On a sunny October day, according to structions I had received from the offihers of the railroad company, I handed the engineer of Engine No. 32 a letter the engineer of Engine No. 32 a letter from his chief, requesting that I accom-pany him upon the engine, as a better post for the observations along the rails had been commanded to make. After reading it, he touched his hat

and respectfully bade me welcome, arranging as comfortable a seat for me as se could provide for the long ride which

before us.

It was a novel experience for me, and highly exciting one, as we seemed to leave the air, the train thundering long behind us; and I could but look dmiringly at the man who stood so unfinchingly at his post, and in whose hands lay in reality all our lives. He was a tall, handsome fellow, whose

keen gray eyes never stirred from his post, either to right or left, but whose cherry laugh often rang out on the clear morning air as we chatted together.

By noon we had become friends, at which hour we stopped at a small station, where there was a delay of twenty minutes, to take on coal or water. As we slowed up, I noticed on the platform a young woman, holding a neatlycovered basket, and clinging to her skirts a little child, some three years

"Papa! papa!" the little one screamed. in delight; and glancing at my companion's face I needed not to question if he were the one thus called.

Another moment, we had stopped, and wife and child were pressed to his breast, while a look of wonderful tenderness crept into his eyes.

"My wife and child, sir," he said tarning to me. "I have only one day a week off with them; but Mary always meets me here with my dinner, and now and then I get an hour or two with her.' "It is a hard life," I said. "You must miss them sorely.

"No matter where I am, sir," he re plied, "they are with me. I hear the little one's voice above the loudest wind, and I see my Mary's smile in the darkest night, although I stand alone on my engine, with my life in my hand. It's a hard life, maybe, sir, but I ought not to complain. It gave me happiness, since it won me my wife."

When we were on our way again, and I had seen the tears fill the wife's bright blue eyes as she fondly kissed her hus-band good-by, while I had slipped into the little one's chubby hand a golden gift from the strange gentleman riding with papa, I asked my companion what it meant.

"I don't know as you'd care to hear, sir, and there's not many as I'd care to tell. You read so many book stories of the people who make up your world, that you have not much time to look down to mine. There are people who think such as we have no time to love, but you have seen Mary and my boy, and-you'll tell me if I tire you?

I was a careless fellow enough six years ago, not neglecting my work when at my post, but fond of a good time with my companions when off duty, always ready to accept a friendly glass, and sometimes with my head not quite steady when I mounted my engine, though the air always set me right be-

fore we had gone far on our way.

One evening, at a dance, I met Mary Morton. She was the prettiest girl in the room, sir, and a little bit of coquet in those days, though no more than was natural, with all the young fellows try ing their best to turn her head.

I was not long behind the rest. I couldn't get her out of my thoughts, but it did not take me a great while to find out the truth of the matter. I had lost my heart. The only question was, Would she turn me adrift or give me hers for the one she has stolen? It was many a week before I got up my courage enough to determine to ask her to be my Every moment off duty, I would spend with her, until I grew to fancy she used to watch and wait for my

But I was not without my jealous hours, for all that. How did I know how she spent the time, I was so constantly away from her?

At last I heard of another dance, to be given on the night I would be off duty. could not see Mary until then, but felt sure she would know that I would come for her, and would go with no one

But when the evening arrived, I found when I called for her, that she was already gone. Perhaps, sir, in your rank of life, you know, too, what it is to be jealous, and how many a man destroys future happiness by it.

My first words to Mary were those of reproach, while her smile at my entrance died away and her face grew white. "I did not know you were coming, John, How could I?'

"You might have waited then!" I ex-

"And stayed at home, perhaps, to have had you laugh at me, with the rest. Besides, I am quite satisfied with my es cort, and believe I am the only person to be consulted in the matter."

"As you will," I said, turning on my heel, muttering the word "Coquet!" be-tween my teeth, and unheeding the pleading glance she sent from time to time across the room where I

She was not without pride, and if she suffered from my coldness, she only smiled the brighter on others, until I grew mad with jealous anger. That night began a series of dissipations with which I employed every leisure moment. I drank more deeply than I had ever done in my life-not as before, for so-called good-will and good-fellowship, but to drown memory.

I did not go near Mary for near i month. To me it seemed a year. Once, after a night's carousal, I passed her on the street; but not until long after did I learn of the bitter tears my haggard face and dissipated air had cost her. Finally, my better nature triumphed, and I went to her, repentant, to ask her forgiveness,

and perhaps her love.

On a long, lonely night ride I made up my mind to do this, though like a thoumy mind to do this, though like a thoumand mocking devils, memories of the
moments that I had spent in the last few
weeks crowded around me, as though
taunting me in contrast to her purity;
but with God's help. I would make myself worthy, I said aloud, and I thought
the hours would never drag along, until
I could find myself once more in her
presence. She came in to see me, held

Latin, she was wholly exempted. At a
she began to compose verses, and at 14 a
volume of these was published.

A young lady in Chicago, when asked
by the officiating minister, "Will you
love, honor and obey this man as your
husband, and be to him a true wife"
said plainly: "Yes, if he does what he
promised financially."

out her hand with a sweet smile of wel- THE ROMANCE OF A POCKETBOOK. ish, egotistical world, that very few such come, as though we had only parted yes-terday, and yet—and yet there was a change. Ah, I learned it, all to soon! In those first few moments I told her the story of life for the past few months, of what it had been before I knew her—of what it should be if she would give me the assurance and promise of her love. Then I paused. For a moment silence fell between us; then she spoke. A bright flush was in her cheeks, her lips trembled, her lashes veiled her eyes, but her lips faltered not.

"John," she said, "I am only a girl, it is true, but the man I marry must be a man. Perhaps I might have loved you" here a little tremble crept into her tone-"but I have almost ceased to respect you. Were you my husband I would fear for you, and fear and leve cannot go hand in hand."

"Stop," I said. "Do you want to drive me back to the life I had hoped to have left behind me? Oh, Mary, do not be so cruel. Be my wife, and let me prove the

stuff that is in me. "No, John," she answered, softly; but the blue eyes she now raised to me were swimming in tears. "If you have seen the wrong, surely you will not return to it. Rather, if you indeed love me proce yourself a man. It does not take a bat-

tle-field to make a hero." "Prove yourself a man." These were the words that haunted me in the weeks that followed, saving me from the ruin I would else have drifted into, but torturing me with their hopelessness. What hope had I in my daily routine of duty of changing Mary's mind? Yet, spite of her words, something in her eye had told me that she loved me, and that something gave me strength to live, and to withstand the daily temptations of my

So six months passed, when one morning I mounted my engine to take the express train to C-. We were going press train to C-. We were going along at the rate of thirty miles an hour, when, suddenly right ahead of us, it seemed, a tiny speck of red fluttered on the track

I strained my eyes-I blew my whistle. What could it be? Merciful heavens! Another instant it was made clear to me. It was a little golden-haired child, playing in the very face of the huge monster of death my hand was guiding to its destruction.

I whistled "Down brakes," but as I did so, knew it was of no avail. Before my own carelessness, what mattered it? the order could be obeyed, it would be It was gone and I was utterly ruined. rendered useless. Then something within me said:

"Your life is worthless. Give it for that innocent life if it must be, but save it at the peril of your own. Had you been a better man, you might have had a little child like that praying for you at home.

It takes a long time to tell all this, but in reality not one second had passed. At such times men think quickly. One bit-ter sigh rose in my breast. I would never have a chance of proving to Mary my manhood by some great deed in the future, or long years of penance. But it did not make my duty any the less clear. Bill, the fireman, was behind

"Take the engine," I screamed out to him.

"Good-by, Mary," I whispered low to myself. The next minute, hardly conscious of

what I was doing, I was down upon the cow-catcher of the train, clinging by one hand, the other outstretched to grasp the child, now paralyzed with terror. Then we were upon it. It was killed, crushed, determined now to devote to the purpose was safe, held within one strong arm, its | the prominent journals, not offering the red dress fluttering in the wind, its gold- customary reward, but describing my en head closely pressed against my shoul- unfortunate position, my honor lost and der. How was it done? I cannot tell my future blighted.

you, sir. God, they say, does not let For two weeks I kept my loss before you, sir. God, they say, does not let the sparrow fall.

Then the train checked its speed stopped. The passengers came crowding about us, men took me by the hand, women cried over me, and I—stood dazed, bewildered in their midst, the child held tight within my arms. It was such a simple thing; yet, sir, they gave me this (throwing back his coat and showing a gold medal.)

The s

I wear it in thanksgiving for the little life I saved. They raised for me a purse of gold to a large amount, but the gift which seemed to cleanse my heart was the poor mother's grateful tears.

The papers rang, next day, with the story. You see, sir, it seemed more to them, looking at it, than to me who had no time to think; but something more was in store for me. I was off duty the next night, alone in my lonely, desolate room, thinking it over, when some one whispered my name. In another moment some one was sobbing in my arms, some one who had come to me of her own sweet will-some one, who, from that moment, has been the sunshine of my home and heart.

That is all, sir. It is a simple story I trust I have not tired you. But I, as I grasped the noble fellow's hand, whose speech had so unconsciously betrayed the grand, true heart within could only echo his Mary's words:

"It does not take a battle-field to make a hero."

FELICIA HEMANS. -At sevens years old, an age when most girls' ideas are limited to dolls, romps and new frocks, Felicia's delight, in the bright summer days, was to climb up into an apple tree with a volume of Shakespeare in her hand and lose herself in a world of imagination among the "Rosalinds," "Imogens" and "Beatrices." All that was strange, weird and romantic had an irresistible fascination for her. Gwrych, as every respectable old mansion should, had its specter, and on moonlight nights the child, all trembling yet eager, would creep out into the long, dark avenue, fearing, yet hoping; to get a sight of the goblin. At other times, when she was supposed to be in bed, she would rise, dress herself and steal out the house down to the seashore to listen to the moaning of the waves, and to indulge in a twilight bath. She was never sent to school; her educa-tion was purely desultory; all the world of poetry was thrown open to her; but from systematic studies, beyond French, English grammar, and the rudiments of Latin she was whell a very lead. Latin, she was wholly exempted. she began to compose verses, and at 14 a volume of these was published.

I was just twenty-five when I first met Alice Thorne, the daughter and heiress of George Thorne, the great banker. I met her at Long Branch, whether I had gone for two weeks' vacation. A lucky enough young fellow I had thought myself when I started on that trip, being cashier and book-keeper at Massrs. Overton, b.Co. book-keeper at Messrs. Overton & Co., in receipt of a good salary and valued by the firm; but, after I once knew Alice, all seemed to be changed.

I fell desperately in tove with the charming girl, knowing well all the time that such love was madness. Not that anything in her demeanor made me despair, on the contrary I was all the more miserable for the conviction that, had I dared to seek it, her heart might have been mine. I did not dare. I knew too well the folly of my passion, the

Propelessness of my dream.

Her father was reported to be a very roud, ambitious man, who would look high for a son-in-law. I felt that he would not so much as give me a hearing to my suit; and as to winning her with out his consent, what would that bring her but misery? I had nothing with which to pay or compensate her for the sacrifice of a marriage with my poverty. No. I might be doomed to unhappiness

myself, but I would not drag Alice down So we bade good-bye witcout a word of explanation, though I knew she read the anguish in my heart, and tears were in the soft eves averted from me. I kissed the trembling hand she placed in mine, and turned away and bade farewell to her and hope forever.

There is no depth of suffering I suppose, but has a lower depth still.

Scarcely had I got back to town, and was striving earnestly to drown vain regret in the bustle and interest of business, when a terrible misfortune fell upon me. Mr. Overton had given me a check for \$20,000, desiring me to go to the bank and get it cashed. Having executed the commission and returned imagine my horror on discovering that the pocketbook containing the money

was gone. Gone! I felt as if I were going frantic. I tere off my coat searched through my pockets like a manman, then fell into a chair with one wild, despairing cry; the money was gone.

Whether stolen by villains or lost by

I hardly know what passed after I proclaimed my loss. My conduct and antecedents were such that my employers had no right to doubt my honesty, nevertheless I seemed to read in their manner something terribly wounding.

What I suffered in the next few days

God only knows, and when, after being dismissed, I returned to my own room, I was very nearly desperate; not only had I lost a lucrative position, but my future seemed to be irretrievably blasted, for there are suspicions which are as fatal to a man morally, as would be physically the wound of a rifle ball.

But I was young and of a hopeful nature, and I began to realize that I had been leniently dealt with. On recalling all that had happened after leaving the bank, and utter impossibility of the pocketbook being taken out of the pocket of my coat, I came to the conclusion that I must have dropped it, and thereupon I resolved to have recourse to all means in my power to recover the money.

I had saved during last few years considerable portion of my salary, and No! I looked down. It I had in view. I advertised daily in all

the public, and had almost began to despair of any favorable result, when, one morning, a stranger came to me-a tall, dark, stern looking man, who regarded me with a pair of kindly brown eyes, that had something familiar about them. In the midst of my anxiety I caught myself wondering where I had seen them

The stranger declined the seat I offered him, and began at once, speaking brusquely and to the point: "I have heard of your loss," said he

"I have read your advertisement in the papers, and I feel interested in and for you. I have just left your late employers, and after the satisfactory manner in which all my inquiries were answered, I became your security for the \$20,000."

I sprang towards him in the wildest "Oh, sir," I began, but he stopped

"Let me finish," said he. "I have done this because I am convinced that you are an upright, honest man, and the greatest proof of my confidence that I can give you is that I am about to offer you in my banking house the position as cashier. My name, sir, is George Thorne.

George Thorne, the father of Alice, the girl that I loved! Ah, the mystery was solved! It was of her his eyes reminded me; it was to her I was indebted for his help!

I know not how I thanked him, or what I said, but when, after some fur-ther conversation he disappeared, and I asked myself if it were all a dream or sobbed in my new found hope and hap-

piness. Fifteen years had flown since the day I lost the pocketbook. I had now become a prosperous man, surrounded by all the luxuries which wealth affords. had found in Mr. Thorne more than a patron; I had found a friend; under a brusque manner he had a heart of gold. From the first day of our acquaintance he had evinced towards me the liveliest interest and affection.

I was soon made a partner, and when, on a certain blessed day I became the husband of Alice, and his son-in-law, he presented me with the receipt for the \$20,000 that he had paid Messrs. Overton for my loss.

So time went on. The banking house known as the firm of Thorne & Wallace was in a thriving condition.

I had a beautiful wife and two lovely children, and yet with all these sources of happiness I was not quite contented-

there was a crease in the rose leaf.

For some time past I had been vainly endeavoring to account for the extraordi-nary interest which my father-in-law had as I grew older and saw more of this selfgenerous actions were performed without a motive, and the solution of this, to me, difficult problem frequently occupied my

thoughts At first I had attributed it all to Alice's influence, but I knew now that it had been as great a surprise to her as to myself.

About this time Dr. Pollard, one of Mr. Thorne's most intimate friends, arrived in New York, and one morning. while sitting at breakfast, expressed great surprise at the numerous advertisements in the papers relating to money lost and found

'Well,' said he, 'I have not the least sympathy for those who lose moneythey are generally careless, stupid peo ple, not fit to be trusted; although I remember having heard of a young man who lost a pocketbook some years ago containing \$20,000; and I declare, when I read his piteous appeals, which were in all the papers, my heart fairly ached for him. But, continued he, addressing my father-in-law, who had become very pale, you ought to remember the circumstances, for it occurred just at the time of the great failure in Philadelphia, by which you were so heavy a loser.

'Yes, I recollect the affair,' replied Mr. Thorne, who appeared to be suffering.
'I never heard,' continued the Doctor, what became of the poor devil, and yet

I should like to know.'
'Should you?' said I, laughing; 'ther let me gratify your curiosity. I, Arthur Wallace, am that poor devil, Doctor;— saved from ruin and despair by my benefactor here.' And then I related all the events of the last fifteen years.

The doctor then sprung to his feet and grasped his old friend's hand.

'Well and generously done,' said he: but Mr. Thorne interrupted him. 'I am not well, he said faintly. 'I suffer greatly; let me go to my room.

The next day he sent for me to his private office. I found him looking pale and haggard. 'Sit down my dear Arthur, said he, in a low voice, and listen to me. For a long time I have had a confession to make to you, one that now weighs on me so heavily that I must ease my conscience of its load. I can better bear to do so now that I have in a measure made you some amends for the trouble I once caused you.'

'The trouble you caused me,' I cried You have been the most generous of men to me. It is through your kindness I occupy my present position, it is to you owe my happiness, and more than all,

my honor.'
Mr Thorne opened his desk and took from it a pocketbook. 'Do you remember this?' said he, as he

placed it in my hand. 'Yes,' replied I, 'it is the one I lost; but how-

I could not finish my question. The truth started me in the face. I sprang to my feet in dismay.

'Great heavens,' I cried, 'you found the money? 'Ay, and kept it,' he groaned, with anguish in his voice. 'But oh! do not con-

demn without hearing me. Yesterday you heard Dr. Pollard allued to the great losses I had sustained by the failure in Philadelphia. I did not dare to make my embarrassment known, as that would have hastened my ruin-my ruin! knows that it was not for myself that I cared, but for Alice, my darling child. It was on the 14th of December that you lost the money. Oh! I shall never forget the date. It was on that day that I meditated suicide. I was short \$20,000 to meet my indebtedness—maturing on the 15th. I was overwhelmed with despair; the air of the office seemed to stifle me, and I rushed into the street. I had hardly gone ten yards when my foot struck something. It was your poceet-book. I opened it, and the sight turned me giddy and faint. Then commenced within my breast one of those moral struggles which even to the conqueror is fearful, but in which, alas, I was miserably vanquished. The next day I satisfied all claims upon me. To the world I was George Thorne, an honest, upright man; to myself I was nothing better than a malefactor. You know the rest. Through my guilt you passed two weeks of inde-scribable anguish. I have since endeavored to make reparation for the misery I caused; but I also suffered. Moral atone ments are the most cruel, because they are eternal. I have known and yet feel the bitterness of expiation. Say, my son,

can you forgive my crime?'
Could I forgive? I looked at the pallid face, anguished eyes. What were my sufferings of those two weeks, compared with the secred pain and shame this man had borne for years?-this man, the victim of one solitary deviation from rectitude, so upright in all else, and whose life since had been one long atonement. I grasped his hand, tears filled my eyes. 'Father,' I cried. 'Alice's father and mine, all is forgiven, forgotten. Do I

had also observed me, and I did not ven-ture to return to the boat, but went straight toward him, supposing that he would be frightened and run away, as I had always previously seen polar bears do when a man approached them. I had miscalculated; the bear came nearer, advancing slowly in a half circle, and we reality, the tears which I had so long re-strained flowed freely, as I laughed and have touched him with a stick. He stood somewhat higher up on a block of stone, hissing and tramping with his fore feet; I stood somewhat lower, crying and hooting all I was able, and threw big stones at him with little apparent effect. At length a big stone hit one of his fore paws resting on a stone, and the pain, or perhaps satisfied curiosity, induced the animal to retreat.—Artic Voyages—Nordenskjold.

A Bashful Bridgeroom.—A young gentleman of Harmony, Ga., whose name is kindly suppressed, is the most bashful bridgeroom known. The hour for his nuptials approached and was at hand, but the bridgeroom tarried. The bridge, who apparently knew his character, sadly remarked that his courage had "gin out." It was suggested that if the dinner-horn was blown he would probably answer. Somebody else probably knew his character, for no sooner was the horn blown than an answering whoop was heard from the dense thicket hard by, but still "He cometh not," said the bride. Finally a scouting party brought him in by force, A BASHFUL BRIDEGROOM .- A young scouting party brought him in by force, and when he was confronted with the now angry bride, his fear was so great that he was married before he knew it.

## Beheaded For Elopement.

The official beheading of Pra Peccha, a prominent dignitary of Siam, as an-nounced yesterday in a dispatch from Singapore, is a very singular proceeding, and the causes leading to it are so remarkable as to be worthy of mention. The circumstances, as narrated in private let-ters from Bangkok, are substantially these: Thomas G. Knox, until recently British Political Agent and Consul-General sta-tioned at the capital, has resided there for many years in an official capacity, having married, soon after going into Indo-China, a native woman, who bore him two children, both daughters. They were educated in England. One of them is repre sented as particularly bright and attrac-tive, and, after returning to her own country, she was greatly admired and had many suitors. Some months ago the young woman, who has probably reached the age of 20 or thereabout, astonished and enraged her father by eloping with Pra Peccha, and coming back fast married according to Thai law and Buddhist form. Consul Knox, who had intended her for the British matrimonial market, was so incensed at her husband that he formally complained to the native government of Peccha's connubial misdemeanor, which, in his wrath, he is said to have pronounced a violation of international law, a heinous political and social crime, a deadly affront to John Bull, as represented in his proper person, and a direct assult on the British Constitution. Hyperbolical and absurb as such as-sumption was, it is not unfre-quently the method adopted by British officers abroad when dealing with people whom they are pleased to consider but half civilized. The Siamese Government seemed to regard Peccha's offense as seriously as the British Consul had done. It ordered the new husband's immediate arrest and trial on the grave charges, high treason, we believe, being one of them; and, in due time, he was to the amaze-ment and horror of his father-in-law and his bride, condemned to death. This was more than the British Consul had bargained for. Notwithstanding his wrath he did not think that a runaway match deserved capital punishment, and he swore by his consular seal and the established church that the sentence should not be carried out. The Government, however, remained firm as to its decision, whereupon Knox threatened it with the vengeance of his nation, declaring that he would order up the British Gunboats lying near the mouth of the Meinam river and cause the bombardment of Bangkok unless the sentence was revoked. The menace was, as may be supposed, idle, intended merely to intimidate the King and his Cabinet. But they would not be intimidated, and soon after Knox was re-called by his Government. This is the story as told by the English and Americans in Siam, but it is not at all likely that Pra Peccha has been beheaded simply for his elopement. He must have been found guilty of more momentous offenses to justify such extreme measures. Still, as Siam is an absolute monarchy, the Government can do what it likes without accountability to its subjects. The whole thing, as reported here, is most extraor-dinary, and, but for its tragic termination, would read like the libretto of an oprea bouffe. If a man can be officially beheaded for marrying a pretty girl in Siam, matrimony, especially under romantic as-pects, will scarcely be regadred there with encouraging favor.—New York Times. A Revolutionary Dramatist.

Toward the close of 1792, Olympe de Gouges addressed a petition to the Pres-ident of the Assembly offering to assist M. de Malesherbes in the defense of Loupersonages of the time. This piecewholly without literary merit and mainly consisting of a succession of battles and military evolutions—was represented at the Theater Francaise, (then Theater de la Republique), in January, 1793, and received with mingled hilarity and disap-probation. After the fall of the curtain, one or two voices having ironically demanded the author's name, Mile, Candeille, coming forward to announce it, was interrupted by a gaunt and strangely attired female starting up from her seat in a box, and exclaiming: "Citizens, you desire to know the name of the auther, behold her in me, Olympe De Gouges. If you are not pleased with the piece, you may thank the actors, for they could not possibly have played it worse!" This singular declaration being received with a storm of hisses, Mlle. Candeille pro-tested that she and her colleagues had done their best, and the audience, siding with her, pursued Mme. De Gouges through the corridors out of the theater, some of them even insisting that their money should be returned. Nor was this all; scarcely had she reached her home, when a mob assembled before the door, and with loud cries denounced her as an "Father," I cried. 'Alice's father and mine, all is forgiven, forgotten. Do I not owe all the happiness of my life to that same lost pocketbook?'

PROFESSOR AND BEAR.—He [the bear] had also observed me, and I did not ven. ed for the benefit of the bystanders:—
"Going for 24 sous, the head of Citizen Gouges! Once, twice, at 24 sous!" "My good friend," she replied with the utmost coolness, "allow me to bid 30 for it, and to keep it on my shoulders!" This courageous sally was greeted with a murmur of approval, the crowd gradually dispersed, and she was saved-for a time .-All the Year Round.

# Mrs. Hayes' Cat.

Several years ago I knew a gentleman from New England, who used to be very fond of talking of "high-toned" families

even in Siam such cats are very rare, and that this one was especially remarkable in evincing a friendly disposition, for usually this species is very savage, and bites if approached. This one used al-ways to enter the room when Mrs. Hayes had visitors, and I was present when Mr. Emory called and saw his amazement when the walked in, and showing no hesitation, though the parlor was full of strangers, went directly up to him. He said that he was as much surprised as If some one raised from the dead had come to greet him, for when he shipped the cat, after keeping it a month before he had an opportunity to send it, he, of course, never expected to see it again. That was nearly a year before, yet the cat evidently recognized him. This autumn, while the President and Mrs. Hayes were in Ohio, the cat sickened and died. Mrs. Hayes was sincerely sorry to lose the cat, to whom she and all the family were much attached.

### What a Child's Kiss Could Do.

In a prison at New Bedford, Mass. there now is a man whom we shall call Jim, and who is a prisoner on a life sen-

Up to last spring he was regarded a desperate, dangerous man, ready for rebellion at any hour. He planned a gen-eral outbreak, and was "given away" by one of the conspirators. He plotted a general mutiny or rebellion, and was again betrayed. He then kept his own council, and, while never refusing to obey, he obeyed them like a man who only needed backing to make him refuse to. One day in June a party of strangers came to the institution. One was an old gentleman the other ladies, and two of the ladies had small children. The guide took one of the children on his arm, and the other walked until the party began climbing the stairs. Jim was working near by sulky and morose as ever, when the guide said to him:

"Jim, won't you help this little girl up stairs?"

The convict hesitated, a scowl on his ace, and the little girl held out her bands to him and said:

"If you will, I guess I'll kiss you."

His scowl vanished in an instant, and
he lifted the child as tenderly as a father. Half way up the stairs she kissed him. At the head of the stairs she said:

"Now, you've got to kiss me, too."
He blushed like a woman, looked into
her innocent face, and then kissed her
cheek, and before he reached the foot of the stairs again the man had tears in his eyes. Ever since that day he has been a changed man, and no one in the place gives less trouble. Maybe in his far away Western home he has a little Katic of his own. No one knows, for he never reveals his inner life; but the change so quickly wrought by a child proves that he has a heart, and gives hope that he may forsake his evil ways.

# Music in Stones.

It was 2 o'clock when our party reached "Ringing Rocks." The air of the afternoon was sharp and crisp, the ground well frozen, and most of the snow of winter had disappeared. We had come to ring a chime on the strange and wonderful metallic rocks that Na-ture has se mysteriously placed here in a group. These rocks are on the farm of Abraham Lensch, of Pottsgrove Township, Montgomery county. They cover a space of about three-quarters of an acre. Our party consisted of ladies and gentlemen versed in music. Each selected a rock suitable to form a scale of by the the production of a drama called leight notes. The leading gentleman Les Vivandieres, in which she introduced General Dumouries and other notable Bell." He struck it with a hammer, and it rang out very like the old Inde-pendence bell in Philadelphia before it was cracked. The tones of a number of stones were tested before each member of the party had selected one with a tone corresponding to his note of the scale. Finally eight rocks were chosen, and a few tunes, such as "Old Hundred,"
"Home, Sweet Home," were given with
considerable clearness. Some of the rocks gave forth a rich, full tone, which would vie with the best metal. The "State House Rock" at one time was one of the largest. It has been broken off several times, but it still preserves its strong, full tone. The sound produced by striking the smaller rocks resembles that made when a blacksmith's anvil is struck, some being clearer than others, but no two are alike. Many sound as though car-wheels are being tested by the hammer-strokes of the station-man. The "ringing rocks" have been visited by thousands. On the surface of many of them are marks resembling footprints

Ridiculous duels, says a Leipsic letter to the Boston Advertseer, are very fre-quent, and against the law, but as they are not attended with danger they are winked at. It is said that these duels increase the sense of honor, etc., an idea for which I cannot see one spark of justification. Each additional scar on a student's face increases his swagger and insolence, the only increase visible to me. Fights occur very seldom, and when they do happen amount to nothing. They push and scratch and shout a good deal, and that is about all. A few days ago, together with a Western friend, I was watching one of those pushing matches, when the gentleman in question observed, in a distinguished tone of voice: "Out in Chey-anne, where I from New England, who used to be very fond of talking of "high-toned" families and their habits. He frequently said that no "high-toned" family of Boston would be without a "Venetian cat," and he meant no joke thereby, but simply to overpower those who could bring forward no such proof of aristocracy. If what he said was even measurably true, I take it for granted readers of the Heralli take it for granted re live, when fifty men get together you have to sweep up the what he said was even measurably true,
I take it for granted readers of the Herald will be interested in a still greater
feline curiosity which has arrived in
Washington. About a year ago there arrived at the White House, one day, a box
marked for Mrs. R. B. Hayes, which
contained a Siamese cat of a dark mahogany color, which soon became a
great pet in the family. Mrs. Hayes had
no idea whence it came until Mr. George
Emory called last spring with his parents, Gen. and Mrs. Emory. He had
instreturned from a ten years sojourn in
China, as he is agent for a steamship
line at Hong Kong. Through him Mr.
Sickles, our Consul in Siam, forwarded
the cat to Mrs. Hayes. He told me that