"SOME MOTHER'S CHILD."

From the Philidelphia Ledger.

At home or away, in the ally or street,
Wherever I chance in this wide world to meet
A girl that is thoughtless, or a boy that is wild,
My heart echoes softly, "'Tis some mother's child."

And when I see those o'er whom long years have rolled,
Whose hearts have grown hardened, whose spirits are cold;
Be it woman all fallen, or man all defiled,
A voice whisper's softly, "Ah! some mother's child.

No matter how from the right she has strayed;
No matter what inroads dishonor has made,
No matter what elements cankered the pearl—
Though tarnished and sullied, she is some mother's girl.

No matter how wayward his footsteps have been;
No matter how deep he is sunken in sin;
No matter how low is his standard of joy—
Though guilty and loathsome, he is some mother's boy.

That head hath been pillowed on some tender breast;
That form hath been wept o'er, those lips have been pressed;
That soul hath been prayed for, in tones sweet and mild;
For her sake deal gently with—some mother's child.

A DREAMER OF DREAMS.

From the London Temple Bar.

James Bond had reached the mature age of 40, when the casual smile of a woman changed the whole tenor of his existence. He met her in Westbourne Grove, one Autumn afternoon, and, though she smiled not at him, but at an old crossing-sweeper who was thanking her with excessive volubility for a sixpence, yet her beautiful face was so charged with sweetness that there arose within him a new sensation which he could not define.

"Can this be love?" he asked himself gazing earnestly after the graceful figure disappearing around the corner. "Pshaw! it is absurd. I don't even know her name."

He continued his walk more slowly towa d Kensington Gardens where he was accustomed to go for his daily constitutitional.

"What is love?" he proceeded. "Unity—the dovetailing of angels—the meeting of extremes; therefore dependent upon the logical faculties which alone can classify, separate and unite. Consequently without thorough knowledge, love is impossible. Yet her smile was sweet—yes, it certainly was very sweet." At the thought of that exquisite vision the dull gray eyes brightened, and the sallow, careworn face wore a peculiarly soft expression.

Bond rented lodgings—dingy rooms, littered with books and papers, from which his landlady was forbidden to remove the dust. He was seldom there, however, for he lived in dreams, the construction of which occupied most of his time, to the exclusion of more solid work. Why should he work? He himself did not see the need, for the proceeds of a fellowship supplied him with food and books. If his clothes were shabby it was from want of thought rather than from want of means. A tall, gaunt, black-bearded man, with rounded shoulders, he went about like a scarecrow, a most tempting object for the small boys in the neighborhood to pelt with jokes and orange peel.

Walking homeward through a back street he met a number of them just turned loose from a Board School. They were engaged in tormenting a cat held firmly by a string around its neck. At another time Bond would have gone swiftly by, anxious only to escape to peace and quietness, but now it was different—why, he could not tell. Some causes are too subtle for analysis.

"My good children," he said advancing nervously, "you shouldn't do that you know."

They turned and faced him, a dubious group, ready to assail or flee, according as he showed weakness or strength.

"Why do you beat the unfortunate animal?" he pursued.

"Cos it's mine," replied the red-headed young urchin who held the string.

"Highly illogical, my boy."

"Findin's is keepin's, you know, guv'nor. Master wollops me, so I wollops my cat."

"Human, no doubt, but not humane," said Bond with a smile. "Will you sell it?"

They opened their eyes and grinned at one another. After a pause the young spokesman demanded: "I say, guv'nor, what'll yer give?"

"Ten shillings. See here they are. Is that enough?"

Needless to say the bargain was struck on the spot. Bond paid the money, put the cat under his arm and walked off, followed by yells of laughter. In his threadbare clothes he certainly looked an ungainly figure at any time, but the struggles of the sleek and handsome tabby to free herself from his embrace made him a more than usually remarkable object.

"Now, why did I buy this creature?" he asked himself. "Was a hatred of cruelty the sole motive? No; each act is the resultant of two or more forces. Though the comparison may be carried too far, the cat naturally suggests woman; she is the old maid's companion; why not the old bachelor's as well? I am lonely. There we get to the bottom of the matter—selfishness under the guise of beneficence. Not quite the bottom, however; why more lonely to-day than yesterday? But stay; only a fool searches for first causes. Ah, yes; her smile was very sweet."

Though the weather was by no means cold he had a fire lighted in his sitting room, in order that his new pet should enjoy the cheerful blaze. Abundantly provided with milk, the cat soon made herself quite at home. Her master, after silently contemplating her for a few minutes, let his thoughts wander away into the realms of fancy.

He had already given a name to the Fair Unknown, and that name was Eulalie—the prettiest one he could think of. He depicted her in her home surrounded by smiling faces—all uniting to render homage to the beautiful Eulalie; and then he saw her in another home no less happy, himself her vis-a-vis and sole admirer. Somehow or other the cat purring on the hearth-rug at his feet seemed to be a link between them, it was absurd, no doubt; he tried to struggle back into a more rational mood—but all in vain; he seemed to have drifted into another sphere in which reason was unknown.

Next morning Bond went out into the Grove again. He was out of sorts, he told himself, and wanted a walk badly. And yet he lingered among the shops, looked absently into the windows, and with furtive anxiety at the passers-by. But of a sudden he turned scarlet, for on the other side of the street was Eulalie—a queenly woman, tall and stately, charmingly dressed, with a fringe of dainty little brown curls on her forehead, and a face like an angel's. People turned to look at her as she went by; had they bowed down before her Bond would scarcely have felt surprised. She was attended by a couple of handsome men—one deferential, the other more observant of the sights around. Her brothers commented Bond, who had squeezed himself into a doorway, and peeped timidly at her over the bonnets of two elderly ladies. As each passing cab momentarily shut her out of his sight his breath came fast and thick; he almost feared lest he should never behold her again. He saw her enter a shop, and presently come out again. Quite unconscious of the existence of her shabby admirer, she proceeded on her way and soon disappeared in the crowd.

Then with the desperate courage which is perhaps most common in timed men, Bond plunged into the shop and asked the assistant her name.

"You mean the lady who was looking at these gloves?" inquired the dapper youth, pausing in his task of returning them to the box in order to stare with evident amusement at his questioner.

"The lady!" repeated Bond, absently. There was but one in the whole world for him. "Yes, yes, of course."

"I don't know her name, sir."

Bond looked disappointed. But seeing a pair of gloves which had just been tried on he pounced upon them eagerly. What was this strange thrill that went through and through him? "The touch of a vanished hand?" Sympathy? Surely he was traveling the road to knowledge.

"I want a pair of gloves," he said. "These will do very nicely."

"They are ladies, sir," suggested the assistant.

"Oh, they'll do. My hands are not large." He blushed as he spoke, for they were huge.

"Shall I put them in a paper, sir?"

"Paper! Yes, wrap them up carefully. Gloves are apt to be soiled in the pocket."

It was not a very rational act he had just committed, and yet he contrived to cover it neatly with little pretenses and so disguise its real purport. Was not he a student of human nature, and was not the hand an index to character, and was not the glove an index of the hand? Here, then, he was starting at the beginning of things, as becam a sound philosopher. So, for the purpose of his study, he laid the gloves on the table before him and riveted his gaze upon them. He even pressed them passionately to his lips, an act that made him blush as deeply as if Eulalie herself had witnessed it. Had not she touched them. And, ah! what a sweet smile she had! Logic could not fathom that, but he recognized its truth, nevertheless.

During the ensuing forthnight Bond went out every morning in the hope of getting a brief glimpse of the charming Eulalie, and, when successful, returned brimful of happiness. The rest of the day he invariably spent in building castles constructing new settings for his gem. It was a delightful occupation, this continual intercourse with his divinity. Though she knew him not, probably had never even seen him, they two lived an ideal life together. Wherever she went this shabby bookworm whom, it may be, she would not have deigned to notice, accompanied her in fancy; he dined, walked, talked and laughed with her; he invested her with every virtue, set her in a perfect home, and provided her with every comfort, content himself to be her devoted slave and minister to her wants.

In accordance with this theory Bond attributed to Eulalie qualities the very opposite of his own, or rather, what he supposed to be his own, for he set a very humble value upon himself. He made her out to be all that is pure and lovely. "She is generous," he said; "did she not give sixpence to a crossing-sweeper? I never gave sixpence to a crossing-sweeper in my life. My temper is vile, hers is sweetness itself. Did I not see her smile? She is the most beautiful woman in the world. I am the incarnation of ugliness." He looked in the glass and saw it was true. And so he had no difficulty in constructing his golden image, before which he, a vile creature of clay, meekly bowed his head and did obeisance.

There was a strange pathos in the love of this solitary student for an unknown woman, whose influence, unconsciously exerted, had gone far beyond the limits of her personal acquaintance. Had it done nothing else it would have raised him above the dreary level which he had so long occupied, but it presently took a more practical turn. When he beheld his cheerless room, the cat, the only homely thing in it, and thought of that perfect home of his fancy, there flashed into his mind the question. Where is the money to come from? This thought fell upon him like a thunderclap; it threw him into a stupor out of which he emerged tremblig.

Awakened to the reality of his dream, the strong man girded up his loins and put forth the strength which had hitherto lain dormant. Though he could not forego the pleasure of seeing Eulalie every day if possible, the afternoon and evenings were bene forth devoted to work. Many years before he had begun to write a book which he had not had the energy to finish; he now took it up again, and worked at it day and night. Fame and fortune opened out before him; useless before they had now become priceless, for did they not lead to—how the blood coursed in his veins at the thought—Eulalie!

Dissatisfied with the condition of his rooms, he had them swept. So, much to the landlady's surprise and delight, the dust was cleared away, the furniture put in order, and a tolerable air of comfort restored. It was by no means the perfect home he had depicted, but it was, at any rate, one step nearer.

The cat—that subtle bond of union between him and her—had grown quite friendly. As he wrote she often sat on the table and blinked wonderingly at the round-shouldered scholar bending over his desk, his sallow face flushed with his exertions, and his dull eyes brightening as his pen raced over the paper. The pile by his side, small at first, daily grew in magnitude, and the book upon which so much depended was nearly finished.

But about this time a dreadful uneasiness seized upon him. He had not seen Eulalie for a fortnight. When the fortnight grew into a month, and the month into two, he became so alarmed he could work no longer. Vainly he attempted to allay his fears by assuming that she had gone out of town on a visit; he felt that he must see her and so satisfy himself that she was not merely a creature of his imagination. Roaming the streets day after day he searched for his unknown love, but found her not; she had vanished from this life as mysteriously as she had come into it.

At length, in dispair, he again entered the shop where he had asked her name. He had seen her there many times since. The same dapper assistant was arranging gloves in a box, and the whole scene was so exactly the same that Bond paused in bewilderment, half inclined to think the past few months had been a dream. Advancing to the counter he stammered out:

"Have you seen her lately? The lady? What are you staring at? You know who I mean."

"Seen her!" exclaimed the assistant, with a flash of remembrance. "The lady! Oh! ah! that's a good joke." He ended with a most objectionable laugh.

"A good joke!" said Bond absently. "I don't understand you."

"You read the papers, I suppose, sir."

"I don't. Speak plainly, man."

"The lady"—he grinned as he spoke—"has just been tried for obtaining goods on false pretenses."

"You like, you cur," shouted Bond. Quick as lightning his clenched fist shot across the counter and flattened the astonished youth against the shelves behind.

A crowd collected in a moment. "Drunk," said one; "Mad," said another; and those behind began to press forward; and those in front to sheer away. In truth, this gaunt creature with the flaming eyes looked violent enough for anything. Amid a general clamor for the police, the proprietor of the shop fortunately appeared upon the scene. He was not going to have a fuss made there, he said; so Bond was hustled into the street. He turned when he got clear of the crowd.

"Tried, poor thing!" he shouted back. "But she was acquitted. I swear she was acquitted."

"She was guilty, though," cried the assistant, viciously shaking his fist from the doorway.

"Pure and sweet and beautiful—"

"Guilty, or I'll eat my hat."

"Shut up you idiot," cried the proprietor. And shaking the youth by the shoulder, he pushed him back into the shop.

Bond scarcely knew how he got back to his rooms. His pile of manuscripts lay on the table; the cat sat purring before the fire; everything was precisely as he had left it. But oh! how different it all seemed! He dropped into a chair, and the veins stood out in his pale forehead, and his hands worked convulsively. Eulalie in a felon's dock! Could men be so mad, so cruel, so unjust? It was impossible.

One solitary idea now took possession of him—to find Eulalie, though with what object he did not determine. By a strange chance he met her in the street next day; met and scarcely recognized her. Moving swiftly and stealthily along, as if she feared to be seen, with her hair in disorder, her face no longer touched by that art to which it had largely owed its beauty, and her dress old and slovenly, she was indeed dreadfully changed. Bond started back when he saw her, his face deadly white; he pressed his hands to his heart, it gave such a painful throb; he could scarcely believe his own eyes.

His earnest gaze seemed to discompose her, for she dropped a faded old umbrella in the mud, whereupon he rushed forward, picked it up, and handed it to her. She took it without a word of thanks, a scowl being all she gave him. Then she hurried away, leaving him in a pained bewilderment. He could only repeat over and over again. "Her smile was very sweet."

"A bad un, sir, said a policeman who had been watching this little scene. A regular bad un." He winked in the direction of the retreating woman.

But Bond was already out of earshot, hurrying after her in obedience to an irresistible impulse to offer her all he had, yearning to tell his love and acquire the right to protect her. Though his ideal was little more than a memory, the woman remained, and, in his eyes, she was still beautiful. With her by his side he cared not what the world said. Never had his love been stronger than it was at this moment.

But though he dived down one obscure street after another, he could not find her. And at length, murmuring to himself, "Ah, yes, her smile was very sweet," he wearily dragged himself back to his lodgings.

Once again, and for the last time, he saw her. It was on the following afternoon. He was sitting at the open window, absently caressing the cat upon his lap, when she happened to pass by on the opposite side of the street. Looking up at the window, she suddenly stopped and stared. Before he had recovered from his surprise she stretched out her arms, and cried:

"Oh, my pussie! Nell, Nell, won't you come to me?"

The cat sprang through the window and crossed the street in less time than it takes to write the words. There could scarcely be a doubt about the ownership. The animal, with arched back and straightened tail, was delightedly rubbing itself against her shabby dress, and she was bending down talking to it as if it were her child.

Bond was not slow to grasp the situation. He rose hastily to explain the circumstances under which he had bought the cat from a lad, whom he had believed to be the rightful owner. He was trembling in every limb, for had not his opportunity come at last, as some one has said it always will come to the man who waits? Blundering down the stairs he whispered to himself: "Even the cat loves her and she loves it. I knew she was good and pure and lovely."

"I must apologize," he began, advancing awkwardly, "Miss—Miss—"

"Mrs. Travers," she said, rather defiantly.

"Mrs!" he gasped, staggering back. Then she was a married woman! This thought affected him even more painfully than the one that followed it. Some time before he had read in the paper a charge of swindling brought against a Mrs. Travers, described as a member of a gang of fashionable sharpers. "Then you are a widow," he cried, with startling energy. "Oh, in pity's sake, say you are a widow."

She laughed scornfully. Pointing to a seedy-looking individual who was approaching, she said:

"Here comes my husband. Now, pray, what have you to say against me? Just say it right out before him, if you dare."

Poor Bond slunk away to his darkened room. His dream was over; his life was spent. He relapsed into his old bookworm habits, wore clothes as ancient as ever, and to the despair of his landlady, renewed his edict against dusting. The life had gone out of him, and three years after, strangers carried him to his rest in Kensal Green, his landlady the only mourner. A plain tombstone marks the place where he sleeps, dreaming, perhaps, some happier dream, with a loftier ideal, which the world can never tarnish nor time can destroy.

Photographing Under Difficulties.

The floods at Boston and elsewhere gave the amateur photographers a fine opportunity to put their skill into service. The Boston Herald relates some amusing experiences by these gentlemen,—"camera cranks," it rudely calls them,—among them the following:

One extra enthusiastic amateur did not seem to be entirely satisfied with what he had got, although he had several plate-holders full of undeveloped views. He was looking for the sensational, but it didn't happen to come his way. "I say," said he, accosting a ragged and dirty-faced urchin, "can you swim?" "Betcherlife," quoth the youngster.

"I want you to fall overboard for me," said the amateur. "Take a bath yourself," said the gamin. "Billy and we'll pull yer out if yer feet won't keep yer down."

"I'll give you a dollar if you will," returned the amateur. "A silver dollar wid no hole in it?" said the "kid." "Yes." "But the old woman will whale der life outer me," said the boy, fearful of what would happen when he arrived at home looking like a drowned rat. "But you can say you fell in." "You'll give me the dollar first?" "Yes."

"Den I'll go yer. Ante up." So the boy pocketed the silver dollar, paddled out into the middle of the street on a big plank, and, when the photographer got already and gave the signal he lifted up one leg and went over head and heels into the dirty water below, disappeared for a moment from sight and then bobbed up to the surface and swam for the shore.

How a Gallant Conductor First Met His Chaming Wife.

Chicago Herald.

"Yes," said a conductor on the Illinois Central, "I'm married at last, boys, and am mighty glad if it. But the strangest part of the story is how I came to meet my wife. It was about a year ago. One day we stopped at one of the stations down the line where the track is doubled, when there was a freight train approaching on the track west of the station. The freight slowed up so that passengers would have time to cross, and then put on steam and came along after I had given the signal to the engineer to start. But I had stood on the ground looking out for passengers who might jump off and get hurt, as I always do under similar circumstances.

"On this occasion it was well that I did, because a young woman came running out of one of the coaches of my train and excitedly made a jump to get off. She landed right in my arms, and if I hadn't been there she'd have fallen before the freight engine and been crushed to death. Well, boys, I just held on to her until those two trains had passed, and they weren't very short trains either. She was so excited I didn't dare put her down, and I felt quite comfortable the way I was, anyhow, with her heart beating against mine. Well, in that minute and a half I lost my heart, and we were married a week before Christmas. She says she always did like a man who had sense enough to hold fast to a good thing when he had a chance."

Cleveland, O., now claims a population of 210,000, and is increasing rapidly. The rapid growth of the leading western cities is one of the wonders of the present age.

Experiences of a Mexican Guide.

"Here is a curious thing that may be of interest to you," said a gentleman as he laid a formidable weapon on a desk. It was an old colt's 45-caliber army revolver, and on the butt were numerous notches, which had evidently been cut with a sharp knife. "That six-shooter belonged to a man with a history," continued the visitor. "He was an old friend of mine, and he always said I should have that pistol when he died. It was received by me a short time ago, and with it came a letter telling me of my friend's death recently near Laredo, Tex. His name was Jesus Sandobal, and he was perhaps the most noted Mexican guide ever on the southern Texas frontier. After many years of strange adventures and hair-breadth escapes he passed away at last quietly enough.

"Sandobal was a fullblooded Mexican, and until he was about forty years old, lived quietly on his little ranch near Ringgold Barracks, on this side of the Rio Grande. He had a wife and daughter, the latter a pretty girl of about 18 years, and he spent most of his time with them on the ranch, only going off every now and then to sell some cattle or trade horses. He was always considered a quiet sort of fellow at that time.

"One day he went off on a horse trading expedition, and when he came back he found his house in ruins, his horses and cattle driven off and his wife and daughter shamefully treated by a party of marauding Mexicans. He tracked these men to the Rio Grande, and some distance into Mexico, but could not catch them. Then he rode back again, sold what was left of his property, and started out determined to be revenged. He went into Northern Mexico and poisoned the wells and springs where the cattle and horses drank. He burned ranches and barns and destroyed everything he could. Every now and then a Mexican would be found dead on the road, with a bullet in his brain or his heart. Parties were organized to hunt him down, traps were laid for him, and every endeavor was made to either kill or capture him; but with no success. He never tired of his work, and for months he terrorized the country.

"At last it grew too hot for him and he was forced to spend much of his time in Texas. In 1874, when Captain L. H. McNelly went down to the Rio Grande with his company of Texas rangers to try to stop the cattle stealing, Sandobal was chosen as guide, and a better one could not have been selected. The rangers were mostly young fellows about 18 or 19 years of age, and the Mexican cattle thieves and white desperadoes who had successfully eluded the United States cavalry for years laughed at the company of beardless boys, and said they would be sent home to their mothers within a month. McNelly went into camp about three miles above Brownsville and waited for a chance to show what he could do.

"One day word was brought down the river from a place called Los Cuevas, about sixty miles above, that a large number of Mexicans were taking a big herd of stolen cattle from Texas into Mexico. The news reached the ranger camp at noon, and thirty of the men started for the place immediately, guided by Sandobal. They made the sixty miles in a little more than six hours, and over a bad road at that a wonderful feat, even for those reckless frontier riders. Seven of the horses died afterward from the overexertion. In spite of the splendid time, however, the rangers arrived at Los Cuevas just as the last of the cattle had been taken across in a large flat boat and the boat turned adrift. After a long search a little rowboat was found, and as soon as it was dark McNelly, Sandobal and Sergeant Hall of the rangers crossed over in it. The captain gave orders when he went for the boys to 'fire at the flash' if there should be any shooting when he reached the other side.

"The boat disappeared in the gloom and the men knelt on the river bank and waited. In about ten minutes the sharp report of a carbine came from the opposite bank. Immediately a volley flashed from the rangers' Winchesters. The captain shouted across to stop firing, and when Sandobal returned with the boat for more men it was learned that McNelly had accidently discharged his carbine as he was jumping from the boat.

By midnight all the men had crossed. They waited until just before dawn, when, under Sandobal's guidance, they marched five miles into the interior, and at sunrise were within sight of a large ranch. At this ranch were the cattle thieves and a large force of Mexicans who had come from the surrounding country during the night. They were evidently expecting an attack. When McNelly saw how matters stood he turned to his men and looked them quietly over. He held an unlighted cigar between his teeth, and although he was pale he was as cool as an icicle.

"'Boys, I told you I might take you into hell when we started,' he said, 'but I also promised I would get you out again. We came over here to get those cattle, and we're not going back without them. Now get about ten feet apart and give these Greasers a volley."

"The order was instantly obeyed, and from the yells and choice Mexican oaths which came from the corrals some of the shots must have done good work. There was a little firing from the corrals at the rangers; but before any one was hurt, the order was given to circle around to the other side of the ranch and give the thieves another volley. These tactics were kept up for about an hour and might have lasted all day had not Sandobal, who had gone off on an expedition of his own, suddenly turned up with the cheering information that 200 of the rural police of Mexico were on their way to help the cattle thieves. The captain immediately gave orders to retreat toward the Rio Grande and the rangers started in that direction with commendable alacrity.

"They had only gone about a mile, however, when they discovered that the Mexicans were after them. The noise of many horses' feet pounding the road as they came on a run could be plainly heard. McNelly spread his rangers a little distance apart and told them not to fire until they were sure of killing their men.

"The pursuers got closer and closer, but nobody fired until the captain's carbine cracked, and 'that fellow riding ahead,' who proved afterward to be the mayor of Camargo, rolled out of his saddle. Others followed in short order, and the main body was thrown into confusion. The rangers kept their Winchesters working rapidly, and in another moment the Mexicans were on the run. Then McNelly and his men pushed for the river again. Twice on their way they had to turn and beat off the Mexicans, but they reached the bank without losing a man although three were wounded.

"Two companies of the Eighth United States Cavalry had come up the river in the mean time from Fort Brown, but according to orders from headquarters at San Antonio could not cross into Mexico. They had a Gatling gun with them, and when the Mexicans made their fourth and last charge about thirty of the cavalry men disobeyed orders and swam the river to help the rangers. With this re-enforcement and with the help of the Gatling gun on the Texas side, the rangers managed to send their enemies back in such a hurry that they did not care to return again. Word now came that two regiments of Mexican soldiers from Matamoros had been ordered to the scene, and McNelly reluctantly recrossed the river without having recovered the cattle.

"The Mexican government afterward made a formal demand on the State of Texas for the rangers to be given up to Mexican justice for invading their country. Sandobal was mentioned particularly in the demand. It was said that the rangers had killed and wounded seventy-two men during the raid. Sandobal gleefully boasted that he alone had killed seven. It is hardly necessary to state that the Mexican demand was not complied with, but all the men concerned in the raid were outlawed in Mexico, and it would not be safe for them to go there now and disclose their identity. Sandobal's hatred was never fully satisfied, and the letter says he died cursing his native country."

"But what are all these notches in the handle of the revolver?" was asked of the visitor.

"Oh, those were cut by Sandobal whenever he killed a man with that pistol. They are what made it so curious." The notches were counted and it was found that there were just thirty-one.—New York Star.

Why the Woman Cried.

The St. Joseph (Mo.) Gazette says that seven years ago Anton Hammeyer landed in this country from Coblenz, in Germany, leaving in that city a brother, Joseph, and Bertha Mulheim, to whom he was to be married when he earned money enough to bring her over. Five years ago he settled in Ford County, Kansas, and soon became the owner of a large farm. In the pursuit of wealth he ceased to write home, and his brother and intended wife thinking him dead, were married. Some months ago he concluded to send for his brother and Bertha, and last week they reached St. Joseph where Anton met them. He never dreamed that they were man and wife, and when apprised of the fact was astounded. For an hour he walked up and down the waiting-room of the station deeply pondering something. Then he called his brother over to one side and the two had a long and earnest conversation, into which the woman was afterwards called, and the result of it was an agreement that Anton should lend Joseph $2,000 and hold his wife as security for it. Joseph was to go back to Germany. This conference occurred in the afternoon and the attention of the reporter was attracted to it by the earnestness of the talk and action of the two brothers. When the reporter went to the station in the evening his attention was drawn to a south-bound train by the loud weeping of a woman. On going over to the train he saw the woman taking leave forever of her husband, board the train with her former lover and future companion in life and leave for Atchison where they took the Santa Fe train for Ford County. Before the train for Chicago left the reporter went up to Joseph Hammeyer and asked for an explanation of the scenes referred to, when Joseph told the story. He said Anton never expected him to pay back the $2,000 and he never intended to. He would go back to Germany better pleased with the money than he ever could have been with a wife first plighted to his brother.

English Women Lacking Taste in Dressing.

"English women are the worst-dressed females on the globe," says a late London letter. Expensive laces, velvet gowns, flashing diamonds, etc., in plenty, but no gracefulness in wearing them, no well-fitting garments, no 'chic'—or, to apply an American term, no 'style.' Why, I've been astonished at the awkward motions, the dreary gossip, the humdrum conversation, carried on among society people here in the drawing-room—old stagers—some of them, who ought to know better. And then, English girls cannot dance. They especially can not waltz. It was stated to me on good authority, that the prince of Wales doesn't know how to reverse, and that it, therefore, was considered 'bad form' to waltz properly. But it's my belief—founded on individual observation—that even if the prince of Wales knew how to waltz, the rest of England would not. Young Dudley Winston came home quite disgusted from that ball at Lady Waterlow's, and registered a sacred vow by all the houris in the Shah's harem never to waltz with a British maiden again—if he could help it."