Oh an elegant meerschuum pipe am I, My couch is a velvet case complete, and many companions round me lie as we steadily stare at the stony street For fate's unkind, and the months have flows since the sacred fire on my altar gleamed; No friend have I, for I'm left alone long with the rest of the unredormed

ect

of

There's a volume there, a birthday gift That a mother bestowed on her only son; But he's long been out on the world adrift, And his parents' race on earth is run. -To My Darling Boy," so the sentence goes You may read inside, and she doubtless dres Of a future bright for the lad—who knows? But the book lies here with the unredeemed.

There's a diamond ring that was often worn ty a handsome pink tip fingered belle And many a vow was duly sworn when it first was placed where it looked so well; But the faithless lade had a stony heart; she was false when fortune frowning seemed so the ring went back, and their ways apart. And the bamble's come to the on-

A petticoat yonder's up for sale That has long been left for a paltry sum, But the woman that pledged it looked so pale, As though by weariness overcome; She'd a tiny child, and it cried for bread, Her motherly heart had planned and schem Till she had to come to the shop, she said; And the garment is here with the unredeem

Aye, we are a most mysterious crowd Of pledges, the sign of cold neglect; Some of us once were wondrous proud, some of us claimed the world's respect Now we are ticketed, all may spy, Time our appearance has scarred and scamed. Never a purchaser comes to buy:

THE WEB OF LACE.

Some little while ago a young Italian fashionable life became customers of mine in my capacity as a broker and banker. The husband was of very high birth, and had resigned his commission as a captain of cavalry at his marriage. The wife was very pretty, very rich and the daughter of a great railway contractor. Their estab lishment was luxurious, sober and serious. The husband used to speculate on the Stock Exchange, but with prudence. I met them at Trouville, dined with them in the winter and hunted with the count on his grounds near Goetz. One day about two months ago I was returning to my office after the last board when my clerk stopped me and told me, with a strunge look, that a lady was waiting to see me. A lady? I could not guess who she was. My clerk said she was young, elegantly dressed and appeared violently agitated and afraid the police would come. I was startled, but would not let my clerk suspect it. walked boldly forward and found my charming Italian countess. She rose quickly, and, with her eyes filled with tears,

stretched out her hands to me.
"Here you are at last," she said. "! have been here so long-I was so afraid you would not come." But, madame, what is the matter?

What procures me the pleasure"-She made a feverish gesture and said in a tense voice:

'Do not speak-listen to me. What I have to say is so terrible that if I delay an instant I shall never have the courage to tell you. Yes, it is cruel, but I must speak. Only you can save me!"

"Yes. Do not look at me-I shall have more force to tell you what you must be

We exchanged alarmed looks. Histened in horror. What could this woman, proud, intelligent, accustomed to every situation and protected by all possible safeguards, have done to be placed in so terrible a pre dicament?

"Oh, mon Dieu!" I heard her murmur "How can I make such a confession? would rather die. And yet my husbandmy son!" She wrung her hands, and her convulsed features expressed the most com-

"But madame," I cried with emotion "tell me at once, since you see in me a pos sible savior. Do not leave me in doubt What has happened? What have they done to you?"

She grew deadly pale, and from her trem bling lips fell the avowal: "Two hours ago at the Magasins-at the

lace counter of the Paradis des Dames-I was arrested-for stealing!" "For stealing:" I repeated mechanically

so absurd did the idea seem to me. 'Yes, for stealing a piece of lace!'

"And that piece of lace"-'Was found on me!' "Why, some shoplifter, fearing to be

caught herself, must have slipped it into your jacket without your knowing it." The word fell like a stone on my head. looked with stupefaction at this well born carefully nurtured girl, delicate and refined, who sat before me overwhelmed a

chance that the lace was found on her per "Why-why"- I stammered. "Why, it was I, of course, who took it. I stole it-don't you understand?" she

having to acknowledge that it was not by

cried, almost beside herself. "You, madame?"

I! How did it happen? I don't

know: but yet it is so. "I had already made several purchases paying for them all, when I saw an exhibition of laces they had at the Magasins. There were some marvelously beautiful ones, particularly a point d'Alencon, remarkably fine and high, of a royal design, and I stopped to admire it. Seeing this the clerk forced it on my notice, and spread it before me, and carried away by an incomprehensible impulse I sat down. He unrolled it, twisted and turned it about, showed it off against the velvet, and I, my eyes fixed on the fine meanderings of the harmonious design, gazed as if fascinated. I no longer heard the honeyed and stupid voice of the clerk; I was absorbed by the adorable lace. My reason was abolished, nothing remained of my instincts, tastes and ways, and in the vacuum of my mind I found nothing but an intense desire to possess the precious tissue. I would have done anything to get it. I felt that I must have it, no matter how, and that without delay. The clerk talked on and on. I beard him saying that it was an extraor dinary bargain; that the design was unique and would never be reproduced; that the price was only 200 francs a yard; that last year it would have been 2,000; that only queens were such lace! There seemed to be an accent of scorn in his voice, as if he were saying, 'Such marvels are not for an

ordinary woman like you.'
"He added, 'We have some very cheap Valenciennes.' With a turn of his hand he rolled up the point d'Alencon, and leaving it before me rummaged in the big shelves behind him, bringing out a number of very pleasing patterns, and displayed them with as insinuating real as when he had been showing the masterpiece which be seemed to have forgotten, but which I devoured, letting my eyes feast

on it constantly without being distracte by anything, like a wild beast patiently watching its prey. Just then he was called by a fellow clerk, to whom he replied impatiently, 'Don't you see that I am busy! But the other insisting, after excusing himself to me he quitted his place for a moment. That moment sufficed me. When he returned the piece of point

d'Aleucon was beneath my jacket. "His eyes seemed to me to fix themselves on my visage with sarcastic insistence, and the tone of his voice changed. I noted the thief? He could not have seen me, as I took the point d'Alencon from beneath all took the point d'Alencon from beneath all the Valenciennes, and yet be no longer urged to to the valenciennes, and yet be no longer urged give me back my safety, go at once to this awakened in her for the first time, had

vorth my time. This woman is no cus-

omer. She steals."
"An insupportable heat suffused my face, s not to cry out. I was on the point of my liquidation still to make." arowing down the larean the counter and

ng: But then you will no longer have the ares which have turned you into a criminat. It is impossible for you to give them | for me here." back. You must have them, you adore them, they are part of your flesh and blood. It would be torture to tear them away rom you. No, no! Go, hurry away, carry hem off with you" And I could not resist I was no longer my self. I was car-rie-away by a monstrous instinct. I com prehended nothing of what was going on n my maddened brain, and yet I recollected all the steps of my moral fall with

atrocions precision. I rose and said, 'Decidedly you have nothing to tempt me." "I inclined my head to the clerk and walked slowly away through the crowd,

longing that I could dare to run, so half dead I was with fear. My heart beat as if it would break, my legs trembled, the per-spiration rolled down my forehead, and I tried to smile, thinking that all the people who surrounded and pushed against me were on the aiert to discover me. At that moment, and when only ten steps from the door, a gleam of reason illumined my brain. It was as if a curtain separating me from the light had been suddenly torn away. I saw my conduct clearly. I fell nto a horror of myself, and turned to put back the piece of lace on the counter. A second terror more intense than that which had preceded overcame me. Suppose that in the instant my conscience was saving me from myself I should lose all by not turn back. I must go, I must escape quickly, but without taking the stolen couple who had come to Paris in search of treasure, without remaining a third. I it fall on the floor. Instantly a voice be hind me said, 'Madame, you have lost something.

"I raised my eyes and stood rooted to the spot. The clerk who had served me was and stood at attention. by my side. He still smiled. I stammered, 'This is not my bundle.' 'Yes, pardon me, it is yours. It dropped out of your jacket.' Curious faces were already gathered round, goods?" eager for a scandal. I cried, 'For pity's sake, not here!'

"The clerk understood, bowed, and making me walk before him ushered me into the goods?' a corridor. A door opened. I was in the "Point d' office of an inspector. How shall I tell you of my fright and despair? What supplies tion did I not pour out to this man who held in his hands my honor, my life and the future of those dearest to me? He listened coldly, and to all my prayers and tears answered in the harshest terms:

'Yes, yes, we know all that. It's the old story; we hear it every day. Pray be ssured that it no longer deceives us. Every month thousands of francs' worth of goods are stolen from us, and if we do not take severe measures we shall be ruined. Who are you, madame? Kindly give me your name and address.'

"I cried out, 'Never!" "Then I must give you in charge of the commissary of police.'

"But your head partner-take me to see M. Bontemps. 'Impossible! That is expressly forbid-

den. M. Bontemps cannot lose his time listening to the ridiculous stories of all the shoplifters whom we catch. This happens here ten times a day. Come, madame, decide. Your name and address or the police

"Then I saw that I could obtain nothing from this hardened slave of duty. I could not speak to pronounce my name, hitherto honored, but when the inspector pushed pen and paper to me I wrote with one movement what he asked for. He looked even thought that he would doubt me! Indignantly I drew out my card case and alhe large and regular hand of a vetera lieutenant, 'Arrested for stealing lace.'

"I felt the blood rush to my face like a flame, and throwing myself on the door fled from the magasin?" Listening to this story from the lips of

its shuddering beroine made my blood run cold. I looked at this woman, pale and overwhelmed by her misfortune, and asked myself if I were not the sport of a phantom. I have assisted at many touching scenes during my financial career. Those whom I have helped have been ungrateful, none of those whom I have refused to assist has killed himself, as he threatened to, so that I am little inclined to soften. But this Italian girt was so beautiful in her distress and abandoned herself with such sincerity that I warmed in her cause and

shared in her despair.

"What did I do when out of doors?" she "I felt that I had utterly thrown myself away. I should not have yielded, you. That man could not have given me up to the police, and if he had the commissary would have listened, and if not he, then and I saw that the overblown shopkeeper the prefect. Those men have power, have they not? They can take it upon them-selves to save the honor of a family, or else what is authority worth? Oh, if I have found words-I should have thrown be myself at his feet-he would have saved Whereas now-now there exists in the hands of a living being a material, infamous, ignominious proof of my guilt, which may some day reveal what I done. I saw the Seine before me as I thought of this, and the desire to throw myself into the river came into my mind. repulsed it with horror, not from the fear of death, but from disgust at the scan dal which such an ignoble end would raise. I hastened away through the Tuileries garden, talking aloud to myself weeping and so wild looking that every one turned to look at me. At the Rue de Rivoli I took a carriage to go home, but on the way the impossibility of facing my susband came upon me so strongly that shuddered. To whom could I turn? I have o friends or relatious here; my father is in Italy. When the carriage passed before your door the sight of your name was like message from heaven. I remembered our kindness, the delicacy of your char acter, the exceptional probity of your reputation-what more can I say? I came here

o wait for you. I have told you all, and after this sad confession you can understand that my only hope lies in you. You can save the honor and happiness of the seings I love, their life and mine, all that is most precious, most dear to me!

"I do not know. You must find a means. You see me at the end of my strength, without either intelligence or courage. Do

what you will, but save me." In the disorder of my own ideas I sought discover by what means, if any, I could escue this charming little humbug, who out upright waiting, her eyes fixed on my face with an expression of unmistakable anguish from her position. That she was a little humbug I did not doubt for a moment. My reason, protesting strongly against my compassion, told me so strongly, endeavoring to bring me back to my habitual skepticism. But nothing could prevail against the singular excitement produced in me by the terrified look out of this little demon's eyes and the wild curving of her lips. It was she herself, after all, who suggested the plan I must follow,

for in spite of her profound moral distress she was more lucid than I. "That confession, for a confession it is, which I have signed, must not remain for

is to but, as if he were thinking: 'It isn't | M. Bontemps-he will receive you-tell | robbed her of all her charm of manner him what you think necessary and bring and had me back that accursed paper."

I said timidly: "But it is nearly 5 o'clock

and I suffered so that I shut my teeth so and today is the last of the month. I have She waved the pleato one side, and I saw assist. But then a voice rose it me cry ber. And comfared to her own it was

nothing. Without resisting further Itook up my but and said: "I am off then. Wait She stretched out her hand to me and

pressed mine with extraordinary force. Breathing a deep sigh she let herself fall into an armchair. I went down the stairs four steps at a time and drove hastily to the magasins.

I saw M. Bontemps at once. When named myself the rich man deigned to raise his head with condescending familiarity. This displeased me, and I opened the conversation brusquely enough.

"Monsieur, a few hours ago a lady, one of my friends, through an unfortunate train of circumstances which I cannot explain here, was arrested in your establish ment by an inspector."

M. Bontemps' lips parted in a smile. "A shoplifter?"

"A sick woman, a mad woman, surely irresponsible; for her education, her family, her social position"-"A shoplifter," he repeated, with cold

tranquillity. "Be it so, a shoplifter. In whose behalf I have come to ask. One of your inspectors has made her sign a declaration."

"That is the custom."
"Yes, for the professional delinquents. But I fancy that you will make a distinction between the case of a creature whose sole occupation is theft and that of a woman under a hallucination, and who, besides, attempting to repair my fault? No, I could at the very moment she was surprised was ridding herself of the lace she had taken. If you only knew who this lady is" "I have not yet seen the papers."

loosened the lace inside my jacket and let rang. An employe appeared, bowing low as if to a sovereign. Bontemps said: "Send me the chief inspector." The employe disappeared, and the old inspector came in almost instantly, saluted in military fashion | my 50,000 francs had been! But it was pure "Today," said Bontemps, "an elegantly

dressed lady was brought before you who had been surprised in appropriating our "Yes, monsieur, the Countess of" --Bontemps interrupted him. "The name

is of no importance. Of what nature were Point d'Alencon Ince." Very good. What impression did the

lady make on you?"
"Mon Dieu, monsieur, no particular impression. It is always the same thing, al-most the same words. You know how cunning women are. As soon as they are caught they have only one idea-to get around us, and they cry, they beg, they wring their hands, they talk about their husbands and their children and their mothers! And if we believe them they would laugh at us. If we didn't watch them they would carry your store away

"Still how did this lady appear to you?" "Better educated, better dressed, more acute than the rest; but they are all alike.

Bontemps turned toward me. "You "I bear."

The inspector threw me a look. "Moneur comes from the prefecture of police without a doubt. Then you ought to

I stood petrified, unable to say a word, As a proof of the sagacity of the man he

took me for a police spy! The merchant cut short the folly of his employe and with a superb gesture sent him away. Scarcely had he gone when I broke out: "What confidence can you place, monsieur, in the judgment and tact of a at the signature, and in his eyes I read the suspicion of a false name. And I had not supposes that I am an agent of the police? I admit that my title of baron is not written on my face, but good heavens! I do not most flung a card in his face. He smiled resemble a hired detective. Why, your most flung a card in his face. He smiled reschool, and to see himself so well understood, and beeding down wrote under my name, in a thief in every one. He has simply abused rallied from her torpor, a promenade the leaves and regular hand of a veteran the terror of an unhappy woman. The whole thing is nothing but a misunder standing."

Bontemps did not budge. His eye veiled, his mouth mocking. He replied simply enough by reading from the paper which lay before him: "I confess to having been arrested while

stealing"-I interrupted his brutal answer "Enough, we know what is written there. But it is just this paper that we must de-

stroy. The great merchant drew himself up and smiled with a calm face, as in the days "But it is our only safeguard. agbast. Thanks to this paper, we are assured that the culprit will not attempt a second theft. It is only for that reason that we are satisfied to proceed no further on a first at-tempt. If I give it back to you"—

You admit, then, that you will give it back?"

"Oh, I argue the point to be agreeable to I breathed again. The battle was gained But the conditions were yet to be settled

who was parading himself before me was not the sort to capitulate for nothing "It shall never be said," Mr. Bontempe continued, "that so honorable a man as had been led into his presence I should you, M. le Baron, should come to me and unable to obtain what he desired. But say for yourself what reparation you think ought not to be due us for such an imposition upon our good nature."

Reparation! The word was pronounced "If I understand you, you indicate that this little paper can be purchased?" "As an exceptional piece of condescend

"You are too kind. But how much!" "You tell me the family is noble?" "They are foreigners!" I cried quickly.

"Then I should charge you less, But are they rich?" "Well off: no more."

"Do they keep a carriage?" "Yes, with two horses. I don't wish to deceive von." You understand, we are just as well as

enerous, and the amends ought to be proortioned to"-The amends-well, you estimate them

"Fifty thousand francs." I leaped to my feet. "Fifty thousand anes! Impossible!" "I only state the sum so as not to have

o disoblige you. Refuse if you choose. The paper shall remain in my drawer. shall never use it, unless"-'But I must have it." "Then you must pay. And be assured that none of the money shall find its way

into our treasury. It shall be distributed among the poor, M. le Baron-among the poor I could scarcely believe my ears. I lifted my eyes toward Bontemps, and he seemed transfigured. His vulgar countenance was ennobled, and he took on the proportions of a St. Vincent de Paul. He smiled

"Well, M. le Baron, do you accept?" "Laccept." I took out my check book and wrote a check on the Bank of France. Then we made the exchange, one bit of

paper for the other. I hastened back to my office, and again went up the stairs four steps at a time. had but one thought-to give safety and happiness back to the poor woman who waited for me, a prey to such ernel agony I threw open the door of my office. lovely Italian girl was there in the same attitude; she seemed not to have stirred in her horrible waiting. She saw me and leaped to ber feet. Never shall I forget the look with which she interrogated me With a gesture I held out to her the paper.

A REMARKABLE JUMP

nature. She read the paper twice, touched

it, scanned it with burning eyes to assure

watched it burn with inexpressible happi-

"Oh, thank you from the depths of my

soul." Her voice still shook with emo-tion. "2 ad so he gave it back."

Yes, and I did not besitate."

"What did you give him?"

"Fifty thousand francs."

fell fainting into my arms.

rial echo of the affair:

most laborious toll

"He sold it," I said. She receiled, "Sold it? How-he dared?"

She grew extremely pale. The day was

almost gone, and in the dusk her eyes glit-

burning. She drew a profound sigh and

later, on opening my Figuro at breakfast,

my eyes fell upon the following reporto-

M. BONTEMPS' SPLENDED GIFT.

handed to the Society for the Relief of the De-serving Poor the sum of 50,000 france, to be dis-

pursed, and probably never should be! But

what a hideous speculation this cession of

the paper signed by the lovely Italian for

but" after another, I finally worked my

Sin-If you had given the 50,000 france in chari

tle transaction in to morrow's paper

patch:

Bontemps replied with these worsls:

Sin-If you name the baly I shall go to

more inexplicable as it had been she

soon fell back into her former state.

prought them to the cliffs.

when she had been happy.

French of George Ohnet.

had desired to return to Italy. To the

reached the spot where she had been last

seen the cliffs were deserted and the sea

reefs. That evening the waves brought

her to the beach. She seemed to be asleen

The letter fell from my hands. I saw

again the young woman with her beauti-

ul, supplicating eyes and her trembling

Adapted for Philadelphia Times from the

Curiosities of Superstition.

When Egypt was in the height of her

power, when she was most highly civi-

circular white spot in the exact center

wild demonstrations from the Mediter-

ranean to the border of the Lybian des-

ert. Even as late as the time of Cleo-

patra, "star eyed goddess, glorious sor-

ceress of the Nile," such animals were

tipped with the same metal. Herodotus

cause he sold a cow that soon after be-

Preliminary to the Baptism.

who went by the name of Jim the Slog-

ger and who had never darkened a

asking him to baptize the baby. Ac-

house, but was surprised on being ad-

ome to sprinkle my kid?" he asked. On

the bishop assenting, he continued, "Yer

can't sprinkle that kid till you and me

The unfortunate parson protested, but

finding protest useless "stood up" to

Jim. The battle went for the bishop,

and Jim, pulling himself from the floor,

muttered, "He's the parson for me."

The baptism was proceeded with and,

as the story goes, Jim took to church

going from that day.-Pall Mall Gazette

There is a new shape for the dinner

table-a triangle. The host is seated in

the middle of the shortest side and the

hostess at the meeting of the two longer

tertainers and the entertained nearer

together than at the ordinary square or

round tables. A single cloth is not used

on these triangular tables, but rather

narrow scarfs of heavy open work. Be-

tween the scarf and the center piece the

space is filled with bonbon and salted

almond dishes. - Food.

has had a fight, parson."

When Bishop Goe, of Melbourne, was

his forehead.-St. Louis Republic.

lips; my heart ached for her, and a tear of

pity and regret stole down my check.

murmured in silence, beating against the

Yesterday M. Bontemps, the well known rector of the magasins of the Paradis des Dan

a cry of joy threw it in the fire.

turned, she cried:

tion.

herself that it was the same, and then with AN INCIDENT IN THE LIFE OF THE EMPRESS OF AUSTRIA.

Her Horse Took the Bit Between His Teeth and Made a Terrible Run-An Almost Miraculous Leap Over an Open Drawbridge-A Pincky Woman,

Many years ago I was an evewitness to an accident which befell the empress of Anstria, and which was so terrible that her escape from death seems to me even now a miracle.

Elizabeth of Austria, as she liked to tered like stars. Mechanically I held out call herself, was at that time not only my hand. She took it. Her own was the most daring but also the best rider in the world. No man or woman ever knew better how to take an obstacle She went away as she had come, and I than this most charming of all crowned women. Though her majesty was then remained, 50,000 francs less at my banker's, but with the recollection of her gratitude in my heart I had taken up the ordinary already a grandmother, on horseback she could give odds to the best Huncurrent of my life again when, ten days garian and English riders. The party at the event of which I am writing consisted of the empress and a large number of Austrian and foreign gentlemen horsemen. This was not surprising con-

very spirited young horse, which she had obtained in Lancashire when on a I was stupefied. Then a sudden flash of inspiration made daylight within my thick visit to England, and to the training of which the had personally attended for head. But it was with my money that the rascal was being so generous! But up nearly a year. Everything went well to the present moment I was the generous philanthropist, for I had not been reimafter the start until we crossed a highway leading to a small Hungarian country town a short distance off. Passing a white painted milestone the empress' horse shied, and suddenly becoming uncontrollable it dashed down cheating! Thus exciting myself with one the road in the direction of the town. self into such a state of deadly anger that From appearance it was evident that I could no longer contain myself, and the animal had succeeded in taking the jumping to my desk wrote to Bontemps as bit between his teeth and that no earthly power could stop it on its mad run-

ty anonymously I should have had nothing but compliments for you. But in taking credit to yourself for a charity which has cost you nothing Although we all followed the empress, none of us seemed to gain upon her. you have done a contemptible thing. Unless to day you do not send me a receipt for a second Flying we passed through the little town, much to the amazement and the 50,000 frames, given by you this time to the poor of Paris, you shall find the whole story of our lit terror of the few people in the streets. A short distance beyond the town was a shipping canal, and to our horror we Sin if you tell the story I shall be forced to mine the lady Boxrams. canal was open so as to permit the pas-To this I responded by a definite disrealized that the empress was running straight into the jaws of certain death.

afternoon to your office, pull you out of it by the ears and box them for you before all your clerks Banes on Tassoniex Faster and faster we went on in pursuit, but faster and faster also seemed the empress' horse to fly. Now it had He believed me, and that evening I had reached the open bridge. Would it my receipt.
The week after the countess' adventure stop? Before we had time to think we she left for Italy. At the end of a month 1 saw the animal dash up the incline of received her father's check for 50,000 the open bridge like a flash of lightning. saw the animal dash up the incline of For a moment we could not but close francs, accompanied by vague expressions of thanks, which showed that he was ignoour eyes and a shudder convulsed every rant under what circumstances my ser man in the cavalcade. It was a terrible vices had been rendered to her. I thought moment-a moment during which fear no more of my young Italian friends until and horror alternately kept us mercione day I received a letter bordered with lessly in their pangs. When we opened black, in which the afflicted husband in our eyes again, still riding as fast as our formed me that he had had the unhappi ness to lose his wife under the most tragic horses could go, the fair rider and her circumstances. After their departure from runaway had disappeared. Paris she had fallen into a melancholy, the

We had no doubt that the inevitable had happened and that Elizabeth of Austria was drowned in the slow and turbid waters of the canal.

most affectionate inquiries she remained deaf, and though from time to time she The idea was a terrible one. My pen seemed to make an effort to throw off her is too weak to describe the confusion somber apathy, and would be for a day or so charming and graceful as before, she among us and the agony of suspense that followed and seemed to make each At last, during an excursion to Capri, rider quiver in his saddle. Almost unwalk toward the rocks so fast that they citement was so great that we did not could scarcely follow her. They called her even notice that one of our number, back, but in vain. Her silhouette stood out against the blue sky as if she had been a spirit, and she seeme? ready to fly away. Count Szepany, if I remember well, was also missing. All our faculties naturally had followed the empress only. All at once her light dress disappeared. They rushed forward, but when they

with nobody among us plucky enough to ride into death with an empress. A few seconds later the inclines of the

bridge were lowered again, but nobody of our company seemed to even attempt to pass it. From the pangs of fear and horror we

had passed into those of amazement.

Several hundred yards beyond the bridge

we beheld riding toward us a lady on a foaming steed. It was the empress, and at her side the only gallant man of the browd, Count Szepany. Her majesty firmly sat her horse, and appeared as cool and collected as if nothing had haplized and delighted in being called the pened. Smilingly did she make fun of us and "mistress of the land and sea," her peo-

ple worshiped a black bull. There was our anxiety. Her fine raillery was just some discrimination, however, even in as much justified as it was inoffensive this form of worship. In order to be an when she saw the pitiable figure we cut object of mad adoration it was neces- in her exalted presence.

sary that the bull calf be born with a The empress' horse was very lame. and closer examination showed that it of his forehead, and the advent of such had dislocated its right hind fetlock. In a creature in any herd was the signal of jumping the open draw between the wings of the bridge the hind feet of the empress' horse had caught one of the iron rails at the edge and torn off one of its hind shoes. The most extraordinary feature of the accident was how the shod with gold and had their horns horse ever could have gone down the incline without breaking its own and tells of a man who died with grief be the rider's neck. The only explanation for this small miracle, however, might came the mother of a black bull calf be found in the fact that the empresa marked with the sacred white circle in never lost her presence of mind for minute when on horseback, and that. though the animal was uncontrollable, she must have sat it to perfection. With regard to Count Szepany, he was unable a curate a famous pugilist in the parish, to give any account of his escape. Moreover, he did not even remember whether his horse made the jump before or after the empress'. He simply said that durchurch door, called at the parsonage ing the jump he closed his eyes for a second, and that he then experienced a cordingly the bishop repaired to Jim's sensation as though the water were bubbling over his head.-Harper's Young mitted to see Jim lock the door and pocket the key. "Be you the parson

A Scythe as Old as Moses. An Egyptian scythe, dug up on the banks of the Nile in 1890, is exhibited among the antiquities in the private museum of Flinders Petrie, London. The shaft of the instrument is of wood set with a row of fine flint saws, which are securely cemented in a groove. This discovery answers the oft asked question, How did the stone age man harvest his crops?-St. Louis Republic.

Poseyboy-I am afraid I shall have to stop calling on you, Miss Travis. Miss Travis-Why, pray! Poseyboy-On account of your parrot. He very profane. Travis-That isn't profanity, you ones. This arrangement brings the en- goose. I am simply teaching him the na of the latest German operas. - Burlingte 1

Not Profaulty.

Free Press. Wanted It Kept Quiet. Mrs. Jones Let the pie alone, you littla camp, or I'll give you a sound thrashing. Johnny-Don't make such a fuss, or the neighbors will find out what had raising I've had, Texas Siftings.

A METROPOLITAN WILDCAT.

City Woman's Remarkable Experience with a Strange Pussy.

A New York woman had an experience a few nights ago which she will not soon forget-one which, considering her environment, was very surprising. Her home is a ground apartment, occupying two floors, however, in one of the high class apartment houses in Fifty ninth street overlooking the park. Th library is on the second floor, and in this room she was seated one night when a peculiar noise from the family parrot, who was in his cage in an opposite room, attracted her attention.

Thinking the bird was merely restless and wanted his cage covered, she picked up a soft woolen couch cover and started across the hall. At the threshold of the second room she saw cronching on the top of the parrot's cage a gray cat, which had succeeded by his weight and clawing in inclining the cage almost to the tipping angle, poor Poll meanwhile traveling up and down the upper side in a frenzy of fright. The unequal struggle could not have lasted many seconds longer, and, riders, who seemed to have gathered to- urged by the crisis, though really gether from all parts of Europe. Most alarmed at the unusual size and fierce of them were known as prominent appearance of the cat, Poll's mistress advanced into the room shaking the tributed among the poor of the twenty arous dissements of Paris. This remarkable and successful man of uniness, in making so generous a not forgotten his own early years, devoted to the very surgited young horse, which she solve and half crossed the apartment very surgited young horse, which she she had half crossed the apartment.

She had half crossed the apartment when the animal made a spring at her, and but for her quick movement in covering her head with the couch cover which she held her face would have received the brunt of the attack. As it was, the cat clawed violently for an instant at the mass of woolly material in which he was enmeshed; then, aided by the desperate push which the now terrified woman gave him, leaped to the floor and dashed into the library. Mrs. - recovered her senses

closed the door between herself and the cat, then violently rang the bell for assistance. The maids responded and, after carrying Poll to a place of safety in a remote room, an attempt was made to dislodge the cat from the library. At sight of her pursuers the creature began to rush about, jumping through a brass screen with force enough to break it, knocking over bric-a-brac and loose books, and ending by scaling the winsaw that the drawbridge spanning the dow casing as if it were a tree and running out on the bare curtain pole. From sage of some boat. In a moment we this high perch he glared down at those beneath him until Mr. - 's arrival shortly afterward. He was then prodded down and leaped through a window opened for him to the pavement below, darting off to the park as soon as he reached the ground.

Policemen and others familiar with Central park say that stray city cats often find bomes in its sequestered nooks, growing wild and raising progeny that become almost as fierce and terrible as a genuine wildcat. In this instance the animal was doubtless driven from its haunts by hunger, and, getting in on the ground floor, was attracted up stairs to the parrot's cage by the scent of the bird and its food.-Her Point of View in New York Times.

In moving to a new place of residence we found on the premises a large cat which had been left there by the former occupant. She was not of the real domestic kind, but lived principally in the barn, occasionally venturing into the house to obtain her food. On one occonsciously we had stopped our horses casion, much to the surprise of my wife, just before reaching the incline to the she came up to her and mewed several turning each time toward the door leading to the barn. This she repeated until Mrs. N- was induced by curiosity to follow her, when she led the way to a barrel half full of straw, up the side of which she climbed, all the There we were, halting before that time mewing and looking at my wife, errible bridge like a pack of cowards, and there were five kittens, cold and dead. Mrs. N- remarked, "They are cold and dead, pussy," and the cat went away satisfied.

She would sometimes scratch the children, and we were fearful she wou't seriously injure them, and one day 1 said in her presence that "I would shoot her." She was missing for about six weeks, and of course I had then "got off the notion."-Forest and Stream.

Why His Eyesight Failed. Dr. Optycuss-You are standing at eighteen feet. Can you read these letters Patient-No, sir.

Dr. Optycuss-Approach two feet tearer. Now? Patient-No, sir. Dr. Optycuse-This is strange! Come

four feet nearer. Now? Patient-No. sir. Dr. Optycuss-Most remarkable case ever met. Stand four feet away from

the chart. Can you read now? Patient-No, sir. Dr. Optycuss-Great Pisistratus! am 1 Young man, you are the most remad? markable case that has come within my experience. You conquer me. You can

know more about yourself than I do. Have you any idea why you can't read these letters? Patient-1 never learned to read .-London Tit-Bits.

The Tall Hat in England. No one ever says a good word for the tall hat. It is reviled and abused on all sides, and yet it holds its own against all comers with an immobility worthy of a better cause. Nearly all the syn onyms-and they are many-adopted to designate the tall hat are of a disrespectful character. Men liken it to a stovepipe or chimney pot; the name "topper" tself is decidedly lacking in dignity.

But though we are told that nothing kills like ridicule, ridicule has wholly failed to overthrow the dominion of the tall hat. If the last man be an Englishman, we can well imagine that his impavid front will face the ruin of the universe beneath the shelter of a silken tile,-London Globe,

An Irrepressible Conflict. "What's the trouble between you and Widgely? You were friends while you lived in the city."

"Yes, but you see we bought ad joining properties in the suburbs." "What of that?" "Why, he's a crank on fine poultry

cago News-Record. Goes With the Tile.

and I'm growing a garden!"-Chi-

The hat that is won on a political event may look no better than any other, but the man who wears it constantly labors under the delusion that his political sagacity has neither mete nor bound.-Baltimore Amer-

A FLOOD MYSTERY.

TRAGIC FATE OF A COUPLE ABOUT WHOM LITTLE WAS KNOWN.

One Incident Only of the Terrible Destruction of Property and Loss of Life by the Rise of Water in Western Rivers. Beroism and Death.

During the floods of the Mississippi and Missouri rivers and their tributaries the daily papers chronicled hundreds of cases, humorous, tragic and pathetic, which occurred along the banks of these streams from the junction of the two great bodies of water to points below St. Louis. But while hundreds of cases have been described, there have been also hundreds of cases that have not been mentioned.

Homes have been swept away, prosperous men made paupers within a few ours and poor dumb brutes drowned while pleading in their pitiful way for aid. Among the incidents of the flood, too, have been a few instances of gennine heroism which stand out as a welcome relief to the usual somber hues of

Among the strangers recently located in this locality just above St. Louis was a man from Iowa. He had settled in a little cabin near the river, and knowing no one was unaware of his danger till he found himself in the center of a sheet of water five miles wide and rapidly rising. Unable to escape, he was step by step driven with his few effects to the flat roof of his cabin, and prepared his frugal meals there for two days. Two men who saw him finally risked their lives to save him, and succeeded in bringing him safe to dry land.

Other similar cases have occurred, in striking contrast with those numerous instances where the possessors of small boats and skiffs have compelled unhappy wretches to give them almost their entire possessions for merely passage to land.

A pathetic and mysterious incident occurred in a southern suburb of St. Louis, known as Happy Hollow, where poverty and squalor usually reign, which embodied in itself very evidently the elements of an interesting romance. Happy Hollow on one side of the street or alley or creek (River Du Peres) doesn't know Happy Hollow on the other side, and doesn't desire to. The poverty and misery, and usually the crime, of each individual is surly and desires no companionship. Hence when a gray haired gentleman and young girl moved into the neighborhood and took a little shanty down on the levee no one asked any questions, for no one cared anything about them. They attracted no attention except for their neat appearance. Their clothes were clean in spite of their manifest poverty, as were also their hands and faces. After Happy Hollow recovered from its shock of surprise at this phenomenal cleanliness, it went its way without another thought of strangers.

The new residents of Happy Hollow had not been there long when the flood came. By the end of a second day they are cut off from escape and on the third their little shanty was swaying to and fro. The few rough spectators who cared enough to note their distress were indifferent. One or two who had boats called over and asked how much money he had, and when the old man shook his head sadly, they turned off with a laugh

and went to the nearest saloon. One man, less bratal than the others, rang into a skiff and started over he was drunk and, capsizing the little boat, he went to the bottom like a lump of lead. The skiff righted itself and floated along on the water, and the old man saw the only chance for escape drifting away. Springing into the mud dy, seething waters, he succeeded by almost superhuman efforts in reaching the little boat, only to find that the oars had been lost out. Just as he became aware of this fact he turned and saw the little shanty, washed from its foundations, come drifting down the resistless stream, while the young girl stood in the door-

WAY. Casting a look of regret behind him, he sprang from his boat, which was a haven of safety, into the water once more and caught the edge of his shanty as it came past. Climbing into the rickety doorway, he had just clasped his companion in his arms when a pile of driftwood struck the little building, tore it to pieces like a child's playhouse and the muddy, roaring waters swallowed up forever two human lives.

A reporter for a morning paper found among the debris washed ashore next day several books with other things from the little shanty. Among them were "Histoire de la Poesie Provencale," by Fauriel; Kant's "Kritik der Keinen Vernunft," and well thumbed copies of Homer and Shakespeare. Each work was in its original tongue, and had evidently been read before. The name of the owner on the fly leaves or inner cover had been carefully cut out, and the secret of their lives, if there was one, was buried with the owners in the muddy and turbulent waters of the great Mississippl.—Detroit Free Press.

Setting the Verdict Aright. Years ago an elderly and brusque jurist from Sandusky used to hold dis trict court here, and on one of his visits a beautiful young woman was tried before him and a jury on a charge of stealing eighty-five dollars from a man. She

was clearly proved guilty, but the jury,

impressed by her youth and beauty, found a verdict of not guilty. "Mr. Clerk," remarked the old judge, pay the eighty-five dollars to the prosecuting witness, it having been clearly proved in this court that the defendant stole it from him, and you may also pay these twelve fools their fees and let them go."-Cleveland Plain Dealer.

In a house stove introduced in England the grate is swung on trunnio can be reversed. After fresh coal has been added at the top the reversal is made, and the green coal is thus brought to the bottom in an easy manner. this means the gases from the coal, passing upward through the red portion of the fire, previously at the bottom, are almost entirely consumed before reaching the chimney.—New York Journal.

Eighty-six designs in competition were submitted for the great iron tower in Lov don which is to surpass that of Eiffel in Paris. A suggestion is made by an engi-neering journal that some spectacle at-tractive to the public should be held at a point not less than 500 feet from the ground, out of reach of fogs and ordinary rain abouts.