



HER FAITH.

"I CAN'T stay, an' won't!" "Tain't in human nature," muttered Ann Friend. "Always the same! Sunshine for others, shadows for me!"

"Where's the slate, honey? Where's the slate?" piped a quavering voice, as Ann stepped into the dim kitchen and began to bustle about energetically. "We mun cross it off, honey, we mun cross it off. 'Tis the 21st to-day, and the boy comes home on the 26th, bless the Lord!"

"Here 'tis, mother-in-law. Bide quiet a bit, while I sets the kettle on the hob."

"Five days! five days!" echoed the old woman. "We mun be busy, honey, and get the place set clean, and the sheets aired; and I'm thinking, Ann, if you was to put the things ready for me as I might make the ginger cake be used to set such store by, eh?"

"Now, mother-in-law, I'll not have you messing round and making yourself ill." Ann spoke with decision. "What's good enough for us is good enough for him."

"But, Ann—'tis my son John—'tis your own man, Ann!"

Ann's face grew harder and harder as she left the kitchen and went upstairs to her bedroom.

"I can't stay, nor I won't!" said Ann Friend, suddenly, as she stood looking out of the window. "Nobody could expect me to stay. She won't care so long as she's got him, and he won't care so long as he's got his liberty and a roof over his head."

Bending down, she drew a box from under the bed and began to pack into it the contents of the one chest of drawers that stood in the room.

At the bottom of the last drawer she came upon a little bundle of baby's clothes, and for a moment the hardness of her face softened while she unfolded each tiny garment and examined it carefully. Then the cloud returned, the clothes were once more tied into a bundle and returned to the now empty drawer.

"'Tis well she died," she thought to herself. "'Tis well she can't be ashamed of her father. I'll leave them there; he'll like maybe to see how tall she grew."

Four years ago Ann Friend would have told you that she was one of the happiest women in the whole village, and the village itself would not have disputed the fact. Yet in two short years the happiness fled, the husband was a disgraced man, and Ann, whose good temper was proverbial, knew herself to have changed into a soured, hard woman.

The inhabitants of the little village where Ann had been born and bred said among themselves that Mrs. Friend was a rare good woman, and had borne the disgrace of her husband's imprisonment as few women would have borne it.

They never knew the rage that took possession of proud Ann Friend when the shadow of disgrace fell upon her home. They never knew the bitter contempt that filled her heart when she thought of the father of her child working out his sentence in the neighboring prison.

"If you are innocent, prove it," was his wife's thought; but the thought was never put into words, for Ann was one of those strange characters whose thoughts are worse than their actions.

The mother believed in her son's word, and counted the days for his return; the wife allowed her to believe that she did likewise. Some of the neighbors believed also in John's innocence; the wife held her peace, and they accounted her loyal.

Every day Ann determined to break down her long reserve—to tell the old woman that she, John's wife, would rather die than be there in person to welcome him home; yet each day saw the momentous words unspoken.

At last the morning of the 26th arrived. The explanatory letter was written and pinned on the pincushion; the box, corded and addressed, stood in the outhouse on the handcart she intended wheeling to the nearest station; the old mother had been dressed in her best Sunday gown and cap, the coffee stood ready on the hob; and still the silence of two years had not been broken.

"I may as well see how prison's agreed with him," thought Ann, as she looked at the clock, and saw it was just upon 7:30, and then felt irritated with the consciousness that this thought had been behind all her actions for the last two hours.

With a sullen face Ann left the cottage and took a short cut through the

fields to where, standing on a low fir-clad hill, she could look down unperceived on the roads below. There were two roads—the broad, white road from the distant town that held the prison, and which wound its way onward to the next large town; and the curved, narrow lane that met it and struck downward on the left to the little Village of Frant, passing the Friends' cottage on its way.

Ann knew that prisoners were released from Newham jail at 8 o'clock in the morning. She knew that John must come to where the roads crossed. After one look at the disgraced man she would have time to run home and start with her box in the opposite direction before he could reach the cottage, so she stood there and waited, and was angry with herself for waiting—angry because the minutes went so slowly, then angry because they had gone so fast, when a solitary figure appeared walking in the center of the road, making it suddenly seem broad, white, and cheerless.

The man, for it was a man, walked slowly, hesitatingly. He felt his way with a stick, as if he was blind.

Yes, it was John; but why did he walk like that, instead of swinging along in his old hearty manner? Perhaps he felt ashamed. Serve him right if he was!

He came nearer and nearer, and, as she saw that he had a green shade over his eyes, the color left her cheeks, and, forgetting to hide herself as hitherto, she went to the extreme edge of the little hillock and looked down intently.

When the man came to the crossroads he stopped and stood facing down the narrow lane for full five minutes.

It was a poor, pitiful sight upon which the sunshine shone—the poor, maimed face, with lurid small-pox marks and swollen features. To some it would have been a repulsive sight; it brought to a hungry, yearning look into the eyes looking down upon it.

And then, slowly, deliberately, the man turned away from the lane, stepped again into the center of the road, and continued his way.

"My God! he is going away—he is not coming home!" gasped Ann; and, forgetful alike of her wrongs, her resolutions, she tore down the steep bank, rushed after the stumbling figure, caught the man by the arm, and cried: "John, John, you have taken the wrong turning! This is the way home, dear!"

"You see, my lass," said John Friend, leaning on his wife's strong arm, "the doctor told me I was a sad sight, and I thought perhaps you would not know when I was a-coming out, and I'd go into Gorrick for a spell till my hair had grown and my eyes and face were a bit better; but you was always a good wife, lass; and how I should have got through these two years without knowing as you believed I haven't done it, I don't know. You was always a good wife, lass, and I'm wearying for home."

And the innocence Ann failed to believe in when John Friend was hale and hearty she believes in now that he is helpless and disfigured.—London Weekly Telegraph.

A Formidable Correction.

The proper spelling of Welsh names is a matter known only to experts, and it gives much trouble to English post-office officials, who are able in many cases to make only a guess, so to speak, at the spelling of place names. Sir Herbert Maxwell, in an article in an English magazine, gives an amusing example of this.

On March 2, 1888, the following telegram was handed in for delivery at the postoffice of Chepstow:

"Going to Llanfairpwllgwyngyllgogerychwilyllllogogoch. Shall be at home by 4:30."

The postmaster, thinking that there was "more than a fair penn'orth" of consonants in the name, referred it to his surveyor, who wrote back:

"It is an attempt at the name of a village in Anglesey, but is evidently not written by a Welshman; the spelling is incorrect, and but for the joke of the thing, the ordinary abbreviation—Llanfairpwll—would have been better. The name, correctly written, I give below: Llanfairpwllgwyngyllgogerychwilyllllogogoch."

It must be terrible to be a girl, and have to stuff towels in a corset and bustle this hot weather in order to fill out one's shape.

WAS A "REBEL SPY."

BELLE BOYD, A NOTED CIVIL WAR CHARACTER.

She Was Once Exiled by President Lincoln and Twice Sentenced to Be Shot—She Also Made One Man a Traitor to His Country.

The career of Belle Boyd, known as the "rebel spy" and who died in Wisconsin not long ago, was a thrilling one.

She had just left school when the civil war began. She had a lover in the Confederate service without whom she thought she could not live, but she married another before the war was over and made him a traitor, was divorced from a second husband twenty years after her first marriage, and within a year after that married a third. She saw life in camps and military prisons, was a prisoner on shipboard, was banished from the country, and after returning to it lived in various States in the East, West and South; was in an insane asylum for a time, and afterwards lectured throughout the country, often under the auspices of Grand Army posts. She was about five feet five inches tall, with bright eyes and aquiline nose, and when she was young her hair was described as of "a reddish golden hue."

Belle Boyd was born in Martinsburg, W. Va., in 1843. Not quite 18 years old at the opening of the war, she entered with all her heart and spirit into the service of the Confederate cause. She was a resident within the Federal

lines and knew many of the officers, and she used her acquaintance and her blandishments to gain from them information which would be of service to her friends in the Southern armies, to whom she conveyed it at every opportunity. Many of her messages she sent to Gen. J. E. B. Stuart. At favorable opportunities she abstracted the side arms of her Federal acquaintances when they left them carelessly about, and these she forwarded to the enemy. She was suspected after a time, and then one of her notes fell into the Federal hands and she was arrested, reprimanded and threatened, but Gen. Shields set her at liberty. Gen. Shields, she said afterward, was completely off his guard and introduced her to officers of his staff.



DASHES THROUGH THE FIRING LINE.

Sentenced to Be Shot. The night before Shields set out after Stonewall Jackson he announced that he was going to whip Jackson and a council of war was held in what had been the drawing-room of Belle's aunt's house. Through the floor of a closet off a bedroom above the drawing-room a hole had been bored. Belle crept up to the closet and applied her ear to it when the council assembled. She was able to be of such service to Jackson that he sent her a letter after his defeat of Gen. Banks, dated May 23, 1862, thanking her for her "immense services." On Jackson's advice she removed to Winchester, and Jackson made her an aide on his staff with the rank of captain. While at Winchester she was made aware of several very suspicious Northern plans which would destroy the counter-movements of the armies of her beloved Confederacy. Without a thought of the danger to herself she instantly started from the town to the point of land occupied by General Jackson and the Southern troopers, a point she gained after a most perilous and harrowing run through the fires of both armies. During her career as a spy she was twice sentenced to be shot, and was for 11 months a prisoner in the Carroll and Capitol prisons at Washington.

Belle Boyd's career in the military service ended in 1864, when she was captured with dispatches on a blockade runner. Lieut. Sam Wyldie Harding, of the navy, was put in charge of the blockade runner, which was ordered to Boston. The lieutenant and Belle Boyd were thrown together a good deal and left largely to themselves. He quoted from Shakespeare and Byron to her, she tells in her autobiography. When he began to talk of tender subjects she thought he might become useful to her cause, so when he asked her to become his wife she told him that it might involve seri-

ous consequences. He was ready to face them, apparently, and renewed his proposal while the ship was in Long Island sound on the way to Boston. So she told him she would be his wife.

When they were coming to anchor off the Boston navy yard Lieut. Harding went forward to give some orders and his fiancée invited the two Yankee pilots who were aboard to come down to the cabin and have some wine, which they did. The captain of the blockade runner, whom she called in her book Capt. Henry, and another man were of the party. Harding had called a small boat alongside preparatory to going ashore and this boat had dropped under the quarter. At a moment she thought suitable the girl nodded to Capt. Henry, whom she had planned to have escaped. He left the wine party and stepping into the shore boat which was soon handy he was soon on his way to Boston. When later Harding came aft he asked Belle where his papers were and she told him that probably they were in the lower cabin, where he had been dressing, and he went after them, while the small boat got farther away.

Her After Career.

For allowing the escape of his prisoner Harding was arrested and tried, but he was not convicted. Belle Boyd was banished by Lincoln and went to England. Harding deserted shortly afterward and went to England, where he and the spy were married on Aug. 25, 1864. Harding returned to this country and became a Confederate spy. His wife became an actress in England and returned to America after the proclamation of general amnesty. She played under the name of Nina Benjamin in different cities, and at one time lobbied successfully to put a bill through the "black and tan" Legislature of Texas.

In 1869 she married Col. John Swainston Hammond, quit the stage, went, in ill health, with her husband to California and was obliged to enter an insane asylum. In 1884 she obtained a divorce from Hammond and soon afterward married Nat R. High, an actor, with whom she went on the road giving dramatic recitations in costume.

FOUND AT LAST.

The Ax with Which Charles I. Was Beheaded.

The vexed question, so much in evidence in the papers recently, "Where is the present location of the ax with which King Charles I. was beheaded?" has finally been answered. The famous relic now reposes in the Museo Borbonico, at Naples, Italy. One who has rummaged much among the archives of the British Museum furnishes these particulars regarding it: The executioner of Charles (Giles Dekker) survived the monarch 36 years, dying in 1685. His claim to the ax, which he appears to have regarded as his perquisite, was, after considerable discussion, granted by Parliament, and it remained his until his death. He always refused to make an exhibition of the instrument, but his son, however, devoid of such scruples, placed it on show at the tavern in Lambeth, and this coming to the new King's ears, a raid was made, the ax was confiscated and James II. became its custodian. When compelled to fly from the kingdom in 1688 he took it with him to France, and at St. Germain it remained until his death, in 1701. Louis XIV. became its next possessor, and later on the Regent Duke of Orleans, who parted with it for a "consideration" to Ferdinand, King of Naples. Treasured by that family for upward of 60 years, it was finally deposited in the Naples Museum.

The Other Was Handsomer.

It was in an art store in Fifth avenue, says a New York paper, and the dealer was showing gilded clocks and candelabra to a customer. Pointing to one particularly handsome set, he said:

"That is worth \$350." Pointing to another of similar pattern, but not so handsome, he said, "That is worth \$600."

"But the other one is better," said the customer.

"Well," said the dealer, "the chief value of this one (pointing to the six hundred dollar affair) is the gilding. It was gilded by the mercury process, which is now forbidden by law almost everywhere. The other set was treated with the electro-plating process."

"Well, it's the handsomer," said the customer. Is it as durable? If it is, why should I pay \$250 more?"

"It is practically as durable and it is handsomer," said the dealer. "But you can duplicate it, and you can't duplicate the other. The mercury process of gilding was death to the workmen engaged in it. They inhaled the fumes of the mercury, and in the end it killed them, and it wasn't long in doing it, either."

"I'll take the mercury one," said the customer, "but the other is handsomer."

Physicians in Germany.

In the last eleven years the number of physicians in Germany increased 50 per cent, while the population increased only 14 per cent.

Some men can't find words for their thoughts and some women can't find thoughts for their words.

The empress dowager of China is the one woman in the world to defy all Europe. She is now about 60 years old, and for the last 40 years has exerted an all-powerful influence in directing the affairs of China. She is the second wife of the emperor, and because she bore him a son and the first wife did not she takes precedence. As to education, she has received the best China can give. A native wit and cleverness supply what she may lack in book knowledge.

HOITT'S SCHOOL.

Menlo Park, San Mateo County, Cal., with its new buildings, newly furnished and complete laboratories, beautiful surroundings and home influences, is one of the best equipped schools for the training of boys and young men on the coast. It is in charge of Dr. Ira G. Hoitt and is accredited at the universities. Send for catalog. Tenth year begins August 6, 1900.

Fire Escape.

"My mother found my little brother putting his stockings on wrong side out this morning." "Yes? What did she do?" "Turned the hose on him."—Harvard Lampoon.

Fancy goods, after Christmas, have about as inviting a look as cold gravy.

Beware of Ointments for Catarrh That Contain Mercury.

As mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surfaces. Such articles should never be used except on prescriptions from reputable physicians, as the damage they will do is ten fold to the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., contains no mercury, and is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure you get the genuine. It is taken internally, and made in Toledo, Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co. Testimonials free. Sold by Druggists, price 75c per bottle. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

The Occasion.

"Oh, yes; Prof. Groskopf is quite phlegmatic. In fact, I never knew him to be excited, except once." "What was the trouble then?" "He couldn't find his pipe."—Puck.

If the church treated her ministers generously in the matter of holidays she would reap all the gain. For every new idea which comes to the minister's mind, and every new book he reads, and every new sight he sees, and every new gallery he visits during his holidays pass into his words and into his life, and the thoughtfulness and generosity of congregations would come back to their own souls with usury of reward.—Ian Maclaren, in Ladies' Home Journal.

If a man has a little ability, people abuse him because he does not "do" more.

The oldest story in the world probably is the one told by the boys when they return from hunting; that they killed a duck, but that they couldn't find it.

If a man living in this part of the country should tire of fried eggs, we don't know what on earth he would eat for breakfast.

No boy thinks he has had enough candy until he has started a tooth to aching.

Beer Disease.

According to Van Lear, who has been studying the special diseases for bacteria which affect beer, there is such a thing as beer disease. It appears that a bacillus develops in beer associated with viscous fermentation and converts practically the carbohydrates into lactic, acetic and styric acids. This practically destroys the quality of the beer, and makes it in the language of beer men "double faced." Its flavor may be increased, but its effect are depressing and resemble those of narcotic poison. It is said that many beers on the market are injured by this bacillus, whose presence is largely unknown. It is evident from this that beer is not the simple, harmless beverage supposed.—Journal of Inebriety.

A Millionaire Fireman.

Mayhew W. Bronson, a millionaire, has just been installed as chief of the Larchmont (N. Y.) fire department, to which he had been the instructor in life saving since the time when, through the favor of Commissioner Scannell, of the fire department, former Chief Bonner, and Chief Croker, he went through the hard work required by the fire department from the men who came up for approval at headquarters.

HEADACHE

"Both my wife and myself have been using CASCARETS and they are the best medicine we have ever had in the house. Last week my wife was frantic with headache for two days, she tried some of your CASCARETS, and they relieved the pain in her head almost immediately. We both recommend Cascarets."

CHAS. STEDEFORD, Pittsburg Safe & Deposit Co., Pittsburg, Pa.



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