He turned from "fashion's mimic train," And sought the calm rusticity Of field and forest, lake and plain, Disburdened of publicity. But horse-flies marked him for their prey, And down his backbone day by day The caterpillar wound his way In sinuous eccentricity.

And when beneath some arbor snug He'd lie in thoughtful revery, The bumble-bee and tumble-bug Would come with fiendish deviltry, With daddy-long-legs run a race, And march in military pace Across his bleared and blistered face In wild, tumultuous revelry.

And while the still breeze from the south Lapped him in dreams elysian, The gay green frog leaped in his mouth With acrobat precision; The woodchuck nibbled at his nose, The weasel chewed up both his hose, The snake crawled thro' his underclo'es In wandering indecision.

He lay there in the valley green, The city's strain to calm off, And the farmer with his mowing machine Then mowed his outstretched arm off. And then he rose with murderous will, And roamed the earth and vowed to kill All poets who with fiendish skill Such pastoral lies could palm off.

THE STORY OF A HAM

This story was told by a grocer twenty years ago. It is perfectly true, as I believe, and I give it as nearly in his words as I can remember them.

I was told when half of the inhabitants of it was told when half of the inhabitants of it was out upon it is a first. They are our quiet suburban street was out upon

"He looked at me as he passed me, and I saw hunger in his eyes. Maybe that drove him to it," said the grocer. "But I don't think he is a professional thief; and, somehow, if I could, I would not have him hunted down tonight. I wish he might get off and find some one charitable to him and go to honest work tomorrow. Prisons don't make desperate men better, though they are needful for criminals, of course. You see," he went on, "I had a curious experience of my own, once upon a time, and I never have forgotten it and never

"It was when I first began business with very little capital, in a poor quarter of the town, with poor folk for customers—people that never bought delicacies, mind you. Bread, poor butter, sugar, tea and coffee, cheese, dried fruit, herrings—that sort of thing, you know. When they were cheap, I'd have a few oranges. Now and then some green apples, and I usually had a ham or two to sell in slices. They didn't go off very fast, but I kept a couple of them in their yellow cloths always hanging at the

"I remember I was standing at the door on the edge of the evening, when I first noticed a new policeman on our beat. He was a large man naturally; but so hollowcheeked, and with such sunken eyes that I thought to myself: 'That man must have been sick lately.

"He was staring at the hams with those eyes of his, and I said to my wife when she called me in to tea:

"I don't know why I had it fixed on my mind that he would send for one; but all that evening, whenever a good comfortable glare in the room, and to know the stairs looking woman came into the store I thought it was the policeman's wife come for a ham; and it is a fact that when I went out to take them down before shutting up for the night, I saw the policeman standing in the shadow, staring at the hams.

"He kept it up for three days; on the night of the fourth a storm burst over us. I night of the fourth a storm burst over us. I who was to get us out—who? I put the think I never saw it pour so, and it was icy babies near the window. My wife was on cold and dark as nitch article. cold, and dark as pitch outside. The hams hung under shelter, and I did not try to take them in. I thought no customers would come in that rain, and I sat down ing up at the call of the other, dash toward near the stove to read my newspaper and take a smoke in comfort, and somehow I got interested in some political speeches, and before I knew it my wife was calling to me that it was eleven o'clock, and I'd bet-

ter take in and shut up. Then I looked up. "Well, Sally,' says I, 'I shall be a lit-

erary party, neglecting my business for my mind one of these days, if I go on like this; and I put the paper on top of the cheese box, and went outside to put up shutters.

"The rain had stopped. It was clear and cold, and the stars were shining in the pools of water you'll always see after a rain in a badly paved street. Everybody seemed to be in bed; it was as still as the backwoods; and, I tell you, I jumped of the street, as it seemed, by a miracle, when my wife cried out, 'Little Billy! Little Billy! Our boy was still in the house. in the little room next ours! Our boy! Our treasure! The dearest of all to us!

"Me were in the street, as it seemed, by a miracle, when my wife cried out, 'Little Billy! Little Billy! Cour boy was still in the house. in the little room next ours! Our boy! Our treasure! The dearest of all to us!

"My God!" I cried.

"I rushed toward the house. The smoke and flames beat me back, but the man who had rescued us plunged into them. The backwoods; and, I tell you, I jumped engines were coming at last. Men dragged when a cold hand came out and touched us out of harm's way; and against the glare

"'Ho!' says I. 'Hey, what's that?" "'It's only me, Mr. Spicer,' says a arms. I covered my face. All my strength hoarse woman's voice—'me—old Sally. was gone. I should only see them die if I Give me a shilling.' They used to talk of shillings in New York in those days. 'They've 'Gimme a shilling and I'll tell you news.'

ling for the like of my news. I'll trust you. Your policeman, the new one, the thin man, is a thief.'

"'Hey!' says I.
"'Yes,' says she; 'he's got one of your hams; that's my news. Isn't it worth something?'
"I looked up. Only one ham hung over-

"'Maybe you took it yourself, Sally,' at last.

"'I couldn't reach it,' said she. 'No, I saw him. There! Don't give me away. He'd kill me if he knew it was me as told. I saw him. The star on his coat shone in the lamp light as he got it down. (They wore stars then, the police did.) He hid it yonder somewhere. When he changes wid the other man he'll get it. Then you can catch him at it. Mark ye well, it's just there under the church steps, I'm thinking. Now pay me for my information.'

"I gave her a shilling, and she whispered that she could get a night's lodging with that money, and hobbled off. And then I put up my shutters, pulled my door"

"I couldn't reach it,' said she. 'No, I life, but he gave me the smile of an angel.

"God bless you!' said he. 'Don't thank me. I've only paid a debt.'

"That's why I always want a green hand to have a chance," said our grocer, turning away and walking toward his shop.—New York Ledger.

"The carven Christ hangs gaunt and grim Beneath his blue Picardian skies, And piteous, perchance, to him Seems every man that lives and dies. Here, hid from hate of alien eves.

then I put up my shutters, pulled my door to, and crossed the street. There was a great space under the church porch, a high wooden one. I struck a match and searched about, and there, wrapped up in an old paper, I found my ham.

"I was furious. A common thief would not have made me feel as I did. But a policeman, bound to guard my property, to rob me! It was my duty, I felt, to do the worst I could to him. And just then I heard the ring of the club that called the other man to his post, and heard the slow

steps on the pavement.

"'You've signed your own death warrant, my man. You're done for,' I says to myself, feeling that vengeance was mine by right for once; and I hid in the shadow. And in a moment more, there he was. I let him get the ham under his arm before I showed, then I pounced upon him like a

"'A pretty policeman you are, you thief!' said I; and I held him fast. "I was very strong at that age-stronger than he was.

"He struggled for a moment, and then all of a sudden dropped the ham and staggered back against the church wall.
"'Oh, God! My wife!' said he, and be-

gan to sob. "'You ought to have thought of that before,' I said. 'If the guardian of our property is to steal it, what is to become of us? A man on good salary, too—a man that don't need anything. I wouldn't blame some poor beggar so much, though I'd have him arrested. But you—you ought

their doorsteps, watching a policeman chase | me tell you one thing first. They are their doorsteps, watching a policeman chase a thief—a miserable, ragged young fellow with such an expression of despair on his face that, though he had picked a pocket, no emotional young person present could help feeling sorry for him. However, it was, I confess, a little surprising to hear the words: "Well, I suppose it is wrong, but somehow I sort of wish he would get our grocer, who had followed the crowd our grocer, who had followed the crowd of the course of the cours our grocer, who had followed the crowd you for credit yesterday. You said you from his corner to the spot before the gave none. They don't where the neighborhood is so poor, I know. There, do what you like to me. I'm done for.'

"The tears were falling down his cheeks. I took him by the arm. I led him over to my shop, and I went in and shut the door

"'Policeman,' says I, 'I'm doing what lawyers call condoning an offence, I know; but, see here, I'm taught that the time will come when I shall stand before the Great Almighty, to be tried for my offences. No that is not a stockholder. A limited amount doubt I've done worse than you've done, if I did but know it, and I hope he will forgive me as I forgive you.' Then I took down a basket, filled it with what I had of long scription will be binding until at least \$3,000,000 is signed for.—New York Evening Sun. provisions, and said to him: 'Take these home as a present, and let your wife come here to-morrow. I'll open an account with her. You can pay me pay day.'
"He looked at me with his great hungry

"God bless you,' he said, 'and prosper

you. You deserve to be rich, to be happy. Do you think what you've saved me from? "Well, I did the crying that time, and

he took the basket and went away. His wife came next day, and I gave her a little book, and he paid me square and fair, and many a turn he did me, as a policeman can, if he chooses; but after a time I was better off. I seemed to prosper wonderfully, somehow; and I moved to a better store. and I lost sight of my policeman.
"Well, all this was before the present

day. There was no telegraphs, no messengers, or police calls in houses. The firemen were a fine lot, but they hadn't the "I shouldn't wonder if he meant to buy chances they have in the present system, a whole one. He seemed to be sizing them | and your house might be burned down before they got to you, and got the hose fastened to the fire-plug. And so one night, when my wife and I waked to find a red were in flames, we hadn't much hope for our lives. There were our children, too. Well, I don't like to think of that moment. I shouted out of the window, as loud as I could, 'Fire !-fire!' and I heard the policemen ring their clubs and shout the words after me, and the windows flew up. But the house. In went the door, for I heard it; and in a moment more he was there. through the flames, as it seemed.

"He seized my wife in his arms, wrapped a blanket around her, and I followed with

"We were in the street, as it seemed, by

of light I saw standing in the window of the second floor that man with my boy in his

"'The ladder!' some one shouted.

'They've got the ladder up.' "'Oh, go away, Sally,' says I. 'You'd only drink it. As for news, you can't tell me anything.'
"'I can,' says she. 'Oh, I tell you a decent man like you won't begrudge a shilling otherwise."

"They've got the ladder up.'
"Then a great shout arose—horror or joy. Great Heaven be praised, it was joy, and they put my little Billy in my arms, his golden hair all scorched, but not hurt otherwise.

"'Papa,' he said, Billy most burnt to def, only the big man saved him down a

"As he spoke there came a crash. The roof had fallen in. "What shall I say to you? How can I tails for a good many stylish horses. You thank you or bless you enough!" I said grasping the hand of that brave man when they had brought him to; for he had fainted "There are a great many stylish steppers at last

"'I couldn't reach it,' said she. 'No, I his face. He had barely escaped with his horses get used to the false tails just as a

The carven Christ hangs gaunt and grim
Beneath his blue Picardian skies,
And piteous, perchance, to him
Seems every man that lives and dies.
Here, hid from hate of alien eyes,
Two hundred Prussians sleep, they say,
Beneath the cross whose shadow lies
Athwart the road to Catelet.

'Mid foes they slumber unafraid,
Made whole by Death, the cunning leech,
And near the long white roadway laid,
By his cold arms, beyond all reach Of Heimweh pangs or stranger's speech:
Of curse or blessing naught reck they,
Of snows that hide nor suns that bleach
The dusty road to Catelet.

Of garlands laid or blossoms spread
The Prussians' sun-scorched mound lies bare;
But thin grass creeps above the dead,
And pallid poppies flutter fair,
And fling their drowsy treasures there
Beneath the symbol, stark and gray,
That both the symbol, stark and gray,

That hath the strangers in its care Beside the road to Catelet. -Graham R. Tomson, in Philadelphia Times

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A Novel Enterprise which will Doubtless Benefit the Public. The Depositors' Guarantee company of

America is a new corporation which has just issued its prospectus outlining a some-what novel and colossal enterprise and line of business. Its object is to guarantee and indemnify depositors in national and State banks against loss, and it is organized with a capital of \$5,000,000 in \$100 shares, and to be invested in United States bonds and approved municipal and State bonds. The company has taken offices at 165 and 167 Broadway. Its officers are: President, J. E. Ewing, president of the Financier company; First Vice-President, John H. Watson, ex-president of Columbia bank, New York; Treasurer, George H. Hutchings, cashier Third National bank; Secretary, C. T. Haviland; Examiner General, A. M. Scriba, cashier Shoe and Leather bank and

bank, New Orleans; President Fetter, loaf he's fader—heh?" Kentucky National bank, Louisville; Vice-President Odell, Union National bank, Chicago, and other prominent business men. and 1,000 prominent banks have signified their intention to become stockholders, and having their depositors guaranteed by this | dot again!"-Texas Siftings. company. These banks have agreed to pay the company 1-5 of 1 per cent. annually on their gross deposits, making a yearly income of \$500,000 over estimated expenses. No bank will be guaranteed of the stock is ofiered at 105, and no sub-

Sitting Down on Him. "I don't altogether like this young man Milliken, who comes to see you so otten. I hear he is nothing but a poor clerk," is what the head of the family said to his daughter at the dinner table.

"He is a very nice young gentleman," replied the daughter. "Besides, he is something more than a poor clerk. He gets a large salary and is manager of one of the departments, and expects some day to have an interest in the business."

"I hope he may," responded the old man, "but he strikes me as a very flippant, impertinent young person, who in my opinion should be sat down upon."
"Well, I have invited him to supper with

us this evening," said the daughter, "and I hope you'll treat him politely, at least. You will find him a very different person from what you suppose him to be.' "Oh, I'll treat him politely enough," he

That evening Mr. Milliken appeared, and made a most favorable impression upon the old gentleman.

"He is a clever young fellow, after all," he thought. "I have done him an in-

It was just here that Bobby spoke out. Bobby was a well-meaning little boy, but "Papa," he ventured, "you know what

ou said today at dinner about Mr. Milliken, that he was an impertinent young man, and ought to be sat down upon—"
"Silence, sir!" shouted the father, swallowing a mouthful of hot potato.

But the boy wouldn't be silent. "It's all right," he continued, confidentially, but in a whisper loud enough to be heard out of doors, "he has been sat down upon. Sister sat down on him last night for two

After this the meal went on more quietly, owitg to Bobby's sudden and jerky departure. - Toronto Saturday Night.

Preferred to Die.

"Sir" said the tramp, "I have not tasted food for seven days. Another half-hour of fasting and I must die."

"Then," exclaimed the philanthropist, you shall live. Take this ticket, it will admit you in my stead to a sumptuous banquet, course after course, meats, wines and dessert, a feast three hours long, glorious company, Mr. Efforts, Mr. Toofewt Mr. Longyarn, Mr. Fested, and other eminent men."

"Will there be any after-dinner speeches?" asked the starving one.
"Columns of 'em," said the philanthro-

And the tramp handed back the ticket, and crawled wearily away into a silent timber-yard to die .- Toronto Saturday

Horses with Bogus Tails.

"Do you see that team?" said the wigmaker. "Well, do you see what beautiful flowing tails they've got? They're bogus." The little wig-maker laughed aloud and then said: "I made those tails. I make

fast.
"There were burns on his hands and on false tails that sweep the ground. The

man becomes accustomed to wearing a wig. The false tails are fastened to the horse's own tail so nicely that you can't detect the deception. The tails don't have to be removed at night when the horse is put in his stall. The combed tails can be washed and brushed and combed on the horse just as well as off of him.

"The bogus tails cost from \$10 to \$15.

I generally make a pair for \$25. They will last as long as the horse. I buy dead horses' tails and manes just as I buy human hair. The practice of shocking horses' tails is shocking." Here the little wigmaker laughed violently at his joke and then continued: "The practice is dying out, but a tail will never grow in like it was before it was cut short. The way to cultivate a horse's tail is to clip it about an inch once a month."—Philadelphia Times.

His Rating.

Miss Mainchance—George, you have asked of me the dearest treasure a woman has-her heart.

George (impatiently)-Yes, Irene, relieve my agony of suspense.

Miss Mainchance—You must give me

George-Time? How long, dearest? A

day, a week, a month, a -Miss Mainchance (sweetly) - No, George; only time enough to look you up in Bradstreet's .- Time.

One Was Enough.

She is somewhat noted in her set for her quick replies, and he is not a young man to fail to see the point to a bit of repartee.

They had talked of various subjects, ranging from John L. Sullivan as a Boston institution to the permanency of the Browning craze, and finally came to small waists. "Why," said he, "I could put my arm twice around yours."

"I think once around would do," was the reply.-Boston Sunday Times.

Been There Before.

Lady of the house-"Will you have the steak now or wait till you've chopped the

Colored tramp (who called at the same house twelve months before)—"Is de steak de same kind as you geb away las' year?"

Little David-"Von hundert per cend.,

no discound, fasd golors mit exchanche on Mr. Einstetter (in an agony of filial love) -"Ach! mein tader's own chrantson, say

Wanted to be Remembered. Dying Benedict-I bequeath every dollar to my wife. Have you got that down?"

Lawver-"Yes. Dying Benedict-"On condition that she marries within a year." Lawyer-"But why insist upon that?" Dying Benedict-"Because I want somebody to be sorry that I died."-Harper's

WHEN WIFE'S A-G'ON' AWAY.

Somehow yarns around the groc'ry Ain't so funny as before, An' I'm all the time forgettin' This or that' ere little chore; When I git out in the kitchen, Want to hang around an' stay; Guess I'm foolish cause' this ev'nin', Why-my wife's a-go'n' away.

She's a-fixin' things up for me With a thoughtful, lovin' care Tellin' me that scmethin's here, an' Somethin' else is over there; Lookin' sober, speakin' low-voiced, Though she hasn't much to say, Ketch her eyes on me all dim-like— Guess she hates to go away.

Wish 'twas over—wish 'twas way off, Wish we didn't have to part; That's jist what I keep a thinkin', An' a-feelin' in my heart. P'raps our speerits see much furde r
Than the partin' of today.
An' jest hint what they can't tell us
When a loved one's go'n' away.

Calls to mind another journey,
By an' by we all must go,
Wonder who's a-gettin' ready
For the train that moves so slow?
Brings the tears to think about it,
So I git nigh her an' pray,
It may be my time for startin'
Lest when she's a-go'n' away.

Jest when she's a-go'n' away. -Lu B. Cake, in Omaha World.

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