HOSES.

I gave her some for her bosom,
A rich and white, as her neck;
It did straight the red one worse
Yet what the thing her love for hose,
Or if she liked to wear the white
Was not to me well as would "the origin"
And of the choice to wear them both
Is a thing which she's entitled to.
If over she wanted Why, she will show
She's too demure to tell to me!
And meanwhile I'm left to wait and sulkyo
If I dared have cock half to her sweet lips.

—Thomas J. Moore.

HER INHERITANCE.

"If any relatives of the late James Blaisdell, some time connected with Whitlaw, still living, they may hear of something to their advantage by applying to Messrs. Dodd & Son, solicitors, King street."

Barbara Reed put down the paper with a jerk. "I wonder if that means my," she said thoughtfully. "My grandfather's name was certainly James Blaisdell, and I know he was a cousin, but I did not know there was any money in the family."

"Do you think it worth while go to Messrs. Dodd & Son and find out," suggested a sharp featured, elderly lady, who was stitching at the table opposite.

"Of course it will! There may be money waiting for me there."

"Or the possible, more likely," supplemented the stitcher.

Barbara laughed.

"Do rather think of the thousands, Mrs. Stewart, they would be very much more to my advantage."

"I know of something that would be more to your advantage than all the money you are ever likely to get from advertisements. If you had, you would never be so ill," retorted that lady sarcastically.

Barbara flushed as she left the room to get her cloak and bonnet and set out for home. She was the music mistress in Mrs. Stewart's school, and had been one of the most promising pupils in it before death she was almost alone in the world, except for a distant aunt with whom she lived, and, after school days ended it became necessary that she should do something toward keeping up the little household, she had been very glad when Mrs. Stewart proposed to retain her for the younger girls' music lessons, saved her it—applying to strangers.

Still, now in thinking her obligations, there were times when Barbara felt strongly disposed to protest against that lady's authority, which was pretty much as it had been in the days when she was "quite a child," as Barbara often phrased it to herself. "She never seems to remember that I am grown up and able to manage my own affairs. It does not follow the lessons I give her pupil once she has my right to interfere in the matter of hose."

She was marching down the road, her head well up, while she argued the matter out to her own satisfaction, when some one quietly fell into step behind her. The intruder vanished from her mind as the morning mist on the hillside up.

"What are you in such a hurry for? I could scarcely keep you in sight." inquired the newcomer.

It was the subject of Mrs. Stewart's admiration, her drawing master—clever enough at his profession, but of his industry and general dependableness she had not the slightest opinion. Not so Miss Barbara, who was her developing a very warm sentiment for the good looking young artist.

"I am going home to deposit my money, after that I think of making a journey into the city, to King street."

"King street! That is strange coincidence."

"Isn't it! But I have some idea of coming into a fortune, and that is the place I am to apply to."

Mr. Lawrence's face showed such genuine interest in the news that Barbara speedily told him all she knew; perhaps with a little unconscious exaggeration by way of justifying her first announcement.

"You will be sure and let me know the result of your expedition" he said earnestly, with a lingering gaze of her hand, as he left her at the corner of her own street. "I shall be curious to hear, and to see the eyes each a fortune left her then yourself."

In King street the rain fell against a plain, rather commonplace young man coming out of one of the warehouses. "Why, Miss Barbara! It's not often you visit your way to this quarter," he said, as he held out his hand. It was a brown, unglazed hand, and bore evident traces of hard service. Barbara gave the tips of her fingers rather coolly, contrasting it with the well shaped, yellow glove one that had pressed for a little before.

"I came on such business, Mr. Grant," she said. "I believe there is a legacy waiting for me. It was advertised in the papers, and I am going to see the solicitors about it now."

John Grant laughed.

"Well, I hope you may get it, Miss Barbara. For myself, I've never had much faith in legacies since I wasted twenty-five shillings once in answering advertisements about one."

"That may have been a very different matter from this," returned Barbara stiffly. "I had better not detain you any longer, Mr. Grant."

"And that is the man Mrs. Stewart thinks is worth half a dozen of Alfred Lawrence," said Barbara to herself, as she walked into Messrs. Dodd & Son's office. "It seems to be a disadvantage in some people's eyes to have coarse hands and shabby coats."

Her face was several shades hotter when she came out again. Messrs. Dodd & Son had not received her with by any means the respectful enthusiasm she had expected. Then had low awkward questions about proofs and genealogies that she had not been prepared to answer, indeed, she half fancied that they took her for an impostor, they had been so reluctant to part with any information. She should hear from them in a few days, and in the meantime she must kindly fill in the answers to certain questions on a paper they had given her.

Mr. Lawrence remembered with her over the dinner course as keenly as she did with herself when she told him the result of her visit the next day. Barbara was quite struck with the way he seemed to enter into all her feelings.

John Grant was the next person to whom she had to explain her morning.

"Just what I expected, Miss Barbara," said he cheerfully. "One never sees of a chance of that kind till one actually has it. I wouldn't hold even 1 if I were in your place."

"I can't seem to have had a fortunate experience in that way," returned Barbara negatively. "It is only deferred in this case, and I am to be sorry for a few days."

"Days! school days. "A man in an office has wasted years, and is likely to waste, so far as I can see."

Ten days later came the week looked for communication from Dodd & Son.

"We are in receipt of Miss Reed's paper, and would assure her the matter shall have our best attention," etc.

Barbara flung it into her desk with a disappointed frown. It was tedious to be obliged to wait, to wonder, to fear this, that would scarcely know how to get through the time but for Mr. Lawrence's attention and warm interest in the subject.

John Grant's indifference, not to say slightness, on the subject, thought she, proved his superior qualities in full relief, and yet there were times when Barbara felt just a little puzzled that Mr. Lawrence went no further. Was all his attitude a lie, and to that magic phrase that words, he never absolutely committed himself to anything more binding than the mere friendship.

"I can't ask him," she said one day to herself, as she walked slowly home after one of these "accidental" meetings. "But I do wish he would out straight out what he means or else stay away altogether. It makes one feel so bitter."

Poor Barbara felt more unsettled still before she reached home. It was lovely summer evening, and they made the tea on one was joined by another earlier. John Grant this time. She shrank back at first, half afraid of some pointed remark about the legacy, but she soon discovered that he had quite forgotten the matter. Then was something else on his mind, and he had come in saying very straight out what it was.

"I may not be able to offer you a fine house and carriage," he said, "but I have saved plenty to begin in comfort, and I think we might be very happy together if you would only try. I have thought about it for the last two years, and worked hard to be able to tell you so."

Barbara looked up at him with genuine tears in her eyes.

"I am so sorry!" she said. "I never thought of such a thing—at least, not in earnest," as she remembered sundry remarks of Mrs. Stewart's. "Besides, there's lots of other better girls you might find."

"That is not to the point," he interrupted. "It is you, not other girls, I want. Try and think of it, Barbara. I don't want jollying you, but let me have a line as soon as you can it means a good deal to me."

For another week or two things continued to go in much the same fashion. Mrs. Stewart were a welcome air of disapproval. John Grant was invisible. Only Mr. Lawrence was to be seen in his old sympathetic manner, but in some mysterious way Barbara began to find them irritating rather than flattering. She got tired of giving the same answer, "Nothing yet," and of hearing the same polite remarks about his success and abundance of leisure. They did not go deep enough.

At last on Saturday morning, as she was setting out for Mrs. Stewart's, she met the postman, who gave her a blue, official looking envelope. Barbara stood still on the step, hoping her breath as she opened it.

"Messrs. Dodd & Son's compliments to Miss Reed, and beg to inform her that Mrs. Elizabeth Drake has lately proved the estate of Kin, and consequently hereafter to the Elm left by the late Mr. James Hamilford."

Miss Reed folded up the letter and put it orderly into her jacket pocket. She had scarcely walked half dozen steps when she had been another upon it. There was nothing left now but to put on a brave face and make the best of it.

As Barbara crossed the hall to the schoolroom that afternoon she encountered Mr. Lawrence. He was standing at the table buttoning his right glove. Her eyes at the first glance that Mrs. Stewart had told him of her disappointment. She hesitated one instant, then went straight up to him.

"You can I not not congratulate a fortune after all," she said quietly.

"No it seems," he said coldly, and looking up from a refractory button. "But it was not much of a fortune, anyway. I thought it was to be five or six times that amount."

"I wish I had never hated of it," spoke Barbara, looking at him in scornful surprise. "It has been nothing but an upset and annoyance from the day."

"Yes, rather a pity—disappointing and waste of time, too." Well, I'm going into the country for a few weeks, Miss Reed, so good afternoon if I don't chance to see you again."

"Good afternoon," returned Barbara, with a frigid bow, as she opened the schoolroom door.

A tiny note was dropped into the letter box that same evening addressed to Mr. John Grant.

"Dear John," it ran: "I'm not half good enough for you, but if you wish it—I'll try."

It was not perhaps a great achievement in the way of composition for a young lady who had been under Mrs. Stewart's guidance for so long, but it perfectly satisfied the person it was addressed for, and much better epistles have often failed to this respect.

"Mrs. Stewart, that unfortunate legacy was something to my advantage after all," Mrs. John Grant said some months later. "I don't know what Miss Elizabeth Drake did with it, but I do know I would not change with her. The money it has brought me for more happiness than the money it ever could."—New York Weekly.

HAUNTED FOR HIS CRIME.

Terrible Retribution of an Engineer Who Ditched a Rival's Train.

"My God, help! There's Dickson's engine coming again. See his ghost! Oh, she's coming, coming! Help! help!"

The sentence is uttered by an Engineer Henry Shunts nearly every day. After being in a frenzy half a minute he falls to the ground in a faint.

Shunts lives with his brother John on a farm between Paxton and Kirkwood on the banks of the Mississippi. He is a hopeless maniac and has been so for two years. His history exposes it.

Sixteen years ago Henry was an engineer on a Union Pacific locomotive. Among his railway friends was one George Dickson and the latter's fireman, Allison. Dickson and Shunts got into a dispute over a game of cards, and whenever they passed each other after that Dickson and Allison would taunt Shunts and call him a thief and a coward.

In Denver matters came to a crisis. Shunts got into a rage and swore he would get even with his enemy within twenty-four hours.

He left Denver for the west in charge of an express. He learned that Dickson and Allison would be on his on a box locomotive within fifteen minutes. About fifteen miles out of Denver, at the Geyer gorge, was a switch that ran a track down a slope, which stopped abruptly at the brink of the gorge. This siding was rarely used and the switch was locked.

Shunts saw his chance to get even with his tormentors in a terrible way. He slowed up, and with the excuse to the fireman that he would go back to see if the switch was sound, rushed back, broke the lock and turned the lever from the main to left, so that Dickson's locomotive would go down the siding and smash down the gorge. He then returned to his engine.

Within twenty minutes there was an unusually shrill whistle in the valley, a remorseless crash and Dickson's engine had smashed down the gorge and was dashed into a thousand fragments hundreds of feet below.

Pieces of flesh and bones was all that was left of Dickson and Allison.

The affair attracted great attention at the time. Shunts was more suspected, and the conviction that Shunts threatened began "work" and that he charged at the gorge convicted him. He was sentenced lightly, however, owing to the Denver penitentiary for ten years. In just 15 was released.

No one knew where he was after his release, until one morning, two years ago, he knocked at the door of his brother's home. He was very ill and for two months raved like a madman. He has improved at times, but he is a hopeless maniac.

While wandering about the yard he will suddenly rush into the house, yelling: "That locomotive is coming straight toward me. It is coming, oh, for God's sake take me away! Dickson is steering it to run directly over me."

After his fight he will describe his phantom engine.

"It has eyes all over it," he says. "Dickson, with a white shroud over his shoulder, had his skinny hand on the throttle valve, and he turned a leaf upon us the before he blew off steam. Allison turned no; he had to do. A dream set on the cowcatcher with his arms open to grab us."

He will then go into his room and trembling into his bed. At night he walks to and fro, looking out of the window at intervals, and then, drawing back, would shriek: "Oh, that headlight, the monster turned this land! It is a monster blaze!" Then he will crawl under his couch and remain there for hours.—St. Louis Chronicle.

Tale Among Horned People.

I cannot see why a woman who was given but as a birthright will ever sell it for that postage, "plain speaking." "How do I look, father? I once heard a lovely old lady asked the stock dressed for church. "They always looks well to me," was the answer, "but other ladies might like it better were those white threads off the green." There is a lovely of twenty years whose delicate tint would do better.

"Excuse me, please," "thank you," little words and trifles in them selves, but they are stinging in the wound. Little trouble to take them, but oh, the difference to the patchwork.—Good Housekeeping.

A Dainty Fish.

A very dainty fish to give to a bride is of white satin with pearl mounts, the scales is thickly studded with silver sequins and has wrought on very delicately, a pattern of marguerites. Of course this present is particularly applicable if the bride's name should be Marguerite, Marguerite or Daisy.—Isabel A. Mallon in Ladies' Home Journal.

A Bonny Bride.

Each square inch of the skin contains 2,500 sweating tubes, or pores, million pores, each of which may be likened to a little drain the one-fourth of an inch in length this would make the aggregate length of the pores of the entire surface of the body not less than 20,166 feet, a human life drain nearly forty miles long.—Philadelphia Ledger.

It is gratifying to know that the American market has kept up well this spring. Simplice were right early in the season.

"German Syrup"

The majority of well read physicians now believe that Consumption is a germ disease. In other words, instead of being in the constitution itself it is caused by innumerable small creatures living in the lungs having no business there and eating them away as caterpillars do the leaves of trees.

A Germ Disease.

The pathogen that is coughed up in these parts of the lungs which have been gnawed off and destroyed. These little bacilli, as the germs are called, are too small to be seen with the naked eye, but they are very much alive just the same, and enter the body in our food, in the air we breathe, and through the pores of the skin. Thence they get into the blood and finally arrive at the lungs where they fasten and increase with fearful rapidity. Then German Syrup comes in, loosens them, kills them, expels them, heals the places they leave, and so nourish and soothe that, in a short time consumptives become germ-proof and well.

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Such a jolly crowd never came before;
The sisters, cousins, and aunts are here
The grand-sires, and uncles too appear
And all shout for "that wire gauze door."

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