A VISION

By hands invisible I was caught Up to a rare and dizy height. Hard by the places where are wrought The miracles of the Infinite. The springs of the world were set in play Before me, and I looked far down The sapphire reaches that stretch away Through starry spaces to the Unknown: Feit Earth's fine heart b' ats rise and fall, Had power conferred to apprehend The immortal longings which ascend From burdened breasts in hut and hall; Saw how human instinct shoots Its loving fibers all abroad, Firm grappling with its deepest roots The restful soils ordained of God. -Richard Realf.

A YOUNG NAPOLEON.

I. "When is it to be?"

I asked John Strong this question be cause he was my intimate friend. He had hold me all about his engagement with Varina Vincent, the pretty school teacher. He had opened his heart to me, and I felt that I had the right to ask when the wed-

ding would take place. To my surprise Strong's handsome face clouded and he paused for a moment before making a reply.

"To tell you the truth," he said, "we do not see our way clear to an early marriage. We are both poor, but we are young and can afford to wait."

I said nothing, but I could not help thinking. In a small town like Cottonville Strong was regarded as a very prosperous young man. He had saved a few thousand dollars, and his salary was the highest paid to any one in the place. Only a few years before Strong had entered a country store as a clerk on starvation wages. He had advanced steadily until he had become the cashier of the only bank in Cottonville.

"I have done pretty well," resumed Strong, giving me a keen glance, "but I do not know exactly how I stand. Some of my investments may turn out well, or they may ruin me. Besides, I have borrowed some money.

"That is what I cannot understand," I interrupted. "You are prospering, and yet you borrow money for speculations. That is not wise."

Strong laughed, and threw his head back proudly.

"Old fellow, you don't know my plans," he answered; "I have never made a failure yet. I have the gift of seeing farther ahead than most people, and I am going to utilize it. I borrow money, but I know where to place it. I don't venture beyond my depth. Debt is a blessing under some circumstances. The most successful nations and individuals go the deepest in debt "

It was useless to argue with Strong. In our debating society he had always come off victor in every discussion. Self poised, well equipped and magnetic, there were few men, or women either, that he could not win over to his side.

"Varina understands me," he said. "She is willing to wait. She knows that it is best for us both."

"Well, my young Napoleon," I re-marked, "I hope that one of your brill-iant, speculative campaigns will satisfy your ambition, and that you will then settle down and marry and take life as you find it. Only a few men find the short cuts to fame and fortune, and it is dangerous to seek them."

Everybody in Cottonville called Strong the young Napoleon of business. His "brilliancy, his rapid intuition, his imperious ways, and the fact that his classic features resembled somewhat those of the great Corsican, had fixed the name on him when he was in his teens. And he liked it. All men like to think that they resemble heroes and conquerors.

biggest rallway magnates in the country messed through. Strong was with the party, but he left it, and spent half a flay at his old home. He was with Varina most of the time and I saw him only a moment. "No changes, I see," said he in a curt businesslike way, "not a house painted, and not a hammer has been heard since I

ft. Everything is just the same." "Varina, too?" I suggested. left. "Yes, Varina, too," he replied. "Poor

little thing. Do you know that she lacks force of character?"

"I think nothing of the kind," I an-swered shortly, "she certainly has a great deal of patience under trying circumstances, and there is some force of character in that."

Strong's eyes fell, and he gave me a parting clasp of the hand. He had to rejoin the railway kings at their next stopping place. It was hard to tear himself away, but it could not be helped.

His visit could not have been very satisfactory to Varina, for from that time I saw a change in her. Her face began to have a weary, and look, and she plodded on with her school work, withdrawing herself almost entirely from society. She still received letters from New York, but they were less frequent than formerly.

When Strong paid his next visit to Cottonville, the following year, he was a millionaire. This time he remained several days, and was at his best. Everybody remarked that prosperity had not spoiled him. He was devoted to Varina, but the poor girl seemed to be in a dazed state. She saw something in her lover that no one else saw, a coldness that she alone could detect.

After his departure we all began wondering when the marriage would take I had said nothing to Strong about place. t, and he had not mentioned it to me. Only once had he said anything that remotely referred to it.

"You people call we a rich man," he said, "and I suppose i am, but you do not know how complicated my business is. I am liable any night to go home a million or two richer or a wreached pauper. For God's sake let speculation alone!

I thought of Strong's words often during the next year. From time to time we heard of his success. Everything that he touched seemed to turn to gold. Even in New York men spoke of him as the young Napoleon.

It was an awful crash, and it carried some of the proudest firms in the great city down with it

In our little village we could hardly realize it. Surely Strong had been prudent enough to save something out of the wreck

Our hope proved to be without foundation. Not only had Strong's entire fortune been swept away, but he would have to begin the world again owing fully a miltion dollars.

The brave fellow bore up for a few days. His conduct was so manly that there was some talk of setting him upon his feet again, and it was predicted that he would retrieve his losses and make another for-

But the strain was too much. Finally he staggered to his bed, and when he arose from it, long weeks afterwards, his attack of brain fever had done its worst.

"He is a mental wreck," said Banker Jones, who had just returned from New York.

"Is there no hope?"

"None whatever. He will never regain his senses. He may improve physically, but his mind is gone forever. "We must do something for him," I

said. "Something has been done," replied

Jones with very moist eyes. "Varina" "What has she done?"

"That noble woman, sir, went on to New York with her uncle. They took poor Strong and placed him in a private asylum, where he will receive every care

THE DIFFERENCE.

Touch me, clasp me and keep me fast; Yet warm and near as your touch may hold me, And close as your clinging clasp may fold me, Time langhs it away and it cannot last.

Grieve me, leave me, but if you give The thoughts of your heart in any fashion, In words of wisdom or words of passion, It atays with me while I breathe and live. -Mary Ainje De Vere in The Century.

NO MERCY FOR PIRATES.

I have several times heard my father, who was a lieutenant aboard of H. M. S. Spitfire, tell of his adventures among the pirates who used to make the coasts of Arabia and Persia such a terror to seamen. It took many years and plenty of hard knocks to clear the seas of those gentry, and the crews of the war ships received more wounds than prize money. One story in particular, which I heard my father tell several times over, had a pecu liar interest for me, for I had seen the vessel spoken of in dock at Liverpool. I will give the yarn in his own language as

dive Islands to the Gulf of Aden, and were just inside the Island of Socotra, when we picked up a sailor floating on a plank. It was about 7 o'clock in the morning, with little or no sea running, and the lookout saw him when he was yet a mile away. How he was preserved from the sharks has always been a matter of mystery to me. When we lowered a boat to pick him up he was fairly surrounded by the hungry monsters. Through the ship's glass I counted nineteen cutting the water around his float, and I could not believe that the boat would be able to reach him before he was drawn down. If Providence ever makes a special effort for poor humanity it made a grand effort to preserve that sallor's life and permit him to fulfill his mission. He was drawn safely aboard the Boat, and when he had had a glass of grog we got his story. He had been second mate on board an American brig named the True Flag. I think she hailed from Boston, but am not sure. I saw her in Liverpool three years before this incident, and painted on her stern was the first American flag I had ever seen except at a dis-This was the reason I rememtance. bered her above all others.

"The American had been up the gulf and into the Red sea, and had come out with part of a cargo and was going up to Mirbat to finish loading, when he was attacked by three pirate dhows. This occurred the evening before, and only twenty miles north of the island. The attack was made after sundown, and while two other merchantmen were in sight. The dhows had been noticed hovering about, and their evil intention was suspected, but it was little the crew of the brig could do to defend themselves. They had a few old muskets and cutlasses, but the dhows ran the brig aboard, poured fifty or sixty men on to her decks. and the fight was over in five minutes. The mate, knowing that all was lost, had gone overboard with a plank during the confusion, and the wind and sea had drifted him down across our course. There was no doubt that every man aboard the brig had been cut down or saved for captivity and ransom, and that the vessel had been thoroughly plundered by that time, but it was just such an incident as we wanted to hear of. We hadn't had a brush with the pirates for several weeks, and were getting rusty for the want of work.

"The Spitfire was, of course, a sailing ship. She was a snug craft of thirty-six guns, with a strong and ready crew, and the first thing done after hearing the sailor's story was to heave her to in the light wind and transform her from a taught and attention. You know that Varina and trim man-of-war into a merchantman. I had charge of this work, and it was not the first time we had made the change to deceive the pirates. Inside of three hours the best glass aboard of a dhow could not have told the Spittire, of an article of jewelry, and was searching the royal navy, from the Sarah Jane, of New Bedford. And then we beat up to the north for further news concerning the brig. The wind was light and baffling, and when night came we had seen nothing. Just at dark, however, a French bark coming out of Keshin reported seeing three dhows and a brig standing in for a bay between Mirbat and the latter place-a hiding place and rendezvous, as we had previously been informed. could do nothing going in there in the night, but we stood on till pretty well in to the coast and then prepared to lay off and on. After midnight we got a stiffish land breeze and had to run to sea, and it was well that this happened so. When morning came we could just make out the coast range of mountains through the glass, and the breeze was dead against us. It was only well into daylight when the dhows were espied coming out. We set a signal of distress and pointed the ship's nose for the gulf, but we took good care not to run too fast. "The success of the evening previous had emboldened the pirates. I don't I don't know what sort of a looking over they gave us from their mastheads, but they were certainly deceived as to our identity. They did not come dead at us on the start. probably intending to give us a bit of investigation, but no sooner did the signal of distress become plain to them than each dhow altered her course and bore straight down. Did not our signal call for help? Was it not their duty to hasten to our nid? There was but one other sail in sight, and she was well up the gulf. The pirates had a clear coast and a hapless cisco Post. victim, and they cracked on all sail. They had scarcely been seen before the Yankee mate recognized them as the identical dhows of the day previous, and after that we had no fears of making a mistake. Our whole crew entered into the scheme with a will. While we did not bent to quarters, every gun was made ready, ammunition passed up, and long enough before the dhows were up we had every preparation made. Two-thirds of the men were kept in shelter behind the bulwarks, and the pirates could see nothing walk away. to arouse a suspicion. "The piratical crafts came along in a bunch. They were of about the same size and burden, and each carried fully forty men. When they had come down within cannon shot they separated, having probably planned to lay us aboard stem and stern, but our captain did not propose to let it go that far. While he could have no doubt of our ability to clean out the scoundrelly gang, he realized that a hundred determined fellows dumped upon our decks with pistols and cutlasses meant death and wounds to some of our crew. Just as the dhows separated our ports were knocked open, the guns run out, and next moment we were giving it to them hot and heavy. The fellows could not have been more surprised had the sea suddenly opened to swallow them up. Each of the dhows had a couple of cannons on deck, but there was no thought of using them. The knowledge that they had saught a Tartar seemed to unnerve them,

and the first dhow had gone down before either of the other two seemed to think of Then it was too late. Our shot escape. went right through them and left terrible gaps for the sea to pour in, and in just seven minutes by the watch from the firing of the first gun we got the order to cease firing.

"One dhow was at the bottom, the second with her rail awash, and the third was on her beam end and slowly turning turtle. The survivors of our cannonade were floating about on pieces of the wreckage, but by the time we had lowered our boats and picked up seven the rest had been pulled under by the sharks, which came to the feast in a great school. Among those rescued were the captains of two of the dhows. Seven worse looking villains than those we picked up were never seen in or out of prison. They were a defiant lot, too. Having recovered from' their shock of surprise, and comprehending that a trick had been played on them, they fought us even as we rescued them from the sharks. No matter how bad a gang you get a hold of, on sea or land, some one of them will be ready to 'turn nose' to save his neck. It was so in this case. Six of them refused to answer a question concerning the American brig, but the seventh was willing to tell all if it

would save him from the yardarm. He said that every one of the crew had been made away with, and that the brig was then lying in the bay spoken of. They were intending to plunder, dismantle and scuttle her, but had not yet begun the work, having espied the Spitfire and come out to investigate her. He gave the num ber of men aboard the three dhows at 110.

"In those days the captain of one of her majesty's vessels on a foreign station, or might say on a barbarous coast, had things much his own way. Breakfast was only over when our captain ordered whips at the yardarms, and informed the six pirates that their time had come. Not a man of them even changed countenance, while each uttered the word 'Kismet'-it is fate. Each man went to his death as calmly as if it was an every day affair, and the informer gazed upon the spectacle with as little concern as you please. When the necks of the six were well stretched bodies were lowered and sent to the sharks. Then we spruced up a bit, headed in for the bay, and by mid-afternoon were alongside the brig. She was auchored, within pistol shot of the shore, and nine or ten villainous Arabs made their escape from her before we had come up.

"The sights aboard that brig have always haunted me. There were stains of blood all over her decks, proving that the crew had fought a gallant fight, and in the cabin were the gory heads of two of the sailors. At the foot of the companion was a bloody hand, and near the scuttle butt was another. I believe three or four of the brig's crew surrendered, and were deliberately tortured to death. Our cap tain had agreed to spare the informer We put a crew aboard the brig to life. sail her out, and when ready to go the Arab was ordered overboard. It was only a fair swim to shore, and he did not need to be told twice. He made a dive off th rail, came up like a duck, and then heade for the beach with an easy stroke. H had gone about fifty yards when a doze: of our crew called out in chorus. We say two or three black fins cutting the water a gleam of white at the surface, and the swimmer was gone."-New York Sun.

Pet Superstitions of the Fair.

The other evening I went to a party and tried to find out the pet superstition o each girl I danced with. And they al have them. One wouldn't go under a leaning ladder, another would be sure o becoming ill if she saw the moon over he left shoulder, another would not read an epitaph for fear of losing her memory One girl told me she could stop a dog' howl any time by taking off her shoe and pitting in it. In drawing her kerchici from her bosom a narrow slip of paper fluttered to the ground, on which were some hieroglyphics. "Oh, my charm!" she exclaimed. I supposed she had lost about for it when she seized upon the scrap of paper as though it were a deed to a San Diego corner lot. My curiosity was aroused, and she explained that it was a charm insuring success in undertakings. purchased by her at a great price from an Egyptian fortune teller in Paris, and that its possession alone amounted to nothing. but it must be put into the pocket or in the bosom of a dress during the recital of an Egyptian verse. If one failed to remember that, however, the Lord's prayer might be substituted. I have taken notes since then, and I find here is not one of the sweet creatures that has not her pet superstitious whim.] have a little friend on Van Ness avenue who would go to church with her sealskin jacket wrong side out, if by any improb ability she happened to get it on that way, rather than incur the bad luck sure to overtake her by taking it off to change it. know a girl on Fourteenth street, in Oakland, who becomes quite radiant when her dressmaker is obliged to rip a seam she has just sewed, as she is sure she will live to wear the garment out. I remember visiting a ranch where bees were kept and the hostess telling me the honey was a failure that year on account of neglecting to rap on the bee house to tell the occupants that her father had died. 'He died very suddenly," she said, pathetically, "and in the surprise and hurry and all we forgot all about it until day light, and it was too late then, for he'd been dead four hours, and the bees must be told within the hour or you'll lose 'em all, and sure enough we did."-San Fran-

INDECICION.

Invisible, unspeakable, whose voi In the soft murmur of this neighboring sea, From the beginning everlastingly From the organizing energize my choice: Is thy own witness, energize my choice: Even now, by more than half the allotted span Wisely assigned, the unreturning years In timorous doubts and all too scrupulous fear Have dwindled sore my little term of man.

Must it be ever thus? even to the end

Fearing to do aught lest I do the wrong! Shall I my spirit's patrimony spend? Arise, O God! this hour and make me strong; Let me this hour to fruitful usury lend One talent in the napkin buried long.

-The Spectator.

BEATTIE'S APPARITION.

The city was creeping up that way there was no manner of doubt about that. Indeed, why should one say it was creep ing up? It had crept up already. To be sure, there were lone blocks here and there as yet, defined solely by a line of curbstones, intersected at right angles by unpaved roads that, after rains, turned into canals of oozing mud, and bestrewed over their quadrangular expanse with ejected tomato cans, old shoes and such rubbish generally as habituaky tenants those waste suburban spaces given over to to the frolicsome goat-blocks, in short, which a belated wayfarer in the vicinity of the park would be apt to pass through at a more or less rapid pace after 10 o'clock at night.

But other blocks again were, always with gaps and hiatuses of empty lots between, what one might call built up. semi-rural mode of life obtained with the inhabitants, some of whom kept a few chickens in their yards. Many of these houses were divided into flats, and the separate dwellings brought low rents, as yet. It was a refuge within city limits for business men who had failed honorably, not being quite abreast of the progressive spirit of the times, and for unambitious young people beginning life-of these there were not many. Now, a number of these houses-in

fact whole rows here and there in the vicinity-were owned by Timothy Pinck-ney, and it has been said that they brought comparatively low rents. Nevertheless Timothy was well content. He knew that the rents would increase by and by. And he held on to his property and dreamed dreams of the future when it would make him many times a million-

This prospective millionaire, with now more money in his coffers than any one knew, lived in a two-story white frame house whose rear yard was contingent to the rear of some of those very houses owned by him. No one ever saw the inside of that two story frame dwelling for the simple reason that Timothy had no friends, relatives or acquaintances. He had a daughter, to be sure-a young, plump and black eyed thing, with long, demure lashes, who occasionally appeared at the door when a tinman came around to negotiate exchanges of old bottles and rags. But Timothy evidently intended to keep his Bertha's charms safely away from the covetous eyes of gallants. The women of the neighborhood-for instance, the undertaker's wife across the lot-were

had a new frock from year's end to year's end; no, "nor a new bunnit, neither. Well, Timothy was a pitiless and pitiful old miser; there was no question of that. And, seeing that he was progressing in years, he ought to have commenced to realize, mark and repent of the evil of his course. But it is safe to surmise that his conscience had given him no uneasiness of any sort this long time past. His digestion was as satisfactory as that of an ostrich, and his thoughts were pleasantly occupied with airy or arduous computations, as the case might be, day in and day out. When the stomach and the

quite aware that black eyed Bertha never

days more sultry and nights more of pressively flavored with the olors far the bone factories across the river. The plump and black eyed Berths, so child, would doubtless have liked to pe

child, would doubtless have liked to be ticipate in that social life which do tributed itself over open thresholds a upon friendly carbstones these bradh nights. But no such innocent delet were comprised in Timothy Pinckse system of discipline. He believed hime in early hours, as being an economy in light, and six nights out of the seven as him already in his room and in his la him already in this total and in ha be before the last lingering rays of the ven twilight had quite faded out of the six expecting, of course, like regularity hours from his daughter.

Therefore, returning home on one of sion unusually late-the bells of an Eg sion unusually late—the bells of as by copal chapel a few blocks distant had no struck 11—his ready wrath was kided by seeing a feeble ray filtering on the by seeing a record ray intering out has one of the windows on the ground form he approached his house. It disappend he approached his house. he approached his house. I a mapped immediately again, and Timothy upped immediately again, and through upped -that was the way with these give that Bertha had grown nervous and ma down and then into the back of the base down and then into the back of the base the kitchen, there to wait for his rise In accordance with this supposition In accordance with this supposed is a stead of applying his latch key to be front door he made a detour by the used the house and came out by the beau fence surrounding the yard. There is been a good many heavy clouds datus There be ing the moonlight, so that the night to rather dark. But at that moment the shone forth with a sudden silvery splents and Timothy distinctly saw some on

something-dart rapidly across the part Now, Timothy had well nigh forma the occurrence of that other memory night. For a few days (though he is never tolerated an allusion to it the Bertha, after that one moment of hars stricken abandon) he had been haun with an abiding terror, which every as and then sent the cold perspiration raand then sent the cost per-praton as ning down his back. But that had was off, and he had recently only looked had upon what had happened then as upon hallucination which had come of his me heated blood and overtaxed nerves in general indisposition; promising hims grimly, that if ever he wrought himself thinking of Beattle and all that dead has ness again, buried long ago-well, is would know it!

But all this elaborate and defan philosophy sank together like a beap d ashes when he saw that shadow cross is His knees shook and his hand yard. trembled. He stood still, with his atte ies pounding wildly and his eyes stars into the yard, which the moon, now whe once more, only illuminated in a fam

and ghostly way. Then he saw a ray of light shine at from the kitchen window. To make an dash for that became his only insting To stand there a second longer had is come unbearable.

He moved and passed through the m in the fence. He took a few steps. Sm thing moved in front of him.

He wanted to cry out, but his tongs seemed glued to the roof of his mouth Again a sudden burst of mounties And this time no mistake, no dela possible. Four steps in front of h turning a ghastly white face upon ha rooted to the spot, stood Beattie!

Beattie, as he had stolen up to the m in the fence that other night, pressed in face through it and gazed at him with it

distended eyes, and vanished! A low cry of horror came from is house. The kitchen door had be opened. Bertha stood upon the tim hold. One second she stood, then s glided forward and past the apparit and threw herself on her father's brea "Father, father! Oh, don't look som fully! Say something!"

"Sir-Mr. Pinckney," said the app tion, instead, and, for an apparities, had a wonderfully substantial via though one that trembled and quis "I can explain everything if you will a me." "Yes, yes; he can explain everything" repeated Bertha, hysterically. "Yes, sir! Explain, sir! Explain" thundered Timothy Pinckney, in trans dous tones. "Who are you, sift Im-passing in my yard at this time of night" "Mr. Pinckney, my name is Beattie" "Beattie? I see it is, sir! Gom." "And-and-Mr. Pinckner, 14 I love Bertha and Bertha loves me. "The devil she does!"

near as I can: "We had run across from the Lacca-

II. "Twenty thousand dollars profit in cotton futures!"

It was a big thing for Cottonville. But the young Napoleon took it quietly. He was not surprised, he said to his inquiring friends. He had felt certain that he would make a ten strike.

"I am off for New York," said Strong, the next day after the intelligence of his good fortune had reached him. "Goodby, old fellow."

"But when are you coming back ?" I asked, holding him by the hand.

"Oh, I don't know. I can't very well say at present."

"There is Varina!" I exclaimed. "Ah. I see. After your return there will be a wedding."

"Don't bother me with that subject now," snapped my friend; "my head is full of important business matters, and I must go to New York. There is no way out of it. It is all right with Varina. Of course I am coming home as soon as I possibly can, but I have an opportunity of getting on the inside in Wall street, and I must go."

"Getting on the inside?"

"Yes, I said so. But you know nothing about speculation and care less. I mean just this: I have some friends there who will put me up to something that will pay better than any of my past ventures."

"My dear friend," I urged, "why not let well alone? With your present start you will soon be the richest man in Cottonville."

"In Cottonville!" he sneered. "There, never mind that. I like the town and I am coming back. Goodby."

People shook their heads at first. In a few weeks their suspicions were confirmed. Strong had plunged into the very vortex of the speculative maelstrom in Wall street, and it was not long before we heard that he had made another lucky hit.

"Strong is a phenomenal genius in his way." said Banker Jones to me one day. "He reads human nature at a glance, and can adapt himself to any class of men. I have no doubt that he is as much at home among the New York capitalists as if he had been one of them always. And he will impress them, too, just as he im-pressed people here."

I ventured to express a doubt.

"You are mistaken," said Jones. "Have you never noticed a few rare men who seem to have nothing in common with the people around them-men who, from their birth, are cosmopolitan by nature, with nothing provincial about them? Strong is such a man. A stranger could not tell from his appearance and conversation what part of the country he is identified with. In New York, San Francisco or New Orleans he would be at home. It is only here, where he was born, that he appears to be altogether different from his fellows."

Banker Jones was something of a philosopher and I had to yield to him.

philosopher and I had to yield to him. I saw Varina every day. Sometimes I was at the postoffice when she called for her mail, and I was always well pleased to see her bend her pretty head and hurry off with a white envelope bearing the New York postmark, and addressed in the handwriting so well known to me. It was nearly a year before Strong re-turned, and then it was only on a flying yisit. A special car bearing some of the

has given up her school and is living with her uncle, who is going to make her his heiress. Well, those two are going to foot the bills and see to it that Strong is taken care of as long as he lives." . .

It was years afterward when I saw Strong for the first time since his misfor-

Business had called me to New York. and on the second day after my arrival I visited the asylum, a short distance from the city.

At first I thought that Strong had completely recovered, he was looking so well, but his talk undeceived me.

"And how is Cottonville?" he asked. 'Slow old place, too slow, no progress, nothing to keep a man of ability there. Why don't you come here! I have some big schemes on foot, and possibly I'll let you in."

I was glad to see that he recognized me, and I humored his rambling talk for an hour.

"J saw Varina before I left," I said.

"Varina! Oh, little Varina Vincent.

Do you know I once thought of marrying her, but I saw that it wouldn't do. Good girl, but no force of character, you know. Why, they call me the young Napoleon of finance. Now, how would such a wife have suited me? Well, I managed it so as not to hurt her feelings. I let the engagement run along, and at last she offered to release me. I accused her of not having faith in me, and got in a high dudgeon and accepted my freedom. Good, wasn't it!".

It was too much for me. I rose to go. Strong accompanied me to the door, and chatted about his imaginary speculations. "Stay!" he cried, as I was leaving. He handed me a little flower from the profusion that decked his table.

"Give that to Varina," he said.

I took it and rushed off, unable to speak.

Of course I pressed that flower, and took the utmost care of it until I reached Cottonville.

When I gave it to Varina, and told her who sent it, the poor thing cried over it until I thought her heart would break. Women are so peculiar.-Wallace P. Reed in Atlanta Constitution.

An Absent Minded Person.

One of the most absent minded of men lived and died, not long ago, in a town not far from Concord. He was a most worthy minister of the Gospel, and conducted the greater part of one long midsummer service with one pair of heavy spectacles on his nose and another capted high up on his massive forehead.

He once called on a lady parishion r and invited her with characteristic politeness to go to ride. She accepted gladly and "fixed up," only to find with the dominie when they reached the door that he had made his call on horseback, and that his chaise was at his home a half dozen miles away .-- Concord Monitor.

The Galveston News says Texas has 2,300,000 dogs. The dogs cost their owners five cents a day per head, or altogether \$45,000,000 a year, and sheep owners \$5,000,000 a year more, s total of \$50,000,900.

His Flyship on a Spree.

The bartender said: "A roach is a sappy, harmless drunkard, but liquor nakes a fly quarrelsome." At that instant a big house fly fell into a glass of hampagne that one of the spectators of the roach's debauch was preparing to trink. The fly was rescued from the wine and layed on the counter. He ap-peared at first to be dead, but he finally revived, struggled to his feet and tried to One of the spectators thrust ais finger before the fly's head, but his flyship paid no heed to the act. He walked about in a circle and staggered like a toper. Occasionally the legs on one side of his body would give out and he would fall over on his back, wearily wave his legs in the air and then lie motionless and supremely contented. A magnifying glass was produced and a view of the fly's countenance showed that his eyes were glassy and his expression idiotic as compared with that of the temperate by. When the wine had begun to fully assert its power the fly struggled to his feet and proceeded to vindicate the bartender's estimate of him. He reeled along the counter until he met a sober fly that was making toward a cube of loaf sugar. The toper darted toward the temperate fly and attacked him with malice aforethought. The temperate fly tried in vain to escape. Then he turned on his assailant, rolled him over on his back and left him with his legs in the air.

brain are thus in good condition it is astonishing how little place there remains for conscience in all the human mechanism.

However, one hot night in June Timothy came home not feeling quite so well as usual. The day had been sultry and he had walked about a great deal in the busy marts of commerce down town and in the sun. He had a headache and it made him cross. But after Bertha had gotten him his supper, and he had no apetite for it, these novel phenomena made him pensive instead.

He went out in his back yard and sat down on an overturned barrel and began to breathe the evening air. It was heavy, and compounded of many local and indigenous odors, not all of them pleasant. On one side there was a gap in the wooden rails of the fence. That gap opened out upon several empty corner lots, rocky in places, and gave an uninterrupted view of the ghastly undertaker's emblem by the side of that functionary's dwelling, diagonally across on the next street. Timothy could not see it this evening. It was too dark. But he knew it was there, and the knowledge somehow was uncom-

fortable. A more agreeable object of contemplation presented itself in the row of buildings before him, the row which represented a portion of his possessions. But his mind seemed determined to take a new course this evening. His thoughts, start-ing from the row of buildings, began to travel backward over the years gone by, and the first acquisitions which had marked them. For the first time in-Lord! how many years!-he thought of Beattie. Now, there was no denying that the first of his good luck had begun with his acquaintance with Beattie. Beattle had given him a great deal of good advice. Yes, and he was very sorry that things turned out just as they did with regard to Beattie. Very sorry. But a man has got to look out for himself. Timothy now repeated that assertion to himself, rising in rebellion against this suddenly resurrected pang of a guilty conscience; repeated it with heat. Some people might say that he had ruined Benttie-Beattie, who had been his first friend-and left him to die in the poorhouse; but he, Timothy Pinckney, would always stand up and say that a man must look out for himself first! Must look out for himself-

In the excitement of these unexpected retrospective memories, Timothy, who had been sitting there in the pure night much longer than he knew, raised up his hand to bring it down with emphasis on his knee. It remained arrested in midair. A trembling seized it. The trembling communicated itself to all his body. A cold sweat beaded his brow. His heart left its normal place and began to thump and flutter horribly in his throat. In a moment more excess of terror gave him a frantic power of locomotion, succeeding upon the first interval of paralysis, and he burst headlong into the kitchen, startling Bertha into dropping a pan she held and causing her to exclaim, as she beheld his blanched visage:

"Good land o' mercy, father! What is the matter?" "I've seen a ghost," he said.

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June went and July came, and with it

"Look here, young man, if I'm name taken, I used to know your father." "Oh, father," moaued Miss Berlin again.

"Don't be a fool!" said the old ma sharply to his offspring. Then-"Cast in, both of you."

When the trembling culprits stori under the dim light of the tallow with the kitchen, Timothy looked Beattie's sa over with lynx eyed scrutiny under ha beetle brows.

"Humph! You don't look so awfull like your dad after all!"

Then-"How Bong's this thing been P ing on under my nose?"

"We've been keepin' company since he winter, Mr. Pinckney, and Bertha pros ised to marry me then. Only as you wen kinder opposed to her meetin' young men we sorter kept it quiet, and Bertha a used to come out in the yard sometimes "While you slunk around the feat,

eh?" "Oh, father!" came from Berths.

Timothy had been ruminating. He looked up.

"You got enough to support a wife" "Yes, sir!" proudly, from the especial bridegroom.

"Well, you can have her."

"Oh, father," said Bertha five minute later, as father and daughter gained the sleeping apartments upstairs. what made you look so dreadful when jus saw Beattle standing in the yard? in looked most-most as frightened as a did !!

"Hold your tongue and mind your bas ness, will you?" said Timothy. And is slammed his bedroom door.

He is still accumulating and rolling whis gains, and neither his conscience as Beattle have troubled this tough old and the time the structure of the structure since.--Agnes Gifford in New York Me

cury.

in the second

Killing a Shark.

A negro cook on board of a Soud schooner is the nuthor of a novel way a killing a shark. He heated a fire brat red hour red hot, wrapped it up in a greasy did and threw it overboard, when the rar cious shark darted after it and swallows it. The shark's fury was soon sublast and he ficated to the surface dead-Ner York Tribune.

There Was No Danger. Old Mrs. Robson-John, I'm afrail d that electric light in front of the house. Old Mr. Robson-There's no datate Bamanthy, the wire is insulted. -Tid liss

A French anthropologist, M. A. Ber

tillon, enumerates twenty-one character istic forms of the human nose.