

## LITTLE QUEEN.

"Little Queen," said the handsomest old lady alive to her granddaughter, whose pet name seemed the most appropriate that could have been given her. "I have dismissed Patrick. He has been robbing the dairy, ungrateful wretch. Dolmer discovered it, and begs that he shall go today. Is it not dreadful?"

"It is, indeed, grandma. Patrick is as honest as man can be."

"But Dolmer, child, Dolmer says—"

"We have had no peace since that man was engaged," cried Queen, in a temper.

"You are deceived by him. He is a horrible and wicked creature. I am sure. Look at his spotted face, his tiger-like eyes. The hideous wretch is, I have no doubt, an escaped convict. I hate him!"

"What coarse language, dear. Dolmer is a very well-mannered man-servant, and so eager for my interests. You think too much of beauty."

"Pat is not beautiful," laughed Queen. "But look at his honest, gray eyes and good big mouth, grandma. Dismiss Dolmer and keep Patrick."

The two sat in a lovely room in one of the handsomest villas on the Hudson. Behind the sofa on which they had placed themselves, a tall Indian screen of rare beauty had been placed to ward off the draughts, which the old lady feared, as most old ladies do.

On this occasion it answered a double purpose, for behind it crouched a slender, dark-skinned man in a servant's jacket, who was listening intently to the conversation of the two ladies.

"Dolmer is a good man. He prays and reads his Bible a great deal," said the lady.

"Always in public," said the girl.

"And the Benevolent Society speaks so highly of him," said the grandmother.

"What do they know of him?" asked Queen. "Guilt is stamped on his face; he wants honest Patrick out of the way; he is a member of the dangerous class, I am sure. Grandma, I am afraid for you. Send him away."

The old lady tossed her head.

"I am more competent to judge than you are, at your age, little Queen," she said.

"Suppose he has sinned and is repentant, shall we not be merciful to him? I believe he is truly good, poor thing, and so attentive. Besides, I manage my own home, little Queen. I am not quite childish."

"Very well, grandma," sighed the girl. She passed out into the hall. Patrick stood there, with his face flushed and his hair tousled.

"The devil, savin' your prudence, is 'aves-droppin' to your remarks," he said.

"No doubt, Pat," said Queen. "Had I my way, he should go and you should stay."

"Thank ye, miss," said Pat. "You'd never believe poor Patrick would rob the dairy, miss, an' state butther an' eggs an' things—Pat that is so grateful he'd die for the old lady and both of yez?"

"Indeed, I do not," said the girl. "I have tried to get grandma to alter her decision. However, I know where to find you, Pat; and I think you will come back before long. I will expect Dolmer, if I can."

Pat bowed, and went sadly and slowly toward his garret to get his little blue chest, and Bertha moved away. As she did so, a cruel face peeped from behind a pantry-door, and two dark brows met in a scowl over eyes that were hardly human. The man who had listened behind the screen listened again. It was Dolmer.

"So you are my enemy?" he said.

"Very well, young lady. All is fair in war."

There was a little supper-party at the villa that night. A dozen of the most elegant people of the neighbourhood had been invited. Bertha, in her pale-pink silk dress, with rosebuds in her black hair, was beautiful enough, but at the last moment, the old lady, anxious to atone for her passing ill-temper, added a touch to her toilet.

"Come here, child," she said. "You shall have my long-promised diamonds to-night. I have taken them from the safe on purpose. You know I never put them on now. You are just the style for diamonds."

She placed the stars in her hair, drew the golden drops from her ears and substituted little cascades of diamonds, fastened a necklace about her neck and bracelets on her arms. The girl looked like an empress with all this wonderful splendor added to her beauty.

"I shall really be ashamed of myself. I am too fine," she said.

"Nobody can be that nowadays," said the old lady. "Simplicity is out of fashion, and the idea that girls must wear only white and rosebuds. I shall tell them I have given you your birthday present, and made you wear it. Why should I wait until I am dead to give the things to you? You would not enjoy them so much, and you are one-and-twenty, Bertha."

"Dear grandma," cried Bertha, "how good you are! It is more than I deserve, indeed, indeed, loving you is some claim. When I argue with you it is because I know you are being imposed upon. I—there, I will try to believe as you do about Dolmer. Of course you have had more experience, and I am silly about Patrick, who has been here so long."

"My dear, I've cried about Patrick, if you want the truth," said the old lady.

"I've really been his benefactress; but they tell me that persons of his class are always turning out badly, and have no gratitude. Systematic plunder, good Dolmer says, has been going on from first to last. Well, now go and look your prettiest and feel your happiest, little Queen." And, kissing the lovely girl, the beautiful old lady swept into her drawing-room, where the guests soon assembled.

It was an evening to remember, and Queen was in her gayest mood, or seemed to be. The truth was she made an effort unusual to her, for somehow her heart was heavy. Dolmer, with his strange, cruel face, disfigured by his yellow scars, had drilled the waiters thoroughly, and, in his faultless black coat and white tie, seemed to her like saint playing man-servant. Many, however, congratulated Mrs. Ashford on her possession of a treasure.

"These Europeans," they said, "understand all this sort of thing so much better than other people."

A great tenor from the Italian opera sang for them that night. Brilliant men talked their best; girls looked lovelier

than ever in the light of the myriad wax candles. The scent of many blossoms filled the house. When good-nights were said, the protestations of having had "a very pleasant evening" were heartfelt; and, surely, if admiration from men and friendly speech from women could content one, Queen should have been happy. Alas! her heart felt heavy as lead. She seemed to feel a strange premonition of evil. That night, for the first time she remembered that her grandmother, so handsome yet and full of life and spirit, was really old; that in all probability she must soon lose her. Perhaps it was this she thought. It was enough.

She followed the old lady to her room, and was loath to leave her; but all was so pleasant there, so guarded, so comfortable, and then the waiting-maid always slept in the small room adjoining, that she had no excuse for asking to stay.

With her diamonds still about her and her face glowing more and more serious, she stole softly up the stairs. Dolmer was locking doors and extinguishing candles with a painstaking air. He bowed to her as she passed. His eyes and his dark skin, with its yellow scars, made her think of a tiger.

She hurried to her room and locked the door. She had never done this before. She did not know why she did it now. The house she had known ever since she was born felt unsafe to her.

She had a mind to go back and beg to stay with her grandmother, after all, but dreaded the stars and passages, now dark and silent.

At last she knelt down and prayed, felt comforted, and arising, began to undress.

She removed the diamonds, laid them in their rich old cases, and placed them in her bureau. She had not the courage to go to the safe with them—she, who had often boasted that she did not know what fear meant. She threw her pretty dress across a chair, attired herself for the night and slipped into bed, leaving the night-lamp burning. It was a curious little thing, from which a white moon face, set in a sea of blue, looked at one with its almond eyes, when the lamp was lighted. It usually had a jolly expression; now it seemed to give her glances of warning.

Yet she might have fallen asleep even then but for a new and horrible thing that happened.

We all know that the coughing, or even hard breathing of any individual is a very distinctive sound, alike in no two people. Patrick, the dismissed servant, had a peculiar way of catching his breath when fatigued.

Suddenly in the silence, this sound struck on Queen's ear. Was it imagination? No, she heard it again. At once she was assured that Patrick was concealed in her room behind the curtains of an alcove. It could be for no other purpose than that of theft. Dolmer had been right, an honest guardian of her aunt's interests; Patrick, a wretch who deceived his benefactors.

She tried to think of some means of escape from the room. Should she rise to cross it, Patrick, powerful and alert, could stop her with a finger. She might bring about her own murder. Perhaps to feign sleep was the best and safest thing to do.

At least grandma was safe for the present. Patrick must know the diamonds were in her room. Again that sudden catch of the strong man's breath. Queen almost fainted.

Suddenly another sound struck her ear. A step upon the roof of the porch, which was below her window.

The shutters opened, a dark head protruded into the room, a little figure followed. Dolmer, himself, a pistol in his hand.

"Can this be true?" thought the girl. "This man I suspected has proved my guardian angel; he has come to save me from Patrick."

In her relief she sat up in bed, and clasping her hands, cried:

"Dolmer—good—kind Dolmer!"

But his answer was an oath. A hand struck her, not heavily, but sharp, on the shoulder, and Dolmer's voice hissed in her ear.

"Good Dolmer," she said. "Ah, now you are afraid! I was bad, Dolmer, this morning. I was to be dismissed, eh? Oh, yes, yes, because I am so dreadful to behold!"

And then the young lady thought:

"I looked like an escaped convict? Very well, I am—from the galleys at Toulon. For what was I there, eh? For killing a woman. Now I kill another! The I take the diamonds! Ah! you did well to keep them in your room to-night, and, at daylight, I discover you murdered and robbed. Dead women cannot tell tales! Perhaps it is Patrick who is dismissed, who is the thief. Who knows? Not honest Dolmer—who soon goes to be rich in his own country. I hate you. I like to kill you! I, who look like an ugly tiger, eh?"

The girl shrank back powerless to move or to speak, but seeing what Dolmer does not see: the alcove curtain thrown aside, and a great well-built Irish figure emerging from it, and lifting his strong hand above Dolmer's right arm. The next instant, Dolmer is on the floor, and Patrick, kneeling on his breast, ties his hands together with a red cotton handkerchief, as he cries:

"No fear now, miss, darlin'! I was up to the tricks of the crayther, and watched him. I knew he was aither thin or fat, and I saw him thry the windy to see if it was aisy enthrin'; so I risked my carackther for the sake of the family, prayin' the saints be wid me. 'Asy, Miss Queen. He's as helpless as a baby in me hands."

Pat gave his testimony in court. When Dolmer was tried, in a way that made much laughter, but it was with him, not at him. Dolmer, an escaped murderer, who had killed a lady for the sake of a bracelet, was returned to the authorities of his own country; and Patrick is now guardian-general of the house and the ladies. A more faithful one could not be found.

## The Cause of Rheumatism.

An acid which exists in sour milk and cider, called lactic acid, is believed by physicians to be the cause of rheumatism. Accumulating in the blood, it attacks the fibrous tissues in the joints, and causes agonizing pains. What is needed is a remedy to neutralize the acid, and to so invigorate the kidneys and liver that all waste will be carried off. Hood's Sarsaparilla is heartily recommended by many whom it has cured of rheumatism. It possesses just the desired qualities and so thoroughly purifies the blood as to prevent occurrence of rheumatic attacks. We suggest a trial of Hood's Sarsaparilla by all who suffer from rheumatism.

## "MARK TWAIN" ON PRINCES.

The English and the American Idea of their Rulers.

A prince is not to us what he is to a European, of course. We have not been taught to regard him as a god, and so one good look at him is likely to so nearly appease our curiosity as to make him an object of no great interest next time. We want a fresh one. But it is not so with the European. I am quite sure of it. The same old one will answer; he never stales.

Eighteen years ago I was in London, and I called at an Englishman's house on a bleak and foggy and dismal December afternoon to visit his wife and married daughter by appointment. I waited half an hour and then they arrived, frozen. They explained that they had been delayed by an unlooked-for circumstance; while passing in the neighborhood of Marlborough House they saw a crowd gathering, and were told that the Prince of Wales was about to drive out, so they stopped to get a sight of him. They had waited a half hour on the sidewalk, freezing with the crowd, but were disappointed at last—the prince had changed his mind. I said, with a good deal of surprise:

"Is it possible that you two have lived in London all your lives and have never seen the Prince of Wales?"

Apparently it was their turn to be surprised, for they exclaimed:

"What an idea! Why, we have seen him hundreds of times."

They had seen him hundreds of times, yet they had waited half an hour in the gloom and the bitter cold, in the midst of a jam of patients from the same asylum on the chance of seeing him again. It was a stupefying statement, but one is obliged to believe the English, even when they say a thing like that. I fumbled around for a remark, and got out this one:

"I can't understand it at all. If I had never seen Gen. Grant, I doubt if I would do that even to get a sight of him," with a slight emphasis on the last word.

Their blank faces showed that they wondered where the parallel came in. Then they said bluntly:

"Of course not. He is only a president."

It is doubtless a fact that a prince is a permanent interest, an interest not subject to deterioration. The general who was never defeated, the general who never held a council of war, the only general who ever commanded a connected battle front twelve hundred miles long, the smith who welded together the broken harts of a great republic and re-established it where it is quite likely to outlast all the monarchies present and to come, was really a person of no serious consequence to these people. To them, with their training, my general was only a man after all, while their prince was clearly much more than that, a being of a wholly unsimilar construction and constitution, a being of no more blood and kinship with men than are the serene eternal lights of the firmament with the poor dull tallow candles of commerce that splutter and die and leave nothing behind but a pinch of ashes and a stink.

## Parting is Such Sweet Pain.

It was 5 o'clock p. m., and George Montgomery had been spending the afternoon with sweet Lillian Luray.

"Good-by, darling," he said fondly, as they stood in the darkened vestibule.

"Good-by, George," she murmured, nestling her head in the time-honored place.

"Good-by."

"Good-by."

"In every parting, dearest, there is the image of death," he whispered, holding her close and kissing her passionately, "and we may never meet again."

"Oh, George, darling," she said, clinging to him almost fiercely.

"Who knows, my own, what may happen between this hour and when we meet again?"

"Mizpah," she breathed, and threw her arms about him convulsively.

"Yes, darling," he spoke tremulously, "let us keep that word as our shield and armor."

"And you will come back to me; to your own little loving Lillian, George; the same beautiful and brave George you have always been?"

"Trust me, Lillian, darling; trust your George."

"Oh, darling," she said, strong in the faith of woman, "I do trust you. How could I love you so if I did not?" and she kissed him fondly.

"Then I shall come again, Lillian, my own."

"But when, George? When? she asked anxiously.

"At 8 this evening, darling."

"Oh, George," she wailed, "will it be so long as that? So long, so long?"

He took her in his strong arms, tenderly.

"Darling," he whispered, "make it 7.30 sharp."

And it came to pass as he had spoken—Free Press.

## Every Man to His Trade.

The old adage "every man to his trade," has a sharp value and something of the Anglo-Saxon ring, but in the subdivision of labor incident to civilization every mother becomes a nurse. She decides whether the little one is sick, and immediately consults her mother which gives, at the outset an amount of knowledge at which many arrive only after years of experience. It is needless to state whose Mentor or Mentor's Mentor has in her possession. Dr. Humphreys' Mentor and Medicines are too well and widely known to require special comment from us. They are called for, not only by the mother prescribing for her ailing child, because they are mild and efficacious, but by old and young throughout the land, in whom a continued experience of their results has developed a confidence enjoyed by no other medicine.

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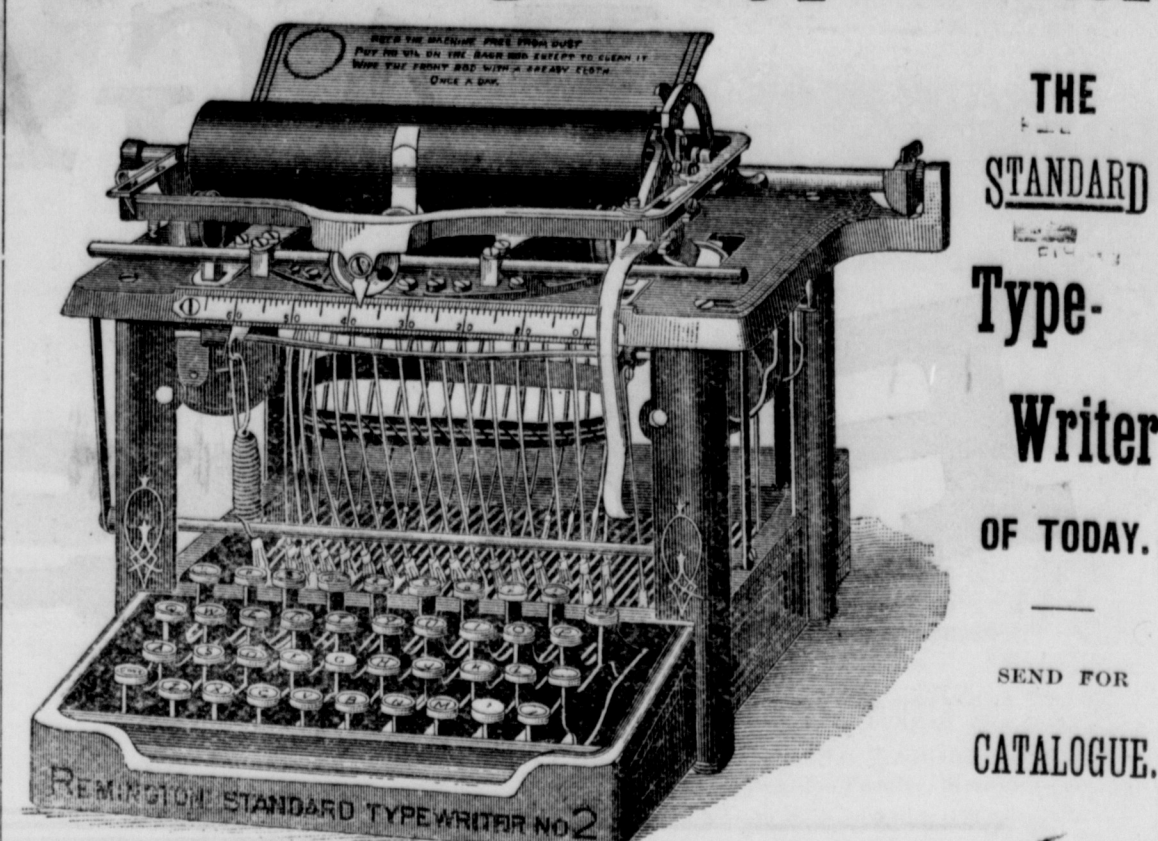
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