POETRY.

LITTLE BREECHES.

I don't go much on religion,
I never ain't had no show,
But I've got a middlin' tight grip, sir,
On the handful o' things I know,
I don't pan out on the prophets
And free will, and that sort of thing —
But I b'lieve in God and the angels,
Ever since one night last spring.

I come into town with some turnips,
And my little Gabe come along —
No four-year-old in the county
Could beat him for pretty and strong —
Peart and chipper and sassy,
Always ready to swear and fight —
And I'd larnt him to chaw terbacker
Jest to keep his milk teeth white.

The snow came down like a blanket
As I passed by Taggart's store;
I went in for a jug of molasses
And left the team at the door.
They scared at something and started —
I heard one little squall,
And hell-to-split over the prairie
Went team, Little Breeches and all.

Hell-to split over the prairie!
I was almost froze with skeer;
But we rousted up some torches,
And sarched for 'em far and near.
At last we struck hosses and wagon,
Snowed under a soft white mound,
Upsot, dead beat — but of little Gabe
No hide nor hair was found.

And here all hope soured on me,
Of my fellow critter's aid —
I jest flopped down on my marrow bones,
Crotch deep in the snow, and prayed.

* * * * *

By this, the torches was played out,
And me and Isrul Parr
Went off for some wood to a sheepfold
That he said was somewhar thar.

We found it at last, and a little shed
Where they shut up the lambs at night;
We looked in and seen them huddle thar,
So warm and sleepy and white;
And thar sot Little Breeches and chirped,
As peart as ever you see,
"I want a chaw of terbacker,
And that's what's the matter with me."

How did he get thar? Angels.
He could never have walked in that storm.
They just scooped down and toted him
To whar it was safe and warm.
And I think that saving a little child,
And bringing him to his own,
Is a derned sight better business
Than loafing around the Throne.

—JOHN HAY.

SELECT STORY.

EVELINE'S HISTORY.

BY SHIRLEY BROWNE.

"What does the doctor say, Reggy?"

Mr. Revere's stood by his wife's bedside, gravely regarding the white, anxious face that looked up to his. Mrs. Revere's eyes shone with feverish anxiety; two red spots came out on her cheeks as she studied every expression of her husband's countenance.

"He says, my dear," spoke Reginald, "that it's an aggravated case of rheumatic fever. That you will probably be confined to your room for six or eight weeks."

"Six or eight weeks!" Alice's head sunk back among the pillows. "Oh, Reggy, what will you and the children do?"

"Now, Alice, don't fret," said Mr. Revere, seating himself comfortably in the old cushioned rocker. "What good is it going to do for you to torment yourself into a fever beforehand? Just be quiet and leave me to arrange matters. I've been thinking it over while I waited for the druggist to measure out those powders. Aunt Nabby is all very well while you were at the helm yourself—a deal of help, I dare say, in one way or another; but she is old and half deaf and three quarters blind, and somebody must be got to supplement her. Eh?"

"Yes," Alice sighed softly, and set her teeth together "we shall need a girl. And, oh! I have worked so hard to save the wages of one."

"But you see it was not true economy for you to slave yourself sick, eh, puss?"

"That is not the question now, Reggy. Who can I send to the intelligence office."

"You can send me."

"You, Reggy."

"At your service, ma'am," with a low bow.

"Oh, dear, dear! what do you know about girls?" moaned Mrs. Revere.

"Well, Alice, I suppose any dolt could engage a woman for general housework without callling in the services of a professional lawyer."

He laughed as he spoke. Alice smiled in spite of her rheumtic pangs. Poor Reginald—how little he dreamed of what was before him.

"You will have to try, I suppose," said she. "Aunt Nabby's hearing is too imperfect to risk her as a medium. She might bring me home an amanuensis or a Swiss butler."

"I'll manage all right," said Mr. Revere. "Don't be afraid, Allie."

There were only a few aspirants for general housework on the painted wooden benches of the nearest intelligence office. One was an old woman in a red cloak and flapping cap-frills, ten years or so older and deafer than poor Aunt Nabby herself. Another, red-faced and belligerent, disapproved of children, but would come for twenty dollars a month. A third would take no place where she could not have her six-year-old boy with her. Reginald shook his head. "There are young destructives enough in the house already," said he. Number Four declined decidedly when she heard that Mrs. Revere was ill. "I'm used to have the missus lend a hand in the kitchen," said she. "I'm a delicate gurl and can't be put upon with sick folks." And so on to the end of the chapter. Mr. Revere stood aghast. It was a busy time of year at his office; he had already spent too much time girl-hunting. He looked appealingly at the smirking maitre du ceremonies behind the desk.

"What am I to do?" said he, feebly.

"Couldn't you call again to-morrow, sir?" hazarded the maitre. "Or, say, Saturday?"

"No; I must have a servant to-day."

("Servant, indeed!" whispered the belligerent one to the mother of the six-year-old boy. "An' didn't I tell yez he was wun o' the kind that grinds the faces o' the poor!")

"Very sorry, sir," said the maitre, "but—"

"That's that young person on the other side of the room," said Revere, glancing across. "I haven't spoken to her yet."

The young person alluded to colored scarlet, half rose, and then sat down again. The maitre grinned coarsely.

"She ain't in the general housework line, sir," said he. "She wants a place at type-writing."

"Oh! I beg a thousand pardons, I am sure," said Reginald; but the young person, a tall, lady-like girl of perhaps twenty summers, advanced with an hesitating air.

"It is quite true—what Mr. Jones says," spoke she. "I am not applicant for housework. But I have been here every day for a week; I have advertised in all the papers and visited a great many business places, all to no avail. I can do housework, and I will, if this gentleman will accept my services. It is imperatively necessary for me to get a situation of some sort."

"I shall be very glad, I am sure," said Mr. Revere, a little awkwardly.

"When do you want me?" said the girl, and Reginald could see that she had soft, blue-black eyes, a delicate complexion, and glossy brown hair whose one heavy coil, visible below her bonnet, was transfixed with a monster shell pin.

"At once. My wife is sick, and there are two little children. We have an elderly aunt, but she is of little use, and—"

"Very well. Please write down the address. I will be there within two hours."

And it was not until Mr. Revere had reached his office that he had time to ask himself if ever before a girl was engaged in that unconventional way.

"I didn't even ask her her name," said he. "And as for references — I wonder what Allie will say. But there, her face was reference enough. I don't set up for a physiognomist, but I do know the difference between a high-bred face and a heavy, dull, cow-like countenance. Well, we shall have to risk it now."

Aunt Nabby was in great glee when he came home to dinner.

"Your new girl is going to be a success, Reginald," said she. "She understood all about range dampers without being told, and only see what a dinner she has cooked. Consomme soup, roast prairie-chickens, and pear compote as clear as wine. And I don't know when she did it, either, for she's done up all the childrens' collars and frills into the bargain, and kept a-telling fairy-stories to little Rex, to keep him from fretting his mother, while I rocked the baby to sleep."

Mrs. Revere, too, was pleased with the new incumbent.

"Only I shall be almost ashamed to give her orders," smiled she, "for she looks so like a lady."

"I think," said blunt Reginald, "that she is a lady."

"And in my kitchen, Reggy!"

"Well, what is there incompatible in the two facts? She was in the office looking for a place as type-writer, but there was no demand. She wanted work of some sort, so, like a sensible girl, came here."

"I didn't inquire about the references," added Alice. "Where has she lived last?"

"Don't know."

"Didn't you ask her?"

"No."

"Oh, Reggy!"

"Well, you know I was so taken by surprise I couldn't think of everything," apologized Mr. Revere. "I dare say it will be all right."

"I didn't think to ask her her name," went on Alice, thoughtfully.

"Neither did I," laughed Reginald.

"Reggy," cried despairing Alice, "what 'Babes in the Wood' we are!"

"And, by all appearances," said Reggy, "the new girl is as much a 'Babe in the Wood' as we are."

But Eveline — for such proved to be her name — continued to "suit."

"She isn't strong," said aunt Nabby, "but she is efficient. She's got a real faculty for work, Eveline has. And the children — dear, dear, how fond they are of her!"

And the Revere family congratulated themselves on the fact that they had got a "treasure."

But one day when Reginald came home Alice was looking very grave and perturbed.

"What is it, Puss?" said he.

"It's Eveline! Oh, Reginald, she has deceived us! She is an imposter!"

"Halloo!" shouted Revere.

"But she is, Reggy. I've found it out now. Mrs. Jennings was here this morning, and she knows her. She is a married woman!"

"The deuce she is!"

"And her husband is an artist. Mrs. Jennings met them at Bar Harbor a year ago. Such a handsome, stylish pair they were! And now, of course, she has left him — and — oh, Reggy, I won't have any such scandal as that in my house!"

Reginald whistled softly.

"Why couldn't Mrs. Jennings have held her tongue?" said he. "We were getting along swimmingly. We didn't engage Mr. Eveline!"

"Is that your standard of morality, Reggy?"

"It's my standard of common sense."

"Well," said Alice, decidedly, "I shall send for her to come up this evening and discharge her. I won't be made a tool of in this way!"

Just then a soft knocking sounded at the door.

"It's Aunt Nabby," said Alice, fretfully. "I wonder what brings her here just now?"

It was not Aunt Nabby, however, it was Eveline, asking to see Mrs. Revere. Reginald beat an abject retreat through the outer door.

"If there's going to be a scene," said he, "I don't care to witness it. Women can always fight out a question best by themselves."

Eveline's face was full of soft radiance as she advanced, smiling, to the bedside of the invalid.

"May I speak to you, Mrs. Revere? To be candid, I have a confession to make," said she.

"Yes?" Mrs. Revere's tone was cold as ice.

"I have deceived you," went on Eveline. "Innocently, it is true — but still it was a deceit. My name is not Eveline Elsworth, but Eveline Elsworth Forde. I am married."

"Was there any occasion for this treachery on your part?" asked Alice.

Eveline's eyes brimmed over with tears.

"Was it treachery?" she faltered. "But you won't say so, I'm sure, when you know all. We had nothing beforehand in the world, and when Frank broke his arm and had to be taken to the hospital, I knew that I must do something. So I allowed him to think — dear, dear Frank, who would not have let the winds of heaven blow too roughly on me — that I had secured a place as type writer in a shipping business, you know. And whenever I had an afternoon out I was so glad to take him my money, and the little luxuries I was able to buy him."

Alice put out her hand.

"Eveline," said she — "Mrs. Ford, I mean — I beg your pardon. I was heroic of you — it was just what I would have done myself for Reggy. But why didn't you tell me?"

Eveline's long eyelashes dropped.

"I don't know whether I can express myself clearly," said she, "but — but I did not feel that the secret I was compelled to keep from my husband ought to be confided to any one else — even to you, dear Mrs. Revere!"

"You are right," responded Alice, her own eyes sympathetically bedewed. "But why have you told me now?"

"Because," said Eviline, "the riddle is solved at last. Frank's uncle in New Orleans died suddenly yesterday — the uncle who so systematically opposed our marriage and would not speak to Frank because he married the girl he loved instead of the heiress Uncle Rossecter had chosen for him. He meant to disinherit us, but he put off signing the papers and died without a will. And Frank inherits all! They have telegraphed to Frank, and he has written me a note from the hospital. We are rich at last. And I think he will forgive me for the fraud I have practiced — oh, with such a true and loving heart — upon him."

"He will — he will!" sobbed Alice, both of whose arms had twined themselves around Eveline's neck in warm caresses.

"But," added Eveline, "I do not know how I am ever to thank you and Mr. Revere for all your kindness to me during this dark chapter of my life. It has been such a comfort to me. Such a strength and support!"

So Eveline Forde went away, leaving poor Mrs. Revere drenched in tears. Half an hour afterward Reginald came in rather sheepishly.

"Halloo!" said he. "You've been crying, little woman. What did the girl say — the married woman, I mean? Was she cross with you, poor pet? Did you discharge her?"

Alice laughed out through her tears.

"No," said she. "She discharged herself!"

And then she told him Eveline's history.

SIXTY YEARS A PRISONER.

(From the London Daily News, Naples Letter).

The other day, after sixty years of imprisonment, part of which was passed in the prison hospital, the brigand chief Domenico Nocchia was liberated, and passed through Naples to Rome, where it is probable, as he has no living relative, that he will be placed in some asylum, for he suffers from asthma and a disease of the leg. This old brigand chief was born eighty-three years ago, near Viterbo, where at fourteen years of age he killed the syndic and his brother, a priest, because he had heard they wanted to have him arrested. After the murder he fled and joined a band of brigands, leading the life of a highwayman and housebreaker for some years, during which, he asserts, more than a million francs passed through his hands. When he was at school previously at Montefiascone he had been the companion of Pope Leo, and, being a good arithmetician, was at that early age made to teach his fellow-scholars. When he became a brigand he used to dress like a superior officer, and quietly frequent the town of Piedmont, Tuscany, etc. Of the Neapolitan provinces, only the Abruzzi were favored by his visits. It was a sweetheart of his who finally enabled the gendarmes to arrest him without shedding of blood. The price that had been set on his head was 35,000 francs, which the gendarmes gained. He was taken, together with five companions, who were all beheaded; but Nocchia was saved by princi Orsini, president of the senate, because when the prince had one evening been stopped and robbed by the band, Nocchia had set him free and restored all that had been taken. Nocchia was, however, condemned to prison for life, but he did not cease to commit crimes. In 1841, being vexed with the reproaches of the chaplain because he refused to kneel and kiss the crucifix, Nocchia killed the priest by a stratagem. On July 2, 1855, he had been irritated by a dentist failing to extract a torturing tooth, and had treacherously sharpened a large nail and killed the dentist with two stabs. In 1856, having made a complicated calculation of all the expenses of the Crimean war within ten days, while his prison companions had not been able to manage it in a month, he gained a prize of fifty scudi from the commanding colonel. Twice he tried to committ suicide; once at Pesaro, when he swallowed a blister that had been put on a companion's arm, but, he said, without result, as it was as if he had merely eaten a pastry. The second time he had cut a vein in his arm, but this, too, failed. All these things he related in his dialect, with surprising vivacity for an old culprit of eighty-three years of age.

MAY PRECIPITATE A WAR.

The Opening Of The Dardanelles To Russian Volunteers.

LONDON, Sept. 4.—The semi-official statement which the Porte issued in regard to the agreement with Russia touching the passage by the Russian volunteer fleet through the Dardanelles is quickening the British foreign office in its efforts to obtain concerted action on the part of the treaty powers in demanding further explanations from the Porte. Within two days Lord Salisbury's attitude appears to have changed from one of pretended indifference into one of keen diplomatic activity. From Chateau Crue, where he still abides, he has roused the officials of the foreign department here, through whom night and cipher despatches pass in a stream to and from the European capitals.

A high official of the department takes the view that the Russo-Turkish agreement will make necessary an early demonstration on the part of Great Britain even if she has to act alone. Lord Salisbury's position is that the Russo-Turkish agreement is an evasion of the treaty of Paris. Turkey could not assent to an open and flagrant violation of the treaty by giving Russia the right to send warships through the straits, but she makes concessions tantamount to the same privilege in permitting the passage through the Dardanelles of a volunteer fleet equipped with guns and filled with soldiers. British intervention ultimately appears to be inevitable.

The Paris Temps compares the Russian volunteer fleet with the British steamers built for arming in time of war. The fact is when the treaty of Paris was concluded it was not forseen that vessels would be designed of mixed merchant and war character. The Temps distinctly indicates that the French government intends to support the Sultan's right to enter into a special contract with Russia outside of the articles of the treaty. With the straits trouble is directly involved the question of Egypt. Moukhtar Pa-ha, the Porte's commissioner at Cairo, has renewed his demand through the Khedive for the evacution of Egypt by the English. Cario advices state that if this demand is refused Moukhtar will ask the Sultan to relieve him and leave the post vacant as a protest.

The British ambassador at Constantinople. Sir William White, is on the worst possible terms with the Sultan, who has repeated excuses to avoid seeing him, and it is reported that Sir William is about to be replaced.

The Austrian ambassador in Turkey, Baron von Calice, who has been on leave at Vienna, had a long conference with Count Kalnoky in regard to the Dardanelles question, and started to return to Constantinople charged to support Englands diplomatic policy.

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EIGHTEEN AND FORTY.

BY MRS. E. BURKE COLLINS.

She was the loveliest creature in existence — this golden-haired pansy-eyed fairy. So I thought as I watched her coming down the long hall, her trailing ball-dress of pale-pink satin covered with soft white lace making a musical frou-frou as she moved. At sight of me the beautiful face grew radiant, and the great purple-blue eyes shone like twin stars.

"How do you like me, Guardy?"

She came to a halt, and turned her graceful figure slowly around for my critical inspection. She was perfect, and I told her so.

From the stately little head with its shining golden hair, with sweet pink and white azaleas for its only ornament, down to the dainty satin slippered foot, Lillian Rand was simply perfection. I felt like an old man as I stood gazing upon her beautiful face.

"Well, Sir Knight of the Rueful Countenance," she cried, gayly, "are you not going to accompany us? Mrs. Bronson will soon be down, and the carriage is already at the door. And there goes the bell!"

I stepped into the libary, beside whose open door we were standing, and Lillian followed me.

"Why will you not go out with me any more, Guardy?" she asked, reproachfully, lifting her wonderful eyes to my face with a pleading look.

"I am getting too old for fashionable dissipation, Lily," I returned, with my most patriarchal air.

She burst forth into a peal of laughter.

"One would think you an old bluebeard!" she exclaimed, merrily. "You are only —"

"Forty!" I supplemented, bitterly, "and you are eighteen!"

She turned away her sweet face clouded with annoyance, an unwonted shadow gathering over its brightness. A servant made his appearance at the open door of the library just then with an immense boquet of orchids.

"For Miss Rand," he said, with a low bow.

Lillian took them and laid them upon a table near. I had brought her a lovely boquet of pale-pink and white roses that evening. It stood in a crystal vase upon the carved mantel. Lillian was gazing at me with eyes which had a strange expression.

"Guardy, tell me why —"

She hesitated, and the opportunity was lost. For just then the swish of silken skirts fell upon our ears and Mrs. Bronson, my widowed sister, who conducted my household, appeared at the library door, radiant in creamy silk and black lace.

"Ready, Lil? Dear me, how well she looks! Doesn't she, Morris?"

I bowed; but somehow I did not feel inclined to discuss Miss Lillian Rand just then. I picked up the white cloak, which lay upon a chair, and threw it about her shoulders. While Lillian drew on her gloves and found her fan Mrs. Bronson's sharp eyes lighted upon the orchids.

"Orchids! Why, they must have cost a fabulous sum. And Grosvenor, the banker, sent them! See, here is his card. What? You are not going to take them, Lil? Well, you are a strange girl to choose that bunch of pink and white roses. By the way, I should think that Grosvenor would propose to-night."

Lillian looked disturbed, but made no response. I conducted them to the carriage, and, having assisted them within, the carriage rolled away. I went back to the library and closed the door.

The first object upon which my eyes fell was the bunch of orchids. I glanced at the name upon the card. Lee Grosvenor. He was about thirty, tolerably good-looking, and with an abundance of that desirable possession which has power to illumine the plainest face in the eyes of most women. He was very wealthy and purse-proud, and rumor said that he was a suitor for the hand of sweet Lillian Rand. She was not rich, though possessed of a competence, and I would be her guardian until she reached her majority, or married.

I marched over to the long mirror which occupied a spare niche in the wall of the reception-room, which opened from the library. There I stood and surveyed the image reflected. But I was forty my last birthday, and Lillian only eighteen. Nonsence! what could I be thinking of? With an impatient gesture I turned away. There was no hope for me, none. I did not deceive myself or try to hide the truth from my own heart. Well, I would devote myself henceforth even more assiduously than before to my profession. For I was a popular physician, and enthusiastic in my profession.

Lee Grosvenor intended to marry Lillian Rand. He seemed possessed of an assurance upon that point which was galling in the extreme to me. Yet the girl looked upon me almost as she would have a father, and I knew that for me there could not be the slightest hope. Yet, why had she taken my boquet to the ball and discarded Grosvenor's orchids?

"Nonsense!" I muttered, half angry with myself. "My roses were a perfect match for her costume, and that explains the choice!"

I sat down to pore over a medical journal. There were topics treated within its pages which were of vital importance to me, but try as I might to-night I could not concentrate my mind upon the subject before me. I gave it up at last in despair, and resting my head upon my hand, sat gazing into the bright wood fire which blazed from the hearth, and buried in a deep reverie, the hours glided by. They returned quite early that night — Mrs. Bronson and Lillian. I was surprised to hear the outer door open to admit them at a little past midnight. I had just extinguished the gas in the library, preparatory to retiring to my own apartment, and there was only the faint glow of the dying fire to lighten the room. I had stepped into the adjoining reception-room for a moment, leaving the door of communication ajar, and just at that juncture the library door was opened, and I heard the rustling of a soft satin robe, and a moment later, as I could see by the fire-light in the library, Lillian sunk into the seat before the fire which I had just vacated. Something prompted me to stand still for a brief space. I did not mean to listen — what could I hear? — for the child was alone. But I did hear something for which I was not prepared — a broken sob, followed by a passionate outburst of tears. Shocked and alarmed, I stood there, and these words reached my ears:

"My darling! my darling! will you never care for me — never love me? It is breaking my heart!"

I stole softly from the room by another door and hastened up to my own chamber. What troubled her so? She, the beauty and belle, whom could she love who would not love her in return? It seemed utterly incredible.

The next morning Lillian appeared at our late breakfast looking very pale and subdued. Once I caught her beautiful eyes fixed upon my face with an absorbed expression; when my glance met hers she turned away.

Beside my place lay a letter. I opened it and found an offer of Lee Grosvenor's heart, hand, and fortune to my ward, Lillian Rand.

So the crisis had arrived, and I must school myself for the inevitable. I requested an audience with my ward, and once alone, laid the tempting offer before her. She turned pale as death, but uttered never a word.

"What is your answer, Lillian?" I asked.

"I refuse absolutely. I do not love him, and I will never marry a man whom I do not love. I did not think you wanted to be rid of me so soon."

And before I could recover from my astonishment she had rushed from the room and sought her own apartment.

I had just written a reply to Mr. Grosvenor, repeating my ward's decision, when a telephonic message arrived calling me at once to a patient. I found the man very ill. He had persistently refused to call a physician, and now he was beyond human aid. It was a disease with which I had never grappled before — that horrible disease, yellow-fever. I remained with him for a time, trying to alleviate his sufferings, but all in vain. He died after several hours of awful agony.

A few days had passed before the dread truth came home to me that I had contracted the disease. I had thought myself protected, but found that I was suffering the pangs of that most horrible of fevers. I went straight to the hospital dedicated to the awful scourge and was received there. Delirium set in, and for days I was unconscious of my suffering.

I opened my eyes, and a wild cry escaped my lips. Lillian Rand sat beside my bed! I started up, but a cool little hand was laid upon my brow, and I heard her whisper, softly:

"My poor darling! Will the delirium never leave him?"

I fell asleep, too weak to insist that she should leave me, and only fairly realized the situation when I awoke once more. I discovered then that Lillian had nursed me through the entire illness, Mrs. Bronson having been sent for to the death-bed of her husband's father in a neighboring city, and knew nothing of my illness.

It was too late now to send Lillian away. She sat at my side, my hand clasped in hers, while I lay gazing into her sweet face.

"Lillian," I asked, suddenly, "why did you come to nurse me? Do you not realize your awful danger?"

She smiled, but her face flushed.

"Shall I tell you why, Maurice? Because I care for you — more than any one on earth."

I uttered a cry of joy. Then I remembered.

"But, Lil, I am more than double your age, and —"

"I love. I know that I am unwomanly to tell you; but I made up my mind that I — that — you —"

She never finished. I had both the little hands in mine kissing them with passionate fervor. Her soft blue eyes were full of tears.

Soon after I recovered — Lillian strangely escaped the fever — we were quietly married, and ours has been a happy life, though when I won her I was forty and she only eighteen.

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