

## HOW THE KING CAME HOME.

"Oh, why are you waiting children, And why are you watching the way? We are watching because the folks have said The King comes home today. The King on his prancing charger, In his shining golden crown, As the bells will ring, the glad birds sing, When the King comes back to the town."

"Run home to your mothers, children: In the land is pain and wo, And the King, beyond the forest, Fights with the Python foe." "But," said the little children, "The fight will soon be past, We fain would wait, though the hour be late; He will surely come at last."

So the eager children waited Till the closing of the day, Till their eyes were tired of gazing Along the dusty way; But their came no sound of music, No flashing golden crowns; And tears they shed, as they crept to bed, When the round red sun went down.

But at the hour of midnight, While the weary children slept, Was heard with 'n the city The voice of them that wept. Along the moonlit highway To a hard the sacred dome, Dood on its shield, from the well-fought field— 'Twas thus the King came home. —Florence Tyler in Chamber's Journal.

## AUNT RUTH'S RING.

At home, in the miserable tenement-house, where his mother took in washing, and his crippled sister knitted all day long for a fancy goods store, my hero's name was Harry Ryan, but in the big store where he worked, he was only "Cash—No. 74." He was the very tiniest mite of a cash-boy who ever presented himself at a desk for his week's wages; but small as he was, he was bright and active, had conquered, with hard study, the art of writing rapidly, and in a clear hand, and took his small place in the world with the perseverance and industry of a boy determined to make his way well up the ladder of fortune.

There did not seem to be any very pleasant prospect before him, poor little chap. His mother worked hard, had battled poverty and hunger so long that she had lost much of the womanly softness that might once have belonged to her; and Mamie, the crippled sister, was not one of the angelic natures that bear suffering meekly and seem only purified by trouble.

But Harry, small as he was, had a brave, cheerful disposition. Many a crying spell of poor Mamie's ended in a laugh, when Harry described the home he was going to make her as soon as he was a man. Prominent always in this humble castle in the air was a wheeled chair and a pony carriage, visions of ease and luxury over which Mamie drew many a long sigh, as her fingers fashioned the socks, leggings, mittens and hoods, for which she received starvation prices at the store that ordered them.

But there was a good day coming for Harry, and the first sign of it appeared one brilliant December day, when the store of Higgins & Norris was crammed with Christmas shoppers.

"Cash—No. 74," the salesman cried, and Harry received his bundle, sped away, and was back in a moment with his change. Close beside him stood a lady and gentleman, the lady a fair, lovely blonde, who held Harry's eyes captive a moment by the beauty of her face and dress. She smiled at him as she met his admiring gaze, for she was kind-hearted, and he was such a mite of a boy that she felt compassion for him.

As she turned to leave the store she dropped her glove, and Harry, darting after her to restore it, lost her for a moment in the crowd. But the gentleman who was with her noticed the boy looking eagerly about him and the glove in his hand.

"Ah!" he said. "Miss Dana's glove. You can give it to me."

"Be careful, please, sir," said Harry, handing him the glove. "I feel a ring inside."

"Yes. It is all right." And a big silver dollar lay in Harry's hand, making his eyes dance with delight.

"Cash—No. 74!" in a sharp tone, recalled him to his senses.

It was some hours later in the day when Amy Dana reached home, laden with Christmas packages, and bade her escort good-by at the steps of her house.

"I am so sorry you will not come in to dinner," she said; "but thank you for helping me so much in my selections."

Then she went into her own room to take off her wraps, and, presently, to meet a reproachful look from her sister, Mrs. Goodman, whose guest she was for the winter.

"Amy," Mrs. Goodman said, severely, "was not that Mr. Talford who came to the door with you?"

"Yes. I met him at Horton's and he went with me to lots of places, and helped me select my presents. He has such exquisite taste."

"How do you think Horace would like to have Mr. Talford acting as your escort?"

"But Katie, I could not help it. And why should I? If Horace cannot allow

other gentlemen to pay me the ordinary civilities of society—Oh, Katie!—interrupting herself with a cry of dismay—"I have lost aunt Ruth's ring!"

"Amy! Lost it! Are you sure? Oh, why did you wear it? You knew it was too big for you."

"I must have drawn it off with my glove. Oh, help me to look for it."

She was frantically turning over her bundles, her muff, her satchel, in search of the glove or ring, till, convinced that it, or both, were really gone, she sat down and burst into a passion of weeping.

Katie felt like joining her, for the ring was an old heirloom, and a legacy to Amy from her great-aunt, but she only said:

"Don't cry any longer. You are an object now, and Horace is coming to dinner."

"To-day?"

"Yes. Charles told me at luncheon; he met him and invited him."

"How lucky Mr. Talford refused to stay," Amy thought. "Horace is so jealous of him, though I am sure he need not be."

For in her pure, loyal heart Horace Ashton had held the first place for many a long month, ever since he had come with Katie's family, to spend the summer at Foreston, where Amy's father resided. There had been a quiet but earnest courtship under the trees, and in the lanes of the pretty village, and the same tender devotion had met Amy when she came to the city for the winter. And yet there was no positive engagement; for Horace was a man slow to speak, and he was not quite sure that he had won the love he coveted. Amy had a frank manner with all that drove Horace wild with jealousy. More especially did he detest Ralph Talford, who was the *beau ideal* of manly beauty, had a large fortune and, most of all, plenty of leisure, his business being confined to looking after the handsome property his father had left to him.

Amy dried her eyes on the December day when she lost her ring, and after another fruitless search for her glove, dressed herself in her prettiest home costume for the evening, soft lace clinging to her round, white throat and falling over her wrists, her golden hair in fluffy baby curls over her low white forehead, and most bewitching little knots of ribbon adorning her dress here and there.

Dinner was delayed twenty minutes, but Horace did not come. Nor did he appear that evening or the next, or for many long days, during which Amy smiled in public, and wept many bitter tears in the seclusion of her own room.

It added to her trouble that Ralph Talford, in those days, fairly haunted her. He seemed to know by intuition every time she left the house, and joined her on the street, in shops, or at friends' houses where she called. At the theatre, he came to her side; at concert, opera, party, wherever she went, he was hovering about her; and yet there was no opportunity to avoid him, no reason the dismissal him. She could scarcely tell him his presence was distasteful, and she had no excuse for coldness, although he felt most keenly that there was not one tinge of encouragement in her manner for even the most infatuated lover.

More than once Mr. Goodman had tried to find out the cause of Horace Ashton's sudden cessation of his visits, but could get nothing more satisfactory than, "Awfully busy just now till all hours of the night." Katie hinted at a lover's quarrel, but Amy's unfeigned amazement convinced her that there was no such reason.

January, February, half of March passed, and Amy had seen Horace only in crowded parlors or public places, where he was simply courteous, giving her no chance to question him. Indeed, she could scarcely have done so had she met him alone. He had as yet given her no right to reproach him, and could only keep her secret closely shut in her grieved, sore heart, and wonder that she could have mistaken the meaning of his former lover-like attentions.

It gave her a start, half angry, to find him standing close beside her, one cold March day, at the glove counter at the store of "Higgins & Norris." They exchanged a few remarks on the weather, till Horace handed the gloves he had selected to the salesman, who cried: "Cash—No. 74."

Bright, tinny as ever, Harry Ryan sped away to the other side of the store, but returning presently, looked into Amy's face.

"Please, did you get your glove and ring that day?" he asked, and Horace stopped to listen as Amy cried:

"My glove and ring? Did I lose them here? Did you find them?"

"Yes. Didn't the tall gentleman with the big mustaches give them to you? I gave them to him. It was a long, yaller glove, and I felt a ring inside."

"Aunt Ruth's ring," Amy said, turning to Horace. "I lost it here, it appears, just before Christmas, and this boy gave it to Mr. Talford."

"I see," Horace said, an eager light in his eyes. "Tell me your name and address, my boy. You shall not lose anything by your honesty."

"Oh, he give me a dollar," said Harry, showing all his teeth in a broad grin. "But," with sudden gravity, "I say, he must ha' been a sneak. Why didn't he give her," nodding at Amy,

"back her things? I couldn't find her, it was such an awful rush that day. But, lor' I thought he was a real swell, not a blasted thief."

"May I see you home?" Horace asked, humbly, when Amy released Harry. "I must speak to you."

And when they reached home, he spoke at last to some purpose, telling Amy his love, and the misery of the last three months.

"I saw Mr. Talford always beside you," he said, "and he wore your ring several times when he could let me see it upon his finger. I could not fail to recognize it Amy, and what could I think but that you had taken it from your finger to give it to him, a sign of betrothal. You give me the right now to demand its return, my darling!"

But she would not trust his temper so far, and it was Mr. Goodman who demanded the ring, with a frankly expressed opinion of Mr. Talford's retaining so valuable a gem, knowing its owner.

But "Cash—No. 74" was by no means forgotten, Mrs. Ryan's temper grew positively sweet under the patronage Amy bestowed upon her, Mamie had a wheeled chair, and luxuries she had never imagined could fall to her lot, and Harry was taken into Horace Ashton's own employment, and advanced rapidly until he, too, stood behind a counter and called "Cash!" while Mrs. Amy Ashton never fails to have a pleasant smile and word for him whenever she visits her husband's store.

Mr. Talford found it convenient to go abroad. Somehow the story leaked out, though all the parties concerned are quite sure they "never mentioned it, except in the strictest confidence."

## Lucky Investments.

The life dream of a Lowell lady has been that the number 272,751 was to be her lucky number. Some years ago she invested a small amount of money in letters patent bearing the favorite number 272,751. She claims the purchase was made to assist the inventor, who lost his health in the late war, rather than for her own speculation, notwithstanding her belief in the number. After years of patient waiting she has been assured by some of the best judges in the State, that she had chosen a lucky number, as it appears today that the goods which this patent covers are of considerable value. A Pennsylvania manufacturer tells a story of the invention of a multiple of rolls or tucks used under the bottom of railroad cars between the truck frame and the body of the car.

The inventor became pressed for funds and desired a loan of \$100, assigning his patent as security. Out of sympathy the manufacturer gave him the money, never expecting, as he says, to ever get a dime of it back, and threw the patent papers aside in his safe, where they lay undisturbed for ten years. One day a lawyer of his acquaintance called at his office and inquired if he ever bought a patent on friction rolls for a railroad car. After reflecting a moment he told him that about ten years before he had loaned an inventor some money on a car patent, but he didn't ever expect to hear from it again. The lawyer told him that this patent was being used on almost every car now being built, and a large revenue could be collected. Terms were soon negotiated for collecting evidence of infringement; so that the loaning of \$100 to help out the distressed inventor brought him more money than all his other business.—*Boston Journal*.

## She Wills Him to be a Widower.

Something of a novelty in the way of wills came up in Surrogate's court in Kingston yesterday. The will in question was made by a married woman. She devised the property to her husband during life in case he "remained unmarried." Men often execute wills making a devise of property to their wives subject to the condition that they shall remain unmarried, but women usually give their property without any attempt at hampering their husbands' affections in the future. The will shows something of a change in the orthodox phraseology of wills of wives in devising their estates, and tends to show that women are becoming more independent in their ideas and more fully aware of their rights regarding property.—*Kingston (N. Y.) Freeman*.

## Dreaming to Some Purpose.

Mr. Fred J. Clarke, a draughtsman at the Union Pacific shops, dreamed one night not long ago that he had deposited a small sum in a bank at Charles-ton, Mass., many years ago, and that it had never been drawn out. The impression of the dream was retained in his mind until morning, and as he could remember that he had at one time a small sum on deposit in the bank, Mr. Clarke wrote to a friend in Boston asking him to investigate the matter. It was found that the dream had been true, and the money, left at interest for twenty-four years, had increased to about \$800. The necessary preliminaries were gone through with and Mr. Clarke has just received the amount named above, which stood to his credit there all that time.—*Omaha Republican*.

## The Chicago.

The new United States twin-screw steel cruiser Chicago now lies at Roach's dock at Chester, on the Delaware, receiving her finishing touches. Her machinery is in place, and is practically in running order. The Edison Electric Company is now putting in an elaborate and novel electric-light plant, which is to be so applied as to light every part of the ship from crew's-nest to keel. The Chicago was designed throughout by Theodore D. Wilson, Chief Constructor of the navy, who also designed her sister-ships, the Boston and Atlanta. The Chicago is a naval curiosity. There is no war ship in the world like her. She is a steel-armored, coal-protected, twin-screw vessel, built of milled steel throughout, and sheathed with wood.

She will be propelled by four upright, walking-beam, compound engines, with 52-inch stroke, the larger cylinders being 78 and the smaller 45 inches in diameter. These engines will drive steel shafts 13½ inches in diameter, to which are attached steel-screw propellers 15½ feet in diameter, with a pitch of 22½ feet. Eighty revolutions a minute will be made in full speed.

The use of the old-fashioned walking-beam engine for a screw-propeller war-ship is so unique that it will render the Chicago a marine curiosity for all time. But this is a feature to which a great deal of study was given, and it was found to be worthy of adoption. The small merchant marine to which the country can lay claim has one vessel, the Louisiana, plying between New York and New Orleans, and probably the speediest merchant vessel carrying the American flag, in which the walking-beam engines for screw-propellers are very successful.

The Chicago is 525 feet long on the water line, has 48 feet beam, is to draw a little over 20 feet with her armament, and is of 4,500 tons displacement. She is divided, by nine complete transverse bulkheads extending to the gun-deck, into ten water-tight and independent compartments. The four amidship compartments, which are about 135 feet long, are occupied by the boilers and machinery. An inner bottom extends throughout this space, making a double bottom three and one-half feet deep amidships, which is divided by the vertical keel and transverse water-tight frames into fourteen water-tight cells. The machinery and boilers are covered by protective steel decks one and one-half inches thick. The top of this deck is one foot above the load water-line and is nearly flat.

The vessel is provided with a complete drainage system, by which in case of emergency the entire pumping power of the ship about 2,500 tons an hour—can be turned into one of the ten water-tight compartments. There are numerous hand-pumps, handy bilbies, etc., in addition to the steam pumping machinery, for additional safety. The ship will be bark-rigged and will spread 14,880 square feet of canvas, which will be about two-thirds full sail power. The sails are auxiliary purely, as the steam equipment is ample for long voyages when haste is necessary. The coal-bunker capacity 940 tons, which will drive the vessel 3,000 miles at fifteen knots—seventeen and one-half statute miles—an hour, or 6,000 miles at ten knots an hour.

The vessel is provided with heavy collision bulkheads and otherwise strengthened for ramming. The ventilation of the vessel is very complete and is accomplished by means of two large blowers on the berth-deck which circulate air freely throughout the ship, excepting the machinery compartments, which have a separate system of their own.

The battery will consist of four eight-inch, high powdered, breech-loading rifles weighing about twelve tons each, mounted in projecting half-turrets on the flush spar-deck, the center of the trunnions being twenty and one-fourth feet above water line. The turrets are unarmored and the guns fight in large open ports. The only protection for the men is afforded by shields on the guns. The train on range of the forward guns will be three degrees across the bow to sixty back of the beam, and the same range will be given the guns on the stern quarters. Six breech-loading rifles weighing about four tons each will be mounted in broadside on the gun-deck, with a train or range of 60 degrees before and abaft the beam—a complete scope of 120 degrees. This deck has been arranged and ports are cut for two additional six-inch rifled guns, which may be put in place if desired at any time.

One six-inch rifled gun will be mounted in a recessed gun-deck port on each quarter at the bow, with a train of 3 degrees across the bow of 52 degrees back of the beam. Two five-inch rifles in recessed ports abaft the cabin complete the main battery. The weight of the eight-inch projectile is 250 pounds, the six-inch 100 pounds, the five-inch 60 pounds. There will be, in addition, six Hotchkiss revolving cannon, mounted in bullet-proof towers. These guns fire from sixty to eighty times a minute, and are mainly designed to make things interesting for boarding parties.

The Chicago as completed, will be the pride of the navy. She is a handsome ship, as trim as a yacht in her proportions, and is considered a for-

## Fashion Novelties.

Most jackets have hoods this spring. Pasme is a new shade of esthetic color.

Claret color is revived among the reds.

Bonnet strings are again made very long.

The leading color of the incoming season is gray.

Double strings are seen on some of the new bonnets.

Indiana cloth is a lovely light wool spring novelty fabric.

Lace straws are much used in trimming hats and bonnets.

A new checked cashmere is sold under the name of Rowena.

The tennis cap must be of the same barred stuff that forms the suit.

Barred woollens for tennis suits are sold in all the leading dry-goods houses.

Habit cloths take precedent of all others for covert coats and walking jackets.

Corduret is another ribbed cloth added to the bit of corduroys and corderens.

The Oriental rug which has the run of popular favor this spring is that from Scinde.

Silk on account of its dust shedding qualities is coming into revived favor for street suits.

Tennis-cloths of white wool have large quardille bars of red, blue, brown, and dark green.

Braided jackets are considered dressy enough for afternoon, carriage, and promenade wear.

Black, fawn, tan, and gray gloves are all fashionably worn with street, carriage, and visiting costumes.

Norfolk blouses and Epsom coats are much worn for traveling costumes and in the country.

Invisible olive is the latest shade of green for gentlemen's spring overcoats and ladies' walking-jackets.

Dull-black surahs and non-lustrous black silks are regaining popularity for street and utility wear.

There are a great many new braids in English, Neapolitan, Milan, and Tuscan straws, in chips and American straws, this spring.

When a bonnet is given two pairs of strings one pair is of one kind of ribbon the other of another, both must be narrow to be fashionable.

Some of the prettiest evening fans are of gauze and lace, with amber bead and gold spangle decorations, and mounted on shell sticks of pale amber hue, and as thin as a wafer.

Lombard suitings and tinted and white cotton veilings are sold at from five to seven cents the yard. These last make very charming window and door draperies for summer cottages.

## "Laffare."

Rev. Whangdoodle Baxter in Texas Sittings: Ter laff or not ter laff, dat's de qeshun. Dar ar times when hits mighty inconvenient ter laff berry loud; fer instance, when dars plummers in de cellar and yer wife am bizzy cleanin' house.

De happiest fokes are dose what don't try ter be happy. Happiness ain't got no regular postoffice address. Hit's mighty close at hand, like de ole woman's specs, whate she hunted for all ober de house while dey was hanging on her nose.

Some folks seem ter be happy when dey am in up ter dar necks in misery, jess as de shiny dress boot often kivers a silent corn what stingeth like a sarpent and biteth like an adder.

Dars some folks what can laff. Ef a young pusson has burnt all the hair off her forehead with a hot lead pencil, but can't afford to buy a row of curls ter kiver de burnt districts, she ain't gwinter laff ter hurt. De ooman ob fashin who, while bathin' in de surf looses her false teef, ain't gwinter bust out into a haw-haw. De boy what had entertained de angel cucumbers on-awares, he don't smile much. Ef he does he don't mean it.

We should nebber borry trouble, bekase dars so many folks who am anxious to gib us all de trouble we kin handle. Nebber borry what folks am willin' ter gib yer.

The laffer ob some folks lacks seberal inches ob being a yard wide. I knowed ob a case whar a man luff his property ter de man what luffed de mos at de obsequies. His je granfadder got away wid all de property by fillin' his self fuller laffin' gas.

De smile ob some folks don't laslong. Hits like a ray ob sunshine on an iceberg. On de udder hand, after a young lady has met a handsome young man wid whom she am equainted, de smile hangs on her face for more den half an hour.

O Sata San, a young Japanese lady writer, has been taken on the editorial staff of one of the best papers in the City of Tokio. This is the first woman in the kingdom who has been admitted within the circle of journalism.