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Poetry.

TO A LITTLE TROUT.

Tell me, tell me, little trout,
Does your mother know you're out—
That you're truant from your school,
Playing hookey in this pool?

As you see, my little trout,
I desire to draw you out.
In the brook noise so abounds
That I cannot catch your sounds.

(If that joke he do but see,
Any trout should tickled be.)
Would you take the point so fine,
If I dropped you just a line?

Don't they teach it in these creeks
That when one above you speaks,
First, before a sole replies,
It is meet that you should rise;

Blithely, as becomes a trout
(I'm not angling for a pout,)
Quickly take things on the fly,
For I've other fish to fry.

Thank you, thank you, little trout,
Schools are in put you are out:
Sch—l and pool alike forgot—
This is hookey—is it not?

St. Nicholas.

Select Family Reading

His One Sin.

"Yes," said Mr. Valliant, "everything is perfect, I believe!"

The Reverend Mr. Valliant had invited Mrs. Major Allington and her three handsome nieces to "a simple bachelor's lunch at his forlorn quarters." Cerise Allington had clapped her hands with delight at the idea.

"Oh, auntie, do let us go!" she had said. "Mr. Valliant is perfectly charming!"

"And I do so want," Hermoine lisped, "to see what sort of a home such a refined, high-bred gentleman lives in! I'm sure it is full of pictures and statuettes and bric-a-brac, and all that sort of thing!"

Muriel, however, said nothing. Her blue eyes shone with a dreamy glitter; the color deepening on her cheek.

Victor Valliant was one of those popular idols whom society receives with open arms. He had come, unknown and unheralded, to this city parish an humble "rector's assistant," on trial as it were, and all of a sudden he had achieved fame and fashion.

"He takes it so sweetly, too," Mrs. Major Allington had said, with clasped hands and eyes turned ceilingward. "He is so meek, so unpretending! A perfect saint!"

"Faith," the major had added, with a chuckle, "if our little Muriel takes a fancy to him his fortune is made. I never could understand why Aunt Bathsheba left all her money to Muriel, and passed Hermoine and Cerise over."

"Because," Mrs. Allington answered, tartly, "Muriel stayed with her and nursed her in her last illness while Cerise was yachting with the Beverleys, and Hermoine was dancing at Newport! I'm sure the reason is plain enough!"

Mr. Valliant had ordered his lunch from Meglio's on upper Broadway. There was nothing ostentatious or vulgar about it. The china was decorated with dark blue butterflies; the silver was the antique "apostle pattern;" the table was a bower of dwarf palms, maiden-hair ferns, and smilax. There were daintily browned quails on toast, cool salads, whitebait wrapped in damask napkins, purple California plums and pyramids of transparent white grapes; there was tea and chocolate, and many other delicacies, and there was Meglio's man in plain black to wait, much to the displeasure of Mrs. Brick, Mr. Valliant's housekeeper, who considered that she herself was quite equal to the emergency. The arid light of day was shut out by blinds and curtains; the gas-jets in the rose-tinted globes were lighted, and the guests, arriving in superb toilets, were delighted with everything.

"What a charming room!" cried Mrs. Major Allington who wore diamonds and black velvet with a point lace collar.

Cerise, who was dressed in pink nun's veiling with a bunch of long-stemmed red roses at her belt, ran up to an exquisite statue of Hebe bearing the conventional pitcher.

"How beautiful!" she cried, ecstatically. "Oh, Mr. Valliant! why didn't you tell us what a lovely home you had?"

"And the walls hung with tapestry!" exclaimed Hermoine. "And where do you write those heart-breaking sermons, Mr. Valliant?"

"Oh, that real picture!" murmured Muriel, pausing in front of a life-like copy of the famous Sistine Madonna. "Nobody could help being perfect in an atmosphere like this!"

"I am glad that my humble hermitage meets with your approval, ladies," said the young man, bowing low. "Need I say how welcome you are? Mrs. Allington, may I beg you to take the head of my poor table?"

They had scarcely reached the middle course of the dulcate repast when Mrs. Brick tiptoed her way in, and glared defiance at Meglio's obnoxious waiter, whispered a word or two in Mr. Valliant's ear. He shrugged his shoulders impatiently.

"I can see no one this afternoon," said he. "Tell them to call again!"

"Yes, sir, but—"

"Pray oblige me by withdrawing, Mrs. Brick," murmured the young clergyman.

"But there's a trunk, sir, and some carpet-bags," persisted the housekeeper. "And a poll-parrot, sir, in a cage. And I think they've come to stay!"

"Is my son John at dinner?" a voice interrupted just then at the door, and a little, dried up looking old man trotted in, followed by a tall, awkward young woman in a dubious duster, a bonnet quite concealed by the folds of a vivid blue veil, and gloves whose short cut left the whole of a pair of red, bony wrists visible. "Oh—oh! I didn't know you had company, John! I and Maranda come up on the ten o'clock train. Maranda hain't been well lately, and the doctor said—"

But here the little old man checked himself, his watery blue eyes turning from one to the other of the elegant guests with amazement.

"Friends o' yours, John?" said he. "Make me acquainted with 'em. I'll be glad to know 'em, I'm sure. And this is my daughter Maranda."

"This is a very strange mistake," said he, "but, if this gentleman will step into my study I will convince him of his error at once. Ladies, may I ask your forbearance for five minutes only?"

"You mustn't do that, John," said the old man, a deep red creeping into his face. "It—it ain't necessary. Here, Maranda, we'll be going. It's pretty plain we're in the way here, and old Victor Vallen never was one to intrude himself where he wasn't wanted. No, John, don't make no apologies," he added, as the Rev. Mr. Valliant followed him into the red-curtained hallway. "If a son ain't glad to see his father and all the sister he has in the world, there ain't no amount of excuses will smooth it over. I somehow set store by seein' you once again, and I says to Maranda, says I, 'John'll be glad to see the old faces once again.' But I was mistaken, it seems—mistook!"

"Father," said the young man, earnestly, "I can not make you understand. Any other time—the exactions of society—you really can't take it in. Here, I'll give you the address of a good boarding-house, and I'll come down and see you this very evening. You and—my sister."

"No boarding house for me!" said old Vallen. "We'll get back to Owl Creek as quick as ever we can, me and Maranda. It's plain that New York is no place for folks like us."

Mr. Valliant was flushed and uncomfortable when he rejoined Mrs. Major Allington and her nieces, with some mildly uttered allusions to "worthy country people—old acquaintances, to whom it was difficult to explain matters satisfactorily."

"He has called you his son John," said blunt Cerise.

The assistant rector reddened.

"A nickname of the old days," said he, "I am sorry this should have happened just now to interfere with your enjoyment."

It had interfered. The present lunch fell flat. Mrs. Major Allington sat wondering if her carriage would never come. Cerise could not remember any music to play on the little upright piano. Hermoine fanned herself drowsily. Muriel scarcely noticed the portfolio of photographs which Mr. Valliant was showing her. Instinctively the young clergyman felt, when he returned from handing the young ladies into their softly cushioned landau, that the whole thing had turned out a failure.

"And worst of all," said the Reverend Victor to himself, "I have behaved like a poltroon to my dear old father, who worked his finger-ends off that I might have better school advantages than my brother Nathan had, and mortgaged the farm to give me a chance to get ahead in the world. I'll obtain a week's leave of absence and go down to Owl Creek on Wednesday. I behaved very badly—there's no doubt of doubt about that; but father was always ready to forgive us when we frankly owned our faults, and really it would have been too embarrassing to explain all the family complications to Mrs. Allington and her nieces. How the old name used to be "Valliant" two centuries ago before it was vulgarized into "Vallen," and how "John" was only the middle name, after all.

When, however, the young penitent went to Owl Creek, the old farm-house was closed and deserted, with tall weeds growing around the door stone. Victor Vallen and his daughter had never returned from that expedition to visit the rising star of the family in New York. Nathan, too, the sturdy young master of the saw mill, the older brother, had been sent for, and was gone.

Mr. Valliant returned puzzled and remorseful. His conscience stung him bitterly. He would have given the world to recall that one mean, contemptible episode in his life. Alas! could any spell be given for blotting out the past, what a different life we should live!

Instead of returning directly, however, he utilized his time by a brief trip to Atlantic City. He was fagged and worn; the sea air would doubtless do him good, he thought.

Returning at last to his asthetic flat he found a perfumed note bearing the Allington coat of arms in lilac wax.

"How long has this lain here?" he asked Mrs. Brick.

"Two days," said the old woman. "It says 'immediate' on it; but how could I forward it when I didn't know where to forward it to?"

"A very sick man," Valliant muttered to himself. "At their house. It can't be the major. Well, the best way is for me to go thither at once and read the riddle for myself."

Muriel herself, his queen among women, received him in the shadowy, perfumed drawing-room.

"Ah, I am so sorry," said she, "but you are too late. He died this morning."

"Who died?"

"Your father!"

"My father? Here? In this house?"

"It was that very afternoon," explained Muriel, "when we drove home from your lunch-party. He was crossing Twenty-third Street. Somehow he fell, and the carriage wheel passed over him. We took him home—was it not the only thing to do?—him and poor Maranda, who was well-nigh paralyzed with fright. I would fain have sent for you but he sternly forbade it. Nathan was telegraphed for, and came. Nathan is a host in himself, so strong, so self-sufficing. It was Nathan who wrestled from him that consent to send you which, unfortunately, came too late. Oh, I am so sorry! Will you come in and look at him? He lies there as peacefully as if he were asleep."

Poor Valliant! he dropped heavily into a chair as if he were stabbed. When he recovered himself Nathan was at this side—Maranda, all the Allingtons. In Muriel's eyes there was infinite pity, but that was all. When she glanced up at that strong, broad-shouldered, unattractive brother of his, her whole face became radiant. Victor Valliant comprehended, lying there like a log, as his wife slowly came back to him.

At the end of a year Muriel Allington married the young lumberman and went to Owl Creek to live.

"I am sure I shall like it," she declared. "I was always fond of the country, and Nathan has taught me so many things that I never knew before. Victor will come and see us sometimes—poor Victor! He has never been the same since his father died. He has given up his parish and gone to a mission somewhere in Alaska. He says, poor fellow! he intends his life to be an atonement for his folly and sin. What a pity it is that everyone can't be as happy as Nathan and I!"

THE CIRCUS AND THE ARAB STEED.

Homer Davenport, fresh from the Arabian Desert, where he journeyed in the interests of the Woman's Home Companion, shatters another fond delusion of our circus days. He has no use for the circus. "The Arab Horse in Legend and Story," appearing in the April Woman's Home Companion, that the piebald horses utilized in the tented shows are not Arabs at all, but are products of the domestic field. But here is the tragic story in his own words:

"Circuses are perhaps more to blame for the misrepresentation of the Arab horse than any other source. A friend of mine owns a circus, and I saw his posters a few years ago, claiming to exhibit eighteen or twenty of the only Arabian horses brought to America. He said they were captured with great difficulty, and brought to New York by a special permit of the Sultan; that they were of the family known in history as the Eagle Feather Horses, so much prized in the Queen of Sheba's days; that they were snow white, with big markings in their spots of the tips of eagle feathers. We don't have to believe everything we read on the circus posters. In this case I am mighty certain these "spotted Arabians" were bought at Albany, Oregon. The most peculiar part of this spotted horse business is this, and it is not a very strange reason when you know it, that spotted anything is created by a mixture of different breeds, and that likely accounts for the fact that the Arabian Desert in all its history has never produced a spotted, or piebald horse; possibly from the fact that there is never any mixture of blood."

AN OBSERVANT BARBER.

A weary looking young man dropped into an armchair in a downtown barber shop the other day and said sadly, "Shave."

"Yes, sir," replied the knight of the brush and blade, and he began to anoint the young man's face with lather. After a moment's reflection the barber asked, "Will you be offended, sir, if I were to tell you your occupation and a peculiarity of yourself?"

"Why, no," replied the wondering customer. "Let's hear it."

"Well, you are a bookkeeper by profession and you are left-handed."

The young man gasped in astonishment, and asked the barber how he knew those facts.

For a while the barber refused to tell the secret of his power, but he was finally induced to clear up the mystery.

"I know you are a bookkeeper," he said, "because your hair is stained with red and black ink back of your ear where you have been in the habit of placing your pen. The fact that the marks are back of the left ear shows that you are left-handed, and the fact that you use red and black ink shows you to be a bookkeeper and not a clerk or a literary man."

The customer left the place marveling much at the simplicity of the methods of Sherlock Holmes.—Baltimore Sun.

CAR FARE.

Pat, in looking through his pockets one morning, missed some money. Turning to his wife, he asked: "Sure, an' did ye take oiny money from me pocket lasht noight, me dear?"

"Only car fare, Pat," replied his wife.

"Car fare—car fare, did ye say? Hodad, are yo agoin' to California?"

EMBARASSING.

A strange minister occupied the pulpit, and when he opened the book he came upon a notice and read it out with all due solemnity. It was a request for the congregation's sympathy and prayers for Mr. G.——, who had been deeply afflicted by the loss of his wife.

The regular minister had been using that paper as a book-mark for a year and Mr. G.——, in a fine new suit sat in the front pew with the new wife he had taken just the week before.

IN THE RIGHT PLACE.

Belle—Yes, I know Jack has his faults, but his heart is in the right place.

Maud—What makes you so sure?

Belle—He's given it to me.

SPLITTING THE DIFFERENCE.

In all but the most extraordinary cases arbitration is better than war or a lawsuit. So much all wise men are now agreed upon. The Detroit Free Press, however, has heard of a farmer who dissents. His experience was a most peculiar one, not altogether to his own credit.

"No, sir," declared a farmer who was visiting his brother in the city, "I'll never arbitrate no more. When a dispute gets where me and the othol feller can't settle it, I'm goin' right into court and fight it out. I arbitrated a case last year with Bob Sloane, and he skinned me alive. That settled it. The law's good enough for me."

"What was your case, Andy?"

"It seems there was some mistake in the surveyin' along our division line. This spring, a year ago, I had the whole thing gone over, and it turned out that Bob had took a lot of timber off'n my land. We couldn't agree what it was worth, so Bob says we'd bettor arbitrate. I didn't want to seem to be lookin' for a fuss, so I agreed. Bob picked one man, I picked another, and them two picked a third one. Them fellers went all over the ground, estimated how much timber had been cut and were figuring for two or three days, eatin' at my house most of the time.

When it come to settlin' on the case, my man was for givin' me twe thousand dollars an' Bob's man stuck to it that fifteen hundred dollars was about the right thing. After they'd drunk a gallon or two of cider arguin' the matter the third man proposed that they split the difference an' I'll be blowed if they didn't leave it that way."

"Well, seventeen hundred and fifty dollars wasn't so bad."

"What are you talking about—seventeen hundred and fifty dollars? Bob an' me both done the figurin.' My man said two thousand dollars. His man said fifteen hundred dollars. The difference is five hundred dollars. We split it, and I got two hundred and fifty dollars. Confound your arbitration."

The city broker managed to contain himself till Andy had his visit out, and then told him in very emphatic language to go home and get that other fifteen hundred dollars if he had to go to law till the crack of doom.

THE HOME BUILDERS.

"In planning the living room, which is naturally the largest room in the house," writes Charles Edward Hooper in the June Woman's Home Companion, "leave sufficient wall space for the large piece of furniture, and consider the wall surface as a background for movable decorations, rather than as a decorative in itself. A simple hardwood floor with rugs is more cleanly and more easily taken care of than a carpeted floor. Openings from any room into another are best fitted with doors, whether portieries are to be used or not. For wide openings the sliding door should be used, and for narrower openings the swinging door. Always remember that each doorway destroys, besides the actual wall space which it occupies, the additional space when the door is swung open. Mark the swinging of the doors on the plans, to be sure how much space it actually requires. Do not get your doors too narrow, and in choosing them consider the dimensions of the furniture which must be taken through them. In the same way take into account the turns and angles in the walls, or you may have some heart-breaking moments when you begin to move in, and discover that the chest of drawers sticks immovable in the upper hall when you try to turn it into the bedroom."

DIFFERENT OUT THERE.

The owner of a ranch in one of the arid regions of the great west was entertaining an eastern relative. He showed him over his broad acres, spoke of the difficulties that had been overcome in making the desert blossom as the rose, and outlined his plans for the future.

"But is it possible," asked the visitor, "to make more than a bare living on such land and in such a climate as this?"

"It is. I have made considerably more than a bare living on this land."

"I am glad to hear it, Cyrus. Then you have something laid by for a rainy day, have you?"

"Not exactly," rejoined the host, with a laugh. "On the contrary, with the help of an occasional rainy day I have managed to lay something by for the dry days."

DON'T FRET.

There is no profit in walking mournfully. All the profit a man ever gets is from his joy. The advantage of the fires of sorrow does not lie in the things which they consume, but in the things which they cannot consume. The sweetest of all the uses of adversity is to show me the joy which it cannot take away. There is a substance which fire will not destroy; it is like the bush Moses saw in the wilderness. I could never have its quality proved except by fire.

Duty is that which is due; it is a debt from man to God.—Dean Farrar.

Not if as Rich as Rockefeller.

If you had all the wealth of Rockefeller, the Standard Oil magnate, you could not buy a better medicine for bowel complaints than Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy. The most eminent physician cannot prescribe a better preparation for colic and diarrhoea, both for children and adults. The uniform success of this remedy has shown it to be superior to all others. It never fails, and when reduced with water and sweetened, is pleasant to take. Every family should be supplied with it. Sold by all druggists.

THE WEDDING CAKE.

In love was Jock but alas, too slow
He proved for pretty, impatient Jane.
"I'll give him a hint that he may know,"
She thought, "that his hopes are not in vain."

"Have you learned to cook?" he asked one day.
"Oh, yes," she said in a smiling way.
"It is such an easy art to learn.
"And—if you could see my fondest of cake!"
"What kind?" (Ah, Jock, you had better stop!)
"The kind," she said, "I prefer to make
Is full of fruit, and iced on the top."
"Why, that is a wedding cake, Miss Jane."
"Of course," she said, and again she smiled.
(Ah, Jock, to dally is all in vain,
You are not the first by Eve beguiled.)

He rubbed his forehead until a bright
And rare idea convulsed his brain.
And he cried in wonder and delight:
"Let us have one of our own, Miss Jane!"

RAILWAY DAMAGES.

After the railway accident: "Did yer get compensation, Bill?"

"Yes; £5 me and £5 the missus."

"Why, I didn't know she wor' 'urt."

"She wasn't, but I had the presence of mind to fetch 'er one on the 'ead with me boot."—London Tattler.

WHY HE WAS INDUSTRIOUS.

"Sure and you have turned very industrious lately, Mr. Finnigan," said Mr. Flaherty.

"That I have," replied Mr. Finnigan. "I was up before the magistrate last week for assulting Cassidy, and the magistrate said that if I came back on the same charge he would fine me $10."

"Did he, though?" said Mr. Flaherty. "And so you're working hard so as to keep your hands off Cassidy?"

"No, bedad, I'm not," said Finnigan. "I'm working hard to make up the $10 for the fine."—Tattler.

A RANK OFFENCE.

"May we have the pleasure of your company this evening, colonel?" She asked.

The colonel drew himself up haughtily and replied, with every evidence of offended dignity:

"Madam, I command a regiment."

A LITTLE SERMON.

Summer is coming on when doors and windows are left open. Don't annoy your neighbors. If you have dogs that are troublesome get rid of them; don't wait for your neighbors to complain. Look yourself over; are you a nuisance in your neighborhood? If so both politeness and fairness suggest that you quit it. A man who is not ashamed to annoy his neighbors cannot amount to much.—Atchison Globe.

MISTOOK THE LAW.

When catchising by the clergy was customary the minister of Coldingham, in Berwickshire, asked a simple country wife who resided at the farm of Coldingham Law, which was always styled "The Law" for brevity's sake, "How many tables, Janet, are there in the law?"

"Indeed sir, I canna jist be certain," was the simple reply; "but I think there's ane in the fore room, ane in the back room, an' anither oopstairs."

CLEVER.

A bright youth, undergoing examination a few days ago for admission to one of the departments, found himself confronted with the question, "What is the distance from the sun to the earth?" Not having the exact number of miles with him, he wrote in reply: "I am unable to state accurately, but don't believe the sun is near enough to interfere with a proper performance of my duties if I get this clerkship." He got it.

BRIEFS.

We should do everything we can for others, if only to dissipate the thought of what they omit to do for us.—Madame Swetchine.

Let a man overcome anger by love; let him overcome evil by good, the greedy by liberality, the liar by truth.—Buddha.

In this thing one man is superior to another, that he is better able to bear adversity and prosperity.—Philemon.

They can conquer who believe they can.—Virgil.

It is better to have a swelled head than a shrivelled brain.

There never was and never will be a universal panacea in one remedy for all ills to which flesh is heir. What would relieve one ill in turn would aggravate the others. We have, however, in Quinine Wine, when obtained in a sound, unadulterated state a remedy for many and grievous ills. By its gradual and judicious use the frailest systems are led into convalescence and strength by the influence which Quinine exerts on Nature's own restoratives. It relieves those to whom a chronic state of morbid despondency and lack of interest in life is a disease, and by tranquilizing the nerves disposes to sound and refreshing sleep—imparts vigor to the action of the blood, which being stimulated, courses through the veins, strengthening the healthy, animal functions of the system, thereby making activity a necessary result strengthening the frame and giving life to the digestive organs which naturally demand increased substance—result, improved appetite. North-rop & Lyman of Toronto have given to the public their superior Quinine. By the opinion of scientists, the wine approaches nearest perfection of any on the market. All druggists sell it.