel Wessels; perfectly happy, too, he looked to day, with the arms of his fair-haired twins twined about his neck and his left hand resting on his wife's shoulder. Desiree, in the background watching the joyous meeting between husband and wife; father and children, and felt a sudden choky sensation rise in her throat, an odd, sharp, sickening pain seize her heart, almost taking her breath away, and prayed that she might not faint—that she might not "make a scene."

"Miss Le Strange—our governess," said Lady Wessels presently.

And then—oh, how like a dream it seemed, meeting the bearded face and shaking the large, firm hand of Sir Daniel Wessels.

A minute more and the Judge, with his wife and children, were in the library, where a cheery log fire, blazed, and Desiree found herself mounting the wide oak staircase to her solitary schoolroom. But for her own folly, she told herself, she might be Queen of this household today. How unbearable the thought was—how maddening! For a whole year she had striven to do her duty, and had learned to love pretty, gentle, Lady Wessels, his wife; but she could not meet the Judge daily and not betray her self—not let him and others see how acutely she felt her position. True, he had not appeared to recognize her; but, sooner or later, he would assuredly discover that Desiree Le Strange who flung back his love one autumn eve years ago, and the Desiree Le Strange of to-day were the same. Chance had brought her here under his roof. Supposing by chance she died tonight, who would miss her?

And then, mechanically, almost like one forced to act in spite of herself, she crossed the room and unlocked the little medicine chest which stood on a sideboard. Her eye ran over the bottles, and boxes, and china pots. It was a very small bottle she at last took up, labeled "Chloroform."

"I have a bad toothache and headache," she murmured with an odd smile. "Perhaps this will make me sleep."

"Her own enemy, even to the last," thought the judge, looking at Desiree Le Strange's beautiful dead face with a shadow on his own.

For the features which had not struck him yesterday in life spoke plainly enough in death—told him pathetically, better than a thousand words, that this was the Desiree he had once loved—the girl who had almost broken his heart by the old stone bridge.

He had been very busy all these years—so busy that the memory of the vicar's pretty daughter had gradually grown faint and dim. Yet looking at the dead face now, so lovely and placid in its last sleep, a mist slowly gathered in his eyes—for he had loved her once with all his heart and soul—and he was grieved to the depth of his being that her days should end thus.—*Philadelphia Call.*

Why Better Half?

The Berlin *Echo* offered a prize a few months ago for the best answer to the question, "Why a man's wife is called his better half?" As the answer was to be in verse, and not to exceed four lines, the replies were fewer than they would have been if a solution in plain prose had been admissible. As it was, however, the committee had to examine many hundreds of answers, none of which seems to have satisfied the student of folk-lore, to which province the question belongs. It has probably been asked and asked in columns of Notes and Queries. Some of the German replies are serious, and some comical. Frau Henicke, who gained the second prize, ingeniously remarks that the discovery is not made by the husband, but the children, and there is probably less *qua* wife than *qua* mother that the wife reveals herself as the "better half."

Wraps and Frocks for Little Girls.

Flower o' Fall: Little girls are given coats, outside garments of check or plaid to be worn over plain stuff frocks.

Young girls wear mantles as well as jackets, shaped very much like those of young ladies over 18.

The frocks of girls of 13 and upward are simply modified duplicates of the dresses of their older sisters.

Costumes for children are made mostly in blue or white. White woolen goods especially make lovely yet simple frocks for little girls, silk and lace being banished.

The Littlest of Little Girls.

The smallest specimen of humanity in New Haven is the daughter of David K. and Emily Peck Mix, who are now visiting Mrs. Mix's mother at 502 Elm Street. The infant is two months and two days old, and weighs two and one-

half pounds. She was born at Long Lake, in the Adirondacks, where her parents have heretofore resided, is a well-formed child, is healthy and can eat, sleep and squall like a baby five times her size. She is thirteen inches in height, her wrist is seven-eighths of an inch in circumference, and the back of her head measures one inch across, her ankle is an inch and a quarter around, and her foot is an inch and a quarter long. She has blue eyes and quite a thick growth of dark hair.—*New Haven Palladium.*

A Successful Man.

Geo. W. Adams, the late President of the Evening Star Newspaper Company in Washington, who died last week, was one of the most successful of the Washington correspondents during the war. He was also very successful in a financial way, and at his death must have left a property of two or three hundred thousand dollars. He was a correspondent in Washington when the combination system between leading newspapers was in vogue. He had in his news bureau during the greater part of the war the New York World, the Boston Herald and the Chicago Times. These three papers brought him in an income of over ten thousand dollars a year. In those days not so much was demanded in the way of special work. Mr. Adams employed only one assistant, and duplicated his matter to the three papers. There was no more work in caring for the three than he would have had in looking after one. During the opening days of the war he was fortunate in securing a good house in a handsome part of the town. This house was owned by a friend of his who was a Southern sympathizer. One day when Adams was in the War Department he learned by chance of an order which was about to be issued confiscating the property of his friend on account of his rebel sympathies. He further learned that this order was to be supplemented by the arrest of the owner of the property for treason. He hurried to this friend and told him the news. The man prepared to bolt at once, but before going asked Adams to buy his house. Adams said he had no money beyond \$2,000. "Well, that is better than losing it entirely," said the man, and he sold the house to Adams for that money. The property was quite valuable and within a few years became worth \$30,000 or \$40,000. Mr. Adams' principal fortune was derived from his ownership of a third interest in the Star newspaper. This was bought for a comparatively small sum a few years after the war closed. His interest in this paper has brought him in a revenue of from \$25,000 to \$30,000 a year for a number of years.

The Free Delivery.

Col. Bates, Superintendent of the Post-Office Free Delivery Department, has just made his annual report, from which the following figures are taken: Number of free delivery offices, 181, an increase of 3 during the year; number of carriers, 4,841, an increase of 483; letters delivered, 685,133,729; postal cards delivered, 191,092,958; newspapers delivered, 300,138,850; letters collected, 531,206,635; postal cards collected, 150,977,294; newspapers collected, 91,871,122. Total number of pieces handled, 1,949,529,599, an increase of 294,983,186; pieces handled per carrier, 403,710, an increase of 403. Total cost of service, \$1,312,396.70, an increase of \$326,354.15. Amount of postage on local matter, \$5,839,242.97, an increase \$558,519.87. Excess of postage on local matter over total cost of service, \$1,526,936.29, an increase of \$232,165.72.

The aggregate cost of service in the following cities is given: Albany, 22-185.91; Baltimore, \$129,116.78; Boston, \$292,877.06; Brooklyn, \$177,137.48; Buffalo, \$83,879.16; Chicago, \$27,549.37; Cincinnati, \$129,063.96; Detroit, \$59,661.67; Jersey City, \$83,648.10; New Orleans, \$58,764.53; New York, \$612,396.69; Philadelphia, \$417,431.59; St. Louis, \$164,769.53; San Francisco, \$89,699.47; Washington, \$74,716.89. Number of pieces handled—Boston, 152,473,925; Brooklyn, 58,893,596; Chicago, 224,291,163; Jersey City, 7,116,848; New Orleans, 19,884,029; New York, 336,878,429; Philadelphia, 297,119,399; St. Louis, 68,714,056; San Francisco, 46,573,866; Washington, 23,997,892.

Too Much for Thackeray.

Thackeray, during his stay in Charleston, met the famous Mrs. King, the daughter of James L. Pettigrew, a great Unionist, who, on being questioned after the secession of the State as to what he intended doing, replied, "Well, the State is going to the Devil, and I'm going with it." Mrs. King was at that time one of the leaders of society. Thackeray remarked, with rather more brusqueness than elegance, on his introduction to her, "I understand, Mrs. King, that you are very fast," whereupon the brilliant woman, whose fort was repartee, replied, "Ah, Mr. Thackeray, we must not place too much confidence in what we hear, for I was informed that you were a gentleman!" It is said that the proud Englishman never forgot this retort of the high-spirited Southern woman.—*Brooklyn Magazine.*

Millionaire Walters, of Baltimore, apparently has more money than he can find profitable use for. He has just bought in New York a \$2,500 orchid to add to the collection of costly bromeliads which comprises the \$18,000 peach-blossom vase.

SPIRIT OF THE

Up in Bangor the clergymen send to the hotels every Sunday inviting strangers to the churches.

M. Ledrain, a Hebrew scholar, has just published the first volume of a new translation of the Bible in French.

George Gould and wife will live at the Windsor Hotel, having five rooms on the second floor, for which he pays \$290 per week.

No permits will be issued hereafter by the War Department for the introduction of liquors into Alaska except for sacramental purposes.

Senator Edmunds is put down as only worth \$100,000, notwithstanding his practice in the Supreme Court is estimated as worth \$50,000 yearly.

There were about 3,000 baptisms of adults in connection with the Missions of the Church Missionary Society last year, of which, 1,680 were in India.

Col. John S. Mosby is going on the platform this winter with a lecture detailing his experiences during the War. He receives \$300 per night and all his expenses.

There is a wildcat in the Zoological Gardens of London which has for ten years been left to its own devices in its cage. He is not only untamed but untamable.

Miss Emma Folger, a near relative of the late Secretary Folger, and at one time amanuensis for Charles O'Connor, is now a schoolteacher at Nantucket.

Many persons living near Winnebago are shod with shoes made of the tanned skins of sturgeons caught in that water. The leather is soft and looks well, they say.

The uncle of the Mikado of Japan has arrived at San Francisco. He is known as Prince Komatsk and he is a military man—a Lieutenant-General in the Japanese army.

Gov. Pattison, of Pennsylvania, says that when his term of office expires in January next he will resume the practice of law in West Philadelphia. He is still under forty years of age, and has been in official life nine years.

Sir Charles Dilke, it seems, has a committee of his own selection at work making inquiries into the Crawford case, and the evidence obtained will be published as the defense of Sir Charles.

Mr. Gladstone calls his study the "Temple of Peace." There are three writing desks there. At one Mr. Gladstone does his political writing, at another his literary work, and the third belongs to Mrs. Gladstone.

There are only 1,000 Indians now in Kansas. The Pottawatomies are in Jackson County, the Chippewas and Muncies in Franklin County, the Kickapoo, Iowa, and Sac and Fox in Brown County, Kansas, and Richardson County, Nebraska.

Gen. H. R. Jackson, ex-minister to Mexico, has arrived at his home in Georgia. He says the future of Mexico is full of promise, though the donkey is still a formidable rival of the steam engine. He says that Diaz is not only a soldier but a man of extraordinary ability as a statesman.

The farmers of the Cass County (Iowa) Institute declared, after discussion, that summer fallowing is most effective when done just before harvest. But a plowing just before harvest does not constitute a summer fallow.

The crofters of Kilmur, Isle of Skye, attacked a force of police who were assisting the Sheriff to make evictions. The military was called upon for aid, and charged the crofters with the bayonet, wounding several. Six were arrested.

William Walter Phelps has purchased for \$90,000 the Blaine mansion at Washington. This beautiful house was built by Mr. Blaine during the Garfield Administration, but was given up after the President's death. It has since been occupied by Mr. Leiter, the Chicago merchant millionaire.

Ex-Queen Isabel, who is at present living in Paris, has since the recent insurrection in Spain refused to receive visitors. Only a few intimate friends are admitted and even these are forbidden to make any allusion to Spanish politics in conversation. Her Majesty will shortly go to Madrid, where she will remain for some time.

Millions of washboards are made and sold in the United States every year, and at least 7,200,000 are sold yearly between the Allegheny Mountains and the Missouri River. There are two factories in Cleveland which turn out 200 dozen washboards a day, one in Toledo which turns out 300 dozen daily, and two in St. Louis which turn out over a million a year.

Senator Vance had an engagement to make a political speech at Charlotte, N. C., a few nights ago. An operatic performance was to be given in the town the same night and the Senator was anxious to attend. A compromise was effected. Mr. Vance started in early and completed his remarks by 8:30, and the manager kindly restrained the curtain until after that hour.

Every machine which dispenses with the labor of a half dozen farm hands, and sends them into some other field of labor, is instrumental in widening the market in which the crops of the farm must be sold and no community of farmers is so well situated for making money as those who are located where other industries employ a larger number of people than are engaged in farming operations.

Santown Monitor: A lady, not long ago, started to town, nine miles from her home, on a home-made sled drawn by a cow; the cow, however, gave out when about half-way, and the woman completed the journey on foot.