THE OLD RED SLEIGH.

The cow was one pretty,
With its pale and varnish bright,
With its bells that gaily rangle
Into the frosty air of white,
Or the blind eye of night.
Yet to hold a royal journey
Still it seems to my fancy wisdom
That the old red sleigh is best.

When a boy, I well remember,
Father rolled in children one
For a ride down to the village—
Mary, Kate, myself and John.
For the winter winds came sweeping
Round us from the Canadian west;
But Father rides alone all together,
For the old red sleigh is best.

When I was a youth of twenty,
Mother John was with a lass,
How we gathered in the sleighing,
And what glorious times we had!
Now we have new fangled ways,
But it always cloud the top,
Though it overflowed with young folks
Yet that old red sleigh is best.

Then I married, and your mother
Rode beside me all the way,
As we went for merry dancing
Made in gladsome holiday.
And a little merry dancer,
In my arms, strong hand caressed,
Seemed to always ranged tell me
That the old red sleigh was best.

And again, that time and winter,
Just leaves one wish from me
To be home among the sleigh,
We were riding out, we three,
And I seem to see her sitting
Here in the place you her breast,
In my heart I hold the picture
And the old red sleigh is best.
—Lucia Mitchell in New York Ledger.

AT MRS. VAN TROMP'S.

The Van Tromp mansion was brilliantly illuminated.

Carriage after carriage rolled up to the awning that roofed the crossing from the curbstone to the marble steps of the stately old building, and crowds of curious idlers dodged the drizzling rain to catch a fleeting glimpse of the guests as they hurried, shiveringly into the house.

It goes without saying that a gathering where Cutrills and Cadwalladers were to dance with Winthrops, Livingstons and Biddles would be a thoroughly "swell" and exclusive affair.

Old Ben stood guard at the entrance door.

He had cradled the grandfather of the present master of the house and knew the entire family from the cradle up, not only from long association in the capacity of butler of the Van Tromps, but by descent almost.

Ben was making his profoundest obeisance to a wrinkled old dowager, who, as a little girl, had listened to his fables, when a fastidiously appointed equipage drove up to the curb with clanking chains.

The liveried servant vaulted from the coach box and opened the carriage door with a bow of the most approved form.

A very pretty blond head, a handsome, rosy face, a matchless form and the balance of an elegantly attired figure, not to forget the unused tiptoes of a satin slippered pair of feet, emerged. Her bearing was aristocratic, yet not haughty, her dress in admirable taste and the diamonds of that thoroughly proper size, colored arrangement characteristic of old family jewels.

Altogether she made an appearance that charmed and delighted the onlookers, including old Ben.

However, despite years of proximity to well bred people, the educated cerberus could not repress the low exclamation, "Fo' de lawd sake," when he failed to see any one else leave the carriage after her.

The doors were opened and the way to the cloakroom was shown to the newcomer.

Her wraps being disposed of she ascended the five or six steps that led to the reception room.

Mrs. Van Tromp had not quite finished her effusive greeting of the great grandniece of a colonial governor when she saw the young lady. How was it that she did not know the handsome guest?

She vaguely strove to recollect the name while extending her hands to the newcomer, who trepidatingly placed her own therein, saying, with a faltering voice:

"Mrs. De Ryder—ought to through on her most sincere regrets at her inability to enjoy your hospitality tonight."

"Oh, I am very, very sorry she could not come, but of course I am more than delighted to entertain her charming representative," vaguely responded the hostess, as she thought of the dowager lady of the Baltimore De Ryders.

Once within the hallowed abode of exclusiveness the young lady withdrew to a comparatively dark corner and surveyed the kings and queens of society and their surroundings with an odd mingling of wonderment, awe and curiosity, and with the critical eye of one not upon impressing even the smallest details upon the memory.

"Red satin hangings, embroidered with the Van Tromp coat of arms in gold and silver, festoons of marechal Niel roses entwined with maidenhair ferns and studded with incandescent lights in colored globes," she murmured to herself.

"Furniture in white and silver—just then the band began to play, and she continued, "music by about twelve string instruments, and oh, how dely-cious!" she added, as she half unconsciously tapped the tinsel of the tune with her slipper.

"I have come for my waltz, Miss Van-Tromp," said a gentleman to a young lady who had been sitting beside her, and the two walked away and were soon lost among the dancers.

"Vanderoock, Miss Vanderoock," whispered the curious young woman. "I was sure I remember that name," and she told off the letters on her fingers. She did the same with every name she heard mentioned thereafter.

"Do you not dance at all?" she suddenly heard herself asked, and turning toward the speaker she recognized the man. Ere she had time to reply, he added, "But I beg your pardon for one moment," as he started to walk toward a group of young men who were chatting in a window alcove.

Presently he returned with a tall, blond gentleman, whom he introduced as "My friend and old college chum, Mr. Jack Rush," and turning to the astonished young man he said, "A friend of the De Ryders."

Five minutes later the new acquaintance were doing full justice to the satisfactory impression created by Stevens' honey moon.

After the dance they sat down together and talked. Her evident aversion to word discussing conventional society topics amused him, and the naive and romantic way in which she expressed her views on other subjects pleased him immensely.

And she was equally delighted with the frank, manly ways of Mr. Rush, which contrasted very agreeably with the popular idea that never conceived the combination of brains and society men.

They had danced but two waltzes, a mazurka, a contradance and a lancer, part together, and as the midnight hour approached Mr. Van Tromp's friend heard himself duly routed by his acquaintance whenever an opportunity offered itself.

In fact, but only the sharp mind and sharp eyed dowager, but even his male friends who, as a rule, are always the last to perceive that something "is up," noticed that he had only once left the side of the handsome young lady since their introduction, and then he had only gone to get her some sherbet during an interval between two numbers of the programme.

They were dancing a schottische and as Mr. Rush looked proudly down upon his partner he noticed the glow of pleasure and enthusiasm upon her pretty cheeks and the glitter of happiness in her large gray eyes, and he admitted to himself that he had never seen so thoroughly ravishing a face.

Suddenly she stopped in the midst of the dance.

The flush left her face and gave way to an expression of alarm.

The sonorous sound of a nearby church tower clock rose above the gay music to twelve slowly vibrating strokes.

"Are you ill?" asked Mr. Rush solicitously, after having brought his nearly fainting partner to a seat. "Let me bring you some water."

"No—no thank you," she whispered; "do not trouble yourself; I was only frightened about the hour of late. Somehow I forget all about"— She did not finish her sentence, but arose abruptly and turned in the direction of the stairway.

"Permit me at least to have your carriage brought and let me get your wraps," and he started to execute his purpose.

She stopped him with a gesture and said: "You are really very, very thoughtful, but I think, that is—I will have to—er—it will do me good to walk," and she blushed and looked confused.

Jack Rush gazed at her in utter amazement; the idea of a young lady of a social standing that admitted her to the elite exclusive Van Tromphall, walking home after midnight, and alone, was beyond his understanding.

However he was too well bred to show it, anyone and so he simply said, "Then I must insist upon your permitting me at least to see you safely home."

With that he offered her his arm and brought her into the entrance hall, where he waited for her return from the cloakroom.

There were four distinctly new wrinkles of surprise in old Ben's forehead when he saw the two pass out of the hall and actually walk, think of it, walk, up street.

It had stopped raining and the clear cold night air had covered the pavements with an icy coating.

They walked very close to each other and Mr. Rush pressed his arm of his companion quite hard in order to keep her from slipping.

At a near corner they leave a hacker.

What puzzled the young man was the ever since they had left the house the lady had met all his attempts at conversation with a unmyellable reticence that betokens a preoccupied mind.

Presently she asked, "By the way who was the elderly lady in yellow satin and who had brought her two daughters to the ball?"

"Do you mean Mrs. Vanderoock, of Annapolis?"

"Yes, that is the name; dear me, I think I have really forgotten nearly all the names," she sighed. "What shall I do? What shall I do?"

He looked more puzzled than ever, but as he saw the evident distress of the young lady he responded with a tender sympathetic tone in his voice, "Why don't you tell me what is troubling you, perhaps I might be of service to you?"

For a moment she gazed into his frank face which echoed her own society, and then raising her eyes toward the floor of the car she said hesitatingly, "I would be ever so much pleased to have you give me the names of all the people who were at the ball, but mind you every one of them."

"Is that all you wanted?" he asked, and when she nodded assent he broke into a loud laugh, in which somehow or other she had to join. There was such an honest ring to it.

"Why, my dear young lady, I assure you that tomorrow morning's paper will print a full list of the names together with a description of the entire affair, not to forget the dresses worn by the ladies."

"Oh, but not this one," rejoined his companion, "the Van Tromps are so exceedingly careful not to let the newspapers know anything about their entertainments."

"Don't you worry; those newspaper reporters manage to get in everywhere, you know; though how they do it is often a mystery to me."

She only smiled feebly and motioned to the driver to stop.

Mr. Rush left the car with her. After walking some fifty yards up a side street she halted before a dimly lit stairway.

There was a lot of yellow paper scattered about, such as telegraphic dispatches are written upon.

Despite an offhand effort on her part to give him his congé at the foot of the stairs he effusively thanking him for the kindly escort, he insisted upon ascending with her.

The adventure had become so complicated that he was bound to "see it out."

After having climbed three flights of stairs the young lady stopped before a door that bore the inscription, "City Editorial Rooms."

Then she halted in a shamefaced manner from Mr. Rush to the door and from the door to Mr. Rush.

But he never said a word.

She turned the knob and entered. The room was filled with the tobacco smoke of reporters who had just turned in their copy.

In the farther end of the room stood the desk of the local editor of The Daily Press-Telegraph.

He shouted around on his chair as the door opened, and seeing the young lady he exclaimed: "Hello, there you are Miss C. Did you get in all right? Oh, you did. Well, you haven't very much time to get your story written, and he smiled in a thoroughly pleased manner.

Then catching sight of the gentleman he arose with alacrity and extended his hand with a "How do you do, delighted to see you, come and sit down a minute. I will talk to you as soon as I have sent this copy up stairs. Take a paper, don't mind the noise, college time," and turning to his desk he continued to make break marks with a blue pencil across the reporters' copy.

Mr. Rush was bewildered. What did it all mean? Was the delicious young creature who sat there in generous fancy at an ink stained desk, writing away for dear life, really the same young lady whom he had met in the exclusive society of Mrs. Van Tromp?

While waiting for the time when the city editor would give him the key to the puzzle he made a list of the guests who had been at the ball, for which the young lady rewarded him with a gracious though a rather shamefaced smile.

"You see, my dear boy," at last said the editor in a half whisper, "we worked it beautifully. We had to get something about the Van Tromp affair, but even our lowest reporters were balked many attempts to secure particulars beforehand. There was still less likelihood of our getting the news at the ball itself unless we employed desperate means.

"Miss C. has been writing some stories for us occasionally, and of course she objected very strenuously at first to our under false colors until the managing editor promised her a regular appointment on the paper, which she novelly enough chose, her girl, she is taking care of a crippled brother and of her mother also. They had once been in better circumstances. But that is neither here nor there. Isn't it beautiful! Hired dress, diamonds, carriage, everything. How grandly we will compare interesting correspondence" and he laughed heterodoxically.

Mr. Rush joined in the laugh.

A short time passed before the young lady reporter was playing with a sparkling diamond ring that shone on her hand. Mr. Rush sat by her side and nobody was near to interrupt their little tete-a-tete.

Mr. Rush was very thoughtful.

"When is ending you, Jack—Mr. Rush?" came from her.

She had to repeat the question after a wait of a minute or so.

"I will ask you a just one question," he replied, "if you promise not to take it amiss."

Of course the promise was given.

"How is it that you posed as a friend of the De Ryders when you came to the Van Tromp ball?"

The young lady burst into a tippling laugh.

"You dear old goose," she said at last, when she succeeded in suppressing her mirth, "there is a lady old woman going the rounds of the newspaper offices at night, she sells apples, figs, candy—anything you want. Her name is Mrs. De Ryder, and she never dreamed that anyone else bore that same last benefit. You would not blame me for the little stratagem of using her name, especially as it was perfectly true that she 'sincerely regretted her inability to enjoy the hospitality of Mrs. Van Tromp,' would you?"—Max De Lipman in Epoch.

A Remarkable Coincidence.

Some time ago a lady in London wished to write to a friend in America whose address she did not know. The only means she had of procuring the address was to write to a mutual friend, who also lived in America. This she accordingly did, and the letter was duly dispatched. The ship which carried the letter was wrecked and the mails were for a time lost. They were eventually recovered and brought back to England, the letters, now much damaged by sea water, being returned through the dead letter office to the senders. The letter in question was sent back to the lady, who naturally examined it minutely.

To her surprise she found that another letter had become closely stuck to it. Holding up the troubled address to the light, she deciphered the address on the one which was stuck to her own. It was a letter addressed to the friend to whom she had wished to write, and to discover whose whereabouts her own letter had been dispatched. Her letter thus literally brought back its own answer.—Lloyds (Eng.) Mercury.

An Anticipated Pleasure.

A congressman of Mississippi, after making a speech in opposition to the expensive funerals of congressmen, says he received a letter from a constituent saying: "When you die, John, we won't ask congress to pay the expense of your funeral. You've got enough friends down here, John, to give you a respectable burial, and we would take pleasure in doing it."—Charleston News and Courier.

Eggs Are Handled Several Times.

Eggs are gathered by hucksters, who in turn sell them to what the dealers refer to as the shippers, by whom they are sent to New York. After the eggs get here they are again handled by the commission merchants, and finally they reach the grocer, who disposes of them to the consumers.—New York Evening Sun.

Big Wearing Very Old.

The ancient Egyptians all wore wigs, and the early Christians from A. D. 427 to A. D. 917 considered a false head covering a badge of distinction. This, too, in direct opposition to Tertullian, who in his vain declared these devices and inventions of the devil, and Clement of Alexandria, who warned his hearers that when the sacred hands of the clergy were laid on their heads the blessing would not penetrate through the false hair.—St. Louis Republic.

The Height of Hospitality.

Mother—Why have you put on that old dress and, dear me, why are you rubbing that dirt on your face?

Little Daughter—Susie Summer has taken to call on me in her shirt and an old dress on a dirty face.—Good News.

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John Franklin Jones.

G. G. GREEN, Sole Man'fr, Woodbury, N.J.

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