No tongue can ever tell How hard it is with breaking heart, To say "Farewell, farewell!

The autumn leaves came drifting down Above us and around, Their summer glory dull and brown, And dying on the ground.

Alas that those who love must parti No tongue can ever tell How hard it is, with breaking heart, To say "Farewell, farewell!

And now the summer comes again; Beside the gate we stand, And, closely in my own, full fain
I clasp my darling's hand.
Oh joy that those who love need par No more! No tongue can tell The rapture of the happy heart That ne'er need sny "Farewell!"

SO TERRIBLY JEALOUS.

Josephine Archer was angry. She pursued her little mouth, tightening the ruby lips till the last drop of blood seemed to have forsaken them; she stamped her little foot, and her big brown eyes snapped fire as she exclaimed in tones savagely hissing:

"Oh, the monster!" that was where the foot camedown. "And right in the face and eyes of society. Kate Bixby and Belle Bounderly both saw him gallivanting down the main street with her. Oh, oh, oh!"

At this point her voice seemed to fail her; but presently she continued:

"Oh, Mr. Henry Gilman, if you don't get a piece of my mind when next you insult me by your presence, then I shall miss my guess. Oh, you blackbearted, abominable, hypocritical, faithless, wicked, wicked man!"

It was a terrible blow for poor Josephine. She was a pretty girl and a there! good girl, only 18 years of age; bright, winsome and mostly laughter-loving. But she didn't care to laugh just now.

She was the light and the joy of her home an only child-the pet and the playfellow of both father and moth-

Two years previous to this time Henry Gilman, Esq., a young lawyer enough. Go! just admitted to the bar, had selected our thriving, growing town as the field of his legal labors.

He had been only one-and-twenty when he first came among us, but he was a man of powerful intellect, keen, bright and quick to see and understand; a ready and fluent speaker; eloquent when warm in debate; scrupulously truthful and honest; and, withal, handsome,

Such a man could not fail, and he

Within a twelvemonth after he had end of the second year, at the age of done it most lovingly. called upon him for professional ser

And Henry Gilman had fallen in love with Josephine Archer, and she had fallen in love with him; some of before. her most intimate friends said she had

her parents on the subject of his love they were rejoiced. They knew not another man in all the world whom they would have chosen in preference to him for their daughter's husband. pulsive and effervescent she was, and they believed that he possessed the qualities, both of head and heart, nec-

essary to her happiness.

Gilman had told Mr. Archer frankly that he possessed nothing of worldly goods upon which to depend for a liv-

On the day that I passed my examination and was admitted to the bar I ceased to draw from the scanty store my father left, and I promised my mother that while she lived I would not draw another panny; and I only pray that she may live to enjoy the very last farthing of it." So the lover had been accepted by

all concerned, and all had been very happy in view of the compact. But a cloud had arisen, as we have

sees, and a storm was threatened. More than once had Josephine promised her lover that she would never, never allow the spirit of jealousy to possess her.

Hehad quickly seen how ardent and impulsive she was, and he had told

"My darling, if you should ever harbor the green-eyed monster in your bosom, you would be very unhappy. It would poison your blood and embitter every thought and feeling. So,

would not. And yet she had let the monster in. She was about as jealous as a woman

could be, and it was on account of a blooming young widow-the widow Kitty Coryden. The very name was enough to make

one jealous. "Kitty Coryden!" Josephine pronounced the name a hundred times, and if its fair owner

could have heard her she would surely have been frightened. The vindictive, hissing, savage tones

wer significant of direct vengeance. "Josephine what is the matter with

It was the first time Henry had called upon her since she had been in-

formed of his treachery. "What in the world is it, darling"" he urged, attempting to put an arm sround her. But she pushed him in-

antly away. And you ask me what it is?"

He stood back, and locked upon her neath a jaunty little hat of lace an

in utter bewilderment. For the life of him he could not understand it; and he told her so.

"You can't understand it?" shespitefully exclaimed.

"Indeed I cannot." "Then," she said, drawing a long, deep breath and bestowing upon him a look which she thought would annihilate him, "you had better go-and -ask-your-pretty-widow-your-sweet Kitty Coryden!"

A bomb bursting at his feet could not have startled him more deeply; but it was only for the mo-

He was a man whose conscious integrity-whose ever present sense of truth and honor-rendered him impervious to fear from such attack.

Presently the look of consternation gave way to a pitying smile, and he

gently said: "Poor child, who has been whispering that nonsense into your ear? "Oh! its nonsense, is it? Perhaps

there isn't any Kitty Coryden?' "But there is; and she has called upon me at my office." Yes, and you are going to find a

house for her here in our village?' "I have promised her that I will do

"Oh, how coolly you take it!" "But, my dear Josephine, will you listen to me for just one minute. Let

"No, sir! I will not! I want nothing more to do with you. Go to your Kitty! Oh, don't tell me! She's been m your office, how many times? And

"Well, what more? Let us have the whole charge. "Oh, didn't you-didn't you only

vesterday, when she got out of the coach, didn't you-oh, you false-hearted man! Didn't I what, Josey?" "Don't call me Josey! Don't ever

dare to do it again! Oh, you took Kitty in your arms-'No, no, I deny that in toto," broke in Henry, smiling in spite of his efforts

to the contrary. "Well, you-you kissed her! So

"My dear Josephine, to that I plead "You-you do!" gasped the stricken

girl, utterly confounded by the man's impervious audacity. She struggled

"There!—there, sir, is the door! Go! -and never let me look upon your face again. Not a word. Thaveheard with a quick gasp.

He gazed upon her for a brief spacea few seconds-and then with someleft the room-and left the house, saying to himself as he went:
"Poor child! I will not blame her.

If she did not love me truly and well, she would not feel so deeply.

He knew very well who had made the mischief. A certain maiden, who had sought in vain to win his smiles--who had thrown herself almost into his arms repeteadly, and whom he had been forced to repulse, had seen his fair client alight at the door of his office, established himself with us he had and had very likely, seen him kiss her; gained a lucrative practice, and by the for he had done that thing; and had

23, he was unable to attend to all who | Meanwhile an unhappy maiden sat all alone in the great drawing-room of Judge Archer's (he had been judge of probate) imposing residence. She had never in all her life been so unhappy

As she called back the face of her fallen desperately in love; and we think lover, and again, in fancy, heard the When the young lawyer spoke with believe that he was a traitor. rich music of his voice, she could not Could be be false to her? Oh, she

would not believe it! "And yet-yet-that kiss-Kate and Belle both saw it; or Kate did, at any rate. And he acknowledged it, too! They knew how light-hearted and im- Oh, that is too much. If he had a sister, or cousin, or anything of that kind -but he has not-he has told me so

himself." Thus sat the maiden of the crushed and bleeding heart, buried beneath an avalanche of horror and despair; horfor-stricken at the perfidy other lover, ing. His father had died when he was and in despair because he would mon once, and 15, leaving enough of property for the never come back to her—never any tain him again. support of his mother, with enough to more—thus pale and shivering—when his education. her father and mother entered the

> They looked at her in wonder and alarm.

> "Josephine!-my dear child! what in the world is the meaning of this? What has happened?"

So spake the judge, with a hand laid tenderly upon his daughter's head, and his voice betraying an emotion deep She did not answer him. She only

bent her head lower, and sobbed more violently. Then her mother spoke but without the depth of emotion that had characterized the speech of her father:

"Josephine, this is nothing but a lover's quarrel; and all on your part, I'll bebound. You've been doing some

thing foolish." The girl was upon her feet upon the instant, her hands clenched, her teeth set, and her eyes flashing.

"A lover's quarrel," she gasped. "On And she had promised that she don't know what the the wretch has been doing. He is false! false! false!" "But, my dear child, what has he

been doing?" "He's done enough. I am not his first love-not his true love. She-she has followed him here-his sweet Kitty Coryden. and he hugged her-and-and kissed her—on the very sidewalk!"
"His what!—his who?" asked the

judge, choking and gasping as he spoke "His Kitty Coryden!" snapped the maiden with terrible vindictiveness. The effect upon her father was mar velous. He sank down into chair his face puffed and purple, and when he could catch his breath he burst into an uproarious fit of laughter; and

ing down his cheeks, when the door communicating with the front hal where the chances for attack are unwas unceremoniously opened, and-Enter-Henry Gilman, Esq., leading be the hand a lady-for a lady she certamly was-a mild-eyed, sweet-faced woman, petite and plump, a wealth of is now sometimes the fashion, were exgolden brown tresses escaping from be

ostrich feathers-in short, a woman whom anybody might have loved at sight, for she was not only very beautiful, but she looked good, and true,

and brave. She was certainly older than was Harry Gilman; but, then, many a match had been made between parties more widly separated by age than were

those two. However, Henry led the lady forward and presented her first to the

host and hostess. "Judge Archer and Mrs. Archer. I have the pleasure of introducing to you my mother! And a mother good and true she has been to me.

The judge had recovered himself immediately upon the entrance of the new comers, and he was not at all surprised by the introduction.

Henry had spoken with him on the subject of finding a house such as his mother would like to live in, for he had persuaded her to come and make her home near him, if not with him.

Mrs. Archer was surprised, for she had not heard that Henry was expecting his mother's arrival, and she was furthermore surprised upon beholding in that mother a woman so young and so beautiful; but she manifested none of surprise in her greeting, which was warm and ardent

It remained for poor Josephine to be lumbfounded. Henry had often spoken of his mother; had told how good she had always been to him; how she had paid out of her own store, for his comfort and convenience while in college, far mere than she was legally bound to do.

She had, in fact, anticipated his wants and supplied them cheerfully, and even joyously.

"Josephine," he said, as he turned to where she stood, struggling with all her might to recover her scattered senses, "this is my own dear mother; and this, mamma, is my own dear Josephine; and I hope you will love her for ny sake as well as your own.

While Josephine, with thoughts of her lover's perfidy driven from her mind, held the mild-eyed woman by the hand, thinking how easy it would be to love her, Henry proceeded, speaking to the family:

"I think I have never told you my mother's name. You will pardon me, mamma. My father died, as you know, when I was 15 years of age. up from the blow, and pointed to the Three years later my mother married again-married with Judge Coryden of Swanport.'

At this point Josephine started "At the end of a year, however," the young man went on, "the judge died. My mother of course, retains his name. thing very much like a smile upon his but she seldom speaks of him; and frank and honest face, he turned and when old friends, who know not of this second marriage, call her by the cld name, she never corrects them. In fact, most of her letters by post comedirec-

> ted to Mrs. Kate Gilman. Then he turned once more to Josephine who stood like one struggling be neath the weight of a terrible incubus, and said to her with a merry twinkle in his keen gray eyes:

"So now, my darling, you know my sweet Kitty Coryden, and I think you will not take it further amiss-Before he could speak further, her

little white hand was clasped over his mouth, and she found strength to whisper in his ear: "Oh, Harry, don't-don't!ifyou can love me still, say no more till we are

And when, later, they were alone, Josephine humbled herself completely. She saw her glaring fault. It was not that she had been hurt at heart by what she had heard of her lover, but it was this: That she had not confidence enough in him to ask for an

explanation. In short she would have sacrificed the happiness of a lifetime to a passion and the prejudice of a moment.

Josephine is now a happy wife, with beautiful children laughing and playing around her, and from that timethat miserable evening on which she made the acquaintance of sweet Kitty Coryden-she has not for a moment harbored the green-eyed monster in her bosom. She entertained the demon once, and she never will enter-

And that same sweet Kitty Coryden is a joy and a blessing in her home, and if her children were better, brighter and more healthful and helpful than children of the same age generally are, she feels in her heart that she owes it all to the firm yet gentle and loving ministrations-tender and tirelessof their grandmother-that same grandmother of whom she was once upon a time so terribly jealous.

Rebuke for Silly Girls and Their Parents. From the Boston Daily Advertiser.

Nearly fifty young women received the bacheror's degree-to admit a slight contradiction in terms-at Smith college on Wednesday.

No doubt each one had properly qualified herself for this distinction. But when one finds among the names of these graduates Nellies and Carries and Jennies, and even a Virgie and an Amie, it does not seem as if the grave letters A. B. will well become their

One does not see Georgies and Freddies in the list of those who graduated

at Harvard College. It may be hoped that sometime before the era when we have women tor governors and senators the mothers of the land will overcome their fondness for having their daughters baptized with nicknames, or that the daughters will have dignity enough to discard such manners when they escape from girlhood.

The Chinese wall is over 1,000 miles long, but is not continuous, being a mere breast work where the mountains he was laughing with the tears stream are precipitous, and is surmounted with towers no more than 40 feet high usually favorable. It is not miles high nor hundreds of yards broad. The old stories in . ent books of travels were mostly imaginary, and as aggerated for the purpose of selling the

NUMBER 492.

tamer's Journal. Some years ago I was making a sketching tour in the West country, and found myself one September afternoon on Dartmoor, a few miles from Princes Town. I had been strolling lazily about for sometime, when I suddenly came upon a bit of moorland, which I decided it was imperatively my duty to transfer to canvas, so I sat down on a messy bowlder, and was soon diligently at work, and absorbed in the task of trying to represent the lovely autumnal tints on stream, rock and heather. Intent on my picture, I took no note of time, till suddenly I perceived the shadow getting ominously long; and consulting my watch, I found it was past five o'clock, and that unless I made a speedy start I should hardly reach Princes Town before nightfall; so I hastily packed up my traps, deciding that I would come and finish the sketch on the following day.

I was just lighting my pipe, prepara tory to starting, when I fancied that I saw something move behind a large rock a few yards away and I heard what sounded very like a smothered cough. I was a bit startled, as, save the birds, no living thing had been near me for hours; but I thought I would see what it was, so I walked up to the spot, and pushing aside the high bracken, was going to examine the place, when suddenly a figure rose up and confronted me. I am not a nervous man, but I must confess I got a start as I saw before mea man clothed in convict garb, bare-headed, wild and dishevelled. Even in my first alarm I remember I noticed the number 492 on his crothes, and I don't fancy I shall ever forget that number

I grasped my stick firmly and thought to myself that I was, so to speak, in a very nice little fix. Convicts are not pleasant neighbors at any time; but a tete-a-tete with an escaped convict on a lonely moor, miles from any house, is decidedly an interview not to be desired.

However my fears speedily subsided for my convict did not seem at all disposed to make himself disagreeable, but merely stood looking at me, trembling in every limb, and from time to time coughing in a way that shook his wasted frame all over, Poor chap! he was a pitcous spectacle-his prison dress just hanging about him, he look-

ed like a living skeleton. The situation was awkward to me. As a law-abiding citizen I felt that it was my duty to take some means of restoring him to the establishment at Princes Town, which he had evidently quitted without leave; while, as an ordinary human being, I felt the sincerest pity for the haggard fellow who stood there gazing at me with hollow, feverish eyes. However, the contest between duty and compassion was speedily put an end to by No. 492 himself, for after a more than usually racking cough, his legs gave way under bracken. Duty fled; compassion won he day. went and he would die then and there. In a said: "I'm nigh starved, guv'nor; I

guess it's about up with me. I went back to get some sandwiches he seized them eagerly, and began to eat them ravenously; but again a terrible fit of coughing came on, and he can't eat now; s'spose I'm gone too

Here was a pleasant position. The man was evidently in the last stage of exhaustion; and even my unpracticed eye could see that No. 492 had his days, creven hours, numbered. I moistened his lips with some brandy out of my flask, and saw, to my satisfaction that this produced a decided improvement. But what in the world I should do next perplexed me sorely, so I repeated the dose of brandy and took council with myself

as to the next move. Under the influence of the brandy my patient propped himself up again, and with great difficulty told me how he had escaped from the convict prison three days before, and had wandered over the moor till want of food and exposure had-to use his own words-"spoilt his own game," and he wasgoing back to prison to give himself up. Seeing me sketching, and feeling his strength almost gone, he had decided to surrender himself to me; but when he got near the poor fellow's courage failed him, and he had crawled away behind the cock where I had discover-

I did not think he would die in quod; but I kept my thoughts to myself, for I felt sure that before the prison could be reached No. 492 would be far enough away, and it would only be a suit of con let clothes on a poorskele

ton that would enter the gloomy gate. "Look here, my poor chap," said I, "you can't stop here; you must let me carry you as well as I can, and I must try and get you back to the prison.'

I felt rather mean as I said this, for I did pity aim heartily. I knew nothing about his crimes. He might have been the greatest villain; yet I felt for him having just tasted liberty and having to go back to captivity; and a single glance at him showed pretty plainly that the prison could not hold him long, even if we ever got there. I expected some attempt at resistance; but, to my surprise, he quietly acquiesced, saying:

'All right, guy'nor; it can't be 'elped I've had my try, but summat told as I wouldn't succeed.

It was now getting late, and the sun was just down, so there was no time to be lost, as we had a long way to go, and I was rather doubtful about my powers of carrying him, for he was or had been of a toltrable size and but I did'nt 'ave no chance. Say a bit weight; but now he looked such a mere of prayer for me, sir."
bundle of bone, that I thought I might There was no refusing; and as I fin manage it At any rate, there was ished, his face lighted up, and again re

nothing to do but to try; so I hoisted him up on my back and started off in

the direction of Princess Town. I shall not easily forget that journey; it soon grew quite dark, as I toiled on over the lonely road, with frequent halts to rest, while poor No. 492 grew weaker and weaker, and his terrible cough more and more frequent. We had gone, I suppose, about hree miles, when I began to feel that it was quite impossible for me to accomplish the remaining distance, as it was so dark that I stumbled painfully over the rough path, and at each stumble my burden groaned with pain, and coughed so dismally, that I felt my well-meant endeavors were only putting him to complete torture; so stopped, laid him on the grass, and told him that we would not try to go on till the moon rose. "All right, guy'nor," said he, feebly, and fell back fainting; so I administered the last few drops of brandy I had left, covered him up as well as I could with my coat, propped his head upon my sketching case, sat down by his side, and wondered what would be the end of my adventure.

I looked at my watch and saw that it was nine o'clock. The moon, I knew would not rise till nearly midnight, so we had three hours to wait. I think those three hours were the longest ever passed in my life. The silence and the loneliness of the moor were terrible and No. 492 lay with his eyes closed, and, save for an occasional groan, might have been dead. Once or twice he tried to speak, but apparently it was beyond his powers, and he fell back again exhausted. Once he put out his hand, caught mine, and to my great surprise, carried it to his lips and kissed it. I am not much used to having my hand kissed at any time, and should probably under any circumstances, feel the situation embarrassing; but to have it kissed by a dying convict out on Dartmoor, in the middle of the night, was a novel experience.

I did not mean to hurt the feelings of No. 492, but I drew it away somewhat hastily; and then, seeing his lips move, as if he was trying to say something. I bent over him to listen, and in a voice little more than a whiser, he said: "Beg your parden, sir; but you have been precious kind to me, and I feels weak and silly; didn't mean no offense."

I hastened with some compunction to reassure him that I was not offended; and again he closed his eyes; and around us once more was silence.

At last, to my great joy, the sky brightened up a bit; the outlines of the trees became more distinct, and the moon appeared over the hills, and shot a flood of silver light all over the moor. My spirits, which had fallen below zero, revived considerably; darkness has at all times a depressing influence, and under my peculiar circumstances, had reduced me to a most profound melancholy. I felt quite glad to see the moon rise, though, beyond the fact of being able to see where we were, it did not materially assist me out of the fix I was in.

I looked at No. 492 and he seemed to be asleep I did not like to wake him, so I got up quietly, intending to him and he rolled down among the walk to the top of a hill close by, and see if I could discover the lights of picked | Princess Town, or any house nearer him up and propped him with to which I might direct my steps. I his back against a rock, where he was not gone long-perhaps half an gasped and choked till Ireally thought | hour; and when I came back, I found No. 492 with his eyes wide open, and minute or two, however, he revived, to my great surprise-though I don't and in a very faint and feeble voice know why I should have been so surprised-tears running down his cheeks Really, my ideas about convicts were becomming quite upset; one who furout of my case and offered them to him; | tively kissed my hand, and who wept was, I thought, indeed an anomaly I bent over him and asked him if he was in worse pain, or what was the sank back saying: "It ain't no use; I matter. Poor fellow! he lifted his wasted hand, drew it across his eyes and said: "No; I ain't in no pain now. sir; but I woke from a bit of doze and saw that you was gone; and I thought as how you had left me; and somehow I felt ionesome and afeared" and then

a great sob shook him. I assured him that I was not going to leave him, and he appeared comforted. Then, after a pause, said: " ain't one as has been much afeared in my time.sir; but.somehow.now Ican't 'elp it: it seems all of a tremble; and it looks awful dark ahead of me, and I be so weak I don't seem able to face it

no-how. I longed truly to be able to help bim, and wished it with all my heart that I could do it better; but feeling rather ashamed, Itried to tell No. 492 something about a strong Hand which will help in the dark valley, and One who will be near us when of ourselves as he said, "we don't seem to be able to face it nohow." He listened attentively and then closed his eyes, murmuring something I could not catch.

"It ain't no use my trying to get away, guy'nor," said he, sadly; "I'm that weak I can't walk a step. I couldn't escape now, not if a carriage and-four was waiting for me. I'd wan't a nuss to lift me up into it. Guess I'll

die in quod after all. After a pause, I asked him if he would try to go on again. "All right, guv'nor; you knows best," was his an-

swer, but very faint and feeble. Well, I picked him up again, and off I started. By this time the moon was high up, so we progressed a good deal faster than before, and had traversed a considerable distance before I had to stop and put my burden down. Even then. I could have gone a bit further, but No. 492 whispered: "Stop. sir, now;

it ain't no use; I shan't get no further. I laid him down, and saw at a glance that our journey together was about to end. In the moonlight he looked ghastly and wan; and as I laid him down, a voilent fit of coughing came on, and after it a red stream flowed from his mouth. Poor fellow! thought I, and yet I could hardly pity him really, for to him death must have come as a true friend. He lay quiet for some time, and I wiped the blood from his lips; then, just as the first gray streak of dawn appeared, he raised himself on his elbow and whis pered; "I've been a bad 'un I knows

peating his formula, "All right, guv'nor," he fell back-dead. He had suc-

ceeded in his escape, after ali. I covered up the body, and thinking no one would be likely to come near the spot, I drew it aside near the rock which I should recognize again, and started off, waiking briskly to Princes town, considering many things by the way. I went to the prison, and came back with some wardens to show them the spot; and, as I was obliged to await the inquest. I attended the funeral of poor No. 492,

I trust in the "Other Land" it may be for him-as for many of us for whom it has been all wrong-"All right."

The Story of William Tell.

The new United States Minister to Switzerland baying been requested by the government to make inquiries as to the authenticity of the story of William Teil, the following, from "Myths and Dreams," by Edward Clodd, may prove interesting:

Everybody has heard how in the year 1307 (or, as some say, 1296) Gessler, Vogt (or Governor) of the Emperor Albert of Hapsburg, set a hat on a pole as a symbol of the Imperial power, and ordered every one who passed by to do obeisance to it; and how a mountaineer named Wilhelm Tell, who hated Gessler and the tyranny which the symbol expressed, passed by without saluting the hat, and was at once seized and brought before Gessler, who ordered that as a punishment Tell hould shoot an apple off the head of his own son. As resistance was vain, the apple was placed on the boy's head, when Tell bent his bow, and the arrow, piercing the apple, fell with it to the ground. Gessler saw that Tell, before shooting, had stuck a second arrow in his belt, and, asking the reason, received this for answer-"It was for you; had I shot my child, know that this would have pierced your heart.

Now, this story first occurs in the chronicle of Melchior Russ, who wrote at the end of the fifteenth century-i e., about 170 years after its reputed occurrence. The absence of any reference to it in contemporary records aused doubt to be thrown upon it three centuries ago. Guillimann, the author of a work on Swissantiquities, published in 1598, calls it a fable, but abscribes to the current belief in it because the tale is so popular! The race to which he belonged is not yet extinct. A century and a half later a more fearless sceptic, who said that the story was of Danish origin, was condenmed by the Canton of Uri to be burnt alive, and in the well-timed absence of the offender his book was ordered to be burned by the common hangman. But the truth is great, and prevails. G. von Wyss, the Swiss historian, has pointed out that the name of Wilhelm Tell does not occur even once in the history of the three cantons, neither is there any trace that a Vogt named Gessler ever served the house of Hapsburg there. Moreover, the legend does not correspond to any fact of a period of oppressions of the Swiss at the hands of their Austrian

"There exist in contemporary rec ords no instances of wanton courage and insolence on the Hapsburg side. It was the object of that power to obtain political ascendancy, not to indulge its representatives in lust and wanton insult," and, where records of disputes between particular persons occur, "the symptoms of violence, as natural enough' appear rather on the side of the Swiss than on that of the

agerandising Imperial house." Candour, nowever, requires that the "evidence" in support of the legend should be stated. There is the fountain on the supposed site of the limetree in the market-place at Altdorf by which young Tell stood, as well as the colossal plaster statue of the hero himself which confronts us as we enter the quaint village. But more than this, the veritable cross-bow itself is

preserved in the arsenal at Zurich! However, although the little Tell's chapel, as restored, was opened with a national fete, in the presence of two members of the Federal Council, in June, 1883, the Swiss now admit in their school teaching that their story is legendary.

Queer Visitors Who Take Grover by the Hand Every Day.

Washington Special to the Dispatch. There is a queer crowd at the Executive Mansion every day to shake hands with the President. He gives his publie audience in the East room daily at 1 o'clock, and there gather men, women and children, mostly strangers and non-residents, to take him by the hand.

One fellow came cocked and primed with a set speech. He was mear the end of the line, and as he got to the President he raised his voice grandiloquently and said: "I am honored, sir, to be allowed to

take this hand. Now is the winter of our discontent made glorious summer by the son of New York. I am-" and here the usher fired him past his mark to the President's great relief.

A little girl comes next and says: "Mr. President, I want to give you a good shake, one for myself and one for my little brother Willie," and the childish eyes sparkled.

"Tell your little brother Willie," said the President, smiling as hegrasped the tender hand, "that I would like to have him come and give me a good shake for himself.

The crowd passed on, and a brace of pretty girls took their turn. The President is very human, and if he held on to the maidenly hands a little longer and pressed them a little more tenderly, it was but natural. Farmers and mechanics and matrons and dudes and people of every degree take their turn and pass out. For each the President has a word or a smile or both, replying with happy tact to the various remarks. It is only a moment, but to most of the visitors it is a moment of a lifetime.