HER MAJESTY, MY QUEEN.

With fancy's pencil a portrait of my queen
I paint as now in memory she stands
Her form a poem from a master's hands,
An oval face with innocence serene
Whose dimpled cheeks, though snowy to their queen,
Pearls are the shells on Coromandel's sands,
Eyes blue as those in far Circassian's lands,
Beneath a brow that wears a royal mien,
Soon tinted like Alhambra's palace wall
And fitly framed in strands of Orient gold,
A rose and chin Rome's sculptures might adore,
Lips coral cut rose buds from whose portals fall
Soft ripening music never could they scold
As time rolls on I love her more and more

Edward A. Oldham in Boston Folio

HIS MATCH.

Everybody said that Orphies French was crazy to think of marrying Hector Hunter. In the first place he was too old. (He was 35 and Orphies only 18.) In the next he was a widower with four children, Orphies being an only child, was unused to children. And lastly, he was the crossest grained, most miserly man that ever existed.

Every one in Hillswood knew him. They knew he had been the means of his first wife finding an early grave, and now he wanted to break Miss French's heart pretty dimpled, brown eyed Orphies, the pride of the village and the admiration of all.

How she came to choose a surly, selfish man like Hector Hunter was a wonder to everybody. It was well known that blue eyed, sunny faced Charlie Chester stood ready to lay down his life for her sake, and that James Singleton had offered himself to her at least three times. Either would have been considered a good match, and yet it was quite evident that Hector Hunter was the man she loved, and she had been known to watch beside him day and night when he was ill, and refuse all food till she was sure he was out of danger.

Yes, Miss French did love him. She was engaged to him, too, and that sunny morning in June was to witness her bridal.

She was to be married in the little church where she had been baptized, in the presence of those who had known and loved her from a child.

So what wonder really nobody's business was everybody's business, and proved the topic of conversation throughout the entire village.

All her girl friends pitied her, all her male acquaintances envied Hector Hunter. All the matrons shook their heads, all the spinsters hunted about for the bachelor, who was a rocky man.

Finally came the great gala day, the solemn service, for it was a large and fashionable wedding, and then poor Orphies was alone, the bride leaning on the arm of her stern husband, as she passed down the path, and her face, as she turned for one last look at her girlhood home, was very pale, of the colour of the orange blossoms in her bonnet.

"I am afraid to take a wedding trip, Orphies," Mr. Hunter had said the night he slipped the engagement ring on her finger, and hesitated to the shy lovers' wonderment under the tree that grew back of their home.

"It costs a good deal to live nowadays. The children need clothes, and I will take a $5 bill right out of my pocket to pay for mine." "You won't care, will you?" "I had just as soon settle down as a married woman hadn't you? That is the way my first wife did."

And Orphies said yes she did do anything he asked, like the dear little thing she was.

So as soon as her gray haired pastor had made her Mrs. Hector Hunter she walked quietly across the village common to the large gloomy looking house that stood on its edge, and closed the door in the faces of those looking after her with a world of commiseration in their eyes.

"She'll regret this act of hers, or my name is not Miranda Highflyer," said one narrow minded spinster to another.

"She looks like a wilted rose by the time she has lived three weeks with those children," said Miss Dean, the village dressmaker, to her customer, Mrs. Flint. "I knew all about them. I once made a dress for the first Mrs. Hunter, and I had a chance to see some of their actions."

"We've lost our pretty Orphies forever," said gray haired Farmer Slocum. "Rude hands have picked our sweet briar rose, and there is none other so fair."

"We are going to have Orphies French for a step mother," said the Hunter children, pressing up to the window which commanded a view of Hillswood common and church. "She's awful pretty, but it's a mystery how she came to marry father."

"You know the young folks so well, Orphies, that there is no need of an introduction," said Mr. Hunter as his young bride kissed one rosy face after another and sat down in his dead wife's rocking chair with the youngest on her knee.

"When you are rested we will go over the house and take a look at things, then we will have some dinner. I dismissed the housekeeper today, as I knew we should not need her after you came. Her month was up, and as a penny saved is a penny earned I let her go. Rosa Bell is large enough to help you about the house. She is 16, and as tall as you are. I guess you will pull together first rate."

Pretty Orphies looked at her step daughter questioningly.

"I hope so," she said, quickly. "Yes," kissing her, "I am quite sure that we shall."

That kiss won Rosa Bell.

"Arthur," she said to her 13-year-old brother the moment the door closed behind her new mother, "take heart. I do believe there is a change coming. The second Mrs. Hunter is very sweet and smiling, but I should not be surprised if father had found his match. She doesn't say a great deal, but there is a look in her eye which makes me feel funny."

"It will take her before long," answered Arthur with a knowing shake of his head. "She'll have to knock under the same as the rest of us. I wonder if he'll let me go out on the common to-night? The boys are getting up a base ball match. Tom Jones was here this morning and made me promise I'd come. The Skinflints are going to play against the Ironsides, but I'll bet on the" —

"You mustn't bet at all," interrupted Rosa Bell, tying on her apron and bustling about the poorly spread table in the room adjoining.

"This is father's wedding day, and it isn't at all likely he'll let you go off. Come, Kathie, peel those potatoes for me. Then set the chairs up and tell the folks dinner is ready. I wish I had something better to offer her," she added, looking ruefully at the platter of fried pork in the center of the table flanked on either side with a dish of apple sauce and a huge loaf of wheat bread.

"I wish we had silver forks and glass goblets, like Hattie Andrew's folks," said Kathie, hurriedly removing their brown jackets, and tumbling them into the blue earthen dish which Lettie brought from the closet.

"Well, if Mrs. Hunter is as hungry as I am, she won't think of anything but her dinner," exclaimed Arthur, bringing up the chairs with a good deal of noise. "That apple sauce is scorched, Rosa Bell. I smell it. Father won't relish that."

"Well, I can't help it," answered the girl, in a discouraged tone. "He needn't have sent Martha off just at this time."

"It's all right, dear," said a pleasant voice behind her, and Orphies slipped into her seat at the head of the table.

She had changed her wedding dress for a simple calico, and a white apron was tied about her trim waist. "Martha was getting old, Rosa Bell. We want a younger maid of all work. Never mind the forks, Kathie, I have some better ones in my trunk. Hector, it strikes me this dining room is rather small, looking about the lingy, poorly furnished apartment. It must be enlarged in some way. You must see Dunham about it at once, as it must be finished to be fore warm weather sets in. Dog days are so trying in Hillswood."

My dear Orphies," Mr. Hunter turned his spectacles on the dimpled face opposite, "it would cost a great deal to enlarge the room."

"Not so very much," said Mrs. Hunter, composedly. "We had ours done at home. I think papa said the cost was $50."

"One hundred and fifty dollars," groaned Mr. Hunter, staring at his young wife as if he thought her crazy.

"Why, my dear Orphies, you speak as if money were a very trifle, and could be picked up in Hillswood. Rosa, I never heard the first Mrs. Hunter mention that the money was a trifle."

"Poor thing," said Mrs. Hunter, pityingly, perhaps she didn't—" "Why, where are you going, Arthur? A game on the common? Why, that's delightful. Don't stay out late, remember, I beg of you. Go and enjoy yourself while you can. Were I a boy I'd go with you. As it is I will sit by the window with papa and watch the game. Oh, Hector, I forgot to tell you! Florence Freeman was married yesterday, and who do you think the bridegroom was? Oh, you would never guess, so I might as well tell you. It was Percy Whitman, and such a display as was made. Not at all like our humble manor."

"Why didn't you take him, then?" growled Mr. Hunter, whose feelings were somewhat ruffled by the premeditated change in his house. "He wanted you at one time, didn't he?"

Orphies laughed gleefully.

"I didn't want him," she said, "I had rather have you than a dozen Percy Whitmans."

And then, springing up, she threw her arms around her husband's neck, greatly to the children's astonishment, and, if the truth be told, to his own as well.

"We will need some wood for the morning, Hector," said Orphies, that night as her husband was preparing to change his boots for the comfortable slippers he had commanded Kathie to bring him.

She had found so much to do, and had entered so heartily into the duties awaiting her, that her wedding day had passed very much the same as those spent under her father's roof.

"Father never chops the wood," ventured Rosa Bell, seeing the look of surprise on her father's face. "Mamma always did it, and when she died I looked after the kindlings."

Orphies gave the batch of dough she was kneading a vigorous turn.

"That isn't a woman's work," she said, with a determined shake of her head. "Come, Arthur, help papa in with the wood, and then we will hear all about the baseball match. Hurry, Hector, my dear. No, no, Arthur isn't strong enough to cut those great logs. That is your work. He will bring it in as fast as you get it ready, and baby and I will come and see that you do it properly."

Catching the little one in the round, white arms bare to the elbow, and dotted here and there with patches of flour, Orphies danced out into the woodshed, followed by the grumbling Hector and the amused children.

"Didn't I tell you father had found his match?" whispered Rosa Bell to her brother. "He never did this in his life, and yet he doesn't say a word. I'm glad she's come."

"If she keeps on the way she has begun, I'll stand a chance of getting out to play once in a while," answered doubting Arthur. "I had just a jolly good time this afternoon, thanks to her, and if I never get another, I can look back on that."

Orphies had been married a week when people began to look for open war, but if there was any the young wife kept it to herself.

To be sure, life was not all sunshine, but she had expected a few rainy days i would creep in.

She had married Hector Hunter in spite of the reputation he had. Why she had done so no one knew, but probably Orphies did, for in spite of the apparent dreariness of her lot, she was sunny, sweet tempered and happy in her new home, just as she had been in her old.

True to her word, Orphies went to work to enlarge the dining room. She had painters and carpenters, masons and plumbers, till Mr. Hunter was beside himself with rage, and threatened to go away if that state of affairs continued.

Orphies calmly listened to all his speeches, and when the room was finished to her satisfaction, pulled his easy chair into the most comfortable corner, brought out a new pair of slippers and foot stool, then presented him with the tall and the most charming kiss in the world. Strange to say, he paid the former without a word, and returned the latter with interest.

Still holding her tight but invisible rein, and atoning for her harsh measures by the most loving caresses, Orphies at length succeeded in subduing her unruly steed and getting him to bend to the yoke.

But her ideas of improvement did not end with the enlargement of the dining room. A two story L was added the following spring. The parlor was refurnished and a great piano for Arthur's special use was brought from the city.

"My children shall be taught to love their home," said the determined little mother when her husband battled against what he called a foolish piece of extravagance. "Rosa Bell is quite old enough to go into society. Young Tomlinson is partial to her, and I had rather have him feel free to call where I can have a chance of judging of his character, than to endeavor to meet her on the street corners or at the village postoffice. Books and music have an ennobling influence over the young, and I had rather have Arthur master of the piano than of the billiard table. In order to hold our boys and girls we must exert ourselves to please them. Give the husks to the swine, and they will never search for the wheat elsewhere."

To this speech Mr. Hunter replied in curt but decisive words. He guessed he was master of his own children, and as long as he kept his house filled with company from morning till night he would not. It was out of the question. He couldn't afford it. Gas as expensive and the wear and tear of carpets and furniture [illegible] to be thought of.

But after following Rosa Bell about from corner to corner for evenings and [illegible] never [illegible] with [illegible] Arthur [illegible] of billiards on [illegible] with the [illegible] Poor [illegible] quietly put all the [illegible] little wife.

Though young in years, Orphies was a wise little woman. Never so much as I told you she passed her lips. Calmly accepting the burden she carried it along as she had intended to do when fate gave her Hector Hunter for a husband. And the man whom all the villagers had feared on account of his crabbedness said never a word. Books, papers, music and paintings found their way into his home. His house was always open to the young, and the old always welcome to the warmest place beside his hearth.

When Rosa Bell's engagement with young Tomlinson became public and people congratulated him on his enterprising son in law, he smiled quietly. When Arthur came home from college loaded with honors, he blushed with pride, and when Kathie received her diploma and was pronounced capable of taking a high rank as public school teacher, he hugged himself with great satisfaction.

Though always thoughtful and considerate of his young wife, he was never known to acknowledge her superiority by word of mouth. Manlike he refused to give her her dues, and the only praise she ever received for her trial and care was from the lips of her son Arthur the day he was admitted to the bar.

"I tell you, Tomlinson," he said to that interested brother-in-law, "all I am I owe to my plucky little stepmother. My father probably meant well, but I should never have reached the place I occupy today if he had not met his death." —Boston Budget.

Unchivalric Germans.

In a social aspect I may be allowed to add one word condemning German men as a whole, premising exceptions which make the rule. They are totally devoid of that chivalry toward women so conspicuous among American gentlemen. Each man proceeds like a crown prince in his own right, and pays his addresses, with no fear of refusal, to the woman chosen by others for him, or to one who has caught his eye, or whose "dot" is sufficient to attract him. The engagement is sudden and proclaimed with vast eclat and ceremony. It has been said that Germans make the best lovers and worst husbands in the world; but it is a marvel that an American girl finds them attractive in either relation. —Cor Boston Transcript.

Conkling's Word Was Sufficient.

It is told that a person came to him and asked him to do something in the way of looking up a claim or a bill. Mr. Conkling said that he would do so; the man felt gratified, but unfortunately happened, as he left the room, to say: "Now, Mr. Conkling, I will rely upon you, sir." "Rely upon me for nothing, sir," exclaimed the senator, and forthwith paid no further interest to the man's concern. The man had said just one word too much, and yet how natural it was for a constituent, with a care of his mind, to have said that last word.—"Oath" in Cincinnati Enquirer.

CHILD LABOR IN INDIA.

Babies Weave Their Beautiful Carpets and Children Carve Exquisite Friezes.

By the way, in every store we have visited the most costly articles were for the American market. In this shop we saw a score or more of men at work on friezes and entablatures for a Mr. Forrest, of New York. I would like that he should see this letter, for it would be a pleasure when he sips his wine and looks upon his elaborate sideboard of teakwood to know that some of the most exquisite of its rich carvings was done by a father and son, the little fellow being only 7 years old. How his taper little fingers would handle the tiny chisel and how accurate was his eye when he wrought from the hard, meaningless wood a flower that almost had an odor so soft were its petals. The child had inherited the talent of its father, as he had done from his parent, and so through a long line, perhaps far back to those people whose handicraft made the rich relics in marble and wood of four centuries ago.

Here children follow the father's craft. It is deemed a sort of family disgrace for the children to permit the profession of their father to die out in their generation. A boy steps from his mother's arms, aye, from her very breast, for children are not weaned until four years old, into a companionship with the father and a partaker of his toil and a copier of his art. We have been in several small carpet weavers' houses at Amritsar and Lahore and other places, and everywhere a large part of the weaving was done by little boys. Carpets are not woven with a shuttle, but each thread or yarn of the woof is put into the warp with deft fingers, the left hand weaving the one for the right to meet the other. A piece of yarn a foot long is then cut off with a knife, and [illegible] velvety nap.

The weaver does not have [illegible] before him, but another [illegible] with the design and [illegible] color to be inserted in [illegible]. The [illegible] repeats these [illegible] color in. The first boy calls out a name of some one who are on the other side of the loom, and thus dictates the [illegible]. No one not understanding [illegible] the chant would believe it [illegible] religious exercise. In one [illegible] Punjab there was a [illegible]. There were four [illegible] feet by fifteen feet. The [illegible] idea with its head but [illegible] his [illegible] free [illegible] shape named above [illegible] weaving [illegible] two [illegible]. The [illegible] The [illegible] most [illegible] very [illegible] [illegible]

It Begins Early.

Jones [illegible] tram. They [illegible] ville, and stopped the [illegible] registers his name thusly:

E. K. Philodendyrb.

Jones, noticing [illegible] Herod what are you assuming such [illegible] certainly's name for? [illegible] trouble.

"Not a bit of it," replied Turner [illegible] I am not assuming any [illegible]."

"Well, what kind of [illegible]?" demanded Jones.

"That is my identical name, persists Turner, and it is [illegible] pronounce it plainly, Turner."

"I can't see how you [illegible] out of those thirteen letters [illegible] what is your object in [illegible] way," asks Jones.

"Well, you see, nobody ever spelled my name on the register when I wrote it Turner," explains the latter, "so I commenced writing it 'Thilodendyrb.' I put them all to guessing. They wonder what nation I am from and what my name is. I can now hear people talking about me all around. It is as I [illegible] fore, it is English spelling. 'Philo,' there is the sound of f in phlisicy; 'olo,' there is the sound of [illegible] in 'colonel;' 'gn,' there is the n in gnat; 'yrrh' is the sound of er in myrrh.' Now, if that don't spell Turner, what does it spell?" —Chicago Herald.

Thirty Millions a Year.

"There is hardly a trade in the world that has grown so rapidly during the past few years as the cloak trade," said a manufacturer to a reporter. "A few years ago it was a trade almost entirely unknown on this side of the Atlantic. In this country alone now there are hundreds of houses devoted to its interest."

"Can you give me any figures as to its progress?"

"According to returns made at the last census, we find that the amount of business transacted in the matter of women's clothing footed up nearly $30,000,000, and it is likely that the greater part of this was for outer garments. About two-thirds of this, or $19,000,000, is credited to New York, to Philadelphia $2,500,000, Boston, $1,800,000, Chicago, $1,500,000, Cincinnati and San Francisco about $1,000,000 each. According to the same returns the amount of capital employed was about $7,[illegible] and now it must be about $10,000,000." —New York Mail and Express.

Elbow Room In Wall Street.

Strangers who visit Wall street and its purlieus during those hours of the day when crowds used to be seen there are surprised at the dull appearance of the locality and the fewness of the pedestrians on the trottoirs. In times when speculation used to be active, Wall between New and Nassau streets were thronged between 10 and 3 o'clock, but now days all this is changed and there is plenty of room on the pavements of the financial center of the country.

Sails for the Tricycle.

China, which has got ahead of the western world in a good many other things, preceded it in the use of a certain invention, which, in a rather impractical way, is beginning to be introduced into Europe. When the first European travelers visited China they found the natives in certain districts using a kind of wheelbarrow or hand cart which was provided with a large sail. The sail was spread when the wind was favorable, and made the journey of the human propeller much easier and swifter than it would otherwise have been. These land vessels have been in use in China from time immemorial.

The use of land sailboats has also prevailed, to a small extent, in Holland, where one of the princes of Orange once won fame for a "flying chariot" which he had provided with sails. It is the principle of these land sailing craft which an Englishman has lately applied with great success to a large tricycle. Not long ago this gentleman and his wife arrived at the French city of Rouen on their winged machine, which excited great curiosity.

On the front part of the tricycle, which was an unusually long one, there was a sort of swinging easy chair made of willow ware, and in the chair, made very comfortable by cushions, was the Englishman's wife. Her husband was seated behind on an ordinary tricycle saddle and was working the treadles swiftly and easily. Above the two was spread a large sail, rigged to a light but stout bamboo mast. When the wind was in his back the tricycler put up his mast and spread his sail, when it was unfavorable he took in the sail and housed the mast, placing it lengthwise along the machine.

The Englishman and his wife had traveled that day from Honfleur to Rouen, a distance of eighteen leagues. As they carried no food [illegible] feet would [illegible] [illegible] and found [illegible] who [illegible] [illegible] integrity [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

The Sabbath Day.

[illegible] religious [illegible] [illegible] shops named above [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]