

POETRY.

"HERE SHE LIES."

(Suggested by verses, with the same title, by A. M. A. in the Herald of the 4th April, 1892.)

TO A WATER LILY.

Sweet scented water lily, white and fair, From the blue rippled bosom of the lake,

SELECT STORY

THE LADY, OR THE TIGER.

BY FRANK R. STOCKTON.

In the very old times, there lived a semi-barbaric king, whose ideas, though somewhat polished and sharpened by the progressiveness of distant Latin neighbors,

came out of one door, and on some out of the other. The decisions of this tribunal were not only fair, they were positively determinate: the accused person was instantly punished if he found himself guilty;

The institution was a very popular one. When the people gathered together on one of the great trial days, they never knew whether they were to witness a bloody slaughter or a hilarious wedding.

This semi-barbaric king had a daughter as blooming as his most florid fancies, and with a soul as fervent and imperious as his own.

The tiger-cages of the kingdom were searched for the most savage and selected for the arena; and the ranks of maiden youth and beauty throughout the land were carefully surveyed by competent judges,

As the youth advanced into the arena, he turned, as the custom was, to bow to the king; but he did not think at all of the royal presence; his eyes were fixed upon the princess, who sat to the right of her father.

On board a steambot that evening a strange thing occurred, which teaches a valuable lesson, says the Astorian. A shy young man decided to make an attempt to get acquainted with a young woman who had been introduced to him by a mutual friend.

On the other side of the enclosed space, were two doors, exactly alike and side by side. It was the duty and the privilege of the person on trial, to walk directly to these doors and open one of them.

When her lover turned and looked at her, and his eye met hers as she sat there pale and white as any one in the vast arena, it mattered not that he might already possess a wife and family, or that his own selection: the king allowed no such subordinate arrangements to interfere with his great scheme of retribution and reward.

This was the king's semi-barbaric method of administering justice. It is perfect fairness is obvious. The criminal could not know out of which door would come the lady: he opened either he pleased, without having the slightest idea whether, in the next instant, he was to be devoured or married. On some occasions the tiger

A PATHETIC STORY.

An Old Negro Tells His Longing to go Back Home.

As we waited in the Louisville depot, at Nashville, for the train some one began crying, and excitement was raised among the passengers. A brief investigation proved that it was an old colored man who was giving way to his grief.

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A Russian newspaper tells this story: "There arrived last evening at the hotel de l'Europe the widow of a merchant of the neighborhood for a short sojourn in our town, accompanied by her only daughter."

A dog on trial for his life—a sight impossible outside the jurisdiction of Massachusetts' curious laws—was the event of today, says a Boston despatch, that filled the municipal court with overflowing with curious spectators.

At various commands he played dead, walked on his hind legs alone, the room stood on his head, shouldered arms, whined dimly in imitation of a song and wound up by marching up the steps to the judge's desk on his hind legs and shaking paws with his honor.

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A HUMAN MYSTERY.

According to the St. Louis Globe-Democrat, Major Perry, the illiterate and ignorant Edgeland county negro, who, while in what appears to be a trance sleep, preached learned and eloquent sermons, is still attracting a great deal of attention and several enterprising citizens of Edgeland county now have the human phenomenon in charge and are exhibiting him to large audiences.

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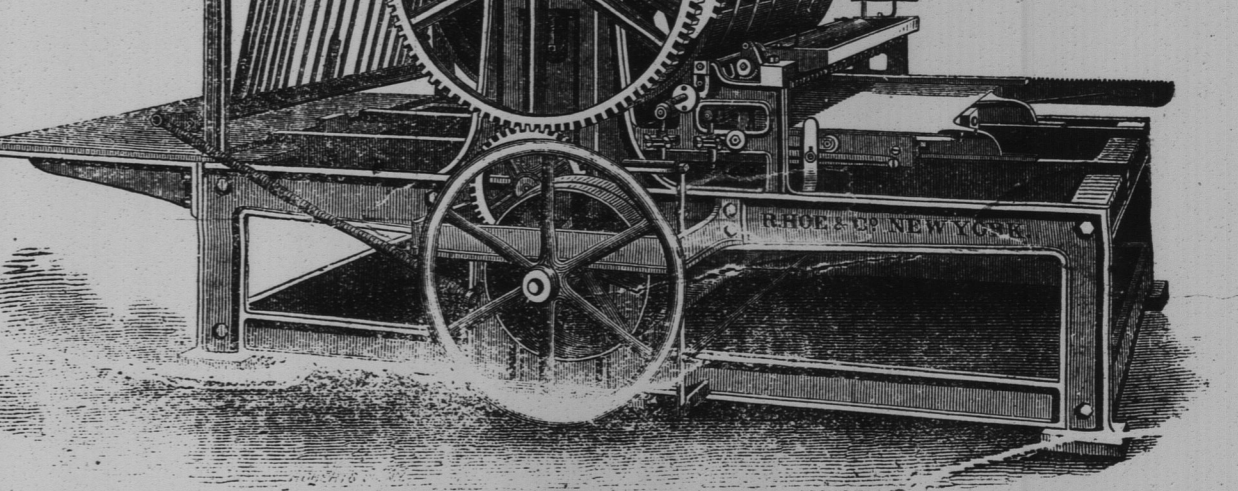
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