



A MIRACLE OF THE STORM.

Sunday after Sunday the same demure little creature sat in the last pew on the right-hand side of the center aisle in St. Matthias' Church, and Sunday after Sunday the young minister in charge looked down over his congregation and caught the wistful look of a pair of dark-brown eyes that was solemn and pathetic at once. Before the last amen of the recessional had ceased to vibrate on the ears of the kneeling worshippers the little creature had each time made her way out of the church unnoticed. After awhile Rev. John Grimshaw, who was six and twenty, and impressionable at that, began to feel the influence of that benign expression, and of those solemn dark eyes, and decided to speak with the girl if an opportunity presented itself, and the opportunity did come one Friday night on a saint's day when there was a special service at the church in the evening.

She had never been into the church before except on Sunday, and what was his surprise and pleasure when the young minister lifted his eyes that night and saw the face that was beginning to interest him sitting before him quite near the front. During the singing of a hymn he approached her and asked her to remain after the service, as he wished to say a few words to her. She did not reply, except with a mute appeal in her splendid dark eyes. He mistook her silence for embarrassment and returned to his place at the lectern. At the close of the service he hurried to the side of the girl, who was just in the act of leaving her pew, and spoke a few words to her. He was inviting her, in that calm, deliberate way that characterized him, to come to church often, to consult him, to become a regular worshiper at the church; but as he talked in low, persuasive tones, and no response came from the girl, he began to wonder at her extreme bashfulness, and when she began to shake her head, to make rapid signs with her deft fingers, in an instant he realized that the appealing eyes that followed him in his dreams were those of a deaf mute, and so swift and sudden was the surprise that swept over him, that he could have cried out in his anguish. A chill came over his heart, but only for an instant, and in the next he communicated as best he could by nods and smiles and expression that he understood her and was sorry for her. He tried to make her understand that he would like her to continue to come to church and be a good Christian, but whether she comprehended him or not he did not know. He walked to the door with her, and as she went slowly down the stone steps he nodded a pleasant good-night as she looked back.

When he was alone that night the young preacher gave way to his emotion. He realized that he was deeply in love with the little being who had never spoken a word to him, and whom he now knew would never speak to him. He should never know that sound of her voice, which in his fancy was low and soft and musical. And now, on!



SPOKE A FEW WORDS TO HER.

True there were other girls in the parish who would gladly accept him if he would make the offer, but he did not love one of them as he now realized that he loved this girl who had occupied that rear seat in the church Sunday after Sunday, always attired in a neat black dress, a bit of soft white lace falling over her collar and setting off her pretty throat. She might be 18 or 20, he thought, and was just tall enough. He had noticed that she came to his shoulder as he walked down the aisle with her that night. Her hands were so pretty, too, when she made a few hurried signs, and he should never be able to hold them between his two large palms.

At last sleep pulled the curtain before these precious, yet bitter, thoughts and Rev. Mr. Grimshaw fell into a deep slumber, and dreamed that he was sailing the sea with this beautiful girl, that

he held her in his arms, that he called her "Ruth." When he awoke it was with the bitterest disappointment, for he was alone, and the bright sun was streaming full upon his face. He remembered that the King's Daughters of the parish were to enjoy an excursion down the bay that day, and as he had many little affairs of importance to attend to before 2 o'clock, the hour of sailing, he busied himself about them, saying the name Ruth softly to himself in the meanwhile, and wondering if her name were really Ruth.

The excursion steamer was in waiting at the dock, and one by one the



HE EXPLAINED THAT SHE WAS LATE.

young girls stepped aboard, each smiling her sweetest as she noticed the young minister standing on the wharf. He returned their salutations with a serious countenance, and with dignity slightly lifted his hat; but his eyes were strained to the little narrow street beyond, watching and waiting for her, hoping, yet not knowing, that she would come. It wanted one minute of the hour, and anxious ones aboard the little excursion steamer were calling to Mr. Grimshaw to come aboard and not get left. If he heard he heeded not, and just as he was about to give up hope of her coming, just as they were about to pull in the gangplank, a slight figure came at the throat and a small black hat set upon a shapely little head crowned with a wealth of chestnut-brown hair, approached the wharf. Calling to the sailors to wait a moment, John Grimshaw sprang forward and, taking the girl by the arm, forgetful that she could not hear a word he said, explained to her that she was late and must hurry to get aboard in time. She only smiled and turned her wistful eyes full upon him, and his heart swelled with a feeling undefinable, for he thought that he perceived love in her looks.

It would occupy an hour and a half to reach their destination, and he took her under his special charge. It was a merry crowd. It was jolliest in the stern of the boat, where people were packed like sardines on the deck seats and on camp stools. John Grimshaw and the mute little creature he loved were sitting together. Their arms touched as they leaned on the railing and looked out upon the water—the yachts, the smacks, the sailing vessels, the rowboats that passed and repassed them. Suddenly he felt what seemed to be the spray against his face. Another instant, and without warning, big drops of rain began to fall and an ominous black cloud covered the blue of the sky. Sheets of water rained and blew from the northeast. Big green waves that afterward became yeasty lashed themselves angrily against the sides of the little steamer that rolled and pitched in its efforts to upright itself against their fury. Thunder rolled and blinding and zig-zag streaks of lightning played across the sky. The rain poured in torrents and swept over the deck, wetting everything in its path, and driving the now thoroughly frightened people to the opposite side of the boat, which, with its uneven weight, leaned and tipped in that direction. Water rushed in upon the lower deck. The captain shouted: "Some of you go to the other side of the boat. Don't all rush to one side, or you will have us overboard." The women became excited, and a general rush to the cabin began, until the order was given that no more should come down into the cabin. Women grew frantic, children cried and those filled with bravado laughed at the almost calamity. Young men who tried to be funny put on life preservers and walked about exhibiting themselves, announcing: "The boat will sink in fifteen minutes; get your life preservers." But a warning look from the minister soon quieted them.

The fury of the tempest in the meantime never abated. The steamer was shrouded in a mist of wind and rain, and the erstwhile jolly crowd was now a panic-stricken one. Lunch baskets and boxes that were carefully placed

under the seats were saturated with salt water.

Meanwhile the young minister had laid a firm grasp upon the girl's arm, and half lifted, half dragged her to a passageway leading to the cabin, that was inclosed by glass windows and doors, and thus protected her from the rain. She did not seem to comprehend the extent of her danger, and looked on at the movements of the panic-stricken crowd like some curious, wild-eyed child. Mr. Grimshaw was white to the lips, and as he lifted his eyes to heaven, one could see that his lips were moving in prayer. He prayed that the fury of the wind and waves might be abated, that lives should not be lost, that the boat should anchor in safety, and "Oh, Lord," he prayed, "if it be Thy will that we sink to a watery grave, let her speak to me once, let me hear her voice just once upon earth, as in heaven I shall hear it as she sings with the angel choir."

The sky became lumpy black. Nothing could be discerned on the open deck but the terrific sheets and gusts of rain, made gray by the blackness. Just then the heavens seemed to open, and a blinding flash of lightning played and capered across the boat; a deafening peal of thunder, like the bursting of a thousand cannon, seemed to shake the very waters of the deep, and to echo and re-echo across the boundless waste. It was terrific, and people clapped their hands to their ears, and white faces became blanched. A sharp, shrill piercing scream rose above it all. A scream of agonized fear. It came from the deaf mute, who swayed for a moment, and would have fallen had not her ever watchful companion caught her and supported her in his arms. What had caused her to scream? Fright, perhaps, he thought, as she witnessed the battle of the elements. Surely she had not heard that thunderbolt as it hurled itself from on high. Pshaw! Was she not deaf, and how could she hear? It made him almost glad to know that she had been spared that peal that caused many a heart to stand still for an instant.

He held her fast in his arms and softly spoke the name "Ruth." She lifted those eyes with a glance as sweet as an angel's. Her heart fluttered. She smiled with a smile of recognition, as if she had heard. Intuitively he felt that she had heard his voice. He had read once of such a miracle—that a volley of thunder so dense and so terrific as to deafen a person of ordinary hearing had in some miraculous and divine way restored the hearing of a man who had been deaf from birth. And, perhaps, this precious gift had been restored to the girl he loved. He spoke once more the name he had spoken in his dreams, and he bowed his head and thanked God.

If he could but hear her voice. But that inestimable pleasure was to be denied him. And yet his dream was coming true, for he dreamed that he sailed the sea with her in his arms, and was she not now in his arms? O, gentle dreams! O, destiny!

It was not long before the storm ceased as suddenly as it came, and the heavy black clouds receded, and the blue in the sky was as bright as when they started out. The little steamer cut pluckily through the water, and in half an hour the party, now in excellent spirits, had reached the cool, shady grove. The miracle wrought during the storm was the talk of the day, and not less talked about was the devotion of the minister to the happy unfortunate who knew now that she loved him, and, with an unfathomable intuition given to creatures like herself, knew, also, that John Grimshaw loved her. He did



SHE DID NOT SEEM TO COMPREHEND.

not love her less because she could not speak, else the bans would not have been published, and the marriage that took place at St. Matthias' Church, six months after, would never have occurred. She never spoke to him with her voice, but her eyes and her lips and her hands spoke to him always, and Sunday after Sunday as he looked over his congregation, the same little figure, with a face of sweetness rather than sadness, looks up into his eyes, intelligently, and hears the blessed words as they fall from his lips.—Lillian Lewis.

French Wine.

A Paris paper says that the vineyards of Gard and Hérault have recovered from the phylloxera, and that wine is as cheap as it was in 1875. Nevertheless, the population is turning more and more to alcohol.

A girl may not be able to hit the side of a barn with a brick, but she can always throw kisses straight.

CHICAGO'S ITALIAN "QUEEN."

Tells Her Countrymen How to Vote and Aids Them When in Trouble.

The Italians of Chicago have a "queen." Her castle is a weather-beaten house of faded brick, hung about with vines and creeping flowers, and is located in the dust and smoke and turmoil of Pacific avenue, the heart of the Italian colony.

Annie Carlo is the "queen's" real name. She is young, just nearing 26. She has the smooth, oily black hair so typical of the Italian woman, which she plait in tiny braids and pins close to her head. The eyes are large and clear, and at times animated and sparkling. To say that her complexion is dazzling is using an adjective both inadequate and incomplete. It is ideal—a creamy white of velvety softness, touched faintly on either cheek with



MRS. ANNIE CARLO.

just a dash of crimson. She dresses passably well, and has an air of superior knowing. Some idea of her power is derived from the following statement she recently made to a Chicago reporter:

"A-ah, yes, they call me queen of Italians," she said. "I know them all—here on Pacific avenue—North Side—West Side—everywhere! They come to me, morning, night, all times. To-day I go with man who buy fruit stand. I see he is not cheated. I sign leases; I tell him what to do. To-morrow I go to court. Some Italian man fights. I sign bond, and be his lawyer. The judge, the bailiff—the—the—the clerk—they all know me. I rent houses—five—six—seven here on Pacific avenue. I am—what you call—agent, for Mrs. Bagley's tenements. I keep grocery; I keep saloon—no, that not place for me. I busy—busy all the time. I get up sometimes 4 o'clock. I go to bed at 12. Always so much to do. The people come. I get them work. I go with places. I get men work; I know the bosses. Hundreds men I get work for. When man loses job he comes to me. I find place for him."

"And do they pay you for that?" was asked.

"No, no! Only sometimes. I not want pay. I glad always to help my people."

"It is said that you have a wide influence with the Italian voters," was remarked.

"Yes, that es so," she answered. "They ask me how to vote. The men they know not how to vote. They cannot read; they cannot write. I tell them."

A Curious Pocket-Piece.

A Union Pacific engineer has a fashion of making unique pocket pieces for his friends. He runs a passenger engine west, says the Tacoma Ledger, and when oiling previous to a run he drops a nickel five-cent piece into the brass oil cup on the crosshead of the piston-rod. His run is 300 miles. When he reaches his destination he unscrews the top of the oil cup and takes the nickel out. It has been metamorphosed into a curious little button with an evenly turned rim, within which, on the one side, is the countersunk head of Liberty, divested of her stars, and on the other side the V and the wreath. The edge of the crown is as perfect as if it had been pounded on an anvil by an expert silversmith.

The perfection of this is due to the even vibration the coin has been subjected to. The motion of the piston is horizontal, and it travels forty-eight inches, back and forth, with every revolution of the wheels. The interior of the oil cup is round and the edges of the nickel as it travels back and forth in the oil, striking the sides of the cup, are turned over and pounded into perfect roundness. Sometimes a nickel is left in the cup during the round trip, or 600 miles. When taken out it is a nickel bullet, a perfect polished sphere. Who discovered this unique method of turning the edges of a nickel is not known, but many engineers know of it.

A Huge Freight Bill.

I do not know that many are aware that the annual freight bill of this country amounts to more than \$800,000,000 a year. It is a tax, and the most burdensome tax which this country knows, upon our industries and upon production. Its meaning, brought home, is that each family in the United States pays on the average \$60 a year for freight alone. If Commissioner Wright's statistics are correct—that the average income of each laborer in this country is not more than \$500 a year—then each head of a family must set aside on the average the results

of a month and a half of toil to pay his share of the freight.

The people of the West have learned this economic lesson well. They have seen their wheat carried over the great lakes at an average charge of less than 1 mill per ton per mile, when the railroad rate from their farms to lake transportation or to market was from 1 cent to 1½ cents per ton per mile. They know that if all the freight in the United States could be carried as cheaply as is wheat from Duluth to Buffalo this burden would be cut down to one-tenth of what it now is.

Such considerations as these ought to make it plain, even to a wayfarer or a Congressman, that the freight question is worth a little attention.—Review of Reviews.

THE TOMBSTONE LIES.

How Hogan's Plan for His Burial Mis-carried.

"Here lies the body of Martin Hogan," reads an inscription on a curious old tomb in the Catholic cemetery on State street, Auburn. Through a hole near the bars of the shaft one may view the interior, which contains a heavy, worm-eaten casket—empty, except for a grave-digger's spade and a collection of old whisky bottles. The body of Martin Hogan is not visible, nor any part of its remains. Instead, they occupy a very humble grave in another part of the old cemetery. Martin Hogan was the first instructor of the Catholic children of Auburn, long before the parochial schools were introduced. He was prominent in his church and in his profession, and as he grew old the desire for a magnificent and splendid tomb became his great passion. The last years of his life were spent in preparations for this end. He visited the marble dealers in the large cities, but could find nothing to suit his purpose, so he constructed a shaft of masonry, covered with sheet iron and finished in white. Heavy marble slabs were set in each side, and one of them opened into a compartment large enough to receive the massive oak box which Hogan had placed in readiness for his casket. His name was inscribed on every side of the tomb, and that opening into his compartment bore the legend quoted at the beginning. Martin took great pride in his arrangements, planting rose trees and flowering bushes all about the monument. He spent hours at the place, and his mind was satisfied with the contemplation of his last resting place. When the old school master died the parish made a vigorous protest against placing his body in the tomb, because it was above ground, and, to the great disappointment of his family, his remains were buried under six feet of earth in another part of the graveyard, and the old tomb, with its mouldering coffin and pathetically ironical inscription, remains as Hogan left it fifty years ago, serving only as a tool house for the workmen.

Fortunes Awaiting Claimants.

By order of Parliament a report has just been made out and published concerning the unclaimed funds in the keeping of the various English government departments at the present moment. The chancery division of the Supreme Court of Judicature has in its possession over \$300,000,000, after paying during the last two years \$85,000,000 to successful claimants. The Irish Court of Chancery holds some \$50,000,000 of unclaimed moneys, while the unclaimed Government stocks and accumulated dividends retained by the treasury department amount to \$28,000,000. Unclaimed dividends in bankruptcy are figured at \$50,000,000, while unclaimed army and navy prize money and accumulations of pay exceed \$3,000,000. All these funds are used by the British Government until claims thereto have been satisfactorily proved. An endeavor will be made to transfer to the state the custody of unclaimed funds in the hands of bankers and others. These funds are known to amount to a colossal sum, far exceeding the total amount of unclaimed money now in the keeping of the Government.—Boston Transcript.

French Army Discipline.

Discipline is evidently a factor in the French army, as two incidents which have just occurred during a single sitting of a court-martial at Tunis go to prove. A soldier belonging to one of the African battalions, brought up on a charge of disobedience, when asked what he had to say in his defense, shouted, "You are a lot of swine and drinkers of blood," and was promptly sentenced to ten years' hard labor. The man who was introduced after him was accused of a similar offense, and the usual questions with a view to establishing his identity had scarcely been addressed to him when he tore a button off his tunic and flung it at the face of the president. For this offense he was condemned to death.—Boston Transcript.

Will Locate a Capital.

Government proposes to found a new city in Alaska known as "Weare" on the Yukon River between the boundary line of British Columbia and St. Michaels. It is intended to make it the capital of the contemplated new territory and locate the land office there.

Some men can hear the ring of a silver dollar farther than that of a church bell.