

## FAITH.

She sat where daisy blossoms tossed  
Their heads beneath an elm tree's  
shade;  
Her hands upon her knees were crossed—  
My bonny, laughing, gold-haired maid.  
In lover's tone of fond command,  
I said, while sketching at her feet,  
"Pray take a daisy in your hand  
And make yourself a Marguerite."  
"These foolish flowers have naught to  
tell,"  
She answered, blushing winsomely,  
"Your lips have said, 'I love thee well,'  
And that's the oracle for me."  
—Kate Field's Washington.

## A BUNCH OF VIOLETS.

BY V. ETTING MITCHELL.

Past golden fields of yellow butter-  
cups and open-eyed daisies, over hills  
where the lights and shadows of a  
summer morning were playing hide  
and seek, through valleys where  
drowsy cattle were grazing by the  
side of idle brooks, rushed the express  
train known as "The Wild Irishman,"  
running between London and Holy-  
head.

Seated in one of the center car-  
riages, which had no other occupant  
than herself, was a young girl whose  
face had the exquisite coloring of a  
portrait by Titian. Large brown eyes  
shaded by curling lashes were in  
strange yet pleasing contrast to the  
golden hair which fell in wifful little  
curls about her forehead.

As they neared Chester, the only  
station at which the train stopped on  
its long journey, the young lady  
leaned forward and watched with  
slight interest, the eager crowd of  
men and women who awaited the ar-  
rival of the cars.

"I wonder what fate has in store  
for me in the way of a traveling com-  
panion," she murmured, and the  
answer to her thought came almost  
immediately, as a gentleman wearing  
the costume of a traveler, and with a  
much bronzed face, entered the com-  
partment.

Selfishly regretting the disturbance  
of her solitude, the young woman  
opened a book, which she had drawn  
from her traveling bag, and appeared  
to be entirely absorbed in its perusal.

The newcomer at once proceeded  
to make himself comfortable, stow-  
ing away parcels and umbrellas, and  
finally taking possession of a seat at  
the opposite end of the car, facing  
his fellow-traveler, but barely glance-  
ing at her.

Only the sound of the busy wheels  
or the whir of a passing train dis-  
turbed the quiet of the journey. The  
stranger had followed the example of  
his vis-a-vis, and having taken out a  
newspaper, was soon lost in its con-  
tents.

By and by a mischievous south  
wind, blowing with impetuous fan-  
tasia through the open window,  
disarranged the fluffy curls peeping  
from under the girl's hat. She rose  
impatiently to shut out the offender,  
but fate ordained that the window  
should stick, whereupon she glanced  
with feminine helplessness at the  
man who had dropped his paper and  
was looking full at her.

For the first time their eyes met,  
and a bow of coldly formal recogni-  
tion passed between them.

"Miss St. John," he murmured,  
"I hardly expected to meet you here.  
Allow me—" And, closing the win-  
dow, he quietly returned to his  
former position, while she, having  
expressed her thanks by an inclina-  
tion of the head, resumed her novel.

The constraint of their position  
was uncomfortable to the couple, who  
had evidently met and parted on  
some occasion which had either left  
them unfriendly or almost as  
strangers.

From under his heavy eyebrows  
the young man covertly watched his  
companion. She was holding her  
book upside down. A smile broke  
upon his lips as he observed this, and  
rattling his newspaper noisily to at-  
tract her attention he leaned forward  
impulsively determined to break the  
silence by addressing her.

"May I inquire how your sister,  
Mrs. Arlington, is? She raised her  
head, but not looking at him replied  
with freezing discouragement of  
tone.

"Thank you; Mrs. Arlington is  
quite well."  
"Ah, and your mother (with quiet  
persistence), I hope she is better,  
Miss St. John. Am I correct in ad-  
dressing you by the old name? You  
may have changed it."

"You are quite correct," she re-  
turned icily.

Through the window nearest to Mr.  
Dennison a saucy bee, giddy with  
clover, bounced with a noisy jocular-  
ity; then, regretting its noisy im-  
position, strove to escape from it by fly-  
ing with spiteful buzzing against the  
face of the young lady, who gave  
vent to a little scream which she in-  
stantly suppressed.

"I see that you retain your anti-  
pathy to bees," remarked the  
young man, placidly folding his arms  
and smiling; "some things are un-  
changed."

"Among them your disagreeable  
habit of teasing," replied Miss St.  
John, and turned her attention to  
some russet-colored cattle that  
lifted their heads from the tall reed  
grasses to gaze in open-eyed wonder  
at the passing train.

"Don't you think," suggested Mr.  
Dennison, when the silence again be-  
came oppressive, "that, as we are  
likely to be shut up together in this  
compartment for two full hours, it  
might be more philosophical—not to  
any agreeable—if I raise a flag of  
truce? We can confine ourselves to  
commonplaces—the weather, catch-  
ing bees, or other harmless topics."

"Very, but rather cool for the sea-  
son."

"Ah, yes; perhaps we may have  
rain, which was slow in coming."  
"Possibly," rather it does not  
look probable to me."

Having delivered herself of this  
brilliant speech, she arched her neck  
with extravagant courtesy to exam-  
ine the clouds.

"We had thunder last week," con-  
tinued the young man, desperately.

"Is it necessary," retorted Miss  
St. John, "that you should turn your-  
self into a weather bureau and give  
me reports of what has been? I sup-  
pose that we should confine ourselves  
to the present or future."

"There is no future for me," said  
her companion, sadly. Then flip-  
pantly, as if anxious to recall his  
words, he added:

"Don't you think there is a limit  
to the weather for a topic? Sup-  
pose we try something else."

"We have talked long enough,"  
returned the young woman, severely.

"I prefer to read," And she reso-  
lutely opened the novel.

"Is it interesting?" he persisted,  
after a pause.

"Intensely."

"It must be rather difficult to read  
upside down. Is that an acrobatic  
feat you have learned to accomplish  
in the four years of my absence?"

"It goes without saying that the  
same length of time has not improved  
your manners," said Miss St. John.

Mr. Dennison accepted in silence  
the reproach of his companion, but  
after a moment of hesitation he left  
his seat and ensconced himself in the  
one directly facing her.

"In a little while," he whispered,  
disregarding her glance of angry tol-  
eration, "the train will reach Holy-  
head, and like thistle-downs we shall  
be blown apart, perhaps never to meet  
again. We were very good friends—  
once—but, of course that is all over,  
and you cordially detest me. Just at  
this moment you are wishing me  
away."

"I did not say so," exclaimed the  
girl, with flashing eyes.

"I thought," he continued, "that  
to pass away the time and enable you  
to forget your antagonism to my  
presence you might like to hear the  
plot of one of my stories. Possibly  
you remember that I wrote a book—  
occasionally."

"Yes," she seemed to force the  
words from her lips—"I remember—  
that. It is very obliging in you to  
entertain me. What is your plot?"

Mr. Dennison began to count off  
on his fingers his dramatic personae.

"There is Miss Maude Vivian—  
heiress."

"Mr. Henry Dubois—a poverty-  
stricken artist."

"Mr. John Halifax—very hand-  
some, very rich and nothing in par-  
ticular."

"Scene—Central Africa."

"Your scene is preposterous and  
your combination of characters im-  
probable," complained Miss St. John.

"Truth is not necessary in fiction,"  
responded the story teller.

"Oblige me, then, by not romanc-  
ing any more than is absolutely  
necessary."

"Miss Vivian was fair and lovable.  
Consequently when she met Mr. Du-  
bois at a lawn party he fell in love  
with her and she reciprocated his af-  
fection."

"A lawn party in Central Africa?"  
expostulated the young lady. Pray  
are you telling me a romance among  
the Manyamis?"

"The color of the skin is immater-  
ial," replied Mr. Dennison, "but as  
you object to Africa I will call it Eu-  
rope—England will do. All went  
well with the lovers until, like the  
snake in the Garden of Eden, a third  
person stepped in, Mr. John Halifax.

Well, one cannot blame Miss Vivian  
if she preferred the corn and wine of  
Egypt to love in a cottage with pov-  
erty."

There was a pause, which Miss St.  
John broke by exclaiming irritably:  
"You are not entertaining at all.  
Your story is not worth writing. No  
publisher would accept it."

"Why not?" (politely). "Have  
you never known of a similar case?"

"No, never, except in some absurd  
story."

"By and by," continued the young  
man, "Mr. Dubois decided to win or  
lose it all. He asks Miss Vivian to  
marry him at once and share his  
modest income, which is, however, a  
sure one. He—made a fool of him-  
self."

"Most men do," murmured the  
girl.

"That is true, otherwise women  
would not care for them; but in this  
case the lady shared his folly."

"In what way?"

"She threw aside a loyal heart."

"Probably she had good reason for  
so doing."

"It occurs to me that you espouse  
her cause very warmly."

"Possibly the young man was over-  
bearing and impertinent. She very  
properly declined to be a slave. It is  
a Briton's privilege."

"I grant it. But suppose that Du-  
bois loved her deeply and truly; that,  
realizing that he had spoken hastily  
and regretted it, and wrote her a let-  
ter full of entreaties for pardon,  
which he sent by mail with a bunch  
of Parma violets."

"Well," whispered Miss St. John;  
"well?" It was easy to see that she  
was at last deeply interested.

"Mr. Dubois asked her in this letter  
if she still loved him to wear his  
flowers the next evening at a dance  
where they would meet. He called  
her his 'little queen'—he was madly  
in love with her."

"And then?" the girl's voice  
sounded as if she were crying.

"Oh, then, he went to the dance.  
She was there, radiant, smiling, beau-  
tiful. But she did not wear his vio-  
lets. Her gown was white, but upon  
her bosom nestled a bunch of crim-  
son roses—which had been given to  
her by John Halifax."

The voice of the narrator trembled,  
but he did not glance at his compan-  
ion.

Already they were approaching a  
tunnel which heralded the end of  
their journey. Miss St. John realized  
it and was thankful, for she hoped  
the semi-darkness might hide her  
falling tears.

go with him. He was away four  
years."

"Did it occur to him," whispered  
the young girl, reaching a satchel,  
out of which she drew a small jeweled  
box and laid it on her knee, "that  
Miss Vivian might not have received  
the letter until after the hot-headed  
and impetuous lover was beyond re-  
call. Besides, she might have been  
too much hurt to evidence her desire  
for his return. With such men 'love  
flows like Solway, but ebbs like its  
tide.'"

Already they were at the mouth of  
the tunnel. The revolving wheels of  
the train sounded like thunder, but  
an instant before the engine plunged  
into darkness Dennison saw Miss St.  
John pinning with trembling fingers  
a bunch of faded flowers to the bosom  
of her dress. On her lap lay the open  
box and a letter.

"Madeline!" cried the young man,  
seizing her hand and covering it with  
kisses. "Oh, my little queen, my  
sweetheart."

She uttered no word of protest;  
only her tears bedewed the violets  
upon her bosom, and lay there spark-  
ling diamonds in the flickering glow  
of the carriage lamp.

"All these words wasted, when I  
might have held you in these arms,"  
exclaimed Dennison, drawing the  
golden head down upon his shoulder.

"Oh, Eric!" said she, "how could  
you have thought it was your poverty  
that influenced me. If you are poor  
I will help you. See how strong I  
have grown." She looked up proudly  
with tender eyes.

"Have you never heard of the  
laurels I have won?" he asked. "I  
am no longer poor, Madeline. For-  
tune has smiled upon me. My last  
story was an El Dorado."

"Oh, how sorry I am," exclaimed  
the girl naively. "Now it will not  
be possible to prove my love for  
you."

Dennison picked up the bunch of  
flowers which had fallen from her lap  
and as the train shot like an arrow  
into the glad light of the May after-  
noon, he whispered:

"Darling, these violets are proof  
enough. I can never doubt your  
loyalty again."—[Globe-Democrat.

## A QUEER CHARACTER.

Incidents in the Career of the "Most  
Eccentric Man in Portugal."

It was in the House of Deputies at  
Lisbon, many years ago. There had  
been a debate on the budget, and in  
the excitement, many bitter words  
had been spoken. Among the speak-  
ers in opposition to the Ministry was  
Vicente Antonio de Soto Major, known  
at the time as the most eccentric  
man in Portugal, and one of the  
cleverest. In the course of his speech  
he had attacked the Ministry so  
severely that the President of the  
House called him to order several  
times, and at last withdrew from him  
the privilege of the floor.

The Vicomte left the chamber for  
a few minutes, and then returned to  
his seat. Rising to his feet, he drew  
two pistols from his pocket, placed  
them on the desk in front of him,  
and then demanded recognition.

"The first pistol here," he began,  
"is for you, Mr. President, if you  
dare to call me to order again. The  
second is for that colleague who dares  
to interrupt me."

He was known to be a man of his  
word, and the astonished House list-  
ened to him in silence.

The Vicomte died a few days ago  
in Stockholm, where he had been  
Portuguese Minister for many years.  
He was born in 1832, and was a mem-  
ber of one of the wealthiest and most  
aristocratic families in Portugal. He  
began active life as a cavalry officer,  
but resigned from the army after  
marrying a Spanish woman as wealthy  
as himself. He took up his resi-  
dence in Paris, but lived in such a  
manner that their fortunes were soon  
gone. In the fifties the Vicomte  
returned to Lisbon practically penni-  
less, turned to journalism, and be-  
came editor of The Tribune, soon  
making the paper a power in the lit-  
tle kingdom. His newspaper con-  
nection led him into politics, and he  
was elected to the House of Deputies.  
There he became famous for his  
eloquence, wit and fearlessness.

On one occasion he publicly called  
the Minister of Finance a spendthrift.  
His Excellency replied that such  
an accusation was hardly in place  
from a man who had wasted a whole  
fortune.

"That is not true," quickly re-  
plied Soto Major. "I have spent not  
only one fortune, but three. The great  
difference between us, however, is  
that I spent my own money, while  
Your Excellency wastes the money of  
others."

Naturally enough the Government  
wished to get such an opponent out  
of the way. To make him as harm-  
less as possible the authorities offered  
him the mission to Sweden, which,  
almost strange to say, he accepted.

He soon became one of the most  
popular figures in Stockholm. Every  
child in the city knew the small,  
white-bearded diplomat, whose wit  
was as much admired as his collec-  
tion of jewels and cravats. Even in  
his old age he was unable to overcome  
the wasteful habits of his youth.

Many are the stories told of him in  
Stockholm. Once, in one of the best  
houses of the capital, a young woman  
happened to drop a small coin, worth  
not more than five cents. The Vi-  
comte opened his pocketbook, took  
from it a hundred-crown note, and  
lighted it to aid the young woman in  
her search.—[New York Tribune.

## Nickel and Silver.

Some authorities say that the  
prices of nickel and silver will event-  
ually cross each other. They argue  
that nickel is more useful, is scarcer,  
and is not so readily produced, and  
that as silver is used more as a  
symbol of wealth its value in that di-  
rection will gradually depreciate. In  
such an event there is a long road,  
because silver has in it the tradition  
of ages, and the poorer classes of the  
world would be actuated in its use as  
the rich have been, and for a long  
time the downward course would be  
stayed by this sentiment alone.—  
[Hardware.

Boston has 446,500 population and  
853 police, who last year made 39,996  
arrests.

## THE JOKER'S BUDGET.

JESTS AND YARNS BY FUNNY  
MEN OF THE PRESS.

Ready to Begin—Better Than Elec-  
tricity—Modest Willie—Early  
Depravity—Etc., etc.

### READY TO BEGIN.

The Governor—Now that I've paid  
your debts, Harry, you can make a  
new start.

Harry—Thank you, father; please  
lend me a hundred.—[Truth.

### BETTER THAN ELECTRICITY.

Agent—Wouldn't you like to have  
a burglar alarm set up in your house?  
Mr. Binks—Don't need it. I've  
got a wife.—[New York Weekly.

### MODEST WILLIE.

"No," said Willie Wibbles, "I'm  
not a bit afraid of a bicycle."

"You are quite brave," said the  
young woman.

"Oh, not necessarily," rejoined  
Willie modestly. "You see, I nevah  
wide one."

### EARLY DEPRAVITY.

"Papa," asked Tommy Goodman,  
"who was Cain's wife?"

"Caroline," said the Rev. Dr.  
Goodman, after an ominous pause,  
addressing his wife, "will you please  
hand me my heaviest slipper and  
leave the room? There is going to  
be a trial for heresy here and  
right now."—[Chicago Tribune.

### AN IDIOTIC BIRD.

"I have a parrot at home that re-  
peats every word I utter," said Jar-  
ley.

"What an idiot of a bird," ejacu-  
lated Cynicus.—[Harper's Bazar.

### A CONDITIONAL POP.

"Then you are engaged?"

"Conditionally."

"What do you mean?"

"Why, George put the hypothet-  
ical question to me last night and I  
said yes."—[Judge.

### SIGNS OF THE SEASONS.

The earth exhibits signs of spring  
And brighter grow the days;  
A sign that birds will shortly sing  
For us their merry lays.

Each season has its signs—the fall,  
Spring, winter, as they pass,  
And that of summer is for all  
The sign, "Keep off the grass."—  
[New York Press.

### COULD DO WITHOUT IT.

O'Jones—I don't object to a man  
blowing his own horn if he wants to,  
do you?

McSmith—Not at all; still, I have  
very little ear for that kind of music.

### TO STRENGTHEN IT.

Mrs. Wreckhard (the landlady)—Is  
there anything I can help you to,  
Mr. Slimmer?

Slimmer—Yes, ma'am. Can I have  
some milk put in this cream?—  
[Puck.

### ANSWERED.

"What!" cried the orator, fiercely,  
"what, I ask, causes poverty?" And  
from the back of the hall a hoarse  
voice answered "Lack of cash."

### IMPROPER FRACTIONS.

Mamma (as she is serving the pie  
at table)—What is an improper frac-  
tion, Johnny?

Johnny—Anything less than a  
quarter, mamma.—[Newport News.

### A PRACTICAL VIEW OF IT.

"They say the wolf is continually  
at their door."

"Well, I don't know what he is  
there for—they never have anything  
in the house."—[New York Press.

### OUT OF SIGHT.

Investor—I see you have a railroad  
mapped out here, but where's your  
town?

Land Boomer—Well, to tell you  
the truth, it ain't built yet; but  
there's six candidates for Sheriff in  
their gallberry bushes, one moonlight  
distillery, three Prohibitionists and a  
pond for baptism.—[New York Press.

### TOO POOR.

"Lend me ten, Fweddle."

"Can't do it. I have just been  
jilted by a girl worth half a million."

### A DIALOGUE FROM LIFE.

"Where are you going?"

"To the chemist's."

"Is it for yourself?"

"Oh, no, fortunately—it's for my  
wife."—[Le Soir.

### ABSENT MINDED.

Benson—I have a literary friend  
who is so absent-minded that when  
he went to London recently he tele-  
graphed himself ahead to wait for  
himself at a certain place.

Smith—Did the telegram have the  
desired result?

Benson—No. He got it all right,  
but he had forgotten to sign his  
name, and not knowing who it was  
from, he paid no attention to it.—  
[Pearson's Weekly.

### FEELING IS BELIEVING, TOO.

Teacher—I don't suppose any one  
of the little boys here has ever seen a  
whale?

Boy (at the foot of the class)—No,  
sir, but I've felt one.—[Brooklyn  
Life.

### THE GENIAL POET.

"Ma, ha," laughed the poet.  
"Here's a good joke."

"What is it?" asked his wife.

"Why," returned the genial bard,  
"a fellow wrote to me for my auto-  
graph the other day and I sent it to  
him. Then what does he do but copy  
it on a check and try to get some  
money at a bank. Tried to get good  
cash, my dear, with my name on a  
check. Ha, ha!"—[Philadelphia  
Life.

### SOCIETY ORNAMENTS.

De Snapp—I congratulate you, old  
fellow. Miss Purkey's face is rather  
plain, but she is worth \$200,000.

De Muttinodd—Thanks, dear boy.  
You are right. It was her figure that  
attracted me.—[Chicago Tribune.

### HER SOCIAL TRIUMPH.

Mrs. Gossip—I hear you attracted  
much notice on your appearance in  
the social world abroad.

Mrs. Numoney—I should say so. I  
wore on an average from \$20,000 to  
\$85,000 of diamonds every ball I went  
to.—[Chicago Record.

## WAS AWARE OF IT.

"Remember, witness," sharply ex-  
claimed the attorney for the defence,  
"you are on oath."

"There ain't no danger of my for-  
gettin' it," replied the witness sul-  
lently. "I'm tellin' the truth fur  
nothin' when I could have made \$4  
by lyin' fur your side of the case, an'  
you know it."—[Chicago Tribune.

## GROUND FOR DISBELIEF.

Mrs. Mullins (reading the news-  
paper)—A Philadelphia man rejoices  
in the name of Medycynv Garczyn-  
ski.

Mr. Mullins—I don't believe it.  
"You don't believe that is his right  
name?"

"