

LITTLE AH SID.

Little Ah Sid
Was a Christian lad—
A cute little boy, you'd declare—
With eyes full of fun
And a nose that begun
Right up at the roots of his hair.

Jolly and fat
Was the frolicsome brat,
As he played through the long summer day,
And braided his cue
As his father used to,
In Chinoland, far, far away.

Once o'er a lawn
That Ah Sid played upon
A bumble-bee flew in the spring;
"Mexican butterfly!"
Said he, with a winking eye,
"Me catch and pull off um wing."

Then with his cap
He struck it a rap—
This from the pocket—
And puts it remains—
In the seat of his jeans,
For a pocket there had the Chinee.

Down on the grass
Sat the little sardine,
In a sty e that was stranly demure,
And said with a grin
That was brimful of sin,
Me mash um buttley, sure!

Little Ah Sid
Was only a kid.
You could you expect him to guess
What kind of a bug
He was holding so snug
In the folds of his loose-fitting dress.

"Ki-yi! Ki-yip!"
Said Ah Sid, as he tose him to that spot.
"Ki-yi! Yuk-a-kan!
Dam um Mexican man—
I'm buttley belly much hot!"
ian Francisco Wasp.

A ROGUE'S REWARD.

BY KENRIDGE.

A strange motto for a family, is it?" he asks, holding up the heavy ring he had drawn from his finger. "What is it? Translate—you know n't read Latin," says my lady, looking up from the depths of those soft, cushions, against the dark velvet high her neck and face and arms like pure Carrara.

He leans still closer and drops his, as if the words held for him some meaning forboding. Who he forgets shall be in turn for-

"es," it is a queer one," says my, meditatively, gazing intently on handsome, youthful face beside her, too, that you should read it to

ow—undersuch circumstances, you.

If it were different—" she es and shrugs her shoulders and

her hand impatiently, then sighs turns her face to the wall. The ring

to the floor, and Julian Frere

her hand as it rests fluttering in her breast!

"I darling," he cries, forgetful of very words that gave rise to her, "only answer me as I wish—must be answered, and we shall be

—oh, so happy, if you will.

lady slowly turns her face back, and her eyes are dark with pas-

yet with a half contempt for his

anliness in their dreary depths h' he has never seen before.

o you think, Julian, that there are

reams from which we must awak-

ve scenes over which the curtain

fall surely when the little comedy

been played, and even the actors

seives are yawning?"

lady smiles, and looks away, far

over the waters of the Mediterranean, and the expression of coolness and

deepens in her eyes.

Julian only sees a beautiful

an who d'y by day and week by

has lured him on to love and

hip her.

stretches out his arms to clasp

them, but she makes no response

e has always done before;

has been no comedy on my part,"

uttered, fiercely. "You have no

to say it has been on yours."

h, my friend, did I say that? I

mean—well, you will force me to

such plain words. "That motto

ght to mind the peculiar circum-

es which surround us both. Here

—she suddenly stops, then goes

ly on—"here you are, I mean,

to a young lady, not beautiful,

say, but talented, graceful, and

e, one who would make you happy

far happier than I could or would.

I am terribly selfish, Julian—"

ugs gayly as if in denial of the

charge she so lightly brought

herself—"and I would not make

good wife. I am too fond of

away naps at dear Mr. Blane's

green table. I like the society of

sex too well to put up long with

the—oh, the fact is that a

nd, you know, is just like your

you get used to his style, and

it, and naturally want a change.

ith me exactly, dear Julian. We

enjoyed ourselves together for a

Shall we not part as friends,

friends, if you choose, but—but

more, you know?"

takes her hands and kisses them

are for no one else and can think

one else now. Heavens forgive

I cannot!" he murmurs.

a moment she says nothing, but

in his arms, peaceful, content,

o remorseful picture disturbs his

il feeling, shall she allow the

w or a woman whom she has

met to come between them then?

sure, she is married—she has

told Julian that—but Lord

is away off in Algiers, where

ar is, and perhaps is dead, or

so, for the Africans are terrible

es, they say. So she gives herself

his caresses, and for an hour

instant only it seems to

he is happy in the silence which

othingly upon them, as the twi-

steals over the quiet waves and

es all the brightness without to

ws which creep, slowly with the

and leave dim forms and

in every corner.

ny other days had been passed

e manner, and Julian Frere had

content to let them go in sweet

fulness of time, of place, of eter-

self—content to sit at Isabel's

feet, enslaved—enamored, if

ike, but trapped of his own free

long the time was since he had

own home in England, he nei-

new nor cared. How long since he

weet face—so dear to him once-

nd not would not even remem-

gentle letters came very often,

breathing love and truthfulness, but never a word of reproach at the cold an-

swers which his unwilling fingers

penned.

He had once imagined that he loved this English girl with her tender man-

ers and soft-brown, trustful eyes.

But, oh, *Dio mio*, he had not then

seen tender eyes flash with a passion

whose fierceness enhances their brill-

iance, nor lips more than half willing

for frequent meetings with his own.

The gentle English girl should have

his name—it was promised, and he was

in honor bound to that. But this dark,

tawny woman of the South, with her

Italian arts of love and Parisian graces,

which charmed and lulled his senses

into dreamland—never could he bring

his heart from her keeping, and what

will be will.

He went out from his room that even-

ing, and left the ring with the strange

motto engraved on it lying on the floor.

The next day he called at the Villa

Carlo, but my lady was out.

The day after, at his accustomed

hour, he went again.

My lady was still out, the footman said.

"But had she left no word—no mes-

sage?" asked Julian.

"Oh, surely. If the signor came

there was a little note."

Julian's hand trembled as he received

a small, crumpled note, which the foot-

man carelessly drew from his pocket.

Beneath the huge porch of the Par-

thenon, where the moonlight streams

down in a broad flood and merges step

by step into the farther shadows, Julian

read the letter:

"Caro mio," it began—ah, the soft

Italian phrase, which seemed doubly

sweet and tender from her lips or pen

"I have been thinking deeply these

last two days, and have come to a sensible

resolution. If my Lady Eva could

have shown half the sense of which I

shall presently make an exhibition

much trouble might have been averted.

"Dear Julian, you will stamp and

curse and swear when I tell you. Well,

what I say is this—that we must

part.

"For your little English girl will

begin to be impatient at your absence,

and I—well, I must tell you my hus-

band is coming home from the war in

Algiers, for I am married.

Why tell you before? It matters nothing

now. If you will be angry, console

yourself with one thought—that I love

you for yourself, and so send me

from the war in Algiers.

"Julian, she said, in a low tone, "we

have met with misfortune. I, too, have

lost. Poor Carlo never came back

from the war in Algiers."

"Julian, she said, in a low tone, "we

have met with misfortune. I, too, have

lost. Poor Carlo never came back

from the war in Algiers."

"Julian, she said, in a low tone, "we

have met with misfortune. I, too, have

lost. Poor Carlo never came back

from the war