

THE GUTTER HERO.

BY WILLIAM LYLE.

Into the gutter he waded,
To splash in the muddy rain;
Scant was his raiment and covered
With many a greasy stain:
But God made the little hero,
And under his ragged vest
He carried a soul of honor,
Pure as a sunbeam's best.

Into the gutter he waded,
And tossed with his wet bare feet
A pocket-book stored with riches
Clear into the rain-washed street.
"Money!" cried he, as he clutched it,
And thought of his hunger pangs—
A moment he paused—but he conquered,
And breathed a hero's gasp.

All nobly he sought the owner,
And gave up the untouched gold,
The thrill in his heart repeating—
"Happier a thousand fold."
"What honesty in the gutter?"
"Thank you, my little man."
Only his heart glow paid him,
As off the little feet ran.

Yes, honesty in the gutter,
Think you it's never been
Must ermine and silk enswathe it,
Can grandeur improve its men?
Must the poor wail in life's desert,
Hungry and cold though he be,
Have no bright spot on his record
"Because of his pedigree?"

Honor is bound to no station,
Honesty stays by no creed,
And many a noble spirit
Is hid by the garb of need.
The man of the world may marvel,
But poverty's paths are trod
By many a royal hero,
Heart-warmed by the breath of God.

A GREAT TEMPTATION.

BY LILY M. CURREY.

If any one was to blame, it was Clemence Arlington, who had first conceived the idea. But this young lady, beauty, heiress, only child and mistress of her father's house, was by no means accustomed to having her plans thwarted. It would have been absurd for Fannie Rae to have opposed them. Fannie was a lately acquired protegee, whom Miss Arlington delighted on various occasions to caress, shower favors upon, swear by in matters artistic, and even to patronize. Six years previous the two had been school friends; that was before Fannie had come to the most terrible experience of her life. She had often entertained Clemence at her suburban home, which Clemence had declared a most poetic and fascinating place. Later on, Miss Arlington, duly chaperoned, was sent abroad to complete her education, and to two lost sight of each other for a space of three years. During this time Clemence reversed the roles of the penniless; father and mother succumbed to the shock, and Fannie stood facing the world a homeless orphan. Nervous herself with heroic resolve, she had forthwith set out for the city. She possessed considerable talent for art; had studied one and made fair progress. She rose this, therefore, as her profession. She had been for some time employed in a dear little sky-studio, with a few enough pupils to keep her from starving, and just enough courage to old despair at bay, when, one day, late November afternoon, Clemence Arlington walked in upon her. He came old Clemence, very tall and slender for her height; elegantly dressed and characteristic in manner. She took Fannie's face between her hands and gave her a light kiss on her cheek; after which she decided that Fannie's natural enough emotion as very becoming, and, moreover, at Fannie, in her plain, black dress as beautiful as ever, with an intellectual, interesting sort of beauty, not the pink and white and Grecian features.

She had heard all about her friend's troubles, she had been looking her up, she said presently, since returning on Paris.

"And how are you succeeding?" she asked.

"O, fairly," said Miss Rae, trying to smile.

"Which means you are having an awfully hard time. Never was a realist yet that didn't. Well, tell me about it."

And Fannie obeyed with some reluctance.

The sat conversing so until the early dusk had fallen about them, and they could hardly see each other's faces. Then Miss Arlington suddenly remembered:

"How late it is! And there are a thousand things I want to ask you. Come home with me, can't you? I'm going to the opera to-night; I want you to look at my dress and put a decent suggestion into it. Come, you can stay to-night, I'm sure."

And Fannie, of course, obeyed.

They numbered, but three at dinner the Arlington mansion that evening, immediately after which Mr. Arlington directed to his library to write letters, and Clemence took Fannie up to her room in the apartments. Fannie had not been in mourning it would have been Miss Arlington's way to insist upon her and's accompanying herself and the other matron who was to act as chaperone. As it was, Miss Arlington dismissed her maid from the room, immediately the woman had laid out the shimmering satin gown and all its fine accessories.

"Please to look at me," said the heiress, by and by, when she had slipped into her elaborate toilette, "and give me an artistic touch or two."

"I do not see much to alter," said Fannie, seriously.

they're mostly old and hideous. It's because they have had to make slaves of themselves. Now, I would like to see you become famous, but you might as well enjoy life meanwhile. If you had a home of your own, you could get on twice as fast. You've got a great deal in your favor," Clemence went on, "looking at it in a practical way. You are of good family, for one thing; they can't put up their eye-glasses and say, 'Only fa-a-ncy! Who is she?'"

Fannie sighed.

"I am sure I don't know how I should succeed, Clemence. I'm afraid my art would amount to very little, if it were not a case of necessity. Necessity is a great master."

"There, there! Don't say another word; I can't argue. I'll talk to you in the morning."

And Clemence, having caught up a ruby velvet carriage-rug, swept down to the drawing-room.

Miss Arlington was scarcely attentive to the music that evening. She conversed more than was her wont with the various gentlemen who came to pay their respects to herself and chaperon. Among these was one who seemed especially to claim her consideration—a fine-faced man of perhaps 40. Clemence spoke with the freedom of long acquaintance.

"You have neglected us lately. Only yesterday papa was wondering why you stayed away."

"I have been out of town," said this gentleman. "I had thought to call upon you to-morrow."

"Pray do. I know papa will be delighted. Cannot you dine with us, quite alone, you know, at 7? Do!"

Whereupon he promised, and went away.

Clemence was very mysterious in her manner the following morning, while she breakfasted alone with Fannie Rae.

"I think I have found him," she said, after a time.

Fannie looked innocent.

"Found whom?"

"The happy bridegroom-to-be."

"Oh, Clemence!"

"Yes, dear; that is very nice and proper; that deprecation, that remonstrance. Nevertheless, I have found him. His name is Elliot Lindsey. He is an old friend of ours—what they call, in London, a 'city man.' He has about \$30,000 a year—altogether eligible, you know, good-looking, and clever. Papa thinks the world of him."

"If he is so nice," said Fannie, rather feebly, "he is probably in love with you."

"No; you are on the wrong track. Besides—I've an interest elsewhere—in Paris just at present."

But that is neither here nor there. Clemence put up a long, slim finger to warn against interruption. "Before going any farther, I want to ask you one serious question. Are your affections already engaged? Is there any one you care for?"

Fannie shivered.

"How could there be? I have lost the world I always lived in," she said, rather vaguely.

"I am very glad you are heart-free. You cannot help but like Mr. Lindsey. He is one of the kindest-hearted men I ever knew. He is a traveled man; something of a connoisseur in paintings besides."

when Fannie found herself installed as a member of the Arlington household. The weeks fairly flew. She spent only the mornings at her studio; Clemence always had something to occupy afternoon and evening.

Elliot Lindsey was a frequent visitor. Ere long Miss Rae was forced to admit he appeared interested in her.

Clemence was jubilant at the prospect of success.

"I don't see how he could help falling in love with you," she said. "Do you know, Fannie Rae, that you are a very beautiful girl? You have a delicate, spirituelle, uncommon sort of beauty. You have that tender, timid look in your blue eyes. Your hair is magnificent. * * * And everything is sure to come right. But what makes you sigh?"

"Did I sigh?" asked Fannie, looking plainly lugubrious. She could not bring herself to confess the uneasiness which was slowly developing into heart-ache.

She was beginning to realize her feelings toward Elliot Lindsey; to entertain the conviction that she could never love him. Respect, esteem, these were all; she liked him very much; she could not love him. And as the weeks passed she knew that he had come to care for her in a way which could have but one ending.

She began to wonder what she should say to him. Supposing he should ask her to become his wife? Could she consent? She shivered at the thought. Suppose he asked her if she loved him? She must speak the truth. Then, would he be content? Would she be happy, or wretched for all her life? She grew sick and feverish with this internal conflict.

But Clemence was overjoyed at the approaching result of her labors.

Late one afternoon in February, Miss Arlington's boudoir seemed a cozy place. The firelight threw a rosy tint upon the violet hangings of the room. A strip of orange sunset was visible through the purple dusk, where the window-curtains fell as yet apart.

Fannie was watching this with sympathetic eyes, and rocking slowly to and fro in a deep rocking-chair. Clemence was curled up on a white rug before the grate. She glanced up occasionally at a golden clock, which swung tipsily from side to side upon the mantel.

"I fancied"—she was beginning, when a servant brought up Mr. Elliot Lindsey's card, "for Miss Rae."

As the door closed upon the man, Clemence sprang up with low, triumphant note.

"He has asked for you! You understand?"

Miss Rae remained seated. She spoke feebly, as if dazed.

"Clemence, I—I don't go down. I am—afraid."

"Afraid? Nonsense! Be brave. You know what he has to say. There is no one I would rather see you marry. He will be so good to you."

"But I—I don't love him. I like him—but I can't—love him!" She had risen, and was moving toward the door. Her voice was desperate, and her hands twisted pitifully before her. "I know you've been very kind, Clemence, giving me dresses and things to wear; you've done it all for the best. I've—I've tried hard to care for him. And it's such a great temptation!"

"What do you mean to do?" asked Clemence, excitedly.

"I mean to be honest, and tell him I'll—I'll do my best—but I—can't love him."

"Fannie!" Clemence had sprung before her, passionate and imperious. "You won't tell him that. You mustn't. You shan't! I will not allow you to spoil everything!"

"Spoil everything?" Fannie repeated, laughing hysterically. "Let me go, Clemence. Perhaps—I don't know. At least he has not spoken yet."

Clemence stepped aside.

"Fannie, for heaven's sake, don't throw away this chance. Don't be foolish—reflect how much it all means!"

The slim, little black-robed figure passed slowly from the room.

he, too, stood up and leaned compassionately to her. "I am sorry; you must forgive me—I did not deserve it. * * * She trembled on the verge of sobbing. "I thought I should care for you—in that way—but now I know how I should wrong you. Only believe—that I am sorry. I shall just go back to my hard lot—you can never know. It has been a great temptation!"

He fell back, pale and startled.

"You don't care for me!" he said, with piteous comprehension. "Well, I will—go."

But she sprang toward him, impetuous, tearful.

"No, no! I do care—only not in that way—too much to wrong you. Do not go!" Now she sobbed hard.

"Hush!" he said, gently; "do not cry, dear child, do not cry. * * * Shall we be friends? * * * Perhaps in time you may care for me as I would have you. * * * Only do not cry!"

Six months later they were married, and Clemence Arlington declares she never met or heard of happier bride than Fannie Rae. But a woman's heart is something beyond the comprehension of ordinary mortals.

John Superstitions.

After sailors and gamblers, the all-night hack-drivers are the most superstitious people I know, says an old detective. A cat crossing in front of a "night-hawk's" "outfit" is considered bad enough luck to dwarf the night's business, but a white cat means utter demoralization for the night. Some "hawks" immediately begin to drink, in order that they may forget the apparition of the white cat, and when a "night-hawk" is visited with the delirium tremens he does not see snakes, like the ordinary sufferer, but hundreds of white cats crowd before his vision.

A driver of an all-night hack never puts his left foot on the wheel first upon getting upon the box; he thinks it bad luck, and nothing can induce him to open the door of his cab or carriage with his left hand. If a shoe becomes loose on one of the horse's feet that's a bad omen, and causes the driver to believe that some bad luck is in store for him. When the moon is shining brightly and a big cloud suddenly hides it from view and causes darkness to settle on the streets the "hawk" grows suspicious. If the passenger happens to be a drunken man, with a torn umbrella, that is considered good luck, a sign that rain will be plentiful and make business good. Some of them won't eat during the night, for fear it will change their luck, but they never refuse a drink. The lighted stump of a cigar picked up after it has been thrown away by a well-dressed man and quickly smoked is thought to bring good luck. All the jehus who are only seen on the streets at night are great policy players. If they are lucky they may make a \$5 bill, but by the time the horses' scant feed is bought and the policy slips are paid for there is not much left, and the rag-tag hackman of the wee small hours comes back under cover of darkness the next night just as poor as ever.—Philadelphia Times.

Meeting of Grant and Beauregard.

It is a mistake in heroes whenever they neglect to be six feet in height. Two men met in the publication office of a New York magazine, for which both had agreed to write articles. They were introduced to each other, and I watched them very interestedly, because they were Gen. Grant and Gen. Beauregard. The visible splendors of war had departed from them with their uniforms, and their civilian coats were even glossed by wear in spots where gold lace once had shone.

Grant walked heavily with a cane, never having entirely recovered from the hurt to his hip in a fall on an icy sidewalk. His hair and whiskers had the shapes made familiar by his portraits, but his lowness of stature was deplorable, because he was rather slouchy and fat as matter-of-fact merchant than the foremost general of a great war. Beauregard's head was all that could be desired by an admirer, for it had close-cropped white hair, a mustache and imperial of the same hue, and the outlines of a military model, but he needed six inches more of body and legs in order to inspire any sense of grandeur.

Did they fall into heated antagonism, as champions of once opposed hosts? Not at all. They did not so much as discuss the struggle calmly. Their topic was Grant's lameness, which he said he did not expect to ever get rid of, and Beauregard's rheumatism, which he ascribed to the changeable Northern climate. Grant invited Beauregard to call on him, and Beauregard replied that he would be delighted to do so—all in the manner of men who might or might not mean it. There were only two remarks which remotely had reference to the rebellion.

"I don't see that you have changed much in twenty years," said Grant.

"I have always believed that my campaigning did me a world of good, physically," replied Beauregard.—Chicago Herald.

The Well-Dressed Man.

The golden rule in dress is to keep clear of extremes. The well-dressed man never wears anything peculiar, and his garments are of the best material, one suit that costs \$50 being preferable to two suits that cost \$25 each; and the tailor's risk, he observed, is just the same in both cases. We are bound to add, however, that the gentleman who has but one suit instead of two cannot escape embarrassment when it comes to sending his trousers to the shop for the purpose of having the wrinkles pressed out of them. The proper cut for coat and vest is that which makes them fit snug around the waist and loose over the chest, as the polite citizen is thus admonished at every turn that he will not only look better but also feel better if he stands straight.—The Mentor.

Mosquito bites: Pleadars at the bar—mosquitoes. The bashful and gentle mosquito is the Wendell Phillips of animals.—Graphic.

The mosquito does things by in-sting. The song of the mosquito is Hum, Sweet Hum! A mosquito minds his own business. A mosquito is like a theater—it has wings and flies.

DECEITFUL PLANTS.

Innocent Flies the Victims of Misplaced Confidence.

The majority of legitimate flowers (if I may be allowed the expression) get themselves decently fertilized by bees and butterflies, who may be considered as representing the regular trade, and who carry the fecundating pollen on their heads and proboscis from one blossom to another while engaged in their usual business of gathering honey all the day from every opening flower. But rafflesia, on the contrary, has positively acquired a fallacious external resemblance to warm tea and a decidedly high flavor on purpose to take in the too trustful Sumatran flies. When a fly sights and scents one, he (or rather she) proceeds at once to settle in the cup, and there lay a number of eggs in what it naturally regards as a very fine decaying carcass. Then, having dusted itself over in the process with plenty of pollen from this first flower, it flies away confidently to the next promising bud, in search both of food for itself and of a fitting nursery for its future little ones. In doing so, it of course fertilizes all the blossoms that it visits one after another by dusting them successively with each other's pollen. When the young grubs are hatched out, however, they discover the base deception all too late, and perish miserably in their fallacious bed, the helpless victims of misplaced parental confidence. Even as Zeus deceived the very birds with his painted grapes, so rafflesia deceives the flies themselves by its ingenious mimicry of a putrid beefsteak. In the fierce competition of tropical life, it has found out by simple experience that dishonesty is the best policy.

On most mountain bogs in Britain one can still find a few pretty white flowers of the rare and curious grass of Parnassus. They have each five snowy petals, and at the base of every petal stands a little forked organ, with eight or nine thread-like points, terminated, apparently, by a small round drop of pellucid honey. Touch one of the drops with your finger, and lo! you will find it is a solid ball or gland. The flower, in fact, is only a plaything at producing honey. Yet so easily are the flies for whom it caters taken in by a showy advertisement, that not only will they light on the blossoms and try most industriously for a long time to extract a little honey from the dry bulbs, but even after they have been compelled to give up the attempt as vain they will light again upon a second flower, and go through the whole performance, da capo. The grass of Parnassus thus generally manages to get its flowers fertilized with no expenditure of honey at all on its part. Still, it is not a wholly and hopelessly abandoned flower, like some others, for it does really secrete a little genuine honey quite away from the sham drops, though to an extent entirely incommensurate with the pretended display.

Most of the flowers specially affected by carrion flies have a lurid red color and a distinct smell of bad meat. Few of them, however, are quite so cruel in their habits as rafflesia. For the most part, they attract insects by their appearance and odor, but reward their services with a little honey and other allurements. This is the case with the curious English fly-orchid, whose dull purple lip is covered with tiny drops of nectar, licked off by the fertilizing flies. The very malodorous carrion flowers (or stapelias) are visited by bluebottles and fleshflies, while an allied form actually sets a trap for the fly's proboscis, which catches the insect by its hairs, and compels him to give a snappy pull in order to free himself; this pull dislodges the pollen, and so secures the desired cross fertilization. The Alpine butterwort sets a somewhat similar gin so vigorously that when a weak fly is caught in it he cannot disengage himself, and there perishes wretchedly, like a hawk in a keeper's trap.—Cornhill Magazine.

Making a Bow.

In public, the bow is the proper mode of salutation, also, under certain circumstances, in private; and, according to circumstances, it should be familiar, cordial, respectful, or formal. An inclination of the head or a gesture with the hand or cane suffices between men, except when one would be specially deferential to age or position; but in saluting a lady, the hat should be removed. A very common mode of doing this in New York, at present, particularly by the younger men, is to jerk the hat off and sling it on as hastily as possible. As haste is incompatible with grace, and as there is an old pantomimic law that "every picture must be held" for a longer or shorter time, the jerk-and-sling manner of removing the hat, in salutation, is not to be commended. The empressment a man puts into his salutations is graduated by circumstances, the most deferential manner being to carry the hat down the full length of the arm, keeping it there until the person saluted has passed. If a man stops to speak to a lady in the street he should remain uncovered, unless the conversation should be protracted, which it is sure not to be, if either of the party knows and cares to observe the proprieties.

A well-bred man, meeting a lady in a public place, though she is a near relative—wife, mother, or sister—and, though he may have parted from her but half an hour before, will salute her as deferentially as he would salute a mere acquaintance. The passers-by are ignorant of the relationship, and to them his deferential manner says: "She is a lady."—The Mentor, by Alfred Ayres.

He Knew It by Sight.

"Johnny, do you know the tenth commandment?"

"Yes'm."

"Say it."

"Can't."

"But you just said you knew it, Johnny."

"Yes'm, I know it when I see it."—New York Sun.

Some one has discovered that the high-heeled shoes worn by women produce softening of the brain. It was not generally known that the brain of women who wear such shoes was located so low; but it seems plausible enough.

HUMOR.

CAMPAIGN notes—greenbacks.

A GOOD four-in-hand—four aces. Too THIN—the average ballet girl. Lost arts—the missing picnic pies.

WHEN a man labors ten hours a day for eight hours' pay, he labors under a mistake.—Carl Pretzel's Weekly.

A CORRESPONDENT wants to know why some women are called amazons. Perhaps it is because they are uncommonly wide at the mouth.

"WHY am I like a lemon?" she asked, and then she expected him to say: "Because you are being squeezed." But he didn't. He said "Because you are sour."

It is wrong to strike a friend. Even if you strike him for two dollars. He is certain to think that the strike is too dolorous for him to fully appreciate.—Carl Pretzel's Weekly.

WHEN Fogg came into the room unexpectedly Mrs. F. gave a scream and exclaimed: "You frightened me half to death!" "Did I?" was the unfeeling reply. "Suppose I try it over again."

At a West Point hop the band crashed out a few final bars and suddenly stopped, when the voice of a lovely little lady in pink was heard yawning at the top of her lungs: "Don't my new bustle hang like a daisy!"

A NEGRO died recently in Richmond, Va., aged 103, who never had been George Washington's body servant, and did not remember ever having seen him. The grandson of the prodigy has received flattering offers to lecture.

A WITNESS in court, questioned by a lawyer as to the general reputation of another witness, was asked whether the individual was not a notorious liar. "Why," said he, "not exactly that; he is what I call an intermittent liar." That was very p-q-lar.

ONE THING. She had such pretty, bright blue eyes. And waving hair of golden sheen; A saucy nose and cherry lips, And stately manners of a queen. But oh, there was one little fault, One bluish all these charms among: This lovely rosybud had one thorn, She had—alas! she had a tongue.

It is said that the Queen of Spain does not care much for her husband, who is in very poor health. One day Alfonso asked her what he should get for her on her birthday, and she said she wanted a nice shawl. "What color would you prefer?" "Black and white, dear. You know your health is so precarious."—Texas Siftings.

At a fancy dress party a young lady was dressed in a marvelous dress of green and red, in which imaginative eyes were supposed to discover some more or less resemblance to lettuce and lobster. "What do you represent, Miss M.?" a gentleman inquired, as they took their places in a set. "Don't you see?" she returned laughing; "I'm a salad." "O!" was her partner's retort, while he flashed a quick eye over the very liberal exposure of her person; "but haven't you forgotten to put on the dressing?"—Boston Courier.

A POET'S THOUGHT. I saw them last night leaning over the gate— Two thistle-down bangs side by side— You might know by the little round cap on his pate. That he would a bicycle ride. And you might have known, too, by the gum in her cheek, And her hyway hat, and the red Little head underneath, that her mind she could speak.

In case there was aught to be said Well, there still she stood, with her mouth full of gum. And a yummy-yum look in her eyes, With a tongue that went on with a planing-mill's hum. Or a photograph in for a prize; But I thought, as I heard them exchanging their vows, And indulging in love's happy dream, I would sooner hire out to keep of the crows, Then provide that same girl with ice-cream.

"Yes, Biddy-Muldoon, Moike is roisin' in circumstances. Last Thursday Moike kem home wid a tin hat and glimmer pants an' went out to shoot of Roman pinwheels fer Jimmy Blaine, an' the next he was a howlin fer Cleve-land, an' thin he goes out and whoops her up fer Buthlar, an' next night he wallops Nick Cleary fer not gettin' drunk wid him fer the glory of St. John. Bedhune the four av' thim Moike is doin' glorious, an' whin the poles are runnin' Moike will cast four votes in sivin warruds, be the token, at \$7 each. The country is in danger, Biddy, but fer downright, earnest soul-sarchin' warrud worruk, give me moi Moike an' four candidates."

Cases After Circumstances.

A report having been circulated that coal oil had been discovered on a certain farm in Maryland, a resident of Baltimore, who happened to be in the vicinity when he first heard of it, proceeded to the farm to find the owner away and nobody around but the hired man.

"My man," said the Baltimorean, "is it true that oil has been found on this farm?"

"Well, there's oil on the pond back there."

"Where does it seem to come from?"

"Well, that depends," was the hesitating answer. "My boss owes me \$48 for work. If he pays me to-day as he agreed to the oil comes from under a clay bank. If he puts me off any longer it comes from a barrel buried in the mud. That's the way I'm fixed, stranger, and if you've got speculation in your eye you'd better come around and see me later."—Wall Street News.

How Coffee Is Graded.

The reason that Rio coffee is not quoted high in this market is that only the lower grades of Brazilian coffee are called Rio coffee. The best coffee from Rio de Janeiro is called "Java," "Mocha," etc. You see the planters send their coffee to Rio, and then it is all mixed together, the good and the bad, in order to get an average price. When it gets here it is taken to large coffee houses, where the work done in Rio is undone, the coffee being sorted out into different grades, and various names given it. The lowest grade is called Rio. As a matter of fact, some of the best coffee we get comes from Brazil.—Salvador de Mendonca, Brazilian Consul.

Let the man who may be grateful think of repaying a kindness even while receiving it.—Seneca.

From a little spark may burst a mighty flame.—Danie.