### SEE-SAW.

We were playing at sec-saw-'Twas thirteen years ago-Sweet little Patience Preston, With her brow as white as snow, With her eyes of sunny blue, And her curls of golden shine; I thought her the dearest little girl, And vowed she should be min

But we were only five years old-Love was the prize we sought-That I was rich and she was poor We never gave a thought. But we were only five years old, And we are eighteen now, And she is rich and I am poor, And when we meet-we bow. J. E. T. Dowe.

# BOB'S MARRIAGE.

As the depot clock was pointing to the hour of five, the huge, firethroated monster commonly vclept "locomotive," in the covered space beyond, was giving several premonitory shricks as a signal that it was ready to start; there was an inevitable rush of people in peril of being too late, the commotion of checking baggage and lifting toddling little children on board, and still the "young person" so anxiously expected by Robert Morrison did not arrive.

He walked hurriedly up and down the floor ever and anon comparing his watch with the clock on the wall, and eagerly scanning the faces of all the new comers, but in vam.

"Please buy a bouquet, sir? Only five cents."

The voice was sweet; the face that belonged to it sweeter yet. But Mr. Morrison was too much perturbed to heed them.

"No, no-don't bother me," hesaid, petulantly. "Conductor, is this the last train that stops at Olive Hill?" "The last train, sir. Anything wrong,

sir?' "Confound it-yes-everything is wrong! I was to bring up a waitress-girl for my sister, and the creature hasn't come."

"She was to have met you here, sir?"

"Yes-at a quarter to five." "Happens very often, sir," said the conductor. "You can't put any de-pendence at all on that class of wom-

And away he bristled. Mr. Morrison was about to follow, muttering discontentedly to himself, when a light hand tell on his arm. He turned around, and, to his surprise, encountered the timid blue eyes of the bouquet-seller. "Pardon me, sir," she said. in an

accent unmistakable foreign, "but the domestic you expected has disappointed you?" "Yes."

"If you would take me-I can wait well at table; I would make myself generally useful to madam, your sister. Oh, sir, I am so tired of trying to sell flowers.

"But you have no recommendation."

"How should I, sir? I am a stranger in your country. My name is Desiree Fontaine.'

Mr. Morrison was sorely puzzled how to act. This little Desiree's face was not only pretty, but it was good and true. To be sure, it was rather an unprecedented manner of engaging a girl, but what was he to do? Mrs. Ferrars expected him to bring her a waitress, there was to be a state dinner-party on the morrow, and he scarcely knew what was best to do.

As he meditated, tugging at his mus-

Desiree shook her head.

"I have tried. I answered advertisements for a governess, then for a seamstress, but nobody would take me, for I knew no one and had no recommendations. I have been here selling bouquets for a week, but I earned little-oh, so little! Sometimes I went to bed without my supper be-cause I had not a penny to buy it!" Bob was silent. Somehow his heart ached for this poor young creature

with the dove-like blue eyes, and the fresh pink and white complexion. "I hope Lizzie will have the good sense to like her," he thought, "but

there's no accounting for the freaks of a woman.' It was nearly dark when they reached

Olive Hill, and quite so when the car-riage that had been sent to the station to meet the train deposited them at Mrs. Foulke Ferrars' door. "Did you bring me a girl, Bob?" was

his sister's first question, hurled at him through the darkness. "Yes, I did."

Bob triumphantly produced Desiree. Mrs. Ferrars eyed her keenly, seemed not displeased with her youth and blushes, asked one or two questions, and then delivered her over to the housekeeper-a grim, old Scotch widow.

"Where did you get her Bob? at the French intelligence office?" "Oh, I picked her up," said Bob,

evasively "Did she have a good recommenda-

tion?" "First-rate," was the reckless an-

"Where did she live last?"

But Bob at this point went off into ecstasies over the first tooth of his niece, a small morsel of humanity some eight or nine months old. Mrs. Ferrars fell at once into the trap, and Desiree's "references" were forgotten. The French girl proved a quick, handy waitress, ready to learn, and singular-ly graceful. Everybody liked her, and

Bob best of all. "Upon my word, Bob," said Mr. Ferrars, one day, when the dessert was placed upon the table, and Desi-ree had withdrawn, "you do nothing but stare at the little Parisienne! do believe you are falling in love with

her! "Nonsense!" said Mrs. Ferrars, glancing quickly up. "Bob is far too sensible for such a piece of Quixotism as that."

"I do not know that it would be Quixotism," said Bob, stoutly. She's

certainly pretty." "She is not a lady!"

"But I maintain that she is a lady?" "What obsurdity, Bob!"

"Well, then, will you be good enough to tell me what constitutes a lady?" "Birth-education-refinement

"Desiree is educated and refined." "She is only a servant!"

"I maintain that she is a lady for all that!"

Bob clung so resolutely to his view of the subject, that Mrs. Ferrars took the first opportunity to tell her husband confidentially, that she should send Desiree away. "What for?" he asked.

"Oh, dear!" said his wife, men are so

stupid. Den'tyou see that Bob is fall-ing in love with her?" "That's rather hard on the poor

girl, isn't it, to punish her for Bob's folly?"

Mrs. Ferrars' face grew very rigid. "I shall discharge her," she added. "A servant has no business to be prettier and more attractive than others of her caste, and I saw Bob talking to her last night in the garden.'

ten." So when Mr. Robert Morrison came nome from the city the next night, a

banker, "she is mademoiselle no long-er. She was married this morning to one who has disinterestedly wooed Mrs. Ferrars was a little disap-pointed. She had already begun to form plans for Bob's benefit.

"I am married, too," observed Bob, as it were accidentally. "You, Bob! And to whom?" shrieked

his sister.

"To Desiree Fontaine." Mrs. Ferrars, pale as death, was just about to open her lips with a torrent

of reproaches, when the old French banker suavely interposed. "This is a riddle, an enigma of which I alone chance to possess the clue. Pr-pare yourself, madame-allow me greet you as a relative!-Desiree Fontaine is my niece-Mr. Robert Morrison, who married her this morning before a happy accident made us acquainted with our relationship, is

consequently my nephew." And M. Fabilion went on to tell the astonished guests how the clergyman who had performed the ceremony was an old friend of his own, and recognized the bride's name as that of the niece for whom his friend had searched so long and vainly.

"And you may imagine my gratifica-tion," said M Fabillion, with the courteous foreign bow again, "When I learned that the husband of my Desiree's choice was Mr. Ferrars' brother-inlaw."

Mrs. Foulke Ferrars grew red and white; she hardly knew what to say, and the few hurried congratulations that she finally stammered forth were indistinct and confused enough, while Bob sat by maliciously enjoying her embarrassment.

Mr. Morrison took the next train back to town; he had only come up to witness the denoument of this little life romance, and was impatient, bride-

groom like, to return to Desiree. But as he made his adieu, he whispered roguishly in his sister's ear:

"Now, what do you think about what constitutes a lady?"

And Mrs. Ferrars answered, blush-"Do have a little mercy, Bob! How

was I to know that my waitress was the great French banker's niece?" "I knew that she was a precious jewel," answered the young husband

enthusiastically. Nor did Mrs. Ferrarscontradict him

this time.

Free Seats.

When Prince Albert Victor was at Yarmouth last May, he attended serwithout being recognized, and having human calculation fails to find any taken his seat in a large empty pew, rule by which to reckon when he will he was presently ordered to quit it by the owner, who arrived late and fuming, but resolved to insist on his rights. The episode has led to a correspondence with the bishop of Norwich, who has written expressing a hope that "the deplorable incident" may be the means of effectually putting down the unjust claim of any parishioner to an exclu-siveright in the parish churches of the land. It may console the prince to learn that the Duke of Wellington once suffered a similar indignity. He was staying at Walmer, and walked into Deal one Sunday to attend evening service. On entering the church, he noticed that a large square pew in a desirable position was standing empty, so he seated himself in it. When the service had proceeded some little time, an upstart-looking woman appeared

"Pardon, madam," interrupted the Musings on the Nature of a Mule. I know that the mule is the only an-

imal that Noah didn't take into the ark with him. I looked over the reight list carefully, and could not see a mule way-billed for any place. So clear-headed a man as Noah did not dare to take one on board as he knew he would kick a hole through her in less than a week, I don't know a man on whose head you could pour quick-silver and run less risk of spoiling it than on Noah's. He was a dreadful level-headed man, and before the freshiet was over everybody on earth real ized the fact. The origin of the mule is enveloped in a good deal of mystery. Tradition informs us that when the flood had subsided and the ark had lan on Mount Ararat Noah was very much surprised in one of his obvserva-

tions tofind a good healthy mule standing on the top of an adjoining mountain. The same tradition informs us that the mule is the only animal that lived through the flood, outside the ark. The mule can be considered in a great many ways, though the worst lace to consider him is directly from behind, anywhere within a radius of ten feet. I never consider a mule from that point unless I am looking through the flue of a boiler.

The mule has one more leg than a milking stool, and he can stand on one and wave the other three round in as many different directions. He has only three senses-hearing, seeing and smelling. He has no more sense of taste than a stone jug, and will eat anything that contains nourishment, and he doesn't care two cents whether it contains one per cent., or ninetynine. All he asks is to pass him along his plate with whatever happens to be handy round the pantry, and he won't go away and blow how poor the steak is. He just eats whatever is set before him and asks no questions. If I were to have a large picture of nnocence to hang in my parlor and I did not wish to sit for it myself, I should get a correct likeness of a mule. There is innocence in a mule's contenance to fit out a Sunday school class. It looks as guileless as an angleworm. A mule never grows old or dies; once brought into existence he continues forever. The original mule is now alive somewhere in the South and is named Bob Toombs, because he is so stubborn. Mules are chiefly found in the South and West. They have been more abused than Judas Iscariot. A boy who would not throw a stone at a mule when he gets a chance would be considered by his parents too mean to raise. The mule is a good worker, but he cannot be depended upon. He vice in the parish church one Sunday is liable to strike, and when he strikes go to work again. It is useless to pound, for he will stand more beating

> thing, and start off again as though nothing had happened. To fully appreciate the mule one should listen to his voice. You never can really know whether you like a mule or not till you hear him sing. I attended a mule concert at Chickamauga during the war. The wagon train was in front. The mules were starved for water. The gallant Cleiburne was protecting the rear. Thomas pressed him hard. The music, or programme, opened with a soprano solo and then swung into a duet, and then pranced off into a trio, followed up by a quartet and ending with a full chorus of the whole army train. I didn't hear the whole thing, for when. I came to, the regimental surgeon was standing over me, giving me powerful restora tives, and I heard him say that I might possibly get out again, though I would never be a well man again. I have been in places where it took nerve to stand such as falling out of a three-story window, and having been through the New York Exchange and spent a part of a day in a boilerfactory, and having been on one or two Sunday school excursions where the crowd were all girls-but I never know what noise was till 1 heard a lot of army mules bray. —Dyersburg (Tenn.) Gazette.

## AN AMATEUR DETECTIVE. | knew of the erring daughter. In short

How a Mysterious Murder Was Uuraveled.

The Philpdelphia correspondent of the New York Herald writes that paper:

In one of the oldest houses on South Ninth street, near Christian, lives George Rodman, a man of sixty years, who is one of the most interesting characters in this city. Talking with John Sharkey, the well known detective, a few days ago about the infatution which some men have for tracking criminals, he incidentally mentioned Rodman, and your correspondent finally succeeded in learning something about the man.

He is the son of a former Market street merchant, and at his father's death, twenty-five years ago, inherited a comfortable compentence and considerable real estate, which, by rapid advance in price, has made him wealthy. He had been a great reader in his youth and has imbibed a morbid fondness for studying the ways of that part of the community that preys upon the other. He watched all the records of crime in the daily journals, and often rendered service of the ut-most value in tracking important criminals. Having plenty of means of his own, he would pack his grip-sack and leave on the impulse of the moment for Boston or Pittsburg to work up a peculiar bit of criminal work that delighted his fancy. This work has been his amusement

for a quarter of a century. Rodman is a bachelor, who lives in the house his father occupied before him, the house in which he was born, though the neighbors of his youth have all moved westward with the social tendency of the town. An old housekeeper attends to the establishment and he has very few visitors. He has all the French detective novels at his fingers' end, and among his library I saw all the records of crime, including the "Memoirs of the Sanson Family" and the "Newgate Calender." So highly were his services recognized under Mayor Fox that he was appointed a spe-cial detective (under the name of Smith, it is said), and has ever since been distinguished by the official honor of a nominal membership with "the force." Of course he will not accept any pay, and his nominal salary of \$1 a month was for years included in the incidental account, and added by him to the fund for providing a cot in a hospital for disabled policemen. During the past year his health has not been good and he has remained nearly all the time in the city. Your correspondent found him in the chess room of the Mercantile Library and made an appointment to visit him at his house.

The long stories that he told me than a sitting-room carpet. He has cannot be repeated here. They were all part and parcel of the last quarter been known to stand eleven days in one spot, apparently thinking of someof a century's record of crime. It is needless to say that he has theories of his own regarding every undetected crime that has occurred in this country. He begins with the "pretty cigar girl" murder at Hoboken, for the solution of which he has framed a structure of interesting theory that ex-cels Poe's "Marie Rouget" and acquits Hamilton and Anderson of any knowledge of the poor girl's death. The Nathan murder of 1870 he regards as "the most beautiful case of this century. He did nothing about it, however, as he was engaged in Chicago at the time, and when he returned he found the reward so large that "every vulgar fellow who could shadow an ox cart was at work on the case on hs own or somebody's account. - 110 declares that the real detective must be a gentleman by birth and education. One story that he told, divested of many interesting but not vitally important incidents, will bear telling. Twelve or fourteen years ago a copy of the Picayune fell into Rodman's hands, and he there read the details of the trial of a young girl, at New Orleans for murdering her lover. The crime was apparently of the most cold blooded character. Evidence seemed to show that the young woman, who previously had borne an irreproachable character, had lured the young man to a secret meeting place and there knifed him. Rodman was very much impressed with . the case especially with the resolute and conduct of the accused girl when arrested. She had positively re-fused to make any statement what-ever. The more the detective thought of it the more certain he became, with out any light from the the evidence to influence him that she was innocent He had never been in New Orleans. He caught up his grip, took the night express and went. The sickness of a juror had caused an adjournment of the trial for a week. Rodman went to work. No motive for the girl's act existed. That had been the weak part of the prosecution, but Rodman's investigation developed the fact that the murdered man had betrayed a sister of the accused when the family lived at Natchez. This was evidence against the girl, and his faith in her innocence was sadly shaken. He was about to return home as he did not want to supply any evidence to the State. But he decided to visit the girl in prison. He could only look at her; she would not say a word. He would then have sworn to her innocence. He settled down to stay the case out. In short, after the girl's conviction he found the sister, whose identity had been lost, and extorted from her the confession that she had learned of the appointed meeting between her pure sis-ter and the destroyer of her life; that she had supposed it meant the ruin of Clairette; she had burst in upon them and stabbed the villian to death. Then she had learned from her ago-nized sister that the meeting had been made to find her (the murderess' whereabouts. The agonized mother of the two girls was dying of consump-

a new trial was obtained, the convicted girl was released on bail, which Rodman secured, and the sister died in a hospital before her case was reached on the docket.

### A Japanese Curio Store.

A curio store that most delights my heart is kept by one Hari Shin, a Japanese gentleman of the old school, who still shaves his hair in a strip across the top of his head and turns it forward in the gun-hammer cue of the ancient samurai. Hari Shin, despising modern ways and business signs, simply hangs a huge sword over his gateway, and leaves one to stumble in accidentally upon a rubbish and lumber-room, and take it into his head to pursue his way across the garden unguided. Hidden away back there is a room full of old saddles and state kagos or palanquins; a niche full of old banners and spears; an apartment piled high and hung with old dresses, brocade draperies, and uniforms; rooms filled with carved and gilded Buddhas; divine Kwannons more or less battered and worn, and rooms of old china, old lacquer, and old wood-carvings. The last room looks upon a little garden, which holds, of course, its miniature pond crossed by a stone bridge; its stone lantern under the shadow of a tree at the water's edge, and bronze storks and stunted pines along the slope of the small mountain, cunningly represented at one end. Across the garden are three more rooms of armor, coins, and all kinds of ancient things, and a second story repeats all this labyrinth of rooms filled with more and more curios. Hari Shin's was the kind of place that I had been dreaming of, and since thanking the accident that took me there I have found that few knew of him and his treasures outside of the men in the curio business. My enthu-

siasm for the place was followed by that of the others, and Hari Shin's queer, picturesquely crowded and hidden-away place has become our distraction; so much so that we insisted on dragging an artist friend there one night the minute we landed from the steamer

Hari Shin having taken in his sword sign when he closed his outer gate, we had a serious time wandering back and forth before a neighbor took pity and pounded on his gate for us. By the light of their common house lanterns, held aloft on their sticks, we wound all through the labyrinth of lower rooms, the lights now bringing to view a glitterins piece of old em-broidery, a sheaf of spears, an old helmet, or the solemn face and touching thumbs of some great Buddha. It was a melting July night, and although attendants following us fanning, we wiped the perspiration from our face and eyes, and continued roving, fully repaid by the fine effect of the lantern-highted scene for any discomfort we suffered. When we had gone the first round and paused at the garden's edge to catch a breath of air, one member of the party, a Japanese gentleman who had resided for some years in the United States, and acquired the right idea that it was the greatest and only country of the world after Japan, proceeded to take Hari Shin to task for hiding himself and his treasurs so completely away from the general eye. To all suggestions Hari Shin was deaf and obstinate, insisting that he preferred not to be advertised and known to curious tourists and the mob. He said that he sold enough to the dealers of his own country, and then as a pardonable boast said that he had lately been exporting a great deal to a foreign country, "to Austria," in fact. "To Austria!" cried our Japanese friend, with affected horror. "That is of no good. The Austrians are a queer kind of people, not quite civilized. You should export to America and get Americans to come here. Theirs is the richest and largest country, and they can appreciate your fine things. Though Hari Shin's face showed some interest at hearing that his best customers were barbarians, he betrayed but little interest in the suggestion made to him to enlarge his trade, and we left him standing in his one gauze garment and gun-hammer coiffure, a fine type of a conservative Japanese of the original old school in which were trained the soldiers, nobles, and rulers, who so long kept outside nations at bay.—Kobe, Japan, Correspondence of St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

tache, the train gave its parting shriek. There was no time for further deliberation.

'Come on, then," making a rush for the hindermost car. "I'll risk it, by Jupiter!"

Desiree followed him, light and swift as a young fawn, and the next minute they were in motion. There was no receding now. "Well, I've been and gone and done

it," said Mr. Morrison to himself, as he glanced furtively at the girl who sat beside him. What will Lizzie say? But what was a fellow to do under all the circumstances? Besides, if she is half so smart as she is pretty, she'll do well enough. As for making off with the spoons and the cake baskets, she hasn't got that kind of face. We can but give the poor thing a trial at all events."

Mr. Morrison, blundering masculine creature though he was, was quite right about Desiree Fontaine's face. It was pure and innocent as a child's, shadowed with crisp little rings of golden-brown hair, and dimpled round the mouth; while the blue eyes, large and soft, and shy, were modestly averted. Her dress was plain, to shabbiness, and in one hand, well-shaped though sun-browned, she held the two little bouquets she had been unable to dispose of in the depot.

What wages do you want, Desiree?" said Mr. Morrison, abruptly breaking the silence that was beginning to be a little awkard.

Desiree grew scarlet as the carnation in the center of her biggest bouquet. "I never took wages before," she

said, a little impulsively

"But you will have to now, I suppose?

"What you choose to give me." "Twelve dollars a month?" "Yes-anything!"

Bob felt a little awkward. Desiree Fontaine was not in the least like the Hibernian damsels he had that morning haggled with at the crowded intelligence office.

'I don't want to be inquisitive," he

said, "but-" "You want to know who I am," in-terrupted Desiree. "I am French; I came to this country because my relatives were all dead. I have an uncle here to whom I wrote that I would come to this country. I hoped that he would meet me at the landing of the steamer, but he was not there. I have sought for him in vain. I can only fear that he is dead."

"But you speak English well." "Do I?" Desiree's face brightened. "I was at an English school near Paris for four years.

"I should think you might get place as teacher.'

tall, freckled-faced young man, a nephew of the Scotch housekeeper, was waiting on the table, and he looked in vam for the light-footed, blue-eyed French girl.

"Where is Desiree?" was nis first question.

"I have discharged her."

Bob's face grew dark, but Mrs. Ferars met his eyes with a bold defiance. "What was this for?" he asked

sternly. "Bob, you know you are getting too fond of her. I have some regard for the poor girl's character, if you have none.

"Desiree Fontaine is a girl amply able to take care of her own character. You have done a cruel and unfeeling thing, Lizzie.'

"I suppose I can turn away a servant when I please.'

"Where has she gone?

"I do not know or care.

alterations in that direction at Strath-"And consequently you imagined that I should not be able to discover fieldsaye. her whereabouts. You will find that your precautions have been in vain." That was all that was said on the subject, and Mrs. Ferrars began after a day or two to hope that her brother had forgotten his penchant for the pretty French waitress.

Just a fortnight after that there was another state dinner-party, and the freckled-faced young man waited. Bob did not come up until the last train and arrived in time for dessert, with its red and golden wines, peaches, and temples of tinted ice. With him came another guest, unexpectedly detained, M. Fabilion, the French banker in whose honor Mrs. Ferrars' dinner had been especially given. He was a dignified, white-haired old

man, whose wealth had made him neither arrogant nor assuming.

"You must pardon my want of punctuality," said the old gentleman, with his graceful foreign bow to the lady of the house, as she welcomed him to a seat at her own right hand, "but I have this day had a great and

unexpected pleasure." "Indeed!" cried Mrs. Ferrars, all smiles.

"A niece, my only surviving relative, has been restored to me. We have strangely been kept apart by that fate which you Americans call circumstances; I expected her in that steam er, but not until this last trip. She could not find me, my poor niece; she knew not even my name, which had been changed to meet the condition of an eccentric bequest. All, the poor girll it is a romance upon my word. "And why did you not bring Mad

emoiselle Fabilion with you? We should have been so happy," began Mrs. Ferrars.

in, shut the door, and ensconced herself in a space which would have accommodated a dozen persons. The duke quietly took a place in the free seats, and at the close of the service desired the beadle (who was in a prodigious fluster at having missed the great man) to "go and tell that lady that she turned the Duke of Wellington out of her pew." The effect of this news upon a British snob of the most rampant species may be imagined. The lady would probably have crawled to Walmer on hands and knees only to obtain a recognition from the duke; and here, when she had the chance of making his acquaintance, and praying cheek by jowl with him, she had deliberately insulted him. This experience, however, was a wholesome one, as it converted the duke to the system of open pews, and

**Russian Corruption.** 

shortly afterward he made extensive

The corruption of Russian officials is a subject to which I heard frequent allusion, even from the lips of Russian

officers, during my brief stay in the Caucasus, especially in the customs and police, writes a London Telegraph correspondent. They are so inade-

quately paid that honesty is for them a simple impossibility. They and their families must live. The police officer of a whole district or quarter of a large town gets about £70 a year. Living in Russia is expensive. The man has to keep up the position of a gentleman-what can he do but eke out this miserable salary by illicit means of gain? The Russian policemen are said to be themselves, more or less, all thieves, and in league with the thieves. Set a thief to catch a thief is a well-known old proverb, and, apparently, it is extremely acted upon in Russia. Nevertheless, the thief very often remains uncaught. Similarly in the customs department the offi-cials carry venality to an unusual ex-tent. We can forgive the subordinate in the customs who accepts half a crown or half a sovereign to pass a traveller's luggage unopened. But in

the Russian customs corruption extends itself to the higher grades, and, in consideration of the payment of an adequate reward to the donamir, heavy dues on merchandise are said to be remitted in part if not in toto. It is the case of the unjust steward over again.

Charles Francis Adams is the heav iest tat-payer in Quincy. Mass.

#### Interesting Discovery: From Chambers's Journal.

A small portion of the crypt of Canterbury Cathedral, set apart by order of Queen Elizabeth and fitted up as a church for the use of the French Protestants, has been held by them to this day. For the purpose of repair, it recently became necessary to remove a portion of the floor of this little church and make certain excavations. Very soon a large number of pieces of exqui-sitely carved and moulded stonework were brought to light, which once, without doubt, formed parts of an elaborately executed shrine. They are col-ored blue, vermillion and gold, and are finely wrought in the style of the middle of the fourteenth century. Many of the pieces are carved canopy-work, very delicately executed, clearly showing that there were many such niches surrounding what must have been a

splendid work of art. A small piece of a sculptured robe was found, belong-ing to an ecclesiastical figure, life-size, and in this a single pearl remains im-bedded as one of the ornaments of the robe, showing how rich and elaborate the monument must have been in the days of its glory. From a careful inspection of these fragments, it is believed they agree in character with the remains known as the shrine of St. Dustan, situated on the south side of

years; the ground has a southern aspect. He prepares a compost of ma-nure, soil and guano, which he spreads on the land in addition to manuring in the hills. Surface manuring he considers very important. He has no trouble with insects, as he gets up in the morning before they do.

The Hon. J. Warren Keifer, repre senting a syndicate of Ohio capitalists, has just purchased a tract of some thousands of acres of farming land at Ellsworth, Kan., including the site of old Fort Harker.

tion and she had prayed to see her erring daughter before leaving the world, that she might reclaim the lost one. For this purpose the pure sister had sought the meeting that had brought about the man's death. The death of the mother removed the only witness, besides the prisoner, who applauded.

What Can Be Done on a Bicycle. Hartford Daily Times.

After the races Canary came on the track, radiant in a maroon velvet jacket and lavender tights. He showed some wonderful things that may be done with a bicycle. Before he got through with his exhibition, no one would have been suprised if he had thrown aside the wheel and ridden around on the air where it had been. His best feats were: Riding with small wheel off ground. Backing with small wheel off ground. Swinging in small circle on the big wheel only. Facing backward and riding forward. Standing up on saddle. Sitting on saddle, the machine being still, and balanced. Machime upside down, mount the big wheel, turn the small one over into place, and start off." Removing the small wheel, ride the large one backward or forward. Lay handle bar on the ground, mount the big wheel, reach over and get the bar, and start off. He succeeded on the third trial and was cheered.

Then he removed the handle bar, leaving only the big wheel which he rode. Next he removed the treadle from the big wheel, and, mounting, propelled it with his hands. Next be stood upright, hands in air, and rode the wheel. Then he brought out a common wagon wheel, placed his feet on the hub on either side and propelled it with his hands. He closed by laying the wheel flat on the ground, suddenly pulling it upright, springing on and riding away. This was loudly

the choir. Morshall P. Wilder says that he has grown melons on the same land for ten