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A MOTHER'S GOODBY.

Go down to the side of your mother, my boy
You have been a wayward, I know;
But you will stay till I give you my parting
advice.
It is all that I have to bestow.
You have sin as such for employment, my boy
Its use worth you, have you so to prove?
But for all the temptations and dangers you
meet,
May your heart be the further remote.

You will find in the cup that is filled, my boy
Its the mirror of pleasure, I know;
It will touch your lips, it will beg you to drink
And lead to the pleasure of the bowl.
I grant you it may be pleasant to sip, my boy,
I have taught you the lesson that I know;
But as long as the universe provides you to live,
I will beg of you to let it alone.

Your fathers is coming to meet you, my boy
Oh, how sad and sore your ma will be
But when the time comes at your call
Jesus and peace.
You will remember your father and me,
I know you will, my boy, I know.
For a mother never forgets her boy
And, my boy, if we never meet you on earth,
Will you promise to meet us in heaven
Where peace will be right, right and to be right,
Where no sin shall come near us,
Where no sin shall come near us,
Where no sin shall come near us,
Where you know from your mother good
bye.

—Our Times.

A DILEMMA.

Mr. Bertram Lamar sat on the arm of a chair in the hall of the hotel at Scarborough and lilt of young his foot. Mr. Lamar was bored. An extended acquaintance with this young man forces me to confess that he was not often affected in that way. We know that no man can aspire to be of the highest fashion without constantly experiencing the pangs of this distinguished ailment, and yet Mr. Lamar was unquestionably of the highest fashion. The most cursory glance would tell you this. Any one could see that he belonged to the best people, that he was used to the best people, that only the best people would be tolerable to him. But now he was genuinely bored.

Ladies passed—old ones, who swept by the dust with trains, and who crushed as they moved, as if they wanted nothing young ones in light frocks and white, flowered hats cast a shadow over the clouded eyes. They kept hanging upon the glass doors and going out into the blaze of sun beyond, with a bounding puffs bloom of lace parasols, or coming into the cool of the hall, with the rustling, elbow shedding of the parasols suddenly furled and the tapping of little heels on the hard floor. He never glanced at them. But they did at him—mostly, coquettes—from under their hat brims, out of the shadow. He looked away, with raised chin and indolently drooped eyelids.

There was one girl—she kept going to and fro—and as he lolled on the ground he could see the hem of her dress and her feet. They were pretty feet in yellow shoes, small and pointed. Mr. Lamar found himself ruminating, "Suppose the head is as pretty as the feet. But it never is. There's a law of compensating which prevents that. The head which belongs to those feet is thirty-five." And he lolled up. The head matched the feet to perfection. Mr. Lamar felt that he didn't look lazed any longer. Rather, however, than surrender this dearly bought and enviable condition of being, he turned his back on that enchanting head, and scattered into an adjoining room. There would be no use to look at them.

The room was empty, cool and dim. It had oak chairs and tables and writing desks, sea green walls and a great window opening on the balcony, outside there were lakes of mantelcutting sea sitting under a fleet of parasols. Deyond were velvety swaps of close cropped turf, dappled with short shadows shrinking to the tree roots. Splinters of dusty sunlight crept down the lobes of the stately elms and trembled on the white dresses of passing girls. Mr. Lamar felt that he might gaze upon this prospect for an infinitude of time and remain bored.

But fate willed otherwise. As he entered the room he saw something on the floor near the table. He paused to see. It was a hand about an inch and a half wide, covered with tucked silk and lace, and with one end, the though a charged dull silver showing a monogram in small diamonds. There was a bunch of narrower yellow ribbon beside the clasp, each end finished with a little hexagonal silver bolt. It occurred to Lamar from some hanging illusions of thrust that the two ends had once been stitched together. He looked curiously at the bag.

"What can it be?" he mused, stirring at it.

We have said that he was young, and some of the best people, and with the best people there is always a doubt as to whether they were such vulgar things as stockings or pocket-rich immaterial things as bags. "Women and bags and feet, shall meet them," is the poet graciously expresses it.

Lamar had thought he would take it to the office, but curiously compelled him to study it. It might be more round the neck, but no, it was not long enough. He drew the ribbon ends together and held it off from him, eyeing it dubiously and reflectively pulling its small monogram. Oh, yes, of course. Now it was. How does she do it, I wonder. A tassel, Hell like it together he pulled his hands the ends it and it swung on his wrist.

"I don't think I ever saw a bangle just like that before," he thought, swinging it around and looking at it with his head on one side.

And then, as he looked at it, came a sudden flash of wakening light, and for a moment he stood staring at it in stupified horror as it hung over his wrist. With the return of consciousness he crumpled it up and crushed it into his pocket. Want should he do with it? If he took it to the office the owner would never dare to claim it. If he found out who she was he would never dare to offer it.

He could handle the situation. A lovely and youthful lady is discovered walking in the corridors. To her appears Mr. Bertram Lamar in full evening dress, with a white pick in his buttonhole. Then, drawing a package from his pocket, Mr. Lamar presents it to her murmuring, "Yours, I believe," and vanishes through a transom.

The Lamar sure famous for their chivalrous attitude toward the sex. What should he do? Should he wave her feelings and his own? And he cursed the cause of his perturbation over in his pocket.

And then he heard a step outside—a feminine step. With a guilty start he extended from the table, fell into a chair and seized the morning paper, in which he buried his head. Any one noticing this fact would of course imagine that he slumbered, and had thereafter only from repose.

"Oh, he sleeps," thought Bertram, relieved with guilty pretense. "She has come to meet for it," and he remained motionless.

He did not. There was not the slightest vibrating rustle from her silent figure. Presently he peeped from the paper, emitted a little hole through it with his finger and peered at her. She was standing in the doorway peeping about the room, and she was the young lady with the yellow dress. She was charmingly pretty in a dress of striped muslin and a large mass of this silk beside her a key's. Under the tumbleweed roller was knotted a four-in-hand scarfe of white pique, and about her waist was a woven silk belt clasped with a silver in the form of a buckle. She was tall, with a long glance, only her head nothing, her figure firm; erect, her right hand in her belt, and her left hand hanging by her side and lightly clasping a little leather dress which seemed about her knee-line. As he looked—that lovely head with strong brown hair curling prettily under her collar hat, delicately rounded cheeks and gravely pouting lips—it was as image of soft, delicious beauty. At her side sat a little pug dog on its haunches, yawning and rolling its eyes.

She took a hurried glance at the gentleman reading the paper and walked into the room looking intently about the floor.

"What would she say," thought Bertram, as she passed him in her search, "if I were to innocently ask her what she was looking for and gallantly offer to help her find it? But I'd spare her that."

She was certainly hunting thoroughly. In the moved around of the chairs, she up the lace curtains and looked under them and peered into all the corners.

When she had searched everywhere she straightened herself with a sigh, threw back her shoulders and looked the room, and calling to the pug, "Come along, dearest, it isn't here," departed.

Bertram laid down the paper and looked after her. He felt as if he had been a singular accomplice of sing trick, and a very guilty one at work.

Mr. Lamar was not bored that afternoon. He was concerned with perplexity. How could he return the lost treasure to the owner without coming her embarrassment, without making her his enemy for life? It had been bad enough she low delightfully he could have broken the ice with it. But to break the ice with that historic emblem—impossible!

"I must give it to her this evening," he thought. "I'll wrap it up in paper and tie one of the ribbons round it that are on that handkerchief case Milly gave me. Then, if she asks me—as of course she will—what it is, I'll say carelessly: 'Oh, nothing! Just a little trifle I think belongs to you. Don't hurry to open it. Have you noticed what a beautiful night it is?' And so I'll engage her in absorbing conversation. But if the conversation is not sufficiently absorbing and she begins to open it I must fly from the room. Of course I shall be sorry I left her, dying to speak or even bow to her, there will be a wall or ice rising between me. She will turn her profile toward me and become engrossed in the beauties of the landscape. Such is the irony of fate."

At 8 o'clock Mr. Lamar came slowly down the broad stairs, looking as handsome as the young Dauvyers, in his dress coat, his shining shirt bosom and a white pick in his buttonhole. The hall was full of moving figures and a blaze of light and voices.

Mr. Lamar was too preturbed to mingle with the gay, loud voiced, laughing crowd. He walked for solitude and reported his style toward the little writing room. He had not wrapped the treasure in paper, and he had with a ribbon from his handkerchief case. He had not done anything with it. He did not dare. The night of its owner might begin him to the desperate pitch of boldly offering it to her or engaged to him some evening way of returning it without betraying the identity of the finder. With these ideas in his mind he carried it still in his pocket in company with his keys.

The pug in the writing room was not in. Mr. Lamar went to the open window. Just outside it on the balcony was the young lady who had worn the yellow dress. She was reading and smoking, her pug in her lap, and if she was pretty in her flannel morning dress with a scarlet sash she was lovely in a mist of fine black gauze and square around her neck, and showing her arms to the elbow. Her skin was as white and fine as a blanched almond. There was the gleam of a gold pin from the shadow of her dark hair, and a jewel hung round her neck rose and fell with her quiet breath. As she read she absently pulled the pug's ears, which her with its eyes half open and its head against her arm.

Lamar looked. She turned the page. The pug, disturbed, rose to its low paws, gazed at her with an expression of classic footpoint, and tried to lick her chin. She avoided this demonstration of affection by moving her face from side to side, keeping her eyes still on the book. The pug continuing, she struck it gently, observing:

"Don't, you bad little, abominable dog!"

"I beg your pardon," said Lamar suddenly from the window.

The lady looked up with raised eyebrows of polite inquiry.

"I have something of yours," said the young man desperately and in a low tone.

"Yes? What is it?"

"I—I don't exactly know. Or rather—Well—But—Can I delay this to have it at the office, I thought?"—He came out of the window with his shoes hard extended. "Where is it?"

She held out her hand, and he dropped it in it. She looked and gave an exclamation of joy that caused the pug to jump to its feet growling.

"Oh, how glad I am! Thanks so much. You see, yesterday I was afraid it was lost. Isn't that lovely? and she looked admiringly at the ornamental monogram with her head on one side.

Times was light enough to see her face distinctly. She did not exhibit a sign of embarrassment, and was proof of a blush. Lamar felt a sudden chill in disappointment and disparagement.

"You found it in the street" she said, indicating the written room, and looked at him with frank, candid eyes. "Yes, there's where it was lost."

"I dropped it," said Lamar, with a wan smile.

"I looked for it myself this morning all over," the confessed, "under everything. I was so sorry."

"Yes," said the young man, with a fiendishly nightmare air. "If she knew I was behind the paper then! and see why I didn't give it to her then and there, and what the girl would I say!" he realize this very minute," she went on, turning it over in her hand.

"I should imagine so."

"I'm sure there is only one Mr. H. There is not a single duplicate anywhere."

He looked sullenly into his face. Lamar stared at him in amazed horror.

"Did you—did you say?" he managed to articulate in a faint voice.

"Only one," she repeated, nodding her head. "It was made to order."

"Yes," said the young man, in a hollow voice, "it was made to order." He turned to the door of silence. Lamar made no response, but continued to stare vacantly at her. He was thinking: "It must have been an accident. He can't be a relation of the man."

"When you throw into one, and that is a perfect, perfect work, not noticing its shape, you like to have everything as pretty as possible."

"Yes, yes, of course, of course," ejaculated Lamar, laughing idiotically. "If you have only one, I expect it never occurred to a person." "Strength." Then he added hoarily, but with the air of confiding a piece of news, "I have two."

"Two" said the young lady, with vivacious interest. "What kind?"

Lamar looked around in bewilderment of illusions. He was dodge affirmed the was standing to pug with the tips of her fingers, and there was nothing in her placid expression to suggest mania of any form.

"The same as everybody else," he answered, with some hesitation. "Are the people in this part of the country in the habit of messaging with one?"

"As a rule, they have only one; it's so much less bother. Though, to be sure, I have a friend who has—but no matter, excuse."

"She must be a centipede," thought Lamar. "I seem to be encountering remarkable freaks of nature. There is a lecture waiting here for any one who wants to start a museum." Then he remembered his regarding her with the hat on one side, a bonnet, fool cuddle on his lips, "There must be quite an entertainer in fashion, especially when you're walking."

"They do get in the way," admitted the young lady, "but most of them are well concealed."

"Very clever of them," murmured Lamar, feeling that he was about to scream.

Then was another short silence, during which the girl continued to examine her restored treasure. Presently she said, musingly: "I see the threads are broken. She has broken them since before, though I don't see how she can possibly do it."

Lamar only stared and swallowed. She held his glance with a horrible, vacant fascination.

"You know she loves to run to me," she prattled on. "She ran over from me this morning, and when she came back it was gone. She must have crept under the bed and not come out until she had got it off."

"Who is she?" asked Lamar in a frenzied voice.

"Why, Bellemy pug. Isn't she a beauty? Come up here, Bellemy!" Lamar felt as if I would fall off the roller or, but show the gentleman, who was kind enough to return it, how pretty you look when you're all dressed up." She held the hand around the dog's neck, and turning to Lamar, and with laughing confusion, "Don't it become me?"

Lamar sat down on the window sill. He took up the morning paper and began to fan himself with it. Though the evening had been uncomfortably cool.—Gertrude Bonner in New York Journal.

Wonders in the Equine Foot.

The foot of a horse is one of the most ingenious and unexampled pieces of mechanism in the whole range of animal mechanics. The outside hoof is made up of a series of thin, vertical limbs of horn, about 500 in number. Into these are fitted about 50 more thin laminæ, which belong to the soft horn, both being elastic and adherent. The edges of a piece of paper inserted horizontal into another piece will furnish a fair idea of the arrangement of the layers in all the feet, amounting to about 1,000. These are distributed in the most secure manner, and in a way that every strain is acted upon in an oblique direction. Verily there is a display of wisdom wonders everywhere.—St. Louis Republic.

Mining in Japan.

The want of a sufficient supply of good quality coal in Japan has stood largely in the way of the country manufacturing its own armor plate. But the great wish of the nobility to make the empire independent of foreign manufacturers in case of war has led to large stops of money being spent in the coal-producing mining districts.—New York Times.

Propitiating the Sea.

The Chinese used to make a practice of throwing into overboard living slaves, and—late in the year 1890 a number of persons were publicly killed in one province in order to prevent the life from being broken and conducting certain ritual.—Washington Star.

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