

memory. For his is of September. It was a foggy evening, and in coming down the mountain path they walked closely side by side—he and Julie, and he gave her his picture that night when they parted. And as soon as she had looked her door she put it in her locket. She used Jack's to measure with in cutting the card.

"If you will excuse me I'll call papa. I think some man in the library is waiting to see him on business." And Julie smiles brightly as she leaves the room.

As she does so I fall tinkling to the floor at the feet of the two men.

It is very careless of me.

Two heads collide.

"I beg your pardon, Tom."

"Not at all, Jack."

"I will keep the locket till she returns."

"Thanks! But I confess to a personal interest in that locket."

"You? When it holds my portrait!" (smiling.)

"Your portrait!" (smiling also.) "Hardly."

"You insinuate—"

"That it holds my own."

A moment's pause. Both hiss:

"Prove it!"

My lid flies open.

A sigh—two sighs.

"He wanted to 'see papa,' Jack."

"Yes, Tom—and 'on business!'"

The face is that of the man in the library.

They are not in it.—*Truth.*

WOMAN AND HER BAGGAGE.

If it ever goes astray it is usually some man's fault.

"Ladies is more cautious," said the colored porter, as he sat on the arm of the seat in the Pullman car, failing to console the man whose baggage had been left behind, says the *Boston Transcript*. "You gemmen don't like to ask too many questions, so you jes' swap checks and don't bother, and then you ketch yerselves a thousand miles off 'thout a change to put on. Ladies is more cautious, 'specially when they's travelling alone. They don't make nothing of staying right by a baggage man till they get asked off all the questions they've got on their minds, and they examine their checks and hang 'round to see if they've got 'em on straight and all to correspond.

"When I find a lady fussing about her lost baggage, sir, on any of my runs, I always find a lady who trusted to a man to look after her baggage for her, and he didn't do it. Case not long ago, sir. Lady asked me when we got started to take her checks and see to it that they was changed. Poor thing had expressman's checks. She cried about an hour. It was the gentleman she was engaged to be married to who undertook to change 'em for her, and somehow he got 'em wrong. She said: 'Oh, I thought I could trust him! Oh-h! Ooo-oo!' like that, and then she'd cry again quiet. I telegraphed back for her and she got her trunks in time.

"I kept count after that for twenty runs, sir, and there was twelve times there was ladies had baggage left behind, and every time but one it was because they'd trusted to their men folks about the checking. Ladies is always more cautious themselves. They always feel better to know it's along on the same train."

"Yes, of course," meekly said the man who had left his baggage behind.

"But how do the men ever check their own baggage right, if they are so neglectful of the trunks of the women of their families?" asked a gentle-looking woman who seemed to pity the man the porter was making life miserable for.

"They do get it right sometimes—but ladies is more cautious," said the porter as he got down from the arm of the car seat to go and answer the bell which was ringing from one of the aft staterooms.

"BISH" ON BIRDS.

"Bish" says that "birds having long legs have to have a long neck."

"How's that, Bish?"

"Why, you see, if they didn't have a long neck they couldn't drink without sitting down."

"Well, Bish, some birds have long necks and short legs. How is that?"

"You'll find these things are all calculated out. These birds having long necks have use for them. You are thinking about the swan. Well, he likes a bit now and then from the bottom of the water, and his long neck is to enable him to satisfy his taste; besides, long necked birds feed on food of a poor quality, so that to get any enjoyment out of eating they have to have a long neck to enable them to taste it long enough to make it enjoyable."

"How about snipes?"

"Snipes! Well, some of them haven't a very long neck, to be sure, but they have what amounts to the same thing—a long bill—and they are rigged so that they can tip up to make up for the rest. Now," said Bish, full of the long-necked idea, "the ostrich has the longest legs of any bird I know. Look at his neck! It easily reaches to the ground. Doesn't this prove my position? And his legs are strong enough to hold up an elephant. Speaking of the elephant," continued Bish, "he isn't a long-necked bird—I mean animal. He hasn't any neck at all, and he is so heavy that he can't sit down every time he wants a drink or a mouthful of hay. See how these things are calculated out for him. Could anything be handier than his trunk?"

"How about snakes, Bish?"

"All neck. They can reach anywhere for food or drink. Returning to birds," said Bish, "did it ever occur to you that birds that roost can't fall over backward?"

"No, indeed. How do you explain that?"

"Well, you see, their claws reach around the perch, so that when they begin to lean over backward their claws tighten like a pair of pipe-tongs. I tell you," said Bish, "these things are all calculated out."

DO YOU THINK

That politeness requires a man to smile at the actions or words of an acquaintance or friend, when he would reprove his sister for them?

That people who write matter for publication on two sides of the paper should be forgiven?

That you have the least idea of the possibilities of a Priscilla shopping-bag until you have had it fully filled?

That you can keep your hands smooth with cold weather and city water against you? I don't, but here is a most excellent recipe which I can recommend. Our nice little chaperone sent me a pot of it, and then was good enough to give me the formula of the pleasantest lotion I ever used. It is not greasy, and it dries almost immediately.

$\frac{1}{2}$ gill German cologne.

1 pint rain water.

$\frac{1}{2}$ gill alcohol.

$\frac{1}{2}$ gill glycerine.

$\frac{1}{2}$ oz. gum tragacanth.

Have the druggist put all except the gum into a bottle. Heat $\frac{1}{2}$ pint of the rain water, add the gum and let stand half a day. Then mix all the ingredients and bottle for use.

BOOK GOSSIP.

The dainty volume, bound in white linen with gold lettering and design, containing poems by W. E. H. Lecky, the historian, is one that attracts first by its appearance, second by the name on the cover, and last by its contents. Not that the latter are to be despised. Far from it, but a curiosity attaches to a book of this sort which must needs be satisfied as quickly as possible. It is naturally rather a surprise to find Mr. Lecky entering the poetical arena, but his is not by any means the first case of a man's forsaking for a time, for relaxation or pleasure, the chosen field of his life's work, and doing something out of the ordinary. Poets have at times painted pictures, and there is no reason why historians should not write poetry if they can do it as well, for instance, as Lord Macaulay did, or as Mr. Lecky has done in this attractive little volume. These poems will never entitle the author to much fame; they are but an offshoot of his genius, and were it not that they are his, would not likely attract a very large share of the world's attention. The purity of tone, elegance of form and soundness of sense characterizing these verses will gratify every lover of sound literature, and since they are the work of a man who has largely influenced public opinion in Great Britain by his other and more important writings, every one will wish to see them. Mr. Lecky is an Irishman of culture and refinement, and he was a great friend of Carlyle. We have not space for long quotations, but as a specimen poem we select the following, which will convey a fair idea of the general character of the book:—

FAME, LOVE AND YOUTH.

Look down, look down from your glittering heights,
And tell us, ye sons of glory,
The joys and the pangs of your eagle flights,
The triumph that crowned the story—

The rapture that thrilled when the goal was won,
The goal of a life's desire.
And a voice replied from the setting sun—
Nay, the dearest and best lies nigher.

How oft in such hours our fond thoughts stray
To the dream of two idle lovers;
To the young wife's kiss; to the child at play,
Or the grave which the long grass covers;

And little we'd reck of power and gold,
And of all life's vain endeavor,
If the heart could glow as it glowed of old,
And if youth could abide for ever.

The poems are dedicated to his wife, and are copyrighted and published by D. Appleton & Co., New York. A more dainty Christmas gift than this could scarcely be imagined.

The last number of the Great Writer Series is a life of Miguel de Cervantes, by Henry Edward Watts. It is re-written and arranged from material collected for a larger edition of the life of Cervantes, by the same writer, and presents in compact form and agreeable narrative the main facts of the life of the author of *Don Quixote*. It is unnecessary to go into detail of the work, but we can promise our readers that they will find the life of the great Spanish author very interesting, and they will more deeply appreciate the greatest of his works after having a knowledge of the times in which he lived and the trials to which he was subjected. There is a complete index and bibliography at the end of the book. This useful series has had a valuable addition in the work before us, which is, we believe, the thirty-sixth volume. The series is edited by Prof. Eric S. Robinson, M. A., and is published by Walter Scott, 24 Warwick Lane, Pasternoster Row, London.