

ELLEE.

BY C. LOWATER.

Once on a time—all true stories begin so—
Hundreds of years back, when you and I
Lived as monkeys in Africa's tree tops high,
Before the folks had learned to sin so,
The people of China to grumble began,
Because their emperor was a single man;
Said they, "See here, sir,
We greatly fear, sir,
When you're beheaded there'll be no heir near,
sir;
We advise you to marry as soon as you can."
The emperor was in despair;
He wanted to marry, but didn't know where
In the whole extent of the flowery land
Was a maiden worthy the gift of his hand.
There were beautiful maidens by scores at his
feet;
But he wanted one that would love him alone;
One that, for love of his smile so sweet,
Would be dash of his flesh and bone of his bone.
"Such a one I shall never find, I fear"—
But here he was struck by a bright idea.

Just at this time, in the city of Pekin
Lived little Ellee, a maid so fair,
Through all the land you might go seeking,
In city or country, anywhere,
And never see her equal in beauty.
What a slender, slim mouth!
She could make a drowth
Of tea in that land where tea pays no duty.
And her hair as black
As a negro's back.
"Down her neck" in the latest fashion,
And held by the buckle that kept her sash on.

But the crowning glory of little Ellee
Was her dainty feet; you never see
Such small ones here, where maidens fair
Actually walk—they never do there,
But bandage and press them
And pet and caress them;
And you may be sure, when it's all been done
Such feet are certainly No. 1.
As you may suppose
Such beautiful toes
Brought little Ellee an abundance of beans;
Rich and poor and of every station
Found in that stationary nation.
But she gave them all to understand
By a violent move of her dainty foot,
That they could have in place of her hand,
Which didn't seem the suitors to suit.

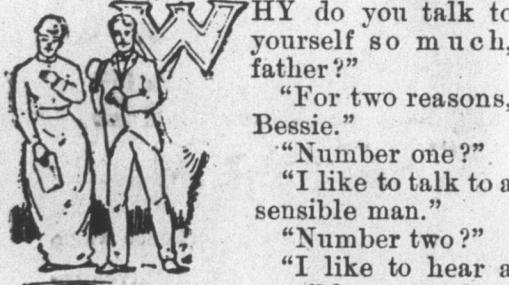
But no tender maiden such as Ellee
Can remain in this world long fancy free;
The hardest heart like wax will melt,
If it brought where the flame of love is felt.
There was a time when there came a man
As lovely as was Ellee herself;
Five feet long was his cue, if an ell—
And his clothes were such as showed right well
He was a man with pelf.
He sent four gifts his suit to aid;
A pair of chopsticks, silver and gold,
A little puppy, six months old—
Ah! he knew the tender heart of a maid—
A gilded kite, with five balls of string,
And a gong that took two men to ring.
She ate the dog with the chopsticks gay,
She flew the kite that very day—
It broke the string and got away—
And she rang the gong till it roused the town.
And all the fire-engines came down.

This was the way he courted Ellee;
The marriage came off in the month of May;
I can't tell how lovely and bright was she,
Nor how very happy and gay was he;
But just three months from the bridal day,
Where do you think he took her, say?
Right to the Royal Palace gate,
And the Emperor had found a mate.
Happy was he, in his regal state,
And happy was she, though rich and great,
For where true hearts together are bound,
There will happiness ever be found.

PLUM CITY, Wis.

PROFITABLE SOLILOQUY

BY DWIGHT BALDWIN.



HY do you talk to yourself so much, father?"

"For two reasons, Bessie."

"Number one?"

"I like to talk to a sensible man."

"Number two?"

"I like to hear a sensible man talk."

"Good! good!" cried Fred Faxon, clapping his hands and laughing heartily.

"I don't know that it's good," said Farmer Eben Hayes, "but it has the merit of bein' the Lord's truth!"

"And that's everything, father," said his petite and pretty daughter, as she seized him round the neck and gave him a hug that brought a quick flush to the face of both men—pain producing it with the elder, envy with the younger.

Hayes Hollow, as the farm had been called for three generations, was the finest and most productive of all in the beautiful valley, and its owner was considered a wealthy man, being rated much as a millionaire is in a large city.

Bessie was his only child and the prospective heiress not only of the farm and its appurtenances but, as many believed, of a good deal of wealth which was invested in other ways.

Fred Faxon was a young man who for two years had been reading law in the city twenty miles away, and was soon to be admitted to the bar.

He had met Bessie Hayes the preceding summer while spending a vacation in the valley. The decided mutual attraction between the two had been increased by subsequent meetings and no end of letters, until it had reached the stage where the word "love" could alone express the situation.

Mr. Hayes had been much pleased with the young man, and at the request of pretty Bessie, who generally carried her point, had invited him to spend his week's vacation at the Hollow.

It had been a happy time to the lovers—those little seven days; but they had flown by all too quickly, and the train that was to bear the prospective lawyer away from fields of wheat, drifting in waves of silver toward the harvest, to the city, with its dust, and grime, and wickedness, would be due within an hour.

"I must run across and say good-by to the Turners," remarked Fred, looking through the open door to a farm house on the opposite side of the broad country road.

"Wait a moment, and I'll go with you."

"No, daughter, let him go alone. I must hitch up to take him to the depot, and want a word with you first."

"What is it?" asked Bess, just a little petulantly, when Fred had started on his errand.

"Don't invite him here again."

"Who?"

"Fred—Mr. Faxon, I should say."

"You don't mean—"

Words failed the little maiden, but her wide-open eyes supplied the deficit,

and expressed the most unfeigned astonishment.

"I do, daughter, just that."

"But you've spoken so highly of him all along—and besides—"

Again words failed the girl, but this time tears glistened in her blue eyes, and completed the sentence.

"I'm sorry, Bessie, truly sorry, but I think it's for the best."

"Nothing can be for the best that separates us for life. What have you against Mr. Faxon?"

"I accuse him of no crime, but I fear that he is unworthy of you."

"Oh, father! Some one besides that sensible man of whom you were just speaking has been talking to you about him. A false suspicion never originated in your honest old heart."

"Well, I won't deny—never mind that now."

Mr. Hayes paused to remove her pleading white arms from his neck.

"Oh, father!" faltered she, the tears once more welling up into her eyes.

"Well, then," spoke up the farmer, who evidently felt himself to be weakening, "we'll let the matter rest as it is, and if you're not satisfied within six months—yes, six weeks—that he's unworthy of you, then matters can hum along, and I won't say a word. But nothing of this to him. Mind that."

Three minutes later the farmer was harnessing his horse.

"I wish I had my life insured, for if they close down on me it'll kill me, an' Bess'll be left without a nickel."

Eben Hayes was indulging in his old habit of talking to himself as he buckled the harness-strap.

As he made this remark, Fred Faxon entered the horse-barn.

It seemed strange that the sound caused by the opening of the door, and the sunlight it admitted, did not attract the farmer's attention. He must have been deeply engrossed in his own thoughts, for he continued his soliloquy:

"Who'd have thought that wheat would go ten cents higher, when there's goin' to be a full crop—at least about here? I s'pose it's short other places, though I was a fool to borrow that last \$5,000 to try and save the other fifteen. What'll folks say when the notes come due in two months, an' old Eben Hayes is closed out? Jeff Wheeler'll be glad, so'll Sol Smith an' Dick Stallsmith, but I reckon Bill Barr'll be a little grain sorry, 'cause he won't be able to borrow any more money off me. I guess it's a feelin' that Parson Lake wouldn't indorse, but I do wish that this city fellow would marry Bess, or get engaged to her, at least, before we have to move out of the Hollow, where she was born, and I before her."

Fred Faxon heard something which sounded very like a sob, and then stole noiselessly from the barn and rejoined Bessie, whom he had left in the grape arbor near by.

A week later, when the farmer returned home from the wheat-field, where he had been assisting his men in the glorious work of harvesting, he was astonished to find Fred Faxon seated with his daughter upon the vine-shaded porch.

" Didn't reckon on seeing you to-day," said the farmer when the first salutations were over.

At the same time he stole a glance at the fair face of his daughter, which seemed an embodiment of happiness and content.

"I've been admitted to practice."

"Oh! Glad to hear it."

"And the city courts not being in session—"

"Don't be silly!" interrupted Bessie, blushing like a peony.

"I'd like to speak with you in private, Mr. Hayes."

"No need of it. My daughter and I have no secrets from each other."

"Well, she has promised, subject to your approval of course, to become my wife."

"Even that was no secret. I read it in her eyes the minute I turned the corner."

"And you consent?"

"I s'pose I'll have to."

"Wheat took an awful drop this week, sir."

"I hadn't heard of it."

"The European war didn't material-



ize and reports from the Northwest came in much more favorable, and it dropped twenty cents."

"That beats me."

"It didn't me. I never mentioned the fact to you, but I have \$30,000 which I inherited from my father three years ago. I was sure it would take a tumble, and sold a hundred thousand bushels."

"And have closed it out?"

"At a profit of twenty thousand. Now, I want to ask you a question."

"Fire away."

"What'll you take for Hayes Hollow?"

"You don't mean—"

"That I want to buy it for a weddin' present to Bessie. Not to freeze you out, but just—"

"Because you're one of the whitest boys alive. You can't do it, sir!"

"But, Mr. Hayes, I—"

"You can't steal my thunder that way. I'm going to give it to her myself!"

"But I heard—"

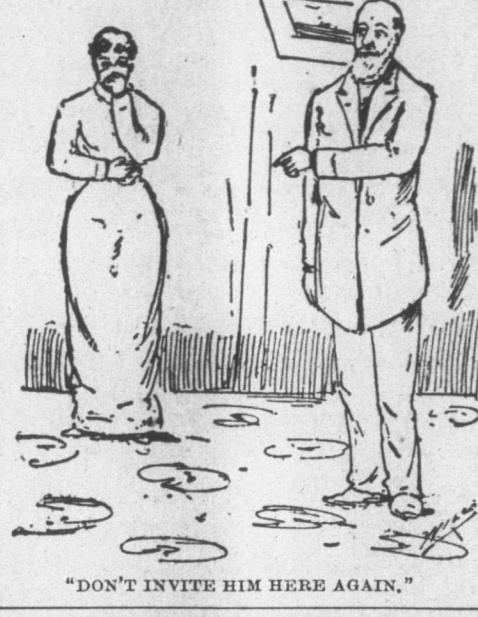
"What?"

"That you were embarrassed and on the brink of failure. In fact, it was the information that you had lost everything, through the recent boom in wheat, that induced me to sell the same commodity."

"There ain't a word of truth in it! I never speculated in my life!"

"But I heard—"

"A pack of lies! I'm worth \$15,000!



"DON'T INVITE HIM HERE AGAIN."

over and above this farm, and don't owe a cent in the world!"

"Then I must have been dreaming?"

"No, but you placed too much reliance in the idle talk of an old fellow who likes to speculate in his mind, and who thinks it no sin to suppose a case for his own amusement."

"And you're satisfied that Fred wasn't after Hayes Hollow?" queried Bessie.

"Entirely— I don't believe that John will remember about those calves. He's getting awfully forgetful."

Thus soliloquizing, Mr. Hayes walked discreetly away, leaving the happy lovers in sole possession of the vine-protected porch.

Miss Caldwell's Love Grown Cold.

A young lady who is visiting here, and who is a very intimate friend of Miss Mary Gwendolin Caldwell, has just received a letter from the young heiress, whose engagement to Prince Murat has attained so much notoriety. Miss Caldwell writes to her friend that the formal betrothal has been indefinitely postponed on account of an un-written law of the French and Italian aristocracy, which requires the contracting parties to produce, at their betrothal, the baptismal certificates of their parents and grandparents. That Miss Caldwell is unable to do, as there is no record of her grandmother's baptism, and a hitch in the proceedings is the result. Miss Caldwell intimates that she would not care at all if the wedding should not take place. Miss Caldwell's friend thinks that if the whole thing falls through it will not be the fault of the bridegroom nor of the laws of aristocracy, but of the fair fiance herself. This is not the first time Miss Caldwell has promised her hand in marriage and has reconsidered her action after the engagement had been made public. She was engaged to an Italian prince about three years ago, and the match was considered the best to be made in Europe, but, like several others before, it was broken off by the young lady. Miss Caldwell's first love was a young lawyer of this city, but the engagement was objected to. He has since married. In a former letter Miss Caldwell said: "You may be sure that I always intend to be my own financier. I am willing to allow any husband I may have a sufficient income to enable him to dress well and pay his club dues, but he will never have the management of a cent of my principal." "Mary has a will of her own," said our mutual friend, "and she means what she says. Perhaps Prince Murat found this out before it was too late." —*Louisville Post.*

Ramming Ice Floes.

No stronger vessels than those of the Dundee whalers are built; they are from 400 to 1,000 tons displacement, have powerful, well-secured engines to resist the shock of ramming or stoppage of the propeller by ice, to lift slightly and slide on it, thus easing the shock and assisting the cutting action of the bow with the downward crushing weight of the ship. In this way it is possible for these steamers at full speed to ram ice over twenty feet thick and receive no immediate incapacitating damage.

Another very important feature is that the bow shall have considerable inclination, which permits the vessel, when ramming very heavy ice, to lift slightly and slide on it, thus easing the shock and assisting the cutting action of the bow with the downward crushing weight of the ship. In this way it is possible for these steamers at full speed to ram ice over twenty feet thick and receive no immediate incapacitating damage.

If the ice is not too heavy the shear-like rise and fall of the bow is repeated several times as the vessel steams powerfully ahead until her headway is checked. The difficulty then is to extract the ship from the dock she has cut by her advance.

COUGHLIN AND KUNZE.

TESTIMONY IMPLICATING THE DETECTIVE AND HIS FRIEND.

Milkman Mertes Says He Saw Them Drive to the Carlson Cottage on the Night of May 4, and Coughlin Entered the Slougher House.

[Chicago telegram.]

In the Cronin murder trial, Justice Mahoney testified as to O'Sullivan asking him to introduce the iceman to Dr. Cronin, and how the Justice accompanied O'Sullivan to the Doctor's office, where the contract was made for Cronin to attend any of O'Sullivan's men who might happen to be hurt.

Mrs. Addie J. Farrar was then called. She said she lived at No. 377 Mohawk street and had known O'Sullivan in a business way, having taken ice from him for ten or twelve years—when he peddled for Snell and afterward when he went in business for himself.

"Do you remember the discovery of Dr. Cronin's body?"

"Yes, sir."

"Did you see P. O'Sullivan about that time?"

"Yes, sir; he called at my house in the latter part of May to see me about taking ice from him this season. I had just read in the papers that morning about the finding of Dr. Cronin's body, and I asked Mr. Sullivan if he had heard about it. He said he had. I said it was a terrible thing to kill anybody and throw his body into a catch-basin. Mr. Sullivan said he heard them say that Dr. Cronin was a British spy and I said: 'Why should they kill him even if he was a spy?' Then Mr. Sullivan said: 'They say he gave away secrets of a secret order, and if that was so he ought to be killed.' I said: 'If he did that he was another Morgan,' and Mr. Sullivan said: 'Such men get their just deserts.'

Sebastian Stieb then took the stand. On the 4th of May he was a police officer in Lake View. About 11:30 o'clock on the night of May 4 he and Officer John Riley were standing on Fullerton avenue, near Cooper street. A horse and wagon passed by containing three men and what appeared to be a large chest in the box behind the seat. The wagon approached the seat from the west. One of the men had his back turned to the horse and his hands rested on the large object in the wagon. The horse was a dark bay and they were driving at an ordinary gait.