POETRY.

THE KING OF DENMARK'S RIDE. Charlotte E. Norton Word was brought to the Danish king,

"Hurry!" That the love of his heart was suffering, And pined for the comfort his voice would

"Oh ride as though you were flying!" Better he loves each golden curl, On the brow of that Scandinavian girl, Than his rich crown jewels of ruby and pearl And his Rose of the Isles is dying.

Thirty nobles saddled with speed, "Hurry !" Each one mounting a gallant steed,

Which he kept for battle and days of need. "Oh ride as though you were flying!" Spurs were struck in the foaming flank. Worn out chargers staggered and sank, Bridles were slackened and girths were burs But, ride as they would, the king rode first For his Rose of the Isles lay dying.

His nobles are beaten, one by one. They have fainted, and faltered, and home

ward gone The little fair page now follows alone, For strength and for courage trying, The king looked back on that faithful child Wan was the face that answering smiled, They passed the drawbridge with clattering din:

Then he dropped, and only the king rode in Where his Rose of the Isles lay dying. The king blew a blast on his bugle horn-

Silence! No answer came, but faint and forlorn An echo returned on the cold gray morn, Like the breath of a spirit sighing, The castle's portal stood grimly wide, None welcomed the king from that weary

For dead, in the light of the dawning day, The pale sweet form of the welcomer lay, Who had yearned for his voice while dying The panting steed with drooping crest

Stood weary, The king returned from her chamber of rest The thick sobs choking in his breast, And that dumb companion eyeing, The tears gushed forth which he strove

He bowed his head on his charger's neck; "Oh! steed, that every nerve did strain, Dear steed, our ride hath been in vain To the halls where my love lay dying."

SELECT STORY.

A JOB OF HOUSE-PAINTING.

The Widow Moraison was walking along a green lane, with a very becoming palepink lined parasol over her head, and wearing a dress of black summer silk enlivened by pipings of faint rose colour of the same shade as the parasol lining.

She hed just "gone out of black" and was extremely cheerful, for though she had been very fond of her late husband in a daughterly sort of way, sho had only married. He had been her grandfather's school-mate, and there was very little romance about it.

She could not blame herself in any respect. She had nursed him two years through an illness in which he had been usually unconscious, and he had said at the last that she was the best wife under

She was not yet twenty-eight, she was healthy and handsome and very rich. She had quite the right to be cheerful after two years of respectful mourning, not even going, as she said to herself, to a teaparty in all that time.

It was June weather, and she had come down to the villa.

The place had been sadly neglected and was much in need of repairs, and she had the while. just run over to the residence of she housepainter of the village to talk about it. "Some one who can 'grain' and do a little decoration," she said. "I have a

-not just like everybody else. Now have you any one?" "It is the hardest thing to get done up here," said Mr. Prime, scratching his chin. trying to laugh, "But I'll do my best. I know a man that can do that work if he will; I'll go and get somebody if he won't. You don't

mind expenses?" "I am not obliged to think of that," said the widow; "and I do want a pretty house." Then after a little more talk, she had gone

Mr. Prime went out into the garden

when she was gone, and looked obout in the arbors and under the trees, until he found, rolling upon the grass beside a duck pond, a tall young man in a loose flannel suit, who was making a sketch of a maternal duck and her offspring. "Something to say to you, Mr. Stafford,"

said Mr. Prime. "Ah!" said Mr. Stafford, throwing a toembling little shadow upon the water

hear it!" "You rather eonfided in me when you came down here to board with us, Mr. Stafford," said the house-painter. "You said that art didn't quite pay you, and that the academy showed favouritism, and that in fact, your genius was not appreciated

as it ought to be." "Well, you put that interpretation upon it," said Mr. Stafford, touching up a duck's bill. "I certainly did say that art wasn't paying me just now, whatever I

said about my genius.' "Just so," said Mr. Prime. "Now, I've got a bit of paying business for you, if you'll take it. It isn't high art, but it's something in your pocket."

"Ah!" said Stafford again. This time he shut the book. "Let's see that," said Prime, opening it.

"Lots of nice little things here that would just do for panels. I know you can grain; those partridges of yours hanging on a bit of root walnut prove that; and, in fact, Mrs. Morrison wants her house decorated I've undertaken it, and I'd as lieve send you as any other man."

The artist considered. Certainly it was not high art, nor was it strictly professional, but his funds were low and his heart heavy with apprehension.

The old grandmother, who had believed him a genius, had "made an artist of him," and he had often felt that it was a mistake on her part. His pride tossed his head for a momant, but presently he consented, and held out a hollow palm.

"If I can suit you, I'll do the work,' "That's settled them," said Prime, "Wife

shall put you out a clean linen jacket and and his parents refused medical aid, deday morning." On Monday, accordingly, the young

arsist, who had previously been hurried through the villa on a tour of inspection by Mr. Prime, arrived with his palette and paint-pots. He found the widow ready to receive him, and thought she was the prettiest woman he had ever met. For himself, his

strong point was an aristocratic look. That, and his beautiful white hands, gave him the effect of masquerading in the linen jacket and overalls. Mrs. Morrison was surprised and pleased.

They went about the house together She selected designs from the sketch-book -she suggested others. The affair took upon itself an air quite foreign to the usual bang and bustle caused by "painters in the

him, in the twinkle of a brush. fill a panel it, and it is likely to go through.

with conventionalized wild roses, from

which arose a train of butterflies that seemed to fly away into pale blue space. Curious female figures chased each other about the frieze. The space over the mantel-piece became a thing of beauty, the cabinets art treasures in themselves. But we are anticipating. There was very little of all this done when the lunch-bell rang, and an idea occurred to Mrs. Morrison. "Won't you take lunch with me, Mr .-- "

"Stafford," said the artist, bowing. "Mr. Stafford," said the widow, "I'm quite alone, and you might just as well." For all Stafford knew, it might be the custom in that part of the world to ask one's house-painter to lunch with one. He accepted the invitation, and, having disappeared for awhile, returned, divested of the white linen garments that concealed his ordinary costume. His manners were elegant, his conver-

sation charming. He went back to his work with the air of one who returns to a And all the afternoon Mrs. Morrison watched those pretty designs grow under

After two or three days of this, Stafford one day went to Mr. Prime and asked him if he could not find some one else to finish

"Why, tired of it?" asked Prime. "Oh, I have my reasons," said Stafford. "She's pleased, I know," said Prime. "She told my wife you were wonderful."

"Yes," said Stafford; "I think she pleased; but I'd rather give it up." "You can not give it up," said Prime. "It would be dishonourable of pou. There's nothing disgraceful in the house-decorat ing business, I should hope?" "I can not explain," said the artist. "No

matter, I'll go on and finish." The next morning he returned to his work. He lunched with Mrs. Morrison. They consulted about the parlour ceiling, and decided on having a little triton painted over the marble basin in the spare bedroom and mermaids in the panels under

At last the house was done. It was the wonder and admiration of the whole vill-

Mr. Prime was in raptures. The widow could not express her delight; but the decorator went about the very personification of woe. It seemed as though he had spent not only his energies but his happiness upon the walls of the Widow Morrison's villa. And he was going away. He had taken his wages and paid his board; all his effects were gathered together.

"And what ails the young man, I do not know," said Mrs. Prime; "but he really doesn't eat enough to save a mosquitoand this is good, bracing air, too, and generally gives boarders an appetite." "Mr. Stafford," said Prime, that morn-

ing, "Mrs. Morrison wants you to come ouer and do a figure in the arbor." "I can't," said Stafford, gloomily, "Come, now; I won't ask any commis

sion on that bit of work," said Prime. 'Don't despise money.' "God knows I do not!" said Stafford. "It is a fiendish sort of misery to be poor. Money? I'd sell my soul for money, I believe; if the devil were to make an offer for Mrs. Prime shrieked softly; Mr. Prime

shook his head. "There's always offers," said he - "only we don't recognize them." "Or allude," said Mrs. Prime, "to whence

they come. You ought to go to church more steadily, Mr. Stafford." "I'll go and paint the window's arbor."

said the young man, and went for his paints and brushes. Such a funny little imp as Stafford painted there amongst the vines, Mrs. Morrison wasching him over her crochet-work all

Then he turned him about and smiled upon her. She was very handsome; look-

"Sit down," she said. "They say you fancy for that sort of thing - pretty panels | are going away to-morrow?"! "Yes," he said, "and I suppose I shall never see this place again, or you, madame."

"And you don't care a bit!" she cried, "Oh, I do care very much," said he. "But what is the use? I've painted your house and it is done and paid for. The painter has done his work and is away." "But I should like to have you call,"

said the widow. She looked at him with big, soft loving eyes. I should like to have you call, is something any lady may say to a gentleman,

but to look in that way is different. Stafford drew closer to her. "I believe you are very rich," he said, "and I am very poor. I am not even a can't sell his pictures, and if I had had the impudence to fall in love with you while

He held out his hand. The next moment, without any premeditation on the part of either, he had clasped her to his heart and she was crying on his shoulder. "I can not have you go," she sobbed.

"Then bid me stay," he answered. The fashionable artist, Mr. Willoughby Stafford, has patrons enough, now he does not need them, and his pictures in gorgeous frames adorn the academy walls, but he is quite willing to confess that his most valuable plece of work was the decorating of the Widow Morrison's house. "Such a pretty wife as he has," people say, "and so unusually fond of each other."

DRIVEN FROM TOWN.

Several weeks ago a company of faith cure advocates came to Unipolis, Ohio, and menced advocating their doctrine which did not meet with the approval of the community and they were given three days in which to leave the town. They paid no attention to the warning and held their meeting, as usual, until Friday night, when a mob visited the building during the progress of the service and surrounding the structure commenced storming it.

the converts were injured, and the leaders and arrested five women and nine men, driven from the house and run out of town. They were not given even time to collect their wearing apparel.

vout believers in the faith, broke his leg, if the police had come there Saturday overalls, and I'll have you commence Mon-pending upon the faith to heal the wound. The boy grew gradually worse and died.

MUST OUIT LOUISIANA. defeated in North Dakota an attempt will e made to reinaugurate the scheme in Nevada. Three years ago efforts were get one quarter of the boodle." "Young made to establish a lottery enterprise there, man, you are an honest fellow. I admire and a year ago it was again before the you. You shall be my son-in-law and take Legislature. It has been said that all this your pick." time the Louisiana people were really behind the scheme. The fact that their twenty years charter will expire in Louisana this year, and that they cannot get it panying, and give me your unbiased oprenewed there, has made Nevada their last hope. The chances of success are good, as the State is in need of money, and many legislators will back the scheme. Senator Torre, among others favors the lottery, and he says Senators Sharon, Belknar She sat upon a little bench, and watched Boyle, Williams and Ormsby will support

THE BEAVER'S SAGACITY.

Probably more has been written about Commerce gives a most graphic description | diamond ring on his finger. of the intelligent and industrious beaver | Fascinated by this jewel, the prince as follows .

Beavers live in families, like human be- a superb gem you are wearing. ings. The male has one wife, and the children stay at home until they are three rieties, drew the ring from his finger. years old, when they go abroad seeking a general break-up of the "lodge" takes and it cost 10 francs." place, the young beavers go down stream lower, and generally bark from small trees | seurs. is more easily obtained.

and safety. Each lodge on the bank of a | is of great value." stream has three openings, and sometimes room. Another entrance, or way of egress ber to a level with the bottom of the river. the bottom of the stream. Down this hole of applause. they drop the sticks when they have eaten

off the bark, and then drag the white naked pieces of wood out of the bottom to float | Hamburg, chanced to be at B-Baway. The third entrance is from beneath and serves a good purpose when besieged by an enemy. All these entrance ways with mud and grass. The bottoms of these sticks like corduroy. The lodge or chamber itself is a house from six to eight feet ant. square, laid up against the wall with sticks like a log cabin. When a stick in the wall of this cabin rots, it is carefully removed and another put in its place.

The beaver exercises great diligence and wisdom in procuring and storing its food not suitable for him and his family, and so they cut down the tree for the smaller and nutritious. Two nights' work is suffiis said they promptly kill all socialists, are working begins to crackle, they desist from cutting till it begins to fall, when are in, where they wait with great caution M. Drouet an acknowledgment in writlest the noise of the falling tree might at- ing. tract some enemy to the place, maybe some fool with a gun. Nor is this all.

of the entrance way to the lodge. A book might be written on the beavers' dam. This is, without doubt, the most ingenious and scientific structure built by dam is to raise and hold the water so as This makes the beaver both comfortable for their mutual benefit. and safe. The dam is constructed of sticks, with great skill and labor. The breadth always in exact proportion to its height franc gift. and length and the volume of water to be

THE SIBERIAN HORRORS.

A despatch received via Dalziel's Cable News Agency says, regarding the recent atrocities at Kara, Siberia, that after one of the female prisoners had been dragged from her bed and subjected to indignities, the other political prisoners determined to make a test case of the outrage and to this end organized what is known among them as a hunger strike, bitter experience having taught them that only some terrible tragedy would attract the attention of the authorities. The women, therefore, fasted twenty-two days, and many would have died but that they were forcibly fed by the soldiers under the orders of the Governor. These were carried out with shocking brutality, the women being held down house painter with a goodly number of while food was forced into their stomachs patrons; I am a professional artist who by unnatural means. Finally Mme. Sahida decided to sacrifice herself to save her companions, and so slapped the governor painting your house I shouldn't dare to of the prison in the face, and, instead of tell you, when my pay for the week was patiently submitting insulted the Goverwith the flat side of his pencil. "Ah! let's all I had in the world. You would call nor-General, Baron Korf, who ordered that me a fortune-hunter: I should feel like the woman should be flogged, which was one. So, as I said, what is the use? Good- done, in a brutal manner. Eyewitnesses say that the spectacle was a sickening one, and that Mme. Sahida's sufferings, that resulted in her death, were simply awful. Since then the unfortunate women prisoners have been isolated in their cells, and the horrors of their treatment can only be imagined, no communication having been held with them since January 10.

OPIUM JOINT RAIDED.

A richly furnished opium joint on Seventh avenue, New York, was raided by the police. The rooms were occupied by Nathaniel Ackerman and wife about two weeks ago. There was something myterious about their movements, they being rarely seen out but receiving a great many callers, both men and women, The appearance of the visitors indicated respectability and refinement, especially with regard to the women, who were all handsomely dressed.

The visitors came at all hours of the night but always deported themselves so quietly that the suspicions of the other ready in March and she will be launched occupants of the building were not aroused in April. until they noticed a strong, heavy, nauseating odor, which penetrated the whole house. The police were notified and a The assembly was broken up, several of squad under the dive about 9.30 last night

The debauch of the night had hardly begun, though three of the smokers were The cause of the trouble was the fact just going off into a doze. After the raid that a young boy, whose parents are de- one of the young men arrested said that

"You have a daughter whom I love," said and fitting. the young man timidly as he approached a business man of years and wealth. "I'm Now that the Louisiana Lottery has been glad to hear it. Which of the four do you mean to rob me of, young man." Absent mindedly-"It is immaterial, so long as I

> Dear Editor, wrote a poet to a wellknown journalist, please read with care the accominion while I am still in the mood to put more fire into the poem. Dear poet, answered the editor, there is no occasion to put more fire into the poem; all that is necessary is to put the poem into the fire.

> Awl that glitters is not gold, because awls are made of steel,

DROUETS' DIAMOND.

The Prince de A-, a great admirer the industry of the honey bee and the sa- and collector of diamonds, observed one They bill and coo before they're wed. gacity of the beaver than about any other evening, as he was seated in the Kursal of two members of the animal kingdom. A the famous watering place of B-Brecent number of the Boston Journal of that his neighbor wore a most superb

could not refrain from saying: 'Sir, that is M. Drouet, who was an actor at the Va-"Alas," he sighed, "I am not in a posi-

companions of their own and set up house- tion to wear a real stone of that size. It is keeping for themselves. If by any reason | a paste imitation given me by my flancee, The prince held the ring to the light, and the old ones up, as it is easier to build then shaded it with his hand, and put it a dam up stream, where the water is shal- to all the tests employed by the connois-

"My opinion is still unchanged, sir," said his highness, "notwithstanding what you The lodges, if not broken up by man, remain in use for a long series of years, tell me. I am prepared to lay any wager and are admirably adapted to convenience you please that I am right. The diamond "Monsieur," replied M. Drouet, with a

more. The first entrance slopes up gradu- deprecatory shrug, "I am a third rate actor ally from the bottom of the stream to the at the Varieties, and cannot afford to lay chamber where the beavers live. By this wagers. You are a stranger to me-my entrance they bring in their food, which ring you say is of great value—take it consists of short sticks of wood covered away and submit it to other judgments, suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive with bark, cut short enough to be turned and when you have found ten-france ring or handled any way inside of the living is but paste, return it to me at this place to-morrow, for the sake of my little rather, goes straight down from the cham- Melanie." So leaving the ring with his highness, M. Drouet made his exit, with a when it turns squarely and comes out in professional bow, and an imaginary round

The prince was right in his judgment Lewis Emanuels, the diamond dealer of and pronounced the stone worth 10,000 also, and is sinuous, turning in many ways, francs, and cheap at the money. At the rendezvous M. Drouet and the prince were equally punctual. The poor actor turned are arched over with sticks and plastered pale and suggered when the prince told him the result of his inquiry, and offered entrance ways are also laid with short to become the purchaser of the ring at the price metioned by the Hamburg merch-

"Monsieur, you are very good-very," said M. Drouet, "and you will perhaps form a bad opinion of my intellect if I hesitate to accept your generous offer, for the reason I am about to give. I told you the ring was the gift of flancee Melanie. Thick bark on the trunks of large trees is You do not know her, how should you? She is the soul of sentiment and of affection, and she might be wounded if I limbs, on which the bark is more tender parted with her gage d'amour without her consent. If you will be good enough to cient to fell a large tree, each family being allow me to write to her in Paris and left to enjoy the fruits of its own labor. It await her answer, should she consent, the ring is yours. In the meantime, I ask trouble breeders, and those who are too you to take charge of it, and if possible, lazy to work. When a tree on which they confirm your judgment, for I cannot believe in my good fortune."

The prince refused, then hesitated, and they plunge into the water one after an- at last consented to become the custodian other, "plunk," "plunk," "plunk," till all of the custodian of the ring, after giving

When M. Drouet saw the prince's signature the poor fellow was literally They know how to regulate the cutting of whelmed at the honor he had received in a tree so as to make it fall always in the his recent association with so lofty a perwater. This is done so as to enable them son and he uttered a profusion of apoloto transport their short sticks by water to gies for the freedom he had been guilty the lodge. Master beaver places it under of in his intercourse. The prince dishis throat and pushes it before him to the missed him very graciously, and M. Drouet place where it is to be sunk at the mouth | proceeded to write to his distant and much loved Melanie.

In a few days M. Drouet received an answer from Melanie, not by post, but through the agency of that young person's any creature save man. The object of this venerable grandpa, who had journeyed expressly from Paris to assure Victor M. to cover the entrance way to his chamber. Drouet that he could do what he pleased A meeting was arranged and the prince

mud, and stones gathered together and M. Drouet were alone. Five hundred golden louis jingled in the pocket of M. of the base and top of the beavers' dam is | Drouet in exchange for Melanie's little 10 'Here is the little box they gave me with it,' said M. Drouet taking the ring from

the table and pressing it fondly, very fondly, to his lips and then placing it in the little casket which he returned open The prince closed it and put it in his pocket. M. Drouet was evidently much moved by his good fortune, and the prince observing it soon dismissed him. The same night M. Drouet and the venerable

grandpapa of poor little Melanie lest B-B-. The next morning the prince invited the Duchess of W-, the Countess S-, the Marquis of B-and other great personages to inspect his new purchase. When it was produced the prince could scarcaly believe his eyes; the ring was the same in size and in setting, but it was changed - changed to paste that might have been bought in Paris anywhere for

Drouet, as we said before, had left the night preceding with the prince's gold in his pocket, accompanied by his venerable

The swindle was plain enough. M. Drouet and his confederates had heard of the prince's passion for diamonds, and clubbing together had purchased one of great value. This the prince saw, examined and purchased; but Melanie's venerable grandpapa had travelled hot haste from Paris with an exact imitation of the same diamond M. Drouet sold the prince, and the pretended futur exchanged it over the parting kiss which he so lingeringly bestowed upon it. No one pitied the prince, he was so unpopular; but no one dared laugh at him to his face, he was so vin-

FOR AMERICA'S CUP.

Mr. Jamieson is not to be seen, but it is said on good authority that his composite cup, is now building at Fays, Southampton She will be 110 tons measurement with a keel slot centreboard. The greatest secrecy is observed, and the iron shed in which she is kept strictly locked and carefully watched by day and night, only the owner, builder and architect being allowed to view her. The contract calls for her to be

Alaxander Brown, the celebrated naval architect of London, Eng., is designing the largest sailing yacht in the world. He is to receive \$2000 sterling for the design, which he is making for a nobleman. She will be a three-masted schooner in the American style, will measure 500 tons, 141 feet on the water line, 27 feet beam and 14 feet draught. Mr. Brown says that this is the coming style for sea-going yachts which makes the tour of the world. She will supply her own gas and have an asbestos fire tank forward which will be a h novelty in marine architectu

BISMARCKS ULTIMATUM.

A serious scene occurred lately between the Emperor and Prince Bismarck. The latter protested against unofficial influences, especially alluding to Privy Councillor Hinzpeter the Emperor's tutor. The Iron Chancellor presented as his ultimatum Your Majesty must choose between Councillor Hinzpeter and Chancellor Bismarck.

make mistakes for a storm always comes up before it comes down. The age of a tree can be estimated by counting its rings, but it isn't so with a

It's no wonder that weather prophets

Clergyman rarely mix themselves in strikes yet they generally favor a tie-up.

NEWS AND NOTES.

BEFORE AND AFTER. They join in lovers laughter: But when the marriage words are said.

It's mostly bill thereafter. Prof. Loisette's memory system is creating greater interest than ever in all parts of the country and persons wishing to improve their memory should send for his prospectus free as advertised in another colur

Ray Trousay-But how can you think I'm pretty, when my nose turns up so dreadfully? Jay Boussy-Well, all I have to say is, that it shows mighty poor taste in backing away from such a lovely mouth.

CONSUMPTION CURED. An old physician, retired from practice having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his and desire to relieve human suffering, I will send, free of charge, to all who desire it. their recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using, Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper. W. A. Noyles 194 Power's Block, Rochester, N. Y.

A man who fails to use his second wife well dosen't deserve to have lost his first

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Lover-Don't withhold your consent on account of my income, sir. I can support your daughter on \$25 a week. Peter Then you are a jim dandy. I never could.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS. - MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used when children are cutting teeth. It relieves the little sufferer at once; it produces natural, quiet sleep by relieving the child from pain, and the little cherub awakes as "bright as a | Celebrated button." It is very pleasant to taste. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, relieves wind, regulates the bowels, and is the best known remedy for diarrhea, whether arising from teething or other cause Twenty-five cents a bottle. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup and take no other kind.

In court (two elderly women on the witness stand)-"How old are you ?" 'Twentythree years." "So? "When were you born?" "I cannot remember; I was too | Call and see the Stock and Prices.

Prof. Loisette's memory system is creating greater interest than ever in all parts of the their memory should send for his prospectus free as advertised in another column.

"The trouble with most men," said the old toper, "is that they don't know when they've got enough. Now, I know. When I fall down, then I've got enough. Prof. Loisette's memory system is creating

their memory should send for his prospectus free as advertised in another column Affections run to waist-A love of a

greater interest than ever in all parts of the

country, and persons wishing to improve

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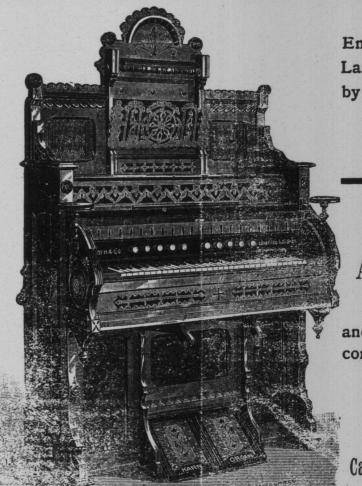
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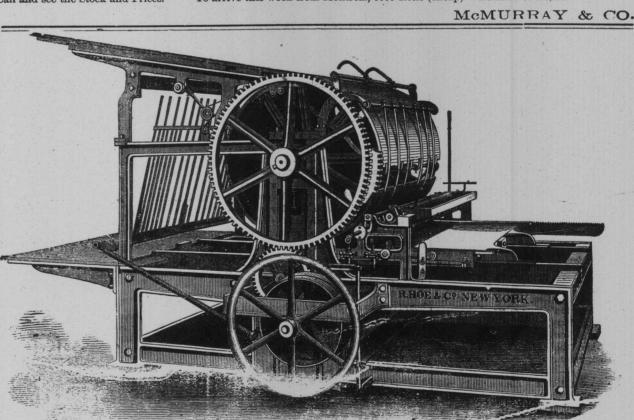
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