

PRINCE AND PAUPER.

The Prince passed by. A careless boy, As he watched him ride away, Thought, "Oh, for a taste of the boundless joy Where the Prince must feast each day." And a great hope burned in his youthful heart To sometimes play a Prince's part.

The Prince passed by; his heart was sad With a thousand cares oppressed: To be once more like that happy lad And freed from this deep unrest: I'd give all the sorry hopes of men: Alas! that youth comes not again."

—Nixon Waterman in Chicago Journal.

A HAPPY MAN.

The doctor did not have an easy time of it in the East End parish, where he had bought a cheap practice and settled down with his youth, his aspirations, his skill, to fight the battle of life. His youth seemed to slip from him in his first year of work, his aspirations changed their nature, his skill developed. He acquired vast experience in those poor homes, where he fought valiantly against disease, the result of intemperance and vice and poverty and ignorance—diseases of which the victim was often an innocent sufferer. The sins of the fathers were visited upon infants—the sins of by-gone generations upon brave girls and well-meaning young fellows—sins of children on patient women and hard-working men. Dr. Murray was a thinker as well as a worker. He might have easily become morbid in the dreary place, where there was nothing beautiful to charm the mind, and little enough to charm the eye or the ear. But he did not become morbid. He had the remembrance of a happy country home where his boyhood had been passed, he had the thoughts of his dear old mother who lived there still, and the lessons she had taught the boy had not left him in his manhood; above all, he had thoughts of another woman—her letters, sometimes—the promise of herself before long. When he walked through the muddy street to his solitary home he did not let his mind dwell on the room he had just visited, where three children lay sick in one bed, shivering with cold, and with no one but a drunken mother to attend to them, and give them such food as was provided for the family by a lazy father, whose earnings, scanty enough, were chiefly spent at the "Royal George." He did not let himself meditate on the details of his cases when he had left them; that would have unfitted him for his work. No; he tried to imagine what home would be like when Norah was really there, when the opening door would disclose her to him and draw him into the warm room, where there would be firelight and lamplight and—herself. She brought warmth and light and sweetness to him, to his life, to Millwall. She brought that now. What would it be by-and-by—by-and-by—when—

He reached home. He let himself into the unlighted hall. The house felt cold. He set his lips together and thought, "By and by." He laid aside his umbrella, took off his coat, strode into the barely furnished, rather uncomfortable dining-room, and rang for dinner. A middle-aged woman presented herself.

"Oh!" she said, "I'm sorry the fire's out, sir."

"Never mind," said Murray, "I shall have to go out again after dinner, I expect."

"Oh! that reminds me, sir. An old gentleman come to see you. He wanted you to call upon his wife. But he said you wasn't to trouble to-night if so be you was tired."

"Who was it, Mrs. Hawker?"

"He was unknown to me, sir; but he was a respectable looking gentleman, quite clean, and a nice face to him—a bit of gray whiskers, too."

"Did he leave his name?"

"Yes; I laid it on your consultin'-room table. He penciled it on the back of a envelope I had in my pocket. I'll bring it in with your shop."

The doctor looked at it. Informed, but fairly legible letters, he saw the words:

Please call at your convenience
JOHN TEMPLE,
14 Plevna Street,
(top).

It was not a cheerful night. But within—what was there within? And every day must bring its duties. Besides, "at your convenience" was so delightfully agreeable after the usual messages that reached him. He went into the hall again, pulled on his coat, took his umbrella, put on his hat badly as doctors usually do, and banged the front door behind him.

By-and-by the doctor came to a narrow street which seemed to be less well lit, noisier, dirtier than those through which he had already passed. He had several patients in this road, but he did not know exactly where 14 was. He went right up to the nearest door and peered; that was 11. He crossed over, presuming the numbers were odds and evens. He found 14.

His knock brought a fat, untidy woman to the door, and several large-eyed children into the hall. As the children and herself were at the time in the enjoyment of what they considered health, Mrs. Bickle did not feel it incumbent to be extra polite.

Mrs. Bickle held the candle, and she and the children watched the gentleman's ascent of the narrow, winding stair. The house being only two-storyed, he had not far to go. Mr. Temple, who had apparently just started to meet him, stood waiting till he reached the top.

"Sir," he said, "I take this kind of you."

Dr. Murray could not at first discern his face, but the tone of the voice struck him pleasantly. It seemed to accord with the "At your convenience."

"In here, please, sir."

The man led the way into the room.

Dr. Murray had seen many such rooms—rather, he had seen many much worse rooms. This was small; it gave evidence of poverty; it was barely furnished. But it was a bright room. Exactly why it gave the impression of brightness it was difficult

to say; perhaps because Mr. Temple was in it. That was the conclusion the doctor came to afterwards.

There was a small fire in the grate. A lamp was on the round table. There was a chair—only one chair—which was put by the bedside. In the bed lay a woman. Mr. Temple introduced her briefly, "My wife."

The woman turned her eyes in the direction of the doctor. That was her recognition of his presence.

"I thought I'd like you to step round and have a look at her," said Mr. Temple. "I've feared she isn't quite so well to-day. There ain't much the matter, is there, Lucy?"

But I fancied it'd be a comfort to me if you'd see her."

When Dr. Murray had gone, the old man got ready for the night. He was obliged to retire early whenever possible. He brought warm water to the bedside and washed the hands and face of his wife, and tied on her white night-cap. In the morning he would perform her toilet again, and do her hair for her. And he took pride in doing it, as he said, "as stylish as a hairdresser." Then he arranged on a chair, so as to be within reach, a candle in a tin candlestick, a glass of water and a biscuit. After that he fetched a large prayer-book and the Bible, and read the Psalms and the second lesson for the evening, and afterwards prayed. He thanked God for the many mercies vouchsafed to them that day, for food and power to work, and for a home. He remembered those without these blessings, and begged that they might receive them. He commanded himself and his wife to God's keeping throughout the night.

Then his day was over. In the night Mrs. Temple was thirsty. She did not disturb her husband; but he awoke, lit the candle, and held the glass of water to her lips.

Dr. Murray kept his promise to call. He got into the habit of looking in on the old couple pretty frequently. He wrote and told Norah about them, and one day she sent Mrs. Temple some flowers, and the simple act gave such happiness that it was repeated, and during the winter the garret was never without a chrysanthemum or two.

The spring brought hope to the doctor. He knew that Mrs. Hawker's reign was drawing to an end, and that the "by-and-by" would soon be here. It had been a hard winter. Strikes had brought added poverty to many a home, and the infant sickness and mortality had been terrible. And then there had been the influenza! But he had battled on, working all day and sometimes half the night, and kept himself brave with the thought of Norah. And now it was April. And on the 1st of June!

He called on the Temples before he went away. They had known that his marriage was approaching, but not exactly the date of it.

"I am going off for a month," he said to John. Then reddening, "When I come back I hope to bring another friend to see you."

"Sir!" The old man looked at him. Then grasping his meaning, held out his rough yet gentle hand. "God bless you, sir! You couldn't tell me anything that would make me more rejoiced. The dear young lady! We seem to know her now, already; but we shall really see her and love her, I am sure."

"Oh, yes," said Murray, "you'll love her, Mr. Temple. Everybody does."

"Lucy, did you hear? The doctor is going to fetch the dear lady."

The woman unclosed her eyes. She looked at the doctor, and the drawn face seemed flooded with sweetness. Her lips moved.

"She says, 'God bless you,' sir. Lucy says, 'God bless you.' And when she says it she means it. Ah, we know what a blessed thing married life can be; don't we Lucy? It's a solemn fact, sir, to take a woman to be your wife. It's a solemn fact. But when the blessing of God rests upon a union, marriage is a sacrament that brings you added grace. It is, sir. Your faith grows, and your love grows, and your nature deepens. You learn many things. I'm old and I've lived, but the part of my life that has helped me to the best knowledge is—just that. I took Lucy. I said I'd 'love her, comfort her, honor and keep her in sickness and in health.' I've tried, and we've been happy. Sir, love does it all. You'll want to comfort her, and if sickness comes you'll love her all the more."

From the bed there came a strange sound. It was something between a laugh and a sob. And the doctor turning, looked away again. Her husband's words had moved the wife to tears, but her face was radiant with joy in her upturned eyes.

Temple laid his hand on hers—hers, which could give no answering pressure. "Sir," he said, "I can't wish you better happiness than I've had. I wish you as much. And I take it I'm about the happiest man in London!"—[Cornhill Magazine.]

A Long Ride.

The arrival is chronicled at Guaymas, Mexico, of Colonel Joseph Johnston, an American, and Captain Hamilton, of the British army, accompanied by a German scientist, who have undertaken to ride from the United States to the extremity of Patagonia on horseback. They started from Nogales, Arizona, some weeks ago and have been traversing the Yaqui country, where they met several bands of the warlike Yaquis, but being well armed, they were not molested. They will travel in Culiacan, Mazatlan, Tepic, Guadalajara to the City of Mexico, and thence through the States of Guerrero, Aaxaca and Chiapas to Central America. It is a scientific expedition and will cost about \$150,000 and requires four years to make the trip. Colonel Johnston has been a great traveler in Japan, China, Australia and British India. Captain Hamilton has passed fifteen years in exploration in Africa, where he encountered many terrible perils. He was also present with the British force that destroyed the body of Zulus who killed the prince imperial.—[New Orleans Picayune.]

His reward? Ah, he had his reward. He loved her better than he had ever done in the days of her youth and health and beauty. And



CARRIAGE COSTUME

WINDMILL SLEEVES.

FANCIES OF FASHION.

GREAT VARIETY IN THE STYLES FOR THIS SEASON.

No Relaxation in the Search for Novelties in Dress—The High Appreciation Which Oddities Receive—House Dresses Daintily Adorned—Colors in Great Variety.

Dame Fashion's Doings.

New York correspondence

EVERY possible means which can be utilized to give distinct character to a costume is welcomed by the designers of fall dresses. While cool weather has necessarily shelved many of the sorts of ornamentation which prevailed during the summer, there is no relaxation in the eager search for novelties.

The gauzy novelties of August are replaced by others which are suited to the approaching cold weather, but unusual as is valued in the latter as in the former, and the danger of overdoing the oddity of any one feature or the whole of a costume is as slight as it was before.

As an example of the high appreciation which oddities receive, the house dress pictured in the initial is eloquent, for it was considered by its designer as nothing short of a work of high art. Of its novelty there can be no doubt; its beauty, there may be different opinions, but that is the point: the stranger is welcome because he is a stranger and without means to guard for his appearance. A simple gray woolen suitting is used for this dress, and its gored skirt is three and a half yards wide, and is lined with alpaca. The back is laid in pleats facing each other. Lining and stuff are cut in equal length and width for the bodice. It has a tiny basque and a full plastron which hangs down below the waist line, coming inside the buttoned extra fronts, which are sewed into the side seam, and is finished with a narrow black lace ruffle. A deep collar comes across the shoulders, with the ends tucked into the loose part in front. A plain standing collar and narrow sleeves complete the costume.

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combines delicate stuffs and new sorts of garniture, the result is especially pleasing. The costume next shown does this and is well worth copying. As sketched it is made from white cashmere and mouse-skin chiffon. The back broads are gathered in the waist and flare considerably in the skirt portion. At the top they are gathered in a round yoke. The front broads hook on to the draped part, which is left loose to show the pleated panel of mouse-skin. A draped betha of white cashmere comes over the shoulders and is fastened with jeweled ribbon, from which three strings of paste pearls extend to the shoulder, where they fasten with a rhinestone buckle. Jewel embroidery also borders the drapery. The sleeves are of pleated chiffon, and a white cashmere ruching shows at the neck. If reproduction of this dress is attempted, and a great many stuffs are well suited to it, the jeweled ornamentation might be omitted. In the original this trimming looked well, but there is so much dance in the use of such things as cheapening the effect of the whole by a profusion of mock gems that the designer needs beware.

Collars and neck linings are in great variety, because they are easily made. Stocks threaten to be all the rage and so will the poor short-necked folk who have to go into them. The easiest way to accomplish a stock at home is to make a high standing folded collar with stiff foundations which fastens in the back. To its edges at the back are attached soft scarf pieces. After the stiff collar is adjusted, the scarf pieces cross each other, come to the front and there tie, the stock part appearing above the bow. These stocks are every bit as becoming and correct as the expensive ones from the stores, and they can be made of left-over gauze, crepe, chiffon, taffeta, satin, moire, etc. So it is best to save the leavings of the summer wardrobe. Having had a good season's wear out

ORGANS STILL GRIND.

SOCRATIC ARGUMENT DEALT OUT BY M'KINLEYITES.

Professor of Conundrums Hard at Work—Lesson in President Cleveland's Letter—Tariff Combine Broken—A Too Previous Croak—Why the Records Are Silent.

Modern "Socratic Arguments."

A Chicago organ of McKinleyism quotes from a Duquoin organ of the same ism a "Socratic argument" in favor of the McKinley agricultural schedule. The "argument" consists in asking why since the enactment of that schedule the yearly imports from Canada have been less by so many dollars worth of agricultural products, so many dollars worth of horses, so many dollars worth of barley, so many dollars worth of eggs, etc., etc.; why these imports from Canada have been so much less if the agricultural schedule has not benefited our farmers. The argument consists further in asking why, if free trade be a good thing for our farmers, sheep pasture lands have depreciated \$28,000,000 under the mere threat of free wool.

This argument may be answered in various ways. It may be answered, Yankee fashion, by asking why the McKinley law quadrupled the number of noses on the man in the moon, and why the new law has decimated the population of the planet Mars, and why, under a high tariff, a tub of water will weigh no more after a live fish has been placed in it than it did before. Assuming that certain things are not true, the Duquoin Socrates are not substantiated.

The Socratic argument may also be answered by saying that even if we have imported less products of the farm from Canada under the McKinley law than we did before, that does not prove that the American farmer has sold any more of such products, or obtained any higher prices for them. If he has not he has not been benefited by shutting out Canadian products. The Duquoin professor of conundrums entirely omits the essential part of the argument.

As to the implied assertion in regard to sheep pasture lands, the Duquoin Socrates does not know whether it is true or not, because it is simply impossible for him or any one else to know whether it is true.—Chicago Herald.

A Sugar Catechism.

Q. What is the sugar tax? A. It is a duty of 40 per cent upon the value of all sugar imported and one-eighth of a cent a pound additional upon refined sugar.

Q. Who pays the taxes? A. All taxes are paid ultimately by the people—the consumers. When the McKinley law removed and reduced the duties on sugar the price declined by almost precisely the amount of the taxes abated.

Q. How are sugar taxes collected? A. The taxes on the raw sugar imported are paid by the refineries, organized as a sugar trust. The trust then adds this tax and the duty on refined sugar to the selling price, and the growers collect it from the people.

Q. What does this tax amount to? A. In 1893 the sugar trust imported 3,312,219,367 pounds of raw material, costing \$114,969,870. The people paid \$19,854,038. The Treasury got nothing. In 1894 the new tariff on the same importation will amount to \$46,000,000 on raw sugar, which goes to the Treasury, and the trust, which has an absolute monopoly of the market, will collect \$20,000,000 more for its own benefit.

Q. Is a tax needed to "protect" our refineries? A. It is not. Sugar refining is done more cheaply here than in any other country. In his testimony before the Ways and Means Committee in 1891, Mr. Havemeyer, President of the sugar trust, said: "I do not see why, under free trade in sugar, we could not supply a very large proportion of the world's consumption."

Q. What have been the sugar trust's profits under the tariff legislation of the Republican party? They were all of one mind on the subject. They were all in favor of giving the trust that enormous bonus, out of which it has taken at least \$40,000,000 in profit since the McKinley tariff was enacted.

Q. In the present Congress a small minority in the Senate is at work for the repeal of the tariff, which was opposed to it in 1890. The trust controlled the entire Republican party in Congress; there was not even a small Republican minority to protest against the legislation that enriched the combination. Under such conditions it was not a difficult matter to conceal the record of the secret bargains.—New York Times.

Free Wool.

What, ho! Free wool was to destroy the American sheep, and yet the price of wool is already stiffening and the woolen mills are getting ready for largely increased business.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Wool has no right to behave as it is.

behaving. Free trade in any commodity ought to ruin every factory in the land. Instead of making manufacturers lively, it ought, according to the motto of the game, to put out the fires of industry, spread famine, destruction, hunger, small-pox and fever broadcast. But instead of that free wool goes right along doing just what its enemies said it would not do, and all the pretty theories are knocked out in the first round. What is the matter, anyhow?—Baltimore Sun.

"It (progressive tariff reform) means cheaper clothing, cheaper tools, cheaper pottery, and many other necessities for the people. It means freer and larger commerce with those nations that buy our farm products, and consequent larger and better markets for our farmers. It means a transfer of some of the burdens of Government from the tax collector to the public, the purchase of the necessities of