A Persian in the market-place Longed for, and so took h ne,

witen
Yes, his was but a common case,
Such ilways are the ways of men!

Once his, the brown bird pleased him

not ost he wished it would take wing oved the tage door, and forgot dark, unsinging, lonely thing

Night came, and touched with wind and dew (Alone there in the dim moonshine) A rose that at the window grew— And, oh, that sudden gong divine!

His children started from their sleep. Their Orient eyes with rapture lit. Their pale young mother hid to we p. Their father did not care a whit.

He only heard the impassioned wall From that small prison overhead. 'my wren is but a nightingale! I'll wring its noisy throat "he said Sarah Platt in the Century.

"MAX"

by D G Charles, C. E

by D G Charles, C. E

"Max" is not my name, neither was it my father's name, or the name of any of my relatives, but everybelly calls me "Max". The name was acallege, and has ching to me ever since. The chum in question always imagined that I bore a very strong resemblance to the ill-fated Emperor Maximilian of Mexico, especially as I perted my beaud in the centre, and it was tow coloured like the poor mon-reh's. I use the past tense "wax" advisedly, because I have no beard now. I shave close-very close I'll tell you why.

advisedly, because I have no beard now. I shave close-very close I'll tell you why.

The year after I was graduated I started out with the intention of doing Europe pretty extensively; at any rate, I was determined to see the best of it, but I did not. "Man proposes, God disposes," and works in a most mysterious way His wonders to perform, and the wonder is that I'm alive. I came very near Joining the majority, and all because I had a blonde beard of rather uncommon hue, and answered to the name of "Max."

The three or four days prior to leaving New York I spent in viewing the city generally, and poking myself into out-of-the-way corners where I could see new phases of life, and gain some little knowledge of how the other half lives—or dies; for the difference is not so great as one would immathe. I spent a great deal of my time among the shipping, which was rank with the older of pitch and full of noise and tobacco.

The story of my beard can be told

spent a great deal of my time amone the shipping, which was rank with the color of pitch and full of noise and tobacco.

The story of my bard can be told in three chapters, and the scene opens on a dark, dreary, wet. October morning in the vicinity of Pier 304.

Between the showers I had wandered into a dirty little saloon close to the water's edge, where the bowsprit of a four-masted schooner projected over the roof, and one had to dodge around the dolphin striker to get in at the door. The bar was not very pretentious; haif a dozen outles comprised all the stock in sight, and the beer cooler consisted of an old sawborse, nothing more. The floor was really cleaner than the rest of the building, for it had been well swept and sprinkled with cedar sawdust, which gave it an odor not altogether unpleasant. In the space in front of the lar were three small round tables, at one of which a group of Irlah stevedores was engaged in a game of "seven up"; at another a drunken man was sprawling over the table fast agilep. The other table was unoccupied, so I drew up a rickety chair and less to do I watchel the card players, and was thus occupied when I fett a sat down. For want of something slight tap on my arm, and turning quickly, found myself confronted ony an old and feeble man of probably 65 or 70 years of age, and so doubled up as to appear no taller than the table.

As I looked at aim with surprise he leaned his head toward me, but seem-dot keep his eyes rived on the floor, and whispered very distinctly. "Max."

To hear my nickname mentioned at such a time and place, and by such an incividual caused me to start with unfeigned astonishment; an involuntary action on my part that was not lost on the old man, who with evident gratification rubbed his bony hands together, and with a p 'lite bow said, "Cair horses!"

An you imagiae my surprise? If it can number the grains of sand on pe fore, you can; not otherwise, My interes was so intense that it appear.

ed to be contagious, for the eard players raised their eyes from their game and looked at us, while one remarked: "Hello, Old Frogry has found a chum," and the quarter laughed aloud, while the old man, with a quick glance at me, hissed "Sacre-e!" and ambied as quickly as possible out into the street.

as quickly as possible out into the street.

Without wishing to appear in any revy, I followed, but "Frogrs" was alled and the "cart horse" was still an unknown quantity.

I had acrossed the ocean and had been several weeks in London when the events that transpired in Chapter II, of the story of my beard took place. I had been to the Botnilcal Gardens in Regent's Park, and was welking slowly around the inner circle in the direction of Primrose Hill when my attention was directed to a crowd that had gathered on the banks of the ornamental water. It was a public meeting of some kind, for a young man of hereulean build and German accent was standing on a seat and, exterting in a most fervent mainer, wille frequent shouts and bursts of eprlause testified that many at least of his hearers were in sympathy with

Most, my eyes wandered around all that tes el on a pan that were invested on me. So 'utenes was the gaye of the unknown that I almost tolt ite in fluence, and certainly felt no small delice of uneashases when I no ticed that the owner of those eyes was fully law to the country of the country of the small delice of meashases when I no ticed that the owner of those eyes was fully law to the spot, while my -a-vis edged through the crewd to my side. Even then I did not move, for I was transifixed, as if were, repring directly in my face, was one of the most beautiful women I had ever seen in my life-levely enough to lave made an angel stand still. She was shoult 2/ or 23 years of age of divine mold, and dark as Erebus, with a face such as Itaphael would have choosen for Madouna, and a form that rivalled that of the Venus of Milo And then there was a voice, soft and silvery as the lute of the dawn. I did not hear much of it, for at its first according to the standard of the conce I was bereff of classon. It simply vaid, "Mev1-Cart florse."

How long I might have stood there work those cabalistic words ringing in my cars, goodness only knows, but a cartaing, with conclinant and footman.

In low long i much in we can be reliable in the most cancer, analous many and the most cancer, and the cancer cancer, and the cancer cancer, and the cancer

of and I bond the Acleome words Good exceding "in plain Angles-Baxon The Astron was a medium-steed man, with dark hair and moustache, and a quick, restless gray eye that gave him latter a subster expression—so much so, in fact, that I was confident that I had met the man before, but could not tell where.

As he entered the apartition to some one outside passed in a small stool, upon which he scated himself, and, after looking me squarely in the face for full a minute, asked — When did you wave New York "or The question beought with it a ray of light and hope, for here, at least, was a man who knew son ething about me, and it might be the beginning of the end.

I replied in detail, giving all the information desired, while my interestator appeared to be taking voluminous mental notes. Then he asked:— "Where's La Fontaine "
Not knowing, I could not say, and the next quertion was .—" Where's Tority-Six?"

I was again at a loss to afford my issue of the roady as he shock his head, and sently remarked. "Cart Hotse, son rea is dandy."

I had certainty head that voice before, but could not recall where, so



ake to sell.

or woman who neglects constips

from slow poisoning. Docto

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"Freggy La Fontaine." and then, turning to me, he said, "That's true, isn't it, Max. You remember seeing me playing cards in Kurtz's saloon in New York when you mit Froggy 7". And then I recognized the man, and replied in a half-dazed, mechanical sort of way:—
"Why, yes."
"That is enough," said the evident leader of the party, and in an instant they were gone, and I was ence more alone.
I cannot deacribe what my thoughts were, but I know that I pictured in my mind's eye fabulous sums received by way of douceur, or damage money, and I believe that I even went so far as to arrange how the money should be spent. At any rate, I know that my imagination carried me far enough to realize that men and women are only over-grown children aniyway.
I cannot tell how long I remained alone, but probably for half an hour, and then I was aroused from my reverle by the trämp of many feet and a confused babel of voices in the corridor. The door opened quickly, and, to my astonishment, there stood two gendarmes with a man between them, and by the power of some excell selence or by some inexplicable manner, I knew at once that the risoner was "Quatorace" and that he was my double. So he was.

For an instant there was perfect select when the men as those present (and by this time there must have been twent for more) looked first i

at each other. Then there arose numbers of astonlehment as those present (and by this time there must have been twenty or moie) looked first z the prisoner at the door and then at myself. Then there was a stir among to see in the corridor, and in another instant I heard a cheery volce say:— Hello, Max, old boy, so von've turned snarchist, have you," and in the hearty laugh! that accompanied it I recognized Carter Van Allen, an old col-

lege chum and attache to the American Embassey at Paris.

He had been near me when I was arrested, and had at once instituted preceedings for my release. Even his influence and evidence might have been of little avail had not the police at that very identical time arrested in the Faubourg St. German haz, adler, the firebrand of the time being, the defender of Louise Michel, and "the fellow that looked like mo."

It is not a very easy matter at this late date to chronicle such startling events in regular order or even to reall all the facts, but I know it was considered a most remarkable case, and there are many in Paris to-day who firmly believe that I had a hand in that dastardly murder. Cortainly appearances were against me. The detective had seen me in a noted anarchist resort in New York in company with a member of the Red Lengue named La Fontaine. Several times in London I had been seen in similar company, and fin Paris I was on hand when the murder was committed. That was all perfectly true, though of course it was accidental. To take matters worse, the members of the secret service had received a description of Adler that fitted me exactly even to the mention of the fact that my beard "diosely resembled that of the Emperor Maximillan of Mexico."

Now you know why I shave.—New York Times.

Out or Soars — Symptoms, Headacho, loss of appetite, farred tongue and gon-

York Times.

Our or Soars — Symptoms, Headache, less of appetite, furred tongue and general indisposition These symptoms, if neglected, develop into acute disease. It is a trite saving that an "ounce of prevention is worth a pound of oure," and a little attention at this point may save months of sickness and large doctors' bills. For this complaint take from two to three of Parmeles's Vegetable Pills on going to bed, and one or two for three nights in succession, and a cure will be offected.

Cures

Kidney

Troubles

All

san, has an article on "Knotty Prob-lems of the Philippines." Prof. Wor-cester says, after considering the im-possibility of handing the islands back to Spain:—

possibility of nanding the islands back to Spain:

But can we not withdraw and leave the civilized natives to work out their own salvation? There can hardly be two answers to this question, for their utter unitiness for self-government at the present time is self-evident. If, with the lack of education and experience, they are incapable of governing ehemselves, much less could they keep their savage neighbours in order, suppress brigandage and piracy, and resist the encroachments of foreign powers. There could be but one result were they to make the attempt. Numerous leaders would arise, each with his own following. Anarchy would roon following. Anarchy would roon following. Anarchy would roon following. Anarchy would roon following and abundant excuse would be afforded for outside interference. Enforced for outside interference in the control in order to better attain this end, would annex the islands.

Being troubled off and on with pains in my back, caused by constitution, I tried several kinds of pills I had seen advertised, and to put the truth in a mattack and to put the truth in a mattack and to put the back provided and to put the back provided and the provided and the

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