

If there is only one unpardonable sin it must be insincerity.

In one way a bad habit is like a bill collector. It is hard to get away from.

The best way to punish the brigands will be to cut off their missionary supply.

He is a wise father who knows his own child was as much at fault as the other man's.

Some men are kept so busy maintaining their dignity that they haven't time to earn a decent living.

It is probably safe to say that no titled European will be able to marry Hetty Green for her money.

In order to be at her silver wedding anniversary a woman is willing to admit that she isn't as young as she used to be.

"Ping to me only with thine eyes, and I will pong with mine." That's the way they are playing the game over in Lummox.

An esteemed contemporary says that any attempt to run down Niagara Falls is less majestic in this country. More often it's suicide.

An editor wants to know what would happen if Prince Henry and Admiral Evans should ever meet in battle. We give it up. What's the answer?

"Is the press degenerating?" asks the Literary Digest. We think not. The reputable press seems to be holding its own, and the yellows cannot degenerate.

All the pulp and platform eloquence in the world doesn't make as much for good government as a little wholesome activity before and at the primaries.

Under The Hague treaty prisoners of war may be employed by the state capturing them. History may contain the thrilling detail: "The old guard dies, but never works!"

Sir Henry Irving has launched the keenest criticism against the Baconian theory and it can be put in a sentence. He says that it took an actor to write Shakespeare's plays and that no mere poet or philosopher could have done it.

The indications are that Uncle Sam's door will not "swing inward" on its hinges as readily in the future as it has in the past. In order to be admitted the immigrant will have to give the password, "Fitted for good citizenship."

President Eliot of Harvard in his address conferring the degree of doctor of laws on Prince Henry spoke of the "venerable American union" and the "young German empire," and thus wisely called attention to a fact hitherto unrecognized in Europe, that the American republic is not on trial, but has proven itself worthy to live by 125 years of glorious history in war and peace.

A mining expert recently described a lode as traversing "a metamorphic matrix of a somewhat argillaceous composition." This means, literally, "a changed mass of a somewhat clayey-sandy composition." This in its turn may be translated into plain English as m-u-d. Why choke a puny fact with murderous polysyllables? Huxley and Darwin, Lyell and Faraday could so write as to be "understandable of the people," and there is a suspicion abroad in these times that the big words so freely used by small men are a device to conceal ignorance and ineffectual thought rather than a proof of superior knowledge.

Bishop Potter says that when he has been traveling in Europe or visiting public places he has never heard a loud or harsh voice raised above the tone of others around him without turning with a shudder of apprehension to find if the voice were that of a fellow countryman. Are Americans in so much haste that they do not take time to modulate their voices? That conclusion is more probable than that the air of freedom is not favorable to an agreeable utterance. A man is known by the voice he keeps. Identification is as practicable when a woman speaks. In the cultivation of good manners the vocal chords must not be forgotten.

What's the use of crowding, anyway? There's no need of anyone being jostled off the map. There's plenty of room. When the crowd begins to push and shove and the struggle for standing room grows strenuous and the strife for dollars becomes too fierce just step over into Labrador. This is an age of expansion. If these last rooms enough for you to expand in our insular possessions Labrador, with its vast expanse of unoccupied territory, holds out its icy arms to you and says, "Come." The census returns for 1901 show a total population for Labrador of 3,634, which indicates a falling off of 472 from the returns of the preceding census. As Labrador has an area of 200,000 square miles it will be seen that there is plenty of room for the ambitious young man to grow up and expand with the country. In fact, there is more room in Labrador than there was in 1891, for 472 persons have moved out. It is difficult to account for this decline in population. Labrador has plenty of space and a bracing atmosphere. Its cold storage facilities are unsurpassed except in Greenland and in the office of Russell Sage. The people who are cramped and crowded and who clamor for more room should cast their eye toward Labrador.

Again comes the old question, "What is the good of money if it will not buy the things that one desires?" A wealthy lady of Chicago has more money than she can possibly use. She can draw a big check as easily as most

persons can spend a nickel. But the thing she wanted was a child, a laughing, rosy-cheeked cherub, to put both arms around her neck and make her realize the real, deep meaning of love; to round out her life and make her happy. So she looked around and found a bit of a boy, who had captured sunshine tangled in his hair and love in his blue eyes, a brave mouth and a sturdy little figure. He was one of seven children, and he didn't know that his mother, a widow, was weaning out her life to provide food for the seven. The rich lady borrowed the boy for a time and carried him away to fairland. She bought fine clothing for him, toys enough to stock a store, and loved him, too. She had a great artist paint the child's portrait, and she discovered that it was going to be very hard to return this human blossom. One day she called on his mother and offered \$5,000 for him. "I'll adopt him. I love him," she ventured. And the widow looked over her flock and said: "I can't spare one; not for a million dollars," and she drew her baby to her heart. The good wife of a New York garment trimmer presented him with triplets. It raised his family census to nine. At the very best the father can earn \$12 a week. That is a situation that would drive some men to suicide. But he said: "I'm glad they came. God has blessed me with them, and we will get along somehow. I haven't one too many." Child-love dwarfs every other human passion. It makes men and women carry heavy burdens without a murmur; it makes them accept self-denial patiently, and glorifies lives. There is scarcely a home in the land, no matter how great its poverty, where, for mere money, a man or woman would part with even one of a little flock, and the reason is human love for its own blood.

Hitherto, when the time has come around for taking the national census, the entire force engaged in the work, from the director down to the humblest clerk, has been assembled at short notice. Few of the many thousands employed have had previous training or experience in the peculiar duties of a census. When the work was done the force was disbanded, leaving only printed reports to enable the next corps of workers to profit by its knowledge and to avoid its errors. This method is so wasteful that repeated efforts have been made to establish a permanent census service, which should carry along some branches of statistical investigation in the intervals between censuses, and be capable of expansion for the full census work when the decennial year arrived. This suggestion was made before the eleventh census was taken, but without result. The proposition was renewed before the twelfth census was taken, and a bill embodying it passed the House, but failed in the Senate. The bill upon which both houses of Congress have now agreed, although it is open to criticism from the civil service reform point of view in its provisions for covering present employees into the classified service, is highly commendable in its main purpose. The bill confines the decennial work of the bureau to the subjects of population, agriculture, vital statistics and manufactures, and leaves the other subjects now covered by the census, and some new ones, to be dealt with more deliberately by the smaller permanent force. The new system will make it possible to broaden the census inquiries without increased expense or delay in the publication of results. A permanent census bureau can co-operate with States and local officers, and can open up new fields of study. The next enumeration will be more difficult than previous ones, because it will include the insular possessions of the United States. It will be a great gain to enter upon that work with an already organized bureau, directed and largely manned by experts, instead of committing it to an improvised force.

Biggest Railroad Station.
The city of St. Louis now possesses the distinction of having the largest railway station in the United States. It is 630 feet long and 600 feet wide, and has thirty tracks, enough to handle ten incoming and ten outgoing trains simultaneously. It is known as the Union Station, and the territory owned by the company operating it covers twenty-seven acres.

The city of Boston has the next to the largest station for passenger service in the country. The Union Station in Boston, on the north side, has a length of 500 feet, a width of 490 feet and thirty tracks. Both of these huge stations are to be surpassed by the new Southern Union Station in Boston, upon which work was begun in January, 1907, and which is now nearing completion. It is designed to be the biggest railroad station in the United States. The walls are built, the steelwork is all in place, and the material is on the ground for the completion of the structure.—The Ledger Monthly.

President's Estimate of Daughter.
In speaking of his daughter Alice to a friend President Roosevelt once said: "She does not stay in the house and fold her hands and do nothing. She can walk as far as I can, and she often takes a tramp of several miles at the pace I set for her. She can ride, drive, skate, shoot—though she doesn't care much for the shooting. I don't mind that. It isn't necessary for her health, but the outdoor exercise is, and she has plenty of it."—Ladies' Home Journal.

Struck Oil.
Ted—What's that peculiar odor about Miss Cowbigget?

Ned—I'm not sure whether she's been riding in an auto or cleaning her dress with benzine.—New York Sun.

Cultivated Farms in Cuba.
There were in Cuba in 1899 90,711 farms, with an average size of 143 acres and an average cultivation of 13 acres.

Hot Water from Well.
Hot water, steam and volcanic stones are being discharged from a well drilled to a depth of 500 feet in the Colorado desert.

The fare on the Congo railroad for 250 miles is \$100, or 40 cents a mile.

Science and Invention

The English sparrow, which has made so many enemies in the Eastern and Central States, has invaded the Rocky Mountain region. For some time past, T. D. A. Cockerell reports, it has been known in the northeastern section of New Mexico, at Raton and Las Vegas, and it seems to be gradually spreading westward and southward, having recently been noticed, for the first time, at Albuquerque.

An acre of grass land, according to experiments, gives off not less than 6,400 quarts of water in twenty-four hours, and an acre of sunflowers would give a relatively greater quantity. In fact, swamps have been reclaimed and marshes rendered innocuous by planting sunflowers or eucalyptus trees, which are great pumpers of water, and also exert other influences counteracting baneful conditions of air, earth and water.

Mount St. Elias is 5,520 meters in height, Mount Fairweather is 4,940 and Mount Logan is 5,947. There is a higher peak still that has never yet been climbed. It lies in 63½ degrees of north latitude and in 155 degrees of west longitude and has been called Mount McKinley. Its altitude is 6,129 meters or 20,092 feet, and will probably remain unclimbed for many years owing to its remoteness and to the inherent difficulties of the ascent.

In weather forecasting, no clouds are worthy of such attention as the cirrus clouds, which attain a greater elevation than any others, averaging in summer a height of five or six miles above the earth. Their sudden appearance in a clear sky is generally a signal of foul weather, especially when their streamers have an upward tendency, for this indicates that the clouds are falling. After heavy rains, on the other hand, the formation of these clouds is often a sign of improvement.

In a recent bulletin issued by the Lick Observatory, C. D. Perrine, after describing the continued expansion of the nebulous rings and spirals around Nova Persei, the new star in Perseus, adds the interesting remark: "If this nebula is expanding in all directions, and should continue to expand at its present rate, some of it should reach the solar system in 250 years." It may be added that long before it could attain such extension the nebula would become so rarefied as to be invisible, and probably insensible to any present means of observation.

The recurrent alarm about the approaching exhaustion of the coal supply in Great Britain has been fanned a little by the recent appointment of a royal commission to inquire into the matter. About thirty years ago a similar commission investigated the British coal supply, but since then, it is said, unexpected changes in the coal trade have taken place which affect the question. At present Great Britain produces one-third of the world's entire supply of coal. No immediate danger of exhaustion is feared, but among the duties of the new commission is to inquire into the possible substitution of other fuel, or the employment of kinds of power not depending upon the use of coal.

VALUE OF AN IDEA.
One Bright Young Man Got a High Price for His.

An elderly gentleman, whose appearance correctly indicated him to be a man of wealth, handed a young man a check a few days ago in the lobby of an uptown hotel. Observing that it was drawn for \$1,000, a friend remarked that the young man must have rendered some important service to the benevolent gentleman.

"He has," replied the latter. "He put \$1,000,000 into my pocket."

"Why didn't he keep it himself?" asked the friend, enviously, as such examples of generosity are rare.

"Because he could not use it; the \$1,000 will be more valuable to him. I will explain, as neither of us were educated by motives of generosity, but cool business."

"As you know, I am the president of a corporation, which some people call a trust, that is one of the largest advertisers in the world, as we spend thousands—yes, hundreds of thousands—of dollars a year in letting the people know just what they must have, whatever else they don't have."

"We believe in advertising, and has profited accordingly. He came to me to-day, as we are utter strangers, and asked me if I would pay him \$1,000 for an idea on advertising our goods. I did not try to beat him down to \$100, a good figure for an idea, but promptly told him that I would gladly pay his price if, upon communicating to me the idea, I considered it worth what he demanded. Otherwise I would pay him what I and not he, considered it worth."

"To this he readily assented, and in an hour's talk he explained to me the brightest idea on advertising I have ever received out of thousands of suggestions. We will make over \$1,000,000 profit inside of a year on increased sales and permanent business retained. So, you see, his price was cheap."

"Fortunes have been made in business by the advertising of a single suggestion in such a manner that the public see it out of the great mass of printed matter going through their hands, and this tide of advertisement flows so rapidly that there must be something above another which attracts public attention. This 'something' was what that bright young man gave to me, and I am very much obliged to him."—Washington Star.

MR. CROKER'S WANTAGE.
The Sort of Place It Is and Why He Went There.

In these days of Winchester festivities and national millenniums, it has been somewhat too widely forgotten that the town where King Alfred was born celebrated the anniversary of his birth more than fifty years ago, not only by a statue, which stands in the Wantage market place, but by the organization of an ancient grammar

school, where most of the hardy young men farmers in that district received their education. Few more appropriate memorials to the founder of English education could have been conceived, and Miss Gibbons has been well advised to take advantage of the present interest in all that pertains to an authoritative history of the town which gave him birth.

The quiet town of Wantage has suddenly found itself placarded with a strange notoriety in the last year or two. No doubt it was chiefly its almost unequalled opportunities for training race horses that first attracted the celebrated Mr. Croker to this district, a district which persistently claims the honor of the birth of Elphinstone, against all the assertions of the inhabitants of Windsor Great Park, or the Isle of Dogs, and spokesman who follow the doings of thoroughbreds in training are by now well accustomed to turning to the news of Wantage for a report of what Mr. Morton, or Mr. Hornby, or Mr. Robson has been doing with his 2-year-olds.

But by such passing phases of publicity the town is very little disturbed. It was content for a long time with the reputation of King Alfred. Then Bishop Butler of the "Analogy" conferred a more modern luster upon the town where he was born and educated, and in these last years it was the tale of Dogs, and spokesman who follow the doings of thoroughbreds in training are by now well accustomed to turning to the news of Wantage for a report of what Mr. Morton, or Mr. Hornby, or Mr. Robson has been doing with his 2-year-olds.

The name is associated, too, with that of the peer, only lately dead, who took it for his title. Lord Wantage did much for the place in which he was so largely interested, and among the most picturesque records of his generosity will ever be that Gallery of the Victoria Cross, where the first heroes of that splendid decoration are commemorated by the art of Chevalier Desan. It would be a pity, says the London Telegraph, if this historic series were left incomplete by the lack of the more recent owners of the cross in the period after the artist's work here preserved was stopped, for it would be difficult to find a more stirring or interesting collection of patriotic pictures in any gallery in the world.

TO WHOM DOES BABY BELONG?
Three Women Claim It and Naturally There Is a Tangle.

The chief magistrate in the Canton of Berne, Switzerland, has been called upon to give judgment in a most complicated case, which suggests the problem submitted to King Solomon about twenty-nine centuries ago, says the London Mail.

A tailor named Meier, who married a Swiss girl three years ago, threatened to divorce her because they had no family. At the end of last year he went to Germany on business. A few months afterward he received a letter from his wife with the good tidings of the birth of a child.

The father was overjoyed, and prepared to return to Berne. The child, however, died soon after its birth, and the poor wife was afraid to tell her husband. So she determined to advertise for a newly born child. Forty-eight hours afterward a woman called on Mme. Meier with a baby, and a bargain was struck transferring the child, which was registered as Mme. Meier's child.

The husband paid his wife a flying visit, saw the new-born babe and returned to Germany a happy man. A little while ago the real mother of the child appeared, and, having repaid the woman which she had received, demanded her child. In this dilemma Mme. Meier again advertised, this time for a little girl 6 months old, of whom a detailed description was given. To her great joy a woman appeared with an infant so like her own that any observer would have taken the two children for twins. Again a bargain was struck, and Mme. Meier had arranged everything to return her first adopted child to its mother when this child caught cold and died.

The real mother of No. 1 then turned up and refused to take Mme. Meier's word, although the death certificate was shown her, and she claimed baby No. 2, which she swore was her own. To make matters still more complicated, the mother of No. 2 baby now came upon the scene and claimed her child. Neither promises nor threats had any effect on the two women, who both claimed the same baby. In despair Mme. Meier wrote to her husband in Germany, making a clean breast of the matter, and telling him what a terrible predicament she was in.

The husband arrived home on the following day and refused to believe his wife's story, had everything packed up and took his wife and child off to Germany with him.

At the instigation of her husband, Mme. Meier has now put in a claim for the child also, and the magistrate, therefore, has the herculean task before him of deciding to which of the three "mothers" the child belongs.

Somewhat Disquieting.
"How did old Bissinger treat you when you asked him for Maud?"

"He got the start of me by fiercely inquiring what I meant by my attentions to Minnie. I told him I hadn't paid any attentions to Minnie. Then he roared right out and asked me why I hadn't. I said it was because I preferred Maud. Then he looked at me pityingly and said I was the sixth blit to apply for admission to the family. I mustered up courage to ask him who the other five were, and he replied that they were his five sons-in-law. 'Not one of them knew enough to take Minnie,' he said, 'and yet she is the only one of the bunch worth marrying.' I said it was a matter of taste, I supposed, but I couldn't help preferring Maud. 'All right, it's your funeral,' he said. 'Maud is yours. Let's have something.'—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Loss of Vessels.
Four per cent of sailing vessels and 2½ per cent of steamships are lost in a year.

A boy's idea of a big man is a man who has a town named after him.

HERR STEINHARDT'S NEMESIS

BY J. MACLAREN COBBAN.

CHAPTER IV—Continued.

I cannot but confess that the interest Miss Lacroix thus manifested in what touched me awoke in me sensations, I may even say vague hopes, of a very pleasant and consoling kind. I dreamed bright dreams that night, which hung about me during the day, but in the evening they were dispelled somewhat rudely by a note from the bishop requesting me to call upon him, and by a message from the rector desiring me to call on him.

I went first to the bishop. My interview with him was more agreeable than I had anticipated and I went with a tolerably light heart to the rector. He was still in bed. My short interview with him was not pleasant. The words we exchanged were warm; but they do not concern this story except in their result. He wished, he urged, he almost ordered me to cease all recognition in any way of the existence of the man Freeman; I refused to give any pledge to that effect—and so I was given to understand that I would not be in the parish after the six months for which I had been at first engaged.

It was only then when my departure from Timperley seemed imminent (I had already been almost four months in the place) that I began to suspect how very much my hopes and affections had entangled themselves with the haunting sadness, the unconscious grace and beauty of Miss Lacroix. What likelihood was there now, if there ever had been any, of a poor curate who had already done something to my being his chances of preferment—my being, more than an agreeable and tolerably sympathetic acquaintance of a month or two, of my hearing her say more than "so very sorry, indeed, that you are going," and of thus finding the episode closed? No likelihood at all there seemed. And yet so much may happen in two short months. I have to admit that, even in the midst of serious work (of writing a sermon, for instance), vain, wild thoughts would arise in me of commending myself to the young lady by some great service—by, perchance, discovering her father, or at least finding out for certain what had become of him (although I had yet had no word from the two friends whom I had asked to make inquiries in London). But these foolish, fruitless longings were soon crowded aside by the excitement of events.

A strange thing happened which was a direct result of my hitherto luckless adventure with Mr. Freeman. I found that affair had commended me to the favorable attention of all types of dissenters in the village; one mark of this favor I especially appreciated, as all clergyman would—the increased congregations I had at church, on Sunday evenings particularly.

"I almost regret, for my own sake, you know," Freeman said to me one day, with a laugh, "that I asked you to be my chairman at that dreary lecture. I find you are taking many of my congregation from me—not all together, though, I must say that for myself."

But they do their duty by me in the morning, and then seem to take their pleasure with you in the evening."

Of those who thus foresaw Mr. Freeman I noticed a remarkable group of working folk, whom he had pointed out to me as the most closely cohering, and the most curiously inter-related congeries of families in the village (where there is an excess of cousinship). They were steady, stolid, shrewd people, very comfortably off, yet all of whom, male and female, worked at the loom or the chemical vat. My attention was first attracted to them by their taking up a good seat well forward, and refusing to budge when the butcher's family, who paid for it, came in, and by their evidently being quite unused to the order of service in church. The prayer book was a maze to them, and the rising up and sitting down constantly took them by surprise. The family, I learned, had rigorously dissented for generations.

A special flower service (for which few flowers could be gathered in Timperley) they were not in their accustomed pew. The church was densely crowded—more crowded, I think, because the fact and the reason of my speedy departure from Timperley had somehow got abroad. At the end of the week, however, (on Friday night, I think), a message came to me when I was in bed, requesting me to visit at once a man who was dying—one of the sons of this interesting family. I dressed, and went.

I heard sounds of wailing and lamentation from the house before I entered. I passed into the kitchen, a clean, bright room, in which the men of the family sat smoking in various absorbed attitudes, oppressed with silence and sleep. One of the women stooped over a pan on the fire, while the old mother in a firm, clear voice, directed her operations. She turned to me, saying merely:

"He's upstairs. He wants bad to see you, but at present he's let it th' yed." (light in the head).

I upstairs I found the dying man in the smaller of the two bedrooms—for warmth. That sick room, as it then appeared to me, will not easily be forgotten. At that dead hour of the night, when "the very houses seemed asleep," and even the tall chimney of the chemical works had ceased to emit its tinted vapors, the gas flared full in the little room, and six persons, men and women, were round the bed where the poor fellow lay in the last extremity of delirious helplessness, soaked in perspiration. Near him stood my friend Freeman.

I learned in a few words from Freeman that the poor fellow had been employed for years at the chemical works, where he had contracted ulceration of the lungs; on Sunday night he had stood in the doorway of the crowded church, had caught cold and had come home to the bed from which he would never rise again.

While he spoke he was seized with a fit of violent delirium, in which he had to be restrained from getting out of bed. Soon he calmed down again into a more lucid interval. While he lay speechless, and a neighbor by the bed

kept moistening his dry, cracked lips with a rag soaked in brandy and water, he gazed on him, and at last fixed his eyes on me, and essayed to speak—but no words came. This prostration and silence continued for some time. Now and again the head of the family would ascend from the kitchen (in his stockings, lest he should make a noise), and stand in solemn silence with inquiring eyes on his son; his presence so still and restrained that his presence was forgotten until the gulp of a big sob was heard, and the loose back of his large waistcoat was seen disappearing round the door. At length the son found speech.

"Father," he said, when the old man was about to withdraw, "bid—"

He then signified that all the others should leave the room except Freeman and myself. When they were gone he motioned his father to his pillow. The old man went.

"He's your summat to say, Dick?" He nodded. "Man I raise you up?" He was raised and propped up with pillows. He asked for a drink, and was given some whiskey and milk. "I'm a dying mon," he began; "I know I am. My eyes, glazed with disease and want of sleep, turned wildly about; his head drooped; and his damp thin fingers (stained with dye) claved at the bed clothes. He resumed fixing his eyes on me—"I must confess something; I hope God'll forgive me. I had nought to do wi' it; what for should I? He was aye good to me. I had nought to do wi' it, I tell you!"

"No, lad," said his father to soothe him; "thoo hadna."

"Weel," said he, "dunnot say I had, because I hadna. Wae na I on night shift? That was all. I took Jim's place; he wanted to go whom to wean—in bed wi' baby. That was it. He muttered on some other phrases, while he turned his eyes about as if lost; his recollection was wandering. He resumed with energy, "They came right in, speaking loud and angry. He walks up to thing, and lifts lid. I knowed it," says he. "But you needna let a' th' world know it," says th' other. 'This shan't be!' says he."

The poor fellow was growing terribly excited; every word was uttered with fierce emphasis and wild gesture; his eyes were fixed on vacancy, and, in my reflex excitement, I fancied I saw the interior of the color shed, with its vague tinted vapors, through which loomed the figures of two quarreling men, whom I tremblingly watched in imagination by the side of this dyed demon of the vat. The man grew so excited, and we were so engrossed, with his revelation, that he had risen to his knees in bed before we could prevent him. He continued his fierce, disjointed utterances.

"We man ha' no more of it!" says he. He leans lower! Ah, Lord! he wants to spill it! A—h—h—"

With a wild leap he was standing up in bed, and fiercely imitating the action of a man stooping, and tipping or throwing some heavy body. We were so transfixed with surprise and horror, that we could not stir a hand to restrain him. He looked like a weird corpse suddenly raised from the dead to a grotesque, gaitic life. What chiefly seized my attention was the black shadow on the wall of his delirious figure thus stooping with his head and hands outstretched. The incident lasted but a moment, and then the poor man fell back on his pillow with distracted cries.

"Murder! Oh, my God! murder! An' I couldna speak! Nay, I couldna! But I'd nought to do wi' it—nought!"

Again he lay exhausted, and his relatives and neighbors came back hurriedly to his bedside to wait over him. He looked sadly but calmly on them, and by their evidently being quite unused to the order of service in church. The prayer book was a maze to them, and the rising up and sitting down constantly took them by surprise. The family, I learned, had rigorously dissented for generations.

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foundation in fact. This I would that morning try to discover in the village. I knew that any of the shopkeepers would be only too ready to welcome gossip; for except at meal times, and in the evening, the village is nearly empty of customers.

I found the draper, a little middle-aged man, who bore the evidences of hard work in the mills from his earliest youth. He was the very man I would have chosen for my purpose; he had a feminine fondness for gossip; he knew the affairs of every one in the village, and all that had happened for a generation or two. I had no difficulty in arriving quickly at the end I had in view. He already knew that I had been called up in the night to visit the dying victim of applied chemistry, and that Freeman and I had been with him till he died.

"Very delicious," said the draper, "I hear say he was jabbered and rambled away about a' kinds o' stuff, and then slumbered (slumbered) off again, I suppose." Yes; that's the way they do. Eh, dear! It's a bad business for the wife and the family."

"Are diseases like his," I asked, "often got at the chemical works?"

"Nay," said he, "I think not; the smells seem to agree wi' most folk pretty weel."

"But the work is very dangerous, is it not? Don't accidents often happen?"

"Yea; it is risky. When they work over the vats, and the retorts, and things, they muntie up their mouths and noses wi' a' kinds o' stuff, and even wi' that they may sometimes get choked and overcome dwalmlie all at once wi' th' smell, or sommat, and then they're a goner."

"Accidents often happen, then?"

"Weel, mon, they do and they don't. Mates, you see, are aye at hand. The lads often get an eye burnt, but they don't reckon much to that. See; there's a lad over there by th' beer shop door."

I looked and saw a sturdy fellow all red, with a white handkerchief tied round his head under his cap.

"He's been two or three times like that—wi' his eye burnt. Oh, yea; it's risky; but we don't often ha' a grit accident. The worst I remember was a lad on th' night shift that fell in and was smothered; he was found in thing next morning. That was a bad business; a' th' hair was off, an' th' skin and flesh was—but it mak's you feel queer; yea, can see it do. It was a bad business."

"Very horrible," said I, while my heart thumped almost audibly. "How long was that ago?"

"Let me see. It's a matter, I do believe, of 15 years ago. Oh, yea; it's risky; but we don't often ha' a grit accident. The worst I remember was a lad on th' night shift that fell in and was smothered; he was found in thing next morning. That was a bad business; a' th' hair was off, an' th' skin and flesh was—but it mak's you feel queer; yea, can see it do. It was a bad business."

"I was surprised to see the vindictive glitter that passed from the little man's eyes."

"Has there really," I asked with some constraint, "been any other death like that since the one you mention?"

"Nay; I canna remember one."

(To be continued.)

SHE LOST NOTHING.
Omission in the Wedding Service that Didn't Count.

A distinguished naval officer was telling this story on himself the other evening to a gathering of his friends. At the time of his marriage he had been through the Civil war and had had many harrowing experiences aboard ship, through all of which he kept his courage and remained as calm as the brave man should. As the time for the ceremony came on, however, his calmness gradually gave way. At the altar, amid the blaze of brass buttons and gold lace marking the full naval wedding, the officer was all but stampeded, and what went on there seemed very much mixed to him. Fearing the excitement of the moment would temporarily take him off his feet, the officer had learned the marriage ceremony letter perfect, as he thought, and he remembered repeating the words after the minister in a mechanical sort of way.

After the ceremony was all over and all was serene again, including the officer's state of mind, the kindly