# THE GOBLIN GOOSE.

### A CHRISTWAS NIGHMARR.

Once, it happened I'd been dining, on my couch

alept reclining, he with moonlight shining brightly on ny hed-room floor; n the bleak December, Christmas night as

I remember, But I had no dying ember, as Poe had; when near the door,

Like a gastronomic goblin just betide my cham-ber door

her basket.

thin, emaciated woman, with sunken eyes and pallid features, who was lying

on a bed in a corner were its occupants. The floor was bare, the furniture plain

its tenants lived on the verge of starvation; but on all their faces was a cheer-

her history. Twenty years before, she said, her two sons and her husband had

died, leaving her destitute and alone with one child-a little daughter. Too

weak to work, and unwilling to beg, she

then resorted herself to street vending,

and, by hours of daily toil, managed to

support herself and bring up her daughter. At twenty the latter married a worthless fellow, who broke her heart,

and then cast her penniless upon the world with a young son, the little boy who was then setting the table. The

old woman took them in, and about this time also adopted the little girl, who was an orphan child of a poor neighbor. "And were you able to support them all by vending apples?" asked the gen-

"No, sir," she answered. I tried to, but I couldn't. My darter was sick, and couldn't do nothing, and we got into debt twenty dollars. Then, as if to make bad worse, I was took down with the rheumatics. I was down with them

for a fortnight, and when I got up couldn' get around like I could afore; so

Stood a bird-and no more

And I said, for I'm no craven, "Are you Edgar" famous raven, Beeking as with him a haven-were you

with Lenore?

up with Lenore?" Then the bird uprose and flutter'd, and this sen-tence strange he utered... "Hang Lenore," he mildly exclaimed; "you have seen me once befere, Been me on this festive Christmas, seen me surely

before, I'm the Goose"-and nothing more.

Then he murmured, "Are you ready?" and with motion slow and steady, Btraight he lengt upon my bed. I simply gave a

And I cried, "As I'm a sinner, at a Goose Club

I was winner. I was winner, Tis memory of my dinner, which I ate at half-past four: Goose well stuffed with sage and onions, which I ate at half-past four " Quoth he hearsely—"Eat no more!"

Said I, "I've enjoyed your julces, breast and back; but tell me, Goose, is This revenge, and what the use is of your being a

For Goose flesh I will no more 'ax,' if you'll not sit on my thorax. Go, try honey mixed with borax, for I hear your

Go, try honey intro throat is sore: You speak gruffly, though too plainly, and I'm sure your thrort is sore." Quoth the nightmare," Eat no more."

Goose!" I shricked out, "Leave, oh leave me, now my penance must be o'er; Though to night you've brought me sorrow, com

fort comes to-morrow. relief from thee I'd borrow at my doctor

ample store, There are pills of purest asure in the doctor

quoth the Goblin, "Eat no more!"

And that fat Goose, never flitting, like a night

mare still is sitting With me all the night, emitting words that thrill

my bosom's core; Now, throughout the Christmas season, while

lie and gasp and wheese, on Me he sits, until my reason nothing surely can

I am driven mad, and reason nothing surely can

While that Goose says,"Eat no more.

## An Old Apple Woman.

BY J. R. N.

I never think of the geography of Bos-ton without being reminded of a village to which I was once directed by a planter whom I met by the roadside in the back woods of Georgia. "Go straight on," said he, till you come to a shingled house, a blacksmith shop and a tobacco barn, standing right around a puddle of water -thet's the village." Boston, to be sure, is something more than a shingled house a blacksmith shop and a tobacco barn it is, in fact, a town several times larger than the Georgia village; but, for all that, it stands "right round" a puddle—I beg pardon, a pool—of water. This pool is known in history as a Frog Pond, and it probably derived its name from a mere family of frogs who once ends meet?" from a mere family of frogs ut why it had there a family residence; but why it

"Bir, sir," she said, "please to stop, I Thousands, it was said had fallen on both want you to see! I shall soon be well; sides; and every morning with a beating low down at night, when, with her basket on her arm, she ambled homeward. One evening a gentleman passing that way just at dark found the table almost ow I can go out every day in fine for n "And who got you down the stairs and shed, and the old woman in a great

"The man that lives on the lower floor-he carried me down; and Tommy drawed me here before school time."

deal of trouble. It had rained all day, and few lowers had come upon the Com-mon, so with apples and clothes weeping in sympathy with her sorrow, she sat there with no one to help her home with nsked "And who sent us the wagon?" the old woman, her ugly face lighting up with a smile that, this man always made

It is said that evil loves the dark; but it is quite as true that many good things avoid the daylight. Other's eyes are then open, and the fear of what "men may say" often sends us sneaking by on the other side, like the Priest and the it handsome. "The Lord, I suppose. AII good things come from Him; and this

to be a good wagon," answered the gen-tleman, taking the vehicle by the wheels and shaking it as if to test its quality. Levite in the parable. But now it was dark; so the gentleman shouldered the apple basket and went home with the old woman. She lived in a small room, The old woman looked at him for a

moment, without a word. Then she said.

"The Lord will say to them on his right hand, 'Ye did it unto me, in as much as ye did it unto one of these, my on the top floor of an old rickety house at the north end; and as he went up the husky. stairs the gentleman was in mortal fear poor children."

She made no reply, but lay for many minutes without speaking. Then, clutch-ing the young girl's hand, she said : of their tumbling down, and spilling both him and the apples. At last, how-ever, he reached the room, and setting down the basket, sat himself down to The man turned and walked away, in his eye a tear, and in his soul another "Rosy, I'm going; but love the Lord, and some day you will be together again revelation. He had learned the whole of religion-faith and works-at the cost of rest his tired legs and shoulders. It was carrying an old woman's basket, and buying for her daughter a cheap handforever. a narrow, mean apartment, and so low that, when he stood upright, his head almost hit the ceiling. Two young chil-dren, a boy and a girl, who were spread-ing the table for the evening meal, and a wagon.

Every pleasant day for a month after this he found the sick woman seated of Boston. there in the wagon under the old umbrella. She always han a smile for him and he always lingered awhile to get the smile and a little of the old woman's sunshine. But one morning he went by, and found there neither the apple-stand nor the handsome wagon. It was so, and poor, and everything indicated that stone, and on it is this inscription : Aged 82. She was poor and friendless, but she too, when he went by again at evening; ful look that showed that somehow they had imbibed of that divine elixir that and then, without going home, he made his way to the home of the old woman. Softly opening the door he entered the gives to the most wretched com-fort and contentment. Carlous to get at the secret of their happiness, the stranger saked the old woman about dingy apartment. A few rays from the setting sun came through the open window, and by the dim light he saw the old woman and two children kneeling by the low bed in the corner. She was holding the hand of the young woman, who lay with her eyes upturned to the fading sky, as if looking in the clouds for some one coming. He had come, the Great Angel, and he had already taken her to the bosom of the All-Father.

For several years after this the old woman's life rippled along as smoothly as a gentle stream flowing on over a sandy bed to the great ocean. The old umbrella got many a patch, and the new bonnet grew old, and the black silk gown that she first wore at her daughters funeral was turned and re-turned to fit to appear on Sundays; but she never begged, and never borrowed, and the winter was never so hard but she had enough ready money at command to buy her small wares "by wholesale."

Little by little the young lads and hun-gry lovers who frequented the Common came to know her; and though many a rival apple stand from time to time disputed her right to monopolize the trade, in stomachache they had to eat their own candy, and to "fold their tents like the Arabs, and silently steal away.'

not knowin' what to do, I went with my basket onto a bench nigh the frog pond. Folks came to me amazin' that day and One day the gentleman who had learned of her his first lesson in Chrisat night I had two dollars clean profit. Then I saw the Lord's hand; He know'd tianity passing her stand, noticed some I couldn't make a livin' going round, so he gave me the rheumatics, to show me new flags of truce floating from her pip-pins. "Who wrote these, Aunt Betsy?" he asked, pausing to look at the it was best to open a stand on the Complacards. "And since then you have made both

"Oh, Tommy did them sir. He's amazin' smart at such things. He can write like any schoolmaster.'

# The Old Love and the New.

"In two years, Alice, I am coming back with my fortune made to claim

for a letter from Tonany. But no letter came, and a few days later abe found his name among the list of those who, in the great struggle had given up their lives for their country. you." These had been John Maxwell's last She went home that night, and the next words. and there had been a fire in his the eye, and certain lines of determination Common. Noticing her absence, Mr. Speegle went to her humble home at nightfall, The curtains were down, but about his mouth, which argued that he would make them good. But the two years had passed, and for the last six in the dim light he saw her stretched months Alice Tower had heard nothing. upon a bed, and Rose, kneeling by her side weeping. He took her hand, but something in her face kept back the Sitting under the trees one warm May afternooon, she idly wondered whether his silence gave her pain or pleasure. words he would have spoken. After a moment she said : "Mr. Speegle, I'm When John had bidden her good-by the thought of his return had been the susglad you've come. I owe you and you owe me; but I guess the balance is in my taining power in the moment of his departure. Though she had shed bitter favor. Pay it to Rose." "I will," said the man, his voice tears over the story of his many failures; though she had received with gladness the knowledge of his first successes; though she had once waited with impatience for letters that did not come, she

now felt it to be almost a relief. Ah! Alice would not whisper to her own thoughts that there had been another teacher; that not so easy would have been the lesson of forgetfullness had not another lesson been conned in went-went to live in a home even higher above the earth than the top floor its stead. It was all a bewildering maze of that dingy old house at the north end in the little head under the masses of And now, all of her that was ugly, and rich brown hair, with just a glint of red among them as the sun gave them its all that was old, is at rest in a narrow grave not a hundred rods from where I farewell kiss.

But a brighter red stole into rounded cheek as a well-known step drew nearer, and a shadow for which the trees were not responsible was thrown beside her.

"Good evening, Miss Alice," said a cheery voice. "I thought I should find you here. The evening is too lovely for indoor life.

"Yes," she answered, "it is very lovely.

"As it should be," he added, in lower more impressive tones, "to grace your presence. Alice," he continued, throwing himself on the ground beside her, 'shall I tell you why I am so glad to find you here? Because to me it seems the most fitting place to tell you some-thing else, which though you must al-ready know, it is fit that I should put in words. They are poor words, darling. I am not versed in eloquence; and even were I, eloquence might stammer. But they are words as old as the world itself -'I love you.' I have but one hope in life, and that is, that you will share it. It is not much that I can offer you dear. Perhaps I should wait. But yet, why should I? If you love me, you will stand bravely by my side, and we will share whatever storms life may have in store for us, as we share its sunshine. Alice, what is your answer? Will you

be my wife?"

Ah, it had come at last! Once the girl had tried to check the torrent of his words. He had but caught the little, detaining hand in his own strong palm and held it tightly. The small head had dropped lower. A short, gasping sound was in her throat, letting no word find its way there. What was she to do? Two shame. years ago she had given another promise; two years of toil and homesickness had he had prepared for his bride, sitting been endured for her sake; but for six with bowed head, when John Maxwell months she had heard nothing. Perhaps sought him out. The interview between John had forgotten her-as-ah, as she them was very brief, but as they parted had almost added, "as she had forgotten their hands met in a long, silent clasp. him." But of John, Dent Dexter knew One man had given happiness-one had nothing, and Dent Dexter she loved. renounced it. So the wedding-day was nothing, and Dent Dexter she loved. renounced it. So it was, that when, half wondering at not postponed, but Alice's fingers tremher long silence, he again repeated his bled as she again fastened her weddingquestion, she simply raised to him the dress, and tears dimmed her eyes as she fair face, and content with what he read bent to fasten the orange blossoms in there, he stooped and pressed his first kiss on the young red lips. her breast. She knew that Dent had taken her back to his heart and home, Somebody has said it was bad luck for a bride to don her wedding-dress before him; but quite how it all happened she the wedding-day. It was all nonsense, Alice thought, as, some six weeks later,

to claim her. His voice was hoarse whe he spoke.

"I came for my bride," he said. "Is she here? Is this dress for me?"

"Have pity," she walled, in answer. "Two years were such a long while. For six months I had not heard from you. I thought you were dead or had forgotten me-

Men do not forget," he answered. "We leave that to the women who undo us. Six months! And it seemed to you a long time to wait. Child, do you know what I have endured for the reward of this moment? What was hunger, toil, privation, homesickness, to me? I al-most welcomed them, for ever behind them was the thought that all were for yon, for the day which was slowly creeping on, when I might stand before you and say: 'Alice, I have proved my love with a price. You may accept it, darling, without fear. It has been purified through fire.' And when, six months ago, my crowning success came, I started in search of you; but the long hardships had done their work. For months I was at death's door, unable to

write or let others write. Then, when I grew stronger I said: 'I will wait until I can go to her.' You were sheltered. cared for, happy. I am as the man who toiled all his life for a glittering diamond, and when at length he picked t up triumphant, discovered it to be a

piece of shining glass," "John, John!" forgive me!" she pleaded, clinging with both hands to his arm, her face upturned in its pale beauty to his. "I loved you then. Be-

lieve me, I loved you then." Be-Through the open window stole her words, paralyzing the form of an unseen listener, who had that moment appeared

upon the scene. What did it mean ? He heard not the man's answering words-"Forgive you? Never !"-but saw only his last, mad, mad, passionate embrace as he snatched her unresisting form in his arms, and covered her face with kisses, which seemed half hatred and half love; then released her, and went out into the night.

The next day a little note was put into John Maxwell's hand; and, as he tore it open, the strong man trembled like a child.

He had grown calmer since the night previous, though all the joy and light-ness had died out of his life.

"You have had your revenge," she wrote. "The man I was to marry saw you take me in your arms, and heard me say that I had loved you. Perhaps I deserved my punishment, but it is very bitter. You left me two years. If you had loved me you would not have done so. I was a child, and forgot you, and learned to love another. I no longer ask you to forgive me, since you have wreaked upon me your revenge." His own life stretched bare, and blank,

and desolate before him. For a moment he felt a wild joy that so hers might prove. The next, after a brief struggle, his manhood conquered.

His revenge should be something nobler than a girl's wrecked life-some-thing which, after long and lonely years, he might recall without a blush

Dent Dexter was alone in the cottage that somehow all had been explained to never knew until a year later, her husband bent over her where she lay with she stood before her mirror and saw re-flected there her own form clad in white silken robes. Dent had been so impatient for their marriage before the July roses faded on the out over her where she lay with her baby-boy sleeping on her breast, and told her all the story, ending with a proud glance at the child, "He gave us our happiness, darling. We will name our boy after the man who wreaked such a noble revenge."

loved God and her country. He D'dn't Bunko. The bunko men who sat down in De troit six weeks ago to make their pile have had a hard time of it, and must be about ready to leave. Fact is, the game is too old to work on our citizens, and strangers who reach here are generally pretty well posted on all sorts of games to deceive. The other day there was a

sides; and every morning with a beating heart, the old woman went to the mail

morning she did not go as usual to

Then her head sank back, and she

am writing, at its head stands a simple

BETSEY SANDERS.

dreadfully innocent looking farmer doing a little trading at a Woodward avenue harness store when one of the bunko steerers got after him for a sheephead. After following the stranger long enough to learn his mame and place of residence, he suddenly confronted him

"You've got the start of me," said the old man as he looked bunko over.

"But I know you. You live just out-side the corporation limits of Blankville, and have got one of the best farms in the

"Yes, that's so, and who be you?" "I'm a brother of the Postmaster." "Is that so?"

folks?

was, but his own son was Postmaster at Blankville. Nevertheless he asked: "Seen your brother lately?" "Not for three months, but I'm coming

up there next week." 'Sure you've seen my farm, are you?

on the corner with: "Hello! Mister Smith! Well, well!"

county.

"Yes, and I've seen you in the post-office a hundred times. How are all the "All well, I believe."

The farmer not only knew what bunke

"Sure? Say, didn't you miss early pears one night last fall?" "Yes." "Well, I-ha! ha!-I'm a great lover of early pears, and I was there about that time.

BY A. E. C.

retains its name is difficult to conjecture, since all the Boston croakers now spend their summers at Newport or Nahant, and their winters in much drier, if not more wholesome quarters.

But a pool of wit has already been shed on this pool of water, and it is not my intention to swell a small pond into an ocean. Abler pens than mine have tried to do that. So I shall content myself with emptying my inkstand upon a little woman who, in rain or shine, week in and week out, for many a long year, kept an apple-stand near the margin of that famous puddle of water. She was little and she was old, and I

do think about as ugly as any woman who has lived since the birth of Evethat first of apple-women-but she loved and served her country, and so, in spite of her ugliness, I feel bound to give her "half a dozen pages of general history." At first she served it by vending green apples and striped sticks of stom-

ach-ache to the hungry lawyers and ragged urchins who congregate about Court Square; and at the same time was sole mistress of a peripaletic shop-a huge willow basket, going about on two legs and open at the top, except in rainy weather, when it was roofed in by a big cotton umbrella.

She was a meagre anatomy, with a sharp nose, a sunken chin, and a hatchet face, covered all over by a shriveled skin of the precise complexion of a peel-ed potato. In winter she wore a faded hood, a blanket shawl, and a woolen hood, a blanket shawl, and a woolen gown-short enough to show a pair of corrugated stockings, far whiter than the snow in the streets of Boston. In summer she was clad in a dainty cap, a calico frock, and a cotton bandana; pinned closely over her bosom; but, sum-mer or winter, she was always elong-ated by a pair of stont brogans, with high heels and thick soles—thick enough one would say, to be impervious to all the moisture that human feet are heir to. But they were not impervious to the rheumatiam. That, one day, got into the legs of the old woman's apple-basket and forced her to shut up her peripatetic shop, and to open one of a less roving character.

Then she pitched her tent upon the Common-or, more literally, she planted there a three legged stool, the big umbrella, and a rough pine table, heaped high with russets, pippins, and gilly-flowers, which she was ready to dispense to all comers, at the rate of one cent for one, and half a dozen-so several paper placards, floating, like flags of truce, from as many golden pippins, told all and singular who frequented the Com-

Business here throve with the old women; for, in pleasant weather, the Com-mon is a great resort for young couples, who bill and coo under the spreading elms or on the iron-clad benckes; and billing and cooing is a decided sharpener of the appetite, as is proved by the lamentable case of the young maiden who died of love and green apples.

There is no telling the quantity of stom-sch-sche and cholers morbus that the old woman daily dispensed to hungry lovers; but it must have been large, since it was often noticed that however high her table was hasped in the morning it was always

pered wonderful. I've paid off the debt. and now when 1 want to I can lay in a stock of ten dollars, and that you know brings apples cheaper."

mon.

"But have you no fear for the coming winter?"

"Yes sir; since then I have been pros-

"No, sir. It's two months off: I can make thirty dollars afore it comes, and

that with what sowing and washing I can do will take us round to the fine weather. "And how old are you?" asked the gen

tleman, looking at her furrowed face and white hairs, which seemed to say a century. "Seventy next Christmas, But

would not think it to look at me. I feel most as pert as when I was thirty.

"And at your age in such poverty, can you always look hopeful at the future?" "Yes, sir. "The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want. He maketh me to lie down in green pastures. He leadeth me beside the still waters.'"

The stranger looked at her in wonder. He had heard those words before, but now they had to him a new sound and a new meaning. All at once it dawned upon him that "the poor are blessed," because of their faith; which, of itself, is "the Kingdom of Heaven." Drawing a roll of bank notes from his pocket, he handed one of them to the old lady. She took it, held it up in curiosity to the candle, and then said, with a smile that made ugly features absolutely handsome:

"It's more money than I ever saw at once afore; 'twould take us clean through the winter. Ye is a good gentleman, and I thank ye; but we can get along, and while we can I don't like to take money

from nobody." This she said in a gentle way, as if she feared to wound his feelings. He made no reply, putting the note back in his pocket, rose and bade her "good-evening " evening.

When he reached the door he turned and saying, "I forgot the children," took both of them up in his arms and kissed them. Then he went down the long stairs, and walked slowly homeward. He had groped in the dark for thirty years, and this old woman had given him his

first living revelation. After that he kept his eye upon her. Every morning and evening he passed her stand on the common, and never went by without saying cheerful words, or pausing to ask after her sick daughter and the children.

"The children are all well, thank you, sir, and Eliza is as well as can be cz-pected," was her almost invariable answer. But one sultry day in August she said:

"She seems to be sinking fast, sir. Way up where we live we don't get none but hot air, and the sun don't come till into the afternoon. 'Pears to me we need sunshine as much as the plants and the flowers.

The next day the gentleman went home earlier than usual, and as he came near the old woman's stand he caught sight of the invalid daughter, seated in a hand wagon, propped up by a pillow, and shaded by the big umbrella. The attention of the old woman was engrossed by a juvenile customer; but the daughter noticed his approach, and called to him as he made as if he would go by without

And how old is he now?"

"Going on fifteen; and I'm thinking, sir, it's about time he was doing something. I might support him some longer; but he's larned all he can larn outside of college."

"What does he take to?" .

"Well, he wants to be a morchant.

suppose he gets a hankerin' arter it from my bein' in the business; but there's a world of wickedness between buyin' and sellin'. Don't ye think he'd better be a lawyer?"

"A lawyer! There's not an honest lawyer living. Let him be a merchant. Send him down to my counting room tomorrow.

Tommy went, and so became under clerk in a large commercial house on the Central Wharf. When he drew his first month's pay he brought it home, and pouring it into his grandmother's lap, then threw his arms about his neck and said:

"Now, grandmother, you shall shut up shop. I won't have no more of your selling apples." But the old woman was not so easily

lured from the "walks of commerce. She still kept her stand ou the Common; but in summer, she staid at home on rainy days, and in winter, laid by, like the frogs, doing neither washing nor

sewing. So three years passed away, and then Fort Sumpter fell, and President Lincoln called for seventy-five thousand volunteers to suppress the rebellion. When Tommy went home that night with the news, his grandmother was thoughtful for a time, then, looking in his face, she said:

"Tommy, the country has done everything for you; hadn't you better do something for the country?"

"You mean I ought to volunteer," said Tommy.

"Yes; if Mr. Speegle is willing." Mr. Speegle was willing; and so, soon

afterwards, a queer scene was witnessed on the common. The whole parade ground was in commotion. A regiment, which had been under review, was marching out of one of the gateways, and the old woman, perched on her threelegged stool, was wildly waving her um-brella, and, at the top of her lungs cheering the departing soldiers. At her back sat a little maiden, holding her head in her hands, and trying to hide her tears in her handkerchief. This was Rose; and Tommy was going away with the regi-ment. He was the only stay of his grandmother; the only hope of her eighty years; but cheerfully, and at her own prompting, she had given him up to the country. "The country had done every-thing for him; he ought to do something "The country had done everyfor the country.'

He was away several months, and then same back, re-enlisted, and went away again, leaving his bounty with his grandmother. After this he was often heard from, and always with honor; and the old woman seemed to grow young again, in recounting his daring deeds to some pa-tient listener at her apple stand. "Just to think," she would say, with tears in her eyes, "that such a poor woman as me should rear such a brave boy for the

At last news came of a great battle

"Say, I'd like to speak to you," said the farmer, as he looked up and down the street. "Certainly. Then we'll have a glass

of beer together and I'll show you around town.

The two walked up Congress street to Bates, and half way down Bates to Larned, and then the farmer reached for

the collar of the bunko chap and said: "When I found them pears gone I swore I'd lick the thief if I had to live a

hundred years to do it!"

'But I-I-!"

"Stole my pears, did you-robbed my pet trees, ch?" growled the farmer as he slammed the young man around.

"No! no! I never ----!" "Lying won't help you a bit!" mutter-

ed the eld man, and he put on steam and cracked the boy's heels together, slammed him against a brick wall, and flung him on a snow heap with only breath enough left in his body to agitate a feather, while his store clothes were a sad sight to see.

"He stole my airly pears last fall," ex-plained the old man as several persons came running up, "and if I haven't got the worth of 'em back I'll have to wait till some other time. He'll come to directly, and if he feels like talkin' he'll give you all the little particulars!" But when bunko was helped to his feet

he wouldn't say a word, and was in such a hurry to get somewhere that he wouldn't stop to dig the snow out of his back hair.— Detroit Free Press.

## The Decision Against the Banks.

A Washington dispatch of the 11th A Washington dispatch of the lith says: There has been a suppressed fever about the treasury all day, owing to the forthcoming decision on the application of the national banks to re-deposit bonds withdrawn during the funding bill scare and take back the lawful money deposited for circulation. The cabinet took the matter under advisement, and Secretary Windom having given the subject careful consideration, declared it was contrary to the spirit of the law and against the uniform practice of the department for the banks to do what they now desired to do, and it was a dangerous power for them to preserve. The president and nearly every member of the cabinet had something to say upon the subject, and there was a gen eral agreement upon the character of the decision. After the cabinet session, Secretary Windom returned to the treasury and found himself quite over-whelmed with advice by mail and tele-graph from New York. Dispatches kept coming in the rest of the day, and there were frequent callers who made a special effort to ascertain the views the treasury would hold, in time to telegraph the stock operations. It was not until past 4 o'clock that the matter was finally given out, immediately after which the secretary left the building.

A gravestone in Woonsocket cemetery bears, beside the ordinary inscription, the words, "This stone is not paid for," cut in by the irate maker.

the outside walls of the pretty little cot-tage he had prepared for her home-nest, that she had been forced to yield to his wishes, and now but few short days would intervene before she would cross its threshold as his wife.

In all these weeks she had told him In all these weeks she had told him nothing of John. Somehow she could not gather courage to frame the words. And John had forgotten her. He would never know. It was better that he should not. Love is ever jealous, and he might upbraid her, or think even that while he had won her that she might prove inconstant to him as to her very own she would whisper the story into his ear, and they would bury poor

John together. Poor John! She wished she had not thought of him, as she stood in her wed- ing, when striking an African native in a ding-dress. The air was very heavy to-night. It was this which oppressed her he was astonished to see sparks pro-80

her door. The little maid entered.

"Oh, Miss Alice! law, Miss, how beautiful you do look! The gentleman is down stairs and wants to see you immediate, Miss."

The gentleman! Of course she meant Dent. She had a great mind to run down just as she was, to hear if he would echo the little maid's verdict, and say that he, too, though her very beautiful The impulse of vanity was not to be resisted, and gathering up her silken skirts, she ran lightly down the stair-electrical phenomena among the human way.

The room was in a shadow, the large, old-fashioned lamp on the table burning dimly; but sitting in the corner of the sofa she saw a man's form-a man who rose impetuously to his feet as she entered.

With a smile upon her lips and in her eyes, and a bright spot of scarlet on her cheeks, she tripped across the floor and turned the lamp so that its light streamed full upon her, and looked up into Dent's face to see the look of love and admira-tion gathering there—looked to find it not Dent, but some one who, for a moment, seemed a stranger-some one whose face was bronzed and bearded, but with a strange pallor gathering on it as he looked in vain for the words of love and recognition which did not comelooked for her own paling face, from the dying spots of scarlet on her cheek to the silken train which swept the floor in its purity, and the orange flowers she had fastened in her breast. Yes she

knew him now. It was John come home ' 100 brown stone front dwellings.

## Electricity in the Human Body.

Many people are familiar with the "spark" which may be produced under certain conditions by stroking the fur of a cat; and travelers in Canada and other cold, dry countries have witnessed the still more remarkable phenomenon of the human body being turned into a conductor of electricity, and the possibility of lighting the gas by merely placing one's finger-giving the necessary con-ditions of electrical excitement-near the might prove inconstant to him as to her first lover. Some day when she was his very own she would whisper the story A. W. Mitcheson, the African traveler. who is engaged in writing a narrative of his exploring expeditions in Western Central Africa, gives some still more startling facts. He states that one evenduced, and still more surprised to find "Come in," she called, to the knock at that the natives themselves were quite accustomed to the phenomenon. subsequently found that a very light touch, repeated several times, under certain conditions of bodily excitement, and in certain states of the atmosphere, would produce a succession of sparks from the bodies of native men as well as native cattle. A lazy negro, it seems, yielded none of these signs of electricity, a rather fortunate circumstance for his more active brethren, who may come in

race. We are not aware that these facts have been recorded by other travelers, but they certainly deserve thorough sift-ing by competent observers.-[London Lancet.

German Coffee Cake .-- Two heaping offee-cups of bread dough, four heaping tablespoonfuls of sugar, one-half cup of butter and drippings (equal parts of each); mix all well together, and add one large handful of flour; mix well again, and set it aside to rise. When sufficiently raised, roll out about threefourths of an inch thick and place in buttered tins, and raise again until quite light. Then beat the yolk of an egg with a tenspoonful of milk, and rub it over the top with a brush, and bake. When done, brush again with milk, and sprinkle with sugar and cinnamon on the top; or, before baking, brush over it melted butter, and sprinkle with sugar and cinnamon.

The Astors of New York own about 1,-