

LITTLE QUEEN.

"Little Queen," said the handsomest old lady alive to her granddaughter, whose pet name seemed the most appropriate that could have been given her. "I have dismissed Patrick. He has been robbing the dairy, ungrateful wretch. Dolmer discovered it, and begs that he shall go today. Is it not dreadful?"

"It is, indeed, grandma. Patrick is as honest as man can be." "But Dolmer, child, Dolmer says—" "We have had no peace since that man was engaged," cried Queen, in a temper. "You are deceived by him. He is a horrible and wicked creature. I am sure. Look at his puffed face, his tiger-like eyes. The hideous wretch is, I have no doubt, an escaped convict. I hate him!"

"What coarse language, dear. Dolmer is a very well-mannered man-servant, and so eager for my interests. You think too much of beauty." "Pat is not beautiful," laughed Queen. "But look at his honest gray eyes and good big mouth, grandma. Dismiss Dolmer and keep Patrick."

The two sat in a lovely room in one of the handsomest villas on the Hudson. Behind the sofa on which they had placed themselves, a tall Indian screen of rare beauty had been placed to ward off the draughts, which the old lady feared, as most old ladies do.

On this occasion it answered a double purpose, for behind it crouched a slender, dark-skinned man in a servant's jacket, who was listening intently to the conversation of the two ladies.

"Dolmer is a good man. He prays and reads his Bible a great deal," said the lady. "Always in public," said the girl. "And the Benevolent Society speaks so highly of him," said the grandmother.

"What do they know of him?" asked Queen. "Guilt is stamped on his face; he wants honest Patrick out of the way; he is a member of the dangerous class, I am sure. Grandma, I am afraid for you. Send him away."

The old lady tossed her head. "I am more competent to judge than you are, at your age, little Queen," she said. "Suppose he has sinned and is repentant, shall we not be merciful to him? I believe he is truly good, poor thing, and so attentive. Besides, I manage my own home, little Queen. I am not quite childish."

"Very well, grandma," sighed the girl. She passed out into the hall. Patrick stood there, with his face flushed and his hair tousled.

"The devil, savin' your prudence, is 'aves-dropping to your remarks," he said. "No doubt, Pat," said Queen. "Had I my way, he should go and you should stay."

"Thank ye, miss," said Pat. "You'd never believe poor Patrick would rob the dairy, miss, an' stale butter an' eggs an' things—Pat that is so grateful he'd die for the old lady and both of ye?"

"Indeed, I do not," said the girl. "I have tried to get grandma to alter her decision. However, I know where to find you, Pat; and I think you will come back before long. I will expose Dolmer, if I can."

than ever in the light of the myriad wax candles. The scent of many blossoms filled the house. When good-nights were said, the protestations of having had "a very pleasant evening" were heartfelt; and, surely, if admiration from men and friendly speech from women could content one, Queen should have been happy. Alas! her heart felt heavy as lead. She seemed to feel a strange premonition of evil. That night, for the first time she remembered that her grandmother, so handsome yet and full of life and spirit, was really old; that in all probability she must soon lose her. Perhaps it was this she thought. It was enough.

She followed the old lady to her room, and was loath to leave her; but all was so pleasant there, so guarded, so comfortable, and then the waiting-maid always slept in the small room adjoining, that she had no excuse for asking to stay.

With her diamonds still about her and her face growing more and more serious, she stole softly up the stairs. Dolmer was locking doors and extinguishing candles with a painful air. He looked at her as she passed. His eyes and his dark skin, with its yellow scars, made her think of a tiger.

She hurried to her room and locked the door. She had never done this before. She did not know why she did it now. The house she had known even since she was born felt unsafe to her.

She had a mind to go back and beg to stay with her grandmother, after all, but dreaded the stars and passages, now dark and silent.

At last she knelt down and prayed, felt comforted, and arising, began to warm. She removed the diamonds, laid them in their rich old cases, and placed them in her bureau. She had not the courage to go to the safe with them—she, who had often boasted that she did not know what fear meant. She threw her pretty dress across a chair, attired herself for the night and slipped into bed, leaving the night-lamp burning. It was a curious little thing, from which a white moon face, set in a sea of blue, looked at one with its almond eyes, when the lamp was lighted.

It usually had a jolly expression; now it seemed to give her glances of warning. Yet she might have fallen asleep even there, but for a new and horrible thing that happened.

We all know that the coughing or even hard breathing of any individual is a very distinctive sound, alike in no two people. Patrick, the dismissed servant, had a peculiar way of catching his breath when fatigued.

Suddenly in the silence, this sound struck on Queen's ear. Was it imagination? No, she heard it again. At once she was assured that Patrick was concealed in her room behind the curtains of an alcove. It could be for no other purpose than that of their. Dolmer had been right, an honest guardian of her aunt's interests; Patrick, a wretch who deceived his benefactress.

She tried to think of some means of escape from the room. Should she rise to cross it, Patrick, powerful and alert, could stop her with a finger. She might bring about her own murder. Perhaps to feign sleep was the best and safest thing to do.

At least grandma was safe for the present. Patrick must know the diamonds were in her room. Again that sudden catch of the strong man's breath. Queen almost fainted.

Suddenly another sound struck her ear. A step upon the roof of the porch, which was below her window.

The shutters opened; a dark head protruded into the room, a lithe figure followed. Dolmer, himself, a pistol in his hand.

"Can this be true?" thought the girl. "This man I suspected has proved my guardian angel; he has come to save me from Patrick."

"MARK SWAIN" ON PRINCES.

The English and the American Idea of their Rulers. A prince is not to us what he is to a European, of course. We have not been taught to regard him as a god, and so one good look at him is likely to so nearly appease our curiosity as to make him an object of no great interest next time. We want a treatise on. But it is not so with the European. I am quite sure of it. The same old one will answer; he never stales.

Eighteen years ago I was in London, and I called at an Englishman's house on a bleak and foggy and dismal December afternoon to visit his wife and married daughter by appointment. I waited half an hour and then they arrived, frozen. They explained that they had been delayed by an unlooked-for circumstance; while passing in the neighborhood of Marlborough House they saw a crowd gathering, and were told that the Prince of Wales was about to drive out, so they stopped to get a sight of him. They had waited a half hour on the sidewalk, freezing with the crowd, but were disappointed at last—the prince had changed his mind. I said, with a good deal of surprise:

"It is possible that you two have lived in London all your life and have never seen the Prince of Wales?" Apparently it was their turn to be surprised, for they exclaimed: "What an idea! Why, we have seen him hundreds of times. They had seen him hundreds of times, yet they had waited half an hour in the gloom and the bitter cold, in the midst of a jam of patients from the same asylum on the chance of seeing him again. It was a stupefying statement, but one is obliged to believe the English, even when they say a thing like that. I found myself around for a remark, and got out this one:

"I can't understand it at all. If I had never seen Gen. Grant, I doubt if I would do that even to get a sight of him," with a slight emphasis on the last word. Their blank faces showed that they wondered where the parallel came in. Then they said bluntly: "Of course not. He is only a president."

It is doubtless a fact that a prince is a permanent interest, an interest not subject to deterioration. The general who was never defeated, the general who never held a council of war, the only general who ever commanded a connected battle front twice hundred miles long, the smith who welded together the broken parts of a great republic and re-established it where it is quite likely to outlast all the monarchies present and to come, was really a person of no special consequence to these people. To them, with their training, my general was only a man after all, while their prince was clearly more than that, a being of a wholly unusual construction and constitution, a being of no more blood and kinship with men than are the serene eternal lights of the firmament with the poor dull little candles of commerce that splutter and die and leave nothing behind but a pinch of ashes and a stink.

Parting is such Sweet Pain. It was 5 o'clock p. m., and George Montgomery had been spending the afternoon with sweet Lillian Luray.

"Good-by, darling," he said fondly, as they stood in the darkened vestibule. "Good-by, George," she murmured, nestling her head in the time-honored place.

"Good-by," "Good-by," "In an evening, dearest, there is the image of death," he whispered, holding her close and kissing her passionately, "and we may never meet again."

"Oh, George, darling," she said, clinging to him almost fiercely. "Who knows, my own, what may happen between this hour and when we meet again?"

"Mizzab," she breathed, and threw her arms about him convulsively. "Yes, darling," he spoke tremulously, "let us keep that word as our shield and armor."

And it came to pass as he had spoken.—Eve Press. Every Man to His Trade. The old adage "every man to his trade," has a sharp value and something of the Anglo-Saxon ring, but in the subdivision of labor incident to civilization every mother becomes a nurse. She decides whether the little one is sick and immediately consults her mother which gives, at the outset an amount of knowledge at which many arrive only after years of experience. It is needless to state whose Mentor or Medicines she has in her possession.

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VOL. IV THE AN THE TOWN AND A The Weather Holiday and Express Same-Seeing What did Sa That's the qu terday in innu will be repeat busy morn'g or the streets all look like a full lively, it was Nobody realize in the postoff employes of a panies. The crowd all the rived in the mo people were top thing was topy more anxious t than t' Maybey until the cle procession. The P. O. c of the busine crowd all a lot of peo sees there, the man with what he is after about giving t to pay the f people who did cels contained, north, or anyt large enough experienced m The custom office is an int People who go have the most cost of thing could be boug gested by the customs depart reason to com could have Christmas pre price. The clerks however, and varied assort in town. But the beauty, or thing. Parcel speculated upon ried off with w ally there are things that con not worth the or so the own be collected the parcel is such a case th telling the tru But duty i are of no use whom they are vating experi more toward n policy than al Ottawa. Unit concerns send to people in the way intereste The books s works of art in the customs c little in them the duty and it is address chances are the office and Quer thing partment. Some peopl of the report of they forget th tariff and fin minute the pa ter. But the "A few r asylums would op" the cu a they have ven dition since It was in the been opene came in yest the attention had arriv open, and their conten the people w presents, had In the exp same. A bo to one of the receipt for ing message office had n would have planned every Up town