COLONEL QUARITCH, V.C.

By H. RIDER HAGGARD. No more business was discussed by the squire that afternoon. Indeed, it interested Mr. Quest, who was above all things a student of character, to observe how wonder-fully the old gentleman threw off his trouble

fully the old gentleman infew off his trouble. To listen to him energetically arguing away with the Rev. Mr. Jeffries as to whether or so it would be proper, as had hitberto been the custom, to devote the proceeds of the harvest festival collection £1 18s. Bd. and a brass button) to the county hospital, or whether it should be applied to the repair of the woodwork in the vestry, was, une estances, most instructive. The Rev. Mr. Jeffries, who suffered severely from the lition of the vestry, at last gained his point by triumphantly showing that no pa-tient from Houham had been admitted to the hospital for fifteen months, and that therefore the hospital had no particular claim on this particular year, whereas the draught in the vestry was enough to cut any

clergyman in two.
"Well, well," said the old gentleman, "I will consent for this year, and this year only. I have been church warden of this parish for between forty and fifty years. and we have always given the harvest festi-val collection to the hospital, and although under these exceptional circumstances it may possibly be desirable to diverge from that custom, I cannot and will not consent to such a thing in a permanent way. So shall write to the secretary and explain the matter, and tell him tink next year and in the future generally the collection will be devoted to its original purpose."

"Great heavens!" ejaculated Mr. Ouest to

himself. "And all the time the man must know that in all human probability the place will be sold over his head before he is a year older. I wonder if he puts it on or if year older. I wonder it he puts it on or if he deceives himself. I suppose he has lived here so long that he cannot realize a con-dition of things when he will cease to live here and the place will belong to somebody else. Or perhaps he is only brazening it out."

And then he strolled away to the back of the house and had a look at the condition of the outhouses, reflecting that some of them would be sadly expensive to repair for who-ever came into possession here. After that he crossed the most and walked through the newhat extensive plantations at the of the house, wondering if it would not be possible to get enough timber out of them, if one went to work judiciously, to pay for putting the place in order. Presently he came to a bedgerow where there had been a line of very fine timber oaks of which the squire had been notoriously fond, and of which be had himself taken particular and admiring notice in the course of the previous winter. The trees were gone. In the hedge where they had stood were a series of gaps like those in an old woman's jaw, and about upon the ground were littered remains of bark and branches and of fagots that had been made up of the brushwood.

"Cut down this spring fell!" was Mr. Quest's ejaculation. "Poor old gentleman, be must have been pinched before he consented to part with those oaks." Then he turned and went back to the

Then he furned and went back to the bouse, just in time to see Ida's guests arriv-ing for the lawn tennis party. Ida herself was standing on the lawn behind the bouse, which, bordered as it was by the most and at the further end by a row of ruined arches, was one of the most picturesque in the country, and a very effective setting to any hown through the house on to the lawn, and here she was receiving them. She was ed in a plain, tight-fitting gown of blue flamel, which showed off her perfect figure to great advantage, and a broad brimmed hat, that shaded her fine but somewhat dignified face. Mr. Quest sat down on a bench beneath the shade of an arbutus, watching perfect English lady of the noblest cort ha my charms, he was not without his reward here are some women-most of us know onor two-who are born to hold a great position and to sail across the world like a swahard to say to what their peculiar charm and dignity is owing. It is not to beauty only, for though they have presence, many of thes even plain. Nor does it spring from native grace and tact alone, though these things must be present. Rather, perhaps, is it the reflection of a cultivated mind acting upon a naturally pure and elevated temperament, fashions them in such kind that all men, putting axide the mere charm of beauty and the natural softening of judgment in the atmos phere of sex, must recognize in them ar equal mind, and a presence more noble than

any one doubted it it was sufficient to compare her in her simplicity to the various They were a typical county society gather ing, such as needs no description, and would greatly interest if described-neither very good nor very bad, very handsome nor plain, but moving religiously within ines of custom, and on the ground of

heir own.

It was no wonder, then, that a woman like hia de la Molie was tacile princeps among

such company, or that Harold Quaritch, who was poetically inclined for a man of his age, at any rate where the lady in question was erned, should in his heart have compared ter to a queen. Even Belle Quest, lovely as she undoubtedly was in her own way, paled and looked shop girlish in face of her gentle dignity, a fact of which she was evidently aware, for although the two women were friendly, nothing would induce the latter to stand long near Ida in public. She would tell Edward Cossey that it made her look like a war doll by a live child.

It was while Mr Quest was still watching da with complete satisfaction-for she ap pealed to the artistic side of his nature—that Col. Quaritch arrived upon the scene, looking, Mr. Quest thought, particularly plain with his solid form, his long thin nose, light whiskers and square and massive chin. Also be looked particularly imposing in contrast to the youths and maidens and domesticated clergymen. There was a gravity, almost a ity, about his bronzed countenance did not, however, favorably impress the aloresaid youths and maidens, if a judgment might be formed from such samples of conversational criticism as Mr. Quest heard going on on the further side of his arbutus.

IDA'S BARGAIN.

When Ida saw the colonel coming she put on her sweetest smile and took his hand "How do you do, Col. Quaritch?" she said. "It is very good of you to come, especially as you don't play tennis much. By the way, I hope you have been studying that cipher. for I am sure that it is a cipher."
"I studied it for half an hour before I went

to bed last night, Miss de la Moile, and for he life of me I could not make anything out of it, and, what's more, I don't think that

bere is anything to make out." "Ah," she answered, with a sigh, "I wish

Weil," he answered, "I'll have ano at it. What will you give me if I find it. his rugged face most pleasant'y.

"Anything you like to ask and that I can

give," she answered, with a tone of carnest-tem which struck him as peculiar, for, of course, he did not know the tale that she had

on heard from Mr. Quest.
Then, for the first time for many years, farold Quaritch delivered himself of a speech han might have been capable of a tender and didden resource.

"I am afraid," he said, bowing, "that if I and pay off Comey & Son." and pay off Comey & Son." and pay off Comey & Son." "Can you find any one who will?" she were then you would be inclined to asked, eagerly.

Ida blushed a little. "We can consider that when you do come, Col. Quaritch. Ex-cuse me, but here are Mrs. Quest and Mr. Cossey, and I must go and say how do

Presently Ida turned and introduced Col-Quaritch, first to Mrs. Quest and then to Mr. strolled off to meet the squire, whom he gradually sink to something like a prairie noted advancing with his usual array of value." towels hanging out of his hat, and for awhile "Then how can the money be got if nobody

saw neither of them any more.

Meanwhile Mr. Quest had emerged from mant and appropriate word to each, till and Edward Cossey were standing. Nodding would advance £30,000 affectionately at the former, he asked her if

"Well, Quest," said the latter, "have you friend?" told the old man!" "Oh, yes; I told him."

"How did he take it!" "Oh, talked it off, and said that of course other arrangements must be made. 1 spoke to Miss de la Molle, too."

"Oh," said Edward, in a changed tone, and how did she take it?" "Well," answered the lawyer, putting on an air of deep concern and as a matter of fact he really did feel sorry for her), "I

think it was the most painful professional experience that I ever had. The poor woman was utterly crushed. She said that it would kill ber father." "Poor girl!" said Mr. Cossey, in a voic that showed his sympathy was of a very active order, "and how pluckily she is carry-

ing it off too-look at her," and he pointed to where Ida was standing, a lawn tennis bat in her hand, and laughingly arranging a set" of married versus single. "Yes, she is a good, plucky girl," answered Mr. Quest, "and what a splandid woman she looks, doesn't she! I never saw any one who was quite such a lady-there is nobody to

touch her round here, unless," he added meditatively, "perhaps it is Belle." "They are different types of beauty," an-

swered Edward Cossey, flinching.

"Yes, but equally attractive in their separate ways. Well, it can't be helped, but I feel sorry for that poor girl and the old gentleman, too- Halloo, there be is!" As he was speaking, the squire, who was walking past with Col. Quaritch, with the

object of showing him the view from the end of the most, suddenly saw Edward Cossey, who at once stepped forward to greet hir but to his surprise was met by a cold and most stately bow from Mr. de la Molle, who assed on without vouchsafing a single word.
"Old idiot?" ejaculated Mr. Quest to himself, "he will put the squire's back up and

spoil the game." "Well," said Mr. Cossey aloud, and coloring almost to his eyes, "that old gentleman knows how to be insolent."

"You must not mind him, Mr. Cossey, answered Quest, hastily. "The poor old boy has got a very good idea of himself—he is dreadfully injured because Cossey & Son are calling in the mortgages after the family has dealt with them for so many generations and he thinks that you have something to do

Well, if he does, he might as well be civil It does not particularly incline a feilow to go out of his way to pull him out of the ditch, just to be cut in that fashion. I have half mond to order my trap and go."

"No, no, don't do that—you must make al-lowances; you must, indeed. Look, here is Lies de la Molle coming to ask you to play

At this moment Ida arrived and took off Edward Cossey with her, not a little to the relief of Mr. Quest, who began to fear that the whole scheme was spoiled by the squire's unfortunate magnificence of manner.

Edward played his game, baving Ida her self as his partner. It cannot be said that the set was a pleasant one for the latter, who, poor woman, was doing her utmost to bring her courage to the point necessary to the carrying out of the appeal, ad misericordiam. which she had decided to make as soon as the game was over. However, chance put an opportunity in her way, for Edward Cossey, asked her if she would show him her chrys anthemums, of which she was very proud. She consented readily enough, and they crossed the laws, and passing through some shrubbery reached the greenhouse, which was placed at the end of the house itself. Here for some minutes they looked at the flowers, just now bursting into bloom. Ida, who fel exceedingly nervous, was all the while won dering how on earth she was to broach so delicate a subject, when fortunately Mr. Cossey himself gave her the necessary open

"I can't imagine, Miss de la Molle," he said, "what I can have done to offend your father; be almost cut me just now"---"Are you sure that he saw you, Mr. Cossey! He is very absent minded some

"Oh, yes, he saw me; but when I offered to shake hands with him he only bowed in rather a crushing way and passed on."

Ida broke off a scarlet Turk from its stem, and nervously began to pick the bloom to

"The fact is, Mr. Cossey-the fact is, my father, and indeed I also, are in great trouble just now about money matters, you know; and my father is very apt to be prejudiced; in short, I rather believe that he thinks you may have something to do with his difficul--but perhaps you know all about it."

"I know something, Miss de la Molle," said he gravely, "and I hope and trust that you do not believe that I have anything to do with the action which Cossey & Son have thought fit to take."

"No, no," she said hastily. "I never thought anything of the sort; but I know that you have influence—and, well, to be plain, Mr. Cossey, I implore of you to use it. Perhaps you will understand that it is very humilia-ting for me to be obliged to ask this, though you can never guess how humiliating. Be-lieve me, Mr. Cossey, I would never ask it for myself; but it is my father—he loves this place better than his life; it would be much better he should die than that he should be obliged to leave it; and if this money is called in that is what must happen, because the place will be sold over us. I believe he would go mad. I do indeed," and she stopped speaking and stood there before him, the fragment of the flower in her hand, her breast heaving

"What do you suggest should be done, Miss de la Molle said Edward Cossey, gently.
"I suggest that—that—if you will be so kind, you should persuade Cossey & Son to forego their intention of calling in the

"It is quite impossible," he answered. "My father has ordered the step himself, and he is a hard man. It is impossible to turn him if he thinks he will lose money by turning. You see be is a banker, and has been han dling money all his life, till it has become a sort of god to him. Really, I believe that he would rather beggar every friend he has than lose £5,000."

han lose £5,000."
"Then there is no more to be said. The place must go, that's all," replied Ida, turning away her head and affecting to busy herself in removing some dried leaves from a chrysanthemum plant. Edward, watching ber, however, saw her shoulders shake and a big tear fall like a rain drop with a splash on the pavement; and the sight, strongly attracted as he was and had for some time been ward the young lady, was altogether too much for him. In an instant, moved by an overwhelming impulse, and something not unlike a gust of passion, he came to one of those determinations which so often change the whole course and tenor of men's lives.

"Miss de la Molle," he said rapidly, "there may be a way found out of it." She looked up inquiringly, and there were tear stains on her face.

"Somebody might take up the mortgages

No, not as an investment. I understand that £30,000 are required, and I tell you frankly that as times are I do not for one moment believe the place to be worth that amount. It is all very well for your father to talk about land recovering itself, but at present, at any rate, nobody faintest chance of anything of the sort. The probabilities are, on the contrary, that as the Cossey. Harold bowed to each, and then American competition increases land will

will advance it?"

"I did not say that nobody would advance shelter of his arbutus, and was going it; I said that nobody would advance it as an om one person to another saying some investment. A friend might advance it. "And where is such a friend to be found? at last he reached the spot where his wife He would be a very disinterested friend who

she was not going to play tennis, and then ested, Miss de la Molle, or, at any rate, very "Nobody in this world is quite disinterfew are. What would you give to such a

"I would give anything and everything over which I have control in the world to save my father from soeing Honham sold save my father trom several simply.

Edward Cossey laughed a little. "That is a large order," he said. "Miss de la Moile, I 'n disposed to try and find the money to ke up these mortgages. I have not got it, and I shall have to borrow it, and, what is more, I shall have to keep the fact that I ave borrowed it a secret from my father. "It is very good of you," said Ida, faintly "I don't know what to say."

For a moment be made no reply; and look ng at him, Ida saw that his hand was trem-

ng. "Miss de la Molle," he said, "there is an Men are sometimes put into strange position artly through their own fault, partly b arce of circumstances, and when in the sositions are forced down paths that the rould not follow. Supposing, Miss de la Moile, that mine were some such position and supposing that owing to that position. I could not say to you words which I should wish to say. Ida began to understand now, and on

nore turned aside. "Supposing, however, that at some future ime the difficulties of that position of which have spoken were to fade away and I were en to speak those words, can you, suppos ng all this, tell me how they would be

Ida paused and thought. She was a strong atured and clear heared woman, and she ver would depend whether or no the £30,000 ere forthcoming, and, therefore, whether no Honham castle would pass from her

ther and her race.
"I said just now, Mr Cossey," she an wered, coldy, "that I would give anything nd everything over which I have control in he world to save my father from seeing lonham sold over his bead. I do not wish o retract those words, and I think that in hem you will find an answer to your ques-

He colored. "You put the matter in ery business like way," he said,
"It is best put so, Mr. Cossey," she wered, with a faint shade of bitterness in be me; "it preserves me from feeling under an signti n. Will you see my father about

"Yes, to morrow. And now I will sa good by to you," and he took her hand, and with some little besitation kissed it. She ade no resistance and showed no emotion. "Yes," she answered, "we have been here ome time. Mrs. Quest will wonder what has erome of you."

It was a random arrow, but it wentstraight

me, and for the third time that day ward Cossey reddened to the roots of this ir Without answering a word be bowed

When Ida saw it, she was sorry she had ande the remark, for she had no wish to ap ear to Mr Cossey (the conquest of who ive her neither pride nor pleasures in the tht of a spiteful, or worse still, of a jealous man. She had indeed heard some talk out him and Mrs. Quest, but not being of scandal loving disposition it had not in serested her, and she had almost forgotten Now, however, she saw that there was

'So that is the difficult position of which talks," she said to herself, "he wants to narry me as soon as be can get Mrs. Quest I his hands. And I have consented to that, ways provided that Mrs. Quest can be dis used of, in consideration of the receipt of a was not nice of him to make that bargain, ough I brought it on myself. I wonder it e him, and if he will appreciate it if he es. Well, it is not a bad price-£30,000is a good figure for any woman in the and and bitter laugh, and a prescience of grow to come lying at the heart, she threw own the remains of the scarlet Turk and

CHAPTER XIL GEORGE PROPRECIES.

Ida, for obvious reasons, said nothing to er father of her interview with Edward essey, and thus it came to pass that on the orning following the lawn tennis party ere was a very serious consultation be pared to Ida, who was lying awake in her on, to commence somewhere about day cak, and it certainly continued, with short stervals for refreshment, till 11 o'clock it he forenoon. First the squire explained e whole question to George at great length nd with a most extraordinary multiplicity rom the house of Cossey & Son, which be and contracted a great many years before this while George sat with a very los ice, and tried to look as though he were fol wing the thread of the argument, which vas not possible, for his master had long ago st it himself, and was mixing up the loan (1863 with the loan of 1874, and the money used on the severance of the entail with oth in a way which would have driven any edy except George, who was used to thi ort of thing, perfectly mad. However, be at it through, and when at last the account vas finished, remarked that things "sartinly

nd look queer."

Thereupon the squire called him a stupid wi, and having by means of some test ques ons discovered that he knew very little of be details which had just been explained to in at such portentous length, be, in spite the protest of the wretched George, who rged that they "didn't seem to be gitting forrader somehow," began and wen

bough every word of it again, This brought them to breakfast time, and fter brenisfast George's accounts were thor oghly gone into, with the result that confu on was soon worse confounded, for eithe eorge could not keep accounts or the quire could not follow them. Ida, sitting the drawing room, could continually ben r father's ejaculatory outbursts after this

up all wrong; it's 950, not 830;" followed by a "No, no, squire, you be a looking on the arong side—them there are the debits," and o on till both parties were fairly played out, and the only thing that remained clear was that the balance was considerably on the

This was the state of affairs, when the doo ell rang and Edward Cossey, looking par scularly handsome and rather overpower g, was shown into the room.

The squire shook bands with him this me, though coldly enough, and George onched his forelock and said; "Sarvant, er," in the approved fashion. Thereon his master told him that be might retire, though he was to be sure not to go out of hearing, a he should want him again presently.
"Very well, sir," answered George, "Fil

just step up to the poplars. I told a man to be round there today, as I want to see if I can come to an onderstanding with hi (TO BE CONTINUED).

THE SPIRIT ROSEBUD.

Baby is dead -speak low, step light; How transpord is not rest: Her tiny hands were placed last night Upon her waxen broast.

And when the more broke calm and bright, And deep was our desput, We gazed upon her face so white,

The mourning mother sobbed aloud And while each head in sorrow bowed She fixed within its hand A tiny reached, fresh and sweet, Which round its perfume shed

For my dear, precio Next day, while sorrowing - ighbors steed Holding sweet flowers of - ong. The they reschud, red as blood. Showed signs of opening And ere the funeral rites were through

"This, this," she mouned, "4" emblem

Each mourner in the room Thrilled with astonishment to view The bud burst in full bloom.

The clergyman, with trembling voice And deep emotion, said: "Rejoice, my sorrowing friends, rejoices The baby is not dead!

and, in his loving tenderness, This token sweet has given, That she who budded in distress Is blooming now in heaven!"
-- Francis S. Smith in New York Weekly.

The Storks in Council. Near Oggersheim, a small village on the banks of the Rhine, there is a large meadow where every autumn the stork are in the habit of meeting previous to their annual migration. On one of these occasions above fifty storks were observed formed in a ring, in the center of which was one whose appearance showed the greatest alarm. One of the party seemed to address the assembly by clapping its wings for about five minutes It was followed by a second, a third and a fourth, who each clapped its wings in the same odd manner as the first. At last all the storks forming the ring commenced clapping their wings; and, when they had done this, they with one accord fell upon the poor culprit in the middle and dispatched him in a few seconds; after which they rose up in a body, and one, according to custom, taking the lead, they winged their way toward the south. What offense the poor stork had

New York Mail and Express.

The Faithful Shepherd Dog. A shepherd had driven part of his flock to a neighboring fair, leaving his dog to watch the rest during that day, expecting to rejoin them in the morning. Unfortunately, however, the shepherd forgot both his dog and his sheep, and did not return home till the morning of the third day. His first inquiry was whether the dog had been seen. The answer was "No." "Then he must be dead," replied the shepherd, with a look of pain, "for I know he was too faithful to desert his charge." He went back to the heath directly. The dog had just enough strength left to crawl to his master's feet, and express his joy at his return, and then he died .- New York Mail and Express.

Man with a Goose's Head. The man with a goose's head first appeared before the public at the famou "Gingerbread Fair" at Liverpool in 1872. He was 20 years of age at that time, had eyes perfectly round and a nose eight ches in length, flat, and shaped exactly like the bill of a goose. His neck was three times the length of that of an ordinary person, surmounted by a round ad, without a single hair. He seemed to have as much common sense as the average country boy of his age, learning very fast and soon quit the rapher's art. His name is Jean Rondier, and he now lives at Dijon, France.

-St. Louis Republic.

There are two stories that are told at the Savage club. Doctor is sent for to attend sick woman; on his arrival finds woman dead. "Why was I not summoned sooner?" doctor asks, angrily. "We did think of it," explains the be reaved husband, "but we concluded that it would be cheaper to let 'er die a natural death."

On another occasion doctor arrives too late; husband explains. "You see, doctor," says husband, "when she com-plained of feelin' bad I gave her the pill you prescribed for me a year ago, but which I didn't take. It's hawful, I know. but think wot would 'ave 'appened if I'd 'ave taken it!"-Eugene Field in Chicago News.

Maine's First Woolen Mill.

The Dexter Eastern State gives some interesting facts connected with the woolen manufacturing industry in Maine. The second woolen mill in the United States was erected at North Andover, Mass. A year or two after its starting the proprietors built another mill at Andover, Mass., and, about the same time, 1817, two of the same family, Jerry and Amos Abbott, started northward to look for a site for a saw mill and woolen mill. They decided on Dexter and in 1820 established the business there. This was not only the first cloth making mill in Maine, but the first to ship goods from Maine to the Boston market.-Lewiston

First Barnstormer-Faith, me friend, am overjoyed to see you. What luck? A regular ovation at your last appear-

Second Barnstormer-S'death, me boy, I know not what you call an ovation. Yet, hold! Mine was such, if you bear in mind that in Latin ovum meaneth an egg.-Pittsburg Bulletin.

A good book is one that you remember with pleasure, that when the dull hours come you can think of with interest and feel that there are people with whom you have a most interesting acquaintance, who are yet only characters of the imagination.

A French journal estimates that the total length of the telegraph wires of the world, including submarine cables, exceeds 500,000 miles, four-fifths of which are in Europe and America.

A master mason named Andrews, of Providence, R. I., has just received with some change a copper cent which he stamped with his initials and put in circulation about fifty years ago. He had always hoped to get it back again and now would not part with it, he declares, for hundreds of dollars.

is wholesale destruction existing in the majority of dentifrices offered for sale. Cold water and a hand brush ought to be sufficient, but if an additional prepara-tion be desired prepared chalk is the best and simplest in the world.

A REMARKABLY SAD CASE

STRANGE AFFLICTION OF A CIN-CINNATI MERCHANT'S SON.

A Boy While Writhing with Epilepsy Re enacts Two Terrible Events in His Life. After an Hour's Intense Struggle He Recovers Completely.

One Monday afternoon a boy, hand some and well dressed, suddenly fell to the floor of the postoffice corridor and lay as if dead. Several persons hastened to carry him into Postmaster Riley's private office, where he was stretched upor a table near the door. The postmaste at once sent for the pearest physician Dr. Herron, and while awaiting his coming directed and assisted in the work of restoring the lad to consciousness. All offorts were in vain, and the boy lay with his eyes closed and his breath coming faintly and spasmodically through his parted lips. The postmaster found in the lad's in

side pocket a card, on which was written: "If I am taken sick send for my father, -- No. - Sycamore street." The boy is the son of a very wealthy merchant, and the grandson of one of the pioneer citizens of Cincinnati The beautiful family homestead is near Latonia, Ky. Postmaster Riley at once sent for the father, who arrived simul-

taneously with the doctors.

The father looked at his boy sadly, and shook his head, while the tears coursed down his cheeks. The boy was still in the same peculiar state of uncon-sciousness. Dr. Herron was preparing to supplement the simple restoratives already applied, but the father told him it was of no use. Said he:

"My boy has within the past year be come subject to fits of a very remark able character. He is about to have one of these fits, and it will last an hour." HISTORY OF THE BOY.

The character of the boy's attack is in deed strange. He is now about 17 years old. About four years ago he was a student in the preparatory department of Kenyon college, at Gambier, O. At that time he had a quarrel with one of his committed that had brought upon him so sad a fate is of course unknown .fellow students, older than himself. The quarrel resulted in a fight which was bitterly contested, and during which his boy strained himself and overwrought his entire nervous system. Shortly afterward he was sent to Colorado on a visit One day he was out hunting with a friend and was shot through the left lung. The shooting is said to have been accidental, but there has always been a mystery about it, and the boy would never tell what happened.

His nervous system, impaired by th terrible fight, was completely unstrun by the wound. Some months afterward the boy was seized with an epileptic at tack, during which he acted over again in detail the two great and unfortunate events of his life.

About ten persons were standing abou the unconscious lad, who lay upon the floor where his father had directed them to put him. The father took away his watch and his knife and left him his handkerchief. In a few moments the boy began to writhe, and then followed a scene which has probably never been duplicated in the history of medicine.

THE TERRIBLE SCENE, The boy proceeded to act out the fight at Gambier. First he thrust out both fists and struck several blows at the empty air. Then came the grappling The lad seemed to be straining to throw or shake off his unseen and mythical an tagonist. The muscles of his neck swellcame dark red from the rush of blood. Now and then he would strike out with all his might, and grit his teeth savagely. Finally he seemed to writhe and strain more vigorously, but with less success against his adversary. At last his back was arched high from the floor upon which he was lying, and then he sunk back as if exhausted and overcome. He had given a perfect picture of a terrific athletic contest of a weak man against a stronger.

For a few moments he lay very still and then began to act out the shooting in Colorado. Suddenly he threw himse along the floor, while his face writhe with agony. He then clutched at his breast in the left side, and his face grew deathly white. His lips murmured, and he was heard to say in a low, hoarse voice: "Don't telegraph father that I'm shot. Don't—don't—don't." Then he muttered: "It is bleeding. I must stop the blood," and ceasing to clutch at the place where only a scar now remains of a once terrible wound, he began to look through his pockets. He soon found his handkerchief, and raising himself upon his elbow pressed the cloth against his breast, while his closed eyes seemed bent

upon it. "Too large, too large," he muttered, and, putting the end of the handkerchief in his mouth, he twisted it until he had made a sharp point. This he thrust against his breast. His features relaxed a satisfied smile came over his face, and he sank back into what seemed almost

as natural as sleep.

During all this time the father ha stood by with blanched face and eyes streaming tears, watching every move ment of the writhing body of his child. When the last act of the shooting tragedy was over he gave a sigh of relief. In a few minutes the boy's eyes opened. In five minutes more he was sitting up, and in fifteen minutes he walked from the office with his father, apparently not the least exhausted from what he had just been through.-Cincinnati Commercial Language of the Umbrella.

We all know that there is a language of nature. Every sentimental girl (without being a botanist) is acquainted with the language of flowers. But it has remained for a recent writer to indicate the language of umbrellas: "To place your umbrella in a rack indicates that it is about to change owners; an umbrella carried over a woman, the man getting noth-ing but the drippings of the rain, signifies courtship; when the man has the umbrella and the woman the drippings, it indicates marriage; to carry it at an angle under the arm signifies that an eye is to be lost by the man who follows you; to put a cotton um-brella by the side of a silk one means 'exchange is no robbery;' to lend an umbrella may be interpreted, 'I am a fool;' to carry an umbrella just bigh

"Won't you come into my parior?" said the spider to the fly. "Yes," answered the fly, "but I don't want to go into the dining room."-Van

enough to tear out men's eyes and knock off men's hats signifies, 'I am a

woman.' "-St. Louis Republic.

MAKING SLAG WOOL

Wonderful Process and a More Wonder ful Product of Great Value

Slag wool is formed by ausing a je of steam to impinge upon the stream of molten slag as it issues from the furnace This has the effect of dispersing or breaking up the slag into countless small beadlike particles, each of which, as it flies away, carries behind it a delicate thread of finely drawn or "spun" slag. In order to collect the slag filaments thus created and to separate the fibers from the beads or heavier portion of slag, the steam jet is arranged at the mouth of an open cylinder of sheet iron, in which a strong air current is induced by means of additional jets of steam. The tube or shaft is furnished with a shield or striking plate, which detains the heavier particle, the lighter slag wool being carried by the draught upwards and onwards into a large chamber like a gigantic meat safe, having its walls formed of wire netting with about sixteen meshes to the square inch. Here the steam condenses and escapes, and the slag wool, which has the appearance of flakes of snow, is deposited on the floor and round the sides, the lightest portions being carried to the greater distances.

The filaments of slag formed this way. though of considerable length, are of such delicacy and fineness that they are broken up into numberless fragments and felted together into a substance much resembling cotton wool. This mineral wool is extremely light and absolutely fire proof; it is a marvelous non-conductor of heat and of sound, and it is so porous that it will absorb large quantities of water and retain the same for a considerable time.

It has been found extremely valuable as a covering for boilers, water pipes and such like-owing to its relatively low conducting power-and for fire curtains for theatres, its lightness and resistance of fire and sound rendering it an excellent substance for such a purpose. It is, moreover, an antiseptic, and this property, along with its extreme porosity, renders it applicable for medical purposes.-Newcastle Chronicle.

The Dog of Auchrim At the hard fought battle of Aughrim an Irish officer was accompanied by his wolf hound. This gentleman was killed and his body stripped on the battlefield, but the dog remained by it both by day and night. He fed upon some of the other bodies with the rest of the dogs. yet he would not allow them, or any one else, to come near that of his master. When all the other bodies were consumed the other dogs departed, but this to the adjacent villages for food, and in the morning to return to the place where his master's bones only were then left. This he continued to do from July, when the battle was fought, through the cold and dreary winter until the January following, when a soldier, whose regiment was quartered near that spot, going that way by chance, the dog, fearing he came to disturb his beloved master's bones, flew with great flerceness upon the soldier, who, being thrown off his guard by the suddenness of the attack, unslung his carbine, he having been thrown on his back, and killed the noble animal.-New York Mail and Express.

A frown will mar the prettiest face. It girl does violence to beauty and youth by ruffling her forehead or fluting her brow. It is, too, a habit acquired very arly in life. After her pouting days are banefulness of the habit. In other words, each ridge is supposed to add a decade to without pain or injury to the feelings or face. The services of a skilled surgeon are secured, who applies the knife, severs the delicate cords, dresses the wound, and after the skin heals the forehead becomes as smooth as the temple, and, what is most remarkable, remains so. Whoever says that the New York woman does not study her glass is a sublimated idiot. Her motto of life is, "Know thyself."-New York World.

Bible Written in Shorthand. There are many curious copies of the Bible in the various collections of Europe and America, but it is doubtful if there is a duplicate for the one belonging to Dr. R. T. Williams, of London, in all the collections in the world. This odd copy of Holy Writ is written in shorthand and is complete throughout. It was written by an apprentice, who was suspicious of James II's intentions regarding Protestantism. If deprived of his printed copy he hoped to have the little shorthand volume left. St. Louis Republic.

The Beggar Worse Than the Thief. It is strange, but true, that the laws of Connecticut favor the dishonest. If a man is hungry and begs a slice of bread the law will send him to state prison for one year; if he steals a whole loaf he will only get thirty days in jail. It is safer to steal than to beg in Connecticut.—New Britain Inde-

Observers in many of the small cities plessed with shade trees have noticed that those trees near electric lights have been blighted by something, and, for the lack of some more apparent cause, the trouble is ascribed to the electric lights. The local arboriculturists say that the trees need darkness as much as men need sleep. There seems to be some reason in supposing that the nearness of the electric lights is the cause of the drooping of the trees, for similar trees, not exposed to any other illumination than hat of the sun, have not been affected in that way and are bright and strong.-

There are now thirteen monitors lying dle, the original cost of which was nearly \$7,000,000. In their present condition they are not only useless, but a source of expense, and Rear Admiral Jouett favors plan for converting them into floating batteries for coast and harbor defense, which could be done at an estimated cost of \$1,000,000 .- Chicago Herald.

The Jewish population of Palestine has increased 7,000 annually in the last five years. In 1741 Palestine contained but 8,000 Jews; in 1888, 20,000; end of 1888,

His Mother-Johnny, what are you sucking that whetstone for?

The Terror—I'm sharpening my appealts.—Van Dorn's Magazine. the skin of some animal. St. Paul

THE LEGEND OF CROW BUTTE.

The Sloux Were Outwitted, and Their En-

omies Silently Stole Away at Night. To the visitor fresh from the east the most striking features in the landscape of this part of the country are the buttes. They often bear a fantastic resemblance to gray old battlements and towers, and the likeness is heightened by the general steepness of their sides. On close examination they prove to be only great masses of a soft, slate colored clay, worn by wind and weather. There is a long line of these curious formations stretching for miles east of this town. They are picturesquely perched on the summits of the same range of wooded hills which reaches into South Dakota and gives its name to the Pine Ridge Agency. A similar commanding situation was chosen for their strongholds by the barons of mediæval Germany, who were little better than robbers, if the local legends speak truly.

A few miles from this town and not far from the large army post of Fort Robinson is one of the largest and most imposing of the group of buttes referred to, a landmark for miles around. It is called Crow Butte, and thereby hangs a tale, for Crow Butte has its legend of flerce maranders and hairbreadth escapes as well as the castles on the Rhine which bear more poetle names. It is an Indian story, of course, and the circumstance which it records did not happen so long ago but that many of the actors in it are still living.

A number of years ago, when this region was sparsely settled, a band of Crow warrors left their reservation in Montana and northern Wyoming and invaded the great Sioux reservation. At that time the Sionx were scattered all over this region as far south as the Solomon river in Kansas. The Crows met with little opposition at first, and laid waste their enemy's territory until. at Court House, in Cheyenne county, Neb., they were surprised by a warlike party of Sioux returning from a builalo hunt on the Republican river. The Crows were no match for them, and at once beat a retreat toward their own reservation, hotly pursued by the Sioux.

When they had reached Pine Ridge, near the present site of Fort Robinson, the band divided into small parties, most of which got off safely, but one party, finding itself hard pressed, took refuge in a high cliff about three miles and a half from the place where this faithful creature used to go in the night town now stands. Their position could only be approached by precipitous paths on the south and west sides, and these they barricaded by felling trees across them. The fugitives had made a great mistake, however, for the Sioux at once saw that they had caught their enemy in a trap, and laid siege with the intention of starving them out.

The garrison held a council of war, at which a venerable chief named Ka-Ku-Cha made this short but telling speech: "I am too old to fight. I can live only a few moons more. I shall die for my people." He then explained his plan of escape for the others, which was adopted.

That night watchfires were lighted on the southern side of the butte, where doesn't matter about a boy, but the small there is a depression in the ground through which they could be plainly seen from the Sioux camp below. These fires the old warrior kept brightly burnfrowning until old enough to realize the of the party let themselves down over the precipitous northern face of the cliff, which had been left unguarded, her apparent age. Now somebody has by a rope made of strips of their blank-made the discovery of a couple of muscles between the bridge of the nose and hind, kept up a continual howling, the root of the hair which can be cut which still further deceived the enemy. which still further deceived the enemy. When the Crows had safely reached the prairie at the foot of the butte they

stole the Sioux' ponies and escaped. At daybreak the besiegers discovered how they had been cheated, and swarmed up the cliff. It is said that they found the aged chieftain, alone on the highest pinnacle, chanting his death song, like the old hero he was. They were so furious at the way in which they had been outwitted that they cut him down at once, without putting him

through the usual preliminary tortures. So the story runs, and ever since the place has been known as Crow Butte.-Crawford (Neb.) Cor. New York Tri-

Diffusion of Electric Currents. At a meeting of the British association at Newcastle Lord Armstrong related a wonderful incident, which illustrates the laws of diffusion of electric currents through conductors. A bar of steel about a foot long, which he was holding in his hand, was allowed accidentally to come in contact with the two poles of a dynamo in action. He instantly felt a painful sensation of burning, and he let the bar drop. He found his fingers, where they had been in contact with the bar, severely blistered. The bar was found immediately afterwards to be quite cold. This proved the outer surface of the steel to have been intensely heated, and that not enough of heat was generated sensibly to warm the whole bar; in other words that an exceedingly high temperature existed for an exceedingly short time in an exceedingly thin skin of metal.—New York Telegram.

Embalmed by the Air.
There are on exhibition in the rooms There are on exhibition in the rooms of the state mining bureau at San Francisco four "desiceated human bodies" that were found by Signor S. Marghier in a sealed cavern at an elevation of 4,000 feet on the eastern side of the Sierra Madre mountains in Mexico. The bodies were found in a sitting posture, with the hands crossed Mexico. The bodies were found in a sitting posture, with the hands crossed on the breasts, the heads inclined forward and facing the east. The adults, male and female, were side by side, and by the side of the man was a boy and a girl by the side of the woman. The bodies were apparently dried up by the air, no embalming process being used. They are not like any known Indians of today, the hands and feet being particularly small, and the woman's hair brown and silken. The woman's forehead is large, and the reasoning powers were apparently the reasoning powers were apparently well developed. In the lobe of each ear is a piece of hollow reed. The burial garments are of cotton, hide, grasses and the bark of willows. In addition, the little girl is covered with