A CHANCE ACQUAINTANCE.

To have met but once, but once,
And swept forever apart
On the world's dark tide that rushes on
And sunders many a heart!
To have looked on eyes like yours,
To have touched such a rose leaf hand
And never, never again to meet,
But in Memory's dreamy land!

Once in the lonely dark
It stabbed me through and through,
The sudden thought of your sweet young face;
And once, ere the early dew
Was dry on the springing grass,
And the morning wind blew free,
I almost met you beneath the firs,
Where the path turns down to the sea.

And your smiling shadow lives
In the chambers of my brain,
Where my spirit wanders, a homeless ghost,
Seeking your face again;
And if you be living yet,
Or where, I cannot know,
But my spirit clings in a bootless dream
To our meeting long ago.

—M. Falconer in Chambers' Journal.

PIERRE'S FOUNDLING.

It was Pierre who first called her that, and Pierre was a creole, and Felice, his wife, was a creole, and so they both said, "Snow wide," but then they meant "Snow white," and everybody called her that. And very white she did look to Pierre that morning in the early spring, many years ago now, when he found her lying on the doorstep, a fleecy white shawl all around her, and only her little, round, baby blue eyes showing out of the whiteness.

"See what the good God has sent me, Felice," said Pierre, taking the little, soft, white bundle in his big, brown hands and carrying it in to his wife, "a little snow white baby."

And Felice turned back the shawl from the baby's head, and there, pinned to her little dress, was a card, and as Pierre bent down to see he read, "For Pierre and Felice."

"Did I not say, Felice," he cried. "See, it is for us—the good God has sent it."

When Felice bent down to kiss the rosy lips that cooed and smiled up at her she smelt the perfume on the little baby's clothes, and then she thought of the sweet, pale, gentle lady whose hair she had dressed a few nights before, and of the tall, dark man whom the lady had not called her husband, but her "friend." But she did not tell Pierre all this. What she did tell him was that they would take their new treasure and show it to the priest, and Pierre—good, simple hearted Pierre—went along very close beside Felice, wishing mightily that he could take the little white, soft bundle in his own arms.

And Pere Martin, when he looked into the little baby's eyes, remembered the slight, graceful woman who had knelt so long at vespers the evening before, and the sweet, gentle voice in which, when the service was over, she had questioned him about the coiffeuse. Felice, and Pierre, her husband, who lived in a room in the crumbling gray house beyond the church. He remembered also that the hand that dropped into his the heavy purse of gold, telling him it was to be given to this same Felice and Pierre, if they should need it, had no ring upon the third finger, and Pere Martin sighed as he looked into the baby's face and murmured, "Another lamb into the fold." But he, too, did not speak of what he remembered. Instead, he told them he would himself go with them to the office of the old notaire on the corner and that all would be arranged, and that the next day after mass they might bring the child to be christened.

And so they did and gave her the name of Snow-white. No other name would have suited her half so well. Snow white she was when they found her, and snow white Felice always tried to keep her. She was never too busy to put a few dainty tucks in baby's little white slip, or to wash her face or to curl her golden locks. And Pierre never came up stairs without stopping to wash his hands at the big tub down in the court so that he might not soil the baby's dress when he took her in his arms, and when he kissed her he always looked to see that he had not left the impress of his lips on hers. It was marvelous to see what a change the baby's coming made in the lives of the two, Pierre and Felice. Somehow Pierre's step grew lighter and his laugh grew cheerier. His fellow workers noticed it down at the big warehouse where he hauled cotton on the dray, turning and pulling the bales with his sharp hook.

"Oh, I must not be so rough," he said to them, "since there is now a little one I may disturb with my big stepping."

And Felice's songs were gayer as she tripped about at her tidy housework, and her fingers were defter as she did her hair dressing, and her coiffures were more elaborate and graceful than ever before.

"It makes a difference, is it not so, madame?" she said as she was dressing the hair of a fond young mother, who sat the while gently swinging the cradle of her first born; "it makes a difference that there is now a little heart for your big one to hold. I know. It is all changed with me, now that the good God has sent us a little one. It does not matter so much now that I must go up and down the stair, that I must bring the water from the cistern in the court, that I must be forever crimping and curling and sticking in hairpins."

It did seem that all the little household was changed. There were not many, to be sure, for besides Pierre and Felice there were only Marta, and Babette and Sieur Antoine in the little gray house. Marta lived in the first floor, and from her apartments there came always the pleasing odor of burnt sugar, for it was in her own little back room that she made the white and golden ropes of candy that she sold upon the street every day. Marta's delight knew no bounds when Snow-white was able to sit alone and hold in the little chubby fist a stick of her whitest and crispest candy, sucking it till it ran down her wrists and chin and upon her white dress in streams of sticky sweetness.

"It is by the reason that the little one likes it that I make this cream candy," Marta would say to her customers, remembering Snow-white's enjoyment of the dainty. "Will you not try some today? It is nice."

And so she would go through the day with a lighter step and a heavier purse than of yore.

But it was Babette who always took care of Snow-white when Felice was away. Babette was a blanchisseuse, and was always washing, washing, washing in the big tubs down in the court. So when Snow-white was old enough and the days grew mild Babette would take her shawl, and spreading it out on the warm bricks that paved the court put the baby upon it, shading her little face from the sun by one of Pierre's big straw hats hung upon a stick. The baby grew to love Babette, with her broad, round face and her plump, white arms—grew to love the warm court where there was so much sunlight, and always the splashing of water and the flapping of snowy clothes on the line.

Then there was Sieur Antoine, with his violin, whom Snow-white soon learned to love too. At first he would only pause when he met Felice or Pierre upon the stair, and inquired in his sweet, gentle voice after the little one; but by and by he grew to stopping on his way up to his room to see the lady, all white and soft and clean, tucked away in her little bed. Sieur Antoine spoke but little, but he played, oh, so beautifully, sitting away up stairs by himself. His violin talked for him, he would say. He was always sad and often hungry, Pierre said. So when Snow-white was able to climb the stair without the fear of falling, Felice used sometimes send her up to Sieur Antoine's room with a slice of bread, or a bit of meat that he might find it waiting for him on his table.

It was Pere Martin himself who used to come for the little girl when she was old enough to run about, and carry her with him to the church and his own cozy little house with its vine clad porch and its garden of roses behind. He would pluck the heavy headed buds that brushed her cheeks as she passed by them, and take her back home with her apron full of flowers, or her two hands full of the yellow oranges that grow upon the tree beside his window.

"May I not give the Virgin one?" the child would say, as she picked the finest flower of her bunch to lay at Mary's feet as they passed the church.

Thus among her good friends grew and prospered the little God given child of Pierre and Felice.

"How white is the snow, maman!" she would say to Felice; "is it so beautiful that you would have me like it?"

"By and by we shall see, Petite," Felice would answer.

But the sweet, warm, sunny weather came and went. There were chilly days now and then; days when Pierre would come home shivering in his big overcoat; when Sieur Antoine's face would look paler and more pinched than ever; when Babette would lift the tubs to her room, and hang the clothes on lines before the fire; when the roses in Pere Martin's garden would be blighted with the cold, but the snow never came.

"How white is the snow, papa?" the child would ask, and Pierre would take a sample of cotton from the pocket of his blouse, and, tearing it into bits, scatter it in flakes about her head.

"Whiter than that," he would say, "but we shall see, Petite."

"Whiter than this," Babette would tell her, taking the frothy suds from her tub and throwing it about the child's head in the air, whence it fell in little water bits upon the pavement.

"Whiter than these," Pere Martin would say, as he lifted her to his broad shoulders and held her aloft till her face was buried in the mass of orange blossoms above.

I have told you that Snow-white grew and prospered, and so she did, only ere yet her eighth year was passed, when the winter came on Pere Martin felt the burden grow lighter as he lifted the child to his shoulder, and Sieur Antoine thought the little footsteps were less brisk as she mounted the stairs to his room.

"Our little one is not well," said Marta to Felice one day; "she no longer likes the candy; she no longer comes for her bit in the morning."

And that night when Snow-white lay asleep in her bed Felice knelt down beside her, and saw that the little face had indeed grown paler, and the little form thinner.

"What if the good God should take again the child he has lent us, Pierre?" she said despairingly, and together they knelt beside the child's couch and prayed. The next day the child could not rise; she lay there growing weaker and weaker, and fading away like the roses in Pere Martin's garden.

"Am I going to be a baby again, maman?" she would say sometimes. "I cannot walk, and you have always to lift me."

What a sad household it was when the little one's step was heard no more on the stair and her voice sounded no more in the halls! As the week passed on Felice's song was hushed, and she went out but seldom. Pierre's comrades noticed the poor fellow's sadness and pitied him. Babette would leave her tubs for hours to sit by the dear one's bed. Marta's voice was heard less cheerily on the street, and she found her way often to the old cathedral, where she might say a prayer for Snow-white.

"This is a strange winter," said Sieur Antoine one night as he sat by the little one's bed fingering his violin strings, which were taut and dry with the cold.

"Will it snow?" said the child, looking up eagerly.

"I remember, Pierre, the last time it snowed here. It has been eight years ago, for the little one had not come to us then. I remember it looked still and gray like this before the snow fell," said Felice.

"Yes, I remember," said Babette, "and I would not cover my tubs, thinking to catch the rain I thought was coming, and the next morning were they not beautiful!"

"Ah, is it so beautiful, the snow?" asked the child, lifting up her little hand that had grown so white and thin, "and shall I ever see it?"

"Surely, surely," answered Pierre; "God is good."

"Will you not take your violin, Sieur Antoine, and tell me how the snow looks?" said Snow-white.

And Sieur Antoine played. Those who knew felt the inaudible falling of the flakes, thicker and thicker, but gently as the drawing of a shroud. Sieur Antoine kept his eyes upon the little face, and he saw her waiting, listening. Suddenly a twang of the strings and the twist of his bow sent out as on the crisp air the jingle of sleigh bells, the sound of merry voices, and the child's face was glad. But Sieur Antoine had forgotten: with the sounds of gladness there came always for him the after note of sorrow, and he played on and on in the minor chords till the tears stood in the little one's eyes, and Felice put out her hand to stay him.

All during the night that followed there sounded in Snow-white's dreams the merry "snow music" and then the sorrow that came after it. "Will it be like that—and that?" she asked herself. While it was yet dark she heard below in the street the muffled rumble of a cart, and the cartman was singing. What was it he said? As he came nearer she heard in the man's deep voice, "Wash Me and I Shall Be Whiter Than Snow." She knew not what the words meant—how could she? But over and over again she kept saying the words to herself till morning broke and daylight shone between the curtains, pale and strange. Something, she knew not what, sent a thrill through the little weak frame and eagerly she peered across the room to the streak of light that showed.

"Maman," she called by and by very softly. But Felice was by her side in a moment. She said nothing, but pointed with one hand toward the window.

"Ach, Pierre, Pierre, the snow, the snow!" shouted Felice, in her excitement forgetting the little sufferer on the couch, who leant upon her elbow trying to see the street below.

"Did I not say?" said Pierre, springing to his feet. "Surely God is good."

Together they lifted the little one's bed to the window that she might see, and she, with full heart, could not speak for joy; only her lips parted and her eyes overran with tears.

Marta and Babette were not long in coming to see the little one's joy, and Sieur Antoine too, only he did not tarry, but looked into the child's eyes and went away to Pere Martin. They came together by and by, shaking the white flakes from their coats and treading very softly in the hall.

"See, the snow has come, father," said Pierre, "and she knew, the little one, without seeing it, that it was come."

The little eyes were bent only on the window, where without the snow lay white and soft o'er street and housetop far as the vision went; but the priest, kneeling down beside the bed, took one little cold hand in his, saying:

"She is very near to God now; he told her."

"The snow has come," said the child's voice. "I knew it would, God told me."

Aye, God told her, and drew her nearer and nearer to him, for with her last breath the pale lips faltered out the words she had not understood. "Wash me and I shall be whiter than snow."

The snow was soon gone and with it the little one, but to the white vault that bears her name come often Pierre and Felice, burdened with the grief of their empty hearts. Marie still sells her candy on the street, but in her tray is found no longer the dainty bits for the "little one." Alone in the court Babette still scrubs and scrubs, but now, as never of yore, the tears run down her round cheeks and drop into her snowy suds. The roses bloom and wither in Pere Martin's little garden, and the orange blossoms fade, and the fruit falls upon the ground. Up stairs in his garret Sieur Antoine plays ever of the little snowflakes that glistened in his way of the spirit that is "whiter than snow."—Patience Oriel in Philadelphia Times.

"THE HOUR OF SUNSET."

A Revolutionary Relic Which Barely Escaped the Refuse Pile.

There was a new picture in the National museum of Independence hall—come, as it were, to be seen by strangers from far off lands—and there were faces there to see it that had only recently come to the shores of America. The picture of itself, its simple cardboard, little more than a square foot in size, its somber print, making a curious reflection upon its true meaning, seemed of no intrinsic value. It had held a place betimes among the cherished relics of a colonial estate; had been cast among strangers, to be finally rescued from the rubbish of an auction house to find final rest in the hall of all halls.

It is "The Hour of Sunset" on the Fourth of July, 1776. The members of the old Continental congress, having signed the Declaration, are seen in the act of leaving the hall. Hancock, distinguished by his dark dress, stands on the steps in front of the hall door, announcing to a friend that the Declaration has just been signed. Franklin is seen at his right, Jefferson leans against the right pillar of the door. Adams is conversing with Jefferson. Between their heads appears the face of Livingston, and against the left pillar stands Roger Sherman. These form the group on the steps.

Beginning then on the left of the picture, and counting every figure with numerals as a guide, may be discovered, first, a citizen of the day with the familiar Revolutionary costume; then Wilson, a signer; next a citizen, and in the order given, a Tory, another signer, a young woman and presumably her father, the Indian who bore the Declaration to the carriage of Washington, Thomas Paine, talking with Benjamin Rush and Robert Morris, both of whom were signers. Behind the heads of citizens are seen, and to the right is a crowd of patriots, Quakers, Tories, etc., eagerly discussing the nature and merits of the Declaration.

For about three years the picture, which bears the imprint of "Groome & Brightly," was in the possession of John A. Keell, a well preserved man of more than sixty years, who has lived in the quaint two story and slant house, with its snow white trimmings, for more than a third of a century. He was formerly with M. Thomas' Sons, auctioneers, where he lost many valuable relics in works of art by the fire which destroyed that firm's South street house, and latterly has been in the employ of Ellis & Shaw. It was during a sale by this firm of an old estate on Arch street, where "The Hour of Sunset" was offered and would not bring a song, that he himself withdrew it at the best bid made.

Then it lay in the office of the Chestnut street store until that house was closed, and all the rubbish being cleared out Mr. Keell remembered the ancient print and saved it from the ash barrel. He took it to the National museum, where he thought it rightfully belonged, as all his inquiries have failed to discover one like it, and there in the antique case on the west side of the room it may be found in an obscure corner.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Curious German Legends.

It is a belief among the German children that hares lay the Easter eggs, and the country children go to the woods shortly before Easter and gather moss, grass and twigs and form them into nests, which they mark with their names, and then skillfully hide these behind the bushes in the garden or under the large chairs or sofas in the library or sitting room. On Easter morning they go and see what the hare has brought.

No one knows exactly why the hare has been associated with Easter, though there are many pretty legends giving reasons, which are as fully believed by the little German people as the stories of the good Kris Kringle. The only difference is that one comes at the Christmas tide, the other at the Easter festival. Both are surrounded with mystery, but both are alike welcome, and are laughed about and talked about many times before the happy days come again.—Emma J. Gray in Good Housekeeping.

Nature's True Tonic.

One of the advantages of light gymnastics is that the sick and convalescent can make what appear to be trifling efforts, and by them in time be restored to active health. If too feeble to be practically able to make but little exertion, try what are known as deep breathing movements. Lie flat upon the back, take as long and as deep breaths as possible, and while the mouth is closed slowly throw the arms up in front and then at the sides. Rest for ten minutes.

Try again the same inhalation and exhalation of air, the latter being pure and fresh. After a while attempt the same sitting up. These exercises can safely be taken by the sick one every day several times, and the whole muscular system will be improved, just as if some revivifying tonic had been given, a far better one than any charged with alcohol or some like stimulant.—Ladies' Home Journal.

Early Electric Phenomena.

An Englishman put on a pair of woolen stockings over his silk ones on a cold winter day. At night he pulled the stockings off without separating them and was astonished by the crackling noise and even the sparks of electricity which followed. When he drew the silk stockings out of the woolen ones the electrical attraction was so manifest that the stockings would incline toward one another when held more than a foot apart. It happened that the silk stockings were black and the woolen ones of light color, but when he tried the experiment with both stockings of the same color there was no electrical appearance. This stocking experiment soon got to be the fashionable "fad" in England. Leydon jars were charged by the stocking process, and great fun was had by giving light shocks to persons and domestic animals.—Exchange.

WHAT DISINFECTION IS.

PEOPLE GENERALLY DO NOT UNDERSTAND THE PROCESS.

Deodorants and Disinfectants Are Commonly Confused—Facts About So Called Harmless Preparations—Simple Rules for the Sick Room.

"There is a common error in the public mind which confounds the idea of odors with that of disinfection," said Mr. Cooper McGinn, chief clerk of the department of public health. "Whenever the question of disinfection arises deodorants and disinfectants should be removed as far as possible from one another in consideration. Disinfection is one thing and deodorizing another.

It is all very well to supply an odor that is agreeable in connection with the use of an agent which accomplishes its purposes as a 'germicide,' but the idea that substituting an odor of carbolic acid, or I might say 'attar of roses,' for any one of the indefinable odors or putrefaction results in the purification of the atmosphere upon which the two are borne is entirely fallacious.

"People do not think of using oil of peppermint, oil of sassafras or any one of the numerous agents whose pungency acts acutely upon the membranes of the nose, but they take it for granted that the carbolic or pine tar odors accomplish something different. They do not.

"The agents employed in disinfection which accomplish results are generally injurious, and are to be handled with care. Whenever a person tells you that he has a disinfectant which is absolutely harmless, then set it down that he is telling you the truth in every respect. If it cannot harm the human in any way then it certainly won't do any damage to the 'micro-organisms' it is intended to destroy. If you can give it to the children to play with, then the best thing to do with it is to put it in the sewer and look for something that is dangerous to the 'bacteria,' and which you can, under proper instructions and with an intelligence supposed to be superior to that of the infinitesimal enemy you are combating, use to destroy him.

ABOUT DISINFECTANTS.

"The unquestioned authority in the United States on this subject is Dr. George M. Sternberg, and the information evolved from his research, taken in connection with that of his colleagues of the American Public Health association, forms the text book which is followed by every health officer, health organization and intelligent practitioner in the land.

"He has told us of the misapprehension and the injurious consequences which result from such misapprehension and misuse of the term disinfectant. He cites as an example the use of sulphate of iron, a salt which has been extensively used with the idea that it is a valuable disinfectant, and he informs us that this salt in saturated solution does not destroy the vitality of disease germs or the infective power of material containing them, while, nevertheless, it is very valuable as an antiseptic, and its low price makes it one of the most valuable agents for the arrest of putrefactive decomposition.

"The health officer has issued a circular giving information in extenso regarding the methods to be employed in disinfection of various kinds, and this circular may be obtained upon application; but to give as briefly as possible an idea of what, in the information of the present day, it is proper to use in order to secure results in the work of disinfection, I cannot do better than condense from Sternberg about as follows:

"In the sick room, in case of diphtheria, scarlet fever, etc., the sputa of the sick can, and should be, destroyed by fire. Excreta may be disinfected with a solution of chloride of lime, made by dissolving the chloride in the proportion of six ounces to a gallon of water.

DISINFECTING THE SICK ROOM.

"Clothes can be thoroughly disinfected by boiling for half an hour in water. If the heated water is not at hand, the clothes should be immersed in a solution containing one dram to the gallon of corrosive sublimate (mercuric chloride), or one ounce to a gallon of pure carbolic acid, care being taken not to place the mercuric chloride solution in metal vessels, but rather in a wooden tub or earthen crock. This method does not apply to clothing or bedding which cannot be washed; this can only be properly disinfected by being subjected to superheated steam in a suitable steam disinfecting apparatus.

"The general plan employed in disinfection of the atmosphere, together with the surroundings in the room, is by means of sulphurous acid gas, secured by the combustion of sulphur. The sulphur, in powder or small fragments, is placed in a shallow iron pan (about three pounds for each 1,000 cubic feet of air space), which, after being moistened with alcohol, is ignited, all measures for thorough closing of every aperture in the room having been previously taken. In order to guard against fire, it is advised that the pan should be set upon a couple of bricks in a tub partly filled with water.

"After the room has been thoroughly fumigated the walls should then be washed with a disinfecting solution, such as that referred to for use in immersing clothes previously to their being boiled. There are any number of other agents employed in the field of disinfection, but this is about all I should consider it necessary to refer to.

"Prevention, it should be remembered, is better than cure, and cleanliness is certainly better than godliness in warding off disease that comes by means of infection."—Washington Post.

A Breath of Fresh Air.

Chicago Child (a few years hence)—Ma, mayn't I take a little walk in the suburbs?

Mother (to nurse)—Jane, dress little Nellie for a suburban walk. The Oklahoma air ship leaves in an hour.—Good News.

His Library Order.

The New York correspondent of the Boston Transcript tells this: "When in a book store in this city I was shown a letter of inquiry which was so curious that I obtained permission to copy it, and can vouch for its accuracy. It came from a New York man and read as follows: 'I have in my bookcase two shelves of three feet each which I would like to fill with standard works. Would you have the kindness to send me list and estimate of above in uniform binding? Would like good paper and plain print.'"—New York Tribune.

The Elements of Finance.

"I thought I told you I wouldn't be responsible for any more bills!"

"But, father, I had these things charged on the old bill!"—Life.

RELICS OF DARK AGES.

BARBARISM PRACTICED BY MANY CIVILIZED NATIONS.

The Fiendish Custom of Torturing Prisoners—Some of the Fearful Modes in Operation in Russia and Turkey—Russians Are Inhuman but Turks Are Worse.

The examination of accused persons by torture is permitted today in only two European states, Turkey and Russia. The method in Russia is illustrated in the experience of forty-six prisoners recently condemned on political charges at Warsaw. The details may seem incredible, but they are circumstantially given by a delegate from Poland to Western Europe, the accuracy of whose statements there is no reason to doubt.

The charge against the forty-six Poles was that of "belonging to a secret society which had for its object to alter, sooner or later, the existing form of government." This they were told verbally, no written document whatsoever being shown to them.

Political suspects are not allowed to seek any legal advice in self defense. The investigation is managed not by judges or lawyers, but by officers of the gendarmerie. The gendarmes are paid double salary while engaged in political investigation, and it is therefore to their interests to protract the process as much as possible.

MAKING A PRISONER INSANE.

Among the accused was one Ladislas Guisbert. He was a private tutor of good reputation. While in prison he fell ill with a fever and became delirious. Little or no care was taken of him, but on the contrary attempts were made to profit by the disturbed condition of his mind to extort confessions from him. The gendarmes hit upon an ingenious device to weaken his mind by breaking up his rest. Every half hour or so during the night they would enter his cell under the pretext of attending to a small oil lamp.

They made such a noise and clatter that the prisoner awoke, and then the gendarmes would question him, thinking that in his half sleepy condition he might make some imprudent answers. Sometimes Colonel Bielanowski caused this unfortunate man to be brought out of his cell after midnight, so that he might sign the minutes or protocol of questions that had been put to him while he was in bed.

Such treatment, inflicted at a moment when the patient was suffering from fever, so aggravated the delirium that ultimately Ladislas Guisbert completely lost his reason. After a time he became a raving lunatic and was removed to a madhouse.

Another prisoner, named Ferdinand Zaleski, was asked to give information about the propaganda carried on in the factories of Warsaw and neighborhood. He refused to turn informer. Thereupon the authorities gave orders that Zaleski should be conveyed to another part of the prison and severely flogged. Colonel Bielanowski accompanied the prisoner and took his seat at a little table well provided with writing materials and directed that the prisoner should be questioned while being flogged.

ONE MAN'S TORTURE.

The colonel was ready to take down his answers, and doubtless had these proved satisfactory the severity of the flogging would have been mitigated. Zaleski bravely endured the torture. He did not answer a question or utter a word. This man had been cruelly tortured because he would not say only what the gendarmes supposed or guessed he might know. The authorities, now fearing that this modern revival of the old and barbaric custom of questioning under torture might, if known, cause the outbreak of serious disturbances in the town, determined to prevent all further communication between the prisoners and their friends and relatives. All permissions for interviews were withdrawn, and it was only at the moment the prisoners were about to leave Warsaw that the authorities allowed them to see their friends. At this interview the truth became known.

In Turkey torture is a regular part of the criminal process, and not, as in Russia, comparatively exceptional. Foreigners, of course, are subject to the jurisdiction of the diplomatic representatives of their respective countries, but the natives, whether Christian or Turk, are at the mercy of the sultan and his agents.

Western forms of trial are unknown, and while imprisonment is the nominal penalty for many crimes, Turkish imprisonment is a lingering death. The methods of extracting information from accused persons in Turkey would be almost incredible in a civilized country.

TURKEY EVEN WORSE THAN RUSSIA.

The bastinado is freely applied on suspicion of the most trifling offences. It is true that the beating often includes the penalty of conviction. The magistrate causes the prisoner to be thrashed until he has confessed and then lets him go as sufficiently punished. But suspected political offenders, who in Turkey as in all despotic countries are considered among the gravest, are dealt with in ways that make the bastinado seem a pleasant pastime.

During the panic in Constantinople on the subject of an Armenian insurrection hundreds of Armenians were arrested and thrown into prison. It has been openly charged that several of them died under tortures applied with a view of obtaining evidence of a conspiracy that had no existence. One man was laid in the courtyard of the prison, in the glare of the sun, bound hand and foot, and his face besmeared with some sweet substance to attract flies.

Another was hung up by hands and feet, and still another was compelled to walk up and down, pulled along by soldiers, who relieved each other in detail, never permitting their victim to rest a moment. A number of the Armenians perished in this way before the Turks came to the conclusion that no insurrection was thought of. Then the sultan ordered the wholesale release of all that remained.—Chicago Herald.

HER FIFTEEN MINUTES.

At exactly fifteen minutes to eight
His step was heard at the garden gate.

And then, with heart that was light and gay,
He laughed to himself in a jubilant way.

And rang the bell for the maiden trim
Who'd promised to go to the play with him;

And told the servant, with joyous air,
Tossay there were fifteen minutes to spare.

And then for fifteen minutes he sat
In the parlor dim, and he held his hat,

And waited and sighed for the maiden trim
Who'd promised to go to the play with him.

Until, as the clock overhead struck eight,
He muttered "Great Scott! it is getting late;"

And took a turn on the parlor floor,
And waited for fifteen minutes more;

And swore to himself in a dubious way,
And thought of those seats in the front parquet,
And midnight came, and the break of day;

That day and the next, and the next one, too,
He sat and waited the long hours through.

Then time flew on and the years sped by,
And still he sat, with expectant eye

And lengthening beard, for the maiden trim
Who'd promised to go to the play with him;

Until one night, as with palsied hand
He sat in the chair, for he couldn't stand,

And drummed in an aimless way, she came,
And opened the door with her withered frame.

The moon's bright rays touched the silvered hair
Of her who had fifteen minutes to spare.

And then in tones that he strained to hear
She spoke, and she said, "Are you ready, dear?"

—Tom Masson in New York Sun.

A Sequel to It.

He had a push cart full of "the latest and best" novels, and had just opened up on the corner of Third avenue and Twenty-seventh street when a young woman stopped and inquired:

"Have you a real good book?"

"I have, lady," he replied. "Here is the latest thing out and just what will please you. Let's see! Let's see!"

"Is it real entertaining?"

"The entertainingest book published for a year, miss, as I'm willing to swear to. I was so interested in it that I sat up all night and never went to the bank next day. Ah! here it is, 'How She Won Him.' Tells you all about how a young woman of—of—well, about twenty-four, miss, and the very picture of yourself, begging your pardon, won a lovely husband, who was so rich that he gravel roofed his stable with pearls and diamonds. It gives you an insight into"—

"How much?" she interrupted, as she took out her purse.

"Fifty cents, miss, and as I was going to"—

"I'll take it."

She dropped him a half, took the book and passed on, and the old fellow had a twinkle in his eyes as he looked after her and muttered:

"She'll be along again in three or four days, and then I'll sell her the sequel to it, 'How He Skipped Out After He was Won.' Got to study human nature in these dull times."—New York Sun.

A Slight Misconception.

He—My dear, I think there are burglars in the house!

She—Oh, no; that must be Mary playing a sonata.

WHAT IT WAS.
—New York Recorder.

Wouldn't Drop Those Cards.

Neither frost nor thaw is supposed to affect the denizens of clubland, but only family people. A whist club not a thousand miles from Charing Cross nevertheless discovered the other day, writes Mr. James Payn, that it possessed no such immunity. Imagine four tables "going" in a large room lit by electric light, in an atmosphere of silence, and with all the solemn circumstances that environ the sacred game, and suddenly, as though evoked by a miraculous rod, a cataract bursting from the wall!

However, it swamped only one set, and the rest went on with that sublime inattention to the troubles of others peculiar to whist players and hunting men whose brothers have come to grief in a ditch.

"Under this chandelier," said one gentleman who had been holding excellent hands, "I think we are pretty safe, no matter what the thaw does;" and as the words left his lips about half a ton of water came down on his back from the very source of light. "I am not going to leave my seat," he spluttered, "with cards like this. Waiter, my umbrella!"—Tit-Bits.

The Slang Stricken Youth.

Long since she was "a darling,"
Or "a daisy" or "a lamb,"
And often she said earnestly
She wouldn't be "a clam."

She was often called "a dumpling"—
If my mind misleads me not—
Sometimes she'd say "I am O. K.;
You bet I lead the lot."

And then "a beaut" I found her—
Abbreviated truth—
But when she'd be "way up in G"
I was a puzzled youth.

Then she was "great," she told me—
I doubt not this was right.
And then she said, and tossed her head,
That she was "out of sight."

I love her still, though daily
Through wondering, I am vexed
With anxious care, just what or where
My dear one will be next.

—Washington Post.

Barred Out.

Cleverton—How is it that you don't go out in society any more?

Dashaway—I went to a german not long ago, and I wrote for a society paper a description of the dresses worn. Since then (sorrowfully) I haven't been invited anywhere.—Cloak Review.