

"Take the money, at all events. I can wait until you are able to return it." Thereupon the prince held out two notes of a hundred rubles each, and coming close up to him, whispered a few words very softly. There was a sudden lighting up of the officer's face. He immediately took the two notes, and, turning toward the lady, handed them to her with a polite bow.

"I hope, madame, you are satisfied."

With a malicious smile she reached out her hand for the money.

"Yes, now I am satisfied."

With a scornful glance over the crowd of spectators, she prepared to leave the court-room on her husband's arm.

"Stop, madame," said the officer, who had suddenly become like another man, with a firm and confident manner.

"What do you want?"

The look that the young woman cast upon him was as insulting as possible.

"I want my dress," he answered, with a slight but still perfectly polite bow.

"Give me your address, and I will send it to you."

"Oh, no, my dear madame; I am in the habit of taking my purchases with me at once. Favor me with the dress immediately."

A shout of approbation came from the gallery.

"Order!"

"What an insane demand!" said the lady's husband. "My wife cannot undress herself here."

"I have nothing to do with you, sir, in this matter, but only with the complainant. Be so good, madame, as to give me the dress immediately. I am in a great hurry; my affairs are urgent and I cannot wait a moment longer."

The pleasure of the audience at the expense of the lady increased with every word, until it was hard to enforce any approach to quiet, so that either party could be heard.

"Do not jest any more about it. I will hurry, and send you the dress as soon as possible."

"I am not jesting. I demand from the representative of the law my own property, that dress," said the officer, raising his voice.

The judge, thus appealed to, decided promptly.

"The officer is right, madame. You are obliged to hand him over the dress on the spot."

"I can't undress myself here before all these people, and go home without any dress on," said the young woman, with anger and tears.

"You should have thought of that sooner. Now you have no time to lose. Either give up the dress of your own accord, or—" A nod that could not be misinterpreted brought to the lady's side two officers of justice, who seemed about to take upon themselves the office of my lady's maid.

"Take your money back, and leave me my dress."

"Oh, no, madame; that dress is now worth more than two hundred rubles to me."

"How much do you ask for it?"

"Two thousand rubles," said the officer, firmly.

"I will pay the sum," the weeping lady's husband responded, promptly. "I have here five hundred rubles. Give me pen and paper and I will write an order upon my banker for the remaining fifteen hundred."

After he had written the draft the worthy pair withdrew, amidst hisses from the audience.

Query: Did the lady ever again let her train weep the street?

Miscellaneous.

THE TRAMP WHO HUNGERED AND THIRSTED FOR WORK—A robust tramp called to a house for something to eat, averring that he had not tasted for weeks.

"Why don't you go to work?" asked the lady to whom he preferred his petition.

"Work!" he ejaculated. "Work! And what have I been doing ever since the middle of May but hunting work? When did I ever get work?"

"Well," said the woman, "I guess I can get you some employment. What can you do?"

"Anything!" he shouted in a sort of delirious joy. "Anything that any man can do. I'm a fit for something to fly at. Why, only yesterday I worked all day carrying water in an old sieve from the Flint river and emptying it into the Mississippi just because I was so tired of having nothing to do and had to work at something or I would have gone ravin' crazy. I'll do anything, from clearing a house to building a steamboat. Just give me work, ma'am, an' you'll never hear me ask for bread again."

The lady was pleased at the willingness and anxiety of this industrious man to do something and she led him to the wood pile.

"Here," she said, "you can saw and split wood, and if you are a good, industrious worker, you will find work for you to do nearly all winter."

"Well, now," said the tramp, while a look of disappointment stole over his face, "that's all my luck. Only three days ago I was pulled blind cow out of a well for a poor widow woman who had nothin' in the world but that cow to support her, an' I spraint my right wrist till I been able to lift a pound with it since. You jest put your hand on it now and feel it throbbin', so painful and inflamed. I could just cry off my appointment, but it's a Bible fact, ma'am, I couldn't lift that axe above my head if I died for it, and I'd jest as lief let you pull my arm out by the roots as to try to pull that saw through a log. Jest set me at something I can do, though, if you want to see the dust fly."

"Very well," said the lady, "then you can tend these flower beds, which have been very much neglected, and weed them very carefully for me. You can do that with your well hand, but I want you to be very particular with them, and get them very clean, and not injure any of the plants, for they are all very choice and I am very proud of them."

The look of disappointment that had been chased away from the industrious man's face when he had a prospect of something else to do, came back deeper than ever as the young lady described the new job, and when she concluded, he had to remain quiet for a moment before he could control his emotion sufficiently to speak.

"If I ain't the most unfortunate man in Ameriky," he sighed. "I'm jest dyin' for work, crazy to get something to do, and I'm blocked up with work at every turn. I jest love to work among flowers, and dig in the ground, but I never dast to do it, fur I'm jest blue ruin among the posies. Nobody ever cared to teach me anything about flowers, and its a gospel truth, ma'am, I can't tell a violet from a sun-flower, nor a red rose from a dog kennel. Last place I tried to get work at, was