## By MARGARET LEE.

Copyright, 1894, by American Press Associa-She found a seas in the train, and

ng her face to the window appearabsorbed in the well known But her secret was eating her aery. itality. She could not get away from Several of her acquaintances, observing the misery in her face, refrained



"Your brother is now as free as ever." from greeting ner. There is a marked family resemblance in our country villages and their scattered residences, large and small. When the train stopped at the gayly painted little station, Miss Barclay hurriedly left it, passed through the waiting room and took the path leading to the main street, on which her brother's house was situated. She knew every step of the way, and having only her sun umbrella to carry she walked rapidly, indifferent to the dusk and the solitude. She was realizing bitterly that trifles would never again ruffle her. Existence was now but the endurance of never ending grief and terror. How to act so as to do right-this was the problem. The burden felt too great to bear. As she struggled with herself, putting ner womannood in the balance with her pride of family honor and her brother's rescue from legal punishment, she be-came aware of a man's steps behind ber, and she turned instinctively to see how near the stranger was to her.

He was tall and broad shouldered and vore a large, slouched hat, and even as che looked he spoke:

"Belle, don't you know me?" In a moment she was clinging to him.

wth kisses and tears of joy.

"Oh, Jasper. You!"

"How is Mollie?"

"Very ill. But you are here." "For a few hours only. Oh, my girl!" His sobs shook his strong frame. Miss Barclay gazed at him and then looked about them without letting go of

him. "Come, some one may see you, " she

gasped "In a minute. Give me time. Messenwas all kindness. He sent me Mol-s letter and hinted that if I came here he would not let me be arrested. So until tomorrow night I can stay with Mollie."

"Oh, how good of him!"

"Yes. I did not expect consideration from him. Now, if you will go ahead, just prepare Mollie. Get the children out of the way. I'll see them tomor-

row.

mean? There could be but one interpreup his children among new scenes. Six people might be saved from misery by tation of it. He dared not trust himself to let her read his thoughts; he had not the courage to express them. So this was sacrifice of one, and the sacrifice could remain a secret. She knelt by the her brother, but he saw only an open crib and instantly rose to her feet. She prison door. She pressed her hands tocould not pray while contemplating this gether and waited. The minutes passed. step. Should she take it, prayer for her would be ended forever. To know her-No one came to her. The silence was ominous, and she grew suspicious. At length she went in search of him. She self to be an outcast among men was a condition to be dispassionately considerhad suddenly thought of Mr. Howe and ed, but to be by her own act shut out also remembered that in her anxiety she from God-that it was impossible to had forgotten to mention him and his conceive. Of what use was she in the proffered friendship to Jasper. It would world? She was dependent, ignorant be better for Jasper to hear all that had and it would seem very friendless, since happened during his absence. the people in whose love she had trusted She went to his room, and finding the had failed her. Perhaps this sacrifice door ajar entered silently. Mrs. Barclay was a duty. Her conscience would not was lying on a lounge near the window, support the mental effort. Thus the

depart, if anything more unhappy than ter alone in a small library that opened from the parlor. She had gone there to avoid him, dreading an explanation of "Are you reading, Belle?""he asked "Mollie tells me that you have seen Mr. Messenger about me, Belle. What do you suppose will be the end of all

this? He seems inclined to mercy. What and a perceptible change for the better had taken place in her whole manner 'More than I can put into words." and appearance. She stretched out her hands, and her

"Where is Jasper?"

"Didn't he say 'goodby' to you? He went half an hour ago. The children walked a part of the way with him. Belle, what did you tell him? He seems in much better spirits. I have felt different ever since.

Miss Barclay sat down facing the window and gazed at the pretty budding foliage and the sunset coloring beyond. "Mollie, did you tell him about Mr. all accounts. I suppose I'll come to it Howe?"

> "No. I never thought of the man. Is it Mr. Howe who is to help us?"

"I cannot tell. Everything is so indefinite.'

Mrs. Barclay sighed.

"You are not so hopeful as Jasper. 1 suppose men understand each other better than we can."

'Mollie, what are you talking about?"

"Why, Jasper says that the president of the bank has a plan that will save him from prison if it can be carried out."

"And he told you what it was?" "No. He said it would be wiser to wait until something was decided upon. You see, I am so weak. I suppose he did not want to raise my hopes too high. I could not bear disappointment.

"He was right, Mollie. I am so glad to see you looking so much brighter. I suppose if Jasper were saved from this terrible punishment you would recover your health. It is not too late."

"I really believe that I could, Belle. nity. I feel so much stronger already, as if a great weight were taken off my heart.' "Poor Mollie!"

Mrs. Barclay put her hand on Miss Barclay's arm.

"Belle, how good you are! Jasper. says that if he is saved it will be all No. Messenger is square. He will due to your energy and devotion. It is he went on: and strength. While I, his wife, sank hear me hollerin' for copy in 'bout a under this blow, you rose to the emergency. Jasper has always said that you were different from ordinary women." the door.

THE BALLAD OF MAJOR MAHONE.

Major Mahone was as gallant a man As ever looked into a gun: They say he was one of the last to re-

treat When things went wrong at Bull Run. He fought and he bled in the Wilderness, He waded the Rapidan;

Whenever a rebel saw Major Mahone He threw down his musket and ran.

High up at a window a maiden once stood.

The flames and the smoke swept around: Despair filled her breast as she gazed at the crowd-

"Twas seventy feet to the ground; A hero rushed up through the fiery mass,

The death demon howled for his own, But the fear-stricken maiden was snatch-

ed from his teeth By the valorous Major Mahone.

With the heart of a lion all the dangers he met:

He knew not the meaning of fear: In peace and in war he was dauntless

and yet We must shatter the idol right here: The man who had rushed into ruin's em-

urace. Who had bled on the bullet-swept field, When the dentist's cold forceps were

thrust in his face. Forgot all his valor and "squealed."

-Cleveland Leader. -----

"TATTERS."

ed the louder and finally lay down on After baffling the unholy greed of the the floor upon his back and began train conductor for tickets by flashpounding the boards fiercely with his ing an annual pass in his face, the heels. A doctor was called, but as soon country editor threw his feet up on the as Tatters saw him he got up quickly opposite seat and told the following and weat back to work.

story: "Of course, I didn't escape being a victim of the rage for 'woman's editions' which swept over the land a few months ago. The ladies of a local soclety descended upon me and I surrendered took two pipes, a pound of smoking tobacco and a fishing-rod an 1 decamped, leaving the Budget in their charge for one week, with the privilege of making all they could out of it. My printer was supposed to stay, but, bet by classification a tramp, and having a heavy board bill hanging over his head by a single hair, he embraced the opportunity, two hours after I had gone, to walk away down the railroad track. This left the mechanical end of the office at the mercy of the 'devil, an inky imp called 'Tatters.' The ladies were a good deal disturbed at the defection of the printer, but bravely decided to go ahead with Tatters and get out the paper. They called him Miss Barclay rose, speaking excitedly: in to give him some instructions. He stood before them wearing, as usual, a long apron stiff with ink, paste and unknown substances; the only thing which saved his face from being in the same condition as his apron was the fact that he was in the habit of constantly twisting it into so many shapes that the ink, paste and unknown substances on it never had time to stiffen. His hair pointed in all directions, like that of a jack-in-the-box, and in his left hand he carried a sec-

tion of a column of wet type. "'What are you doing. 'Tatters?' in quired the lady who was president of the amelioration society, with some dig-

" "Throwin' in,' answered the imp. " 'Throwing in what?'

" 'Type.' "'Into what?"

" 'The case. Think I was thrown' it

into my hat?' "The lady looked at him coldly and

"Tatters came closer, sank his voice almost to a whisper and said:

"'I drove the deacon's dog around to

by another road. She saw box, got his story of the and returned herself. Tatte the office, looking innocent and work.

"'Editorials, of course,' he answered,

"But we don't know anything about

" 'Neither does the boss, but he writes

two columns 'bout 'em every week.

But if you can't do it write about

"This struck the ladies favorably,

and one of them began writing an ar-

ticle on the blcycle craze, while the city

editor handed Tatters an item, which

he took, wrinkling up his nose and re-

marking that 'her question marks look

like button hooks,' and retreater to the

"For the rest of the day they kept

him pretty well supplied with work.

perched on a high stool blowing a

wheezy mouth organ and occasionally

shouting 'Copy!' in an agonized tone.

Once or twice something offended him

indies immediately surrendered, noth-

"The next two days passed in a some-

what uneventful manner. By giving

him plenty of work he was kept rea-

sonably quiet. There was not much

trouble Thursday, either, though short-

ly after noon he set up a loud roar,

saying that he had been taken suddenly

sick and was in mortal agony. The

ladies asked him if they could not do

something for him, but he only howl-

" 'What's the trouble with you, young

"'Antimony poison from the type,

answered Tatters, dismally. 'I'll go off

some day with it just like-scat! All

"Tatters may have told the truth

about his illness, but I learned later on

that he had eaten his hatful of green

apples at noontime, and you can draw

"Friday was press day, and the la-

dies arrived at the office early. Tat-

ters rushed into the front room and.

addressing himself confidentially to the

" 'Say, want a bully item of news?"

"'Why, yes, Tatters, of course; what

" 'Dog fight,' answered Tatters. 'Jim

Beasley's dog and Deacon Ketcham's.

Down by the postoffice. The deacon

didn't want his dog to fight, but Jim

cidn't care. Set down and get your

pencil-tell you all about it. You see,

the dogs met, and Jim's dog sort of

walked around the deacon's dog once

or- what's the matter? Ain't you go-

"'What!' cried Tatters, in conster-

nation, 'nothing about it, after I watch-

"'No, I don't think we care for it."

" 'Now, see here,' said Tatters, drop-

ping his voice into a still more confi-

dential tone, 'act reason'ble, as you say

to me. I saw last night your paper was

going to be dull, that it needed liven-

ing up-'tain't all your fault. it's a

dead week-I saw this, I say, and what

do you think I did this morning, just

"'I don't know, Tatters-what was

ed it and got all the facts for you?

"The editor said he thought not.

good printers die of it sooner or later.

man?' inquired the doctor.

your own conclusions.

city editor, said:

ing to use it?"

to help you out?

it?

is it?

slightly mollified.

composing-room.

ing came of it.

blkes.

"'On what subject?"

" 'Tariff 'n' the currency.'

the tariff and the currency."

"'Don't say anything to the advice of the others. 'Her resign if you do." "She wrote a paragraph about cident and it was sent in to with the rest of the copy. minutes he came out holding th of manuscript in his hand. "'See here,' he said; 'are you

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to print such stuff as this ab cow fight?

" 'What is it, Tatters?' asked s tor-in-chief.

"'Just listen,' answered 'She says: "Yesterday forenoon dale's worthy milkman, Mr. When not so provided he spent his time had a narrow escape. He had ju arated a calf from its mother the latter became enraged and a ed him with her horns. He was shaken up, but escaped serious inand he threatened to resign, but, as the Do you hear that?'

"'Yes. It seems to me all right it in just as it is.'

"Tatters uttered a howl. "I Then he paused and was silent looked at the floor for a full m then he said: 'No, I'll stick to it, all I've lived through this week too late to go now.' He went to the other room and resumed work.

"It was after supper that night fore they got to press, bu with prospect of a good sum for amelia ed heathen the ladies did not com Tatters' friend, Jim Beasley, had engaged to come in and turn the c of the press, while Tatters himsel in the blank sheets and superinter the work. He seemed remark meek and pleasant, and the ladie observed that they had not seen in so amiable a frame of mind du the whole week. 'The bicycle ride Tatters good,' they remarked. He peared, however, to be in a great ry, and constantly urged Jim to faster and advised the ladies to m haste with the folding and get the

pers ready for the postoffice. "It was a little before 11 o'clock the edition was finished and Tan began taking the forms off the pro-The ladies were in the front roo The editor-in-chief was glancing or the paper.

"'I don't see that item about ) Tarbox.' she said.

"The city editor opened another c and began to run her eye down t columns. Suddenly she exclaimed: "'Why, what's this down in the a ner?

""What is it? cried the others chorus. She read aloud:

" 'Terrible accident-Yesterday for noon, as old Bill Tarbox, the milkma went into the barnyard to put a me handle on his pump, the old one beh entirely worn out, he was attacked a wild Texas cow. The critter h hydrophobia and was gnashing b teeth like a hyena and bellowing li an elephant. She was a large c higher than a horse, and had hon 'most a rod long. 'arbox fit her wit the handle, but she tossed him fit feet into the air and then caught hi on the fly and h'isted him up again This time he lit in a tree and was re cued by the hook and ladder compan The cow jumped a sixteen-foot fen and took to the woods. The mad-co editor of the Budget followed her a last saw her tearing up large hemlo trees with her horns. Tarbox is n



struggle continued-affection, pride and

intellect arrayed against conscience. At

dawn she still debated the question, and

then she fell asleep, only to awaken and

That Sunday was one that could never

be forgotten. It was made up of miser-

able scenes between parents and chil-

dren, husband and wife, brother and sis-

ter. No ray of hope, no prospect of

change, no consolation, brightened it for

a moment. At dusk the fugitive would

Late in the afternoon he found his sis-

"No. I was only thinking."

brother held them and gazed down at

her troubled face. "Jasper, can any one

"Even Messenger's consideration is a

mystery to me. I don't know that my

coming has done Mollie any good. To

part again, knowing what is coming, is

going to kill her. If I had the courage,

I'd blow out my brains. It would settle

sooner or later. I cannot live thus, beg-

ger and outcast, listening with dread

for the steps of my pursuers."

else do anything for you?"

He shook his head.

reconsider it.

when he arrived.

with hesitation.

do you think?"

his visit.



Miss Barclay hastened to the house, bewildered by her brother's words. She could not grasp the explanation of his appearance. Gradually it dawned upon er that Howe was acting under Mr. senger's directions. What would Jasper think if he knew the price demanded for all this seeming kindness?

The children were on the porch watching for her figure in the gloom, and a shout of welcome brought her to the contemplation of her present duties. They had waited for her and supper was ready. She kissed them and took them to the dining room, and having seated them at the table ran up to Mrs. Barclay's room. The poor woman was lying as she had been ever since her husband's flight, her eyes wide with expectation of some new horror. Her voice was only audible. "Belle, how long you have been away? Did you see Mr. Messenger?"

"Oh, yes." After a pause, "He is really trying to help us." Miss Barclay

was lighting a candle concealed under a pink glass lily. "Well, dear?"

"Mollie, there will be plenty of time to talk about him next week. Some one is coming to see you-Mr. Messenger managed it for your sake-Jasper.' "Jasper!"

Mrs. Barclay sat up, with a quick cry The next moment her husband of joy. The next moment her husbaha was holding her. In the dim light his sister was shocked at his appearance. She joined the children and tried to eat, tried to think, but in vain. Visions need before her eyes. Her brother, pale, haggard, a fugitive, his wife cling-ing to him with unchanged love. Mr. enger's figure bending toward her, the office for background. Again Mr. Howe confronted her, proffering friendship.

Fortunately the children demanded tention. She entertained them until bedtime, and finally saw them all sleeping, rosy cheeked and smiling. Occasionally she could hear the mur-

mur of voices from her brother's rooms, and at 10 o'clock she carried in milk and crackers for Mrs. Barclay. Her ther sat by the bed, and husband and

wife were crying. "Try and sleep, Belle. I'll look after Mollie through the night." Sieep! Miss Barclay had forgotten how

it felt to sleep dreamlessly and awaken thoroughly refreshed. She went to her wn room. The youngest child, a fair boy of 3, was slumbering in his crtb. She bent wer him and touched with her lips his ittle rings of golden hair that lay damp m his pretty head. The child appealed trongly to her heart. Suppose her broth-r could go among strangers and bring

keep his promise. Besides there is no wonderful what courage you have had, need of artifice. I cannot escape. If Mollie had only reproached me! You will not do it either. I think insanity would be a blessing."

here?'

'Jasper, Jasper! You must try to listen calmly to me. Suppose I should do something very wrong to save you?" "You, Belle? What evil could voz

commit that would help me? My misery is turning your brain.

'No. My mind is very clear. You say Mr. Messenger is honest. I mean as regards promises. He has made me an offer. He cannot marry me, but he will replace this money, put an end to these legal proceedings and assist you in some strange place if-if"----

Her flushed face sank against his shoulder.

'My girl, you must be going mad! Messenger would never dare make you such a proposal."

"He did, yesterday, in his office. I am not crazy. It is all-all real."

"My God!"

Mr. Barclay looked at her downcast eves. He sat silent, shivering, cowering. What were his thoughts? His sister waited in vain to hear them. She threw her arms around his neck and pressed her lips to his cheek, murmuring:

"Jasper, speak to me. I can hardly endure this suffering."

'Why did you tell me this?" he muttered hoarsely. "Think, think what a temptation!"

"I know it, but you-you will help me to resist it, Jasper. Say-say that I must

A deep groan escaped his lips. After a moment he rose, put her from kim and suddenly left the room.

Miss Barclay stood passive for some seconds, then sat down, and the room seemed to whirl about her. What had come to her? Could this be death? How welcome it would be! But, no. Should she die, what would become of Jasper, of Mollie and the little onts? She must overcome this weakness, this shrinking from duty, this cowardice in facing trouble. She must find Jasper and make him tell her what to do. Should he consent to her dishonor, he and Mollie would certainly continue to love and cherish her; they would never forget her sacrifice; they would teach their children to love and respect. Respect? She began to tremble at the prospect she was trying to conjure for her own consolation.

Presently she arose, but her limbs failed her. No doubt Jasper would seek her again. He had gone away so that she could review the situation alone. But his sudden going! What did that

Miss Barclay was silent. Her extraordinary gifts were leading her in a strange path. She was to become a victim to her sisterly affection. She spoke decidedly.

"Mollie, if you will take heart and try to be courageous, you will help me. I want you to think of cheerful matters until, as Jasper says, something definite is decided upon.'

"I only wish to please you, Belle." "I see the children coming. We must control ourselves."

To her great surprise, Miss Barclay slept that night dreamlessly and refreshingly. Exhausted nature asserted its rights. Monday found her strong and equal to the consideration of everybody's side. In the afternoon a neighbor brought her a letter, with the remark:

"I thought I could save you a walk to the postoffice, and that was the only thing in your box."

Miss Barclay glanced at the strange address and quickly opened the envelope. The paper was fine and the handwriting very legible.

To Miss Barelay:

To Miss Barclay: Your abrupt departure on Saturday after-noon has induced me to write to you in regard to the subject we were discussing. It will be necessary for me to know your decision by Thursday at noon. I cannot make excuses to the police authorities, although I can put an end to all action on their part. I hope you have given this matter sensible consideration. Believe me, you take old fash-ioned views of life-views which I am happy to say are fast becoming legendary. This is a material age. Existence is short; we know nothing of the future. To enjoy is the object of our best thoughts. Pleasure is the watch-word of the period. Let us grasp all that we word of the period. Let us grasp all that we can crowd into our narrow limits. I offer you all that money supplies-luxu-

I offer you all that money supplies-luxu-ries, amusements, freedom from anxiety, your brother's present safety and future prosperity. Why hesting? Why judge the present by a dead past? To whom are you responsible? Who has the right to judge you? Circum-stances bend and shape our little careers. We should at least have the privilege of choos-ing ease and enjoyment while suffering from the evil effects of wrongs committed by others. Consider the advantages of your present posithe evil effects of wrongs committed by others. Consider the advantages of your present posi-tion-young, beautiful and beloved, yon are offered the opportunity to do a noble action without entailing suffering upon yourself or others. It is impossible at this era to regard yourself as a victim or a sacrifice. History re-cords women capable of doing all that I ask of you for much less worthy motives. Place your brother in safety: give him occu-

you for much less worthy motives. Piace your brother in safety: give him occu-pation; let his family join him, and then be free to enter upon the enjoyment of all that the world can offer and my devotion can secure to you. I shall expect to see you on Thursday, say, at 2 o'clock in the afternoon. Until then matters will remain as they are, but you must come with your decision. P. M.

TO BE CONTINUED.

"'But I'm 'most through and you'll

quarter of a nour,' and he retreated into the composing-room and slammed

"The ladies were indignant, but there was clearly nothing for them to do but to grin and bear it. A few minutes later there came a most dismal, longdrawn wail from the other room which, after some effort, they man aged to interpret as the promised 'hollerin'.' It was followed by the appearance of Tatters' head at the door. "What is it? asked the president, who had been chosen editor-in-chief, a

little sharply. " 'Copy!' returned Tatters. 'Did you think I was singing the doxolergy? " 'There is no copy ready yet. Can't

you be doing something else?" "'I can that?' and he snatched off his apron and started for the door. 'I can

be going fishing just as easy as not." "'Tatters!' cried the frightened editor, springing before the door, 'don't you dare to desert us! You stay here till some copy is ready for you.'

"Tatters retreated and put on his apron in an agitated frame of mind. 'A moment later one of the younger ladies, who had been appointed managing editor, took a roll of dainty written manuscript from her handbag and

said: "'Here, Tatters, is something which you can begin on."

"Tatters took it, sniffed, glanced at it and said:

"What is it-spring poetry?" "'No, it's the essay that I read at commencement. We shall put it on the fourth page.'

"'What! the editorial page?' shrieked Tatters. 'Put such guff as that on the editorial page of the Budget! Not much,' and he tossed the manuscript on the table.

"'We shall certainly do as we see fit,' interposed the editor-in-chief with great dignity.

"'I resign!' cried Tatters, again tear ing off his apron and throwing it be hind him, where it struck in the city editor's lap, greatly to her dismay. 'I resign my posish, that's all. Here, if you want it in ink, gimme a pen. Lemme write it out in black 'n' white-Dear Madam: I hereby resign my posish. (Signed) Tatters," Gimme a pen, I say!"

"Tatters, be calm-act reasonable," said the editor-in-chief in a soothing tone. 'What shall we put on the editorial page?

the place and then I sicked Jim's onto him. All to give you an item!"

"The lady was deeply touched by his devotion, and said as much, but was forced to add that they could not mention a common dog fight in their edition.

"Tatters drew back and stood silently gazing at her. She expected nothing less than a final resignation on the spot. But his face showed sorrow rath er than anger. The young lady thought she detected a tear, but this is not probable. For a half minute he did not move, then he said:

"'You couldn't use it in a funny way, either, I s'pose? It was funny. The deacon pulled on his dog's tail and Jim pulled on his dog's tail, though Jim didn't do any hard pulling-Jim may have pushed a little when the deacon wasn't noticing. You wouldn't let me write it up, either, I s'pose?'

"No, Tatters. I'd like to, but I can't.'

"Tatters turned back to the compos ing-room and not a sound was heard from him except the steady click of his type for an hour.

"It was about 11 o'clock when the editor-in-chief came into the office and said to the city editor:

"'I think there is an item of news for us out at Tarbox's, on the Coopersville road. I hear that Mr. Tarbox has been injured by an unruly cow. It's only a mile and a half out there-can't you go out on your blcycle and get the particulars?

"There was a loud shout behind them and Tatters burst in and ran through the room, shedding his apron in his flight and saying:

"'I'll tend to that, girls! I'm the wild-cow editor of this paper! Back in ten minutes!"

"The editor-in-chief ran to the window and looked down into the street. 'Goodness, gracious!' she cried to

the other. 'There he goes on your blcycle, riding like the wind and shouting for everybody to get out of the way of the wild-cow editor. What shall we do now?

"'I'll see if I can't catch him on your blcycle. And I'll go on and find out about the accident, anyhow."

"But, though she was a good rider, she might as well have tried to overtake an express train as the wild-cow editor. Leaning over the handlebar and ringing the bell constantly, he never slackened his pace for the whole distance. When she arrived at Tarbox's she found that he had got the facts, gone down the lane and started back

expected to live. Full account of interesting and important dog figh next week."

"The ladies ran ir to the back room but Tatters had escaped through the back door.

"I got home the next day and re sumed charge of the Bt -et. But Tat ters' item was a good thing for charity after all, because, on account of it a great many people bought the paper who would not otherwise have done so."-New York Tribune.

## Mark Twain's Letter.

A new proof of the effectiveness of the modern postoffice is furnished by the Philadelphia Record.

A prominent member of the Players Club of New York, now in this city, ha received a letter from Mark Twain upder peculiar circumstances.

The recipient of the letter collaborated with a fellow-member upon a letter to "Mark," whom they both knew intimately. They did not know "Mark's" address at the time, so they addressed the missive, "Mark Twain, God-Knows-Where." Here is "Mark's" reply:

"London, Nov. 24, 1896 .- Oh, thank you, dear boys, for remembering me, and for the love that was back of it. These are heavy days, and all such helps ease the burden. I glanced at your envelope by accident and got several chuckles for reward-and chuckles are worth much in this world.

"And there was a curious thing: that I should get a letter addressed 'God-Knows-Where' showed that He did know where I was, although I was hiding from the world, and no one in America knows my address, and the stamped legend, 'Deficiency of Address,' supplied by the New York postoffice, showed that He had given it away.

"In the same mail comes a letter from friends in New Zealand addressed 'Mrs. Clemens (care Mark Twain), United State of America,' and again He gave us away-this time to the deficiency department of the San Fransisco postojce. These things show that our postal service has ramifications which ramify a good deal. MARK."

## The Opium Habit.

Opium eating produces the most deadly form of intoxication. Physical weakness soon overtakes the oplum eater;" his powers decay, the stimulant ceases to help him, and he is happy if death soon ends his misery.