

# The Daily Bulletin.

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## TO THE SEED DANDELION.

In a merry mood you blossomed,  
Little ball of silver gray;  
You were golden then and cheery  
As the eye of winsome day

Then the earth was bare and blighted,  
And the hills were brown and sore,  
And you came with looks dejected,  
Happiest thing of all the year

Now the fields are pied with daisies—  
Woods with blossoms o'errun  
And you stand the ghost of springtime,  
Shining wanly in the sun

But you chose the noblest mission,  
Gave your cheer when earth was cold,  
And when days were poor and barren  
Freely scattered all your gold  
—Youth's Companion

## THE BALL DRESS.

"You are invited to the regiment ball,  
my dear," said Mrs. Ackland as her  
daughter entered the room, her dripping  
waterproof and umbrella giving evidence  
of a sturdy battle with the storm that  
could be plainly heard even through  
closed shutters and dropped curtains on  
that upper floor. "The most polite letter  
from Col. B—, and knowing that I  
forsook society long ago, Mrs. Col.  
B— will take you with her own girls;  
it is really charming of her. Here is the  
ticket."

The elderly lady's frail fingers drew  
two elegant squares of pink and gold  
pasteboard from an envelope as she spoke.  
But the girl, having hung the water-  
proof in an adjacent kitchen, and perched  
her umbrella where it could drip harm-  
lessly into the stationary tubs of said  
kitchen, did not even pick them up.

"It would be better to publish the  
fact that I have retired from society  
also, mamma," she said, a little sadly.  
"You!" cried her mother. At 20,  
Effie?

"It comes to that when one has one  
black frock," said Effie, "and that patched  
at both elbows."

"You could go in white," said her  
mother. "You look very girlish. Gen-  
tlemen admire white, or used to. White  
and a few flowers and no jewelry—no  
one could find fault with that style.  
The greatest heiress in Boston when I  
was a girl was known for her simplicity  
—always white."

"I fancy I should be if I went in a  
sheet and pillow case costume," said  
Effie. "Really that would be the only  
white one I could manage. That poor  
old white dress that still exists in your  
memory is short in the waist, shorter in  
the skirt, won't meet in the belt, and  
has a sleeve that would not go over my  
wrist. I've grown a great deal in five  
years, mamma."

"Is it five years since you went to  
your cousin Jennie's wedding in it?"  
cried Mrs. Ackland. "Dear, dear, how  
time flies. Couldn't you make over one  
of my old silks?"

"I should be a laughing stock, mam-  
ma," said Effie. "Well, I can live with-  
out going to the ball though I should  
enjoy it very much."

"The daughter of Capt. Ackland ought  
to have opportunities," said the widow.  
"How you are to marry if you never  
meet any one I cannot think. A pretty  
girl like you was never meant to be a  
spinster and work for her bread."

"Things point in that direction now,"  
said the girl. "Typewriting is not a  
lively amusement, and I am as likely to  
marry as I am to go to China. Don't  
sigh so bitterly, mamma. It would only  
make you lonelier if I went to the ball,  
and I should be up late and make mis-  
takes next day—lose my place, perhaps.  
I'll write a very polite regret when I  
get some fine note paper. Now, let us  
have tea."

The little brown teapot, the two blue  
cups and plates to match, were soon on  
the table. Effie Ackland had a way of  
making excellent little dishes out of next  
to nothing—it was very convenient un-  
der the circumstances—and though the  
girl pined for something besides the  
daily routine of typewriting and even-  
ings spent in listening to her mother's  
remonstrances of former grandeur—for  
Mrs. Ackland had been a belle and a  
beauty and an expectant heiress when  
she married the dashing young captain—  
it was the mother who had become her-  
self.

At last, tea being over, it was discov-  
ered that the storm had passed, and that  
moon and stars were shining, and Effie  
declared that she would run down to the  
little stationer's and get some note paper  
of the proper sort on which to reply to  
the kind invitation and offer of the  
colonel and his lady.

It was a quiet neighborhood and very  
late, and Effie wrapped herself in a thick  
cloak and tied a little blue hood over  
her head and ran lightly down stairs and  
down the street toward the stationer's  
shop. However, when she reached its  
door she found it closed. The old woman  
who kept it had expected no custom-  
ers, and had retired early. Effie knew  
of another shop of the same sort a few  
blocks further on which was always  
open late, and turned her steps that way  
—at least she intended to do so. But  
there are still portions of New York city  
where it is very easy to lose one's self,  
and besides Effie was not an old resident  
of that part of the town. Somehow she  
missed the right corner, crossed the  
street at the wrong angle, and shortly  
discovered that she was lost.

It was a gloomy and unpleasant street  
in which she found herself, and the girl  
was somewhat frightened. However,  
she decided that the best thing she could  
do was to keep on walking until she  
came to a decent shop or met a police-  
man of whom she could ask the way.  
She acted on this resolution with her  
usual promptitude, but for a long while  
she went on seeing nothing but liquor or  
cigar shops and meeting not a solitary  
guardian of the peace, and came at last  
to an old building with a blank wall in  
the center of which an arched gate stood  
open.

Just as she stood opposite this gate  
two drunken men came howling down  
the street, and in terror of them she  
stopped beneath the arch. They passed  
without seeing her, but before she dared  
to venture out a light shone in her face,  
and turning she saw a figure in black,  
with red shoes, a red cap, horns, hoofs,

a long tail, which he carried over his  
arm, and in his hand a great paper par-  
cel—in fact, Satan as we see him por-  
trayed in ancient pictures, acting for the  
nonce as messenger boy.

Startled beyond expression, Effie was  
about to fly, when the demon spoke.  
"Well, mammselle, I've been waiting  
for you a long while," was his charac-  
teristic remark. "I came so far to save  
time. Won't you get a roasting?"

Then he tossed the parcel into her  
arms, turned and fled.

Effie fled also. What the demon had  
given her she did not know, but she  
quite mechanically clutched it as she  
flew along the lonely street, and by mere  
accident took the right direction and  
found herself at the corner of an avenue  
she knew. She arrived at her own door  
just in time—at least so her mother de-  
clared—to save it that lady from going out  
of her mind with terror. She had no  
paper, but she had the parcel which the  
demonic personage had crammed into  
her hands to prove that she had not  
merely imagined the meeting with him,  
and now she unfastened the many pins  
that held it, unfolded the paper and sun-  
dry muslin wrappings within, and be-  
hold—a dress—the loveliest ball costume  
of golden satin and black lace that could  
be imagined!

The demon had presented her with a  
dress in which to attend the ball.  
"What does it mean?" she ejaculated.  
"Really I feel as if I was out of my  
mind!"

"It must be providential," said the  
mother. "Try it on, my dear."

Effie obeyed. The costume fitted her  
perfectly.

"You look like an angel," said the  
mother.

"But the demon said I should have a  
good roasting," said Effie.

"It was only a man in some queer  
dress," said the mother.

"Of course," said Effie. "At least, I  
suppose so."

"And now you can go to the ball,"  
said the mother.

"Shall I dare? Will I not find my  
costume vanishing, like poor Cinderella's,  
in the midst of my dance with whatever  
stands for the young prince at the offi-  
cers' ball of the regiment? I doubt if it  
will be here in the morning, besides I  
ought to advertise it. If the fiend who  
presented a young lady with a black lace  
ball dress in a dark alley on the night  
of the — it will kindly call, or some-  
thing of the sort."

"Oh, we will look into the papers, of  
course," said the mother. "But I don't  
believe we will find anything—fate in-  
tends you to go to the ball."

"So it seems indeed."

Effie went to the ball and in passing  
was pronounced charming. Her dress I  
will mention to the reader that it was  
there that she met the gentleman who  
afterward became her husband, and that  
much happened and all good fortune  
came to her through the demon's gift of  
the ball dress.

No one ever advertised for the dress,  
and it hung in Effie's wardrobe until her  
wedding day. She never wore it again,  
and never expected to solve the mystery  
that surrounded it.

Effie had married a rich man and lived  
in very elegant style, and a man servant  
was one of the necessities of the house-  
hold. Mrs. Ackland, who lived with her  
daughter, suggested a Frenchman,  
and having advertised for such a person  
a candidate presented himself. He had  
but one reference, but that was a good  
one.

"I will tell you the reason I have no  
more, madam," said he. "I have had  
my ambitions—desired to go upon the  
stage. I even obtained a position—  
played a demon in the last act of a great  
spectacle at the — theatre. There  
were seventy-five demons—it was glo-  
rious. But alas! I got into difficul-  
ties there through my good nature.  
The renowned Senora V— was being  
played at the theatre, and led behind  
her a lace dress. She telegraphed that  
she would send her maid for it, as she  
was to wear it that night. Every mo-  
ment was precious, and the old lady who  
had charge of me had sprained her an-  
kle. "My friend," she said to me, "if  
you would go down the long stairs and  
to the end of the passage, and wait with  
the parcel until Miss Fanchon, the  
senora's maid, comes for the dress you  
will save us all much trouble—you will  
not be wanted for an hour."

"I obliged her, of course. I even went  
into the damp alley of the back entrance  
and waited there. I was kept a tremen-  
dous time, and when at last a young  
woman rushed in I gave her the parcel  
like an idiot—without asking who she  
was. I gave it to the wrong woman.  
Fifteen minutes after the real maid  
arrived. Oh, there was a row! Al I  
was worth would not have paid for the  
dress. But I was dismissed at once. I  
deserved it. It was the act of an idiot.  
How well do I remember what I said to  
her—"you'll get a roasting, mammselle."  
Well, it was I who got the roasting. At  
first they accused me of stealing the  
dress, but—"

"I am sure you tell the truth," said  
Effie, and engaged the man at once.

That day Senora V— was astonished  
by receiving a box which contained the  
long lost dress unimpaired.

A letter which was inclosed told the  
story in full, but without giving any  
names, and Camille—the new waiter—  
never guessed that the liberal gift he re-  
ceived at Christmas time was offered,  
not to the accomplished waiter, but to  
the demon who had brought about so  
much happiness by his gift of a ball  
dress.—Mary Kyle Dallas in Fireside  
Companion.

Compensation.  
"I am sorry for you, Walty," the kind  
hearted surgeon said, "but the thumb  
will have to come off."

"My hand won't be of much account,  
will it, doctor?" inquired Walty tear-  
fully.

"You will have your four fingers left,  
but you will not be able to grasp any-  
thing firmly."

"I can't help papa pull plants out  
of the front yard nor weed the garden  
for mamma, either, can I?"

"I am afraid not, my boy."

"Whooped! Cut 'er off, doc!"—Chi-  
cago Tribune.

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