

BY EUGENE FIELD.

Little Mistress Sans-Merci
Troteth world-wide fancy free;
Troteth cool to and fro;
And her cooing is command—
Never ruled there yet, I trow,
Mightier monarch in the land;
And my heart it lieth who e'
Mistress Sans-Merci doth fare.

Little Mistress Sans-Merci—
Sheh hath made a slave of me!
"Goi!" she biddeth, and I go—
"Come!" and I am fain to come—
Never mercy doth she show,
Be she wroth or frolicsome;
Yet am I content to be
Slave to Mistress Sans-Merci!

Little Mistress Sans-Merci,
Sheh grows no dear to me
That I count as passing sweet
All the pains her mood imparts,
And I bless the little feet
That go tramping on my heart.
Ah, how lonely life would be
But for little Sans-Merci!

Little Mistress Sans-Merci,
Cuddle close this night to me,
And that heart which all day long;
Ruthless than hast trod upon,
Shall outpour a soothing song
For its best beloved one—
A lit tenderness for thee,
Little Mistress Sans-Merci!

—Ladies' Home Journal.

MISS BAXTER'S BLINDNESS.

The dining car was in a shimmer of light. The dead white of heavy lined, the opalescent glare of glassware, and the quiet gleam of silver trembled together in the swift motion of the train. Miss Baxter, who had but recently left her berth, dropped into a seat and leaned back a moment, dazed by the lavish waste of color. Meanwhile the insistent sunlight took liberties with the dull brown of her severely brushed hair, ran burning fingers through it, and edged it with coquettish gold. Then she hastened to draw the curtain and throw a blue square of shade over her corner of the table, sighing as she settled down again, and all the painful scene of the evening before came surging back.

She felt half a notion to lay her head on the table and cry outright. She glanced down instead and fingered her ring—his ring—while her eyes grew misty. She wondered whether she should have kept the ring, now that it no longer meant anything. The question was yet undecided when she pulled herself together with a visible tremor and turned to the menu card. Dining-car breakfasts were not timed to wait on the settlement of subtleties in ethics, particularly after the steward has made his "last call."

In the few minutes Miss Baxter had been in the car she had not noticed her companions. As she raised her head she was startled to see a familiar face dimly taking shape across the table. She had removed her glasses and was about to pass her handkerchief to her eyes, but she put them resolutely on again and looked fixedly through their misty crystals.

"Mr. Woodson, where did you come from?" she demanded at length, as his well-known features gradually took shape before her.

Woodson did not speak at once. He was noticing how her hair would tumble down in wayward ringlets in spite of her efforts to keep it stably back, and how her cheeks persisted in dimpling, however resolutely she shut her lips together. Then he said:

"From New York, of course. Does my dress suit look as though I'd boarded the train in the rural precincts? I thought you knew the cut better."

"Do you mean to say that you've been on this train all this while—after—after last night?" Miss Baxter asked, with slightly heightened color.

"Guessed it the first time," Woodson exclaimed, brightening. "I tell you, Grace, you should have gone into the law instead of art. You'd have been great on cross-examination."

"Never mind, Mr. Woodson, you seem to forget that I prefer to make my own career—we discussed that before, however. And so you've been on this train ever since I have!" she concluded, reflectively.

"A little longer, in fact. I made a mistake and got here half an hour early—read the time table backward—then I was taking shape across the table. She had removed her glasses and was about to pass her handkerchief to her eyes, but she put them resolutely on again and looked fixedly through their misty crystals.

"I'm a brute—a miserable brute!"

Woodson remarked to himself with considerate force, as he watched her striding toward the half-dry creek. "But some one ought to have told her. Her air is all foolishness. Look at Fleming, even. He's 40, and I'd like to know where he'd be if it wasn't for his teaching. But I'm a brute, just the same—a heartless brute."

There was a plum thicket along the creek, and after watching Grace disappear within it Woodson set about picking up her sketching kit. This done, it occurred to him that it would be a proper use of his part to wash her brushes—he had always hated dirty brushes so.

Gathering them up he started toward the creek. When he got there he could see no signs of Grace. Could it be that anything had happened to her? The thought made him catch his breath for a moment. He knew she was impulsive—capable of any rash move in a moment of excitement. Then he heard a stirring in the plum thicket and he came face to face with her in a little opening, crying softly to herself.

"Grace," he called, "why's what's the matter? I know I'm a brute, but I didn't think you'd take it so."

"Oh, can't you help me?" she pleaded, and began groping about her head aimlessly with her hands.

"I can't help you doing any such foolish thing."

"To tell the truth, Grace, I thought of staying all the time—of going into some business there."

"Why, you never told me of it before."

"Well, I never thought of it till after I left you last night." Then it occurred to me that I might go into sheep or cattle or something like that."

"At Manitou?"

"Why not?"

"It's a summer resort."

"So much the better. I'd only want to be there in the summer, anyhow."

"Harry, you're a trifler."

"Well, I can peel an orange, anyhow—if you'll allow me," Woodson exclaimed, taking from her hand what she was making a sad mess of.

"Harry, I never can forgive you for doing this," Miss Baxter concluded, after a moment's contemplation of the whirling blur of green through the car window.

"Well, I never could have forgiven myself if I hadn't—and there it was," he asserted dispassionately, laying the pulpy, broken sphere of the orange before her.

It is quite a jaunt from Manhattan to Manitou; but one morning they exchanged the cushioned weariness of the train for the blue hollow of the hills, with its gay-colored roofs and gables

showing here and there up the canyon like a scattered troop of butterflies. Then life became one long breath of delight. What color there was! The earth seemed hung in some rarer medium than common air. The yellow cactus blossoms were like flakes of flame. A scarlet flower fairly burned into the sight. Grace developed a new enthusiasm every day, and piled her palette with cobalt and chrome. Even Fleming, who had preceded them, grunted out now and then, "Put in your loore pure. Make her jump."

So they painted from morning till night, keeping two or three studies under way at once—putting in blues where Woodson saw greens and purples where he saw nothing but nondescript sand, and doing all the inexplicable things that should be done according to the gospel of the luminists.

Woodson sat by and chaffed. He couldn't paint. He wouldn't smoke. He parried Grace's occasional inquiring glances by explaining that he was negotiating to go into the cattle business—a man was going to bring him a herd on trial.

Meanwhile he arrayed his shapely figure in cowboyish top boots, blue shirt, and slouch hat, which became him immensely, and made a sinister impression among the blazers and tennis suits of summering Manitou. Grace was absorbed and satisfied. One day an idea struck him. "Grace," said he, "I found a little bit down here the other day that I'd like to have you sketch—send home, you know. You'll do it, won't you?"

"Why, of course. I'll speak to Mr. Fleming."

"Oh, hang Mr. Fleming!" Woodson broke in. "Fleming is all right in his way, but I want you—your sketch, you know."

The place was quite a distance away, over the mesa. They set out for it next day.

"Here it is," Woodson exclaimed, after a long tramp, pointing over the burning plain to where a row of cottonwoods were banked against the sky, tremulous in the vibrant air. "There, do that; call it 'A Hundred in the Shade,' something like that."

"It doesn't seem to compose very well," Grace murmured, holding the tips of her fingers together and inclosing the picture in a rose frame through which she gazed, half shutting her eyes in truly artistic intentness.

"Well, never mind that; get the character of it. You know Fleming says the character's the thing. That's what I want—the character—the true character of this beastly country."

So Grace donned her big blue apron and set to work with her biggest brushes. But somehow she had trouble. The quality of that sky, burning with light and yet deep in hue, did not seem to reside in cobalt, however fresh from the tube. The value of the stretch of plain, tremulous under the flaring heavens, disturbed her, too, and when she came to put in the airy wall of cottonwoods along the horizon the whole thing ended in a painty muddle.

"Oh, I can't do anything to-day," Grace exclaimed, petulantly, wiping her brow with the back of her hand and leaving a streak along her forehead that intensified her puzzled look.

"Why don't you put those trees in green?" Woodson asked with a serious concern, as Grace renewed her struggle with the regulation blues and purple.

"But I don't see them so," she murmured, in a moment of absorbed effort.

"Grace," he blurted out almost before he knew it, "I don't believe you see anything. Excuse me, but I don't believe you ever did. I don't believe in your art; I don't believe in your independence! You're simply spoiling the nice girl in the world with it. You see everything through Fleming's eyes. You see things blue and purple because he does; and he—he, well, he sees things that way because some fellows over in Paris do, and I don't believe in it. There, now, I've said it, come."

But it was not arranged that he should finish what he had to say. He had looked down to the ground where he sat as he spoke of Fleming. When he looked up Grace was several feet away from him, hurrying down the hill, with her head bowed.

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VALUABLE INSECTS.

SCALES THAT ARE NOT ENTIRELY PERNICIOUS.

Vast Suma Paid for their Products—Cochineal, China Wax, Shellac and Other Valuable Articles Come from Them:

When it is considered that there are between 500 and 600 different names of the scale-bug family or coccus, as it is known to entomologists, and that the list is continually being extended, it is not a matter for surprise that the ingenuity of man should have made some of them useful to him, or cause them to minister to his need or his luxury.

One of the earliest of the scale-bug family to be impressed into the service of man was that branch of it known as kermes, or, to entomologists, as the coccus ilicis. This is found in abundance on a small species of evergreen oak, common in the south of France and many other parts of the world, and from the time of the Phoenicians has been held in high esteem on account of the beautiful blood red and scarlet dye manufactured from it. It was used for coloring the curtains of the tabernacle, mentioned in Exodus 26, was also derived from the same source. It was from this insect also that the Greeks and Romans produced their famous crimson and from the same lowly source were derived the imperishable reds of the Flemish and other famous tapestries. In short, previous to the discovery of America and the subsequent introduction cochineal, kermes was the material most universally used for producing the most brilliant reds and oranges then known.

The insect itself appeared like a little spherical shell fixed upon the bark. In color it is a brownish red. The gathering of the kermes crop at one time formed a most important part of the labor of a large portion of the French peasantry. The work was generally performed by women, who carefully removed the insects one at a time from the seat of lodgment with their finger-nails, and the gathering of about two pounds per day was considered good work. When gathered they were immersed in vinegar to kill the insects and preserve the color, after which they were dried and were then ready for the market.

Another scale insect used formerly very much and still to some extent for the same purpose is commonly known as the scarlet grain of Poland, or coccus polonicus. This is found attached to the roots of a perennial plant known as knawel, which was extensively cultivated for the purpose, and from this some large quantities were collected. It is still very extensively used by the Turks and Armenians for dyeing wool, silk and hair, as well as for staining the nails of the ladies' fingers.

Remote as were Europe and America before the discovery by Columbus, the requirements of men had led the people of both hemispheres into the same channel and in Mexico, ages before it was known to Europe, a scalebug produced the most valued of dyestuffs. In so high esteem was it held that its ownership formed one of the prerogatives of royalty, and large districts were put under tribute to supply a certain amount each year for the use of the Montezumas. This was the insect now known as cochineal.

After the conquest of Mexico and the Spaniards under Cortez some of this dye was taken to Spain and there so much admired that he was instructed to procure it in as large quantity as possible. The demand grew from this until Humboldt estimated that the annual importation of this one scale insect into Europe amounted to 800,000 pounds, each pound composed of 70,000 insects. The money value of these was \$1,875,000. The use of aniline dyes has reduced the demand for cochineal, but for the fiscal year ending June 80, 1890, the United States alone imported 202,931 pounds, valued at \$42,453.

The cultivation of the cochineal forms an important branch of industry in Mexico, where a large number of natives, called from their employment nopaleros, are employed in it. They plant the nopaleries, usually about an acre or acre and a half in extent, on cleared ground, on the slopes of mountains or ravines two or three leagues distant from their villages. These are planted with a species of cactus known as the tuna de castilla, and the plants are in a condition to support the cochineal the third year. To stock his nopalery the proprietor purchases in the spring some branches of the cactus laden with the newly hatched insects. These are carefully housed until fall, when the females are placed in little nests made from a sort of fax taken from the petals of the palm tree. These nests are then distributed among the nopalos, being fastened between the leaves and the nopal. The plume of the Mandarin's bat is not straight, but curved at the end like the tail of a bird. The wearing of bracelets is not confined to women, as men often ornament themselves the same way. Neither men nor women wear gloves, but their sleeves are so long that they often reach two feet beyond their hands, and serve as muffs, in cold weather. They are also used as pockets, there being no regular pockets in their clothes. The beard of a Chinaman about indicates his age. Until forty years old, his face is smoothly shaven. Beyond that point he allows his mustache to grow, and when still older, his entire beard. Both men and women wear jacket trousers. White we blacken our shoes, the Chinese paint the thick soles of their shoes white. Black is the color of mourning in the West, while white-grey-blue is the color in China. Women as well as men smoke, and both sexes make use of the fan. If one tears his coat, the tailor puts it to the outside.—[New York Tribune.]

In China Clothes Make the Man.

The clothing of the Chinaman compared with our own, also shows many differences. The rank of the official is indicated by the number of varicolored buttons on the top of his official bat; and instead of epaulettes, gold braid, etc., his uniform shows upon the breast and back figures of birds and animals. The plume of the Mandarin's bat is not straight, but curved at the end like the tail of a bird. The wearing of bracelets is not confined to women, as men often ornament themselves the same way. Neither men nor women wear gloves, but their sleeves are so long that they often reach two feet beyond their hands, and serve as muffs, in cold weather. They are also used as pockets, there being no regular pockets in their clothes. The beard of a Chinaman about indicates his age. Until forty years old, his face is smoothly shaven. Beyond that point he allows his mustache to grow, and when still older, his entire beard. Both men and women wear jacket trousers. White we blacken our shoes, the Chinese paint the thick soles of their shoes white. Black is the color of mourning in the West, while white-grey-blue is the color in China. Women as well as men smoke, and both sexes make use of the fan. If one tears his coat, the tailor puts it to the outside.—[New York Tribune.]

Church Hospitality.

The anecdote is told of General Grant that soon after his first nomination for the presidency he was in the city of—where he had not been expected and was known to but few, and there, on a rainy Sunday, entered a church and took a seat in a vacant pew not far from the pulpit.

The man who rented or owned the pew coming in and seeing someone in the seat, sent the sexton to ask him to leave $\frac{1}{2}$, which the general quietly did, simply saying: "I suppose I was probably the pew of a gentleman, or I should not have entered it."—[Detroit Free Press.]

For several months the Austrian sanitary authorities have guarded the

SOMEWHAT STRANGE.