

The Romance of a Rose.

I.

Poor Rose! I lift you from the street—
Far better I should own you,
Than you should lie for random feet,
Where careless hands have thrown you!

II.

Poor pinky petals, crushed and torn!
Did heartless fashion use you,
Then cast you forth to lie forlorn,
For chariot wheels to bruise you?

III.

I saw you last in Edith's hair.
Rose, you would scarce discover
That I she passed upon the stair
Was Edith's favored lover.

IV.

A month—"a little month"—ago—
O theme for moral writer!—
'Twixt you and me, my Rose, you know,
She might have been politer;

V.

But let that pass. She gave you then—
Behind the oleander—
To one, perhaps, of all the men,
Who best could understand her,—

VI.

Cyril that, duly flattered, took,
As only Cyril's able,
With just the same Arcadian look
He used last night for Mabel;

VII.

Then, having waltzed till every star
Had paled away in morning,
Lit up his cynical cigar,
And tossed you downward, scorning.

VIII.

Kismet, my Rose! Revenge is sweet—
She made my heart-strings quiver;
And yet—You shan't lie in the street,
I'll drop you in the River.

—From "V. nettes in Rhyme."

In Paris.

She hails from Chicago. She always interlards her conversation with alleged French papers, because, as she declares, it gives her a "distingoo" air. "Combien far est-il a la shop de Madame Ducrong, le French modest?" I heard her ask the porter in the hotel the first time I ever saw her. She was evidently acting as interpreter to a California friend, for when the porter replied with a bewildered shrug of the shoulders, "Je ne comprends pas, madame," she translated his reply as "It's very far, madame." So she hailed a cab, and handing the milliner's card to the driver, she directed him to "aller there." An "English-spoken" sign on the Corso allured Mrs. Boodle into a drygoods shop. "Parlez-vous English?" she said to the first man she saw, who happened to be a gentleman, who, with his hat in his hand, and his



The "coming" woman and the "going" man.

hand behind his back, was talking to a lady. After several desperate efforts he managed to make Mrs. B. understand that he was not a salesman. "Oh! excusez-me," she said. "Je vous took for une garçon de le store." To the first man she espied behind a counter she repeated her inquiry:

"Parlez-vous English?"

"Yees, madame," said the yards'ick man. "We spoke zee English ici. What will madame dayzeer?"

"Avez-vous de silk stockings?"

He showed her some. She wanted them with clocks. He didn't understand. Her French came to her in good stead. "Avec horloge," said she.

He looked at his customer; then at the stockings; then at space, but he couldn't extract a suggestion from any of these objects. He pointed to the clock. Mrs. B. bobbed her head with a satisfied air. He was more mystified than ever. He finally resolved that the lady was crazy, so he shifted her to a fellow-tradesman who spoke the same sort of English, but the new man soon understood what madame wanted.

"I see by 'Harper's Bazar' that the finest black stockings with a thin yellow clock are Comme il Faut. Are these Faut's?"

"I do not comprends, madame."

"Yes, you do; you comprenez all right. I want to know if these are Comme il Faut's."

"Oh! Certainmnet, madame. Tees are comme il faut."

"Well, where's his name or trade-mark? I don't see it."

They settled the question somehow or other. Then Mrs. Boodle came to

talk of the price, and she had an opportunity of using her favorite word, "combien."

"Quinze francs la paire."

"I think that means twenty-five francs," she said soliloquizingly. "Five into twenty-five times goes five times. Dear me! That's five dollars, 'Oh! They're much too high.'"

"Comment, madame?"

"They're too high; trop haut."

"Ah! Zay are too high. Will madame see somesing lower?"

Yes; she wanted to see something much lower, the lowest they had in silk. So he took down from a shelf a green box which he introduced with this observation:

"Tees are ze lowest we have; but zay are for de gentlemen"—thereupon exhibiting to her some men's socks.

It required several minutes to pacify Mrs. Boodle, who at first considered herself insulted, and kept frequently remarking, "To think I would wear stockings that carrie no higher than my ankles!"

Mrs. B. tells me that she doesn't care much for Rome, and that she is going to hurry back to Paris where everything is so gay and "morvay." "Oh! I love Paris. They call it 'Paris the bell'—I suppose because it's always ringing with noise."—Rome Letter to Philadelphia Telegraph.



PRAYER.

I pray so ill I am ashamed to pray;
And marvel oft can He who reigns on high

Give heed to my poor inarticulate cry,
Who, stammering, would my childish wants convey,

Yet know not what to wish, nor how to say;

They seem such little selfish things that I
Most care to ask of God's great Majesty:—
And, sighing thus, I went upon my way.
Then, in a friend's house, came his little boy

And prattled to me, full of eager joy:
But I, to construe baby-tongue unskill'd,
The father's face with questioning glances scan'd;

Then, smiling on his child with eyes love-fill'd,

The father said, "But I can understand."

W. W. Wakefield.



Spiritual Medium—What spirit shall I
call up for you, Mr. Soak?

Old Soak (absently)—Whiskey.

Buckton—New York weather is very deceptive.

Nendick—Yes. I am inclined to think that our clerk of the weather must be a woman.