STOLEN GLORIES.

My darling's glorious eyes! My darling's radiant smile! Sweet gleams from paradise, With usught of earthly guile!

Mirrored within those eyes Heaven's holiest love I see. And in each smile's sweet guise I read heaven's storied glee.

Whence came these glorious eyes? Whence came this smile so sweet! When from bright paradise She tripped with baby feet.

A last fond glance, with sighs, She gave her angel guide, And then through earthly skies Rer downward way she hied.

And memories of those eyes Forever linger there; Each earthly smile e'er dies For heaven's, unaware.

O maid with stolen eves And faintiv echoed smile! How sure of paradise When far from earthly guile

And, when above earth's skies Again you wend your way, The angel, in surprise, "Long lost, but found," will say. Earl Marble, in Boston Folio

A Stray.

The red rays of the setting sun lengthened the shadows against the black deadened hills, as the workmen swarmed out of the pit and dragged weary, stiffened limbs along the different paths leading to the habitations above. Very grotesque some of them were, with blackened faces, from which eyes gazed out with the weary pathos one sees in the eyes of oxen, with bent figures and stooped shoulders from work in rooms where the roof was often not four feet from the floor, where water lay in pools and bred rheumatism in joints, warmed by the sun all too seldom.

The motley nature of the mining village was shown by the different dialects in which the conversations were carried on, the broad slurred intonation of the English miner; the round, rollicking tones with the note of a caress in it that is native to the land St. Patrick loved; the soft decided voice of Scotland, and, as a background for this flotsam and jetsam that is drifted to us by the occan, was heard the sharp, slightly nasal voice of the native of our Middle States.

But different as was their nationality, their minds seemed to run much in the same groove. There was some dissatisfaction with the record of the day's work, and menaces ominious to the managers were exchanged with curses and clenching of black, hardened hands.

Fragments of their conversation came to a woman standing at the top of the rickety steps leading up the face of the cliff above the mines. Back of her was a row of bare, unpainted houses where the workmen lived; some of the women were about the doors, alouchy and dishevelled, calling out to one another and to the children in coarse, shrill voices, which now and then a largh and a joke with the home-coming workmen. Only the woman at the steps stood alone silent. A few nodded to her; only one man spoke to her in passing, while many looked at her in a way that made her face flush and her teeth set. She was handcomer than anything they ever saw about the pit's mouth, but the husbards, sons, and lovers knew better than to greet her before the eyes of their women folks. Four years ago she had learned that and ignored them men and women, ever since, only she could not but see the glances that needed no interpretation to bring a flush to her brown cheek and a cold stare of bravado into her

gray eyes. The one man who spoke to her was not a good sight to look at. He had partially washed the coal dust from his face at the tank by the ine coal dust from ms face at the clark by the pit-enough to show deep blue scars furrowed in his face by a blast of powder. "Good evenin' to ye, Kate," he said, as he reached the level where she stood. "Here is the lad; ye'd better watch him about these steps, it's a had place for little chaps." and he swung from his shoulder a sturdy little yellow-haired boy of tour years. "I ain't scared," he announced with a lisp.

without friends. The doctor's voice was the only kind one she had heard since the day the child was born, and he looked on her nitving ly, perhaps helped to it by the memory of a lit-tle daughter's grave over the hill, whose occu pant would have been this girl's age had she lived. A sober man of forty years he was, z kindly, Christian gentleman who had settled among them years ago, when the wife and ba-by daughter had dropped into their eterna-sleep while on a visit to this mountain of the Alleghanics. He was held in much respect by the people. His kindly han is had eased many a broken bone or crushed limb among them and he did what he could to soften the barsh and he did what he could to solven the harse judgment of the villagers towards this girl and his best was little. Two weeks after coming he ventured on the subject of her destination and intentions. So

far she said nothing except her name, and when asked, she said, "Kate." that was all The doctor found her as usual looking with unseeing eyes across the hills, seemingly less of the yellow-haired, brown-eyed b heed her lap, for she had been in a sort of apathy ever since its birth.

"I have come to have a talk with you Kate," said the doctor. "This little fellow i old enough now for you to take him home wherever that is, and I have come to see what arrangments can be made.'

"I have no home now," she said, with a little break in her voice.

"But there must be some one. Come now my girl, tell me what you can. I want to be your friend. You need one, heaven knows There must be some one-the boy's father."

"He is nothing-nothing to me or to it-th coward?" she burst out, with more feeling than he had heard her express before.

"But you must have some one to take care of you! How are you to live?" "I did not want to live. They should have

let me die in the street that day; they had no right to touch me! "Hush !" said Dr. Hepburn, sternly. "We should never question the decrees of heaven Every life has a use of its own else it would

not be given. She laughed harshly: "Use! What use my life now, the life of a nameless outcast?"

You have your child to live for. "Ah!" she breathed, with a half sob in he threat, "do you think I have not thought o How am I to live through the shame it when he grows older and understands? Be ter we should both die now, now before he grows asbamed of his mother. One night thi and here is us glad of two rooms and a bad roof a-top of them. It'll be no free country until our men get the good of their work in-stead o' them high-toned nobs as owns so grows ashamed of his mother. One night this thought came to me as if some one had whis pered it in my ear. It was dark but I seemed to feel the presence of forms pointing at us and whispering 'shame.' I can't tell you how terrible it was. The only way to escape it was to die—both of us. I got up softly and lit the candle. I did not think how I was to do it only in some way I was to end our lives. Ah how afraid I was of making a noise that would awaken him! I crept across to the bed so soft ly. I lifted a pillow. its weight on a baby' face would stop its breathing so quickly; bu as I bent over the babe, I saw it was no asleep. It had been lying there quietly but its eyes were wide open. It smiled up at me, and for the first time reached towards me its arms. Oh, how I knelt there and kissed it and cried over it! That was the first time I cried since this trouble came to me, and it seemed to cas the dull, aching pain in my heart. But 1 le the candle burn all that night. 1 was afraid to be in the dark for fear of that temptation coming again. Do you think it ever will? Her cheeks were quite flushed and her eyer wet as she clasped the child close to her and

appealed to the doctor. "God less me!" he ejaculated, springing to his feet and walking back and forth, the tears in his own honest, kindly eyes. "God bless

me? What a secondrel that man must be?' Then he sat again beside her.

"Where were you going when you took fill?" Her face flushed: "I was looking for him He said once that his bu-iness was in the coa When no letters came I tried to fine region. When no letters came I tried to find him. I walked from town to town, sometime sleeping in the woods. I walked until I would get dizzy and drop with fatigue; but I had ne time to rest. My one thought was to find him in time, but the coal fields are so wide-I nev er knew how wide before!

'Perhaps you can find him yet," ventured the doctor. We might advertise." "Now," she answered. "No; it was not for myself—only for the child, but it is too late."

"You must think of your future. If you will not go home, or flud him, who will take care of you and the child?" "I will. I can work."

"But where, and what at?" "Here; it is as good a place as any other, by a start by a start of a start of the work

contempt of self. Ah how vile she was growinto a roaring torrent, nearer and nearer it came. Another step and it would engulf her. ing in her own eyes! How often, lately, had she freed her mind from the fetters of the past How often, lately, Down she staggered, her whole remaining strength collected in a wild scream as those she freed her inimit from the fetters of the past and let her thoughts wander where they would in the sweet pastures of a longed-for present! How often she had checked herself on the brink of wild hopes by muttering bitterly: "A thanp-a stray! A thing lower in his thoughts than a lost dog, which he would shelter. A dog at least is faithful; I am not even that. black, phantom like waves closed around her. A party of men just entering the car at the min entry, stopped appalled at that shrick. They looked at one another in questioning amazement. "Is the mine haunted?" asked one of the A true woman's love should be the same al-ways. Neglect, describen, nothing should change the thing she had dreamed of as an endless love." And now she knew she had not visitors. "That certainly sounded like nothing earthly." "Come," said young Hepburn, picking up a "Come," said young nepoura, picking up a lamp; "th r is something wrong. That sounded fr m the stairs. Come, Uncle!" And there, in the bend of the stairs, they found her. Five steps more would have brough her in sight of the lamps she had struggled so to reach. Blackened and wet even that virtue to redeem herself, not even issting love for her child's father. She had, in her thoughts, only loathing for him and for herself. Ab, how bad, bud he would think her if he knew her weakness, her faithlessness, in

years. What would he think if he knew the weakness and fickleness of her nature as she

had known it lately? And then her face grew

ot as she remembered when this knowledge

and there is no return we can make. If he

The night closing in threw its shadow over woman in whose pand had began the natur-

al revulsion that follows the dispelled illusions

of youth; and the slow-growing scorn of self crept into her heart, following close on the

steps of remorse, that laggard whose voice is always "too late, too late !"

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a vague expectancy through the mining vil-lage. The men had left off work, and stood

around in groups, smoking and talking, while awaiting the verdict, and the women gossiped and shook their heads over the probabe out-

"My man says as how that car they come

to the junction in must have cost thousands,

many pits they don't get to see them once a

"Or be blowed," broke in a neighbor, with a

"Ob, Mrs. Dugan," chimed in another, "It's

verself has niways an answer on yer tongue,

an' if what I hear is true yer not far off the mark. Some o' the boys have been drinken

and will stop at nothen not even dynamite." "An' small wonder," answered the Dugan woman, "with the short weight an' a half car

lost to ye if but a bit o' slate happens in-as who can help it there in the dark !--an' the

pluck me' stores, where we must buy or leave the works, an' scarce ever docs a dollar come

in our door; it's all used for provisions as fast as it's earned."

bugs, all o' them-a-maken a round o' the dig-

an' some o' the rules aint changed afore night. Now you mind what I'm tellen ye!"

"I hear it's quite a gang o' them come-big

It'll be a sorry round to them if them scales

And thus the prophecies drifted from one

My man says as how the time's a-comin

growth of the owner's visit to the mine.

There was a ripple of excitement in the air,

and stood

when they'll have to bend."

laugh.

gen

can burn for all we-

the one instance where a woman's faithfulness to a sin is a virtue! But the man of whose from the dripping walls, she lay unconscious, and from her lips trickled a red stream that opinion she thought was Dr. Hepburn, the kindly, calm-eyed friend, whose life was filled by the memory of a gentle little woman, who formed a pool on the black floor. "This is serious, gentlemen. A broken blood vessel," said the doctor, bending over slept in the same narrow green bed with their one child—he who had been faithful so many

her. "Hall, ring the bell for the cage, must get her above ground at once !!! We The bell was rung, but no answer returned. The wire had been cut. Young Hepburu looked grave. "There is something wrong, seriously wrong, here. We must return by the stairs." While he spoke they heard the volces had gained on her, and how his helpful words and kind eves had helped to verify it. The child, tired of play, had crept into her of men, who had followed Kate with lights, and in another minute the two parties of men lap and caddled down to rest with one brown, chubby hand against her neck as she stooped met in the narrow passage with questioning wonder in their faces, and the blackened, blood to kiss him, muttering: "I owe even your life to him, my darling, stained form between them. In a few min-utes the cutting of the wires was told, and the men slowly carried the unconscious form knew the truth he would think my dreams a degradation to us both." up the dripping stairs, followed by the parts of visitors, who said little, but felt, in a vague

way, that some danger and mystery was in the air. Up into the light of day they carried her while the people stood about awestruck and fearful. They wiped the black from the still face, and watched cagerly the faint sigas of life struggling back, until the heavy lids uivered and opened to see Dr. Herburn bend-ing over her. A gasp for breath, and then she whispered: "You safe? I was in time." "In time! What do you mean?"

"In time! What do you mean?" "The nitro-glycerine—on the track by—en-try number nine. My life has been some use —at last. Call Jim Mason. The doctor repeated the name, and a man from the crowd came forward, his face white, and his mind sobered by the unexpected turn of the plot hatched in the brains of a few drunken, desperate men. "Jim," she gasped, "I heard all. Once you

said you owed me a debt. Pav it now." The sight of her face, with death in it, brought him to his knees beside her, while

great tears stood on his rough cheeks. "I'd a died before I'd a done a harm to you, Kate, after the kindness to my old moth-er, as you tended on her deathbed. What can do? 'Promise no harm to the mines, they keep

so many souls allve; no harm to the doctor." "I swear it by the memory of me mother! I'll do no more such dirty work!" She tried to raise the hand nearest to him,

but the arm was powerless—broken by the fail. She struggled for breath, but could not speak further. A workman told lowly of her bursting among them saving it meant life or death to reach them. The visitors crowded near to see the face of this woman now that the black from the walls had been wiped from her features. Among the rest was a tall, handsome man of about thirty years, with blonde hair and brown eyes, who leaned over to gain sight of her. As he did so his face was one of horror, as he ejaculated: "Kate!"

to another, and a woman, with a basket of clothes on her arm and a little yellow-haired child at her side, stopped short in the black, dusty road, as from the other side of a high board fence half drunken curses came to her her. The grey eyes opened once more, long have I to live?" she whistered.

ears. "Be quiet, Tom," admonished another "Not an hour. Kate, my poor girl, is there anything I can do for you?" She looked assent. "My boy," They brought the little fellow, and she tried to look volce, "and don't drink any more, or vou'll give the whole thing away. I am sick of it since I saw the doctor with them. He has been mighty good to lots of us; but the rest around as if for someone else.

"What is it ?" asked the doctor.

"The voice-that said-Kate. "Let 'em all burn. Doctor an' young Hep "The voice—that said—Kate." "She wants to see you." And he made way for the tail gentleman, whose eyes and hair were the color of little Paul's. He came and stood silent beside her, his face very pale. She looked at him long then turned her eyes burn are big-bugs as much as the stockhold-ers, with their fine words an' their high an' mighty ways. Yer all a lot o' toadies to that cursed doctor. His word's law to all o'ye, an' d'ye spose it would be if he was common on Hepburn, and whispered: "My boy is mine -none other's-all mine. Will you take him? worken stuff like usf No. It's the learnin an' the high-toned way of his that we knuckle feach him to forget-the shame-his mother He has no name-

"He shall have mine, my poor girl. Don't fret about his future. He shall be as my "Your-son." And she tried to smile. "That

III YEARS OLD.

An Extraordinary Case of Longevity Reported from Vienna.

The privilege of talking with a woman 111 years old is not to be expected often in a lifetime, writes a Vienna correspondent of The London Times, and one must therefore value such an interview as I had this afternoon with Magdalene Ponza, the oldest of the Emperor Francis Joseph's subjects, who entered her 112th year on Christmas eve. She was born at Witt ngau, Bohemia, in 1775, when Maria Theresa sat en the Austrian throne. George III. had then been but fifteen years king of England. Louis XVL, who had ruled a little more than a twelvemonth in France, was still in the heydev of power, the independence of the United States of America had not yet been decided, Napoleon and Arthur Wellesley were as yet but six years old.

Magdalene Ponza retains full possession of her mental faculties. Unfortunately she can only speak the Czech language, and she can neither read nor write. However, she answers questions briskly enough through the youngest of her surviving grandchild-ren, herself a woman of 60. Magdalene Ponza's age is authenticated by the outdoor relief certificate of the Viennese municipality, which, with magnificent generosity, allows her 4 florins and 40 kreutzers-about 6s. 6d.-a month. The venerable dame lost the last of her teeth thirty years ago, but she has an excellent appetite, eats meats minced, drinks a little beer daily. and hobbles about her room without much dificulty with the help of a stick. S xty years of her life were spent in her native village, more than thirty years in another village, and she was past 90 when she came to Vienna, seventeen years ago. All the doctors who have seen her pronounce hers to be one of the most extraordinary cases of longevity on record, for she complains of no ailments beyond a slight asthma. Her worn face, with its countless wrinkles, does however, look preternaturally old.

Giving me her photograph, Magdalene Ponza scored her mark on it with a fairly steady hand, and remarked with a smile that her first portrait was taken by a painter in her village ninety years ago This was before the German emperor was born. The centenarian has received a good many visits and presents since her last birthday, but one must regret that more has not been done for her through official channels. She shares one single poor room with her granddaughter and the latter's husband, who is bedridden with a spinal complaint. A woman who is perhaps the doyenne of all the women in Europe, and who has lived under six Austrian sovereigns, deserves at least that her closing days should be spent in comfort, and that she should have the satisfaction of feeling that the helpless husband of her granddaughter will be

An Applicant For Divorce.

Lawyer Beattie has a widespread reputation for being very successful in obtaining divorces for miss-fitting couples who do not pull the domestic plow and treadles-weaving blankets, sheets,

Character in Hair.

If we might judge from the "Penny Awful," and even from the "Shilling Shocker," there is a moral fatality in hair, says an observer in Cassell's Family Magazine. The dark-eyed woman with "wealth of raven locks" is a fiend of deep plots and machinations, bent upon the destruction of the heroine with the golden hair-or we believe the approved form is now the "gold -and the violet eyes. About one head thing the world has made up its mind, or, at least, the world of superficial observers, who have a sheep-like tendency to keep together; and that one thing is, that a strong-minded woman in fiction ought to be a brunette, and that a sensitive, tender, gentle creature is to be depicted as a blonde. This is on a par with the old melodramas, where the heroine always wore white, and came on the stage to slow music. The heroines of our hearts did not appear crossing our life's scene to slow music, did they? Nor were they gifted with sympathy, tenderness and sweetness according to the color of their hair. The world of melodrama and of nine-tenths of our liction is not the world we live in. As a matter of fact, the real golden hair is a gift as rare as the voice of a prima donna, and the "wealth of raven locks" goes often with the softest of natures-those sensitive and yet unselfish beings of whom we might say that wonderful word of praise that it took Mme. Stael's genius to invent-"She was more a woman than all the rest of women.

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If the color is not to be taken as an index, the habitual appearance is as a safe guide to least a few points of character. Our faces carry with them the story of our lives, though it be written in hieroglyphs unread; to some extent we ourselves have made them what they are; not the features, but the expression, is our making formed unconsciously all our life. In just the same way, it is not the hair itself, but, so to say, the expression we have given it, that tells the tale. White, black, or gray, brown, ruddy, yellow, ashen or flaxen-what matter it?-our hearts and our ways are not colored to match. Curly or straight-how could we help it? But our care and our carefulness, our work and our troubles, have given it an appearance of its own, which is a part of our individuality; and therein are the secrets of character.

Overworked Women.

Prior to the American Revolution every colonial farmhouse and every blacksmith's shop was a manufactory. For everything was literlly manufactured that is, made by hand. The blacksmith hammered out axes, hoes, forks, spades, ploughshares, scythes and nails. A tailoress went from house to house to make up the winter clothing, and was followed by the shoemaker.

The farmer prepared the leather from skins which had lain in the vat for a year, and his wife made ready the cloth.

Spinning-wheels buzzed from morning till night. Skeins of woolen and linen yarn hung on the walls of every house. Seated on the loom-seat, the best woman of the family plied shuttle straight together down the furrow of table-cloths, towles, bed-curtains flan-

Dr. Heiburn glanced up quickly. "You know her?" he asked. "I? Why, no-that is...." "Hush! she is trying to speak." That ery of 'Kate' seemed to have reached "How

provided for when she is gone.

"I want Dan to carry me, carry me up." "What's the matter down there." asked Kate with a nod towards the pit. "Something

wrong?" "Oh, yes; same old story, some o' the men docked a half a car because a wee hit o' slate happened in, au' the new cars are short weight they say. The men won't put up with much more, and some o' them are maken ugly more, and some o' them threats." "Who do they threaten?"

"Mighty near all the officials, the new over-seer. young Hepburn, in particular." "Why so!"

"They think he might appeal for them to the company to have the rules changed about the weight measurements. But he's only a bit of a youngster himself, and hasn't much backbone, though he is the doctor's nephew, an' they don't much like the idea of a college bred young man over them. One o' the men as has worked in the mine himself would suit them better-not that I blame them much-though for the doctor's sake there'd be many a man

for the doctor's sake there'd be many a man stand up for him," he added, as he walked on to the company boarding-house. The woman, leading the child, turned also from the steps towards the little cabin she called home, around the unpainted boards of which clambered morning glories, while at the back could be seen tall sunflowers and hollyhocks that bordered the little square of a gar den where a few sickly-looking vegetables were coaxed into existence, showing to the curious that its owner must have come from a farm. Otherwise how came she with a knowl dge of the needs of her plants or a patience that would carry rich loam in baskets from the woods in order to have a bit of green in the woods in order to have a bit of green in the midst of the red clay and the black coal dust around her? It was the only attempt at a garden on the cliffs. Tenants have small encoursgement to improve or cultivate ground belonging to coal companies, as under existing rules, they are, in many places, ejected on four days' notice for the most paitry of porvoca-

As she passed a window of the company boarding-bouse she heard a voice say "Hello, Dant had a nice chat with Kate out

there! Yer getting to be great friends." "Welt, I should hope Dan ain't so hard up as

"Well, I should hope Dan ain't so hard up as to pick up friends among tramps and stravs!" "That's enough said the man called Dan. "I'll not be lettin' man or woman speak against her when Pm in hearen. The doctor says I have to thank her fer the sight o' my even this minute. It was her narsta' more than his medicine as saved 'em when I got burnt with the powder. I tell ye there wasn't another woman in the place would a hooked at me without gettin' sick. But Kate! Why, she jest walked in and helped Doc take erre of jest walked in and helped Doc take care o and peet walked in and hered boo take care of me as if I was buildone as a picture-book; an' she's done good turns to lots of the boys, though some of them are too mean to speak up for her, an' she's got more learnin' than most folks here though she is only a stray." The girl walked on to her own door and sat

down wearly on the wooden step, while the child scampered after a pet kitten.

A stray! That was all . Four years since she came first, a big-oved girl of seventeen, dusty and foot-sore from long travel-from where, they never knew-and when she sank fainting on a door step and was carried inside the one tavern in the place, there was much wonder smong the people as to who she could be; and when the doctor laid her child in her arms and asked if there was any word he could send for her to her husband or relatives. he only looked at the babe's pluk flower-like face in a half-curious, half-loving way, as if in doubt whether it could be hers, and then, drawing it close, she looked squarely at the doctor, and said: "There is no one." In a small place gosaip soon spreads, and ere

enough to keep us and pay these people. The people seem buried here, shut off from the rest of the world. That is the best for me. and I can work at anything. Some one will give me work, don't you think so!"

"God bless me! Thope so," he answered. "I --Pil try to fix it, but its a weary place, child, and a dreary life for you here."

"My life would be that any where, it does not matter." And so it was settled. Sewing, housework

nursing, washing anything in the way of work she did well, and did cheaply for any who would give her the chance, but she made no friends and resented all overtures from the curious They knew no more of her past now than they did the day she came among the Kate was the only name they knew her by

Her boy she called Paul, "It was my father's name," she said to the doctor. "He is dead. The disgrace cannot hurt him."

The boy grew and thrived, but it was almost as quiet as the mother, for it had no playmates—only a kitten and a few chickens. The mothers of other children resented the lence, so like pride in this tramp, and called the children to their sides when the baby tures would reach hands to each other all unknowing to the social gulf between them, Even her kindness to the sick won her no hearts, for she did all so coldly though so well. Their sidelong, meaning glances when she first met their faces with her child in her arms had closed forever any sympathy between them. The child she worshiped. Her moody, gray eyes would warm and the closed month only for him, and once, when a fever among the children haid little Paul low, the doctor was startled by the wild grief of this girl who seldom spoke among them. "Be quiet, Kate," he said, putting her in

chair, "you must not give way like this, the chances are that he will recover, but should should he not we must bow to that higher Will; be sure what will be, will be for the best."

"The best!" and she laughed bitterly. "If he were to die to-night you would try to console me by saving it was best. Don't you know that this is a punishment for that other time when I did not want him! And now just when we have grown to be everything to each other you tell me it is a merciful God who would part us! People should love noth-ing if they wish to be happy, it brings a curse always. How can you understand? Others have husbands, homes, children. I have only him-only him?" and she sank beside the little bed in a passion of sobs that were stilled only by a parcortic from the doctor's hand.

But little Paul did not die, though the doc-tor was auxious for many days and very thankful when he could safely say all danger was past. Kate did not say much, it was as if she feared to give a voice to her joy lest the pest up emotions would be beyond her cou-trol. But her glad eves, as she kissed her boy "You have done so much for me," she said, "You have done so much for me," she said, "And my life is so useless, all I can do in re-turn seems so little !"

"Tut, tut! If it were my boy Hall, you would do as much if you could; be a good girl, that is all I shall expect in payment, and in your gratitude for your boy, return thanks only where they are due—to the Giver of all life 1

He had in all things been her friend, and, atting on the wooden step in the deepening dusk with the miners' words still in her cars-"a strat"-she droppe i her face in her hands thinking; thinking of his goodness since that first day, and then she let her memory wander back over the hard, joviess toll among these people where only one voice had byth helpful and kind, back over dusty roads where she had drouged tired feet in a hopeless search, back to the days when her girl's heart had beat warmly at the gift of a love to which responded with what she fancied was the last-ing love of her life, and which she knew now was only the result of a starving soul in a child's body, a welcome ray of light across the unloved, monotonous level of her life, but long the community knew that the tramp was a mother but no wife—a thing to be shuoned by the virtuous—to be pitied, after a fashion, but to be left alone. She was penniless and bit into her heart, and filling it with a supreme

to, an' I tell ye, Jim, we take it out o' them all. Hurra for equal rights!" "Hush Tom. Lay low here in the grass, and take a sleep till yer sober enough to keep a close head. If the boys that's in it hear you dowin' like this there'll be the devil to Yer likely to be found missin', an' don't you lerget it !!

"Shut up!" growled the other. "The won't change the rules. Won't they! Let me alone! I know what I'm doin', just as well as I know who put the nitre glycerine on the track by entry number nine. It'll put an end to their sightseein'. It'll teach other stockholders to respect workin' men's rights. Hurra !" And the voice continued muttering threats and curses at moneyed men and aristo crats, while the woman shoul motionless in the bare road, her face whitening, her eyes full of horror as the meaning of the man's words dawned on her, and then, dropping the clothes basket, she lifted the child quickly, lasping him so tight that he cried clasping him so tight that he cried out in fright and surprise. She did not heed, but, turning, ran with the swiftness of a hound back toward the village. She beard a shout behind her, but did not turn. The child's cry had told the men of her presence. They were shouting at her to stop; but on she ran, with the one thought uppermost in her heart excite his life decompany time, stored. On -safety, his life depends on her speed. Ob how slowly the road moved under her feet But she could tell that, despite her load, she was gaining on her pursuers. Their volces grew fainter. She gained the hilltop above There was still a half-mile of road mines. She could see the groups to cover. how far away it seemed! Could she ever reach it! Her breath came in short gasps; her head was filled with a juzzing that was maddening; she could not tell if it was the murnur of far-off volces or only the rush of riotous blood in her own veins Perhaps she was too late! She tried to cry out to the people below. Oh, were they blind that hey could not see her! She reached the strag gling village street. Down its length she ran a wild figure with streaming hair, and the frightened child clasped close in her arms. Women and children scattered in terror as she passed. Nothing but a mad woman could ever ook like that. Down among the crowd she sped, heedless of outstretched hands of men o stop her, heedless of thier word of ques ion, on, on, until she dropped, blind and lizzy, at the pit's mouth. Only for a moment the lay so, while rough, kindly hands lifted the screaming child. Then she staggered to

"Dr. Hebburn!" she gasped. "Where-" "He has just gone down the shaft with the risitors. What's the matter!" It was the scar-faced man, Dan, who answered her, holding

the child in his arms. "Quick!" she gasped, "The cage! Take e down it. It is life or death!" "All right. Get in. Do your quickest," he

"All right determined to the man turning in "Til do it, Dan," said the man turning in to the engine-room. Good God What's this?" "What?" came from a dozen throats.

"The ropes are cut with acid. Look here. It is not three minutes since I left the engine. Something is up. The cage won't work!" A thrift of horror went over the crowd. Clearly the plot was not a general one. All Look here.

were suffer and dissatisfied, but only a few had been in the horrible conspirate. To the woman's senses was carried the thought, "too late" when someone near her said: "Well, the states are left."

"The stairs" She had not thought of that. Where are they?" she asked. "Here," answered a man standing near the

black-looking aperture. She turned swiftly to Dan. "Be good to my boy," she said, and, kissing the child, she turned before they were rightly aware of her intention and plunged into the depths of the narrow stairway. From landing to landing the staggered, feeling her way as best she could in the intense blackness, falling at times,

cond in the intense onewaters, taking at times, against the slimy, coging walls, straining her eyes in hopes of a gleam of lamps. Down, down, down! Oh, would she over get to the bottom! Her breath was going, a dizzlness was coming to her. She tried to stand erect, but she stimuled groppingly against the wall, but she a strainbed groppingly against the wall. and felt a strange weakness growing on her Oh, to fight it off until she could reach him to silence for one moment that drip, drip, drip she heard from the roof-could hear growing

is best—your name. 1 have none—you hear? —and her eyes turned to the tall, pale gentle -"no name-only Kate-ever-you hearf HHID-'I hear," he said, in a low voice.

"Go-where I can't see you-out of my sight." And as he stepped back the doctor held the child up to kiss her. A great calm was settling over her face as he stooped to catch her last words.

"It was for your sake—to be of some use— my life for yours. You never guessed—you would have thought me bad—but now—just at the last, would you—would you—" and her eves told the story, and her request to the man who had never dreamed of this unasked for ove

"My poor Kate, my poor Kate,"he said, and pressed the wished-for kiss on lips through which the last breath had fluttered.

He lifted the child in his arms with a pity ng, protecting clasp. As he rose upright his yes met those of the tail, pale gentleman For one instant they gazed across the dead woman into each other's souls. There was no need of words, and in silence the death angel rang down the curtain on the last act of-The Stray.-Mary Ellis Ryan, in the Current.

The Nobleman and the Bricklayer. Mrs. Society-I suppose you never hear of your daughter, who eloped with that young bricklayer!

Mrs. Oldfam-Yes, he has got rich, and, they are living in New York in fine style.

"That is a comfort certainly. Has the foreign nobleman who married your other daughter returned to his castle vet?"

"Oh! no; he is just in love with America and says he wouldn't think of going back to Europe."

"Indeed! Where have they been during the last three or four years?" "Visiting with the bricklayer."-Omaha World.

He was No Tell-Tale.

The code of schoolboy honor outlaws a tell-tale, and there is no meanness which high spirited boys more thoroughly despise.

When Salmon P. Chase, afterwards senator, governor of Ohio, secretary of the treasury and chief justice of the United States, was a boy, he was at school at Cincinnati.

One day says the Cleveland Leader. there was a fire made in one of the rooms. The boys were called up and catechised as to its origin. All except Chase denied any knowledge of the affair. When the question was put to him as to whether he knew who had

lighted the fire he replied; " do. " "Who was it?"

"I will not tell."

The professor grew angry. The president was called in and Chase was aga n asked. He again refused, saying: "Mr. President, I did not intend to insult Prof, Black, but I am not going to lie, know who made the fire, but I will eave the school before I will become a tell-tale.

As he said this his large intellectual eye looked squarely into that of the president, and the latter fully appreciated that he meant it. He said that he would excuse Chase this time, and dismissed him with a slight reprimand.

On Monday last, a dapper-looking little fellow, of dudish appearance, with his hair parted on the left-center of his head, having a corner-turned collar and a white neck-tie, hold ng in his hand a little ratan cane with an ivery sheep's foot for a head, and looking exactly as if his mother had fixed him up for a Sunday-school pienic, callel at Lawyer Beattie's office and said he de-ired to consult him about a "werrey impawtent matter." So he seated himself and said he wanted to apply for a divorce.

The lawyer looked the little fellow over in a sort of a compassionate manner, and the following dialogue occurred between the attorney and the dude:

"How long have you been married?" "About s.x weeks,

"Married only six weeks and want a divorce?"

'Yes sir."

"How old are you?" "About twenty-two years."

"How old is your wife?" "About seventeen years."

"What has she been doing ?"

"Oh, nothing, particular.

"Has she done nothing wrong?"

"No sir, not particular. "Why do you desire a divorce, then?"

"Oh, I have all I want of her; I have no more use for her.'

Was she a respectable girl when you married her?"

"Yes sir."

"Is she a respectable woman, now?" "Yes sir.

"Has she any brothers living?" "No sir."

"Has she a father living?"

"Yes sir."

"Does he live in this city?" "Yes sir."

"Will you tell your wife's father to call at this office-I want to see him?' "Why, what do you want with him?"

"I am going to advise him to blow your worthless brains out, and 1 will

stand between him and all harm." "Mr. Heber," said the lawyer, addressing his clerk, "show this young fellow out, and if you kick him clear out into the street, I will be restonsible for all damages."

And the dude shot out of the office as if he had been fired out of a cannon. -Carl Pretzel's Weekly.

He Felt His Importance.

For years he had been trying to get into polities, and ran the full gamut of which that asimme jobber. Lord Halsall the tricks of the trade, but for some bury, indulged at S on college last reason wasn't successful. At last he week? This groveling individual vowgot so far as to be made justice of the ed that "there were no words of his peace, and the first man that went to make an affidavit before him happened to be a rough old neighbor who had known him all his days. The old man, who was lacking in politeness as most of his kind, stalked in and began to tell his story without I fting his hat. "Sr exclaimed the new justice, who had been swelling with importance, "sir, you should always remove your but when you come the presence of me and a robust appetite for toads -London Gol - Hoden Gizille.

nels, and cloth for garments.

Every woman in the household man ufactured something. The aged grand. mother spun flax with the little wheel: the youngest daughter carded wool, and the oldest, if the men were busy, hatcheled flax. It was hand work that did it, and every hand did what it could best do.

The women, whose "work was never done." not only carded, spun and wove, but they milked the cows, made butter. bread and cheese, soap and candles, cooked the food, did the washing, and in harvest raked hay, pulled flax and dug potatoes.

The neighbor, who happened in for an afternoon's gossip brought her work. The mother patched or n tted, as she rested by the fireside, or quartered apples for the children to "string" and hang in the morning in festoons on the sunny outside walls. All were busyalways busy.

College Boys.

I live in a boarding house in which there are several college students of various kinds, says a dyspeptic writer in The Philadelphia Call. and, after observation and exasperation, I am constrained to define a college as a place where boys learn to row boats that would be no good in a storm and to smoke eigarettes. You can always tell a college boy by his conversation. He quotes too much classics for a sculler without knowing enough for a scholar. When quoting Latin he reminds me of a child with a new toy. General education is a good thing. That's why I am opposed to colleges. The boy who can go through college without forgetting how to speak English and without learning how to bang his hair is sure to make his mark. He has a solid kernel about him somewhere. Some colleges teach their boys how to play Greek comedies. If they would only turn out a few good American actors they would be blessed by a long-suffering public. I will put the boy who has a knowledge of Webster against the one who knows all the dead languages ever buried every day in the week and let him rest on Sundays.

Toadyism Run Mad.

Meanwhile, could anything be more nauseous than the abject adulation of the prince and princess of Wales in which would adequately express the gratitude and affect on of the company' for their royal highnesses, and then he went on drivel ng about the impossihility of finding language "adequately to describe the gratitude which filled the hearts of those present." There is something utterly contemptible and disgusting in such an efflorescence of sorvillty. Lord Halsbury evidently has Trath.