

## THE EGGS THAT NEVER HATCH.

There's a young man on the corner, Filled with life and strength and hope, Looking far beyond the present. With the whole world in his scope. He is grasping at to-morrow, That phantom none can catch; To-day is lost. He's waiting For the eggs that never hatch.

There's an old man over yonder, With a worn and weary face, With searching, anxious features, And weak, uncertain pace. He is living in the future, With no desire to catch The golden now. He's waiting For the eggs that never hatch.

There's a world of men and women, With their life's work yet undone, Who are sitting, standing, moving, Beneath the same great sun; Ever eager for the future, But not content to snatch The present. They are waiting For the eggs that never hatch.

—Leisure Hours.

## AT NINETEEN AND TWENTY-SEVEN.

BY EMMA M. WISE.

Esther Lindsay was nineteen when her first story was published. It was not the first one she had written by any means. Ever since she had been able to form the alphabetical character and join them legibly her female brain had been weaving all sorts of possible and impossible schemes, many of which she had forwarded to publishers in various parts of the country, believing with all the fervor of her youthful egotists that her crude sentiments still more crudely wrought would inspire in some editor's soul the same faith in her greatness which she herself already possessed.

But somehow her contributions always fell short of the mark of excellence necessary to insure them a favorable consideration, and manuscript after manuscript was returned to her and was securely locked away in the old drawer of her old fashioned bureaux, which had been dedicated, with a good many tears of disappointment, as a repository for all rejected offerings at the shrine of literature. By the time she was nineteen there were probably a hundred or more of those hapless productions laid away either to be ignominiously forgotten or to be resurrected and revised when her mind should become sufficiently matured to sift out whatever meritorious material there might be in them and use it to good advantage.

She worked steadily for more than three months on her "Story of the Steamer Kendrick." One night she finished rewriting it for the twenty-first time, and the next day she sent it to Jesse Arnold, editor of Ironton Inland Weekly, with a fine line note, asking him to read it carefully, and even if he could not use it to let her know what he thought of it.

Of all the editors in the land she seemed to have chosen him as her most favored target, why she could not have told, for she had no personal acquaintance with him and his letters accompanying returned manuscript had been even more curt and forbidding than those of his brother publishers. But for all that, each unhappy ending venture only added fresh fuel to her zeal to secure a foothold among the ranks of the Inland Weekly's contributors and compel its chief by sheer force of her impetuosity to acknowledge her developed or potential ability.

Her "Story of the Steamer Kendrick" was not a work of genius, but there were phases of the plot that were strong and passages that were unusually well conceived and executed, and after reading it three times Jesse Arnold, who was a conscientious editor, decided to take it. He accepted it with that feeling of uncertainty with which an insurance man issues a policy on an extra hazardous risk, and congratulated himself on his shrewdness and interest by asking her to marry him.

The public liked the story, and several critics who condescended to review the Inland Weekly praised it. Perhaps Editor Arnold himself was more fully aware of the glaring absurdities in the piece he had brought out than were any of its readers, and each favorable comment that came to his notice only made them all the more apparent. At last he concluded to write to his unknown literary protege and warn her against certain errors which might be pardoned in a young author's first story, but which, if often repeated, would be serious drawback to her advancement in the art. Before he did so, however, she sent him another hastily written story, and a letter which was a strange jumble of gratitude to him for bringing her before the public, thankfulness that she had been so well received, and unstinted expressions of a steadfast belief that she was fairly launched on a sea of success, where wrecks and disasters were an impossibility. In conclusion she hinted that he ought to be eternally grateful to her for allowing him to print a story which would, in all probability, shed lustre round his own reputation as well as her own.

That evening he wrote the contemplated letter.

"You are in danger of being spoiled," he said in part. "You need advice and I feel that I have the right to address you in the capacity of censor. Remember that you are in an up-to-date world and the literature that will live will be the very essence, the embodiment of that world. Visionary, idealistic sketches such as yours may make very good reading, but they are not the true stuff. You have unquestioned ability, but if you wish to succeed you must turn it to the portrayal of living men and women, not the imaginary puppets that you have manipulated for the most part in your "Story of the Steamer Kendrick." Take your hero, for instance. It may be quite comforting for a time to come in contact, through the medium of printer's ink and paper, with an Apollo, a mental Hercules, a spiritual god and a financial Croesus, all combined in one American man, and a New Yorker at that, but I doubt if any of us would relish a closer acquaintance with him; he would be apt to prove unpredictable. Besides, he would be an execrescence on the human race, and after your second or third story the public would have none of him. So, take warning. Make your hero a real man—full of imperfections if need be—and let the gods take care of themselves."

Esther Lindsay read, and reread the editor's letter. He had not intended to make it unnecessarily pointed or critical, but of all the characters she had ever conjured up her last hero had been the object of her most sincere admiration and the admiration to shun him and his ilk touched her in the most vulnerable spot.

"I want that man to understand me," she said to her mother, after having dreamed over the contents of the letter for a couple of nights, "and in order to bring that about I am going down to Ironton to see him, for it would be utterly useless for me to attempt to explain in writing just what stand I have taken on this subject."

Her family knew her too well to remon-

strate against the proposed visit and the next morning she took the early train for Ironton. It was late in the afternoon when she reached the office of the Ironton Inland Weekly. Jesse Arnold was closing his office and she met him just outside the door. She inquired for him and he stepped back into his paper bastrewn den and motioned her to follow.

"I am Jesse Arnold," he said, in that stiff way which he habitually adopted when addressing strangers. "What is it you wish to see me about?"

At his best the editor was not a good looking man, and that day, when he stood between her and the window, where the full beams of the evening sun poured in and seemed to exaggerate every defect of his person from the most upright end of his short, straight black hair to his disproportionately large feet, he was painfully conscious that his loosely knit body and swarthy complexion never appeared to worse advantage.

She took in the details of the room and the general make-up of its occupant with one comprehensive sweep of her clear, blue eyes, and then said, simply:

"I am Esther Lindsay. If it does not inconvenience you I should like to talk to you a little while about this last letter you wrote me."

There was but a trace of his former reserve left and he took her hand impulsively.

"I am glad to see you," he said, with a smile—the best part of Jesse Arnold was his smile—"are you willing to let me be your doctor and to take my prescriptions faithfully?"

"No," she said, flushing slightly under his close scrutiny, "I don't think I am. I don't think I can. You don't understand," she went on earnestly, encouraged by his look of friendly interest. "I don't suppose there are any men that are absolutely perfect, but I have my ideal of what a man should be and I put him body and soul into my "Story of the Steamer Kendrick." I don't think that I am over optimistic when I say that I believe with all my heart that such men live and that you and I have met them and can point them out."

He shook his head in quiet controversy of her theory. She waited a moment for him to speak, then exclaimed impatiently:

"Well, why don't you say something?" "Because," he answered, leaning far back in hisreaking chair and clasping his hands behind his head, "I see quite plainly that whatever argument I may present it will only antagonize you. You may know such men as you depict; I do not, and my experience has been infinitely more varied than yours. I know you will not heed me, but I repeat that it will not pay to live in a world peopled only by ideals. You must associate with the real. Take some man of your acquaintance; study him; take human nature for your model, and you will on the right track."

"You have only one view, and, though it may be right, I feel as though I should be giving up the best part of myself to sacrifice my opinion to yours," she said, with that touch of wisdom she had lately assumed. "Cut I suppose," she continued, "that if my stories are up to the standard you will not decline them on account of that one technology."

He smiled again. "No," he said, "not on that account."

On have one article printed, even though it be in the Ironton Inland Weekly, does not give unquestioned entry into the columns of every other periodical in the country, and for many months after the appearance of her first story Esther Lindsay plodded wearily over her literary way, which was an up-hill, sinuous path. A score of unfortunate tales were added to the unpublished library in the bureau drawer before she found an outlet for her ideas a second time. Then followed five years of ups and downs. No literary aspirant ever had a more jealous guardian than she had in Jesse Arnold. He excused every defeat she met as keenly as though it had been his own, and then one day when some unexpected ill-luck made her despair of trying to push on further in the course she had mapped out for herself he capped the climax of his sympathy and interest by asking her to marry him.

It was a surprise to her and she promptly refused him.

"I never expected this from you," she said, trying to temper his dismissal with a kind of apology, "you know me so well. You may call me a dreamer, an idiot, if you like, but I have my ideal still, and unless I find him in real life I shall never marry."

"I'm afraid you will always stay single then," he rejoined, sharply. "I thought, judging by your latter writing, that you had commenced to hold common sense views on some things, but I suppose I am mistaken. You may change your mind yet."

"You shall never know it if I do," she flared out, angrily, and that ended the first chapter of their own romance.

The outcome of his pre-matrimonial venture had been a bitter disappointment to Jesse Arnold. He went back to the office of the Ironton Inland Weekly and tried to deaden his grief in the duties and responsibilities devolving upon the editor in chief of a great publication, and she, realizing something of how deeply she had wounded him, tried to forget her pity for him and to work out her salvation, and him as well, by writing with renewed energy. Gradually her stories took on a tone of reality and broad sympathy with humanity, and gradually her merit began to receive general recognition. She never sent any of her work to the Iland Weekly for publication after that one unhappy incident which left the friendship that had existed between her and its editor partially wrecked, and he only knew her progress through the magazines, to which she had at last become a frequent contributor.

He watched with particular interest the evolution of the character of her heroes. The June issue of a well known monthly contained a story that made his pulses throb and quiver with hope and joy. He left the Iland Weekly in charge of a sub-ordinate for a few days, and went down to see Esther Lindsay.

"When you wrote your "Story of the Steamer Kendrick" your hero was the ideal of mankind, was he not?" he asked as soon as he could speak to her alone.

"Yes," she said, softly. "And you were delighted that if you failed to find such a creation in real life you would never marry?"

"Yes," again. "When you wrote this last story you had evidently experienced a change of heart and mind."

Again the monosyllabic reply.

"Would you mind telling me where you got your idea of the man therein described?"

"No," she said, definitely, "not in the least. I painted my imaginary character as I remembered you that day when I first saw you in your office at Ironton. You ought to recognize him; there's the same crooked nose, the same unruly hair, the same smile, the same sunlit window at your back. You told me then to make a friend—some one full of imperfections, it might be—and study him and make him a model for my hero. I have done so."

He leaned forward and looked into her pretty blue eyes.

"And is he your ideal?" he asked.

"Yes," she said once more.

## THE JOKER'S BUDGET.

### JESTS AND YARNS BY FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

Nothing to Point the Way—A Heavy Blow—Proof of It—Out of His Depth Etc., Etc.

#### NOTHING TO POINT THE WAY.

"I don't see," said Mr. Maguire, as he sat in the stern of the vessel, "how the captain can find his way across the ocean. If he were going the other way all he'd have to do would be to follow that white streak behind there, but in front there's nothing to point the way."

#### A HEAVY BLOW.

"Henry, you look worried; what is the trouble?"

"I was stung to the quick by an adder this afternoon."

"Heavens! How did it happen?"

"Why, I went to the bank this afternoon, and the bank clerk, after adding up the ledger, told me my account was overdrawn."

#### PROOF OF IT.

Nell—Dell seems to be infatuated with Jack Rappide.

Bell—Yes, I saw them in a dark corner of the porch last night, and she seemed to be quite wrapped up in him.—Philadelphia Record.

#### OUT OF HIS DEPTH.

They were telling of books that they had read, and the man with the forehead asked what the other thought of the "Origin of Species."

The other said he hadn't read it. "In fact," he added, "I'm not interested in financial subjects."—Boston Transcript.

#### PREPARED FOR ANYTHING.

First Desperado—Bill, is the front gate propped open, and have you got some red pepper all ready to throw at the dog?

Second Desperado—Yes. Go ahead.

First Desperado (at front door a few moments later, protected by coat of mail, base ball catcher's mask, and drum major's bearskin cap)—I am taking orders, sir, for the Authorized Edition of the Harr-Harvey Debate on the Silver Question, sir.—Chicago Tribune.

#### A NATURAL MISTAKE.

City man (mistaking the saw-miller for the farmer)—What kind of boarding can I get at your place?

Saw Miller (innocently)—Mostly weather boardin', but there's a little floorin' left over, you kin hev.

#### TRIUMPH.

"Ha! ha! ha! ha!" laughed the great detective, "I have 'em now!"

For five days he had been on the trail, and had neither eaten nor slept.

"He had done nothing but drink.

Under the circumstances that he had 'em bore the similitude of verity.—Detroit Tribune.

#### MONETARY.

Ragged Rube—Boss, I just heard you sayin' to your friend that you believe in free silver.

Mr. Spouter—Well, what of it?

Ragged Rube—I hain't seen nothin' but copper for a month. Gimme a quarter to get on the silver basis.—Truth.

#### KNOW FROM EXPERIENCE.

"I think I've a pretty good story here," remarked the occasional contributor, as he seated himself and lighted one of the editor's cigars.

The editor glanced over the story. "Yes," he said, "I think this is a pretty good story. I tell it myself occasionally."

#### A NECESSARY INFERENCE.

Skilton—I don't have very much confidence in that medical specialist who's treatin' me.

Hallen—Why, what's the reason? Doesn't he seem to understand you case?

Skilton—Yes, but he doesn't charge me enough.—Chicago Record.

#### THEIR LITERARY ACHIEVEMENTS.

"So she rejected Herbert and chose Will."

"Yes. They both did their best to please her. She has literary ways you know, and Herbert sent her a beautifully written volume of poems."

"That should have made a good impression."

"It did. But Will showed her his carefully edited bank book."—Washington Star.

#### THE DIVISION.

"It cost me \$50 to ascend Mont Blanc," said the man who has travelled in Europe. "You know, the law requires that one shall be accompanied by two guides and a porter."

"Oh," said the man who has travelled in sleeping cars, "\$4 to the guide and \$4 to the porter."—Indianapolis Journal.

#### A KLEPTOPHOTOGRAPHER.

He—See that nice looking chap over there?

She—Of course I do. Would I miss anything like that?

He—Well, you want to watch him; he'll take anything in sight.

She—Gracious! Is he a kleptomaniac?

He—No; he's an amateur photographer.—Detroit Free Press.

#### YOUNG AMERICA.

Irate Father—I can't understand you giving your mother so much impudence. I never dared talk back to my mother.

Henpeck's Son (with a sneer)—No, you'd dare talk back to my mother, neither!—Puck.

#### APPROPRIATE.

Customer—Why, this is a new shade of red.

Assistant—Yes, madam. That is the Anarchist tint.

Customer—How did it come to get that name?

Assistant—It won't wash.—Louisville Post.

#### WORTHY SCIONS.

"Jack writes that the steamers were so crowded that some of New York's swell set had to come over just as their grandfathers did."

"How does he mean—in sailing vessels?"

"No, in the steerage."—Brooklyn Life.

## QUEEN VICTORIA'S CROWN.

### Many Gems Make It the Heaviest Diadem in Europe.

Queen Victoria's crown is constructed from jewels taken from old crowns, and other stones provided by her majesty. It consists of emeralds, rubies, sapphires, pearls and diamonds. The stones which are set in gold and silver incase a crimson velvet cap, with a border of ermine, the whole of the interior being lined with the finest white silk. Above the crimson border, on the lower edge of the band, is a row of one hundred and twenty nine pearls. Round the upper part of the band is a