

A Happy Imprisonment.

Harry Grey was plowing away on the last "land" of a twenty-acre lot, and feeling very comfortable over the thought that his spring plowing was almost done, when he saw his neighbor, Mark Trowbridge, driving slowly past, in company with his wife, who was seldom to be seen away from home.

"Hang me, if I don't run over and see Lucy," said Harry, as he hit his horses a smart cut with the whip, to hurry them. "They are going to town, and will be gone three hours, at least, by the way old Mark drives. I can stay two hours and a half with Lucy, and get back again before they come home."

And the young man hitched his team to the fence, over which he bounded and walked away to the house in a double-quick, as though every minute now was doubly precious.

He was almost out of breath when he entered the house, which caused his mother to inquire rather anxiously what was the matter. Without heeding her question, he pulled off his brogans, leaving them lying in the middle of the room—a thing his wondering mother was sure she had never seen him do before. Then he surprised her still more by running, or rather leaping, up stairs, three steps at a time, to his own room. Here he pulled on a pair of calfskin boots, took off his blue frock and substituted therefor a white linen coat.

It was a raw day in April, and Farmer Trowbridge, when he started for town, had put on his overcoat. But Harry's blood was at fever heat, and he imagined the linen coat and straw hat would be just the thing. After filling his pockets with chestnuts wherewith to bribe Eddie Trowbridge to secrecy, he stole to his sister's room, and, emptying the contents of her cologne bottle into his hand, applied it without stint to his hair and handkerchief. Then, seeing a scarlet ribbon on the table, he appropriated it for a necktie, gave himself an approving glance in the mirror, dashed downstairs, slammed the front door after himself, and was gone.

"What in the world is Harry up to now?" exclaimed Mrs. Grey, in wonder, as she paused from her work to watch the fast receding figure of her son.

"He is going to see Lucy Trowbridge, I guess," replied Harry's sister, a demure little damsel, who was busy ironing. "You know, mother, that her father and mother have gone away. Won't there be a scene, though, if they get home before Harry leaves!"

"Your brother is the biggest simpleton I know of," exclaimed Mrs. Grey, with spirit. "There's Clara Beamer, just as good looking and smart as Lucy, and she thinks the world and all of Harry, and her folks are always inviting him over, while Lucy's father won't even let her look at him if he can help it!"

"Lucy is worth a dozen such rattle-brains as Clara," said her daughter, "and I do believe Mr. Trowbridge had rather have Lucy marry Harry than anyone else. But he thinks a girl should never think of a lover till she's a horrid old maid, and too ugly to get one. He keeps Lucy as close under his eye as though she were a baby instead of a grown-up woman. I declare if I were in her place now I'd elope the first dark night. But I believe Lucy would see Harry married to Clara Beamer, and pine away to a shadow about it before she would do that."

Lucy Trowbridge had taken her seat by the window, where she sat quietly sewing, until the buggy containing her parents was out of sight; then she threw down her work and stood gazing for a few moments down the pleasant road along which they had disappeared.

Then she brushed her hair till it shone like satin, and fastened a knot of blue ribbon among the braids, after doing which she resumed her seat and her work. Did she expect that Harry Grey would come? He had not been in her stern father's house for a year, she had not spoken with him for a month, though she could see him at his work in his fields beyond her father's meadow almost every day.

Her father, she knew, would be very angry if he visited her and it should come to his knowledge, and yet she hoped he would come. Lucy was not long kept in uncertainty, for Harry was soon coming up the lane, followed closely by Eddie, with his fat hands full of chestnuts.

The young man's pants were tucked in his boots, and the wind was flapping the skirt of his coat about un-

mercifully, while the straw hat was only kept in its place by the owner's hand.

Lucy wondered what freak had brought her lover out in summer apparel, when nature had not put on so much as a leaf of hers.

Harry tossed his hat onto the floor and sat down before the glowing fire, stretching out his hands over the blaze, appreciatingly, for truth to tell, he felt rather chilly than otherwise, while Lucy sat down by the window to watch the road lest some misadventure should bring her parents home prematurely, and Eddie took possession of the rocking chair, where, with the cat purring on his lap, he amused himself by watching the young people, and occasionally throwing a chestnut at Harry's nose, which happened to be a prominent feature. Harry, of course, wanted to talk love, but how could he with the urchin's eyes fixed upon him?

But Eddie was all unconscious and ate the chestnuts with relish, saying to himself, "Its most all-fired stupid here, and I'd just like to go and fly my kite. There's a glorious wind, how it did toss his coat tail, though, but I won't budge an inch till he gives me the rest of them chestnuts. His pocket is bulging out with 'em." Had Harry had the benefit of these whispered words his pockets would, without doubt, have been emptied in a trice, but he was kept in ignorance of the youngster's wishes, and Eddie remained obstinately stationary, notwithstanding Harry made several remarks calculated to let the juvenile know that his chair might, with propriety, be vacated. At length the clock struck four, and Lucy went about preparing supper.

She put the kettle over, made biscuits and then signified her intention of going to the smokehouse for a ham. Harry took his hat and followed, glad of the chance at last to escape Eddie's vigilance. Lucy unlocked the door of the smokehouse and Harry stepped in to get one of the hams. He took it down, and, holding it in his hand, was on the point of saying something sentimental, which he had been rehearsing in his mind all the afternoon, when the old people drove up to the gate. Lucy snatched the ham from her lover and whispered in an agitated voice as she closed the door:

"You can't come out now, Harry; stay where you are till you hear me singing 'Old Hundred,' and then run across the fields."

So Harry was left in utter darkness.

"I've a good mind to go right out and 'beard the lion' in his den," he muttered, as he leaned against the smoke-begrimed wall of the prison. Presently he heard the key turn in the lock and realized that he was fastened in. The farmer, in passing from the barn to the house, saw that the smokehouse was unlocked, and locked it, putting the key in his pocket.

When her parents and Eddie were seated at the table, Lucy took a pail and went out to the well, singing loudly and clearly that sweet old tune, "Old Hundred." Then, without glancing at the smokehouse, she came in and took her place at the table.

"I wonder where Harry Grey is?" said Mr. Trowbridge. "His horses are tied to the fence, and I know by the looks he hasn't turned a furrow this afternoon."

Eddie looked very wise, but his sister trod on his toes to make him keep still.

"He's up to the house, no doubt," said his wife.

"Clara Beamer is there, with her hair all in ringlets. There'll be a match, shouldn't wonder."

"Well, I should, then," replied Lucy's father. "What does any sensible man want with such a gadabout as she is? Why, sooner than see that happen I'd give Harry leave to court our Lucy three or four years from now."

Nothing further was said until the farmer grumbled;

"These hams weren't half smoked. I must take them in hand," and true to his word, as soon as he rose from the table he procured an old kettle and made a smudge, which he carried to the smokehouse. He removed a plank which covered a small square hole, left there for the sake of convenience, through which he thrust his kettle of smoking corn-cobs and sawdust. Then he replaced the plank and left the hams, and, alas! Harry, too, to be thoroughly smoked. Lucy watched these proceedings with interest, thankful that her signal had given Harry time to escape. But her feelings underwent a change when Eddie, with a comical

look, told her that "her beau" was locked in the smokehouse. Without waiting to see whether she was observed or not, she hastened to the smokehouse and removed the smoking kettle.

"Harry, Harry!" she called in a hoarse whisper.

"Is that you, Lucy? I'm in purgatory. Have you taken the confounded thing out? I'm blind as a bat and my throat is full of soot and ashes."

Harry's voice came from near the ground. He was lying prone on the ashes, soot and lime, which composed the floor of the smokehouse.

"I cannot liberate you at present, Harry; father has the key. But I'll bring you some supper, and when he goes to bed I'll get the key and release you." In a few minutes a plate of edibles was shoved through the aperture and the board restored to its place. But, as ill-luck would have it, the farmer discovered by the absence of the smoke about the crevices that his smoke had gone out, so the board was again removed and the farmer's arm thrust in to get the kettle; but, instead of that, Harry's untouched supper was brought to light.

"Well, this puts the cap-sheaf on everything I ever heard tell of."

Just then a ham fell to the ground with a dull thud, sending a cloud of ashes into the farmer's face, for he was still kneeling before the hole.

"There, what on earth can that be? Well, I've got to search into the matter or I shall always think the smokehouse was haunted."

So saying he opened the door, when the form of Harry, unrecognizable in his coat of ashes and soot, rose up before him.

The farmer stepped back and yelled, as he involuntarily grasped his jack-knife;

"Murder! Murder!" "Stop, man, stop! Don't call them all out!" said Harry, as he glanced ruefully at his dirty coat.

"A thief! a thief!" again roared Mr. Trowbridge, and by this time all with the exception of Lucy were on the spot.

"It is only I, neighbor; don't you know me?"

Harry felt rather sheepish and could not help speaking so.

"Who?" "Harry Grey."

"Well, you're in a nice pickle. I doubt if Clara Beamer would know you, or would own it if she did. What are you doing here?"

All at once Harry felt bold as a lion.

"I want your daughter, Mr. Trowbridge. Will you give her to me?"

"Were you lying in ambush watching your chance to steal her?"

"No; but if you don't give her to me you may repent it. I shall never ask again."

"That means he will marry Clara Beamer, and I should repent it then," thought the farmer as he scratched his head meditatively. Presently he said;

"Eddie, go and call Lucy." She came out shortly, hanging her head and blushing deeply.

"Lucy, do you want to marry this chimney sweep?"

"If you please, father."

"How long will you wait?"

"As long as you say it—"

"If what?"

"If you will let him come over once in a while."

"And, Harry, how long will you wait?"

"One year."

The farmer scratched his head again.

"Well, you can have her, and I s'pose I'll have to let you come over as often as you please. But see that you keep out of the smokehouse," and with that, spoken gruffly enough, the farmer walked off.

Harry was soon on his way home, whistling merrily, despite his forlorn appearance.

He nearly frightened his mother and sister out of their wits when he bolted into their presence. They listened to his story, and at its conclusion agreed with him that, although a ludicrous occurrence, it was a very fortunate one.

LEADER OF FASHION.

In her day the Empress Eugenie was the leader of fashion, and her pin money for dress was fabulous. Her feet and hands were so small that her maids who had her shoes and gloves as perquisites could find no market for them, so they were presented by the Empress every year to the orphans of the Eugenie Napoleon Asylum, where 50 fatherless and motherless girls were educated at her cost. All the white shoes and white gloves which those girls wore at their first communion were those which had been worn by the Empress.

ASTRONOMERS AT WORK.

British West Indies a Favorable Spot for Their Investigations.

Our great satellite, the Moon, will be studied as never before this coming winter. The Astronomical Observatory of Harvard College is about to establish a station on the Island of Jamaica in the British West Indies. Members of the staff of the observatory are now engaged in packing the instruments and preparing for speedy departure.

The work of observation in Jamaica will begin immediately, and it is important to get the instruments in place. These instruments have been carefully tested during the past summer at Cambridge. The principal instrument which will be used in Jamaica will be a long-focus horizontal refractor, with a twelve-inch aperture and a focal length of 135 feet. This type of telescope is stationary, with a mirror at the end reflecting any portion of the sky which it is desired to observe through the tube to the eye-piece. The telescope will be used visually and for photographic purposes.

Assistant Prof. W. H. Pickering, who will be in charge of the Jamaica Station for the present, has lately succeeded in securing with this instrument the smallest object, angularly measured, ever obtained on a photographic plate. This was a perfectly clear image only one second in diameter of a star. How small this is may be partially conceived when one realizes that a spot an inch in diameter held at the distance of 20 inches from the eye has a diameter of 10,000 seconds.

Prof. Pickering will endeavor to complete the visual observations of the moon which have already brought him so much fame, he having demonstrated that there are active volcanoes and some form of vegetation there, and having devoted much time to the important question of the existence of an atmosphere on our satellite. Prof. W. H. Pickering will continue his work on the elliptical forms of the disks of Jupiter's satellites which has attracted great attention.

Regarding the question of the number of stars in the skies, Prof. C. A. Young says;

"The total number that can be seen well enough for observation with such instruments as were used before the invention of the telescope is not quite 1,100. With even a small telescope the number is enormously increased. An opera glass 11-2 ins. in diameter brings out at least 100,000. The telescope with which Argelander made his Durchmusterung of more than 300,000 stars—all north of the celestial equator—had a diameter of only 2.1-2 inches. The number visible in the great Lick telescope of 3 feet diameter is probably nearly 100,000,000."

The Durchmusterung of Argelander contains 324,189 stars north of declination—2 degrees, Argelander's successor, Schonfeld, extended this work to the southern stars from declination—2 degrees to—23 degrees. His catalogue contains 133,659 stars, Thome, at Cordoba, is now extending this work to the South Pole. He has published positions of 340,380 stars from declination—22 degrees to —42 degrees.

BIRD'S DRAWINGROOMS.

The social weaver-birds of South Africa build their nests in colonies under a common, umbrella-like roof, probably woven for defensive purposes against the intrusion of snakes.

The gardener-bird constructs its highly-decorated nest with adjoining ornamental spaces, apparently for the purpose of furnishing an attractive meeting-place for social intercourse with her fellows. The spotted-collared bird—a cousin of the crow—prepares its artistic bower, a sort of assembly-room, ornamented with shells, pebbles, and other bright-coloured bric-a-brac, where in due time festive gatherings are held, and much apparent mutual admiration attends strutting and dancing of the males.

The lapwing also carries out its taste for social intercourse to the extent of holding dancing parties. At these the birds, who live in pairs, are joined by a third, and all three, keeping step, begin a rapid march, uttering resonant drumming notes in time with their movements. As the march ceases the leader stands erect, while the others bow before it, and the visitor returns to its own quarters, to receive a return call from one of the others, when the performance is repeated.

Some persons are capable of making great sacrifices, but few are capable of concealing how much the effort has cost them, and it is this concealment that constitutes their value.

IN THE TOILS.

Royalty is Occasionally "Run In" by Zealous Police.

Recently the Kaiser left the Imperial residence at Potsdam privately, in a suit of brown tweeds, as he often does. The guard, however, seeing him go out, did not know who he was, and questioned an official of the palace shortly afterwards concerning the stranger. This aroused some suspicion, and the Emperor was followed still unrecognized. He went to Berlin, where a regular detective was set to watch him, for any stranger who enters or leaves the palace at Potsdam is always well looked after.

The Kaiser went to a restaurant, and dined as an ordinary mortal might, for he is given to these little incognito excursions. He did nothing particular, beyond buying some cigarettes at a tobacconist's, and the detective, joined by another plain-clothes man, dogged the unsuspecting monarch back to the palace, which he entered unconcernedly. The guard saluted, but the innocent detectives, now convinced that something was wrong, darted forward and laid their hands on the Kaiser's shoulders, and demanded to know who he was. It took twenty minutes, and the corroboration of half the palace, to satisfy them that they had "pinched" the Kaiser, who enjoyed the joke hugely. He ordered the crest-fallen men to be given a sumptuous dinner and a hundred marks—\$25—apiece, as an appreciation of their zeal.

Not long ago the Duke of Cambridge, who was traveling incognito from Edinburgh to Canterbury, broke the journey unexpectedly at London, and spent the night there, stopping at an hotel in the West End. The greater part of the next day he spent in London, and a wonderful experience overtook him—he was arrested, and charged with impersonating himself. At the hotel he continued the incognito under which he was traveling, but absent-mindedly subscribed himself in the visitors-book as the Duke of Cambridge. He had only a valet with him. Next day he made some purchases, also under his true title; but the news had leaked out in the hotel, and the manager was suspicious. The Duke was supposed to be elsewhere, and the police were communicated with.

The end of it was that, by a series of official blunders, the Royal Duke was arrested in a side street off Piccadilly, and conveyed to the nearest police-station in a cab, and it took the amused duke some time to satisfy the authorities that he was not an impostor. He was about to be charged with impersonating a Royal personage with intent to defraud, but when the bewildered detectives were convinced of their error, the matter was kept as silent as possible.

The late King of Italy, who fell by the hand of an Anarchist, was fond, like the famous "Arabian Nights" monarch Haroun-al-Raschid, of dressing in plain clothes, and moving among his subjects as one of themselves. It was on one of these occasions, while traveling in a third-class railway-carriage from Florence to a town a short distance away, that King Humbert was accused by an old orange-woman, who sat next to him, of picking her pocket. She seized his wrist and held on to him most valiantly, till they reached the station, where she gave him in charge. The King disproved the charge, without disclosing his identity; but he was recognised immediately afterwards by one of the officials of the police-court.

The King showed great good humour and used to relate the story against himself. It is strange to think he sometimes moved, unknown to them among the dregs of his people in the slums of Naples, and was never molested, escaping only to be assassinated in public by a fanatic.

The Emperor of Austria, just before he came to the throne, was arrested on a charge of suspicious loitering, "with intent to commit a felony," by a wooden-headed constable, who found him sauntering and smoking quietly in a secluded part of some public gardens at Buda-Pesth. The police of the town used to be very prone to extorting blackmail by threats of arrest for alleged offences. This policeman, however, caught a Tartar, and the sequel went far toward stamping out the practice.

THEY HURLED HIM FORTH.

Will you answer my question, Yes or No? cried the heckler from the back of the town-hall.

Certainly! replied the future M. P. Have you left off beating your wife? Uproar.