

HOW SHE IRONED HIS SHIRT.

I'm afraid you may think him a dandy,
And mention it, to his disgrace,
When I tell you the front was embroidered,
And the neck and sleeve trimmed with lace.
But I ironed it with such a feeling
As never possessed me before,
Though I'd laundered his shirts, a full hundred,
And made them for him by the score.

But tenderly bending o'er this one,
I said, "Bless his heart," and "Sweet boy!"
And, smoothing the lace on the neckband,
I lingered a minute to toy
With the frill as it lay on my finger,
And, though you may think I was soft,
I pressed a few quick kisses upon it,
And laughingly held it aloft.

I know wives don't usually do this,
When ironing shirts for their lords;
They're more apt to indulge in a tantrum
Of spite o'er their ironing boards.
But list, and I'll tell you the secret,
And you'll sympathize with me, I know,
As one woman will with another,
If she the white feather will show.

My little girl up to her granny's
Was staying the morning before,
And while she was rummaging, childlike,
'Midst some duds in an old bureau drawer,
She captured a shirt which her papa,
When he was a baby, had worn,
And begged it to rig up her dolly;
As it was wrinkled and torn.

Returned home, she said: "Mamma, wash it!"
And so, as I did her behest,
And thought how my terrible giant
Within its wee size had been pressed,
Do you wonder I said "Bless his heart," as
My fancy presented to view,
A miniature phase of the monster
Who now measures just six feet two!

—Virginia C. Hollis.



CARPENA BEFORE THE GOVERNOR OF CENTA.

irresistible power. He tried to lift his feet, to move his arms, but he could not. The Doctor's will within him, nailed him to the ground.

The governor looked at him for a minute or so; then he said to his guest: "Well, Doctor, whether he is awake or not, we must give in to the evidence!" "Yes, quite convinced, quite convinced!" "You are quite convinced that there are things we must believe in like the brutes! Now, Doctor Antekirt, suggest to him to go back to the penitentiary! Alfonso XII commands it!"

The governor had hardly finished the sentence before Carpena, without uttering a sound, threw himself into the water. Was it an accident? Was it a voluntary act on his part? Had some fortuitous circumstance intervened to snatch him out of the Doctor's power? No one could say.

Immediately there was a general rush to the rocks, and the warders ran on to the beach. There was no trace of Carpena. Some fishing-boats came up, as did the boats from the yacht. All was useless. They did not even find the corpse, which the current would carry out to sea.

"I am very sorry, your Excellency," said the Doctor, "that our experiment has had so tragical an end, which it was impossible to anticipate."

"But how do you account for it?" asked the governor.

"The reason is, that in the exercise of this suggestive power, of which you cannot deny the effects, there are intermittences. That man escaped me for an instant, undoubtedly, and either from his being seized with vertigo or some other cause, he fell off the rocks! It is a great pity, for we have lost such a splendid specimen!"

"We have lost a scamp—nothing more!" said the governor, philosophically.

And that was Carpena's funeral oration!

The Doctor and Pierre then took leave of the governor. They had to start before day-break for Antekirt, and they were profuse in their thanks to their host for the hospitable welcome he had given them in the Spanish colony.

The governor shook the Doctor's hand, wished him a pleasant journey, and after promising to come and see him, returned to his house.

Perhaps it may be said that Doctor Antekirt had somewhat abused the good faith of the Governor of Centa. His conduct under the circumstances is certainly open to criticism. But we should not forget the work to which Count Sandorf had consecrated his life.

"A thousand roads—one end!" And this was one of the thousand roads he had to take.

A few minutes afterwards, one of the boats of the Ferrato had taken them on board. Luigi was waiting for them as they came up the side.

"That man?" asked the Doctor.

"According to your orders," said Luigi, "our boat was near the rocks and picked him up after his fall, and he is under lock and key in the fore-cabin."

"He has said nothing?" asked Pierre.

"How could he say anything? He seems asleep and unconscious of his acts."

"Good," answered the Doctor; "I will that Carpena should fall from those rocks, and he fell! I will that he should sleep, and he sleeps! When I will that he wakes, he shall wake! And now, Luigi, up anchor and away!"

The steam was up, and a few minutes afterwards the Ferrato was off, heading out to sea straight for Antekirt.

CHAPTER XV. SEVENTEEN TIMES!

"Seventeen times?"
"Seventeen times!"
"Yes, the red has passed seventeen times!"
"Is it possible?"
"It may be impossible, but it is!"
"And the players are mad against it?"
"More than 900,000 francs won by the bank!"
"Seventeen times! Seventeen times!"
"At roulette or trente-et-quarante?"
"At trente-et-quarante."
"It is fifteen years since anything like it!"
"Fifteen years, three months, and fourteen hours," coolly remarked an old gambler, belonging to the honorable class of the ruined. "Yes, sir, and a

very strange thing—it was in the height of summer, on the 16th of June, 1867—I know something about it!"

Such was the conversation, or rather the chorus of exclamation that was heard in the vestibule and peristyle of the Cercle des Etrangers at Monte Carlo, on the evening of the 3rd of October, eight days after the escape of Carpena from the Spanish penitentiary.

Among the crowd of gamblers—men and women of all nations, ages, and classes—there was quite an uproar of enthusiasm. They would willingly have greeted the red as the equal of the horse that had carried off the Epsom, Derby or the Longchamps Grand Prix.

In fact, for the people that the Old and New Worlds daily pour into the principality of Monaco, this series of seventeen had quite the importance of a political event affecting the laws and equilibrium of Europe.

It will easily be believed that the red in its somewhat extraordinary obstinacy had made a good many victims, and that the winnings of the bank had been considerable. Nearly a million of francs, said some—which meant that nearly the whole of the players had become infuriated at the extraordinary series of passes.

Between them, two foreigners had paid a large part of what these gentlemen of the board of green cloth call the "deveine"—one, very cool, very self-restrained, although the emotions within him were traceable in his pallid face; the other with his features distorted, his hair in disorder, his look that of a madman or desperado—and these had just descended the steps of the peristyle, and were strolling out under the trees on the terrace.

"That makes more than 400,000 francs like other girls; then she suddenly stopped, never to grow again. Although living some years beyond the average of human life, the girl never became a woman, and when the coroner called to view her remains, she having died without medical attendance, he found the body of a girl of 11 topped by the head of maturity and the face of age."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A Child-Woman.

Poor little Caroline Terbass spent seventy-six years and seven months trying to reach a woman's estate, and then gave up the vain endeavor and died. Up to her twelfth year, says *The New York World*, she was apparently like other girls; then she suddenly stopped, never to grow again. Although living some years beyond the average of human life, the girl never became a woman, and when the coroner called to view her remains, she having died without medical attendance, he found the body of a girl of 11 topped by the head of maturity and the face of age.

For many years Miss Terbass was a familiar figure on Fifth avenue, in the neighborhood of the reservoir, and many people talked about the child-woman who lived at the corner of Forty-first street. Nobody could guess her age, for there was not a light streak in the dark tresses which she could nearly walk upon, they being four feet long, while she was only four feet three inches in height. The kindly face was somewhat sharp and aquiline, but it had few of the wrinkles belonging to her great age. Sometimes people a block away heard her shrieks and wailed. They did not know how marvelously sensitive her skin was, which caused her to cry out when simply touched and to yell when washed.

Three sisters had grown to tall and fine-looking women, while little Caroline halted at eleven's mile stone; one of them, Mrs. Louisa Barnum, was married, but none of them was unfaithful to her sisterly trust. They cared tenderly for the bright-witted little freak, and when over a year ago her cries made something of a nuisance, they moved to a less thickly populated neighborhood in East Seventy-fifth street. For about a year the sensitive-extended to the nails, which Caroline has not allowed to be touched. Lately she has been somewhat demented, and she died suddenly before the family physician could be called. Coroner Messmer took the case, there being undoubtedly great medical interest in it, and performed an autopsy in the presence of Dr. Manning and Dr. F. C. Auther. Beyond the uncut toe and finger nails and certain organic peculiarities, he found the perfectly formed body of an apparent girl of 11. The spine was straight, and there was no outward deformity. At the request of the family he made no examination of the brain.

"Who giveth this woman away?" asked the Rural American clergyman in a wedding service. "I could," came the voice of a young man from the gallery, "but I'd never be so mean."

The Workingman's Friend.

"For my part," said Lord Macaulay, in discussing the ten-hour bill in the house of commons, "I have not the smallest doubt that if we and our ancestors had, during the last three centuries worked just as hard on Sundays as on the week day, we should have at this moment a poorer people and a less civilized people than we are, that there would have been less production than there has been, that the wages of the laborer would have been lower than they are, and that some other nation would have been now making cotton and woolen stuffs and cutlery for the whole world."

The Sabbath is a necessity for the best interest of the working classes. Suppose the day to be abstracted from the world, and how sad to this important portion of the community would be the result. Think of the labor thus going on in one monotonous and continuous and eternal cycle, limbs forever on the rack, fingers forever playing, the eye-balls forever straining, the brow forever sweating, the feet forever plodding, the brain forever throbbing, the shoulders forever stooping, the loins forever aching, and the mind forever scheming. Think of the beauty it would efface, of the merry-heartedness it would exhaust, of aspirations it would crush, of the sickness it would breed, of the projects it would wreck, of the groans it would extort, of lives it would immolate, of the cheerless graves it would prematurely dig. Think of what toiling and moping there would be, what sweating and fretting, grinding and hewing, weaving and spinning, sowing and gathering, mowing and reaping, raising and building, digging and planting, unloading and storing, striving and struggling in the garden and in the field, in the granary and on the farm, in the factory and the mill, in the warehouse and in the shop, on the mountain and in the ditch, on the roadside and in woods, in the city and in the country, on the sea and on the shore, on the earth in days of brightest sunlight and in day of gloom, and no day of rest!

Now, in contrast with this state of things, think of the blessing which the Sabbath brings with it to the class we are describing. How do they rejoice when the cares and perplexities of the week are ended, so that they may withdraw themselves for a little while from life's busy scene. The day of rest dawns upon them with benignant lustre. It rescues them from everything painful in the inferiority of their allotment for a season, and reminds them that, whatever be the depression of their civil condition, they may still be the Lord's freemen. They visit the same sanctuary, and join in the same songs of praise with those on whom they felt themselves in a measure dependent. They enjoy the happiness of domestic intercourse. Thus passes the day, and they rise the next morning with a peaceful bosom and an invigorated frame, sustained by a feeling of self-respect and braced by a feeling of contentment, to resume the duties of their proper calling. Unquestionably, therefore, the Sabbath is the workingman's friend, and to deprive him of it would be to rob him of one of the richest boons that heaven has conferred upon him.—*Presbyterian Encyclopedia.*

Mountain Cats.

A party of men while out fishing stopped at the house of old Zeb Foster and asked to be served with dinner. "We have not succeeded in catching any fish," said one of the men, "and if you have any on hand cook them for us."

Old Foster reflected for a moment and replied: "I hate ter disreput dem under genermen, but I reckons dat I'll hafter. How would some o' de fines' mountain cats suit yer?"

"Are they anything like a channel cat?"

"Oh, no, sah, not er tall. Better den any channel cats yer eber seed, but da comes sorter high, dese mountain cats does."

"All right, cook them."

"De bes' way ter cook 'em, sah, is ter stew 'em, take out all de bones and den fry 'em."

"Go ahead, I tell you."

"Dat's wint I see gwine ter do. Jes' wanter ter let yer know dat yer'll hafter pay putty well—er dollar er piece."

"All right."

The dinner was served. The gentlemen agreed that they had never before eaten such excellent fish and they made the old negro promise that he would, when sent for, come to town and cook for the Blue Blood Club. Just as the gentlemen arose from the meal—after having paid old Foster who at once retired to the kitchen—a boy came in and began to cry.

"What's the matter Bub?"

"Pap'll whup me if I tells yer."

"We won't let him whup you."

"Wall, yer oughter gin me some money too, fur one o' dem cats wuz yer eat wuz mine?"

"Did you catch it?"

"No, sah, but I found it in de big road wuz an' it follered me home. It had dese eyes an' mur put some grease on 'em an' da got well."

The men "gargled" and with simultaneous impulse, rushed into the kitchen. The old man was not there, but they found the heads and skins of two cats. As they were driving toward home, just as they were passing under a bluff, old Foster poked his head from behind a rock, high above the road, and called:

"Say, down dar, what's yer hurry?"

Laconic Courtship.

Negro courtship in the country is very brief.
A young man meets a young woman in the road.
"Hy?"
"Howdy?"
They pass on without saying anything more. Several days afterward they meet again.

"Hy," says the man.
"Howdy?"
"Whut yer trable 'bout dis white man's country so much fur?"
"Nobody's bizness how much I trables 'bout."

"Whut's yer name, honey?"
"Doan yer call me honey," she indignantly exclaims.
"Whut'll yer do?"
"Mash yer black mouf fur yer, dat's whut'll do."

"Yer wouldn't hit me, ez good er fion't ter yer ez I is,"
"Ain't no frien' o' mine. Huh, I doan know yer from a crow!"
"Does yer want ter know me?"
"Ain't hankerin'."

"My name is Mr. Mose Smith. Whut's yerse's entitlement an' er dress?"

"Miss May Buck."
"W'y, how yer do sister Buck?"
"Toler'ble. I thanks yer, bruder Smith."

"Whar ger residencia' at de pressen' er casion?"
"Ober on de Jones plan, ation."

"Wall, I'll drap ober dar some time an' see yer. Good-bye."

The next Sunday he calls on Miss Buck. They greet each other cordially, and after a few rambling remarks, Mr. Smith says:

"Look heah, why doan yer git married?"
"Case nobody wunt hab me."
"Uh, ur, I knows better den dat."
"Ef yer know'd whut made yer ax me?"

"Jis ter see of yer'd tell de truf'er bout it."
"Wall, I did."
"Did't."
"Did."

I Knows somebody dat'll mair yer."
"Doan know whar yer'll fine him."
"I does."
"Whar?"

"Right heah."
"Who, yese'f?"
"Dat's me."
"Yer's foolish."
"Dat mout be, but I lubs yer."
"Oh, go on 'quit yer foolishness."
"Tse in 'arnest."
"Sho nuff?"

"Dat's whut I said."
"Did't think yer wanted me."
"But I does. Whut yer say?"
"I see ergreeble."
They are married.—*Arkansas Traveler.*

Dosing a Horse.

Michael is the name of a good-natured Libernian who has the care of the horses owned by a well-known resident of Euclid avenue. Not long ago one of his charges fell sick and refused to eat. Michael is a firm believer in the virtues of home remedies, and has a profound contempt for the average horse doctor. He knew exactly what to give the animal, but the latter steadily and firmly refused to be dosed. Over and over again did the patient Irishman try to coax the horse into swallowing the medicinal powders, but the beast resisted every effort. Then Michael set his wits to work to circumvent the horse. At last a brilliant scheme flashed upon him; he would procure a tube fill it with the powder, insert it in the beast's mouth, and blow it down his throat. The rest of the story shall be told in Michael's own words. "I found a long tin tube in the kitchen, I've mind, an' I poured in a big dose of thin midichin' powders, an' holdin' one hand over the lower ind to kape the stuff from spillin', I went out to the stable an' approached the horse. Wid some difficulty I got the lower ind of the tube in his mouth, and then put my lips to the upper ind. I drew in a good long breath for a big blow, an' was just agin' to let fly a terrible puff, when—holly murther of Moses! that bloody baste gave a cough! Whoop! The dirty stuff filled my eyes, an' nose, an' throat; an' blinded, an' strangled, an' choked me. It got down into my stomach, an' I was the sickest Irishman you ever la'd your two eyes on! You bet yer life, the next time Mike Murphy blows down a tube into a horse's mouth some one else will find the breath."—*Cleveland Sun.*

Ceylon Tea.

China may be proud of her Pekoe and may set aside her choicest Bohea for the cultivated throats of mandarins, but events seem to hint, says *The London Telegraph*, that it is no longer her destiny to fill the breakfast urns of "foreign devils" with those sun-dried leaves that have for so long formed her staple trade. In Assam, to the south, and further down yet in Hindoostan, where the black Deccan soil dips away in noble terraces, to the teeming plains of the Madras lowlands there are districts where the tea shrub can be, and is, as well and successfully cultivated as it ever was beside the canals and willow trees of the Celestial kingdom. Ceylon, again, a little thrown back by her short crops, now finds she can grow good tea, and what is equally important, can dry and cure it to the curious and different tastes of Europe. The industry is rising rapidly within the limits of that brightest jewel of the English crown, and the island hillsides, where the diseased-swept piles of coffee bushes stood a year or two ago, have now put on a new livery of verdure and prosperity, and the "flush" of new leaves which marks the commencement of each season finds a counterpart, we must hope, in the cash account of Englishmen who have been down to the very bottom of the well of despondency till this new enterprise rescued them.

This Ceylon tea is not a mere fancy article. It is good sterling "staid," commanding a high price in open market, of recognized strength, cured to the best knowledge of modern times—as regards the best samples, at least—packed judiciously in well chosen wood, and to be had for the asking in a steady and constant stream.