Since Casey Runs the Flat.

We've got a brand-new janitor, and Casey is his name,
The way he runs McNally's flat I think an awful shame;
He walks around just like a lord, you'd think he owned the place,
He has a frightful rasping voice, and "scups" on around his face.
All lights go out at eight o'clock, your friends must leave at nine,
And if you don't obey the rules, he makes you pay a fine;
He cleans the halls up with a hose, and scrubs them with a mat,
The place looks like a public bath since Casey runs the flat.

REFRAIN.

You can't chew tutti-frutti, you can't sneeze in the hall,
You've got to have a permit if you want to make a call;
You can't have songs or dancing, you can't have a dog or cat,
You don't know if you're living since Casey runs the flat.

He thinks it such a funny joke to go and ring your bell,
When he comes in at three a.m. and asks if all is well;
The halls are full of glaring signs: "No kissing on the stairs,"
"No dudes allowed without a chain," "Please mind your own affairs,"
"Take notice, this is no hotel," "We don't give board with rent,"
"The tax to rush the growler is, for every pint a cent,"
"No coughs allowed around the house, and in the halls no chat,"
There's only two more tenanas left since Casey runs the flat.—REFRAIN.

He yells all through the house each month: "Be ready with the rent,
And have it down by two o'clock, or hire another tent;"
He gave us all a note to-day, "Please change your shades to green,
This flat is strictly Irish now, I wants its colors seen."
Last night at twelve he yelled out "fire!" he only cared to see
How fast the tenants could get out in case a fire should be;
I've taken all I care to take, I won't put up with that,
The house is far from being safe since Casey runs the flat.—REFRAIN.

WON BY AN ENGLISHMAN:

A LOVE STORY.

"Then you allow it was indiscreet."

"I thought it was so very un-French-like."

"I am so glad you say so. A Frenchman would never have allowed I did wrong."

"Oh, but please remember, I loved you for doing what you did."

"Do not love, but pity me for being compelled to do a wrong thing."

"Mademoiselle Diane," I passionately exclaimed, "you must excuse my English blunt ways. I did not think anything you did wrong; I only was so surprised to find myself the fortunate recipient of so much confidence."

Then, just as a fleeting cloud darkens without extinguishing the light of the sun on a bright but windy day, a shade of melancholy passed over the eyes of Diane de Breteuille, and she said,

"I do so want a friend in whom I can confide. Young as I am, and inexperienced, I know full well that such a friend is out of the question within my own family, within my circle of girl friends; and yet, God knows I want help, strength and moral courage to do what is right, and yet avoid giving pain."

"Good heavens!" I exclaimed, guessing at the meaning of these words, "you are surely not already engaged to be married?"

"No, but the husband is selected."

"And is he here?"

"There he is," pointing to a handsome but somewhat sullen man of two-and-forty who was opposite, and who constantly threw glances in our direction, which either foreboded evil to myself, or maybe—which was ten times worse—to the little jewel I now conceived to be under my special protection.

"Do you know him?"

"I met him at Ste. Clothilde yesterday morning as I came out of mass. He stopped to speak to my parents, was introducted to me, and I was afterwards asked how I found him."

"What did you say?"

"What could I say, except that he was amiable and good looking?"

"What did your parents reply?"

"That he was a 'parfait gentilhomme,' that he had 'soixant mille livres de rente,' and 'que l'on pourrait faire pire que de l'epouser.'"

I was beside myself. "What!" cried I, "are you to be sold for sixty thousand francs a year?"

"It is not so bad as that," she replied, with that captivating smile which had led me already on to the borders of insanity, "for you must remember that I am not a slave; but though there is an advantage in that, there is something worse in giving pain to one's parents, especially when they are so good as mine, and so evidently bent on this union."

"You shall not marry any one against your wish!" I vehemently exclaimed; "and do look upon me as your guardian for life."

"Pas si vite!" quickly replied Diane. "I hope I will not require a guardian all my life."

"Protector," I hastened to suggest.

"Do you think I shall want one?"

"Who knows?"

Here we were interrupted by a polite request from the leader of the cotillon to get up and perform the figure he had then begun.

On our return Diane said:

"The Count de Maupert—the friend of my parents, you know—contrived to dance with me during this figure of the cotillon, and told me he wished he were you."

"What did you answer?"

"That I thought, on the contrary, it might be you who wished you were he."

This was a most artful little bit of fun, for it put me in a difficulty. Had I reproached her she would have had every reason to think I did not wish to stand in the relation to her which her parents wanted this man to be placed in; while if I approved her reply she could with equal justice have laughed at me for wishing I were not sitting by her side.

I therefore gave no answer; then, with a bright twinkle in her eyes, she looked at me and said, "You see you cannot answer."

"Then you do not regret too much being so long with me?"

"I would willingly sit by your side for a lifetime, and I know I would never weary," I cried, with a voice full of passionate expression, which made my little partner stare.

"How nice it must be," she said, "to be an English girl!"

At that moment I thought nothing could be more charming than to be a French one.

"Why?" I asked.

"Because the freedom which is allowed their thoughts embellishes their lives."

"Yes, it does; and nothing heightens beauty so much as the free display of those thoughts on the face of a pretty girl."

"I mean," she went on, as if not noticing my last remark, "that being given, of course, the same society, and the same rules of polite society as guides throughout the world, it is a great and wonderful advantage to any girl to be able to enjoy her thoughts, her sentiments, her wishes, her dreams, even at the outset of existence, without bringing them to the yoke of a parential will, going of necessity against all these from motives of policy, and thus creating at the outset a conflict between nature and filial duty."

"But, mademoiselle," I asked, fearful lest these words might indicate that her objection to the Count de Maupert was on account of an attachment already formed for some one, "you surely have not experienced such a conflict?"

"Certainly not," said Diane; "but I know it is coming. I see it looming with fearful distinctness in the near future, and I do not feel the strength to fight against it by myself."

"Poor little thing!" I said, half aloud.

"You see how right I was," she exclaimed, "to say that you ought rather to pity than to love me for having done so un-French-like a thing as to ask you to help me in my hour of weakness!"

"I will help you," I said, "with all my power."

"I asked you rather than ony one else, because your are such a friend of my aunt Chantalis that you may perhaps have influence in that quarter; and from that quarter alone some hope may come that this marriage will be postponed."

"But," said I, "do you mean to say that no one else may dare to aspire for your hand?"

"I fancy my parents have settled matters with the count, and are in honor bound not to entertain any other offer."

"Then it is settled?"

"Not exactly settled; but to-morrow he is to see my father, and I know what that means; it will be followed by a call to me to receive his formal proposal."

"What shall you do then?"

"What do you advise?"

"Do you like him?"

"I only saw him once."

"But there is such a thing as love at first sight."

"Not in this case."

"Do you think you will like him?"

"I dare say, in time."

"But enough to give him, on the strength of this expectation, the love of a life at your first interview?"

"No."

"Then tell him honestly that you will try to like him, as your parents at present wish that you should; but let him understand that in your mind love begets love, and works for love, and that you intend not to marry unless you do love him and he loves you, and relying on his honor not to force you; and meanwhile I shall do all I can for you; for, Mademoiselle Diane," I added, "if the Comte de Maupert likes you, I know one man who adores you."

She hung her lovely head, and a deep crimson blush spread over her pretty cheeks; then suddenly looking up with a smile in her eyes which I never tire to recall, she pinned to my coat a little blue favor which had been given to her for distribution, as the rule in cotillons, and in a very low whisper she said, "Wear it for your poor little friend's sake."

"Faveur inesperee," I said.

"Bleu d'alliance," she replied.

"Gage d'amour," I added.

"Si le bleu reste serein," she remarked.

And at that moment her mother made her a sign that she had had enough, and was anxious to depart, when, snatching a bouquet from the basket of flowers that was going round I gave it to her before the Comte de Maupert had the chance of presenting his; and leaving him to escort the mother to her carriage, I followed with Diane, who told me she had never enjoyed enjoyed herself more, and felt strong against sixty Mauperts, and sixty times sixty thousand "livres."

When she left I left; the attraction was gone, what use to remain?

CHAPTER III.

Just as the day previous to the ball my time had been entirely spent in expectation of the evening's entertainment which was to bring me in contact with Diane, and hear from her sweet lips the secret she was so anxious to confide, so the day following the ball was lived through apparently with no other object than the dinner at Countess de Chantalis', where I had been promised the presence of the girl that now filled all my thoughts, to the absolute exclusion of everything else.

It was monstrous, I reflected, that a system of policy such as she had so simply, and yet so adequately, described should provoke such natural conflicts between the instincts of nature, which we cannot command, and the commandments of the Almighty, which we cannot with impunity set aside.

I cared not to reason as to the advantages accruing for life from an alliance based on worldly considerations of birth, wealth, and position. It struck me that just as the birds of the air mate with those of their own choice, so might we poor mortals indulge in the heyday of our lives in that solitary blessing which is common to all, namely, the selection of her or of him with whom we wish to spend our lives. It could not be for youth a duty to weigh the pounds, shillings, and pence that went to make a so-called happy marriage. Such reckonings in the young can only be proofs of a selfish nature, anxious for increased means to satisfy personal cravings; and what then could I think of a system which reduced matrimony to a barter of selfish indulgences? A horse for a dress, a cellar for a carriage, power to gamble for liberty of action, the means to swagger for the privilege of notoriety—what else could it mean? Sixty thousand francs a year in France is a large sum, but the union between that sum and its fellow produces a princely income in that thrifty land. To obtain this end a girl of sixteen was to be mated to a man of forty-two, so that his brougham might turn into a four-in-hand, with liberty to his wife of dressing at Laferriere's; his *vin ordinaire* into the choicest Bordeaux, with the privilege to his wife of sporting the finest liveries in Paris; his five-francs whist into unlimited stakes at *baccarat* or *ecarte*, with permission to his wife to flirt *pour passer le temps* which her husband had to devote to play at his club; lastly, the boast of being the patron of the *demi-monde*, while his wife, insulted, disgusted, and jealous withal in her remainder of loyalty, would be allowed to throw to the winds all semblance of modesty and honor, to squandor the remainder of their joint fortunes in imitation of her husband's recklessness, and thus earn the privilege of bringing about the climax prepared from the first day of their marriage by her "selected" husband.

This, the miserable history of many a made-up match, was all I could think of, and the horror it inspired me with made me wholly unconscious that happily every one is not made of the same material; that many men—nay, most of those I had known, or knew, or heard of—were totally incapable of any the wrong-doings I have attributed to them; that, for all I knew, M. de Maupert was a paragon of virtue, disinterestedness, and goodness combined; that I might be doing him in thought the greatest possible wrong; and, worst of all, that, sacrilegious as the notion would have struck me had I realized it at the time, I was simply condemning to a life of fashionable misdemeanors by her marriage to M. de Maupert the girl whom I considered to be the best, the dearest, the most spirited I had ever known.

But such is anger. It would probably not be anger if it were not unjust and unreasoning; and, it must be allowed, the idea of Diane marrying any one at all was at that moment so painful, so irritating, and so supremely anger-exciting, that I cared not to picture the world to myself in any but the worst colors.

But then came the question, What part am I taking in this affair? What part have I a right to take in a business which, after all, concerned other parties, and in which I had only been secretly introduced by, maybe, the impulsive moral fear of a confiding girl?

That in my willingness to share her secret and act as her friend I had suddenly discovered that sister soul which, according to Lamartine, exists only for one of us—"Toute ame est sœur d'une ame"—and was unlikely to lose her if I could help it, was a fact too patent to me to admit of a moment's reflection; but had such a discovery revealed the fact that I was more likely to succeed with Diane de Breteuille than any other? That was the point I was anxious to clear up, not only because of the gratification it would afford to my all-absorbing love for her, but because the pondering over the matter would allow me to recall all her words, her looks, and those nexpressed ways, gestures, and tones of voice which tell more than language can convey.

Her joy at seeing me; her mirth in the matter of conceding that the cotillon which she had herself asked me to dance with her; her apparent delight in being with the man she had selected as her confidant, and the nervous enjoyment of having for the first time a man-adviser not many years older than herself, outside of family or connections; her honest acknowledgment that she cared for nobody else when I had simply but markedly asked the question; her pretty coquetry in trying my feelings to see whether the position which M. de Maupert had been chosen by her parents to hold in relation to her would be agreeable to me; her appeal to me to delay at least the fate which hung over her; and lastly, her blush in giving me the only token it was in her power to bestow, and her acquiescence in my statement that it was a love-token, provided its azure color preserved its serene tint—all seemed to me to answer with a loud yea the question I asked more loudly—does she return the love I have sworn to her?

It was no use heeding the admonitions of prudence and wisdom when the mind was so full of one subject; and there was so much proof that the mental conclusions I had arrived at were in logical harmony with the cravings of my heart, that I stifled all doubt whenever it strove to come uppermost.

I looked at the little favor, and embraced it with the fervor of a knight about to risk his neck for the lady of his love.

At that moment the servant brought me a note, addressed in a beautiful hand to "Monsieur Henry Verve, Esq."

It is very odd that the French cannot learn how to address English people properly, and will insist upon thrusting in their monsieurs at all times and in every corner. I remember being annoyed at this little mistake, though why is more than I can explain. I opened the note, however, which gave forth that delicious violet scent I associated so much with Diane, and was about to impress my lips on the writing, in my conviction that it came from her, when I saw the servant waiting, apparently for a reply.

"Why do you wait?" I asked.

"Because, sir, the person who brought this note is anxious to know whether you can see her."

"Very well, then, wait outside and I will call you."

(To be Continued)

The Neatest Sort of Mining.

"Are there any minerals on this land in Arizona you are trying to sell?" asked the prospective purchaser.

"Minerals?" replied the agent "why, a brass mine has been opened, showing a four-foot vein of solid metal."

How Beautiful is Nature.

She—What a wonderful thing is nature How grand! How comprehensive!

He—Yaas; even the smallest plant or the smallest insect has got a Latin name.

The Princess of Wales was the cynosure of all feminine eyes during the meeting of the Royal Yacht Squadroon at Cowes. She is said to have looked remarkably well. One of the dresses she wore was a neat blue and white striped flannel gown which suited her to perfection. It was made with a perfectly plain skirt, fitting like a habit in front, with flat, straight plaits in the back, a pale blue silk shirt with an embroidered collar, and an open coat of the flannel, fastening with one button. The bottom of the skirt was finished by a very deep hem and several rows of stitching. With this costume Her Royal Highness wore a sailor hat and thin tulle veil.

A CLEVER CATCH.

Baby Rolled from a Roof and a Ball Catcher Saved Her.

A baby carriage which had seen better days is kept on the roof of the tenement at 203 South Fifth avenue, and the children of the house, when acting as nurses, take turns in wheeling the babies of their respective families about in it, says the New York *Sun*. Yesterday the occupant of the carriage at about 1 p.m. was Amelia Schnabel, two and one half years old, whose father, a painter, lives directly above the rag shop of Luke Reilly, on the ground floor.

Little Amelia's nurse was her elder brother, who, not being more than three times her age, thought it would be great fun to let the carriage roll down the steep incline with which the roof slopes toward the street. The carriage acquired such momentum in its descent that it shot over the low parapet and also cleared the skeleton of a fire escape in process of construction immediately beneath.

Down went the baby, carriage and all, until they alighted on a heap of rags in front of Luke Reilly's shop. The carriage struck with such force that it rebounded a yard or more, shooting out the baby.

George Mosely, who is catcher of the Young Buffalos, a base ball club of South Fifth avenue, as well as a newsboy, passed by with his arm full of *Evening Suns*, just as little Amelia came down, and, letting fall his bundle of papers, he caught her on the fly. Although the baby carriage was smashed, the child proved not to be hurt at at all, and when her mother, who had tumbled down stairs after her, like Jill after Jack, grabbed her, she said with a chuckle, in her usual mixture of English and German, "I ch falle down."

Mr. Schnable proceeded to thrash little Amelia's careless nurse, while the father of the young Buffalos, who lived with his father, a mulatto porter, at 200 South Fifth avenue, directly opposite the scene of the adventure, picked up his papers and proceeded to business.

Sickness as a Teacher.

All the circumstances of life are in some sort educative. Health and happiness have their lesson of active duty to teach us if we will receive it, and so, likewise, have pain, disease and misfortune, as lately stated by Mr. Spurgeon, a purpose of correction, a chastening and mellowing influence within them. With some natures and moods perhaps it is otherwise. The sharpness of the stroke touches no mental spring but that of self concern, but here again it is the wise who learns. For him these evils, for such they still remain, are also the seeds of sympathy with others in like trouble. If he be, through any fault of his own, accountable for them, they are in true science as in scripture the natural recompense of evil, a protest on behalf of needful self-control, which he will do well to observe. There is more, therefore, than an apparent tendency to asceticism in this doctrine of disciplinary suffering.

Of course, it does not follow that the prosperous and the healthy must at some time undergo this training by reverses. The same lessons of patience, fellow feeling and self restraint can be learned in other ways, and it is quite certain that the daily round and task abound in opportunities for such wholesome instruction. We are alike justified, therefore, in admitting for this purpose the frequent utility of pain, and in seeking, to the best of our ability, to limit and to destroy by suitable remedies the influence of this otherwise harsh and hurtful instructor. Health of mind and body and well being of estate are alone consistent with perfect life as ordered by nature's plan and the divine will, and every purpose of training is compatible with their full possession and their proper use.—*Lancet.*

What is to "Tiddly Wink"?

What is to "tiddly wink"? We do not know; but whatever it is, at any rate the Supreme Court of Victoria has decided that it is not libelous. A colonial newspaper charged a shire councillor with having "tiddly winked the shire funds." Litigation ensued, and the matter was carried on appeal to the highest tribunal in the colony, with the aforesaid results. Some fifty English dictionaries were brought into court to enable the judges to ascertain what was the real meaning of the word, but "tiddly winking" was not discoverable in any of them. So they accepted the definition of the witness that the phrase conveyed to his mind the idea of "using little dodges to obtain one's own ends." An imputation of that sort the court decided was not necessarily libelous.—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

Electricity on Board Vessels.

A new danger menaces ocean travel. In their endeavor to surround passengers on steamships with every comfort, the managers of several lines are using electric lights upon their vessels. On the last westward trip of the Etruria, which is thus supplied, fires were discovered on two separate occasions which had originated from the imperfect insulation of the electric light wires; and, although they were fortunately extinguished in time, the lesson they teach should be remembered and heeded.

—About the first thing that strikes the man who runs away is the scarcity of places to run to.

TRAMPS will do well to keep out of Iowa. That State has just passed a law which is destined to drive them out of its territory. The law defines tramps to be: "Any male person 16 years of age or over who is physically able to perform manual labor and is a vagrant, who is wandering about practising common begging, or is wandering about having no visible calling or business to maintain himself and unable to show reasonable efforts and in good faith to secure employment shall be deemed a tramp." Persons answering this description when arrested and convicted, are to be sent to jail and placed at hard labor. If they refuse to work they will be put into solitary confinement and fed on bread and water.

The oldest Sister of Mercy in America is Mother Seton, of the New York Convent of Mercy, who is over 90. Her father died in 1800. Her mother, a convert, founded the order of the Sisters of Charity at Emmitsburg.

Incandescent lamps placed near the ceiling will cause it to blacken, contrary to general belief. The blackening is not due to unconsumed carbon, but to a current of hot air which deposits black particles on contact with a cold surface.

LIONS IN HARNESS.

The Long Training Needed by the Desert King Before He'll Slave.

The very spirited illustration of three lions driven abreast by a man standing erect in a Roman chariot is familiar to the most residents in London, says the London *Field*. It portrays, without the usual absurd exaggeration of mural art, an entertainment which is given daily at the French exhibition at Earl's court.

In the centre of the large circular space which has been used during the last few years for the display of the Indians of the wild west, the sports of the Roman amphitheatre, etc., is erected a smaller circle securely surrounded with iron bars, having at the back an inclosed building containing dens. The "open sesame" of my host passed us into the private recesses of this prison house, in which I found four young lions, the oldest being about 3 years of age. These constituted the trained troupe, and there was also one younger scholar, who had just been added to the collection. The education of this one was just commencing, and he still retained the feline characteristics to such an extent that any approach to familiarity was met by a snarl, which displayed the unshed milk-teeth of the owner, looking as sharp and needle-like as those of a puppy.

The training of these young lions rarely occupies less space of time than twelve months, and is chiefly accomplished by kindness. Mr. Darling, their trainer, informed me that he regarded force as not being desirable, as it excited the animals to rebellion, and was not conducive to obedience; whereas, trained under the system adopted, each animal knows its name and answers to it. So successful are the methods employed by Mr. Darling, that he has never been bitten by the animals during the time he has had them in hand.

In addition to the lions, the collection includes two huge Bavarian boarhounds, which take a very prominent part in the performance.

After this introduction to the performers I took my seat with the audience to witness the exhibition. Mr. Darling and his assistant entered the arena with the lions and one of the dogs; the former at the word of command leaped up upon pedestals and arranged themselves in pyramidal groups. While in this position Mr. Darling placed the ends of two scarfs in the mouths of the lions, forming festoons, over and under which one of the dogs leaped; two of the lions then stepped upon a plank forming a seasaw, the dog leaping on to the centre, and swaying it from side to side. One of the lions then mounted a tricycle, working the pedals, moving the front wheel with its fore feet, while the boarhound was pushing behind. The chariot was then brought forward; one lion entered readily between the shafts, and two others took their places at either side, one proving rather refractory, but, after sundry growls, he submitted to the stronger will of the trainer, who mounted the chariot and drove the trio around the circle.

The performance is very distinct from that of lion-tamers in general, who rule their charges with rods of iron, and prod them with points, worse than the stings of scorpions, utilizing the fear and terror of the animals at the superior power of man. Mr. Darling, on the other hand, is very familiar with the members of his troupe. The manner in which he took hold of the fore legs of one of the largest and pulled him down from his pedestal, when he was not sufficiently quick in descending, was amusing.

The lions are of African descent, but, like the majority of the species now in menageries, have all been born in captivity, and familiarized with man from their birth. Whether they will retain their docility as they advance toward their full size remains to be seen; but, at present, they offer the most complete specimens of trained lions that it has ever been the writer's fortune to witness.

Exceeding Sinfulness of Hair.

A new religion has been invented in Russia, the cardinal doctrine of which is the sinfulness of hair. The members of the new sect shave their heads as well as their faces. Hitherto baldness has been regarded as a misfortune, but the turn of bald headed men has come at last. They can now embrace the new religion and parade their piety as they sit in the front seats of the theatres.

WITH all our boasted civilization, labor-saving machinery and general enlightenment, the workingman does not seem to be making the progress he ought to. In fact George E. Ditwiler in an article seems to think he is going backward. He says:

Six hundred years ago the workingmen of Germany labored eight hours a day for five days each week. Sunday was devoted to religious duties and Monday to recreative pleasures. These concessions were obtained from the masters by the craft guilds which are the antetypes of the modern trade unions. It was in an era denominated by the historians as the "dark ages," or to be technically correct it was the dawn of what is called our present era of civilization. Half a century ago mechanics and workingmen of every class had work for twelve months in the year instead of for eight or nine, as at present. In spring and summer they worked out doors. When it became too cold to do that they went to their shops and prepared their material of all kinds for the following spring and summer. It was very seldom that an idle man was seen on the streets or the highroads, idle because he could not get work. Fifty years ago, in our country, it was a rare case to see women and children engaged in other than domestic callings, with the exception of a few who worked in cotton mills. The women attended to their domestic duties and the children went to school, or if there were no school facilities grew up strong, healthy men and women. To-day women and children are driving men out of many industrial occupations, and instead of the strong, healthy generation of men and women that is passing away the United States is in danger of seeing a coming generation of intellectual and physical dwarfs."

Dr. George F. Pentecost, of Waterbury, Connecticut, a brother of Hugh O. Pentecost, the agnostic, will sail on Saturday for England, and on the 16th of October he goes from there to India for the purpose of preaching Christianity to high caste Hindus.

William Astor, of New York, enjoys an income of $23,595 a day; John D. Rockefeller's amounts to $18,715; Cornelius Vanderbilt's to $15,000; and Jay Gould's to $7,450.

—It isn't the best educated men who reach the top of the ladder soonest; witness the hod carrier as an example.

—"Well," said the baseball captian, "our cake is all dough." "How do you account for it?" "We haven't a good batter."