By Capt. CHARLES KING, U. S. A., juther of "The Colonel's Daughter," "From the Ranks," "The Deserter," Etc.

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WAS nearly midnight, and still the gay party lingered on the veranda. There had been s fortnight of "getting settled" at the new post, preceded by a month of marching that had brought the battalion from distant service to this strange Texan station. The new comers had been hospitably weicomed by the officers of the little garrison of infantry, and now, in recognition of their many courtesies, the field officer commanding the arriving troops had been entertaining the resident officers and ladies at dinner. The colonel was a host in himself, but preferred not to draw too heavily on his reserves of specdote and small talk, so he had called in two of his subalterns to assist in the pleasant duty of being attentive to the infantry ladies, and just now, at 11:45 p. m., he was wondering if Lieut. Perry had not too literally construed his ingructions, for that young gentleman was devoting himself to Mrs. Belknap in s manner so marked as to make the capmin, her lawful lord and master, manifestly uneasy.

Mrs. Belknap, however, seemed to enjoy the situation immensely. She was pretty woman at most times, as even her rivals admitted. She was a beautiful woman at all times, was the verdict of the officers of the regiment when they happened to speak of the matter among nselves She was dark, with lustrous eyes and sweeping lashes, with coral lips and much luxuriance of tress, and a way of glancing sideways from under her heavily fringed eyelids that the younger and more impressionable men found quite irresistible when accorded the rare luxury of a tete-a-tete. Belknap was a big and boisterous man; Mrs. Belknap was small in stature, and soft-very soft-of voice. Belknap was sither brusquely repellent or oppressively cordial in manner; Mrs. Belknap was either gently and exasperatingly indifferent to those whom she did not care to attract, or caressingly sweet to those whose attentions she desired. In their own regiment the young offi-

Belknap it was best to be only very moderately devoted to his pretty wife, and those to whom an unpleasantness with the big captain might have had no terfor of consequence were deterred by the fact that Mrs. Belknap's devotee among the "youngsters" had invariably become an object of coldness and aversion to the other dames and damsels of the garrison. Very short lived, therefore, had been the little flirtations that sprang up from time to time in those frontier posts wherein Capt. and Mrs. Beiknap were among the chief ornaments of society; but now matters seemed to be taking other shape. From the very day that handsome Ned Perry dismounted in front of Belknap's quarters and with his soldiery salute reported to the then commanding officer that Col. Brainard and his battalion of cavalry would arrive in the course of two or three hours, Mrs. Belknap had evinced a contentment in his society and assumed an air of quasi-proprietorship that served to annoy her garrison sisters more than a little. For the time being all the cavsirymen were bachelors, either by actual rank or "by brevet," as none of the ladies of the -th accompanied the battalion on its march, and none were expected until the stations of the regiment n its new department had been definitely settled. The post surgeon, too, was living a life of single blessedness as the sarly spring wore on, for his good wife had betaken herself, with the children, to the distant east as soon as the disappearance of the winter's snows rendered staging over the hard prairie roads a matter of no great danger or discomfort.

It was the doctor himself who, seated in an easy chair at the end of the veranda, first called the colonel's attention to Perry's devotional attitude at Mrs. Beiknap's side. She was reclining in a hammock, one little, slippered foot occasionally touching the floor and imparting a gentle, swinging motion to the , and making a soothing swishwish of skirts along the matting under-neath. Her jeweled hands looked very tlender and fragile and white as they gleamed in the soft light that shone from the open windows of the parlor. They were busied in straightening out the kinks in the gold cord of his forage cap and in rearranging a little silken braid and tassel that was fastened in a clumsy, man like fashion to one of the buttons at the side; he, seated in a camp thair, was bending forward so that his handsome, shapely head was only a trifle higher than hers, and the twohers so dark and rich in coloring, his so fair and massive and strong-came rather too close together for the equanimity of Capt. Belknap, who had estayed to take a hand at whist in the par-

One or two of the ladies, also, were silent observers of the scene—silent as to cause he was tired of hearing all our the scene because, being in conversation at the time with brother officers of Lieut. Perry, they were uncertain as yet how ments on his growing flirtation might | persisted Perry be received That their eyes should oc-Casionally wander towards the hammock about the tassel to-night." and then glance with sympathetic significance at those of some fair aily and me to morrow all you have heard about Intimate was natural enough. But when Dunraven Ranch if I will tell you to It became presently apparent that Mrs night all I know about the tasself lelknap was actually unfastening the little silken braid that had bung on Ned in his spes as her fingers worked; gage our parting ball at . Fort Riley.

when it was seen that sae presently dehe was seen to toss it carelessly-even contemptuously-away and then bend A Story of American Frontier down lower, as though gazing into her shaded eyes. Mrs. Lawrence could stand it no longer

"Mr Graham," said she, "isn't your friend, Mr Perry, something of a flirt?" "Who?-Ned?" asked Mr. Graham, in well feigned amaze and with sudden glance towards the object of his inquiry. "How on earth should I know anything about it? Of course you do not seek expert testimony in asking me. He tries, I

stances. But why do you ask?" "Because I see that he has been inducing Mrs telknap to take off that little tassel on the button of his cap He has worn it when off duty ever since he came; and we supposed it was something

suppose to adapt himself to circum-

he cherished; I know she did." Graham broke forth in a peal of merry laughter, but gave no further reply, for just then the colonel and the doctor left their chairs, and, sauntering over to the hammock, brought mighty relief to Belknap at the whist table and vexation of spirit to his pretty wife. The flirtation was broken at a most interesting point, and Perry, rising suddenly, came over and joined Mrs. Lawrence.

If she expected to see him piqued or annoyed at the interruption and somewhat perturbed in manner, she was greatly mistaken. Nothing could have been more sunshiny and jovial than the greeting he gave her. A laughing apology to Graham for spoiling his tete-atete was accomplished in a moment, and then down by her side he sat and plunged into a merry description of his experiences at dinner, where he had been placed next to the chaplain's wife on the one hand, and she had been properly aggrieved at his attentions to Mrs. Belknap on the other.

"You must remember that Mrs. Wells is a very strict Presbyterian, Mr. Perry; and, for that matter, none of us have seen a dinner such as the colonel gave us this evening for ever and ever so long. We are quite unused to the ways of civilization: whereas you have just come from the east-and long leave. Perhaps it is the fashion to be all devotion to one's next door neighbor at dinner."

"Not if she be as repellent and venerable as Mrs. Wells, I assure you. Why, I thought she would have been glad to leave the table when, after having refused sherry and Pontet-Canet for up- is leaving?" wards of an hour, her glass was filled with champagne when she happened to be looking the other way."

"It is the first dinner of the kind she has ever seen here, Mr. Perry, and I don't suppose either Mr. or Mrs. Wells has been up so late before in years. He would have enjoyed staying and watching whist, but she carried him off almost as soon as we left the table. Our society has been very dull, you know-only ourselves at the post all this last year, and nobody outside of it."

"One would suppose that with all this magnificent cattle range there would be some congenial people ranching near yous Are there none at all?"

"Absolutely none! There are some ranches down in the Washita country, but only one fine one near us; and that might as well be on the other side of the Atlantic. No one from there ever comes here; and Dr. Quin is the only cers soon found that unless they wished living soul in the garrison who ever got to be involved in an unpleasantness with | within the walls of that ranch. What he saw there he positively refuses to tell

> 'You don't tell me there's a ranch with a mystery here near Rossiter!" ex-

claimed Mr. Perry, with sudden interest. "Why, I do, indeed! Is it possible you have been here two whole weeks and haven't heard of Dunraven Ranch?" saw it from a distance when out hunting the other day. But what's the mystery

-what's the matter with it?" "That's what we all want to knowand cannot find out. New, there is ar efforts, Mr. Perry. There is a big wealthy, well stocked ranch, the finest homestead buildings, we are told, in al library, a grand piano, all manner of grass. things indicative of culture and refine ment among its occupants-but the owner only comes around once or twice s year, and is an iceberg of an English man. All the people about the ranch are English, too, and the most repellent, boorish, discourteous lot of men you ever saw. When the Eleventh were here they did everything they could to be civil to them, but not an invitation would they accept, not one would they extend; and so from that day to this none of the officers have had any intercourse with the people at the ranch, and the soldiers know very little more. Once or twice a year some very ordinary look ing men arrive who are said to be very distinguished people-in England; but they remain only a little while, and go

away as suddenly as they came." "And you have never seen any of them?"

"Never, except at a distance. Nor has any one of the officers, except Dr. Quin.

"And you have never heard anything about the inmates and why they keep up this policy of exclusiveness?" "We have heard all manner of things

-some of them wildly romantic, some mysteriously tragic, and all of them probably, absurd. At all events, Capt. Lawrence has told me he did not wish me to repeat what I had heard, or to be concerned in any way with the stories afloat; so you must ask somebody else. Try the doctor. To change the subject, Mr. Perry, I see you have lost that mysterious little silken braid and tassel you wore on your cap button. I fancied there was some romance attached to it, and now it is gone."

Perry laughed, his blue eyes twinkling with fun: "If I will tell you how and where I got that tassel, will you tell me what you have heard about Dunraven Ranchi

"I cannot, unless Capt. Lawrence withdraws his prohibition. Perhaps he will, though, for I think it was only beconjectures and theories."

Well, will you tell me if I can induce the captain to say he has no objection?

"I will to-morrow-if you will tell me "Is it a positive promise? You will tell

"Yes-a promise." "Very well, then. You are a witness Perry's cap ever since the day of his arall the while, too, looking shyly confession. I have worn that tassel ever

tached it from the button and then, half that button ever since the ball until to die and settled down to business, one that button ever since the ball until to hesitatingly, but evidently in compliance night, but I've been mighty careful not so wear that cap on any kind of duty. "And yet you let Mrs Belknap take it

off to-night? "Why shouldn't I? There was no sentiment whatever attached to it I haven't the faintest idea whose it was. and only tied it there for the fun of the thing and to make Graham, here, ask

questions." "Mr. Perry!" gasped Mrs. Lawrence. And do you mean that Mrs. Belknap knows-that you told her what you have just told me?

"Well, no," laughed Perry "I fancy Mrs. Belknap thinks as you thoughtthat it was a gage d'amour. Hallo! look it that light away out there across the prairie. What can that be?" Mrs. Lawrence rose suddenly to her

eet and gazed southeastward in the di

retion in which the young officer pointd. It was a lovely, starlit night. A oft wind was blowing gently from the south and bearing with it the fragrance of spring blossoms and far away flowerts. Others, too, had arisen, attracted by Perry's sudden exclamation. Mrs. Belknap turned tanguidly in her hammock and glanced over her pretty white shoulder. The colonel followed her eyes with his and gave a start of surprise. The doctor turned slowly and composed ly and looked silently towards the glistening object, and then upon the officers of the cavalry there fell sudden astonish

"What on earth could that have been?" esked the colonel "It gleamed like the head light of a locomotive, away down there in the valley of the Monee, then suddenly went out."

"Be silent a moment and watch," whispered Mrs. Lawrence to Perry *You will see it again, and-watch the

Surely enough, even as they were all looking about and commenting on the strange apparition, it suddenly glared forth a second time, shining full and lustrous as an unclouded planet, yet miles away beyond and above the fringe of cottonwoods that wound southeastward with the little stream. Full half a minute it shone, and then, abruptly as before, was hidden from sight.

Perry was about starting forward to join the colonel when a little hand was laid upon his arm.

"Wait; once more you'll see it," she whispered "Then take me in to Capt Lawrence. Do you see that the doctor

Without saving a word to any one, the post surgeon had very quietly withdrawn from the group on the veranda. He could not well leave by the front gate without attracting attention; but he strolled leisurely into the hall, took up a book that lay on the table, and passed through the group of officers seated smoking and chatting there, entered the sitting room on the south side of the hall—the side opposite the parlor where the whist game was in progress-and there he was lost to sight.

A third time the bright light burst upon the view of the gazers. A third time, sharply and suddenly, it disappeared. Then for a moment all was silence and watchfulness; but it came no

Perry looked questioningly in his companion's face. She had turned a little white, and he felt sure that she was

"Are you cold?" he asked her, gently "No-not that; but I hate mysteries after what I've heard, and we haven't you mean by throwing a valuable patent here to the corner one moment." And she led him around to the other flank of the big wooden, barrack like residence of the commanding officer.

"Look up there," she said, pointing to a dark window under the peaked dormer "I've heard there was such a thing; I roof of the large cottage to the south 'That is the doctor's house."

In a few seconds a mint gleam seemed to creep through the slats. Then the slats themselves were thrown wide open a white shade was lowered, and, with exploit worthy your energy and best the rays behind it growing brighter ev ery instant, a broad white light shone forth over the roof of the veranda. Another moment and footsteps were heard this part of Texas. They say it is beau | along the doctor's porch, footsteps that tifully furnished-that it has a fine presently approached them along the

> "Come," she said, plucking at his sleeve, "come away: it is the doctor." "For what reason?" he answered That would seem like hiding. No, Mrs. Lawrence, let us stay until he comes. But the doctor passed them with brief and courteous salutation; spoke of the beauty of the night and the balm of the summery air, and went in again by the main door to the colonel's quarters.

> Then Perry turned to his partner Well, Mrs. Lawrence, what does it all mean? Is this part of what you had to

"Don't ask me now. I-I did not want to see what we have seen, but I had heard queer stories and could not believe them Take me in to Capt Lawrence. please. And Mr Perry, you won't speak of this to any one, will you? Indeed, if I had known. I would not have come out here for the world, but I didn't believe it, even when she went away and took the children."

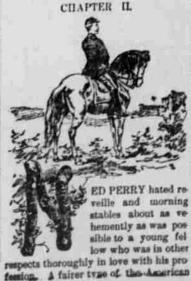
"Who went away?" "Mrs Quin-the doctor's wife. And she was such a sweet woman, and so de-

roted to him." "Well, pardon me, Mrs. Lawrence, don't see through this thing at all Do you mean that the doctor has anything

to do with the mystery? She bowed her head as they turned back to the house "I must not tell you any more to-night. You will be sure to hear something of it all, here Every body on the piazza saw the lights, and all who were here before you came knew

"What were they?" "Signals, of some kind, from Dunraven Ranch."

what they meant."



would hardly ask to find. Tall, athletic, slender of build, with frank, laughing blue eyes, curly, close cropped, light brown hair, and a twirling mustache that was a source of inexpressible delight to its owner and of some envy to his brother subalterns, Mr. Perry was probably the best looking of the young officers who marched with the battalion to this far away station on the borders of the Llano Estacado. He had been ten years in service, counting the four he spent as a cadet, had just won his silver bar as the junior first lieutenant of the regiment, was full to the brim of health. energy, animal spirits and fun, and, barring a few duns and debts in his earlier experiences, had never known a heavier care in the world than the transient and ephemeral anxiety as to whether he would be called up for recitation on a subject he had not so much as looked at. or "hived" absent from a roll call he had laxily slept through.

TO BE CONTINUED.

MR. BIXBY'S PATENT.

It Was a Good Thing, But Needed a Few

"By Jove! I've an idea!" said Mr. Bixby gleefully, while at the dinner table the other day. "Now here we've spent half our time while at the table and the long-absent one passed over the passing things to each other, and it's all thing patented before a month and Thy salvation." make a mint of money out of it. I'm going to put in all my spare time on it and I'll soon show you a model of one of the cleverest inventions of the age."

Mrs. Bixby did not say any thing. kind on the part of Mr. Bixby, who was frequently seized with a mania for inthe family, she hoped all would end well this time.

vention.

"You see, my dear, what it is," he to each other. When you see any thing out of reach that you want, all you have to do is to give the table a gentle little whirl, and there you have the dish you want right in front of you. Now what do you think of that, my dear? Don't you think our fortune is made, ch? "It might work, Elijah," replied Mrs. Bixby calmly, "if you could make several little improvements."

"What improvementa?" snapped out

"Well, tell me, please, where your own plate would be when the dish you wanted had been whirled around in front of you?" "Why, I-I-It---"

"And where would the rest of our plates be?" "Well, I never thought of that. I

"I suppose, my dear, there might be some sort of a signal given by which all the others could grab their plates and hold on to them when the table was

about to be whirled, or we might-" "Take care, Harriet Amanda Bigby; don't you go too far now!" "Or we might-why, Elijah, what do

like that into the fire?' "What do I mean, woman? You'll know what I mean when you're left a despised grass widow with six young ones to look out for! And that is dust what will happen, as sure as sheel if you open your mouth again! Laugh now! Giggle! Titter! Tee-hee some more, can't you? Darn a woman, anyhow!"-

THE CARDINAL FOILED. How One of Richelleu's Intended Victims

Was Accidentally Saved. Dumont, the proprietor of a small fac tory in Paris, one day received a polite invitation to take supper with Cardinal Richelieu at his country residence. Dumont was somewhat surprised, as he had no acquaintance with the Cardinal; however, he made his preparations for the trip, and mounting his mule one afternoon he started for the Cardinal's villa.

Dumont had scarcely left Paris when a tremendous storm overtook him, and he was obliged to seek shelter in a tavern. He was warming himself by the fire when a second traveler, who had been overtaken by the rain, entered. While the two strangers were drying their clothes by the fire, they entered into conversation with each other, during the progress of which Dumont mentioned his proposed visit to the Cardinal.

"Have you ever said any thing to awaken the enmity of the Cardinal?" asked the stranger of Dumont.

"Not that I know of. Well, now I come to think of it, I believe that I did say something about the death of the Duke de Montmorenci."

"And your name is Dumont?" "Certainly, that's my name."

"You seem to be an honest man, Monsieur Dumont, so let me give you some advice. Don't go to Cardinal Richelleu's. You are mistaken in his object of inviting you to supper. He is going to have you hung."

"That is not possible!" "I know better, for I am the man who is expected to hang you." Dumont recoiled with horror.

"Who are you?" he asked. "I am the public executioner. I have received an order to come to his country house to hang you. Overtaken by the storm, like yourself, I sought shelter in this inn. Your honest face impressed me, and I determined to save you. The Cardinal frequently calls on me to do things I abhor, and I am about to give up my position. You had better take dvice, return to Paris as soon as my advice, return to raris as soon as possible, and get out of the country if you can. I hope you will remember that I have done you a good service, and the least indiscretion on your part

may cause my ruin." Dumont thanked the execution mounted his mule and returned to Paris as fast as he could travel. He then went to a friend to whom he intrusted his secret. By the liberal use of money he obtained a forged passport and finally reached England in disguise, where he lived until after the death of the Cardinal, which occurred two years

-For an all around mean man a resident of Allapaha, Ga., certainly takes the cake. A few months ago his wife, a most estimable lady, died, and, after disposing of all other matters satisfactorily, he took a trunkful of her cloth ing out on the street and auctioneered it off piece by piece to the street loungers and to women who were willing to get bargains under such circumstances.

DR. TALMAGE'S MOTHER.

The Famous I reacher's Beautiful Pen Portrait of Her Death. I never write or speak to woman but my mind wanders off to one model-the

put away for the resurrection. About eighty years ago, and just be fore their marriage day, my father and mother stood up in the old meetinghouse at Somerville, N. J., and took upon them the vows of the Christian. Through a long life of vicissitude my mother lived harmlessly and usefully, and came to her end in peace. No child of want ever came to her door and wa turned away empty. No one in sorrov came to her but was comforted. No one asked her the way to be saved but she

pointed him to the cross. When the angel of life came to a neighbor's dwell ing she was there to rejoice at the starting of another immortal spirit. When the angel of death came to that dwell ing she was there to robe the departed for the burial. We had often heard her, when leading

family prayers in the absence of my father, say: "O Lord, I ask not for my children wealth or honor, but I do ask that they may all be the subjects of Thy comforting grace!" Her eleven children brought into the kingdom of God, she had but one more wish, and that was that she might see her long-absent missionary son, and when the ship from China anchored in New York harbor threshold of his paternal home, she said: be done away with and I'll have the depart in peace, for my eyes have seen The prayer was soon answered!

It was an autumnal day when we gathered from afar, and found only the house from which the soul had fled forever. She looked very natural, the She was accustomed to outbursts of this hands very much as when they were employed in kindness for the children Whatever else we forget, we never forventing and patenting something, and get the look of mother's hands. As we sewing to the girls under their charge, as he had always recovered without stood by the casket we could not help and the horrible fact came out that few mortgaging the house or injuring any of but say: "Doesn't she look beautiful?" It was a cloudless day when, with heavy of sewing whatever. hearts, we carried her out to the last Three days later, after he had worked resting-place. The withered leaves most of the night before, he came to crumbled under hoof and wheel as we York, and still keeps good time. It was Mrs. Bixby with his latest "clever in- passed, and the sun shone on the Raritan river until it looked like fire; but more calm and beautiful and radiant said calmly as he gave it a whirl. "It's was the setting sun of that aged pila revolving dining-room table, to do grim's life. No more toil, no more away with this eternal passing of things | tears, no more seckness, no more death. Dear mother! Beautiful mother! "Sweet is the slumber beneath the sod,

While the pure spirit rests with God." With such a mother as an example, is t strange that I should always have cherished the most exalted estimate of woman and womankind?-Ladies' Home

ANTIQUITY OF DOLLS. An Exquisite Little Image Carved in Oak

The other day I went into a store State street where toys constitute the bulk of the stock. The man at the doll ing dolls until I fancied he looked babyisu-"twenty-five years in this busi- York at least ten years ago. ness," he said-had not wearled of it. "I opportunity has permitted I have dis-

of the dead was deciphered and from the Commercial. formation of the letters and the bas-relief on the lid it was concluded that the the beginning of the third century after thus employed. They are paid from \$6 Christ. She was not one of the nobility. to \$10 a week. Among other things, it showed that her family was Greek. The surgeon who took out the skeleton "If the patient is a woman I frequently and arranged it gives the opinion that stand by her side and hold her hand the woman was about seventeen years sympathetically. Some people may of age at her death. When the coffin was opened a box was discovered, in which were a number of toilet articles still in a state of preservation; a couple of fine combs; a small disk of polished steel; a small silver box, probably for cosmetics; a hairpin, six inches long, made of three pieces of amber. A remarkable discovery was the preservation of myrtle leaves-a wreath with a silver clasp-that had fallen from the head. There was no trace of the features, of course, but the teeth were fine and regular. A ring-an engagement ring (?)-with a man's name engraved thereon, was found near the skeleton hand. On each side of the head were gold ear-rings, with drops of pearls. Mingled in a heap with the vertebree of the neck and backbone there were a gold necklace, woven as a chain, with thirty-seven pendants of green jasper, and a large brooch, with an intaglio in amethyst, representing the fight of a griffin and a deer. Near the left shoulder was lying an exquisite little doll carved in oak.

This, if there was nothing else, would establish the antiquity of the doll .- Chicago Tribune.

And He Probably Did. Impecuatious Dude-I'd like to put

this gold-headed cane in soak. Pawabroker (examining it and -handhave to keep on carrying one end of it in your mouth, my friend.-Chicago Tribune.

Quite a Difference "American girls come cheaper than Circassian maidens." "What do you mean?"

"Why, the Sultan of Turkey buys Cirassians, but we often read of American girls being presented to Queen Victoria."-N. Y. Sun. No Better Evidence Possible,

Mrs. Billus-John, you don't seem very grateful for that box of eigars 1 rave you for a birthday present. Mr. Billus (in anguish of soul)-Not grateful, Maria? Thunder! Ain't I smokng them?-Chicago Tribune.

He-Dr. Pulpit surpassed himself to lay. Grand ideas and beautifully clothed -beautifully clothed!

She (aroused from profound medita tion)—What did you say, dear? Oh, yes, to be sure. Dr. Pulpit's clothes. He does dress well—elegantly. But was just thinking what a dowdy his wife looked. Really, she's a disgrace to the church .- Texas Siftings.

It Did Not Apply. Attorney-Your Honor, my client is a sufferer from that most distressing malady, kleptomania.

Magistrate-O, nonsense. He is a poor man, and stole a ham.-Yenowine's MISCELLANEOUS.

-A Miffin (Pa.) woman threw some medicine in the fire, and an explosion aged one, who twenty-four years ago we ook place which carried the stove out

-A man shot sixteen times at a spar row and finally killed it, but one cow, a log and two cats went along with the SDATTOW.

-When you want to compliment a woman on the uncertain side of thirty, speak of some one a little older than she is as a "girl." - Somerville Journal. -As Peter Baur, of Pottsville, was

oyster. It had the head of a catfish. -A Newark, Ohio, woman bought a lot of Christmas gifts for her husband and children, and hid them away so carefully that she is now unable to find

-A grocer in Wheeling, W. Va., after a three days' search for his favorite pug dog, found the animal in a back room of the store, under an inverted half-bushel measure.

-"Cigarettes for ladies' smoking" are sold in London, provided with specially prepared monthpieces. They are per fumed with musk and violet, and they are enjoying a very extensive sale.

-A tearful widow at Charleston W Va., obtained an order for four dollars worth of groceries from the poor commissioners. Next day the provision nonsense. I know just how it can all "Now, Lord, lettest thou Thy servant were spread as the refreshments at her wedning banquet.

-A physiologist in France has been observing the working of flies in flying and has arrived at the conclusion that the wings of a fly make about 330 beats a second, and that such a fly can travel at the rate of 3,280 feet a minute.

-The schoolma'ms of St. Paul not long ago were instructed to give oc casional instruction in plain and fancy if any of the teachers, could do any kind

-A watch made in France during the reign of Louis XV., is owned in New made by hand, and is inclosed in a 24karat fine case, which is ornamented in Louis XV, style, with sixteen corners. The works are no thicker than a silver dollar.

- A Washington County (Kan.) man named Steers mortgaged "four white steers to a loan company. The force closure proceedings developed the fact that the man mortgaged his four children. The lgan company had Steers arrested, as one of the children was a girl.

-In parts of Brooklyn the excellent custom has been adopted of placing on street lamps the number of the houses nearest to which they stand. This is a great convenience to people who are searching for a certain number in the dark of the evening, since the general methods of displaying house numbers department, although he had been sell- are far from satisfactory. The idea is not new, having been adopted in New

-Who says a dog has not intelligence? do not know when the world was with- A Gardiner (Me.) lady set a dish of soup be delightful, becomes intolgrable, and out dolls," he remarked. "I have not out in her yard the other day to cool. had time to look it up, but as far as my The dish was very hot, but had a handle. The house dog soon came along to the covered that every nation on earth had dish, lured by the fascinating fragrance, dolls. The demand for them now is as contemplated the contents long enough great as when I first went into the busi- to find that it was his favorite soup, where the feet of wayfarers are exposed then taking the handle between his A day or two later, curiously enough, teeth, he backed off several rods very I found an article in one of the maga- carefully, pulling the dish after him to zines containing an account of the a place which he considered both cooler might all or nearly all have been preopening of a coffin in Rome. It had and more sequestered. He waited for wented but for ill-fitting shees. been discovered in excavating. The the broth to cool, devoured it with incoffin was marble. How many hundred finate relish, then dragged the dish back years since it was buried? The name to the spot where he found it.—Hanger

-Recently the dentists of St. Louis have begun to employ young women as woman-for it was a woman-lived at office assistants. Probably a dozen are and the name on the sarcophagus is their duty to assist in bracing the pains. - Carlyle. nerves of patients. One of them says: laugh at this, but it's an immense help to the person in the chair. Once or twice when a very nervous man was being operated on I have taken his hand, and it really braced his nerve wonder-

fully." -A young poet, not averse to letting strangers know that he was a poet, was one day in the country with a party of friends. Stopping for some milk at an humble farm-house, they saw an old lady weaving a rag-carpet on an oldfashioned loom in a small out-building. Several of the party had never before seen a rag-carpet woven, among the number the young poet. After watching the process for several minutes, he said, in a patronizing tone: "That looks simple, but I dare say, grandmother, I could write a poem easier than I could weave a yard of that carpet." "Like enough," replied the aged weaver, simply, with no intention of placing the young man in an embarrassing position before his friends, "like enough, sir; for, after all, it takes some brains to do this."- Youth's Companion.

FORCE IN SILENCE.

Now John Raudolph Defeated Campbell, the Scotch Logician.

In painting the great picture of the sacrifice of Iphigenia the artist, it is said, exhausted the emotions of grief ing it back)—In that case I guess you'll | and horror in the faces of the bystanders. "He has left nothing unsaid. How can be depict her father's sorrow?" asked anxiously his friends who were watching the development of the picture. He threw a mantle over Agamemnon's face. The blank silence was more effective than any pictured woe.

One of the most extraordinary effects produced by absolute silence is recorded in the reports of a convention in which the foremost men of Virginia took part. John Randolph had a measure to carry in which he looked for the opposition of Alexander Campbell, afterward founder of a large sect, a man then noted for his scholarship and power in debate.

Randolph had never seen the Scotch logician, but he had heard enough of him to make him and his partisans uneasy. When, therefore, the gaunt stranger first rose to speak in the convention, Randolph looked at him with such an air of alarm as to attract the whole attention of the convention, and as he glanced around seemed to be asking for sympathy in his coming defeat. must be met, but the gain—well, "there He then composed himself to listen in is many a slip." rapt attention.

Campbell, aware of this by-play, heaitated and lost the thread of his argument. Randolph's face by turns as he listened expressed weariness, indifference and finally unspeakable contempt He leaned back and yawned. Campbell sat down hastily. He had lost the whole force of his speech. Not a word had been spoken, but he was defeated, -Youth's Companion.

THE FOOT'S ANATOMY.

-A new post-office in Virginia has Why It Should Be Considered in the Sebeen named Poverty.

A skillful anatomist says that if we wore shoes day and night our feet would become permanently and hopelessly diseased, but the airing and change they get while we sleep keep them in tolerable condition.

"The human foot is merely a hand modified for a base of structure to support the body." It is longer and thicker and narrower than the hand. Its solid parts are firmer that the corresponding parts of the hand; the movable parts less movable than those of the hand. opening a large oyster a strange fish The foot has two arches; one from flipped out. It had eaten part of the front to rear composed of eight bones, and another from side to side composed of four. These arches, on acsount of the cartilages interposed between the segments that compose them, are flexible and give elasticity to he step and gracefulness to the gait. The largest bone in the long arch of the foot is the heel bone, and to this is attached the largest tendon in the body. In this tendon the three muscles which compose the calf of the leg and which are of the greatest value to us in the set of walking unite.

The more nearly the shoe approaches the form of the foot the easier it will be o walk in. High heels are nothing but in injury, not to the foot alone, but to he whole body. They flex the three nuscles in the calf of the leg that give rectness of the body, throw the weight of the body on to the ball of the foot, brow the knees forward, and put the whole mechanism out of poise. This is vell understood by lovers of field sports and athletics, whose shoes have hardly any heels at all.

The earliest form of foot cover was he simple sandal, secured to the foot by hongs, and often by a button, coming setween the first and second toes. The naterial used for shoes and sandals is carlous, chiefly the skins of animals. Vooden shoes are much worn in Europe, and are becoming common in this counry. The Japanese wear sandals of straw, and South Americans, in some ocalities, sandals of plaited hemp. The early Greeks went barefoot, or wore simole sandals; the Romans were baskins, imilar to the moccasins of the American

The skillful shoemaker or shoe-fitter hould understand the anatomy of the oot as well as the art of making shoes, and he should be able to fit each shoe to the foot that is to wear it, but probably act one shoemaker in a million ever dissected a human foot with a view to earning how shoes should be made.

We never think of working with our hands when they are gloved, and all we ask of a glove is that it neatly fit the hand when at rest. But we never think of walking any distance in unshed feet, and what we want of shoes is not covering only, but aid in locomotion. Many a shoe is comfortable enough when one is sitting still that becomes excruciating when one walks in it. Room is not given for the play of the various muscles of the foot, the arches are pressed out of shape, the circulation is obstructed, and the exercise of walking, which should the gait which should be graceful and

easy becomes limping and awkward. Judging from the number of misshaped feet one sees when traveling on the horse-cars and crossing the ferries, to view there is a great deal of suffering that is not much talked about, and is probably considered incurable. But it great deal of this suffering might be e caped if misshapen feet were provided with shoes fitted to them and conformed to their present necessities .- N. Y. Ad-

WIT AND WISDOM.

-Genius is the infinite art of taking -Many a man knows a dollar by sight

who does not know its value. -When a keen ear meets a cutting remark it is natural that a sharp encoun

tor should ensue. Every man knows how mean he is himself, but is not absolutely sure about his neighbor; hence his fondness for

-We have no right to be a cause of disturbance by living in that part of our nature which tends to interfere with the happiness or welfare of our fellow-men. -If everybody believed every thing that he heard about everybody else, how much better every man would think himself than every one of his

neighbors!-Puck. -With us, law is nothing unless close behind it stands a warm, living public opinion. Let that die or grow indifferent, and the statutes are waste paper, lacking all executive force.—Rural New Yorker.

-A slight divergence at the outstart carries the arrow far out of the way at the end, just as a false step in starting gives life a result that is disastrously wide of the mark. To begin well is to begin true, and with a sure aim. - No enjoyment, however inconsiderable, is confined to the present moment.

A man is the happier for life from having made once an agreeable tour, or lived for any length of time with pleasant people, or enjoyed any considerable inierval of innocent pleasure.-Sidney Smith. -To men addicted to delights, business is an interruption; to such as are cold to delights, business is an enter-

tainment. For which reason it was said

to one who commended a dull man for his application, "No thanks to him; if he had no business he would have nothing to do." Strein, -The touch of the lightning on the top of the mountain is only an instant long, yet it may rend the rocks, and deface the cliff and leave fissures that cen-turies can not fill up. Let no man say that he is debarred from usefulness by

the shortness of his touch with the world .- The Central West -Under no circumstances should the expenses exceed the income. It is always more profitable to pay "spot cash" than to contract a debt, which should not be done unless it is absolutely unavoidable. Never should an indebted-

-It is the petty details of life that prove tiresome and wear us out, rather than the larger. It is the little affairs that worry and work mischlef in the nervous system. Lives of simplic will secure the most freedom from the details, with consequent case of mind that is conducive to health and long life. "Keeping up with the times" la makes a good many of the details of