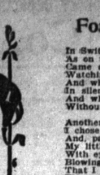
For Heart's Delight.



In Switzerland one idle day,
As on the grass at noon we lay,
Came a grave peasant child, and stood
Watching the strangers eat their food,
And what we offered her she took
In silence, with her quiet look,
And when we rose to go, content,
Without a word of thanks, she went.

Another day, in sleet and rain,
I chose the meadow path again,
And, partly warning, chanced to see
My little guest friend watching me
With eyes half hidden by her hair,
Blowing, me kisses, unaware
That I had seen, and still she wore
The same grave respect as before.

And some recall for heart's delight
A sunrise, some a snowy height,
And I a little child who stands
And gravely kisses both her hands.
—Hugh Macnaghtan in the Spectator.

In Eternal Remembrance

BY KENNETT HARRIS

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We all wondered what Mrs. DuPage could possibly keep in that little silver casket of hers, don't you know. All of us chaps were interested in the little widow and anything that belonged to her. We were interested in the color of her eyes, and the length of their lashes a goodish bit, don't you know; and the size of her shoes and the fit of her stockings around the ankles, and the blooms on her cheeks. We talked about all of these things. Not that we could say anything about them but to praise them. Her eyes were the color of a bunch of violets with the dew on 'em—Tenvcort said that. Tenvcort's one of these practical duffers, don't you know. Some of his bally poetry has been printed in the Top Crust Journal-Gazette. He was gone no end on Mrs. DuPage. As to the shoes, Cinderella would have got corns if she had tried to wear Mrs. DuPage's, and she had better taste in the selection and display of hosiery than any woman I know of. And if that bloom of hers ever saw the inside of a drug store we were all mistaken.

"But we talked more about that silver casket than anything else, because it was such a devilish odd-looking thing, don't you know. It had four panels. One was decorated with a heart that was split right up the middle, another had something that looked like a tin horn turned upside down, the third had a monogram and the fourth a motto: 'Memoria in Aeterna,' surrounded by a wreath of forget-me-nots. On the lid there was a bally little cupid standing tiptoe on a grinning skull and pointing up in the air.

Well, wherever Mrs. DuPage was that casket was sure to be somewhere around. It was generally in her boudoir, but sometimes I saw it in her parlor and once when she gave a little luncheon it was standing on the sideboard. Knickerbocker Cuyver asked her what she had in it once and she laughed and said that it was her little all. She told me when I asked that she would prefer not to speak of it and the violets in her eyes became dewier than ever. So of course I dried up. It's horrid bad form to be inquisitive and I ain't a bounder, I hope, whatever I am.

"Jimpley said he believed she kept love letters in it. Curzon guessed diamonds. 'She ain't sentimental,' said Curzon. 'I bet it's something practical.'

"'Love letters might be practical,' said Jimpley, 'I knew a girl had a bunch once and they brought her in an income of $10,000 a year. She kept 'em in a safety deposit vault. She was a practical girl, all right, and I know it.'

"'Did you write the letters?' asked Cuyver.

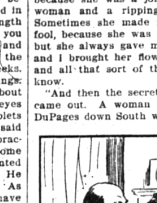
"I spoke up then and told them I didn't want to hear any more insinuations of that sort. I felt like punching all their heads. Some fellows think that if a woman is a bit lively when she ain't got anybody to look after her but an old aunt they can say anything they like. I knew all about Mrs. DuPage. She came from Alabama and her husband belonged to one of the good families there. I told low told me so—fellow by the name of Billinger, who I met at Mrs. DuPage's one evening. He said her husband was simply devoted to her, don't you know, and that she was devoted to him, though he was a lot older than she. Some of my people—the women

It was such an odd-looking thing, don't you know.

—said that she was nothing but a chorus girl before Willie DuPage met her. I know some ripping nice chorus girls, you know, so I didn't think any the worse of her for that, if it was true. They told me that they didn't believe that she had a cent to her name and that her giving out the impression that she had a lot of government bonds locked up in that silver casket was nothing but a bluff. The government bond idea was something that got out after a little while, but I fool sure that she never was to blame for it.

"I think they had got it into their heads that I wanted to marry her. Well, I didn't—not then. I went around to her place, don't you know, because she was a jolly clever little woman and a ripping good looker. Sometimes she made me feel like a fool, because she was so jolly clever, but she always gave me a good time and I brought her flowers and candy and all that sort of thing, don't you know.

"And then the secret of the casket came out. A woman who knew the DuPages down South was visiting the



I'm a fool, maybe, but—

Kerners and she told them that the casket held the last mortal remains of Willie DuPage. He was a cremation crank and he had the casket made before he died to hold his ashes, and he made Eulalie promise to keep it with her wherever she went. That we took for a tin horn on one of the panels was a funeral torch—classic, don't you know, and the Cupid signified Love triumphing over death. The motto meant 'In Eternal Remembrance.'

"Well as soon as I heard that I went right over to Mrs. DuPage and I told her what I'd heard and how jolly sorry I was for her. And she looked at me with those big eyes of hers so gratefully and thanked me for my sweet sympathy so prettily I began to wish that she hadn't been so fond of DuPage. She gave me her hand, too, and I couldn't help keeping it, don't you know; it was so little and soft and warm and it sent such funny little thrills up my arm and all over me that it was goodish pleasant. After a while she told me how much my friendship had been to her. And then she remembered that I was still holding her hand and took it away.

"'We won't think of sad things any more, Freddie,' she said, 'Now you're here I'm going to make you comfy. I'm going to wait on you myself. What would you like to drink?'

"I think that I said Scotch. I know that I helped her to carry the siphon. I remember that perfectly. Yes, it was Scotch; and she insisted that I should smoke. I don't think it was the Scotch that got into my head. I think it was the red frock that she wore. I didn't mention that it was evening when I called. It was, and she had on a red gown that left her arms and neck bare. Gad! she has a lovely neck. Yes, it was the dress and her eyes. There is always something about red—! Oh, I don't know how it happened, but I knocked against the table somehow and something tumbled over. I saw that it was the silver casket and that the lid had fallen open.

"'I don't know exactly how it came that her arm was around my neck—her bare arm. . . . I'm gallant, don't you know. I'm a fool, maybe, but—But here I had a cigar in my hand and—I looked around for a place to set it down.

"'Give it to me,' she said, and she took it from me and dropped it into the silver casket.

"'Just ashes,' she added.

* * * * * * *

I'm engaged to her. I wouldn't mention it to everybody, but I don't feel exactly right about it. My people say it's my money she's after. If it is she's welcome to the blame money."

She Followed Instructions.

Mrs. N. was giving instructions to her new servant. "Before removing the soup plates, Mary, always ask each person if he or she would like any more."

"Very good, madam."

Next day Mary, respectfully bowing to one of the guests, inquired: "Would the gentleman like some more soup?"

"Yes, please."

"There isn't any left."

British Cruiser Fast.

The British cruiser Drake, on her way from Gibraltar to Portsmouth the other day, averaged 24.16 knots on a test run of eight hours. It is the British navy's record for cruisers. The Drake has Belleville boilers.

"BISON BEEF" SOLD IN ENGLAND.

Result of Experiments in Crossing Buffalo and Cattle.

The latest delicacy to tempt the appetites of British epicures is a compromise between buffalo meat and beef. A couple of 2-year-old bullocks, the result of cross-breeding between a North American bison and highland cattle were sold at the Newcastle market yesterday. They had been bred by Mr. Lyland of Haggerston castle, Northumberland, says the New York World, who has been engaged for several years in experimenting in this direction.

The animals were exactly like their North American cousins in appearance, except that they were stronger and thicker in the hindquarters. They had been reared and fed as wild cattle, so great difficulty was experienced in conveying them to market.

Although they were accommodated in special boxes, their fury was so great that one broke its neck on the journey, and the other had to be shot in the market.

The beef, it is said, will be found of a richer quality than that obtained from a buffalo, and if kept for a month or so more palatable than that of an ordinary bullock.

MADE HIS CASE PLAIN.

No Doubt About Opinion Uncle Held of Nephew.

The young man had been to sea, and on his return was narrating to his uncle, an old farmer, an adventure which he had met with on board ship.

"I was one night leaning over the taffrail, looking down into the ocean," he said, "when my gold watch fell from my pocket and immediately sank out of sight. The ship was going ten knots an hour, but, nothing daunted, I sprang over the rail, down, down, and after a long search found the watch, came up, and chased the ship and climbed back to the deck without any one knowing I had been absent."

"William," said his uncle, "I believe thee; but there's many a thousand that would not."

"What!" exclaimed William. "You are politely insinuating that I'm a liar."

"William," said the old man, gravely, "thee knows that I never call anybody names; but if the mayor were to come and say, 'Josiah, I want thee to find the biggest liar in all Montgomeryshire,' I would come to thee and put my hand upon thy shoulder and say to thee, 'William, the mayor wants to see thee.'"—London Tit-Bits.

Not an Odious Comparison.

The head clerk had been invited to an afternoon wedding, and in order to save time appeared at the office in the morning fully "groomed" for the ceremony. As he threw aside his overcoat he was disclosed in all the majesty of a swagger frock coat of the latest cut, gray trousers fashionably creased, patent leather shoes and white tie.

His position in the office made him immune from comments by the underlings, who, however, regarded him with serio-comic admiration and longed to say what they felt.

But the barrier was broken a few minutes after the day's business had begun, and by a friend who dropped in for a moment's chat. He was somewhat lacking in dignity, for which the clerks blessed him.

"Good morning, George," he said cheerily to the head clerk. Then as he took a second glance at the sartorial "dream" he added: "Great Scott! What's up? You look like a certified check."

And even the head clerk joined in the general burst of laughter.

French Courtesy Anglicized.

A few days ago the New York representatives of a kid glove manufacturing concern, the headquarters of which are in an interior town in France, sent a cablegram announcing the death of the manager in charge of the branch in the United States. The foreign house promptly forwarded acknowledgment, the wire reading:

"Please accept our profound congratulations. Our account prospered in the hands of Mr. ——. He was a grand fellow in all respects. We interpret his demise as a personal loss."

This was signed by the directors of the company. The Manhattan establishment is of the opinion that a little knowledge of English—is a sad affair also.

Charge as He Remembered It.

Judge Brady had a colored man before him in police court and he asked him when he had been arrested before. The fellow scratched his head, thought a moment and then said: "Ah think it was about a year ago, Jedge."

"What was the charge?" asked the Court.

After thinking a while the prisoner looked up and said: "Ah'm not quite shuah, but Ah t'ink it was 'tree dollahs, yer honah."

He was discharged.—Albany Journal.

Passing of Old Vermont Stock.

"There were three marriages, six birth and twenty-two deaths in town last year. A gloomy look, certainly." So says the newspaper correspondence of one of our Vermont towns. It is, indeed, a "gloomy look." Not only is the old stock dying out, but there is no infusion of new. Think of the proportion of births to deaths. Where one child is born in this Vermont community there are four deaths, Little wonder that the State's population is, practically at a standstill.—Barre Times.

The Millionaire's Plaint.

If you were me and I were you,
I would care naught for who is who;
For you, a poet, need but sing;
While I—well, that's another thing.

I have a hundred ships at sea—
They're kind and very much care taught for me;
I have a hundred ventures set
In this big world—itself a bet!

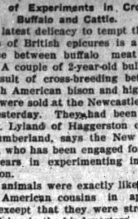
And you may with an idle rhyme
Kill that that kills so man—Time;
Ere my to-morrow it is dead
I break, in bed with yesterday!
—New York Herald.

Paderewski's Many Photographs.

When leaving Sydney for America, the London Mail says, Paderewski ordered 10,000 large panel photographs of himself for sale during his American tour, the largest order of the kind ever known in Sydney.

To Manage Three Roads' Traffic.

Since the reorganization of the Vandcrbilt roads east of Chicago, a short time ago, several changes have been made in the operating department. The most important is the promotion of Mr. C. F. Daly from the position of Assistant General Passenger Agent of



C. F. DALY

the Lake Shore, to that of Passenger Traffic Manager of the Lake Shore, Michigan Central and Lake Erie and Western. The General Passenger Agents of these lines retain their positions,

Mr. Daly came to Chicago three years ago from the Lake Erie & Western, where he had been General Passenger Agent. His promotion to so responsible a position is a deserved tribute to Mr. Daly's ability as a railroad operator. Some further changes in the Vanderbilt lines are expected in the near future but have not yet been announced.

In all the changes so far made no one has been displaced. The promotions being to newly created offices.

ONLY WAY TO GET IT.

Woman Had to Take Lawyer Along With Her Damages.

Mrs. Stonewall Jackson, widow of the famous general, lives in Charlotte, N. C., and the other day a Charlotte lawyer said of her:

"Mrs. Jackson has great talent in persiflage and raillery, and she likes much to air her skill in this direction at the expense of doctors and lawyers. She said to me one day:

"'A friend of mine—a Virginia woman—sued a railroad company last year for $50,000 damages, and last week the case was decided in her favor. She got the money in toto. She got every cent of it. It is all lying to her credit in the bank at this moment.

"Mrs. Jackson paused and smiled.

"'You think it is incredible,' she said, 'that the woman should have gotten all those thousands. You think that her lawyer, in sending her a check for that money would have deducted $30,000 or $25,000 for his share. Well, the woman got all the money. The lawyer didn't get a cent. She got it all. She got it in the only way.'

"'What way was that?' said I.

"'She married the lawyer,' said Mrs. Jackson."

Napoleon's War Horses.

Napoleon used many horses in his various campaigns, and if we are to believe in the accuracy of Meissonier and other painters who have depicted stirring incidents in the life of the Emperor the steeds were always white.

When in the field Napoleon spent most of his time in the saddle. He was a more impressive figure there than on foot.

History does not record that he had any favorite war charger, and falls even to tell us anything about the horse that bore him on the fateful field of Waterloo. Sloane's history of the emperor says of the closing incidents of that day:

"Throughout the famous charge of his devoted men Napoleon rode hither and thither, from Rossomme to Belle Alliance." And then, at the very last: "Napoleon had become an object of pity—his eyes set, his frame collapsed, his great head rolling in a drowsy stupor, Monthyon and Bertrand set him as best they could upon a horse and, one on each side, supported him as they rode."

But the horse that played this big part in history goes nameless.

Lost Faith in America.

Joe Grim, the Italian fighter with the iron jaw, was recently drawn for jury duty over in Philadelphia. He had made arrangements to fight Hugo Kelly of Chicago, and there was money in the bout. Joe went to court and said to the judge:

"Excusa me! Means lotto da mon, Judge!"

"Are you naturalized?" asked the court.

"Sure! Good American me!" replied the pugilist.

"Nothing doing, then!" remarked the judge. "If you go West to fight you'll go to jail for life when you come back!"

"Mean shame!" cried Joe. "I needa da mon. Wife, she needa da mon. Me, greatest prize fighter in Little Italy loosa da mon. I go to my-smang, Mike da Costell. He is a politish. He say sure I'll fix it' right. Now he do nothing. Say he go to jail, too. I go myself to all the politish. They givea me da smile. If I go fighta da Kell I go to pris. If I don't fighta da Kell I loosa da mon. America fine country!" And Joe left the court room in tears.

Dolls of Greek Children.

The dolls the classic Greek children played with were made of wax and clay decorated with bright colors. One kind had movable limbs and its clothes were made to take off and put on. Every doll had a bed of its own. These dolls represented gods and heroes, but whatever they were meant to represent, they were treated with loving care by the little Greeks

Real Estate Exchange

Of Whitehead & Mitchell at the Exchange Bank, Birmingham, Mich.

The following is a partial list of farms, city and village lots and real estate generally which we have for sale. As our list is constantly changing, we request that parties will write us if they do not see what they want in this list:

2.

Farm of 80 acres, well fenced, well watered, clover-fields and timber, 12 acres. Near electric line from Bloomfield Center and electric railway to Detroit and Pontiac. Terms easy.

5.

Elegant house and lot of best front and 90 rods deep on Maple Ave. East, 2nd south of Lone Pine barn and every modern convenience. Purchaser, should he desire, can be allowed to move the buildings cost. Will exchange for improved city property for portion of the purchase price.

6.

The VinEvery farm on the north shore of Pine Lake, 80 acres; fine, good house, three barns, fine lake frontage, 10 acres fine orchard, 20 acres timber. Excellent fishing, boating and bathing. Terms easy.

10.

Large, roomy two-story house on Townsend St. in Birmingham, good barn, city water and all ordinary conveniences, 120 ft. front and 100 ft. deep. Small fruit and good neighborhood.

12.

The Bagley farm in the town of Troy, 120 acres. Good house and barn, farm well watered, flowing well at the barn which is the windmill and pride of Troy. 30 acres good timber and maple timber, 4 acres fine grafted orchard. Circumstances compel sale immediately and the man who comes first will secure one of the best bargains in the country. Look it up.

13.

Farm in Southfield, 8 acres, of which 10 acres is timber, good beech and maple. Soil, clay loam. Creek runs through farm. Water in every lot the year round. Large house and barn, small barn. Terms easy and price so low that it will pay you to look it up. Will trade for Birmingham property.

16.

Fine fruit farm of 40 acres about 2 miles from Birmingham, nice rolling land, 5 acres timber. No waste land; 2,200 peaches, 100 plums, 600 grapes, 50 apples, 1 acres raspberries, 1 acres strawberries, etc. Good house nearly new. Price $6,000 per acre. Will take good property for part pay. Tell you more about it if you ask me.

18.

**A small farm of 3 acres, being part of the W part of lot 11, Southfield township, Oakland county. Four good buildings; house, barn, poultry house and pen. Buildings insured for $1,000. Premises abundantly supplied with well pump water from flowing well, which is piped to barn, Southfield, Ford and Telegraph roads. Suitable purposes all the year 'round. Good fences, excellent soil. Terms easy to right party. Will sell on easy terms to the right party. Will sell on easy terms to the right party. Will sell on easy terms to the