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HAPPINESS.

I would not care to sit upon
A throne if none could share
The glory of my state with me
Or shout in thankfulness to see
Me wisely ruling there.

I would not care for millions if
I ne'er might hear the praise
Of others who accounted me
Their grandest friend and happily
Trod newer, fairer ways.

I would not care to gaze upon
Earth's grandest scene, to see
Another fair day dawn if there
Could be no others who might share
It and be glad with me.

—S. E. Kiser.

AMADIE'S CHANCE

By Semper Eadem

TO nearly all of us there comes, at some period of life, what we call "a chance." Many of us—probably more than the majority—let the chances pass us. We do not recognize them, or are too timid or inert to grasp them, and they do not return; for the same chance never offers itself twice. Of those who seize them many are influenced merely by selfish motives, by the promise of personal profit they present. But a few lay hold of them simply from a sense of duty, as knowing what is right and desiring to do it, and to such the results of their action are doubly blessed.

Amadie Flessell was a French girl, or of French descent, being the only daughter of French parents, but born in this country. She was an orphan, and was poor; consequently her lot in life was a hard one. It would have puzzled her to tell how she had managed to get along since the death of her parents. She remembered confusedly a long and unpleasant series of hard rubs, but could not have given a clear account of them.

At the age of sixteen—known as "sweet sixteen" by girls who are well cared for and happy—Amadie was a ballet dancer in a variety theatre. It was neither a proud nor a profitable position. She was but a beginner, and much of her small salary must be paid for education, while a portion of it was absorbed by fines for her ignorance and awkwardness. It was supposed that a French girl must necessarily dance, but Amadie was not a natural dancer, and did not take kindly to that branch of the theatrical profession. She believed that she would be able to sing, if she could get a chance to learn, but no such opportunity came to her, and she felt that she could only worry her way along over the hard road that had been appointed for her.

One night she was going home at a late hour. The dancing had come on near the close of the entertainment, and Amadie had been detained for reproof by the ballet master, who had informed her that a severe fine would be assessed upon her for an awkward mistake in a dance. With a small bundle under her arm, she wearily wound her way through the streets of the city, and was quite sick at heart, as she knew that the fines of the week would not leave her money enough to pay her rent and procure her the meager necessaries of life.

Just before she reached a neat brownstone house, the second door from a street corner, her attention was attracted by something unusual and peculiar. The basement window was open, and a rough looking man was coming out at the opening.

There could be but one explanation of such a singular circumstance; the house was being plundered by burglars.

Of one thousand girls that might be placed in Amadie's position, all but one would run away, but Amadie was the one who did not think of running. She saw a chance to make herself useful, and availed herself of it instinctively.

Shrinking behind the wall of the corner house she peeped out and watched the proceedings. She saw the man who had emerged from the basement window take some bundles that were handed to him from within. Then another came out, the window was closed, and the two men picked up the bundles and walked rapidly up the street.

Amadie looked around for a policeman, but of course without expecting to see one, and at once resolved to follow the thieves.

Swiftly and silently she sped after them, near enough to keep them in view, and saw them turn the corner a few blocks away, where a covered wagon was waiting for them. They hurriedly deposited their bundles in the wagon, climbed up in front and drove rapidly away.

This maneuvre did not change or prevent Amadie's purpose. She was near enough to the wagon when it started to run after it—to catch hold of it, as she had seen the stout boys do, and to swing herself up in a very uncomfortable position.

If she had known what a journey it was to be it must be confessed that she would not have attempted it. More than once, after it was begun, she would have been glad enough to abandon it, but she could not. The wagon was whirled through the streets at such a rapid rate that she knew it would hurt her to alight and feared it might kill her. The danger of letting go was greater than that of holding on, and she clung as with a death grip to the wood and iron, although she was several times nearly flung off, and although she was in terrible and constantly increasing pain.

At last, when she had become nothing but a bundle of aches and exhaustion, the vehicle stopped at a small house in a shabby street. The girl felt quite incapable of using her body or her brain, but the danger of discovery compelled her to exertion. Fortunately there was a narrow alley in sight, and she slipped down and ran to it just before the wagon came to a full stop.

Crouching down on the bricks—for she could not stand—she peered out and saw one of the men carry the bundles into the small house. Then the other drove the wagon away slowly, and all was quiet.

Amadie rested herself there a little while and then crawled out and noticed the number of the house. Then she started to go home. As she went she repeated the name of the street and the number of the house until they were firmly fixed in her memory. It was a long journey, and she was very tired and sore, but she at last reached her lodgings and let herself in, glad that nobody was up to look at her suspiciously and scold her about the lateness of the hour.

She overslept herself in the morning, and it was so late when she rose that she saw that she had no time to lose. So she went to a cheap restaurant, where she hurriedly drank a cup of coffee and ate a roll, and then hastened to the brownstone house where she had seen the burglary committed. She told the servant that she wanted to see the proprietor of the house, saying that her business was important. There was a little demur, and, while she was talking to the servant the gentleman whom she wished to see came to the door and asked her what she wanted.

"Did you lose something last night?" she asked.

"I should think I did. Some silver plate and some valuable dresses, with other things."

"They were stolen?"

"Yes; the house was entered by burglars."

"I saw it done and I know where the things were taken to."

"Ah! You are the person I want to see. Come in here, little girl, and sit down and rest."

Amadie followed him into a finely furnished room, where a pleasant lady was seated, and he placed her in an easy chair.

"My dear," he said, "this seems to be an amateur detective, who has some valuable news for us."

The lady raised her eyebrows and smiled.

They were both so kind to her that Amadie was easily encouraged to tell her story, and she did so as speedily as possible, as she felt that the time might be precious, but the simple manner in which it was told did not prevent her from receiving many expressions of praise and pity.

As soon as she had finished the gentleman hurriedly wrote a note and called a boy.

"Take this at once to the station house," he said, "where we were this morning, and tell them that I will be there presently.

"And now, little girl," he said to Amadie, "there is a good reward offered for the recovery of that property. That is to say, I intended to offer a reward in to-morrow morning's papers. If I get the property through your information the reward will belong to you."

"You needn't think of any reward for me," she said.

"Why not?"

"Because my mother said——" and she hesitated.

"Well, what does your mother say?"

"She doesn't say anything, sir. She is dead."

"Ah! it is something she once said, then. Perhaps your father——"

"He is dead, too, sir."

"Oh! Poor thing! Well, we won't force anything upon you that you don't want, you may be sure of that. Can you stay here a few hours with my wife and get your dinner?"

"No, sir; I have to go to rehearsal."

"To be sure. Glad to see you punctual in attending to business. And, of course, you can't come to see us to-night, as you will be at the theatre. Can you call this afternoon at 4 or 5 o'clock?"

"Yes, sir; if you wish it."

"I do wish it. I want you to know whether the property has been recovered, and I want to thank you and talk to you."

Amadie went to her rehearsal, where she did so badly—being still tired and sore—that the ballet master threatened to discharge her, and in consequence of that threat she scanted her bit of dinner more severely than ever.

In the afternoon she went to the brownstone house, because she had promised to, and because she considered it a part of her duty.

She was very warmly received by the gentleman and his wife, who hastened to inform her that the stolen property had all been recovered. The police had made a descent upon the small house in the shabby street, and had found, not only the proceeds of the burglary, but many other missing valuables.

"And now," said the gentleman, "as you have done so much for me at the risk of your life, and as you seem to be a very good girl, I must see what I can do for you. Fortunately I am in the theatrical line, and you may let me help you in that. Are you very fond of dancing?"

Amadie confessed that she disliked dancing, and was afraid she would never be able to learn the art as it ought to be learned.

"All the better for that," said he. "Do you think you could learn to act?"

"I don't know, sir, but I think I could learn to sing if I had a chance."

"Very well, you shall have a chance. You shall come to my theatre. I am Mr. Milward, manager of the —— Theatre, and my wife is Alice Milward. I will find employment for you there by which you can earn a living, and you shall learn as much music as you want to. We will make either a singer or an actress of you, or both, I'll be bound."

Amadie tried to express her gratitude.

"You don't owe me any thanks," said he. "You will be sure to earn all you get from me, to say nothing of what you have already earned. Come to me when your week is up at the variety shop, and I will advance you a week's salary, and my wife will talk to you about wardrobe and other matters."

So Amadie Flessell, by improving a chance to make herself useful, gained a chance for herself, and she also improved that chance to very good purpose, indeed.—New York Weekly.

A noted doctor states that eighty-five cent. of crippled children could be at least able to work if their diseases were treated in time.

THE CITY MAN OUT-OF-DOORS.

Vacation Habit Means Improvement in Public Health and Happiness.

A general and killing absorption in the business of life was once the accepted theory of American activity. It is true that there is still tremendous stress shown by Americans in the pursuit not only of their business avocations but of their social avocations. Yet the business man's summer vacation is getting to be more and more an accepted institution. He manages to get longer periods of complete rest and recreation and he contrives, moreover, to seize upon any number of half holidays and over-Sunday outings, especially in the warmer months. When he can control his time he gives greater portions of it than ever before to horseback exercise and to golf and kindred sports. The business man's family, instead of being satisfied, as of old, with a few weeks in a crowded hotel by the sea or in the mountains, spend the whole summer in the country, as boarders in hotel or farmhouse, or as dwellers in a country place of their own, modest or sumptuous in accordance with their means and taste.

The city man's modern discovery of the country and his increasing use of it in the summer months has been a subject of comment now these many years. There has been discussion of its effect upon the city people themselves, and upon the country people into whose communities they enter; of its effect upon manners and morals; of its economic bearings and its relation to the abandoned farm problem, and of the greater influence upon the nation of the greater mingling of people from various parts of the country.

With all this search for recreation and health, what with Westerners going East and Easterners going West, with Northerners going South and Southerners going North, summer and winter; with all this search for the opportunity to fish and shoot, or to enjoy social pleasures; with all this interchange of national advantages (for any and every climate can be found in the United States), one may look for an improvement in the public health and happiness, as well as for a dissemination of a knowledge of our own people and of our own country which ought to be decidedly conducive to an intelligent patroitism.—From an Editorial in the Century.

He Got There.

Three Chinamen were walking briskly down First avenue at Pioneer place yesterday afternoon. Their expressionless faces showed no sign that they were in a hurry to catch a car or do anything rash, but all three kept their eyes directed on a James street cable that stood opposite the Hotel Seattle, taking on passengers. Suddenly the gripman of the car rang his gong, and the trio quickened their pace a trifle. Again the gong was rung and this time the Celestials broke into a run and covered the ground like rabbits, with lengthy pigtails streaming out straight behind them.

All at once the car started and the followers of Confucius redoubled their pace, running on in single file. They would probaly have caught the car, although the vehicle was then going at a good rate of speed, were it not for the fact that right in the middle of James street the foremost Celestial tripped and fell. The other two promptly tumbled all over him, and in a second there was a pile of writhing Chinamen, all making a grand effort to get up first.

At length the trio got to their feet and impassively dusted their clothing, not even smiling, despite the chuckles of the crowd. The car by this time was about up to Eighth avenue.

One of the Chinamen was very fat. This one looked at his companions in an entirely impersonal manner for a minute, and then far up on the James street hill, where a car was gradually working down his way.

"Very blame mad," he said calmly—Seattle Post Intelligencer.

Rushing Things.

As there is a law against burying in the city of Albany, the bishop had to have a special act of Legislature to be buried in the Cathedral. He was successful in having the act pass the lawmakers, but his friends were astounded and worried when they read its text. It began with the usual verbiage. The ending was something like this:

"We do grant that Bishop Doane be buried within the precincts of the Cathedral at Albany. This act to take effect immediately."—Lippincott's Magazine.

A HAPPY LITTLE GIRL.

There was a little girl,
And she had a little curl,
Right in the middle of her forehead,
"No room for it," she said,
"On the side of my head"—
For she lived in a flat—which was horrid.

The little hat she wore,
Long behind and before,
Pointed up in the air like an arrow,
And she had a little plume
On the top. There wasn't room
On the side 'cause the flat was too narrow.

Her pretty little mouth
Always pointed north and south,
As if it only uttered "prunes" or "prism."
Neither "cabbages" or "game"
Could she undertake to name,
There wasn't even room for "rheumatism."

So the dear little girl,
With her pretty little curl,
And her plume and her "prunes" and her "prism,"
And her narrow little hat,
Dwelt contented in a flat,
For she hadn't any room for pessimism.

—Chicago Tribune.

FLASHES OF FUN.

Customer—"I don't like the shoes; the soles are too thick." Shopman—"You will learn to like them, as the objections you speak of will gradually wear off."—Pick-Me-Up.

The warship truly is a grand
But perishable trinket.
It takes five years to build it and
A half an hour to sink it.

—Washington Star.

"MacIntosh boasts a good deal about his family, doesn't he?" "Yes, I think he claims that the head of his family was the original MacIntosh that Noah had with him during that rainy season."—Philadelphia Press.

Mrs. Cantor—"I can't understand why Mr. Steemer invariably leaves the room when I go to the piano. He told me he was very fond of music." Mr. Cantor—"And doesn't his conduct prove it, my dear?"—Boston Transcript.

Mrs. Deepdigger—"You never said a word about our wedding anniversary last Tuesday—not a word." Professor Deepdigger—"My dear, how can you expect me to take any interest in anything so ridiculously recent?"—Puck.

'Tis little I ask of fate—
A life exempt from harm,
A horse, a dog, a pleasant mate,
And a little radium farm!

—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

"There will be a serum for every disease." "Just what do you mean by that, doctor?" "I mean that the time will come when every ill which flesh is heir to may by simple inoculations be exchanged for some other ill."—Puck.

She—"Don't you ever send any of your stories to the magazines?" He—"Don't I? I send lots of them, but I believe I'd drop dead if they ever accepted any." She (sympathetically)—"I do wish they would accept one."—Philadelphia Ledger.

"So you are going away?" "Yes," answered the young housekeeper. "You see, we discharged the cook, and she's so cross about it that we've decided to live somewhere else until she gets good natured and goes away herself."—Washington Star.

Mrs. Lakeside—"Oh, yes; some of those narrow, exclusive Eastern people say that Chicago isn't cultivated." Mr. Lakeside—"H'mph! All the city is except the south part, and that's too marshy. The land isn't worth cultivating."—Brooklyn Life.

"Well, what are the prospects with you?" asked the cheery visitor. "Not very good," was the misanthropic answer. "My son Jerry is in the woodshed fooling with gunpowder, and I guess it's pretty safe to say there's going to be trouble."—Washington Star.

Summer Resorter—"But how can you guarantee fresh vegetables when you don't know what kind of weather you are going to have?" Landlord—"Because I run my establishment on scientific principles. I leave nothing to chance, you know; I feed my boarders on nothing but canned goods, which can be depended upon, whether or no"—Boston Transcript.

Profits From One Hen.

A man in south Missouri gave his daughter a hen and agreed to feed it two years. He had an elevated opinion of the girl's talents for business when she told him, at the end of the time, that the products of the hen's industry and that of her offspring in the two years was $64 in the bank and 200 chickens that would soon be ready for the skillet.—Kansas City Journal.