Whither do our footsteps tend?
More and more we yearn to know,
As life's shadows longer grow,
And the evening hours descend,
And before us lies the end.

When the door shall open wide, What to our expectant eyes Will the future life disclose! all we see a morning break, Securing like the biened dream of some enforgotten ever f some unforgotten ever on, 0 Under entiting skins of blue, Through an ever de wining dawn, Listo wide fields, fresh and new, Meeting those who came before, Knowing each familiar look, And such well remembered tone, Though so many years had flown since each other's hands we took, saying forewells o'er and o'er? shall we talk of earthly days, speaking low, will lasted breath, Of the auful mysters of our human life, and death? Shall we wonder to recall How our hearts were prone to fear,

In any heaven, so fair, so near? And if we could only know, As the shadows deeper grow, Whither our swift footsteps tend, As they surely near the end! Katherine S. Mason in Boston Courier,

## SOMETHING OF A NIGHT.

At its best, hunting in a savage country no calm pursuit; ion when a human yearry is sought, one's nerves are not liketo know much repose, and most especially is this true when the object of the chase has stronged so many of the hunter's dear ens that vengeance seems the sole thing left worth living for. Such one July afternoon, fifteen years

ago, was the condition of affairs I had to

I was in Eastern Turkestan, riding toward the west like mad. Utch was thirty miles ahead of me. By my side ran the Tarim, its chill waters rushing swiftly on toward its confluence with the Kashgar,

I had ridden my horse since daybreak, determined to overtake the man I was hunting down before another nightfull. For three years I had been nursuing him.

Now he was less than four bours ahead of me, and we were to a land where western conventionalities could neither prevent my rengeance nor punish me for it, though I gave thought to neither of these considera-

. for Utch, where he in-He was ne tended passing the night. It was my pur-pose to overtake him a little beyond Thokan, where the Tarim ran through such dreary, deserted wastes that human sounds seldon competed with it in the business of awak-

On and on I sped, urging my juded horse far beyond its utmost powers of endurance -for vengeance, like all other purely hudestroy in prevailing

But my hot haste thwarted itself, and when Thokan was less than a mile away the poor beast fell under me and expired. Grown vulture like by reason of my awfal pursuit, now that I was cheated of my prev. I shricked out my wild rage in a but the noise of the river prevented every spilable of it from offending even the dead

Bitter as only a buffled man can feel, I finally shouldered my saddle bags, continuing my way to Thokan on foot.

This miserable apology for a town-less thin a dozen mean shantles-failed to furtish me another horse at any price. Worse yet, I found myself compelled to spend the night there, as it was now nearly sunset, and Utch, the next town before me, was still more than twenty-five miles away. Far off in the west, a black and lagged

mass against the sunset sky, towered the michty summits of the Tian Shan range, the otherwise dazzling whiteness of their great snow domes all obscured by the twi-

miserable human creatures as I found at Thokau were too stolld and insensate to even feel curiosity at the advent of a stranger-a rare circumstance in Turk-

Wretched and desperate, unable to endure a thought of food, I stretched myself out upon a shelf against the side of a mean, ittle loft, which was to serve as my quar-

ters for the night.

Through an open window, straight before me, I could look out at the sky above

Shade by shade I witnessed the fading of

the sunset colors and the end of the afterglow, until all was as dismally black as the sensations of baffled wretchedness which so nearly stifled me.

Then the moon rose, full and splendid,

making night more like day than it is anywhere out of the east. Instead of cheering me, these mocking floats of night light angered me.

What right had sun or moon to shine s warmly on a land which had robbed me of vengeance so long delayed, just as it was I clenched my hands in silent rage

ands which would have been red with human blood if my horse had not failed me and I had had my way.

With snail-like pace the seconds crept on into minutes and the minutes into hours. Not long after midnight the moon, hav ing passed the zenith, shone into my room, illuminating all its varied stores of rub

At first these did not attract my attenflon; but at last, almost unconsciously, I Here was a bunch of dried herbs, there a

Why, what was that? Something ob-

scared the window, shutting out the When my ever were accustomed to the Itsened light I made the obstruction out.

It was a human figure—a mat. He had clambered up there from the ground—to rob me at any hazard, to mur-der me if need be; for in his mouth was a

Perhaps it was only a minute, but it seemed an age before the sound of my undisturbed breathing satisfied him that I

was saleep, enabling him to enter the room Presently he swung his feet over the windowbench and dropped upon the floor,

Slowly be advanced until he stood be-

peering down at me.
Slight sound as it made, I heard him

take the knife from his teeth and run his

had ear kill me before robbing me. Whatever the cause of his deliberation it was maddening, unendurable.

Finally I tore open the garment over my beart and said :

with a half suppressed yell of amaze-ment the man dropped his knife and sits like a statue, holding the strap until sprang from my bedside straight out through the window.

My desperation had terrified my Tartar My desperation had terrified my Tartar A Kennehunk ( ) had has made pets friend into the belief that he had attempted of five field crickets. Each has a name, I had halled the first eight of the weapon

with a sort of fierce joy, it was a probable avenue of escape from the miseries of unre-

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But the grotesque performance which had been the result of my impatient words aroused my mirth. For a long time I lay there, fairly shak-

ing with grim laughter. When this mood changed I sank into a troubled sleep It was full of dreamed plans of retribu-

tion on many persons for multitudinous offenses, but they all ended in my recent reality-in the death of an overjaded horse At length I was awakened by a sound

within my room. The moon was now so far to the westward that its beams fell across the open trap above the ladder by which I had climed to my loft. And coming up, and half way through the floor, I was the body of another nocturnal visitor. His face was in the shadow, but his bulky figure satisfied me that was my

the floor, his face in my direction. Without arising, be finally started toward

me, creeping on all fours.

As he advanced I saw dangling from his loose robes a small, short handled ax-destined no doubt to make an immediate plunge into my skull.

This thought sent another fierce tide of pose was likely to end that night after all. One resolution I made swiftly. This man should not be interrupted by word of mine. The silence should not be broken by me-my experience with the other me wisdom in that respect.

Assussint The word startled me. Would I not also have been an assassin, could my will have prevailed? Most assuredly, now I came to think of

True, the man I had so long hunted, dehad appointed me administrator of vengeance, giving me power over life and death,

and the right to answer crime with crime? With this first true confrontal of my real position came an entire revulsion of

morrow ever came should witness for me a return to worthier things than man hunting. And with this feeling came another which I had not experienced before in months—an intense desire for life. This brought me to a recollection of my

immediate surroundings, and I cast another glance in the direction of my second He was still cautiously approaching me. When directly before my bed, he sur-

prised me by seemingly passing under it, instead of arising to finish me with his ax, as I had expected.

What did it mean? Was he waiting to enjoy a hand to hand tussle with me when I awoke? Or was be, Tartarlike, bent on getting double pleasure out of his foul pur--first by anticipation, then by reality? The suspense was maddening. Soon I could bear it no longer.

Pulling myself together for a mighty effort. I sprang from my bed to the window, and plunged through it to the ground be-A dense thicket was close at hand, and

of my host appeared at the window whence I had escaped.

little doubt in my mind as to what my fate came bathed with dampness, but he would have been had I tarried in that dingy loft much longer. Fortunately, I had flung myself upon my

I was none the poorer for my sudden flight, hand tightly pressed on it. than otherwise, of the trying circumstances which had taken murder out of my heart. -Lew Vanderpoole in Buffalo Express.

Domestic Thunder Storms.

We have heard it asserted that a quarrel

to the general element.

Whose reasons thus is a simpleton. Eyelightnings are neither agreeable when "the sparks of fury" are being projected, nor as they flash through the recollection, and tongue thunder reverberates through threw the thing down on a counter. the memory for many a long day after the storm. It is an egregious mistake to sup-pose that sharp words spoken in anger are soon forgotten. They often cut deep, and n some cases the wounds never entirely heal. Crimination and recrimination were never yet freely and frequently indulged in by man and wife without begetting en with it anyway?" he asked, looking at mity between them, or, to say the least, without destroying their esteem for each

Marriage does not change human nature. and it is not human nature to love any body one is continually quarreling with. Pettish wives and surly husbands are advised to make a note of this; also all happy pairs, fresh from the altar, who desire to keep happy.-New York Ledger.

Geographical Vanity of Britain. British fondness for territory is illus-trated very graphically in a well known pocket atlas published by an English firm. British possessions are all printed in a brilliant shade of red, but the world is a largepiace, and even the numerous colonies of the little island fail to make as great a show as was desired, so Grant Land, the great continent of rock and ice lying north of the Arctic circle, and Granam Land, a similar tract south of the Antarctic circle, the repeater less." were also printed in a rosy hue. These desolate wastes are undefined and unexplored, and of about as much use as the knife whose shining bimle glistened in the milky way. Certainly no nation will dispute Britannia's right to paint them red if ate wants to .- Cincinnati Commercial Ga-

Home Life in Thibet. Filial piety finds no place in Thibetan character. It is no uncommon thing for a son to turn his father, when too old to work, out of doors, and to leave him to perish in the cold. The superstition that the souls of the dead can, if they will, haunt My eyes were closed, but for all that I the living drives their hardened natures could mamistakably feel his sharp eyes to gain by the exercise of crucity the promise of the dying that they will not return to earth. As death approaches the dying person is asked, "Will you come back or will you not?" If he replies that Then all was silence again; I could not back or will you not?" If he replacthat he will they pull a leather bag over he wen hear him breaths.

Probably he was wondering whether he bot, he is allowed to die in peace.

> A Dog Holds a Hore. A gentleman is Cincinnati has a next trained to hold to horse. When he drives up to the sidewalk and slights the dog takes a sent on the birthstone. His master

and seems to know it when spoken. They are peculiarly sensitive to music, always chirping while any moneal instrument is

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A CLOCK ON A STRIKE.

IT WAS WORSE THAN AN INFERNAL MACHINE IN EFFECT.

A Devoted Brother line an Interesting and Exasperating Experience with a

Matter with the Clock. This is a story about a clock which made a great deal of trouble for two people and gave the same two people very poor opinions of each other. The brother say Chat no woman in the world save his Oister could have had such amazing ignorance about clocks in general, and this one in particular, while his sister declares that only her brother, In another minute he had completed the of all men on earth, would have allowed ascent and was in my room, crouching on a little bit of a clock to make a fool of him before a carload of strangers.

The trouble with the clock was that it wouldn't keep time. There was no reason in the world why it wouldn't; it just wouldn't, and that was all there was to it. This was painful to the young woman for several reasons. It is desperation surging through me. The only necessary to mention one; the sting and chagrin of a thwarted life purtimepiece had been given to her by her betrothed. He thought it was a little gem of a clock, and that it would please her. She agreed with him as to the beauty of the delicate little affair, and would be assassin having at least taught was pleased for a time. Then she began to get worried; then she got nervous, and lastly alarmed. This was all of course because the thing would not go, and, because she feared he might think she had broken it, or, worse still, as she herself confessed between time, that she hadn't sense enough to make a clock go, termined to slay him, had imbued his while her irreverent and impertment hands with the blood of my dear ones, and brother suggested sweetly that he was had even done them worse harm; but who more likely to think that it was her "face which had stopped a clock,"

The family were in the country when the clock was received, and when the time drew near for the arrival of the betrothed clock giver affairs began to be I was glad, now-honestly, heartily glad desperate. The young woman declared -that my long cherished violent purpose that that clock had to go. The clock had ended fruitlessly. The morrow-if the simply wouldn't. She would wind it up-it would always wind without the slightest resistance-but it would not go. She shook it, she turned it upside down, she coaxed it, she laid it on its face and then on its back, and the hands were still froze to the face of the clock. "Albert," she said to her brother, 'you must take this clock over to town

and get it repaired. It must be repaired; it must go.' Now town was ten miles away, and Albert did not see why any one should A minute passed, and another. Still make so much fuss over a clock, and there was no further sign nor sound of such a little clock, too, as that was. But when arguments and pleadings could not move him he yielded to tears, and, chucking the timepiece under his arm, he boarded the train and started for town. In the car he placed the clock on the scat beside him and rested his hand on it. Then more trouble began. That clock began to strike. It went into the striking business in a calm, determined

It struck right along, up grade and down grade, around curves and on into this I instantly betook myself.

Scarcely was I out of sight when the face straight tracks. The brother felt a fainting around his heart. The people in the car who had first been amused The evil working of his dark features, began to be annoyed. The young man's which the moonlight plainly revealed, left face got red; it got warm; his hair beclung to the clock like a Trojan. He had an idea that he might be able to bed with my clothes on, and so, with the exception of my hat and my saddle bags, didn't know which, and so he kept his Thou trimmph'st, Victor of the high wrought day.

And the pleas'd dame, soft smiling, lead'st

Whether my disappointed host attempted And all the time that infernal magetting tired or of running down. It was striking along at a 2:20 gait when the train reached the town. It continued to strike when the brother made his escape from the car. It went on now and then in a family is not a bad striking up the street until the brother thing-that it purifies the domestic atmos- wanted to throw it over a fence and phere, rendering it pleasant and salubrious then commit suicide. No burglar alarm for some time to come; in short, that it is to the household air what a thundergust is clock. No clanging fire engine ever made more noise and caused more excitement. The clock was striking away industriously and cheerfully when the brother ran into a jeweler's shop and

"For heaven's sake stop it!" he cried. But it had stopped. There it lay on the counter as dumb as an oyster and as

silent as a tomb. "Well, I'll be hanged," said the brothit as if it were a dynamite cartridge.

The jeweler picked it up. "Look out!" cried the brother. "That thing will start up again if you touch But it didn't. It never made a sound, only in a minute came a gentle and

rhythmic ticking. There's nothing the trouble with it." said the jeweler, setting the hands and then examining the little infernal machine. "You see," he added with a sym-You can make it restrike the last hour by touching this spring. You have been winding up the repeating sounder, but not the clock. And you must have held your hand on the spring when you kept it striking. It's all right now. All you

"Oh!" said the brother with a gasp-

and that was all. Now the brother says that any woman who doesn't know enough to wind a expect to find pots and jars and nitchers clock doesn't know enough to live. And growing in if not on a tree, but the maclock doesn't know enough to live. And the sister says-well, every brother terial for them certainly grows in this knows what sisters can say.-New York

A New Rope.

The outside bearing surface of ordinary steel wire rope is often confined to a single wire in each strand, causing exessive wear of the exposed wires. A Birmingham firm has produced an improved form of rope in which the strands are sattened. This shape considerably incress the wearing surface, making possible to use much smaller wire, and greater flexibility to the rope with shed brittleness of the wires while -Ohio Sale Journal.

Gorilla Against Elephant. Monkeys are not very brave, although the gorilla will sometimes attack an eleshant when he is sugof his advantage. The male gorilla often carries a huge stick and knews how to use it. As the elephant is for of the same fruit which attracts the gorilla, an encounter frequently takes place. The gorilla, seated matically regulated to the fiftieth of a in the tree, sees the elephant approach, degree Fahrenheit, has been exhibited cantionaly drops down to a bough, and in Liverpool. vailing himself of the opportunity brings his club sharply down on the sensitive trunk of his enemy, who rushes away trumpeting with anger and pain.

THE MYSTERY UNRAVELED.

A Clever Newspaper Man Divines the

"What is it?" "Who is hue" an over?" "Is it a man in a fit?"

High above the ceaseless rumble and Queer Going Timepiece-What Was the Pour of traffic rose human voices in andious inquiry, and the dense throng at the intersection of State and Madison streets grew denser still. It was just before sunset, and the mig by heart of Chicago Qusiness center throbbed with the feverish energy that marked the closing hours of another day of toil, and the hurrying homeward of restless, eager thousands. The swiftly moving streams of humanity that are wont to meet in eddying whirls in this dizzy vortex and

then diverge and move enward again, each in its destined course, had sudden ly become blocked and chaos reigned. Pushed coward the common center by the ever hurrying throngs afoot, in car riages and in street care and unable to extricate themselves, men, women and children gasped for breath, and the crowd in the streets and on the sidewalks overflowed into alleys and surged hither and you like the resistless ebb and flow of a mighty sea.

A policeman on the outskirts of the dense throng climbed a lamppost, and from his elevated position surveyed the

"Give him air," he shouted sternly, waving his club. "Give him air!" What's the matter?" inquired a hun dred voices as he climbed down.

"I don't know," he answered, and with gloomy, lowering brow he strutted up the street, disappeared down a short flight of stairs, from which a few moments later he emerged, wiping his mouth, and in the same stern, uncompromising way he walked a block farther and sent in a fire alarm.

Meanwhile the surging multitude at State and Madison grew every moment more appalling and inextricable.

Something must be done. Fiercely elbowing his way through the crowd, a newspaper reporter at last was seen bearing down toward the cen ter of the compact mass. His hat was off, his hair flying in the wind, and his face was deathly pale, but with set teeth and dilated nostrils he tore his way along, thrusting to the right and left

every one who opposed his progress. Reaching the center of the throng he seized two individuals by their arms, and in the same resolute, fearless way opened a passage for them to the outside, and, as if by magic, the vast concourse dissolved; the converging streams of hu-manity whirled and eddied as before, and the business heart of the great city throbbed again.

The reporter had conjectured rightly. The blockade was caused by two women who had met in the exact center of the street and stopped to tell each other the troubles they were having with their hired girls.-Chicago Tribune.

"Very" with a Verb.

"Pleased," in the expression "very pleased," is nothing more than the past participle passive of "please" used as an "Very," so far as I am aware, is never used with any other part of a verb, and then only when that part has become adjective by usage. The following quotation from Pope's "Dunciad" shows its use as an adjective: Thou triumph'st, Victor of the high wrought

away. A similar use of the word is when we

perial Dictionary," subject "Very," has: quently used alone to modify a past participle, and it is still to some extent so used; thus, Sir W. Jones has 'very

concerned; Gibbon, 'very unqualified: Sydney Smith, 'very altered,' etc." As there is no verb unqualify, unconditied can be nothing else but an adjective, and concerned and altered come under the same part of speech. When we say, "I am very pleased," there is no action implied, but there is simply a description of the state or condition in

F. C. Birkbeck Terry in Notes and

which one is at the time of speaking,-

Her Rule of Life. Mrs. Little was a woman greatly respected in the little neighborhood where she lived. Her friends and neighbors often spoke of her knowledge of Bible teachings, and few were the occasions when she did not remind them of her attainments by some apt quotation. "How is it, Mrs. Little," asked a neigh

bor one day, "that you can always remember some suitable quotation for everything that happens?" "Oh, I don't know," responded the

good woman with a pleased smile, "unless 'tis because I always act on what I say. Now, whenever I see folks provoked pathetic smile, "this is a repeating clock. I jest associate it with 'Let not the sun go down upon your wrath. "I've always acted on that myself. I

made it a rule when I was young never o let the sun go down when I was mad. And so it is with other things, and I s'pose that's one reason I remember."-The Pottery Tree of drazil.

The pottery tree, found in Brazil, is curious and useful. One would scarcely tree. It is found in the form of silica, chiefly in the bark, although the very

pard wood of the tree also yields it. To

make this curious pottery the bark is

burned, and what remains is ground to powder and mixed with clay. - Harper's Young People. Mottle Faucher's King. Mollie Fancher wears a pretty birthlay ring. The setting is modern, but he gem itself is said to have been found Pompeii. It is an orange red sarlonyx, with a funeral urnest in intaglio, and is set very simply in Etruscan gold.

The only specimen of fossilized or petrified cave man ever found in the United States was that discovered by an exploring posty at Craighead cave, near Monroe, Team., in 1882.

An electric incubator, in which temperature of the egg drawels auto-

There is a sign on the entrance to a London cemetery which reads, "No admittance except on business,"

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WE EXPECT TOO MUCH.

MARRIED PEOPLE DEMAND UNREA-SONABLE ATTENTION.

Why Love's Young Dream is Often Sadly Dispelled Shortly After the Honeymoon Is Over-Why Man's Taste Is Generally Different from Woman's. The much discussed question, "Is mar-

riage a failure?" che up at a small so-cial gathering a few evenings since. In the company were an old bachelor, a widow, several married people and a couple of young persons who were absorbed in unsuccessful attempts to persnade the company that they never heard of such a thing as love's young dream. Various opinions were advanced and some little warmth was becoming evident in the remarks of some of the married guests. The bachelor was cynical,

the youngsters comewhat shocked and sorrowful and the entire company uncomfortable. At length a lady who had hitherto remained silent was appealed to for her opinion.

"If we judge by the amount of happi-

ess we find in families," she said, think we may call it a failure, for a perfectly harmonious household is very hard to find. There is so much selfishness and so much indifference displayed, so much I and so little you, that the instinct of self preservation springs up and takes alarm, and the individual is at once put

upon the defensive as to his or her

"Young people marry and begin their homelife on a wrong basis. Courtship and marriage, while often merely an incident to the man, is all absorbing to the woman. She dreams about it, lives in it, worries and cries over it, and throws her whole life into the ideal as she has read it in books. Her ideal husband is always gentle, tender and considerate; always comes home with a smile on his face, and, although burdened with care and perplexed with business, is never other than a hero. She is quite likely to forget the ideal man can be very disagreeable when he is hungry, and finds little to comfort him in kisses and blisses if the laundress has failed to bring home his linen, or he hasn't a quiet corner

where he may sit down and rest. "For man is a more solitary creature than woman. There is an old legend to the effect that God's original plan was to create woman the mother of the race first of all, but, in his far seeing wisdom, he decided that a woman should never be alone in the world; so man was created first, that she might find a companion even in her earliest hours of existence, and from her infancy she craves society, and all through her girlhood has her little girl friends, and their associaation is much more intimate than that of the boy with his mates. And all through her young days how she confides in her girl associates and tells them all of her little secrets, reads her first love letter to them, and tells them all about the ideal which she has fashioned and clothed with graces as with a garment. How natural that she should carry a great deal of this ideal into her married life and expect love and devotion all of the time, and that the husband will be as devoted and as self sacri-

ficing as the lover. "But all the same he isn't, and she feels chilled and unhappy when, after one greeting kiss, he looks beyond to see if there are signs of dinner, or frowns if there are a number of girl friends scatto follow me I have never learned. Any chine just "sawed wood," It had struck say a person's face has "a pleased extered all about the house, putting an end way, he failed to overtake me, and long bea gait which it liked, and it kept it up
fore noon I was safe at Utch—glad, rather
without a break. It showed no steps of
correct to say "very pleased" as to say needs so much after the day's business. "very much pleased," Annandale's "Im- He is certain that she cares less for his society than that of the girls, and nat-"Among old writers very was fre- urally resents it. He thinks he married and had his home as a place in which to be quiet and comfortable, and makes up his mind that he will put a stop to all this company. Then he reflects that he is selfish and a brute, and will do noth-

ing of the sort. "But such reflections never make the average man happier. He doesn't like to admit, even to himself, that he is wrong, and the necessity for doing so nettles him. And they both get irritated and petty jealousies spring up, and there are sharp words and bitter feelings, and everything goes wrong. Perhaps good sense comes to the rescue, and they come to a perfect understanding, but much oftener they grow worse, until he rushes away to the club, and she sits down to mope and worry, perchance to cry; or, following his example, seeks congenial society, and their lives end in dissipa-

tion or an open rupture. "And all because each expects too much of the other. Indeed, this is the keynote of almost all unhappiness in life. We expect too much. Our ideal is too high, and not finding plain, practical facts to meet it, we are disappointed and discouraged, and become soured and

"It sometimes happens that two peo-ple who have passed through some of the severest trials of existence, and have learned wisdom from the things they have suffered, two such congenial spirits may meet, and with the experiences of years stamped on their lives and char-acters may establish a home on a basis of mutual concession and unselfish love, and each may spend his or her remain ing years in the acknowledged effort to make up to the other what life lacked aforetime. Such homes are rare in-deed, but when they are found I am certain that neither the members of the household nor the few friends who are permitted to share the heauties of their ner lives will go away declaring mar-

riage a failure.
"Such a home is a stronger plea for the marriage relation than any series of arguments that the most learned skillful theorist can bring forward. But such relations are rare, indeed, in early It is only when the spirit has been trained to quiet toleration of the irritat-ing trifles of life that such mutual con-cession seems possible. One sided gentleness is dangerous to family peace mind, as it is almost certain to develop in the party. Comradship and genuine respect are the best and safest spirit and outlasts the fever heat of passion and the Storms and sunshine of adversity and prosperity. —New York Ledger.

. 0 London's Easter Customs. Good Friday and Easter customs in this old country are numerous and curions. For instance, in London, Friday, exty of the youngest boys of Christ's nospital school attended divine service at a church in Lombard street, in the midst of great banks, and afterward received each a bag of raisins, one new penny and one bun at the of priory church in West Smithfield. Twentyone widows each picked up a new sixust as the same number of widows have as counsel at an annual salary of \$10,-

done for 500 years. - London Letter.

ABOUT HANDWRITING.

An Expert Explains How Easy It Is to

A profession which is and and honred one, but which has not received histinguished recognition until recently, a that of handwriting expert. This kind of testimony now carries much more weight with judge and jurymen than it at some years ago, by the manner in which the testimony is given, The expert newadays does not ask the court and jury to accept his private theane asylum on Blackwell's Island, told opinion us to the genuineness of a signa- | the of a thrilling experience he had with ture, but produces such proofs of the a mad negress. Dr. Dent has been for reasons which have made him reach the ten years connected with the asylum. conclusion by means of diagrams, photo- has treated the most violent cases and graphs, etc., as to leave no doubt in their

the fam as handwriting expert the other call he ever had. day, "has peculiar characteristics, and postwo handwritings are exactly alike. Personalities enter as much into a man's | land he abolished all the mechanical repenmanship as in his daily intercourse will power can have little effect on the formation of letters, and even, although all the care and kind attention and the wholly hide his own individuality. to a single signature.

ing before him a copy upon which he are no straitjackets or restraining ma-may practice until he has attained enough chines in the institution, and they beskill to reproduce it, or he may make use of the various mechanical means for seeuring a correct outline by which he will be guided in reproducing his copy. Where the former method is employed there is usually a fatal lack of accuracy as to form. The other method usually leaves signs of the slow and hesitating movement required for carefully following an outline, also several retouches of the shaded lines, which when examined under a microscope are at once apparent. Forgeries thus made may generally be demonstrated from the very character of the work without any reference whatever to the general signature.

"An amusing instance of the detection of this class of simulations occurred in my own experience some time since when called to a certain law office for the purpose of examining a contested will. The junior member of the firm took occasion to speak disparagingly of expert examinations of writing, saying that a clerk of his could copy his own signature so closely that he was unable himself to detect the difference, nor did he believe that any expert could do so. I had never seen the writing of the lawyer or that of his clerk. After a few minutes the lawyer handed me a sheet of legal cap covered from top to bottom with his name, remarking that a portion of the signatures had been written by himself and a portion by his clerk, and reiterating of an expert to determine which were his and which the clerk's. "Taking the paper in my hand I

looked at the signatures for not more and that,' I said, indicating three of the signatures, 'and your clerk wrote the rest.' The lawyer admitted the correctness of my answer, and expressed great surprise at its readiness and accuracy, and asked how I had determined it. I quiet. This did not soothe her in the least. explained that in looking down the page I observed that the writing of one class ment, while in another set there were

York Recorder.

Mrs. Cruly and Her Work. Mrs. Croly, whose pen name is Jennie June, has long been a favorite with the reading public, is the president of the Women's Press club and the founder of it, for it was her call to the press women of New York that resulted in the organization of the present club. Sorosis also owes its birth to Mrs. Croly, in whose house it was organized, and she has cell with her, in order to fasten the door written a history of it.

At present Mrs. Croly is the editor of The Home Maker, into which the Women's Cycle, that was started by her a few rears ago, has been merged, retaining, owever, the name of Cycle department. To this magazine Mrs. Croly now devotes the greater part of her time, but goes about to various cities and towns in all her sufferings. Her powerful hand the United States, whenever she is called upon, to speak of club life before women's clubs. No woman perhaps has had more experience than she has had in this espect, and her love for all women and per interest in everything pertaining to them render her peculiarly well fitted for this work. She does not sympathize with the universal suffrage movement for women, nor does she approve of it for men, but she thinks that certain classes of women should have a voice in the making of the laws, and she believes

have it. A thoroughly womanly woman, Mrs. Croly's slight figure and unwrinkled face make her look almost too young to be the mother of grown up children, She lives in a dainty flat uptown that is filled with books, pictures and bric-abrac, making it the ideal literary womwomen, and the young aspirant for journalistic and literary honors is always cordially welcomed by the genial hostess.-New York World.

Women Who Work.

It seems that 25 per cent, of the women of England earn their own living, but one would scarcely believe that there are nearly 350 female blacksmiths in England, which o however, sounds no stranger than the statement that women may now be seen driving cabe in New York,-Chambers' Journal.

A. F. Parker, a street car conductor in Oakland, Cal., posses@s two @sdale one given by the seen and the other by the khedive of Egypt, for bravery on the battlefield. Mr. Parker took part in the march with Wobseley across the desert to Khartoom to relieve Gordon.

A measure of eagerness, and even of something very like impatience, is a pretty good characteristic of young people. Boys and girls, young men and maidens, ought to be wise, Bit not with ald men's wisdom.

Ex-Premier Crispi, of Italy, finds the law a profitable profession, an Italian pence from a tomb in the churchyard, steamship company having engaged him

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MANIAC AND DOCTOR.

AN INSANE NEGRESS THROTTLES A PHYSICIAN IN A CELL.

Dr. Dent, of Blackwell's Island, Nearly Loses His Life-Timely Arrival of Attendants Prevents a Fatal Result-A Thrilling Encounter.

Dr. E. C. Dent, superintendent of the has had many narrow escapes from death, but his with the giant "Every person," Old Mr. D. T. Ames, negro woman, he said, was the closest

When Dr. Dent became superintendent of the institution on Blackwell's Islstraint apparatus, and he determined with friends or acquaintances. The that all harsh and repressive measures forger, for instance, cannot know his should be expressly forbidden. His idea own habits or control his own hand so was that in the treatment and care of as to set it aside entirely at will. Mere patients they should be made to feel at home and among friends; but in spite of he may try, the skillful forger cannot endeavor to please the patients, there are a number of the latter on the island, the Forgeries are more frequently confined | doctor said, who are as ferocious as wild animals. These violent cases occasion. "The forger has the advantage of hav- ally take advantage of the fact that there are no straitjackets or restraining macome insulting and aggressive and oftentimes very dangerous.

The negress was one of these cases, She had been in the institution for several years and was incurably insane. All the attendants and nurses in the ward in which she was confined were in mortal dread of her, and they were obliged to keep constantly on the watch for fear of a sudden attack from the mad woman, whose name is Ann Kinney. She is nearly six feet in height and very muscular. She had been a laundress in this city, and during an altercation with her husband she received a blow on the head, as a result of which she became insane.

"I was summoned to the acute ward." said Dr. Dent, where I found the negresa in a terrible rage. She had driven all the nurses out of the ward and the other patients were completely cowed. She was rambling about at will, brandishing half a picture frame she had torn from the wall. Her eyes were bloodshot and she was foaming at the mouth. When I appeared she became more violent, and the other patients were crying out in terror. She began tearing off her clothes, and presented a hideous spectacle,

"There was only one thing to do, and that was to confine the negress before she could kill or maim any of the patients, which, with her strength, she could do in a few moments. There was no time to his belief that it was beyond the power summon other help, so I opened the door and walked in. The mad woman made a dash for me, and when within half a dozen paces she threw down her picture frame, which was of light pine, and than one minute. 'You wrote that, that seizing a bench, which she broke with ease, and catching up a heavy caken bench rung, she prepared to attack me. I spoke to her gently, calling her by name, told her it was all right, that no one wanted to harm her, and to keep "Thinking to catch her off her guard I

grabbed for the arm that held the bench of names was entirely homogeneous. In rung. My antagonist dropped the rung its turns, shades, grace of line and all and swore that she would kill me, and there was apparent a full, natural move- to tell the truth I was a little afraid she would, for I was only about half her hesitancy in the lines, angles in the place size. The way she chucked me about of round turns, shades varying in place the floor, picked me up and threw me and degree, a different slant and general | down again, almost took the life out of usness. So it was me. She played with me as a cat does very easy to tell them apart."-New with a mouse, but, strange to say, though she had me at her mercy, she did not attempt to beat my brains out with her club. It all happened in a very few minutes. When she gave me a breathing spell I appealed to her sympathies and she calmed down considerably, and after talking to her in a conciliatory manner we decided to compromise. She agreed to go to her cell quietly, after I had promised to give her something to ease on the outside. I opened the cell door, and as I did so she grabbed me around the waist, lifted me from the ground and carried me bodily into the cell, then slammed the door. 'Now I will kill you,

sure,' she cried. "She imagined that it was I who had hit her on the head and had caused her was at my throat when the attendants rushed in and rescued me. It was the parrowest escape I had ever had. She was given an opiate to quiet her, while I, more dead than alive, was carried to my office considerably bruised.

'How about the cases of rough usage to patients that have occurred in the in stitution?" I asked. "In spite of all the care and sween

vision and under the most rigid discipline, it rarely happens that the patients are roughly spoken to, much less roughthat the time will come when they will ly treated, by the nurse; but, of course, attendants upon the insane, like the ordinary run of mankind, are not universally sweet tempered, nor endowed too liberally with that spirit of Christian forbearance so beautifully inculcated in the Sermon on the Mount.

We should have at least one for every ten patients, but we have not half that an's home. Her Sunday evening receptions are crowded with bright men and they are kept busy constantly from the time they get up till they go to bod, with duties of a most trying character. They are cut off for the most part from social pleasures, and their sacrifices are many for small pay. But whenever a case comes to my attention of a nurse or attendant caught in the act of abusing a patient there is an immediate discharge. The patients are encouraged to tell their grievacces to their supervisors and phy-sicians, whom they are taught to regard as their friends and protectors, and their reports of ill treatment are investheir reports of ill treatment are inves-tigated carefully when there is the least ground to believe that they are true. We are now investigating the cases re-ferred to in the daily papers, and as far as we have gone we find that our keepers are not at fault. In case we should find otherwise we shall see that justice is done."—New York Telegram.

Lawrence Barrett's Estate. Notwithstanding the report that Lawrence Barrett died wealthy, it is now be-

lieved that but for his life insurance policies the estate would be a small one. He had about \$125,000 insurance, which he was careful to keep paid up. He had considerable invested in scenery and costumes and he owned some real estate at Cohasset, Mass. In the production of his plays he was lavish in expenditure in some directions, and the new play of Oscar Wilde's which he produ cost him \$25,000 to mount. His income was large, but he spent it freely in his love for art.—Cor. Philadelphia Press.