

MY LOVE.

Not as all other women are
Is she that to my soul is dear;
Her glorious fancies come from far,
Beneath the silver evening-star
And yet her heart is ever near.

Great feelings hath she of her own,
Which lesser souls may never know;
God giveth them to her alone,
And sweet they are as any tone
Wherewith the wind may choose to blow.

Yet in herself she dwelleth not,
Al though no home were half so fair;
No simplest duty is forgot;
Life hath no dim and lowly spot
That doth not in her sunshine share.

She doth little kindnesses,
Which most leave undone or despise;
For naught that sets one heart at ease,
And giveth happiness or peace,
Is low-esteemed in her eyes.

She hath no scorn of common things,
And though she seem of other birth,
Round us her heart entwines and clings,
And patiently she folds her wings
To tread the humble paths of earth.

Blessing she is: God made her so,
And deeds of week-day holiness
Fell from her noiseless as the snow;
Nor hath she ever chanced to know
That naught were easier than to bless.

She is most fair, and thereunto
Her life doth rightly harmonize;
Feeling or thought that was not true
Ne'er made her beautiful the blue
Unclouded heaven of her eyes.

She is a woman—one in whom
The spring time of her childish years
Hath never lost its fresh perfume,
Though knowing well that life hath room
For many blights and many tears.

I love her with a love as still
As a broad river's peaceful might,
Which, by high tower and lowly mill,
Goes wandering at its own free will,
And yet doth ever flow aright.

And on its full, deep breast serene,
Like quiet isles my duties lie;
It flows around them and between,
And makes them fresh and fair and green,
Sweet homes wherein to live and die.

—[James Russell Lowell.]

THE LITTLE THIEF.

BY MARY KYLE DALLAS.

It was tea-time. Mr. Matthews, the proprietor of the stuffy little Eighth Avenue dry-goods store, where Ned Brandreth was serving his apprenticeship to the business, had gone to tea with his family, and Ned was in sole charge. At this hour there was little chance of customers. People were for the most part hurrying home to meals, or getting them ready if they were women. The unfashionable thoroughfare was not yet lighted, but the shadows lay heavily below the tall tenement houses, and the sky, of a dull gray, gave warning of an approaching storm.

To the country boy it was a very dreary scene. Leaning over the counter, his eyes fixed upon the moist and greasy-looking sidewalk, he saw in imagination the old homestead standing "amidst rows of wheat and corn," the little garden about its door. The table was set for tea. There was his mother—his father opposite her. There were the boys, Bill and Ben, and Fanny, his little sister, with her blue eyes and flaxen hair, and her grandmother's gold beads about her neck. All were together. Did they think of him so far away? He could see his vacant place, his chair set back, his plate put away. The boy could have wept.

How he longed to return to them! But, alas! the farm would not support them all. Bill was to be a doctor; Ben would help his father; he had his task.

"It had to be," he said; and, just as he spoke, he thought for a moment that he saw Fanny before him—flaxen curls, fair forehead, blue eyes. Was it a vision? No. The next instant he understood that what he looked at was a living child, with the same pure tints of skin and hair. A pretty creature, quite as pretty as Fanny, but not clean and tidy as she always was—a girl in the ragged frock of a grown person, cut short in the skirt and left unhemmed, with bare feet soiled with the mud of the streets, and no trace of motherly care about her, crouched close to the wall behind a form on which a ready-made suit was displayed upon the sidewalk. She was tugging softly and cleverly at a gaudy shawl that was exhibited on the shoulders of another dummy, and, as he looked, had it down and rolled into a bundle beneath her wretched shawl. Now she came creeping from her hiding-place, and in a moment more would have gone pattering up the street on those bare feet of hers, but a hand came down upon her shoulder, and the shawl was removed from its hiding-place.

"You wicked little thief!" said Ned—for he it was who had caught the child—"come here!"

He led her through the store, which was a small one, to the little portion screened off at the end, and, sitting down on a box, looked at her.

"I suppose I ought to call a policeman," said he. "What did you try to steal that shawl for? Don't you know that they put people in prison for stealing things?"

"Yes, sir," sobbed the girl. "Jimmy got put in prison last week for hooking a shawl."

"Why don't you take warning then?" Ned said.

"I didn't see none," sobbed the child. "I only saw the shawl. If none of us

don't bring nothin' home, she hits us. I'm all black on my back, bein' hit. I knowed she'd like a shawl, and when she likes what you bring home you get sausage."

"Poor little soul!" sighed Ned. "What's your name?"

"Mag," said the child.

"And is 'she' your mother?" asked the boy.

"No," sobbed the little creature. "Them's that's got mothers has good times. She keeps us out of charity. Her name is Old Sally. She is mostly drunk and can't work, and we hooks and begs what we can."

How like pretty Fanny's blue eyes were those turned up toward Ned! How unlike the fate and condition of this child!

"Well, Mag, I've got a little sister home," said Ned. "She's about your age, and I can't help feeling sorry for you. I ought to tell Mr. Matthews, and make a charge against you; but I haven't the heart. Look here; wouldn't you like to live a nice life out in the country, and not have to steal and beg?"

"Wouldn't I—just!" cried the child.

"Very well," said Ned. "I'm going to write a note to a good man—a minister. Every year he sends poor orphans to the country. You really are an orphan—have no father or mother?"

"Yes, sir. I never had none of either," sighed Mag, in tones that convinced the youth of her sincerity.

In a few moments Ned had written a little note upon a pad of paper that lay at hand, folded it, and given it to the child.

"You know the place where the people meet to pray every night?" he asked.

"Yes," replied Mag. "I listens at the doors sometimes. I likes the singin'."

"Go in to-night, if you can," said Ned, "and ask to speak to Mr. Smith. Give him that note. The woman who beats you must not see it, remember."

Mag nodded wisely.

"If you cannot get to the meeting to-night, go to-morrow," said Ned. "There's a ten-cent piece for you, so you'll be sure of your supper. And, Mag, if Mr. Smith sends you to a nice place, be good. Don't steal or lie, or do anything wicked, and say your little prayers every night, and grow up a good girl."

"Yes, sir, I'll try," said Mag. Then all of a sudden she began to sob violently.

"Nobody never talked so good to me before!" she said. "I'll remember always."

Ned heard the feet of his employer on the stairs, and led Mag to the door, put her gently forth, and draped the shawl over the shoulders of the dummy, which was presently rolled in and put away for the night with the other objects which had been set forth to attract custom.

As it happened, Ned did not see good Mr. Smith again. The prayer-meetings soon came to a close, and he never knew whether Mag carried the note to the minister or not. It was possible that she was a little hypocrite who grinned at the good advice he had given her, and went thieving again next day. However, he was glad, for Fanny's sake, that he had been as kind to her as possible. At all events, he never saw her again, and it was not long before he left the store and sought his fortune in California.

There he succeeded beyond his expectations, and one day returned home a rich man, and did all those pleasant things that a filial and prosperous son does for the old folks, beginning by paying off the mortgage on the homestead, of course. He could scarcely believe that he had been away so long. Nothing seemed much changed—his parents scarcely older. Bill and Ben were mature, but really improved. Only Fanny astonished him. Fanny was a young lady—tall, slender, shapely. Her flaxen hair was a rich blonde, her eyes bluer and brighter than ever, if possible. And Fanny—little Fanny—was engaged to be married. Ned could not believe that.

She was as fond of him as ever, though, and prouder; and before three days had gone over their heads she had set herself to match-making on his account.

"Of course, you know we want you to stay here, Ned," she said, "and to marry some one who likes the country. Now I have a plan. You must fall in love with my Jack's sister. She is very pretty, and as good as an angel, and so bright, and a perfect lady; and she just worships the country. And you can build a house between ours and her father's; and Jack and I will have one opposite, and that will be so delightful. You do not know how nice she is, Ned, but you will meet her on Thursday. She is away on a visit now, but is coming home to-morrow. Thursday she will come here to tea. You must make love to her at once. Propose as soon as possible, and have the nicest wife in the world. Oh, I am sure she will be!"

Ned laughed. Like most men, he doubted women's judgment of each other. Besides, he had not yet resolved to marry. If he should fall in love, it would be a different thing; but that seemed unlikely. He had met many pretty women, and was yet heart-whole. It seemed scarcely likely that Jack's sister—nice little country girl as she doubtless was—would make any unusual impression upon him.

However, he did not say this—only, "You know, she may not like me, Fanny." But of that Fanny assured him there could be no doubt.

She was in a high state of delight when, on 5 o'clock on Thursday, Jack appeared with his sister on his arm, and she was able to say at last:

"Brother Ned, this is my dearest friend, Marguerite. Marguerite, this is the brother you have not yet met. I know you will be friends."

Friends! From the moment Ned's eyes met those lovely ones belonging to Jack's

sister he was lost. He had never believed in love at first sight, but it came to him like a flash of lightning. He devoted himself to Marguerite all day, and would walk home with her at night, and then Fanny said that she would go also, and kept Jack at a pleasant distance—sociably near, but so that every word need not be heard; and Marguerite was the sweetest thing, Ned thought, as her little hand rested on his arm.

Going home again with Fanny, she teased him to confess that he already adored her friend, and told him that, while putting on her bonnet, she had said that he was "ever so nice." But Ned was too much in love to feel sure of success, and for some time was rather an uneasy-soul, hoping and fearing—his courage high in the morning and low at night, until one day he took heart of grace and actually popped the question. What he said he hardly knew. It was in the orchard. They sat on a rustic bench under an old pear tree, and he had talked for some time, when Marguerite gave a little cry, and said:

"Mr. Brandreth, I beg you to say no more just yet. I have something to tell you that may make you feel differently. I should have told you before, but I—I put it off. You do not know who I am. Jack's sister, Mr. Rawdon's daughter, you believe me; but I am only an adopted child, a little orphan whom they reared lovingly, but still not theirs."

"All the more mine, then, if you will have it so!" cried Ned.

"A moment more," cried Marguerite. "I must tell you. Mr. Brandreth, do you remember a wicked little girl—an unkempt, barefoot child—who years ago stole a shawl from Mr. Matthews' shop-door one night in New York? Do you remember how kind you were to her, and gave her good advice and a letter to Pastor Smith? I see you do. Her name was Mag. Oh, Mr. Brandreth, I am that miserable little thing—that poor little thief! I am, indeed! And I remember you so well. Such a boy, then! 'You little Mag—you?' Ned cried.

"I," said Marguerite. "I took the note to Mr. Smith. He sent me to a sort of an orphanage in the country, where they taught me to read and distinguish right from wrong. One day dear Mrs. Rawdon came here. She had lost a little daughter, and God put it into her heart to adopt me. She had me christened Marguerite. I remember I was so proud of the pretty name, and since then I have been very happy. Soon I found out that you were Fanny's brother, for I had asked for your note to remember you by, and keep it still. I have not told Fanny, but I could not deceive you. Perhaps you could not say what you have said just now to one you knew to have been a little thief."

She paused, tears in her blue eyes, and Ned sat looking at her earnestly.

"A little thief!" he cried. "Why, so you are—a little thief that has stolen my very heart away. But kiss me, Mag, and keep it."

And so Marguerite and Edward were married on the same day that saw Fanny and John made one, and no one knows why Ned's pet name for his wife is such an odd one—"Little Thief."—[Fashion Bazar.]

The Boy King of Servia.

Servia is a new European monarchy. It was for many years one of the small principalities situated on the lower Danube, and bounded by Turkey, Austria, and Russia. Its security was constantly in peril through quarrels with its neighbors because of the rival ambitions of those powers. Finally, in 1882, it was made an independent kingdom, each of the nations who were eager to absorb it consenting to its independence with the view of preventing the territory from falling into the hands of the others. The family of Obrenovich had long been Princes of Servia, and its head became the first king, under the title of Milan I. He had married Natalie, the daughter of a Russian colonel named de Kechko, and to them there was born on August 14, 1876, their only child, a son named Alexander.

King Milan and his wife did not live happily together; and Queen Natalie has been accused by many of the folly of letting her Russian patriotism outweigh her prudence, and of lending herself to plots and intrigues which aimed at bringing Servia in greater or less degree under the control of her own country. The result was a long and bitter quarrel, of which the end was their separation and the expulsion of Queen Natalie from Servia. King Milan I. finally abdicated his throne, and his son became King of Servia on March 17, 1889, under the title of Alexander I., while still in his thirteenth year. The actual government is in the hands of a "Council of Regency," composed of three of the most experienced statesmen and soldiers of the country; and Alexander is yet in care of his tutors, and he rarely sees either of his parents, neither of whom lives in Belgrade, the capital. His real authority is as yet but slight. He is an attractive youth, speaks French and German, as well as the Servian dialect, and is reported to be intelligent, well-disposed, and manly. His reign has thus far been peaceful and prosperous, for the men who govern in his name have shown themselves to be both sagacious and patriotic. —[St. Nicholas.]

ITALY'S deficit for the last fiscal year was \$18,000,000, and in spite of all the talk as to economic reforms the standing army is being increased, and new men-of-war are being added to the navy. The ambition to keep up appearances sometimes proves to be as unfortunate for nations as it is for individuals.

A proposed law in Spain prohibits Sunday work by persons under eighteen.

THE JOKER'S BUDGET.

Cause for Anxiety—A Leading Question—He Regretted It—Both Needed, &c., &c.

CAUSE FOR ANXIETY.

Visitor—What a great head of hair Johnny has!

Johnny's Father (with some uneasiness)—Yes, and we can't get him to take any care of it. It worries me a good deal. I am afraid the boy is going to be either an Anarchist or a poet. —[Chicago Tribune.]

A LEADING QUESTION.

Quester—Hello, old boy! You look rather the worse for wear. What have you been doing with yourself?

Jester—Been off on a little piscatorial toot, that's all.

Quester—Yes, but what did you fall in with?

Jester—What did I fall in with? Why, I fell in with all my clothes on. —[Boston Courier.]

HE REGRETTED IT.

Benedict—Hello, Singleton; I haven't met you for ten years—since I married my wife, in fact. By the way, that was rather mean of me, cutting you out when you were engaged to her.

Singleton—Oh, that's all right. I don't regret it, old man!

Benedict—But I do! —[Boston News.]

BOTH NEEDED.

Fair Querist—Husband, dear, are there two "I's" in business?

Wideawake Husband—Certainly there are, my love. A man who goes into business with one eye is going to be badly left. —[Pittsburg Bulletin.]

MET HIM AT THE DOOR.

Fred—Did you find the old gentleman out when you called to see his daughter?

Harry—No, it was myself I found out.

POLITE.

Starboarder—A very polite sneak thief came into our house the other night.

Flatman—Polite?

Starboarder—Yes. He lifted all the hats he found in the hallway.

TREATING AND RETREATING.

Your cheeks should mantle with the blushes of shame when you think of your retreat, General.

Madame, said the Aide, "the General's nose is the feature that shows the effects of the re-treat." —[Truth.]

SURE TO FIT.

"Oh, show me an engagement ring," Unto the clerk he cried,
And unto her a pledge I'll bring,
Who is to be my bride."

"What size," the clerk inquired, "will do?"

"I do not know," wailed he,
"Just what the measurement of Susan Jenkins' hand may be."

"Do not despair, but take this band I find upon the shelf;
I'm sure 'twill fit fair Susan's hand;
I used it once myself."

—[Washington Star.]

IT HAS THAT EFFECT.

"Why do you suppose Miss Popular is so giddy?"

"She goes around so much." —[Truth.]

ODDS.

When I see Wealth and Cupid
Run a bitter race,
I'll bet on Cupid 10 to 1—
For second place. —[Truth.]

ONLY RIGHT.

"I love her, but I cannot marry her! Not because her father was my father's steward—but she is wealthy and I am not."

"But my dear fellow, by marrying her you only get back what her father stole from yours."

"That's so. Guess I'll try it after all." —[The Epoch.]

JUST THE REVERSE.

"Ah!" said a friend to a bank cashier, whom he met hurrying to catch a train, "going off for a rest?"

"No; to avoid arrest."

BOTH DEAD.

Visitor—Tommy, what are you going to be when you grow up?

Tommy (aged 10)—A soldier.

Visitor—But you will be in danger of getting killed.

Tommy—Who'll kill me?

Visitor—Why the enemy.

Tommy—Then I'll be the enemy.

A POINT IN HIS FAVOR.

Ethel—I don't think I will ever care anything for him.

Clarissa—You don't?

Ethel—No; he has never paid me a compliment.

Clarissa—He is all the more entitled to your respect. That shows that he is truthful and conscientious.

IN A HURRY.

He (anxiously)—What did your father say?

She (sweetly)—Nothing, except that he would look you up and see if you had enough to support a wife.

He—Um—my dear, hadn't we better slope to-night? —[New York Weekly.]

HARDER TO KEEP THAN A SECRET.

"I keep an umbrella at the office and one at the house always," said Pempers, "and am never taken at disadvantage by a shower."

"You are luckier than I am then," said Sophy. "I never can keep one anywhere."

A REASONABLE SUGGESTION.

"I wonder where that storm is that old Capt. Hedges has been prophesying for so long?"

"It's probably been postponed on account of the weather."

BOARDING-HOUSE PLEASANTRIES.

"Bread is the staff of life," observed Mrs. Hashem.

"Yes," remarked the new boarder, as he wrestled with a home-made slice, "and I think this might be used effectively for a club." —[American Grocer.]

NOT DISCONCERTED.

Secretary—The people have tumbled to our \$100 for \$40 benefit society, and won't take any more shares.

President—We'll soon fix that. Promise them \$200 for \$40. —[Good News.]

A DEFINITE DATE.

"So you're five years old, Nellie! Well, when will you be six?"

"On my next birthday, sir!"

SHE KNEW BETTER.

Jimson—People have been telling you, no doubt, I'm entirely too "fast."

Cora (yawning)—Yes; but I would never believe them. —[New York Herald.]

AN ORIGINAL SYSTEM.

"Fledgling is making himself quite popular as an amateur phrenologist."

"Indeed! I thought phrenology rather a difficult thing to master."

"Not under Fledgling's system."

"What is his system?"

"Why, you see, he studies the characters of his acquaintances first and then tells them what kind of heads they have." —[New York Press.]

FOR THE SAKE OF QUIET.

"My daughter admired both law and music, so I had her study law."

"What impelled you to that choice?"

"I think practicing law is quieter than practicing piano-playing." —[Truth.]

A TERRIFYING SUBJECT.

Blinks—I saw a man turn pale and tremble to-day at the mention of the American Navy.

Blinks—Eh! Was he a foreigner?

Blinks—No; he belongs to the marines and he can't swim. —[Good News.]

CUT OUT.

Mr. De Cutter—Why this sudden coolness, Cla—I mean Miss Beauty? A few days ago you allowed me to infer that I had at last won your favor and perhaps—

Newport Belle—That will do, Mr. De Cutter. A new yacht has arrived in the harbor, and it is ten feet longer than yours. —[Good News.]

A NOBLE FELLOW.

"What sort of a fellow is Jorkins?"

"Most considerate man in the world. Why he even laughs at the circus clown's jokes for fear of hurting his feelings by keeping quiet." —[Epoch.]

VERY PROBABLE.

Ethel—I think Mr. Dauber admires me.

Clarissa—I should't wonder, dear. He told me the other day that he had a great admiration for art.

LOTS OF OFFERS.

Ethel—I have had more than fifty offers so far this season.

Maud—For the land's sake! Who from!

Ethel—From George.

SHOOK IT.

Doctor—Did you shake the medicine before taking?

Patient—Certainly. It was too late to give it the shake after taking.

BOUND TO RISE.

The phrenologist ran his hands rapidly over the boy's head, reflected a moment, and tried it again, but more slowly.

"Well, professor," said the boy's father, "what calling do you find him best fitted for?"

"Judging from his cranial development," replied the phrenologist, breaking it as gently as he could, "I think he would make a good parachute jumper." —[Chicago Tribune.]

Anthracite Coal.

One of the most interesting mineral discoveries in recent months, and by far the most significant in its possibilities, is that of the huge deposits of anthracite coal recently visited by L. B. Howard of San Diego. Mr. Howard says that the main operations now being carried on are some miles from Ortiz, a town on the Sonora Railway between Hermosillo and Guaymas. The concession, which is owned by a Mexican company, covers about 4,000,000 acres. The enormous extent of the anthracite deposit may be comprehended when it is said that borings fifty miles apart have found that borings fifty miles apart have found coal. The diamond drill has gone through four veins, the first being two feet, the second four feet, the third seven and one-half feet, and the fourth and was still working in coal. The coal is by actual test equal to the finest Lehigh Valley product of anthracite. It high Valley product of anthracite. The borings can be traced for many miles on the surface, and the different borings of the drill show the same four veins of the same thickness. A railway sixty or six hundred miles will bring the coal to the ty-five miles will bring the coal to the harbor of Guaymas, and the entire distance is very smooth, offering no engineering obstacles. This verification is of the greatest importance to Southern California, and in fact all the Southwest, as Mr. Howard says the coal can be laid down in San Diego for \$5 per ton, with less than a thousand-mile water haul around the peninsula of Lower California. —[San Diego (Cal.) Union.]

A Wisconsin newspaper man has just fallen heir to an estate worth \$5,000,000.