## NATELLA.

There was genuine welcome in the deli-

este voice. Pauline, dear girls. How else, how very grad I am to see you, A tall young man courteously kissed

their hands. The house was a mansion at the south,

eletty, stop that whistling and run in The prettiest little darky imaginable haghed the folliest laugh, put his dusky

concranits out of sight. "Jeny, you Jetty," called Tante; but as little woolly head, unmindful, spun by, "Now, girls, come," and linking her ante led the way through the great hall and up the wide staircase to their rooms, where, with a parting kiss, she left them,

The fair haired sister turned slightly.

Panline dropped her gloves, hat, jacket "Are we dreaming"

Thoughtfully, Theo deftly made a tight bunch of her gloves, and with a precision porthy of herself tossed them direct in the face opposite. "I'm not, but perhaps

Pauline started. The words were comfully spoken. Moving over to the sission quietly, she rested her hands on is leige and leant far out. Her sister, in the room, began hastily setting things to

The day was one of exquisite beauty. The air, heavily laden with nearin sweetles, stirred but slightly. Pauline, wearis brushing away her clinging hair as as dreaming, rested motionless at the ridow. Day was passing into night. The bushes, the trees, thickly clustering, 6 sted the large garden with their heavy Anlows. The thick foliage of the trees, sirred by the slight breeze, rustled softly. Agreat scorn leaf swept timorously the of cheek pressed to the hard wood of the and again. The

ed tree close to the house and shading many of its rooms, could, by stretching farout the long, slender branch, keep the haf imping gently. The girl's blue eyes tiensthing. The long journey had tired brunduly. She was resting. A parrot, the heard him chatter, chatter, tiresome had in the room above. Acorns dropping she heard them plainly, one, two: tue, one. The birds everywhere were supply each a different song. What a rating they did make among the leaves! swirling in now great circles, then mall ones, and at each other. So close they came to the head below them that to air they made ruffled all her bair. Bersill she moved not. The birds on the ground beneath the window wildly almed as they pecked for worms. She bard the slow, heavy trend of some one niking through the grass. Looking ramly, she saw plainly a powerful negro eming to the house. "A slave"—she contlied the word. He neared the house, moned and entered a side porch. A straw ha face from view. But instinctively she

ning out still further, waited figure stood motionless, shapely head moved eagerly from side to sie, then drooped. When, as a low note dabird, came the words, "pas mainte-

law it was a fine one. A figure, grace-

M, slight, came burrying by. Pauline,

Natella, look up! Here I am." Parline laughed at the fright, the sur Else in the great eyes raised to hers. A Bed wonderful sweetness was on the

ad lips in a moment. Ah, missy! Welcome! Welcome!" See, Natella, Tante had written so had about you that I knew you at once. for were not with the other servants

No, missy, one of the pickaninnies was sick and I staid with it.

"Xatella, is you comin'y" "Go on," Pauline said. With a low bow of her head she turned

Beutiful. She is far, far lovelier than bal ever thought. A creoiel a slave! Can it be possible!" She felt suddenly Unier the window it was Harold she

or saw walking, with his long, easy findes. He was out of sight in a moment. But still she heard the sound of his usclinking, the whirling of his riding p, still saw the tiny light gleaming leafire fly on his finger, and rememof the ring with the the soltaire Taute belgiven him recently. "Me you sick? What is it? Pauline, do

Theo shook her roughly, "Supper? Did sylt was ready?" But her sister had

Have I been dreaming, or what is it? I She dashed the cold water from the again, yet again, over her face. mesick?' The laugh which fold had a tremor in it. Pauline was

wa stairs, in the high celling dining a, with its armor and stiff backed are scated at the table, the family waited The supper was long and merry. seand Pauline talked together, while wand Harold made the slender glasses with the merriment of their laugh-The low windows were opened wide, from her seat Pauline looked out at cark, moving bushes and saw the cleaming sharp in the heavens. She as she sat more quiet than the was she not the youngest of them that the kind eyes of Tante rested ax look of love on Theo and on Har-

"She is thinking they will marry, The supper was ended, and only too the evening had gone, when the first at in a southern land for these girls lant clime, visiting the home of father and his fathers, had passed. be and her sister, when mounting ars to their room, were stopped by

she said, coming into the hall. re told Natella she is to wait on you; taker as your own. You will find

he smilet graciously. She had given her favorite maid. As Theo blew out candle that night, some hours later,

tartied her sister from her sleep by

for know who this girl is Tante o much of-the one she calls Naed herself on her elbow. but I shall to-morrow;" fell back

a the pillows and slept. . . Tante, Theo and Pauline were Along the winding carriage road from the house Harold Graham The party under the tree and admired the handsome, proud but sob and wring their hands. "Lord, As he turned a corner and bowed Almighty! Lord, Almighty!" was their

for the inst time Tante looked up at her refrain. Taute sternly, with the tears DO DOGS SEEGHOSTS? You have fallen in love with Natella,

know all about her." Folding her white hen's on her lap, Tante. with the College white Lice falling about died leaving only this child. She is ex-ceedingly bright. Ask her whatever you with, and you will see she can do it."

them apparently went at their quarters to come to her room in the house."

The doctor bowed solemnly and was shown out. Taute motioned the fright-

face saftly outlined by the salvery hair. "Why?" she asked, "does she seem so terribly sad; han deep metancholy I should

Sady do you think she is sady I'm afraid I have been making myself believe once for her." I only, imagined it. For Harold didn't seem to notice, and Harold is very observ-

The uneasiness in the hesitating voice ceased. "Her health is perfect, and she is so

proud that never for a moment would she think of a negro on the place, although they all worship her. There is Pierre, the handsomest of negroes, who loves her devontly, but she Pierre'— Tante laughed gayly.

During the weeks which now followed there were balls and parties without number given to Mrs. Graham's nieces. It mattered not at what late hour the girls returned home, always seated by the burning loss of the open fireplace waiting for them, either sewing or dezing, was Na-tella, a brilliant picture but a setting of lurid gold. The time had come now when the visit must end. It was the night before their departure, when the greatest event of the year took place, when the negroes' ball was at hand,

Candles had been lighted and placed in the wide drawing room in every conceivable corner. By the order of Tante all the female revelers were to come to that room and show themselves. "To amuse you girls," she said to them.

A dress of pure white had been made especially for the beauty of them all. Natella was to be simply resplendent. Panline and Theo were to see to the finishing touches. At an early hour knocks fell on the drawing room door, and the black laughing faces peeped in to see if missus and the young ladies were there. Such giggling, high merriment, wild laughing, and outbursts of singing, made the room shake its sides in sympathy, the very mirrors to reflect and from all corners the grimaces and proud turnings. But they were all sent out at last, and Natella summoned. She entered the room stately and soberly as usual, her regular features looking like marble. The laughter died slowly from Tante's lips. Her glasses were suddenly in need of a wiping. With trembling fingers Pauline and Theopinned here and shook there the white dress on the motion-

voice of Tante sounding strangely severe. moved at once to the room and stood still. The large mirrors on all sides peculiar way that the natural moisture flashed her back a proud, dazzling picture. She seemed to be in every spot, to fill the Fighting-some five or six were busy at great room and crush the silent watchers Jetty tumbling in broke the spell. The carriage was at the door. Tante had and a juicy tomato with a layer of crab given them the family barouche. The crunching of the borses' feet on the gravel, the screaming and laughing of the gathering revelors were now plainly heard. Thate rose and, leaning on her nieces, went out to the veranila to see them off. Seated on his high box Pierre, the coachman, the finest negro of them all, held the

prancing horses well in hand. "Git in, you chilens of Ham, git in," saffed the word. He neared the house, sped and entered a side porch. A straw he called in a voice of iron. They obeyed of lumber in the cove, their mill occupy- at drawn low over his forehead had kept at once. Pierre gathered the reins to- ing the site where the pulp mill now gether and raised his whip; turning then, he scanned the dusky faces. Mammy, the in operation previous to 1820, cutting out black cook, watching him, called out impatiently:

"Sakes alive, honey, where's that gal Natelin? Harold had been leaning nonchalantly eveing the scene on a veranda pillar by the

side of Pauline. Without looking round, she spoke to him as manney called: "Harold, will you

find Natelia: She has not been here for some time. It was her sister's voice, bushed and close to her ear. But even as she spoke a white form rushed by them, was pulled into the carriage, and the horses had dashed off. Theodore, Pauline, come in; we are

going to have a storm."

Tante stood in the doorway. Theo went up to her and drew her in. Already the wind was banging doors. The night was of a pitchy darkness. Pauline, in her dark dress, was not visible on the versuals where she stood. A strong blast of wind, coming suddenly, buffeted against her. Prightened, she turned to enter the house, when, in one breathless second, she could

not move. Leaning up against the pillar where he had been before was Harold, with a face of fearful auguish. His head was bared and failen, with a look of deep despair. His eyes sought beyond the veranda, cutting the very blackness with their intensity, and yet with a distant look about them. His lips, tightly compressed, were blanched, as were likewise the cheeks, the brow above them. The only hand she saw hung stiffly by his side, between the fingers of which was crushed a half smoked cigar. She tried to speak, to walk, but could not, when, with a mighty effort, she made her way to a door near by, sprang up the strirs and sank ex-hausted on the floor of her coom. She lay there how long she knew not, trembling with that suffering face before her, when she crept to bed. Her sister coming in later was surprised to find her sleeping.

Why had she deserted them this their last night, when they had been so jelly, and Harold had kept them laughing with

eyes and stared at the darkness.

Harold, what was the matter with What did it mean? That dream, r plainly she remembered it; the first night there by the window." She shivered. How cold she was! Theo! would she water Theo? She lay and thought. Ap ened; it was about midnight.

She slept again and, waking, found the darkness half gone. Her wrapper lay on a clair close by. Under the blanket, she was shivering; and it looked warm. She rose and wrapped it about her, went to the window and looked out. Listening there she heard voices in the distance. They came from the negroes' quarters, so she knew they had returned. She tried to leave the window to go to bed, but something held her. The half light was painful to her eyes, and, shieldng them with her hand, she waited for sun to burst. She would see it for last time in all its splendor in the southern land. A gleaming bit of white stuff caught her sight. It appeared to be

ound around the tree's trunk. Some remnant of the ball, she thought. still was looking at it when the sun directed her powerful rays full upon iton a face with eyes wide open meeting it flinchingly-on parted lies and still brow. With a cry which woke her sister, Pauline pointed to the dead face of

Natella, staring at her-at the sun. The birds had begun their fighting and The birds and secons still were drop-their songs. The acorns still were drop-their songs. The acorns still were drop-but another in the depths of the ping and the leaf swept not the cheek of Pauline but the cold glass of the closed

window, and seemed to mind not. The servants knew nothing, and could

running down her cheeks, questioned separately one and all as they gathered "Yes, both Theo and Lare anxions to was the doctor. He now came and, with together in the drawing room. Up stairs his hand resting on the door, bowed to

"The girl has been poisoned. She was or. Toute, with a smile, began slowly, overtaken, my dear lady, without doubt, "I brought her up from a buby. She was by the spasms in the spot where she was prefly even then and most levable. Her found. As the servants tell me, she left other was a semustress of mine, and them apparently well at their quarters to Question of Animal Immortality.

with, and you will see she can do it."

shown out. Taute motioned the frightThen raising her eyes looked full in the ened group away. "No crying, no screeching, near this house." She said it flercely as they went by, "Tante, dear, but it is better we should

leave to-night, for you see how excited Pauline is, and the change is necessary at Theo stroked the white hand gently.

"Yes," the answer came sadly. "Pauline is not herself." Harold went with them to the station,

and Pauline wondered why it was that no one saw, as she did, how old and harsh looking he had grown! "Harold," they are standing alone together at the station. "Harold, I found this in the cushion of the carriage coming here." He caught her hand which held the ring and pressed it tightly. His face

was turned from hers. The ring pierced her cruelly, and involuntarily he exclaimed: "Cousin, sweet little cousin, a thousand pardons and as many thanks. The ring was on his finger. The hat was close drawn over his eyes. The train coming in, Pauline hastened for the last time to bid goodby to Taute.

"Your ear, dear, give it to me. I must whisper." She drew her down. "Pierre, you know Pierre, my handsome coachman. He has not been seen since last night, and I heard he was in a bad temper at the ball because Natella proudly refused to dance with him. He must have tolxed the poison at the supper. Natella, my beautiful Natella," and weeping bitterly Pauline left her, with the curtains of her carriage closely drawn.

Harold Graham, a week after the cirl's leparture, sailed for Europe, to be gone for several years. Tante, dear soul, was broken hearted about it, as well as—Theo.

How Creales Cook Crabs. The creole style of cooking hard shell erabs is highly approved by opicures, but it doesn't recommend itself to Mr. Bergh's ociety for the prevention of ernelty. big iron pot is put over a very hot fire. The bottom of the pot is then covered with, say, three pints of the best white wine vinegar, into which a few pinches of salt are thrown. Upon this is sprinkled red pepper. Then two or three parrow sticks are placed above the liquid, the ends resting at the sides of the pot. put conveniently by for hurried action, Then the live crabs are packed in to the full and the cover is put on. The steam of the condiments soon enwrates them, and when the carapax is cardinal red, "a dish "Look at yourself, child i" It was the fit for the gods" is ready for the refrigerntor and then for the table. It is said by those who have eaten crabs cooked in this and flavor of the meat are preserved and that the boiled condiments give singular piquancy to it. Baked tomatoes partly stuffed with crab ment is a new delicacy, ment cooked creole style isn't so bad. is called yum-yum and is fully entitled to

its suggestive designation.—New York Times. The First Circular Saw. The circular saw was in operation for sawing lumber on our falls some years previous to 1820. The inventors of the circular saw were Messrs, Jacquith & Eastman, who carried on the manufacture stands. I well remember seeing this saw propelled by water power and somewhat similar to a turning lathe, where the bark and sap wood were taken off. They were then fastened on the elapboard machine, the log turning on its center and a row of clapboards cut off by a circular saw around the log, and if the log was of sufficient dimensions a second row was taken off. The log was propelled back and forward and turned by machinery, giving the thickness of a clapboard by an index without the aid of a mill man. The machine was considered a great invention at the time and attracted much attention from strangers visiting the town .- Bruns-

wick (Me.) Telegraph.

I once wrote a little tale in half an hour and would then have been glad to sell it for \$5. I peddled it to nearly every paper in the United States and Canada without When about to cremate the story a new paper appeared. I offered my sketch and had the pleasure of correcting the proofs two days later, conscious that the following week would bring me \$36, the plates and the copyright of my sketch. As long as the paper existed I was one of its most favored contributors. And now an odd matter in connection with the The editor thought it worth sketch. covering by special copyright. Two hundred and thirty papers considered the sketch good enough to risk violating the copyright, and among the 230, 186 had de ed the story in the two preceding years -Ferd, C. Valentine, M. D., in The

Caught. At a certain station large quantities of plums and apples were being reported as missing almost daily in the large hampers and baskets that were sent t London. Circumstances pointed to the probability of the pilfering taking place at the sending station. The agent hit Theo smiled as she thought. When at upon a novel plan for detecting the thief. last she slept, Pauline opened wide her He had a lad porter placed in one of these hampers returning empty, which was large enough to hold him, covered the top with canvas and labeled it "Plums-Perishable," with the address

in full. Toward midnight the lad got cramped She had slept and awak- and felt auxious to get out, but he stuck manfully to his post. By and by one of the night shunters came into the shed to examine the wagons labeled for the next train. He groped about the packages, and cut a hole in the canvas of the hamper where the lad was concealed and

elt for the plums. He was terrified, however, to find his hand firmly gripped, and almost fainted with fright when the porter revealed tion.-London Tit-Bits.

The Germans are a very philosophical

and somewhat argumentative race. Two workmen in the great Krupp cannon manufactory were overheard discussing an important question, "In your opinion, Johann," said one. which is the more important part of a

eannon-the hole or the steel?" "The hole of course, Heinrich," said the other. "Because what use in the world would a cannon be without any hole in it?"

"You are wrong, Johann. It's the steel that's more important; for how many men could you kill with a hole with nothing around it?" - Youth's Companion

FOR IF BRUTES SEE GHOSTS THEN THERE MUST BE GHOSTS.

Examples to Prove That Dogs Have Spirits Were Said to Have Appeared, and dirty.

Some time ago I had something to say on animal immortality. In that article I briefly referred to the argument, now not uncommon, that some animals appear to have intercourse with beings, or forms and states of being, unseen by us. This on the face of it is not improbable; but it may be a stretch of our own imagination to assume that this is a visiou of ghosts. But if it can be shown first that, as Wallace affirms, objective phantasms appear to men sometimes, and to dogs sometimes, then it would be hardly fair to assume that men are to have a spirit life hereafter and the dog not. It might become necessary for us to shove back our dividing line between immortals and nonimmortals, and take over on our side at least some of the beasts. Is the Indian right who, in Pope's language. believes "his faithful dog will bear him company" in the spirit land: There seems, however, to be a conviction in the minds of some o' servers that dogs not only sometimes, but at all times, see and hear what we do not hear. First of all, in justice, let us get the

facts, or the averred facts. In Rod and Gun appears the following letter: "Sir, there is reason to believe that animals can see spirits. At any rate, I have a very remarkable fact to relate. There is in Devonshire a large, rambling old house, which has long had the reputation of being haunted. Family after family tried to make it their home. One after another they gave it up, all for the same reason - that was frequent spectral ongoings in one of the corridors. Sometimes the ghost was seen by one member of the household, while it was invisible to others close by," which, of course, would indicate that the seeing, or not seeing, depended on the ocular condition of the family. At least, a skeptic would strongly urge that the probabilities were in favor of visual deusion. "Sometimes mysterious sounds showed the ghost to be about, while he was not visible to any of the watchers.'

A SCARED DOG. Hearing easily follows hysterical secing. I have myself seen wires and lamps when I knew none existed. "The family that last occupied the house thought a fierce dog might settle the problem. on the supposition that a human trickster was at the bottom of the disturbance. On the first night of the dog's residence the spectral rattlings were heard. The watchers took the dog to the corridor True to the instincts of his nature he rushed to the front, barking savagely. Suddenly, when half way through the corridor, the dog stopped and gazed upward in evident terror. His tail dropped, and then he retreated trembling. But to the human eye nothing was visible." This story is authenticated as coming from persons of

unquestioned veracity and excellent powers of judgment. If you will excuse me for turning aside from the main thought I will give one or two illustrations to show that upper landing, saw the door of her bedroom open, and an elderly woman in a flannel dressing gown, with a bonnet on her head, come out, walk the whole length of the passage, and then return deliberately in the same manner. The maid knew her mistress was down stairs, and also was confident that no such person as she saw could be in the house. Having good nerves, the woman did not at first tell Miss Kemble what she had seen, but ransacked the rooms to see if she could solve the puzzle, all the time afraid her mistress would be disturbed by some similar apparition. She afterward came on a portrait in the house suddenly that was an exact copy of her ghost. A good chance, of course, for an imaginative maid, or a cunning one, to

work up a fine yarn. Yet it is something that Miss Kemble believed the girl did see an apparition. STRANGE CASES. cause it links both man and beast in the for the fete goes to claim his bride. sensing of apparitions. Mr. Wesley says: "Soon after our large mastiff dog came and ran to shelter between us. While the disturbances continued he used to hand of his chosen maiden. bark and leap and snap on one side and the other, and that frequently before any

person in the room heard any noise at all But after two or three days he used to ever fail." The testimony here is certainly credible merely as honest asseveration, but we are free to judge whether it was some electric or magnetic phe invited in to see for himself. nomenon that the dog felt or was ghostly presence. A very strange case is reported by Mr. Hodgson in September, 1820, in which a Then are his troubles over and his state the haunted man's dog cronched and stared, and then acted as if driven around the room. Brother saw nothing, but

white lady appeared. "The third night as a benedict assured .- Swiss Republic. heard a kind of rustle, and then the poor dog howled and tried to hide, and never again would that dog go to that room." Robert Dale Owen reports a case of a haunted man who had not been able for practicing in Great Falls, N. H., for the years to keep a dog I confess these cases all seem different when looked at with tions, possession to be taken on his death some knowledge of dog nature 1 am sure that a scared man would scare a made a fortune in South America and dog out of his wits. -St. Louis Globe has decided that he would like a Chris-Democrat.

Horseffesh is used for human food in himself and recognized him, with a large Denmark, Sweden and Switzerland, and basket full of fruit by his side. The also in several parts of Italy. It is not shunter was in a couple of days dis considered fit for human food in Bucharmissed and the porter received promo- est, Scotland or England. Attempts were made in 1868, 1875 and 1878 to introduce it into London, but they were not successful.-Philadeiphia Ledger

It Went Off.

One of my fellow students once bought an old gun, which he intended to use in some private theatricals he was produc-Several of his fellow comrades were in his room one might and the gun him. - London Tit-Bits.

ALMOST BURIED IN CINDERS.

He Won the Ret, Got Fearfully Dirty, but Didn't Get the Money After All. He stood in the Grand Central station fanning himself with his hat, and the cinders on his bald head looked like pepper on a nard boiled egg. Every square Been Frightenest in Houses to Which inch of his short fat person was begrimed

"Spose I look like a Digger Indian just dug," he remarked, putting his head into the window at the bureau of information, and letting his imitation leather value drop on the floor with a thud. "Oh, well a little jagged, perhaps," re-

sponded the clerk politely.
"No jag around me," said the dirty tourist indignantly. "I only got in ten minutes ago."

Council Bluffs. Would you believe it?" "Oh, yes."

"We had a gay time, I tell yer." "How's that?" inquired the clerk.

Well, you see, a feller from South Dakota opened the winder just in front certain that one of these nomads didn't so I stood it fer three hours, and then I trains. The trucks are roomier than be, says he. 'Would you mind shuttin down that winder for a spell?' says I, as the car. Whatever doubt there was about Mr. Mackey's beating the record there to the car. perlite as you please. I find it very annoyin. I would mind, says he, and if I can stand it, I'll bet you can.' 'Well. if it's a bet, you say, says I, 'I'm in it. I don't let no South Dakota feller bluff me. I'll bet you fifty dollars, even der before I do.

"He looked surprised, but he says, 'It's

We put up the money with the conductor, and he snuggled up to his winder and I behind, takin the dust sorter second hand. At the end of the first twentyfour hours we wasn't purty fer a cent, and I see'd the other feller was squirmin a good deal. So when the train stopped fer dinner I sneaked out to the engineer and gave him my last ten dollar bill, and says I winkin, 'When you start up the gine it'll be a pertickler favor to me if you won't screen back them cinders; let'em flicker for two or three hours: just buzz out every cinder you've got.' "'My coal,' says he, a winkin back, 'is

terrible soft and muddy today." Well, sir, the next three hours was awful. I never seed such smoke and coal dust anywhere. The way that engine snorted and blowed and them cinders rattled and pattered most scared the passengers off the train. It actually seemed as though the screen business had busted clean out of the smokestack and let the coal blow through in chunks. The dirt was so thick on my face you could have wrote my name in it, but that feller from South Dakota he caught them einders right in the neck. He was put a hole through me!" almost buried. There was cinders in his hair, cinders in his mustache; they worked down inside his collar; into his vest pockets. And when he started to brace up on a chew blamed if he didn't bite more circlers than tobacker. About then it came up to rain, and for an hour that feller from South Dakota locked walked right off the train. Then all the

passengers congratulated me. They said I was dirty, but game," "So you got the money?" inquired the clerk with some interest. "Well that's the trouble," rejoined the go as far as possible, dirty traveler. "While I was fixin the engineer blamed if that onery cuss wasn't goin me one better and fixin the conductor, and they froze to the cash and skipped together. The trouble with me is," added the grimy traveler, gazing out pensively at the Forty-second street hackmen, "that I'm too honorable and confidin, always been so. Say," he added in a whisper, poking his dirty head in the window, "gimme a quarter fer a wash, will yer."-New York Tribune.

Finding His Bride.

In one part of the Canton of Ticino a very quaint marriage ceremony prevails. The bridegroom dresses in his "Sunday The Epworth parsonage case, involv- best," and accompanied by as many ing John Wesley, is of great value be- friends and relatives as he can muster

Finding the door locked he demands admittance; the inmates ask him his business, and in reply he solicits the

If his answer be deemed satisfactory he is successively introduced to a number of matrons and maids, some perhaps deformed and others old and ugly. tremble and creep away before the noise he is presented to some large dolls, all began. And by this the family knew it of which he rejects with scorn, amid was at hand; nor did the observation general merriment. The bewildered bridegroom, whose impetuosity and temper are now sorely tried, is then informed that his lady love is absent and

He rushes into the house and searche from room to room until he finds her in her bridal dress, ready to go to church.

Trying to Buy Back His Own Rody. This queer story comes from Massachusetts: A man who lives in a suburb of Lowell is seeking to have a deed given by him twenty years ago recovered. The deed conveyed his body to a surgeon now sum of ten dollars and other considera-Since the deed was made the giver has tian burial. The deed provides that the body shall be dissected and the skeleton articulated and presented to a medical university. The lawyers have decided that the deed holds good and that the only alternative is to buy off the doctor. The giver of the deed has made a big offer, but it has been refused. - Hartford Courant.

Instinct of the Messenger Pigeon. Upon what the messenger pigeon's wonderful faculty of finding its way homeward over great distances depends opinions differ. Some ascribe it to an exercise of highly developed intelligence. others to an almost inconceivable perfection of sight, and yet others to in came up for criticism. One of them stinct or intuition. The fact of the picked it up and pointed it, pulling the matter is, it is one of those mysteries of trigger. The others followed suit, but | nature that perhaps will never be revealafter six or seven of them had tried it. ed, and stands side by side with the acthe next one pulled the trugger, the gun | tion of the grilse or young salmon, which going off and blinding one of the poor finds its way back unerringly to the fellows for life, as well as disfiguring same stream that it left nearly three years before as a tiny par. - Denver Re-

TRAMPS ON RAILROADS.

THEY GET OVER GREAT DISTANCES ON SCHEDULE TIME.

When They Can't Get Inside They Have the Best That the Exterior Affords, and Sometimes That Is Very Good, Though a Trifle Dangeroos.

While trainmen are of one mind in re-

gard to the annoyance which tramps cause the railroad companies they disagree about the methods of these individuals in "doing" the country. In spite of the strict rule of all railroads prohibiting tramps, these professional around you and be careful to protect travelers get over the road somehow or "Yes. Haven't washed sence we left other with astonishing rapidity. They have been known to come from San Francisco to New York in but a trifle longer time than it took Mr. Mackey on his record breaking trip. It is by no means of me a while after we had started and accompany Mr. Mackey part of the way the ciuders come in like it was a hall- across the continent on the fast mail storm. I didn't want to 'pear disobligm, train. Tramps are partial to mail leaned over to the South Dakota feller, those of the ordinary coach or freight Tramp beat the railroad company.

There are tramps and tramps. Many a poor fellow who has spent his last cent and is out at the elbows wants to try his | dicrons. 1 think it must have been W. luck in another part of the country, but he has no means of getting there except money, you'll weaken on that open win-his heels. These will not carry him far without hunger staring him in the face. He slinks about some freightvard, and when a train is pulling out begs a trainman to carry him along a bit. He admits that he is a tramp, but he isn't; he's a beggar and a tenderfoot. There are others, who have just got their hand in, traveling from town to town, and when a trainman catches them stowed away in a box car they whine piteonsly and recount their sufferings or those of a sick family miles away which they are

anxious to get to. HOW REAL TRAMPS ACT. "These are no tramps," said a brakeman. "There is nothing interesting about them and they are a nunsance. The professional tramp is a character, and sometimes you meet with one so slick that he deserves to beat his way. The real tramp makes no excuse when he is discovered. Nine times out of ten he makes a threat, and as a good many of them go armed it is dangerous to meddle with them. For if there is a human being who might be expected to value his life cheaply it is a tramp rather if you would like a programme or not, than a burglar. How many times have I had a tramp snarl at me with a string of oaths and wind up by threatening to

"Probably tramps will hang on to most anything, from the brakeshoe to the wheel box," suggested the reporter. "No," said a trainman of the Central

Railroad of New Jersey. "Many people have erroneous ideas about the habits of tramps. Personally I never saw a tramp on a truck, but others say they have. Tramps generally pull for an empty box pond. When the rain stopped and he car, if there is one open. It is curious to see them search the yard over, inquire red hot cinder as big as a pea and lit on about the departure of trains and have judged. Fanny Kemble tells us his beard. The brakeman helped him their destination and the stops they make that when residing in Rittenhouse put out the fire, but just then the train along the way. Why, Saturday night, square her maid, sitting so that she stopped and that feller riz up and says just before leaving for Phillipsburg, 1 went to search my train for tramps, and I found an empty Fall Brook car full of them, right next to the train shed. They knew somehow that the car was going home, and that it went to the end of the journey. They always seem to want to

"These fellows set up a whining and begged me to let them go along. They all had sick families, or something just as bad, to go for, and one of them said he wanted to go to Phillipsburg to attend the funeral of his brother. I drove them all out. None of them was a professional. They didn't know one another, and they all scattered in different directions. REVENGE FOR ILL TREATMENT.

"Of course they will get into any car that is left open, and if there is anything eatable they always help themselves. If there isn't an open car they will try to find a car of lumber. That is more exposed, but there are always some vacant nooks between the piles of boards, and if ladies won't even inform themselves they make very good bunks. When I was running on a Long Branch train we had an experience with tramps at Matawan. We picked up a car of lumber there. A gang of tramps had learned of its time of departure and that it was a through car, which just suited them. They always try to get a 'through sleeper,' like passengers who pay their way. One of them, who had a wooden leg, they put on top of the lumber in plain sight, and then they appeared to go away. Of course the trainmen wouldn't put a deformed man off, and apparently he was the only one who was going along. But no sooner did the locomotive signal to start than the gang lit upon the lumber We went back car like a swarm of bees. and pulled them all out from the crev-

ices, and we got curses in return. "The next night when a freight train came along the switch at Matawan was open, and the train smashed a lot of cars on a siding. The tramps were around later to see the results, and they asked the agent whether that was Porter's train. No, said the agent, and they were very sorry that they had made a mis-

"An empty box car or car of lumber lacking, they look for a car with a good sill at the end. But not many cars are built that way now. Where a car has ladders within reach of the bumpers tramps will stand on the bumpers and nominated, as a "backwoods colonel," make a long journey sometimes in that position. But generally there is nothing cling to at the end, and many a professional will stand between two cars and, as the sequel showed, best chance with a footon one bumper and the other of becoming president. Millard Fillfoot on the other bumper. Of course this is reckless, for trains often break in two, and down goes the tramp and one section goes over him. Probably more tramps are killed in this way than any

other."-New York San.

Cigars a Foot Long. The largest cigar actually smoked is by the better class of the Philippine Isanders, especially at Lozon—a place noted for the universal mabit of smoking. practiced by all classes, ages and sexes. It is no uncommon thing to meet respectable islanders puffing away at cig- dent." ars a foot in length and thick in propor-

tion. - Boston Globe One Thing That Kills. The thing that really kills a great many

able name for it. - Ram's Horn.

LONDON THEATER TOUTS.

How Patrons Are Made Miserable by Cloak, Programme and Other Flends. You have scarcely put your nose inside a theater before you are seized upon and called to stand and deliver. First it is your cont. Men and women rush after you and pester you for your coat. They would rejoice if all were foolish enough to yield to their importunate demands, and risk colds, coughs, influenza and bronchitis for the rest of their natural life. Why, it is madness to venture into the stalls without a draft protector. Modern theaters are so constructed that

they are mere draft traps. If you are scated near the door you risk a stiff neck. You must wrap your cloak your legs from the blasts of wind that pour in from every crack and canny. If you are in the center of the stalls, at many theaters directly the curtain is raised a tornado of wind rushes across the footlights and catches you by the throat. I often think that women are mad who venture into theaters with low dresses in winter time. It is bad enough for men

And yet these attendants get quite offended if we do not leave behind us the only garments that will protect us from sudden death. Remember that no one is free from the theater highwaymen. Even those who go in with orders cannot get out of the cloakroom or programme tax. At last they must pay. I remember once going into a theater with a friend who had a keen sense of the lu-S. Gilbert. It was a morning performance and he was attacked in the usual way:

'Coat, sir!" "What do you want with it?"

"To take it off." "Very well." he murmured innocently. The highwayman prepared to strip off his coat, and behold! my friend, who

put on his overcoat, with nothing underneath it. Unconcerned he was preparing to en-

had prepared for the dodge, walked

away in his shirt sleeves! He had only

ter the stalls coatless, when the attendant rushed after him. "Look here, sir, you must not go into

the stalls like that!" "Why not?" he asked with a bland and innocent air. "You asked for my

coat. You have got it. What more can you want?" The coat and cloak fiends having been disposed of, you encounter the second rank of touts. Now it is a programme for which you must pay. They insolently bar your passage. They dun you and din into your ears, "Programme, sir!" It is not a civil request to know

but a demand with an implied threat. The implication is that you are a stingy person, who has no right to be seen in he stalls. But this is not all. Having gone through the first easy stages of theatrical purgatory, you are worried all the evening with ice sellers and chocolate vendors and stale cake providers. If you are in the stalls, safely wrapped up from the drafts, these touts edge in between the very narrow and uncomfortable stalls and generally make hay. They tread on your toes, they disturb the little nest you have made, they make havoc with the kidies' back bair, pulling out confiding hairpins and crushing the result of the maid's handiwork. They don't care if they dig you in the eye with an ice tray or powder you with the

checolate boxes. Their duty is to make as much money as possible for the speculating contracttor. It is not their fault, poor things. They all get a commission on their wares and it is their duty to tout .-Clement Scott in London Graphic.

Marco Bozzaris. Soon after Fitz-Greene Halleck had published his stirring "Marco Bozzaris," he repeated the poem to a lady, an intimate friend of his. She expressed great admiration of the beautiful lines, but when he was in full enjoyment of what he considered her perfect appreciation she surprised him by the innocent query:

"Who was Marco Bozzaris?" "Well," said Mr. Halleck, despondently, "what's the use of becoming martyrs for liberty or of poets celebrating heroes about the events of the day?"

The remembrance of another incident connected with the poem never failed to elicit a groan from its author. At a certain dinner party at which he was present, it was expected that each man should sing a song or make a speech. Among the guests was a Dutch Jew,

whose English was execrable, and he

had been previously persuaded by a joker

to commit the whole of Marco Bozzaris to memory that he might recite it for the gratification of the poet and the poet's friends. The day came and the Dutchman was

"Shentlemans," said he rising, "I can .

neither make de speech nor sing de song, but I vill deliver von grand poem." This he proceeded relentlessly to do, and Halleck, when he heard his harmonious measures delivered in a mixture of English and Dutch, was divided butween the temptation to laugh and cry.

called upon to speak.

-Youth's Companion. He Reckened He Would Run.

One of the most interesting characters in American history is General Zachary Taylor, "Old Rough and Ready," hero of Buena Vista, father-in-law of Jefferson Davis and twelfth president of the United States. We all recollect how Daniel Webster sneered at him, before he was and refused to let his friends put him on the ticket for vice president with Taylor for first place, thereby missing his last more, of New York, took the despised second place and thereby had nearly three years in the White House. General Sherman used to tell an amus

ing little story of Taylor anent his nomination for the presidency. At that time General Taylor was stationed at New Oreans. He was a Kentnekian and the Kentuckians were very properly proud of him. One day shortly before the convention met at Baltimore he was approached at New Orleans by an old Kentucky friend who said:

"General, we want you to run for presi-"Who wants me to run?" asked Gener-

al Taylor seriously,
"Why, we do-all your old neighbors.'

"Well, then, if that's the case," replied people is laziness, though the doctors the old hero, without changing the exgenerally manage to find a more respectpression of his face, "I reckon I'll have to run."-Detroit Free Press.