

## LOVE AND SORROW.

Love and sorrow met in May,  
Crowned with rue and hawthorn spray,  
And sorrow smiled.  
Scarce a bird of all the spring  
Durst between them pass and sing,  
And scarce a child.  
Love put forth his hand to take  
Sorrow's wreath for sorrow's sake,  
Her crown of rue.  
Sorrow cast before her down  
E'en for love's sake own's crown,  
Crowned with dew.  
Winter brea'ed again, and spring  
Cowered and shrank with wounded wing  
Down out of sight.  
May, with all her loves laid low,  
Saw no flowers but flowers of snow  
That mocked her flight.

Love rose up, with crownless head,  
Smiling on spring time dead,  
On wintry May.  
Sorrow, like a cloud that flies,  
Like a cloud in clearing skies,  
Passed away.

—Pearson's Weekly.

## Tale of a Typewriter.

Raymond Rose sat in his comfortable after-breakfast chair reading his after-breakfast newspaper. All his surroundings denoted comfort. He was a bachelor of thirty-five years. His dark and rather large face beamed with the kindness which comes of being thoroughly comfortable. He was neither thin nor stout—his frame had just contrived to fit that happy medium which is styled "comfortable."

He felt himself a success—in literature. At thirty-five his position was assured, so he must, at any rate, have been moderately successful. He wrote when and what he pleased. Just now he had completed a volume of short stories.

In fact, Raymond was one of those felicitous men who have in their life everything that they want—sane one thing, and they don't know what that is.

So Raymond Rose read his morning paper glanced around his own comfortable apartment, sighed and frowned. Then, bethinking himself of his volume of short stories, turned again to the newspaper and studied the advertisement sheet.

TYPEWRITING done for authors and others at the rate of \$1. per 1,000 words; paper found. Apply Miss G. Ramsay, 5 Nethercourt Terrace, N. W.

"Cheap," muttered Raymond, "distractedly cheap! Think I'll try it."

Then he began to wonder, in his usual way, as to what Miss G. Ramsay looked like, and whether Nethercourt Terrace was shabbily genteel or dirtily slum-like.

"It's almost like 'sweating,'" he murmured. "I suppose she is hard up. Wants work badly, perhaps. The price seems fearfully low all the same. All well, 'tis the same for me as for any one else."

From which it may be deduced that if Raymond's talents were a little above the average, his philanthropy was quite normal. Not that he was mean. No one ever thought of calling him that. Only his enemies dared to hint that he was "close." He was merely the ordinary English business man.

He sat him down before a desk and penned a note, which he addressed to Miss G. Ramsay, of Nethercourt Terrace. The missive contained a request to be informed whether Miss Ramsay could undertake to type-write Mr. Rose's "Volume of Short Stories" for immediate publication. Then with eased mind he proceeded to forget all about Miss Ramsay, Nethercourt Terrace, and the exigencies of the hard-pressed typist. Some letters had to be answered, proofs corrected and one newspaper article written.

Having accomplished these various tasks, he partook of a light luncheon, walked a little by way of exercise, smoked, and finally, as evening drew on, settled himself comfortably in his comfortable chair and looked over his manuscript of "Short Stories."

One or two required more alteration and that he had given them. One, he thought would have to be re-written. The rest were good enough for his purpose, which, after all, was to make an income, so he told himself. They were not great works. Critics would style them "fair, wholesome mediocrities." Friends would smile and prophecy their deservedly popular reception.

Then Raymond Rose went to bed and slept the sleep of the highly respectable. As has been before observed, he was a comfortable man, recking little of the future and not at all of the past. Unrealized hopes, ambitions, aspirations were nothing to him. "They are fulfilled," he would have told himself, had he recalled them, which he didn't, "and because they are not fulfilled in the precise way in which I then hoped that they would be I cannot sincerely grieve. Circumstances mould the man. He is a mere puppet, swayed by their force. If I am less than I should be, blame it on fortune, not me. I am but an instrument in their hands." Which is the way in which many sophisticated persons avoid similar conscience-pricking difficulties.

The next morning he got up, breakfasted and read the morning paper, as was his wont. Then he turned once more to his short stories.

Did he feel seedy this morning? Had the weather depressed him? or what was the matter? Certainly his work seemed far less satisfactory than he had ever previously found it. To his senses, refreshed by a night's rest, these stories appeared weak and dull. Why had he never noticed these things before? Or, rather, why should he have noticed them now, at the eleventh hour? This sudden consciousness was most inconvenient.

"Miss Ramsay, sir," suddenly said his housekeeper from the doorway.

Raymond Rose turned in his chair, now too pleased at the interruption.

"Thank you," he said, and stared—stared at his visitor, wondering for the moment what her business with him could be. Mechanically he placed a chair for her.

"I have come about some typewriting," said she, hesitatingly.

Raymond started. He remembered now.

This, however, was not the kind of typewriter with whom he usually dealt.

Two women who had done work for him were angular and hard-featured, abrupt in manner, and as careworn as they could be. Miss Ramsay was a mere girl, well dressed, slight of figure and prepossessing of face. Her complexion was good, her small mouth prettily formed, her eyes large and lustrous, her hair a pretty brown color. Raymond found himself noting all these points about his new typewriter.

Suddenly he awoke to the fact that she was waiting for him to speak.

"Yes," he said, "I require a volume of short stories typewritten. Unfortunately," he added, recalling his thoughts of a few minutes ago, "they are not quite ready. More than one will want doctoring if not rewriting."

"I might take them one by one," suggested Miss Ramsay. "That would save time. If you have one ready?"

"Yes, that will be our best plan," interrupted Raymond.

"And shall I do the work here or at home?" she asked.

"Which would be the most convenient for you?" inquired Raymond, trying to stifle his personal inclinations as regards the matter.

"If you will show me your writing—that is, your MS," said she, frankly, "I can tell you. If it is difficult I had best come here; if easy—"

"It is rather difficult," returned the other. "Perhaps you had best come and do the work here," he added, with quite unconscious eagerness. "The mornings will suffice to keep us from starvation. This and other considerations, which you will doubtless understand, induce me to decline your no doubt kindly-mean offer of three days since. Yours sincerely.

## THE LIME-KILN CLUB.

### Brother Gardner Calls for an Old-Fashioned Meeting.

"My friends," said Brother Gardner as the notes of the triangle calling the meeting to order ceased to echo through Paradise hall, "de present meetin' of dis club will be held in de old-fashioned way, an' sich members as am alive at de close will regale us to de aunty room an' be regaled on seberal large and voluptuous late water-millions which he just arrive from de State of Gawgy. In answer to sartin letters of inquiry received doolin' de week I should like to say:

"Dis club am pledged to no particular sort of religion.

"We has no pollytiks as a club, but as individuals we cast ouv votes in favor of honest and respectable men. It am so sdom dat we find honest, respectable men runnin' for office, however, dat mos' of us stay home on leckshun day to clean out de cistern and repair de pig-pen.

"Our aim am to elevate de cul'd race. If de race ain't to pegs high in matters of science, philosophy, economy an' art dan it was five y'ars ago it ain't our fault.

"We has no partnership wid congressional or legislative bodies, an' we enter into no alliance wid odder clubs or societies.

"We believe in a hereafter, charge seventy-five cents fur whitewashin' an ordinary cellin', an' any person desin' stoves blacked in de moat' conducive manner shoudle do job to a member of de Lime-Kiln Club. Let us now pre-ced."

Raymond Rose cast the letter upon the door and said bad words, cursing in turn the various classes of typists, brothers, and "old friends." Then he packed a portmanteau and went to Switzerland for his long-contemplated change of air. He climbed the Matterhorn and sailed down the Lueerne, coming back after one month's traveling to his old rooms and to his old comfortable ways, also to some old friends, who declared that he never looked so well in his life.

## CONGRESSMAN'S OWL.

### A Friend Sends Him One for a Mocking Bird.

"Did you ever hear about the Brazilian mocking bird that Congressman-elect John P. Tracy, of the Springfield (Mo.) district once owned?" asked Jack Carr at the Planters recently.

The next morning Miss G. Ramsay arrived—typewriter and all. Raymond gave her the story. She read it through and prepared to set to work.

"What do you think of it?" asked Raymond.

She laughed—very pleasantly. "At any rate, it is not 'sex-maniacal,'" she said.

"No," replied he. "I am glad it is not"—and began his own work.

He thought that she did her typewriting very well. When the story was finished he took the liberty of telling her that the work was more than satisfactory.

She only replied that she was pleased to hear him say so. After her departure he found himself wondering whether the G before her surname stood for Grace or Georgia.

In the days which followed he learned a good deal of her history. She had come to London with her brother, who was a clerk in a brother's office and received an annual stipend of eighty pounds. On this, and on what she could earn, they were dependent for their living, for the parents had died, leaving them penniless. It was a common enough tale, yet Raymond Rose considered it remarkably interesting.

He always asked her what she thought about a story. "Miss Ramsay often gave him valuable suggestions," so he told his friends.

"I think that your stories improve," observed Miss Ramsay one morning. "You seem to probe human nature more than you did, and your sentiment is not so artificial."

"That is due to your influence," he replied gallantly and sincerely.

The dark, lustrous eyes looked up at him, and her face assumed a half frightened expression. Perhaps she caught the true inwardness of his words. At any rate, that glance threw Raymond Rose into ecstasy. No longer did he doubt his own feelings.

He took me into a rear room and would show me a Brazilian bird that beat the Texan all to pieces. Then he brought out a cage in which was the largest owl I ever saw. Every feather on its body was pure white, and when stretched out its wings measured over two and a half feet from tip to tip. I saw the joke and at once decided to send it—the owl—to Tracy.

The resolution was adopted by a unanimous vote and the president declared the fine remitted.

Some time since Samuel Shin let an old tinpan full of ashes fall upon Whyfore Davis as the latter was entering the hall by way of Legislative Alley. There has been a coldness between them ever since, and Brother Davis has several times ascertained that his mother had been dead eleven years, but he had made up the coldness and he did not back out, as a less honorable man would have done.

Givenadam Jones offered a resolution that the fine imposed on Elder Toots for disturbing a meeting a few weeks ago be remitted. The disturbance was created by falling down stairs and breaking a door, and Elder Toots never fell down stairs when he could avoid it. He might have made less noise, but he paid for the door and was anxious to be reinstated.

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"One night the bird grew thirsty and hopped on to the edge of a barrel that stood under a spout at a corner of the house. He lost his balance and fell in and the ball followed. He tried to get out but could not fly with the ball attached to his leg, so he was drowned. The Congressman has not yet secured a genuine Texas mocking bird."

## It Was a Bullet.

An interesting story is told of an unusual experience of Mr. Lawrence Winters, until recently a cigar maker in this city, which occurred during the late war, but the truth of which was not learned until a few years ago. A large scar on his arm proves the truthfulness of the story.

He was a member of the Twenty-eighth Ohio Regiment and was in the thick of the fighting. His regiment was standing over near some woods, and during the battle the artillery of the opposite side was trained on them. Trees began falling in every direction and a number of men were struck by the falling trees. Just as he was in the act of firing his gun a tree fell and the branches struck him a stinging blow on the arm. His arm began to bleed and it was found necessary to have him taken to the hospital. There his arm was dressed and as it soon healed nothing was thought of the matter. His arm would occasionally give him a good deal of pain, but he thought nothing of that until a few years ago, when it began to annoy him so much that he decided to consult a physician.

After examining his arm the physician told him that there was a hard substance inside the flesh and said it would be necessary to cut it out to give him relief. Winters at first objected, but finally gave his consent and the operation began. After probing for some time the doctor drew from the flesh a large marble. The ball was taken from the spot where Winters thought the branch of the falling tree had made a wound. He then came to the conclusion that he had been shot exactly at the time the branches of the tree fell on him.

## No Obstacle At All.

A lieutenant, whose debts compelled him to leave his fatherland and service, succeeded in being admitted to the late President Lincoln, and by reason of his commendable and winning deportment and intelligent appearance, was promised a lieutenant's commission in a cavalry regiment. He was so enraptured with his success, that he deemed it a duty to inform the President that he belonged to one of the oldest noble houses in Germany. "Oh never mind that," said Mr. Lincoln; "you will not find that to be an obstacle to your advancement."

"Let me go now, please."

Raymond started at her tone. Then, seeing that she was in earnest, he opened the door for her and stood ready to help her pass out. Whereupon he sat

down on a chair with an indistinct sense of having done something very foolish.

"I have made a mistake," he said, wearily to himself. "But she will come round. A sensible woman such as she is will not refuse an offer of that sort."

But although Raymond had written of women, and had made capital out of his writings, he had quite failed to grasp the fact that the sex is a strangely delicate organism, liable to be thrown out of gear by the faintest discordant movement.

Three days later came a letter—

"Dear Mr. Rose: I have come to the conclusion that the end of your story was, so far as I am concerned, incorrect. Owing to the kindness of an old friend, my brother, he has obtained a little work, which will suffice to keep us from starvation. This and other considerations, which you will doubtless understand, induce me to decline your no doubt kindly-mean offer of three days since. Yours sincerely.

GRACE RAMSAY.

The door closed behind him. Raymond Rose tried to settle down to work again. But he failed—misérable. Thoughts would not come. The pen scratched and spluttered like a thing in a bad temper. Each story as he tackled it grew worse under his alterations. However, he made a desperate effort, and completed one ready for the morrow's typewriting. Then he got up and went for a walk, wondering what had come to him. The visit of the morning would recur to his mind. Nevertheless, as became a bachelor of thirty, he refused to acknowledge that his comfortableness had been in any way disturbed by it.

"Absurd!" muttered he. "The fact is, I want a little change—change of air, change of scenery, change of people—change of life." The last was quite an afterthought.

He closed his eyes and slept.

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"Which would be the most convenient for you?" inquired Raymond, trying to stifle his personal inclinations as regards the matter.

"If you will show me your writing—that is, your MS," said she, frankly, "I can tell you. If it is difficult I had best come here; if easy—"

"It is rather difficult," returned the other.

"Perhaps you had best come and do the work here," he added, with quite unconscious eagerness. "The mornings will suffice to keep us from starvation. This and other considerations, which you will doubtless understand, induce me to decline your no doubt kindly-mean offer of three days since. Yours sincerely.

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