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By BARCLAY NORTH.

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She had again lost control of herself and she was speaking with great earnestness and with heightened color. Holbrook wondered at it all, but he replied

"No. Miss Ashgrove, I was not mistaken. If you were to accuse this young gentleman you would be doing a grievous wrong, and, as well, placing yourself in a false position. You forget that I saw the man run away after the blow. throwing off his coat as he ran. Subsequently the coat and other articles used for this disguise were found." Flora tossed her head incredulously.

Holbrook continued:

The bitterness you manifest surprises

The lady shot an angry glance at him. It is you who forget now. I told you that Mr. Templeton was a friend and a relative, though a remote one. Why should I not feel an interest in his murder? Is there anything surprising in my desire for justice and vengeance? I can tell you I have little faith in your police. He is an unusual stupid criminal who cannot escape your detectives. Still, 1 may be entirely mistaken. You may have been fully conscious that you saw three men, not dimly."

the sneer conveyed in these words was unmistakable. Before Holbrook could recover himself from this indigmant rush of words, she spoke again in strangely altered tones:

"After all, I suppose you are right, and I am silly to set up my judgment against those who were present."

Holbrook noticed that she was making a violent effort to compose herself, and he gave her time by not replying; when she spoke again, it was with an obvious attempt to speak lightly.

"See what sympathetic creatures we of the weaker sex are; here am I working myself into quite a fever over poor Templeton's death, even disputing with you as to what you did or did not see, But the man who ran away? Was he a tall man?" "Yes, I think he was,"

Alarm quickly passed over her face, but not so quickly that Holbrook, whose senses were now all alive did not ob-

"And slight in figure?"

Whether the flying man was slight or not Holbrook did not remember, but he quickly determined to follow the lead she was giving him. "Decidedly slight and tall."

She had greater command over features and manner now, but ver voice betrayed intense interest as she said:

Yes, I suppose so, since he ran so fast as to get away before any one could seize him. He must have been a young man?" She looked at him most inquiringly. Holbrook replied: "Unquestionably."

"What was his complexion, did you

Holbrook did not fail to realize how absurd it was to ask, or to assume to know, the complexion of a man, running at a distance of at least 200 feet, in th moonlight, to an observer looking down from a height of 40 feet, but his mind was working actively, and he recollected he was fair. "Unquestionably dark, with a hand-

some profile-a straight nose."

Was she prepared for the answer, that ber face expressed nothing but curiosity and that her color remained steadfast? And was he certain that she seemed to clutch at her heart with her left hand? There was a silence between them for

a little time-Flora deeply absorbed in thought, and he watchful and keen. Suddenly he was possessed of an idea. He trembled at its audacity.

But he was a man of nerve. He drew his purse from his pocket,

and took from it the dismond button. "See," he said abruptly, "I found something valuable at the place of mur-There was no mistaking now. Her

face flushed red and then grew ghastly pale, while alarm was plainly visible. 'It is a cuff button.' She stretched forth a trembling hand

to take it. The modient she possessed it she examined it eagerly. He studied her face and was per-

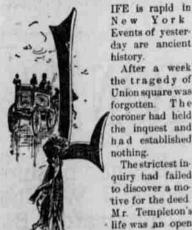
plexed He read recognition, relief, surprise and satisfaction strangely blended.

"Have you its mate," she asked. "No, I found but this one." "Where?"

"At the place of murder. Afterward." "Does it belong to the murderer?" "That is for the police to find out. shall turn it over to the authorities." She handed it back to him and said:

"I have seen"-The door opened and her uncle, Mr. Witherspoon, entered.

> CHAPTER VL A BIT OF RETROSPECTION.



New York Events of yester day are ancient history. After a week

the tragedy of Union square was forgotten. coroner had held the inquest and had established nothing. The strictest in quiry had failed

to discover a motive for the deed Mr. Templeton's life was an open one and rather commonplace in its exactness and regularity. He attend-

ed strictly to business during business hours, and stood well in commercial circles. He took his pleasures soberly in his hours of relaxation. He had no vices and no entangling alliances. Neither the clothes cast off by the

murderer in his flight, nor the diamond button found by Holbrook, nor the knife left in the body of the dead man, had proved to be clews of value to the

The verdict of the coroner's jury had been: "Came to his death by being stabbed with a knife, in the hands of a

person unknown. The police adopted the theory that the

man nad been struck in mistake, and that another victim had been intended. Why? That was a secret they guarded.

and they worked on that line. A large reward for the detection of the criminal was offered by the authorities. And the affair faded from the newspapers.

The funeral had been a quiet one There were but two mourners presentan elderly lady and a younger one closely veiled, both evincing great grief. There were but few attendants from curiosity. Neither Mr. Witherspoon nor Flora Ashgrove were present.

Holbrook, who was, noted this fact, and contrasted her intense interest in the murdered man the day after the murder, with her absence from the funeral ceremonies.

A few of Templeton's business ac quaintances, and the friends with whom he spent the last hours of his life made up the rest.

Apparently the tragedy was of one act and the drop curtain was down.

Holbrook's law office was on the sev enth story of one of those tall buildings which in recent years have become a conspicuous feature of lower New York. His private office was a corner room,

and from the window his eye could roam over the roofs of adjacent buildings. across the Hudson river and beyond the houses on the Jersey shore to the green hills back of them.

One afternoon, two weeks after the murder, he was resting himself from his labors and enjoying the extensive view spread out before him. In fact, he was reviewing that strange

interview with Flora Ashgrove the day after the murder. Her manner, her emotion, her eagerness, her anger, all dwelt vividly in his mind, but his perplexity was as great as

on the day he left her presence. What connection, if any, had she with the murder? What did she know, if anything? What relation had existed between herself and the dead man? Why did she want to know so particularly the appearance of the murderer? What was at the bottom of the intense anxiety she dis played? And for whom was this anxiety displayed? She was tall and slim, or would be if dressed in men's clothescould it possibly have been herself? Was she the kind of a woman whom jealousy would impel to such a crime?

These were the questions he had asked himself again and again, and never had found satisfactory answers to them.

They haunted him like a nightmare and at every leisure moment returned to vex him, until he plunged deeply into work to escape them

Of this, however, he was conscious his feelings toward Flora had undergone a great change. As beautiful as she un deniably was, he preferred that she should be some one else's wife. In her interview with him she had uncovered a disposition he did not like, and the tor menting questions that would come unbidden had finally bred in him a fear of her and he had taken alarm.

As he was thus musing, a clerk in formed him that two ladies desired to see

"What are their names?" he asked. "They would not give them; they said they would convey no information. They are dressed in deep mourning-one young, one old." "Show them in."

CHAPTER VIL



HE younger of the "Be seated," said Holbrook as he drew chairs toward his desk for them to occupy. "In what way can

cerve you?" As he asked this question the younger

of the two threw back her heavy crape Holbrook was struck with the marvelous beauty of the face thus uncovered before him-a face almost colorless, of marble whiteness, exquisite in form and feature, delicate, refined and sensitive; two large, soft brown eyes looked upon him appealingly, soft brown bair crowned the beautiful face; she was slight and

petite in figure. In a low, sweet voice she said: "My name is Templeton-Annie Tem-

pleton. This is my mother." The lady referred to threw back her veil to acknowledge the bow of Mr. Holbrook.

She was at least 50 years of age, probably older, with silver hair; truly the mother of her daughter, having the same refinement and sensitiveness of feature and expression, the same brown eyes, though somewhat dimmed-a sad face and worn-not a face to battle with the world. Quite evidently she was one of those who are led, who do not lend.

The young lady continued: "We are the mother and sister of the Mr. Templeton who was foully murdered

in Union square." "I presumed so when I heard your names," said Holbrook, for the sake of saying something.

"I hardly know what we want to say to you, Mr. Holbrook-hardly know what we want to do. We have been so disanpointed. The coroner seems to have washed his hands of the whole matter, and the police give us no satisfaction or hope. We have no friends in the citywe are quite alone. But we thought that as you had been a witness of the terrible deed we would call upon you and ask if there was anything you saw

that has not been made public." The helplessness and the innocence of the two women, impelled by love for a son and brother to an enterprise for which they were wholly unfitted, touched Holbrook: he feit a boundless pity for them, and he was surprised at it, for his sympathies were not particularly quick.

There were mute appeals for help in the brown eyes of both, clouded with tears as they looked upon him.

He felt a choking sensation in his throat and could hardly realize it.

"I believe, madam, all that is known of the sad affair has been made public. I am aware the police authorities are completely mystified, and now have the theory that Mr. Templeton was attacked under the impression he was some one

"That is what the detectives told us." said the mother; "but is it not awful that m a crowded city a man can be so killed

without reason? "The case has been surrounded with mystery from the beginning," replied Holbrook, gravely. "Mr. Templeton's life in the city has been carefully inquired into, and nothing elicited to sugrest an enmity that could end in murler. His life was thoroughly reputable

onorable, upright and virtuous. The eyes of the two women blessed him for his words. He continued: "Perhaps you would permit me to ask

you some questions?" "Oh, please do," cried the sister. "We don't know what to say or tell and no

one has helped us." Holbrook thought if she would but

continue to look upon him in that appealing manner he would never want to stop trying to help her.
"In the first place, Mr. Templeton's

father is dead. I apprehend?" "Yes, he died lifteen years ago,"

"You do not live in this city?" "No, we have always lived near Plainfield. New Jersey." "Have you any relatives?"

'None that we know of. My husband was an English gentleman, who came to this country when quite a young man with his uncle. The uncle died a year after, and Mr. Templeton, who had come o Plainfield, married me. He bought the place where we now live."

"What business did he follow?" 'None. He was a student and experijuries received while conducting an experiment."

On your side have you no relatives?" 'No." replied Mrs. Templeton. "My mother died in giving me birth; shortly after my father, whose name was Carroll Preston went to Philadelphia, leaving me to the care of my mother's sistermy aunt. After living there a year or two he went abroad on business and died there. Some years after my uncle, with whom I lived heard that he had married again in Philadelphia, but that was never verified. Both my aunt and uncle are dead: they had no children." "What disposition was made of his

property?" "He had none to dispose of except his personal effects, and while uncle was satisfied as to his death, so much difficulty surrounded the obtaining of information that he made no effort to secure it-it amounted to so little

"Had be no relatives?" 'Yes, a brother who left home young and died before he was of age; and a sister-a maiden lady who died in Plainfield ten years ago. She left a small property to Annie here."

"Her grand niece?" "Yes, she was very fond of her." "Was her property inherited?"

"Yes, from her father." "Why then did not your father have property?" "He did; but he lost it in speculation,

"Oh! Did your son leave property?" "He must have left some, for during the very last conversation I had with him he told me he had been fortunate in business during the past three years, and had made some profitable investments."

in the sister, "only of this terrible murder and how to clear up its mystery." "It ought to be thought of, though," replied Holbrook gravely; "the way to a solving of the mystery may be through

on dependent on your brother?" "No: when we became of age he refused to take his share of the property. Pet rolling to the floor.
"Allow me! Did you want to get out?" but settled all on mother." "It was not much when divided, he

said," broke in the mother, "but when left as a whole it was more than enough for Annie and myself." "He studied law and was admitted to get practice, he went into the real estate

"Had your son no very intimate friend?

"Yes, one; but he is in China now and has been for a year." "Was your son engaged to any young

lady or attentive to any one?" "None that I know of or ever heard of." The sister confirmed this statement eagerly. It was evident that both were jealous of the supposititious young lady. The young lawyer mused a moment.

Finally heasked: "Are you acquainted with a Mr. Witherspoon?" "Witherspoon? I never heard the name before," replied the mother. "Did

you, Annie? "No, I never did." "Nor a person by the name of Ashgrove?' continued the lawyer. "No." said both together.

"Never knew or heard of a young lady for supper?" named Flora Ashgrove?" "Never," said the mother. "The name has a familiar sound;" said

the girl wonderingly. "Is she not a fashionable young lady of this city whose name is in the papers frequently?" The lawyer smiled and answered,

"Stop!" cried the girl suddenly. "I recollect once when my brother was at girl crazy?" home I lifted a coat he had thrown upon a chair, and a letter fell from the pocket mouth close to the ear trumpst. "Her signed Flora Ashgrove. I handed it to beau's father came up from the train with him and he said: 'An invitation to a me in Zadoc Hawley's stage, and he took dinner I went to last week-from one of my customers. 'Do you have ladies for customers? I asked, and he said: 'Quite frequently, but this lady writes for her uncle, who has been one of my best customers.

"Has been?" queried the lawyer. "That is the way he spoke. I remember, for it conveyed the idea to me he was so no longer. But why do you ask

these questions?" "There is nothing significant in them," said the lawyer, seeing the interest he had aroused. "I called at the house of Mr. Witherspoon, who is doubtless the uncle referred to by your brother, on the day following the murder. Miss Ashgrove seemed to be much shocked at the murder, and said she was acquainted with Mr. Templeton. In looking at this matter and in trying to help you, I am rasping at straws in every direction There is no more significance in the question concerning her than in the

"But," he continued, "I have piece of advice to give you and which I must urgently and respectfully press and that is that you take immediate steps with regard to your son's business and property. In that way you may come upon revelations you little dream

What should we do?" asked the sister. "You should consult a reputable law-yer, place the matter in his hands, and

Are you not a lawyer?" "Yes, I am a lawyer," he replied, "and should be most happy to undertake your SWADOWS

A rephyr moves the maple trees, And striightway o'er the grass
The shadows of their branches shift
Shift, love, but do not pass.

aghast So though with time a change may come Within my steadfast heart The shadow of tay form may stir, he shidow of the But cannot, love, depart.

- Anna Katharine Green.

ONLY A DEAF WOMAN.

The train stopped at Blue Station on time this Wednesday afternoon, It was not a particularly punctual train, neither did it especially matter whether it was or not, as Blue Station was one of those lodges in the vast wilderness" where time was not reckoned according to the Wall street standard and where people

took things easy
The stage for Hemlock Hill was waiting there—a clumsy conglomeration of musty leather, faded paint and ancient wood, drawn by two sleepy horses, and driven by a Jehu so old that one instinctively wondered how he ever got up and down from his aerial perch on the box seat Mr Richmond and his friend Col. Jones took their seats, packed their va-lises snugly under their feet, and fastened their natty silk umbrellas in the rack overhead There was only one other passenger-a weman in a brown waterproof cloak and a green veil, with a lidded market basket in her iap and a tremendous ear trumpet in her hand.

"Only a deaf woman," said Col. Jones. glancing toward her. observed Mr. Richmond, "we

need put no particular restraint on our conversation. "Are we all ready, driver?" shouted Col. Jones, who was unused to the leisurely methods of life in a place like Blue Station

The driver appeared to souse himself from a sort of doze.
"I be if you be!" said he. "Git up. Kate! Look out thar, you Sorrel!" And away they rolled. "Yes." said Col. Jones, rubbing his

neatly gloved hands, "it will be a genuine surprise. And I meant it to be. I want to see for myself how things are. "Certainly," said Mr. Richmond, lurching from one end of the seat to the other,

as the wheels took a big stone on their way. The lad is over head and ears in love, said Cot. Jones. "Young men will be fools," observed

Mr. Richmond, cynically. "But a school teacher; a district school teacher!" sighed the colonel, who was tall and portly and clean shaven, with very black eyebrows and hair just dashed with silver.

"A good many nice girls take to that business, remarked Mr. Richmond. Mr. Richmond was a gaunt gentleman, with hollow eyes, a parchment colored skin, and a general dyspeptic air. "It isn't that I despise the trade," said

Col. Jones. You know that as well as I do, Richmond. If the girl is good and pretty, I'd as soon she should be a school teacher as anything else. But I want my boy to have a real home like home. My wife gave me one, and I solemnly believe it was the making of me. And Victor's wife must be no mere book machine or wearer of fire clothes. If she can't sew and sweep and cook she's no fit mate for my son. Well, you see, I have been

studying the matter over."
"I see," said Mr. Richmond, holding desperately on to the leather strap above his head, as the driver guided the wheels over a succession of stumps on the side of the road.

"I give them no time for preparation," said the colonel, chuckling. "I drop down upon Miss Allen like a wolf on the "We have not thought of that," broke fold. I see just exactly what she is. I judge for myself. I wouldn't give a fig for all the Latin and guitar music and china painting in the world if a woman can't make a loaf of light, sweet bread an examination of his business affairs.

Pardon me, were you and Mrs. Temple

a thousand pardons, ma'am," as a sudden against the basket and sent the ear trum-

For the woman with the green veil was making vehement gestures with her hand to the driver. She put up the trumpet

with an inquiring expression of face.

"Did — you — want — to — get — out?"
roared Col. Jones into its convoluted the bar," said the sister, "but, failing to depths, the veins starting out on his fore-

head as he did so.

'Yes, sir, please," said the woman; and the courteous colonel himself got out to expedite the removal of the basket, the trumpet and sundry brown paper parcels which constituted the belongings of their

fellow passenger.

The green veiled head bobbed acknowledgments, the colonel lifted his hat like a modern Don Quixote and the stage, enveloped in a cloud of dust, rolled away toward the brightness of the western aky. The green veiled passenger caught up her parcels, skipped over the stone stile with with amazing alacrity for so apparently feeble a personage and flew like a deer across the wooded solitudes until she came to a low, red farm house, and entered a cozy kitchen, where a middle aged woman was making blackberry pies.

"Here's your trumpet all mended, Aunt oxanna," said she. "And here's the al-Roxanna." paca dress and the three yards of flannel and the basket with the tea and sugar and spices. What are you going to have

'Spring chicken," said Aunt Roxanna. in the soft, subdued voice peculiar to deaf people. "They're on the buttry shelf, all dressed and ready. And baked pota-toes; and I calculate to have them ples ready to go into the oven right off." "Splendid!" said Lurana Hopkins.

want one of them. And I must have the chickens and that loaf of gingerbread." "La me!" said Aunt Roxanna. "It's for the schoolma'm, Aunt Rox-

me for a deaf woman, because of the trumpet, I suppose, and talked before me to his friend real free. And he's come out here to surprise the schoolma'am, and find out whether she is a good houseto set himself dead against the match!"
"I never heard nothing like it in my Hfe," said Aunt Roxanna, "And she isn't-you know she isn't." said Lurana. "She just lives in half of

all the accomplishments at once""No, to be sure not," said Aunt Roxanna, her slow wits following Lurana's rapid speech with considerable difficulty. 'And she shan't be cheated out of her lover, not if I can help it," said Lurana, hurriedly packing the broilers, neatly wrapped in a napkin, into her basket, and supplementing them with a loaf of spicy smelling gingerbread, two unbaked black

berry pies, a pan of biscuit and a glass jar of honey "Now, a little canister of coffee," said she, and some of those pickles, and I believe that is all You must bunt up something else for supper. And once more Lurana sped across the fields, crossing a noisy brook on the perilous span of a fallen tree, picking her way deftly through the hummocks of a swamp, and reaching Widow Skeritt's cottage, while the Blue Station stage, traveling the regular road, was still a good mile and a

quarter away
Alice Aiden, the district school teacher, was just putting the last stitches to a blue checked gingham gown that she was making when Lurana rushed in like a hazel eved whirlwind.

e! Set the table! Your father in la !

'My father in law!" cried Miss Alden. "in the stage!" explained Lurana. breathlessly "To take you by surprise, and there's no telling how soon he will be

And then, as well as she could, she ex plained this unexpected combination o

circumstances
"But," reasoned Alice, "I do not wish
to deceive any body I can't cook, I never "Fiddlesticks!" cried Lurana. "If men will make such greese of themselves we may just as well meet them on their own ground It would be just as reasonable for you to refuse Victor because he hasn't learned the blacksmith's trade or can't preach a sermon Wonldn't it, now? There's something in that," hesitated

"Of course there is," said Lurana. It was 9 o'clock at night when Col-ones rejoined his friend Richmond at the Hemlock Hill hotel Outside the whip poorwills sung the pine words exhaled being a perfume. Within the colonel rejoiced fertile

Such broiled chickens I never tasted, and the coffee was superb. There was black berry pie that melted in my mouth and If then these primitive people made ada bisenits fit for a king!" "Isn't that rather an elaborate spread for one person?" inquired Mr. Richmond a little incredulously "Oh, I believe there was some other

young woman to be with her, but she turned shy and wouldn't come in at the last But she's the prettiest girl you ever saw, Richmond

"The other young woman?"

"Pooh, nonsense! You know what I mean—Miss Alden herself. And I think mean—Miss Alden herself. And I think mean—Wiston is the luckiest fellow out.

"United to the North American Nile and every way more interesting for its antiquities, as well as natural grandeurs, than the Nile of Africa.—

spend her next vacation with my wife and myself, and I don't care how soon they fix the wedding day."

And the colonel's face beamed all over 'Have I deneright, Victor!" the school ma'am asked her lover the next time she

saw him "Right! Of course you have," cried Victor Jones. "And I shall feel grateful to Lurana Hopkins all the rest of my But I do mean to go over to the Hopkins farm every day and take a lesson

cooking until I can justify your father's good opinion, "declared Miss Alden. "You're near enough to perfection to justify any one's good opinion now," said Victor, who, as may easily be perceived, was very much in leve. "And only think," cried Lurana, who danced in at this mement, "all this good has been wrought by Aunt Roxanna's ear

Why Men Ato Hard to Wake. If a lady guest responds with ever so faint a "Yes" to the morning knock of the bell boy, she issure to get up and be down at breakfast in time. Catching her train later in the day is another and a quite different matter, but of that I may not speak, as some of my lady friends always go on "the next train." A bell boy never lets up in a male guest's door until he gets a response, yet in spite of this about 10 per cent. of the men comdown stairs behind time, and coolly deny that they heard of answered the knock. In comparing the drowsiness of men

with the morning wakefulness of women, I have thought that some of the reasons for the difference might be the higher nervous organization of women, that makes them more alive when aroused, that men are more irregular about their retiring time and hours of sleep than women, and sleet soundly when they get started, and lastly that men have easy consciences, that allow them to "stand off" the business of the day for the sleep clerks about notbeing called are honest in the notion that they were not called, having roused tiemselves sufficiently to say "Yes," then slept again, forgetting the call as they would the indistinct parts of a dream. The system of having gongs in the rooms of the guests is in use in some hotels, but it is harsh, and drives guests with sentitive nerves nearly distracted. Thereis no system like rapping on the doors, and if a guest does not come out of hisroom in a reasonable time the ben boy should thump on his door again.—Hotel derk in Globe-Democrat.

Description of a Turkish Dinner.

Rousseau has said that from the food of a nation you can tell its characteris-ties; if this is rue, no better spot for the study of ethnobiry could be found than Cavalla Doutless, if it be desired, an opportunity will occur of dining with many national ies By all means accept an invitation to dine with a Turkish pasha. I had the pleasure of taking a pasha. I had the pleasure of taking a meal with the governor of Drama, who is passing rich for a Turk, seeing that he rules over the plain where the chief tobacco crops are, and his opportunities

for amassing yealth are many and varied Silence and expedition are the chief characteristic of a Turkish meal. table preparations are few, but the dishes are many; olites, caviare, cheese, etc., are dotted about and perhaps as many as ten dishes are harded round on covered brazen dishes are hattled round on covered brazen dishes, consisting of rice or barley, meat or boiled fish rakes seasoned with vegeta-bles, roast limb, beans, a species of rissole wrapped up in vine leaves, the in-evitable pilat and fruits, and, as wine is forbidden, at intoxicating substitute is found in liquers and brandy. Each per-son has his gass of sherbet by him, and his piece of unleavened bread, for the Turks love half baked dough. It will comfort the European to see every one wash his hards before his meal, for forks are unknows, and each is expected to dip his fingers into the savory morsel as it is handed to him. During the whole of the feeding process scarcely four or five words will be utteed, and at the most your repast will list twenty minutes, but then afterward, with the coffee and the hubble atterward, with the collect and the hubble bubble, conversation will flow freely. To the Turk eating is a serious gastronomic exercise, which will not admit of any conversation being entered into during its progress.—Cornhill Magazine.

In connection with the strikes in France,

the Widow Skerritt's house, and boards herself on bread and milk. But she is as and the general movement among the working classes which they may portend, sweet as a peach, and people can't have working to note some recent efforts to improve workingmen's dwell-ings. At Rouen a society has been th a capital of £20,000, which has erected six blocks in the center of the town, capble of accommodating ninety At Lyons a similar society has built five blocks, accommodating sixty families. The rents are fixed at about the average rate of the several districts, but the mants have complete sanitary arrangements and a good water supply into the largain. In each case a director of the company visits every tene-ment one a week with a view of receiving complaint and entering into kindly re-lations with the tenants. The comwe succeeded so far in paying 4 er cent on the capital invested.

A feature of the scheme at Lyons is that a portion of the capital was provided by the local savings bank, and it is hoped daimilar banks at Marseilles and LOVE HATH BETRAVED THEE

THE DESERT OF THIS LIFE. Weep in the silence, ob heart, my heart, I hear the louf: world's laughter with her noise Behold, and see her moving multitudes, Love hath wearied of thee! And thou is the gloom of the shadow of doom Forever alone must be Weep in the silence, oh heart, my heart, With all their blazonry of pompous joys, and sorrow 'plaining in low interludes.

Love bath betrayed thee Break in the silence, on heart, my heart, Love bath hidden his face. Hath deafened his ear till be cannot bear;

Whose trackless waste, on either hand, sfar, Doth stretch its weariness, in eager strife They jostle on whatever may debar. In blinding dust themselves raise as they go, The caravan moves on, a monster train With simous weary windings trailing slow, While lips are parched, and fever burns the Love hath broken his word;

Across the vast gray desert of this Life

And some in masses herd for company, To stay with common cheer the common heart; While some—Ab, God, he knoweth some there be, Rare solitary souls, who walk apart,

and look like gods upon their lonely way. These speak no word, nor make they But travel, travel, travel, as they may Toward the end, with the vast winding line

And some fall down, nor ever rise again, Nor ever move, nor utter any sound; Still stays not this remorseless, tireless train, But opward, opward, op- po rest is found

No rest, no rest; no lingering, no returning; No footprint ever points the backward way; No wild regret, nor lip with quenchiess burning

MARRI FHEAD NECK.

The waves beat idly with a ceaseless roor, And to and fro the seaweed bends to me, Kissing the great red rocks along the shore, But thou, beloved, are not here to see,

Bathing in crimson every flower and tree. The white sails redden on the ocean breast, But thou, beloved, are not here to see The twilight gathers and the moon rides high;

God keep thy path as bright from earth to sky,
When I, beloved, am not like to see.

-Sarah K. Bolton in Home Journal. An Execution in Slam.

in the center of the field two short stakes had been driven into the ground, and to these when the executioners had finished their meal the prisoners walked slowly out without any one to guard ...em. On arriving at the stakes they again prayed; they sat down with their backs toward the stakes, to which their arms were tied, after which an official walked out, blindfolded them with strips of linen, filled their ears with clay, and then retired with his assistants, leaving the condemned men alone in the middle of the field About two minutes after the executioners walked out armed with Japanese swords and sat down some thirty paces beyond the prisoners. They sat thus for perhaps a minute; then rose and advanced toward the doomed men, execut-ing fantastic dance like figures, almost as if cautiously approaching an enemy, till they came within striking distance, when they raised their swords as if to strike, but instead of doing so turned round and retired to where they started from. After a short pause they advanced again in the same manner, but, on coming close, stooped down and looked fixedly for about ten seconds into the faces of the prisoners, who sat perfectly motionless, and then again retired. The third time they advanced, and, as in the first instance, raised their swords as if to strike, but instead of doing so they turned round and again retired. Then they knelt down, and, bowing toward the commissioner, called out, in Siamese, that they awaited

his order.
On receiving the word they advanced toward the prisoners more quickly than before, and when within reach, after standing for a few seconds with their awords poised in the air, proceeded to cut their heads off. The head of the man who had begged for his life was taken off at three blows, but seven or eight were atruck before the head of the other-an immensely powerful looking man, with a thick, muscular neck—fell. The moment thick, muscular neck-fell. The moment the first man's head fell his executioner ran off to a temple close by to perform certain rites, the other execution lowing as soon as his victim's head was off.—Chicago Herald.

Contagiousness of Leprosy.

The contagiousness of leprosy still con-nes to be a mooted question. Dr. Rake, tines to be a mooted question. Dr. superintendent of the Trinidad hospital, has made a report to the British Medical association which embodies the results of his experiments in the cultivation of the germ of leprosy, the bacillus lepre, which have been under way for the past four years. He says that (1) at a tropical temperature and on the ordinary nutrient media he has failed to grow the bacillus lepræ; (2) in all animals yet ex-amined he has failed to find any local growth or general dissemination of the bacillus after inoculation, whether be-neath the skin, in the abdominal cavity, or in the anterior chamber, feeding with leprous tissues has also given negative results; (3) he has found no growth of the bacillus lepræ when placed in putrid fluids or buried in the earth. He further says that an inquiry of this kind is practically endless, so varied are the conditions of temperature, time, nutrient media, living animal tissues, or putrescent substance, and so many are the observations neces-sary to avoid or lessen the risk of errors of experiment.—Science.

An Eye in a Hair. Needles have been used time out of memory, but not until within the last few years has the art been considered perfection. A few years ago the Redditch (England) needle works, in order to make good their boast of employing the most skilled workmen in the world, finished and presented to Queen Victoria a needle of the common "cambric" size upon which they had caused to be engraved perfect miniatures of the two great stone mo-noliths, known as Cleopatra's Nee-dles; besides the date of Victoria's birth, accession and marriage.

One day a certain European potentate visited the works and expressed admiration of the skillful manner in which the "eye puncher" provided the most minute needles with that quite most minute needles with that quite necessary adjunct. The skillful operator smiled and requested a har from the certain E. F.'s head. The hair was placed under the machine and soon provided with an eye and a silk thread, much to the astonishment of the visitor.—John W. Wright in St. Louis Republic. Ventilation as a Preventive of Explosions

The excellent results attained by Professor Barrett, the electrician of the electrical department of the city of Chicago, in the prevention of explosions in the subways of that city by the adoption of a system of thorough ventilation have been commended by a New York paper to the board of electrical control. which from time to time has been much exercised with the frequent explosions that have taken place in the subways on Broadway and elsewhere. It is shown that the ventilation of the

down town subways through the city hall chimney is perfect, and that the electric light posts furnish sufficient ventilation at other points. It is also urged that the city of New York can derive much benefit by taking heed to the example of Chicago, which has or-dered the electric light, telephone and telegraph companies to ventilate their subways in order to prevent explosions. -New York Commercial Advert

Hath left thee to thy disgrace. Break in the silence, oh heart, my beart, Love bath betrayed thee! Die in the silence, ob heart, my beart.

Like the brused wings of a bird. Die in the silence, on beart, my heart, Love bath betrayed thee! The Garden of America.

Thy pleading prayer beats the empty an

Bearing on the proposition of Maj Powell to reclaim the Colorado deserts for which congress has already made reliminary appropriation, is an article b Joaquin Miller on "The North American He urges that the land instead of being a desert is in reality enormously fertile. These ruins of Arizona are older than history—as old as the oldest with an exceeding great joy.

"it's all right," said he. "All as right as possible. I walked directly in upon her, and there she was preparing supper.

"It's all right," said he. "All as right ruins on the Nile of Egypt. The region then was densely populated. No allure ments of gold: nothing but the generous Finds again the spring of any yesterday.

—Clara Marcelle Greene in Lewiston Jo soil and the genial climate built up cities here that rivaled in extent those of Egypt garden of this land, where we now insist on locating a desert, can we not do some

thing with our improved methods?" Very The sun goes down in glory in the west, clearly this region was once the garden of America, and it is reclaimable Miller says he never ate finer bananas than those grown near Fort Yuma His article full of enthusiasm and poetry, but also of I watch its silver track and think of the

Remarkable Change of Climate. The British consul at Bussorah, on the Persian gulf, in his last report states that a remarkable improvement has taken place in the climate of the country round ssorah, with the substitution of date and wheat cultivation for that of rice The majarious fever, to which Bussorah gave its name, is now comparatively rare. d sallow complexions and worn looks, which some years ago were universal, are which prevails in the hot weather, instead of being moist and clammy, as it used to be, is dry and hot. The month of September, when the marsh which is formed yearly by the overflow of the Euphrates is drying up, is still the least healthy December and January are cold July and August are intensely hot. rest of the year is very much like the spring and summer of southern Europe.

-Boston Transcript.

His Eve Got Too Hot.

Glass eyes never produce irritation or become painful except when exposed for a long time to a strong flame. This is strictly prohibited. A very amusing in stance came under my notice some time ago. A horse dealer, who visited a well known auction and salesroom in this city. purchased a horse, which, to all appear ances, was a model of symmetry and per-fection, but two nights afterward, while standing in front of a lamppost on Broad way, he suddenly became restless, and darted through the streets in great fury When stopped his owner became alarme on discovering the animal's eye blazing hot, but further investigation laid the swindle bare, and the glass eye was at once extracted.—Joseph W. Gavan in New York Press When Sunstroke Is Prevalent.

We generally find that when sunstroke is prevalent the atmospheric conditions are of a certain and definite character. and cook a steak! Eh? I am sure I beg that at calling time seems to them to be the are found not only in an elevated the one thing wirth enjoying. I believe the metallic temperature, but a great degree of huswing of the coach precipitated his head we have dry air the degree of heat that we can endure without much discomfort is very considerable compared to when the air is full of moisture. planation of this is simply due to the fact that evaporation and loss of heat from the skin and lungs is markedly interfered with, the already moist air being unable to take up and relieve us of the amount of moistare. This, coupled with the increased heat, is placing us in a position where our internal production is very apt to be decidedly increased. The only way we have of compensating under these conditions is by lessening exertion, light or modified diet and light clothing. These, coupled with the ever present influence from the heat center, under normal conditions, will usually protect us.—

Not an Agreeable Topic. A Chinaman dislikes to say that his friend is dead, but will tell you that "his name has been added to the muster roll of ghosts," or that "he has become one of the ancients." "He has returned to the shades," "he has taken farewell of the world," "he has gone a long journey," are expressions all very frequently used when speaking of the dead. The matter when speaking of the dead. is not always treated with reverence, how ever, for they will sometimes say: "He has swallowed his breath," or "slipped his skin." "The mountain has col-lapsed" refers to a dead emperor, and "the dream is over" means that a prince is dead.—Boston Budget.

Literary Work Without Pay When Rider Haggard wrote "Mr. Mee son's Will," probably the queerest of all his queer stories, he let himself out with a vengeance upon the skinflint section of the noble guild of publishers. The Meesons of the trade may possibly be the exceptions, but whether that be so or not. there certainly are too many of them. medical friend told me the other day abo one of them in New York. The New York Meeson's publishes medical works on an extensive scale and issues two medical extensive scale and issues two medical periodicals besides. The periodicals are made up mainly of professional papers, prepared by doctors from experience in their own practice. Not one of these papers, my friend said, is paid for. The house makes it a rule not to pay any of the contributors to its periodicals. It pays only the editors, and these as little

as possible.
"But." I asked, "can it really get artieles from doctors without paying for them-articles, I mean, that are worth printing?" Yes, he said, plenty of them not of the best quality, perhaps, but in teresting and often useful. Many doctors like to keep their views before the pro fession and before the public, too, and they do it in this way. They write the article in their spare moments and are satisfied with publication as compensation. Their names are printed, the articles attract some attention, and their purpose to keep themselves before the public is accomplished. The publishers make a good deal of money by these periodicals. especially in the advertising department, and nearly all is clear profit.—New York Cor. Detroit Free Press. The Skeens Indians.

The Skeena Indians are described as of low stature and degraded morals.

are all heathens and sturdily refuse to embrace Christianity. They are wild and lawless, with no more notion of fairness than a wolf, whose character they exactly parailel, inasmuch as when they come to the store alone they are almost vexa-tiously meek and lowly, but when they elsewher to do likewise. But even so it will be along time before France can vie with Excland in provision of sanitary dwelling for the working classes.—Paris small, flat noses.—Chicago Herald.

[TO BE CONTINUED]