

IDEALS.

There is but one bird sings like that? From paradise it flew, Out to the world, with waving plumage gay...

Its age—its country? No man knows. Born for the world's delight, No bird that goes through splendors of the dawn...

A QUEER WILL.

As far as position was concerned Fred Wylie was the picture of comfort, but one look at his open face would show you that he was the reverse of comfortable in mind.

His clear honest eyes were dark, his brow gloomy, and the corners of his mouth had a downward curve; altogether he was as perturbed in his mind as any healthy young fellow with a clear conscience could possibly be.

"I must confess I was never more dumfounded in my life!" he was saying to himself, as, with his feet elevated to the proper angle and an unlighted cigar in his hand, he was gazing out of the window, not seeing any of the busy throng below him, but trying to settle something which sadly worried him.

"Mr. Allison was always friendly to me, and encouraged my visits to Maude; why he should have made such a strange will I cannot for the life of me understand!

As he spoke he arose and began to search for a match wherewith to light his cigar, but to his vexation there wasn't one in his pockets or anywhere in the room.

"Oh, bother! I've got to get a light from the hall gas." But there happened not to be a wisp of refuse paper convenient, so he opened an old secretary which stood in one corner of the room.

"What's this?" he ejaculated, as he drew from one of his pockets some crumpled paper. "Mr. Allison's letter to Maude, as I am a sinner! Hallo! I've torn it—wish I dared tear it all up; but that would do no good, as he has given an exact copy to Mr. Craigie. I will mend it as best as I can, however, for she will value whatever her father wrote.

"What did he say then?" "He did not say anything; but oh, Fred, he gave me such a strange letter—one which papa had left in his care for me, to be given to me at any time when Mr. Craigie saw fit, before I was twenty-one. Why it was given to me now I am sure I do not understand."

"Here it is. Read it for yourself. I brought it with me to show to Mrs. Leonard, and get her advice, but she was not at home."

It was written on an almost square sheet of paper, of an odd bluish tinge, and, after an unimportant prelude, said: "Any girl, my dear daughter, is liable to be sought in marriage by some designing fortune-hunter when she is possessed of so large a property as I will leave behind me. Therefore, for your own future happiness, I bequeath this money to you only on one condition which is that on your twenty-first birthday, or as much earlier as will suit you both, you are married to my dear friend"—here Fred turned the page—"Andrew Craigie. I am sure he will make you a good husband. If you do not marry him, but marry some one your guardian approves,—for there's no telling what may happen—then you

are to have one-half of my property. If however, you marry contrary to my wishes, then you are to inherit but one thousand pounds."

This was the important clause in the letter. Mr. Allison had so made his will that this letter to Maude was to be considered part of it.

"Have you seen Mr. Craigie since he gave this to you?" asked Fred. "No. He sent it to me, sealed, saying that he knew its contents, and was more than willing to abide by its terms—that he should never give his consent to my marriage with any other man."

"Did he tell you of my call on him yesterday?"

"No. What did you go to see him for?" asked Maude, innocently. "To tell him that I love you, my darling, and to ask his permission to make a formal proposal for your hand. He refused my request with scorn, and said I was only after your money."

"Oh, Fred! how could he say that when he knows that I—that you—I mean that papa was fond of you?" Maude stammered, blushing furiously. "How about papa's daughter?" asked Fred, earnestly. "Do you not love me a little?"

Unfortunately they were still in the street, so Fred could not say all he desired, but his tone expressed volumes.

"One thousand pounds isn't much, Fred, and you know, young lawyers get rich very slowly," was her queer answer.

However queer it may have sounded, it emboldened Fred to take a kiss from her pretty mouth, as they stood in the shadow of Mr. Craigie's door, waiting for the servant to admit them.

Mr. Craigie himself opened the door, and when he saw who was with Maude he broke into a storm of invectives, and forbade Fred to come near the house.

As soon as Maude was within, he told her he intended to carry out her father's desires and protect her from all fortune hunters; and that she should not leave the house again without him, nor should she write any letters until she had given her consent to marry him, Andrew Craigie, or until she became twenty-one—two years hence.

Andrew Craigie took a very unwise method to try to induce Maude to marry him. His conduct only prejudiced her against him; but of course she was helpless.

A long weary month passed, and Maude was so closely guarded that Fred could hold no communication with her—could not even send her any message, as one of the Craigies was always with her.

Again Fred was sitting in his room, meditating; again he took a fancy to smoke; again he fumbled in his vest and coat pockets for a match.

"What's this?" he ejaculated, as he drew from one of his pockets some crumpled paper. "Mr. Allison's letter to Maude, as I am a sinner! Hallo! I've torn it—wish I dared tear it all up; but that would do no good, as he has given an exact copy to Mr. Craigie. I will mend it as best as I can, however, for she will value whatever her father wrote. What a peculiar hand he wrote! I could swear to that fist anywhere," soliloquised Fred, as he got his mulligan bottle and some thin paper, preparatory to repairing the damage he thought he had done.

Hardly had he placed the two pieces of paper together, however, when he started up, exclaiming:

"Whew! Where did I get this slip of his letter? Ah, I remember. I took it out of Mr. Allison's old secretary, one night, to light a cigar with; and it was in this secretary that he left his will and other papers. Now let's read Mr. Allison's letter as mended by Fred Wylie. Here it is as it was before Andrew Craigie so neatly cut off those last three lines, making a very queer-shaped sheet of it, by-the-by. This is what he meant to say: 'On condition—um—um—you are married to my dear old friend—now here began the three cut-off lines, which read—Basil Wylie's son, a boy whom I love as if he were my own. I refer, as you know, to Fred Wylie, your old playmate. Of course, if Fred does not want you, this letter is null and void; but I have entrusted this part of the matter to my true and faithful, and here the page is turned.

"Hurrah! Dear Mr. Allison, Fred does want her, as you more than suspected; and what's more, he'll have her! I feel quite sure Mr. Craigie is dying to see me, so I will make a call upon him, although it is past nine o'clock."

There was no denying the authenticity of Mr. Allison's amended letter, and it proved itself from the fact that Andrew Craigie refused to show his copy, but consented to a marriage between his ward and Fred Wylie at any time they might choose to celebrate it, which was within a few weeks.

That old secretary is a very valuable piece of furniture in Mrs. Wylie's eyes; but oh! how Andrew Craigie blames himself for not having been careful to destroy the tell-tale lines! "Give a rogue rope enough and he's sure to hang himself!"

Non-Intercourses Recommended.

If the \$29,000,000 worth of cotton goods, the \$48,000,000 worth of iron, and the \$45,000,000 worth of woolen products which were imported into this country during the last fiscal year had been sold elsewhere for the most part

we should have had occasion to build more factories to supply the home demand. Our overproduction is chiefly that of countries whose people cannot earn sufficient wages to make them consumers of their own products.—Boston Journal.

Lincoln and Tod

An old gentleman who was on intimate terms at the White House during the war, said to the Telegram correspondent to-day: Stories about Mr. Lincoln are plenty enough, but, I will tell you one which I can vouch for as being true, and which as far as my knowledge is concerned, has never been in print. One of Mr. Lincoln's most esteemed friends was ex-Gov. Tod, of Ohio. He was a quaint old character, and Lincoln loved him for his honesty, ability and native shrewdness. At one time he thought of Mr. Tod in connection with the secretaryship of the treasury, but afterward he gave him a foreign mission. One evening when Mr. Tod was in town Mr. Lincoln invited him over to the White House. They had a long chat together, when Mr. Lincoln finally said:—'Look here, Tod; how is it you spell your name with only one d? I married a Todd, but she spelled her name with two d's. All of her relatives do the same. You are the first Tod I ever met who spelled his name with so few letters.'

Tod looked at Mr. Lincoln in his peculiarly quizzing manner and then replied: 'Mr. President, God spells his name with only one d, and what is good enough for God is good enough for me.'

'Mr. Lincoln used to repeat the story to some of his most intimate friends, and every time he did so, he would laugh until the tears ran down over that furrowed but grand face.'

A Queer Fact Concerning the Eyes.

"There's lots of advice to be given in regard to the care of the eyes," remarked an oculist yesterday, "and so much has been said and written on the subject that it scarcely seems worth while to say anything more. There's one thing, however, that I've never heard mentioned, and that is in regard to traveling. When a man is on a train he almost invariably looks at the landscape through the window nearest him. This is a great mistake both for physiological and aesthetic reasons. In traveling at the rate of forty miles an hour objects present themselves to the sight in rapid succession, and in order to look at them the pupil of the eye has to undergo very rapid changes. For instance, when you see a house a mile away the pupil is contracted. Now, in traveling, you turn your attention first to an object a mile distant, and next perhaps, to one twenty feet from the car. The change is made almost instantly, and the pupil does not have time to dilate or expand, as the case may be. Now, if you look through a window on the side of the car opposite from where you are sitting you will find that this does not occur. The different objects in the landscape blend and spread out into a slowly moving panorama instead of being rapidly whirled past your eyes. You get a much better view and have the comfort of knowing that it has no bad effect upon your sight."

Authors at Home.

From a paper called "Authors at Home" we discover that Oliver Wendell Holmes eats, sleeps, drinks, walks and talks pretty much as the rest of us do. This is news to us Kansas folks. Aldrich gets up at 7 o'clock and 18 minutes, eats breakfast at 4 minutes after 8, prints till 6 minutes after 9, writes from 3 minutes of 10 to 8 minutes after 2. He eats a big dinner at 5; gives it 69 minutes to digest and is then ready for poetry orders. These facts about our leading literary guns are of the highest interest to our nation and want more of them. Tell us if Howells believes in red flannels? What is the size of Stedman's collar? Does Miss Phelps use sugar in her tea? Is it true that Kate Field won't wear a bustle? Is it a fact that Miss Alcott knits her own stockings? Does Whittier really eat buckwheat cakes and sausage? Is it so that Nora Perry never had the measles? Give us more of this "Home Life" business.—Kansas Paper.

The "savages" who are in London with Buffalo Bill's show know the pleasures of the table. A correspondent writing from that city says: "I happened to be dining a few days ago in Bertram's famous 'Jefferson room' at the American Exhibition when in came four solemn-looking Indians, in all their war-paint and feathers, and quietly occupied a table next to me. They touched a bell, the waiter appeared, and they ordered turtle soup, filleted soles, out-lets a la something, and a bottle of 'Delbec' sec—and 'got away' with the entire banquet in less than half an hour. I asked Mr. James Bertram, who at that moment was looking after the dining department, if the Indians often fed in this fine fashion. He replied: 'Quite often.'"

FIVE MINUTES FOR FUN.

OHIO, OF COURSE.

Detroit Free Press: An Ohio wedding was first postponed because the girl's mother died. Then the young man's father died; then the girl broke a leg; then the young man got kicked by a horse. Last week it was postponed again because the girl's father got mangled in a reaper. Won't they be a happy couple if they ever do get spliced?

HE WAS USED TO IT.

Young wife—O, Mr. Jones, I'm so sorry Tom brought you home today. If he had told me you were coming I'd have had something nice, and I haven't a thing in the house fit to eat.

Mr. Jones—Now, please don't say a word about it, my dear madam. You needn't worry yourself a particle. I take the most of my meals at home myself.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

IN THE RURAL DISTRICTS.

City Visitor (with family)—Bub which is the nearest way to Jobbleson's? Boy (sent ahead by farmer)—Jist up that road. If yez be friends of his, ye'd better hurry up. He's just fell down and broke his leg. His wife is sick with the scarlet fever. The big boy is down with the measles. The sister is crazy as a loon. The baby is dying. The horse has run away. The dog's mad, and a sheriff is waiting to gobble the furniture. Ye'd better hurry if ye be friends, of his. They do hurry—back to the station.)

A CAREFUL FATHER.

The meanest man has been rediscovered. He is a farmer, and has a son upon whom he daily seeks to impress the importance of economy. The other evening the boy was busily engaged at a game of base-ball. The old gentleman strolled over to where the game was going on and surveyed the proceedings with considerable interest. At length his son went to the bat and worked with all the zeal of a young enthusiast over the national game. After a prodigious lunge for the first base the lad's father called out: 'Jeremiah, you jist stop that air right this minit.'

"What for, pap?" asked the boy, whispering: 'I wan't doing no harm.' "Yes, you was. There you be exertin' and exertin' yourself all for no good, and the fust thing ye know yer muscles'll develop tell next year yer close'll be too small for ye."—Ez.

BULGARIAN TERRIERS.

Customer (pointing to a dropsical mongrel)—What kind of a dog is that? Dog fancier—That's a Bulgarian terrier, sir. Customer—Now terribly fat and swollen he looks. Fancier—O, that's the breed, sir. They call 'em Bulgarian 'cause of the bulge on 'em.—Accident News.

JOHN IS DEAD.

"A man is going about the streets of Dayton, Fla.," says the Messenger of that place, "claiming to be John the Baptist. He has long hair, chin whiskers, and looks like a steamboat deck-hand. We desire to warn those of our readers who may be inclined to trust that he is not what he purports to be. We have taken great pains to look the matter up, and find as a result of our research that John the Baptist is dead."

REAL ESTATE BOOM.

Los Angeles Express: One of our members of the City Council one morning telephoned for his family physician to come to his house immediately, as his wife was very sick. He received the following reply: "It will be impossible for me to come until afternoon, as I am busily engaged in a large real-estate deal." Even the doctors have caught on.

POLITICS AND COOKING.

The following is supposed to have taken place in Kansas, where the women vote and take much interest in politics: Wife—I want you to put an advertisement for a good cook in the paper. Husband—What kind of a cook shall I advertise for? Wife—Republican; of course; and say that "no mugwump need apply."

N. B.—The husband is a State-rights Democrat.—Texas Siftings.

NO AMBUSHING ALLOWED

A man from Chicago was in Little Muddy, Dak., at the confluence of the Little Muddy and Missouri Rivers near the Montana line last Sunday and attended church. When prayer was offered the Chicago man knelt very devoutly and was astonished to hear the minister shout:

"Here, you feller with the coat on! none o' yer gettin' down behind the pew tryin' to draw a gun on me? If you've got anything again me jes' pull yer weepins while ye're up'n sight—I'm heeled an' ready for ye! I plugged the last man that tried that game on me right through the pew, an' I orter serv you the same way!"—Dakota Bell.

THE DETESTED CIRCUS.

"No, you can't go to the circus," said a St. Paul woman, "it is no place for boys. I can't help it if Willie Green is going—I should think the Greens would be about the kind of people who would let their children go to the circus and think it was all right. Circuses

are low, vulgar, degrading things that ought to be stopped by law, and I'll see that no child of mine ever goes.

Here, you little brat, go over to that window, so I can see the parade out of this one myself. My, isn't that a big elephant! And just see that girl sitting in that cage with those lions and bears and giraffes and one thing and another! I'll bet a cookie, though, that long hair of her's she is so anxious to show is false—it doesn't match her complexion."

HE KNEW THE BOSS.

A youngster in a neighboring town, who had gone out on a pleasure trip by his father's consent, suddenly broke out crying, and when asked what the matter was said: "Mamma will whip me." An effort was made to soothe him by explaining that as long as his father knew he had come his mother would not scold him for coming without saying anything to her about it. This hardly satisfied the little fellow, who whimpered in reply: "Papa isn't the boss!"—St. Albans Messenger.

MARRIED LIFE.

Minneapolis Bride—My dear, I wish you would bring home one of those boxes of French bonbons to-night. Husband—Wha— Bride—And after tea it will be real pleasant to go out and get some ice-cream— Husband—Great Stars and Stripes! Why, we're married.

NOT FOR MEDICINE.

Consumptive patient—An old lady up town says if I will drink cream it will do just as well as cod liver oil. Great Doctor—Nonsense. Nature never intended cream to be used as a medicine. Patient—Indeed. Why, how do you know? Doctor—It has no bad taste.

Literary Notes.

Miss Braddon is writing a jubilee novel. She keeps all her manuscripts, and has had them bound in red.

Mrs. "St. Elmo" Evans has written a new novel. Dillingham will bring it out under the title of "At the Mercy of Tiberius"—a lurid title that implies a thing of adjectives and wild weirdness.

Mr. S. G. W. Benjamin's yachting sketches will soon be brought out by Benjamin & Bell, under the title of "Sea Spray." Some of these papers have appeared in various periodicals and some are entirely new.

There are a great many people who will be glad to hear that Mrs. Walford, the author of "Mr. Smith" and "Cousins," has nearly finished a new serial story, which will be begun in the October number of Blackwood's.

Mr. Ignatius Donnelly's forthcoming book, "The Great Cryptogram; or Lord Bacon's Cipher, in the so-called Shakespeare Plays," is to be sold by subscription. It is mildly conjectured that the shade of Shakespeare is not trembling as it treads the Elysian fields.

"Volapuk," the universal language, is prospering. Count Von Moltke lately expressed his belief that it has a great future before it, and it has been learned and is being studied by an enormous number of persons on the continent. Last winter more than 2000 pupils received instruction in the language in Vienna alone.

Mr. William Black's forthcoming book, "The Strange Adventures of a Canal Boat," is said to follow in its plan his "Strange Adventures of a Phaeton." It is to be hoped that it will resemble it in entertaining quality; Mr. Black's later works have been, it must be confessed, conducive to woful weariness in his readers.

A contributor to Notes and Queries says that it used to be generally remarked among Dicken's friends and acquaintances that he had taken all the names in "Pickwick" from persons residing in Ramsgate. There was Weller, the straw hat manufacturer and losier in High street, near the market; Mr. Tupman and Mr. Snodgrass lived higher up; Mrs. Bardell also lived near

Gladstone.

By cable to the New York World. When I saw Mr. Gladstone he stood in a strong light. His face which looks pale under the glare of the gas in the House of Commons, to-day showed an undercurrent of color. His cheeks were slightly pink. He appeared robust and full of vitality. He is of medium height. His shoulders are slightly rounded. His head is large. His forehead is high, full and only slightly wrinkled. His gray hair is very thin, but there is enough to bring over the top and to conceal in a measure his baldness. His eyebrows are very pronounced. His eyes are deep dark black. His nose is a fierce, prominent Roman one. His mouth is large, thin-lipped and drawn down at the corners, parallel with the deep lines upon each side of his nose. The lower part of his face is very square and positive. His closely shaved beard made a blue tint upon the lower part of his face. His voice is very clear, musical and deep. He speaks without the slightest hesitation or affectation of the average English orator. He speaks without any distinctive English accent. He held his silk hat in his hand and leaned slightly on a black stick as he talked.