Thee!
lace!"

eyond the hills;
ick to this place

e so still;
and lightning and

not be at rest;
raveling to-night.
y shine instead,
and earth all bright.

that she's been here;
for seventeen years!
ers of happy bloom
a rain of tears.
the midnight shades;
may I have rest?
this aching head?
ing heart in my weary

than she understands;
ed for my soul in truth;
eeling with lifted hands
eet my shattered youth.
ve—I love him still—
ther, mother, or life—
pe was to bear his name,
of heavens to be his wife!

e name that angels breathe—
shall not crimson my cheek with

ve been my glory that name to
he
rincely heart from whence it came;
ss I gave to the bride to-night—
e till life and light grow dim—
knows how I pressed her lips,
e kiss to her be given to him!

DOC.

A Simple Tale of Backwoods Life.

When Doc first came to live with us vas in the early spring. He was a tiful-looking boy. He was a little, uffy-looking chap, with a pale face, ill, bony arms, and short, weakly-king legs, and rather sickly-looking, frizzled up, straw-colored hair on is head. There was no personal eauty about Doc's face and figure, d yet he was not unusually hard favored. He was commonplace. Only that and nothing more. Only a pea in a pod where a dozen peas of similar appearance reposed. Only a little wire-grass boy, with not one redeeming feature about him except his eyes. They were only remarkable for the pathetic expression that lingered there. What little light that ever flashed from them was of that sorrowful cast that one observes lingering on the western horizon after a day's rain has closed in a humid sunset.

Doc lost his mother. That was the tie that bound us to him. She was a commonplace wire-grass woman, but in her uncultured soul dwelt the same traits of maternal love and cherishing tenderness that are supposed to illumine the high-born souls of those grand dames whose white hands have never battled against a hard and evil fate for the simple necessities of prolonging existence. She had nourished and cherished her little boy, as only a fond mother can nourish and cherish a weak and fragile child. Ever on the watch, she had stood between him and all the wild streams of adversity that raged about their humble log cabin in the desolate barrens.

When she died Doc took it to heart to a greater extent than any of us thought possible. He had been such a puny, peevish, pettish sort of a boy that we thought that only his selfishness could suffer. We were mistaken. Doc was older than his age.

Well I remember how mother used to toast the crispest bits of brown cornbread, softened with the fresh, sweet butter, and how she used to put in a big lump of that brown mush sugar in his coffee, so as to induce the little fellow to eat.

"You know his ma is dead," she used to say, "and we must try to keep him from missing her in every way we can."

And we were learning. We were being taught the grandest lesson in human lore—the creed of unselfishness.

We could not get him to join us very often in any play. He was too weak. But when the afternoon sun shone through the rifts in the great pine forest he would creep out on the sunny side with us and we would adjust our sports to his strength. Sometimes he would look up from his play, and, with his eyes full of tears, he would exclaim: "My ma is dead! I can't never see her no more!" Then he would sob and moan as if his little heart would break, and I am not ashamed to say we would cry too. "Might not the good Lord take our dear mother, too?" we asked ourselves.

Ah! my sainted mother! Thy love-lighted brown eyes have been closed to earthly scenes for many summers. They closed your poor, toil-worn hands above your cold, still heart a long, long time ago, and the tall pines have shed from their drooping boughs the purest distilled dews of heaven above your lonely grave; and yet in my dreams I see that face often and again, and I never accomplish a good deed or am guilty of a bad one but what yours is the first name that flashes through my intellect. A man may have 10,000 friends, even two well-beloved wives, but never but one mother. Blessed be that holy name above all earthly treasures most sacred and longest cherished.

As the spring days grew warmer and the timid wood violets peeped forth on banks where the sun lingered longest, our protege grew more robust. There was even a faint tinge of blood in his pallid cheek after a short walk about the plantation.

Deeper green grew the woodlands. The rugged pines even touched themselves up with a few gay tufts of a softer tint, and from their queer blossoms fell showers of gold dust that covered the still surfaces of the water ponds. The trailing jasmine covered itself with golden bloom, and the honeysuckle and dogwood blossoms made the swamps and lowlands radiant with gay hues and redolent with delicate perfume. Birds sang among the bursting buds on the crab-apple tree, and the blue arch of heaven was gilded with the fine gold of the life-giving sunlight.

Our sports and pastimes would seem funny to you. We went fishing nights. It was only half a mile to the creek, and on a little bluff that overhung the dark waters we could build our campfires, and then cast our crude tackle in the gloomy eddies where the firelight played in fitful waves of light and shadow. Doc did love to fish. We would dig in the trash heaps for muckworms or skin the pine logs for sawyers, and then we would carry his tackle for him, and walk slow, and help him across the sloshes, and when he would catch a mudcat we would say it was a big, fine fellow.

Doc was not an unappreciative boy. He sang those queer, old-fashioned songs for us—songs which he had heard his mother sing. I have sat and listened to his "Barbara Allen" as the echoes ran riot among the caves and jungles, till the big owl returned the challenge with a mocking fit of insane laughter.

The old song comes back to me with the quaint rhythm as I write:

He sent his servant to the town,
Where Barb'ry was a dwellin'.
Sayin' you must go to me own master
Ef your name be Barb'ry Allen.

Then there was another stanza that was very affecting indeed:

alked adown the street
a-tollin',
med to

the
s of s Summer,
wi he drone of the umble-bee at noon, and lazy Lawrence dancing on the worm fences. Summer time, sweet summer time! The peaches ripened and reddened, and the corn silks began to appear. Doc said if the first silk you saw was a red one you would be healthy and lucky the balance of the year. The first one he saw that summer was a red one.

And, O, the signs and sayings he taught us. He told us that if we saw the new moon in a clear sky it was lucky. He told us if we killed a toad our best cow would die. He told us that the knots in Old Beauty's mane when we went to feed her in the morning—Old Beauty was our horse—were caused by the witches who rode her the night before, and used these knots for stirrups. Then he said when old Dominicker, my favorite hen, took a spell of crowing that—

"Whis'lin' women an' crokin' hens is apt to come to some bad end."

Sure enough, a blue darter hawk killed old Dominicker the very next Sunday.

Doc began to be stout and strong now. He looked on the faded jacket and little breeches he wore when he first came to our house in a sort of reminiscently pitying way, for his arms had grown more muscular, and his short legs had grown stouter, and Doc began to be a right good-looking boy, after all.

Autumn came with her sad eyes and sobbing winds. Autumn had a deeper significance than ever before, for there were portentous tidings wafted from afar on every breeze that wandered through the heavens. A big white comet blazed in the sky, and Doc said that meant war. Doc was a respectable-looking lad, indeed, now. He was 15 years old, but few would have believed it. His eyes still had that far-away expression in them. He was older than his years.

That was a winter long to be remembered. Gray uniforms were seen at the last yearly meeting, held in November, and the preachers at that meeting spoke words that sounded harshly in our untutored ears. Young women hummed warlike airs, and were eager to catch the latest refrain.

I remember how the crimson deepened on Cousin Sue's brown cheek when she rattled off:

Huzza! Huzza! for the bonnie blue flag so dear,
Huzza! for the sword and plume that Southern soldiers wear!

At the first frolic the fiddler wore a red feather in his hat and played "Dixie."

Men talked and women sang, and the warm blood ran riot in the Southern veins. "On to war," "O, Johnnie, aire you boun' to be a soldier?"

Your waist, it is too slender,
Your hands, they are too small,
And your cheeks too red and rosy,
To face a cannon ball—
And sing O—and sing O,
Sure you will, my dear!

One wintry night the northern sky burst into a deep crimson, and we knew that the supernatural flame of aurora borealis was burning on the brow of heaven. Doc said that was the sign of war. Everything was the sign of war. We had noticed the ominous "W" on the back of the locusts in the early autumn. Captain Jack Rainey had muster every week, and the tramp, tramp, tramp of gathering squadrons shattered the slumberous depths of the barrens.

I knew that Doc had met Lucy Paxton at the frolic, and I knew that he had followed her every movement with a fascinated gaze. She was not grown up, but she was "most grown," they all said. She was 13, and the young men chose her for a partner when they played "all around the merry pole," and Doc sat and watched her.

These were stirring times. Men and women shattered the fetters of conventionality and grew from boys to men and from girls to women with marvelous rapidity.

At a candy-pulling Doc pulled candy with her. The way of it was that they all played "lonesome," and they needed one more to be the "lonesome one," and he was induced, much against his will, to join. His success emboldened him, and so the boy and the girl pulled candy, and both were so painfully conscious of their own youthfulness that they pulled in silence.

Lucy's brother John was nearly 18. He was a dutiful boy and his mother was a widow. He worked for her and for Lucy and they lived well.

Again spring gladdened the earth with her spir'tuelle beauty. But there was not as much boisterousness at the annual "log-rolling" as usual. In fact, there were very few log-rollings. Mothers and daughters and younger sons pulled the fallen trees together the best they could and burned them. Women in big sunbonnets, kept from flopping over their eyes by wooden "splits" inserted in the crown, grasped the plowhandles, while "tucking strings" girded about their waists kept the skirts from trailing in the dirt. Ah, they were made of superior mettle, these women of the barrens were.

That spring we had to work a great deal harder and had less time for fishing than before. Doc helped us. He was industrious, though still a weakling compared with other lads.

The first time I saw him twirl a strand of golden love vine over his head and cast it on the bushes I was amused. Doc told me that he had named it "Lucy Paxton," and if it grew he would know that she loved him, and if not he would be disappointed. He was getting too deep for our philosophy then.

A whole year rolled away, and on the next spring I saw that the love vine reappeared and grew on the bushes. Doc saw it too, and he was pleased—greatly pleased. He was not an ardent lover. He worshipped at a distance. The young fellows who came home on furloughs were very gallant and deferential toward Lucy. This must have worried Doc, but he never gave any sign.

Then came that call for men; that plucking of the very flower of Southern chivalry. O, remorseless war!

John Paxton was 18, and he must go to the war and leave his mother and Lucy to fight the harder battle at home. The "enrolling officer," that agent of war whose approach was dreaded so much, he told us that.

When he left Doc followed him out to the gate. After a short talk the officer departed after shaking Doc by the hand.

"I've learned somethin'," he said, with a radiant face, when he came back. "The enrolling officer says that John can stay at home if he can get a substitute. I'm gwine to be his substitute."

Of course John Paxton did not want to agree to the proposition. It looked unmanly for him to stay and send a little fellow like Doc. But the latter argued, "I ain't got nobody to keer for, an' if I git hurt nobody'll be the loser. You've got Mis' Paxton and—and—Lucy," he stammered, "an' you ought to stay an' make the crap. Besides, I want to git to be a big Gener'l some time, maybe, an' then I'll—I'll—well, I want to go, anyhow, an' I'm gwine as your substitute." And he went.

Poor little Doc! Friend
e of our child
that had be
d by hi

our [illegible] Doc. It was [illegible] again then. There was a lull [illegible] the wild tempest of war. Bronzed and bearded our heroes came home. Bowed with defeat, tattered and torn, ragged veterans of a hundred battles. There were so many heroic deeds that the recital of daring achievements grew commonplace. They did not like to talk about it. Our Doc had been every inch a soldier. He had acquitted himself nobly. He was going to die, as so many stronger men had died, without a stain on his fair escutcheon. It was Lucy Paxton's hand that plucked the sweet bouquets which found their way to his feeble hands. It was her mother who sat with our mother and counted the pulse beats of our Doc as life was fading fast away.

One day he roused himself from his stupor, and with a light in his eyes I had never seen before, he asked me to go and see if the "love vine" had begun growing. I did as he requested, and found the golden threads entwined around the low gallberry bushes.

"Is it a-growing," he asked when I came in.

"Yes; it is running everywhere," I answered.

"I knowed it. That's a sure sign. I'm so glad——"

That was the last word he ever uttered.

Lucy Paxton is the noble wife of an honest farmer. She is a good woman, and she points out a little mound in the old graveyard to her children, when they go there meeting days, and they scrape away the green mold and the lichens, and spell out the letters on it, "D-O-C, Doc."—*M. M. Folsom in Atlanta Constitution.*

ABE LINCOLN IN SPRINGFIELD.

How the Presidential Candidate Got His Mail—His Wife's Ambition.

"Yes, as you say, new yarns about Lincoln are hard to find. Nevertheless, his was such a striking personality that it is not easy to exhaust the material he offered to the story-teller."

So spoke a middle-aged man a few nights ago to the writer.

"You see," continued my friend. "I was born in Springfield, Ill., and lived there until the war. From my earliest boyhood Abe Lincoln was to me an impressive figure. He used to come to my father's store, stick his feet on the counter and talk about the affairs of the nation. I was present one night when Abe came in looking as melancholy as a man whose hens won't lay.

"What's the matter, Lincoln?" my father asked.

"Oh, nothing much. I'm discouraged a bit. I fear my tilt with Douglas was not very successful."

"Nonsense, Abe," remarked my father. "Your words have electrified the country. They will bear rich fruit for you. Your reputation has been merely local heretofore; now it is national."

"Do you think so? Well, I hope you're right." Then the future President stalked out into the night looking more cheerful than when he entered.

I will never forget the first few days after he was nominated. At that time Springfield had no postal delivery and we were in the habit of going to the postoffice late in the afternoon for our mail. Sometimes 200 people would gather in and near the postoffice. The evening after he was chosen presidential candidate by his party Abe came to the postoffice as usual for his letters. He was dressed in the homely fashion of the time and place and greeted his neighbors in his usual democratic way. He found his box full of letters and newspapers.

The next afternoon he came again. This time the mail filled three boxes. He was dressed with more care than he had been the day before. On the third day after his nomination he appeared at the postoffice with a basket on his arm. He went away with his basket, pockets and hat overflowing with envelopes, newspapers, campaign documents, etc.

After this he was obliged to employ a secretary, who collected his mail, and we saw but little of the great man. Whenever he appeared in public, however, we noticed that he wore what gossip called "his Sunday best."

Those were lively times in Springfield. The town was overrun with prominent men from all parts of the country. It was my privilege to attend the reception given to his fellow-townsmen by Lincoln after his election. I shall never forget the picture he presented as he towered above his wife and greeted his old friends. There was not in his manner the slightest indication of what is now called "the big head." Mrs. Lincoln was very gracious and made a fine impression that night. I heard Abe say to my father in the hallway as we were about to leave:

"I guess Mary will carry herself right well in Washington, old man."

Speaking of Mrs. Lincoln reminds me of an episode that took place some years before Abe became a national hero. There was a well-to-do tailor in Springfield who owned a handsome house just across the street from the Lincolns. Mrs. Lincoln did not feel pleased that a tailor should live in a finer residence than that occupied by a leading lawyer. When Abe was off on circuit, therefore, she had a story added to their house. The job was nearly finished when Abe returned. He strode down the street, gazed at his house in surprise, and then crossed to the tailor's side of the road.

"Who lives in that palatial mansion over there?" he asked of his neighbor.

"The widow Lincoln," answered the smiling tailor. Then was heard a voice from the top story of the Lincoln house:

"Abe, Abe, come to dinner. You're late."

Sam Jones Skins a Dude.

We commence down at the stone and go up to the divine nature. We have all these phases in the human family. The dude represents the stone. His brains, if he ever had any, went out the end of his spiked shoes; one of these fellows who parts his hair in the middle and is good for nothing. Humanity never ran in a worse direction than that of dudes and dudines. This specimen of humanity has been my special fight. They couldn't stand my fusilades in a certain city and said they would run me out with shot-guns if it wasn't for the presence of the ladies. On Sunday a meeting of the men—no ladies—was held, but they never got their guns. I'll tell you, dudes and dudines, if you come fooling around me I'll spit on you and drown you; you are so insignificant.

Get up! Get up! Get up! That's the word, said the minister, with rising emphasis. See a little contemptible fellow come in loaded down with pistols. He don't buy these. We don't bury dudes. They haven't got smell enough after they are dead to annoy any one, and we just hang them on a limb. [Laughter.]

In the City of Mexico the authorities have employed a number of leading physicians to deliver a series of lectures to the police on the best way in which to handle wounded people, so that the men may render aid at once to [illegible]njured with whom they come in [illegible] in the course of their duty [illegible]essary delay, which [illegible]atal. Prom- [illegible]en [illegible]ured [illegible] their [illegible]hey

The Laurea[illegible] baronial hall,
And the dim light fell on the tapestried wall;
It fell on the banners of gold cloth—
Ancestral banners of modern growth.
A gleam on his classic features rolled,
And he grasped his quill like a Baron bold,
"I'll write me a poem," he bravely cried,
"I'll write me a poem," and then he sighed,
"A beautiful poem and call it an ode—
A Jubilee poem—I will by—the Rood."
For it wasn't an ode 'twas an oddity.

He squared the paper before his breast,
The paper that bore the family crest,
That ancient crest of high renown—
While the dim light danced o'er his lordly crown.
A grand inspiration he meant this to be,
So he took for his subject and title "She."
And thought out the ode on the great Jubilee.
But it wasn't an ode 'twas an oddity.

Then he carved away on the paper with a will,
He carved away with his trusty quill,
Till the words flew out and the adjectives rose,
Till the metaphors mixed; then he blew his nose,
And he thought in his heart of hearts it was prose.
But said he to himself, there's nobody knows.
I don't care one aristocratical jot,
Whether it's reason or whether its rot:
The gullible public will swallow the lot,
As they did when the Old and the New Year met,
And I told them I stood on a Tower in the Wet."
For it wasn't an ode, 'twas an oddity.

Still he tore away like a very Turk,
Till his royal pen refused to work,
And the spluttering point in consequence,
Brought the Laureate back to common sense.
So he finished the ode and he buttoned his coat,
He buttoned it up to his very throat;
Then he called for his valet of high degree
And unto that valet, he said—said he,
"Take all these precious MSS.
And bear them hence to the printing press."
Then he donned his chapeau without any more words,
And made a bee-line for the House of Lords.

—Glasgow Bailie.

GRETA.

"Yes," said Mrs. Parkhurst, plucking diligently away at the pair of ducks which Greta, the "help"—nobody talked about servants at Cassell's Creek—had just decapitated and brought in. "We've all been kept busy since the wreck. Eh? Haven't heard of the wreck? La me! Why, everybody at Cassell's Creek is talking about it. It was a Western train, don't you see, with two emigrant cars, and when the trestle-work at Big Brook gave way, there was a general smash-up! Nobody killed, but lots o' people hurt. We kept two German women here for a week. One of 'em had a sprained wrist, and the other had a confused head—oh, contused, of course; you're right, Greta, but who is to pick and choose when words are so much alike? It was lucky Greta was here, or I couldn't have understood the poor things, nor they me. Here, Greta, you'd better fix the stuffing. It has a nicer flavor, somehow, when you mix in the onions and sage. And the ground was strewn for a hundred feet around, with the splintered bits of cars, and broken trunks and boxes, and the greatest lots of feather-beds and blankets, that the poor wretches were carrying West. Parson Post took up a collection in church to help 'em out with their fare, and to buy the necessaries that they had lost. I was glad o' that."

So Mrs. Parkhurst chatted on with a steady, even ripple of voice, like the current of some mountain stream, while Mr. Stanley listened, sometimes hearing what she said, and sometimes not.

The truth was, he was watching Greta, the tall slight hand-maiden, with the coil of blonde hair, twisted like a glittering rope about her head, and the big blue eyes, so full of limpid light.

How strange were the inequalities of this world!

Mrs. Parkhurst, his aunt, shapeless, and rubicund, looked like a dairy-woman.

Greta, the hired maid-servant, had the mien and bearing of a princess. Her voice was low and exquisitely modulated, her pronunciation was perfect.

Herbert Stanley had come down to Cassell's Creek to see about the title-deeds of a neighboring farm, in which one of his clients was interested.

He had anticipated a dull time while the papers were being made out, for he knew of old how Aunt Parkhurst would prose and Uncle Parkhurst preach; and now that his pretty Cousin Nell was married and gone to California, the sojourn would be simply unbearable.

But here was Greta Harmon, a perfect symphony in blue and gold! Was he artist enough to paint her, with his kit of water-colors? Could he find fitting words to describe her, in the novelette he was writing for the *Weekly Biceps*?

One wanted a model, now and then, and Greta was different from any woman he had ever seen before. Housework became an idyll when performed with such slow stately grace; domestic service was elevated when a girl like Greta Harmon stepped into its ranks.

His first night at the farm was restless and disturbed.

"What was that roaring sound I heard soon after midnight?" he asked his aunt the next morning. "It disturbed me so I could not sleep."

"Roarin' sound? Ain't it the falls?" said Mrs. Parkhurst, measuring out the thick rich cream for the coffee with no stingy hand.

"No; I heard the falls, too; but that is a soothing sound rather than otherwise."

"Guess likely they've put the mill-hands on night work," suggested Uncle Parkhurst. "Them new steam-engines is the dickens and all to make a clatter."

"Night work—at this time o' year! Are you crazy, Parkhurst?" demanded his wife.

But Greta looked up suddenly, with such a quick, intelligent light in her eyes, that Stanley spoke at once.

"Ah," said he, "I see that you can unravel the mystery, Miss Greta."

Greta colored to the very roots of the golden hair.

"I?" she said. "It must have been the trees."

And she jumped up from her seat—at Cassell's Creek the "help" always sat down to the table with the rest of the family—and went to the door to drive the flock of young turkeys out of the high wet grass into the sunny pasture-field beyond.

"What a very handsome girl that is!" said Stanley.

"Ain't she, though?" said Mrs. Parkhurst, with as much pride as if Greta belonged to her. "And you ain't the only one that thinks so, neither. She might have married well twice since she came to me. Squire Servoss's son was fairly bewitched about her, and Mr. Larrabee, the foreman in the new mill, courted her steady for six weeks. But she wouldn't have nothing to say to either of them."

"John Servoss is a stupid lout!" sharply spoke up Stanley. "And as for your mill-workman——"

"John Larrabee's a forehanded sort of man," nodded Mrs. Parkhurst; "and he owns ninety acres of good land, with a house that's only just new painted."

Pretty Greta did not return to the breakfast-table, and Stanley strolled out to the woods, when he had finished his last cup of coffee, with his portfolio under his arm.

"I may as well be doing a chapter or two for the *Biceps*, while that old idiot of a town-clerk is making out the title deeds," mused he. "And there's no getting a chance to write or to think within ten feet of Aunt Parkhurst's blessed old tongue. Here's this deserted old barn by the river. I'll go in here, and see if the flames [illegible] won't burn up a little. Hallo! How's this? Locked [illegible] hurst never kept this place lo[illegible] in my time."

He gave the padlock a pull; the rusted iron parted from the crumbling wood, and the door burst open.

In the same moment some large body plunged towards him, with a ferocious growl. It was a good-sized brown bear!

"Confusion!" roared our hero, backing involuntarily into a corner, while he protected himself, as well as he could, by holding up the portfolio before his face.

In an instant, however, a light figure glided past him—a hand was laid upon the brute's leather collar.

"Down, Shag—down!" said Greta Harmon's soft sweet voice in accents of the utmost composure. "I am sorry Mr. Stanley, that my pet should have frightened you; but I never expected that anyone would break into his house like this."

"Your pet!" gasped Stanley.

"It was his restlessness, I suppose, that annoyed you in the night," explained Greta. "He was fastened to a tree in the woods. He likes cool fresh air, poor thing, but this morning I changed him to this lonely place. Mr. Parkhurst is deaf, you know, and don't hear things; and I wouldn't have Mrs. Parkhurst know this for the world."

"But," cried Stanley, "the brute is dangerous!"

"Not a bit, poor fellow!" said calm Greta. "He is thoroughly tamed. He is a performing bear, and I found him wandering through the woods on the day of the railway wreck. My uncle, in Germany, used to tame bears for showmen, and I understand all their ways; so I brought him here, and I've fed him and cared for him ever since, expecting that his owner would come to claim him some time. No one has come, though; and it is more than likely, I am beginning to fear, that his owner was drowned in some of those deep pools in the creek, under the trestle-work."

"And you are going to keep him?" asked Herbert Stanley.

"What else can I do?" asked Greta, raising the composed blue eyes to Stanley's face. "One can't turn bears loose in the woods in a place like this. And the poor thing reminds me of my youth. Oh I'll get along in some fashion, only please don't speak of this to my good friends, the Parkhursts!"

"Aha!" thought Stanley; "all will be well if we can once establish a link of secrecy between us—this exquisite blonde and me."

And at the end of the week, so far infatuated was he that he asked Margareta Harmon to be his wife.

"She is so beautiful!" he said to himself. "I can make anything I please out of her. No duchess could grace my home more royally, whatever may be her present rank."

But to his surprise, Greta dropped him one of her slow, queenly curtsies, and declined his offer.

Herbert Stanley for a moment could hardly believe his ears.

"You—you don't like me?" he gasped.

"Oh, very much!" said artless Greta. "But I don't love you; there's where it is. I could never marry a man unless I loved him very, very much."

And the blue eyes went dreamily out into space.

"Confound it all!" said Stanley to himself; "there's some fellow over in Germany that she is pining after."

And he had made his sacrifice in vain.

The next day—thus strangely does fate weave her web—a tall, broad-shouldered young man alighted from the train at Cassell's Creek station.

"I'm the manager of a Western show," said he to the station-agent, "and my best performing bear was lost here in the accident last spring. I've only just tracked him to this place. The attendant was so frightened at the accident that he slunk away, and we have just convinced him that he can neither be hung nor imprisoned for a thing which was none of his fault. Perhaps the creature may be dead; but if he's above ground, I mean to find him. Come on, Claus, and help me to identify King Bruin!"

Claus, a fair-haired shuffling German, followed close behind his master with a guilty air.

"Does anyone know anything of a docile bear loose in this neighborhood?" said the manager, looking cheerily around.

"Parkhurst's hired gal's got one," said a barefooted boy, who chewed tobacco, and was not in the least like Whittier's ideal. "Old man Parkhurst found it chained in the barn last week, and made a jolly row about it. But they let her keep it."

"And where does this gentleman live?" asked the manager.

"I'll show you," said the barefooted boy.

King Bruin had not forgotten his old friends. The meeting between him and Claus was mutually joyful. The poor German shed tears of joy, and Bruin gave voice to a hoarse roaring which meant unutterable things as he put both paws on Claus's shoulders, and rubbed his wet muzzle against his keeper's sandy beard. And in the midst of this, while the manager stood smiling by, Greta Harmon came running down the hill from the house.

"Who dares to touch my bear?" she breathlessly demanded.

"It is my bear, Greta Harmon," quietly responded the manager. "Dost thou not know me, Gretchen?"

She stood amazed.

"Karl!"—she cried out—"Karl Klunder! Why, wherever did you come from? Am I back in Bavaria again—at my uncle's door."

"I have been in the country for five years, Greta," said the young man. "All these years I have looked for thee. Sweetheart, I have found thee at last."

Here was the sequel to the first volume of blue-eyed Greta's life. Here was the "young fellow from Germany," whom Stanley had so prophetically descried. A respectable young German, in the receipt of a snug income, and only too anxious to carry Greta away.

"That darling performing bear," whispered Greta, showering kisses on the brute's head. "If it had not been for my taking care of him, I never should have met my Karl again."

"That hateful shaggy brute," said Mrs. Parkhurst. "If it hadn't been for him, I should have kept Greta with me yet."

A Common Meridian.

Italy is making another attempt to induce the nations to settle on a common meridian for the use of the world. At the conference held in Washington England and America agreed to accept the meridian of Greenwich, but the other nations refused to ratify this arrangement, and at the forthcoming conference, which will shortly take place in Rome, Italy will propose that Jerusalem be accepted as the common meridian, and the place which shall therefore give the time for the whole of the world.

Utilizing Old Tin Boxes.

In Paris the thousands of sardine and other tin boxes that are thrown away every month form the basis for an industry which has reached large proportions. These refuse cans are stamped by machinery into tin soldiers, and sold so cheaply that the poorest children can possess them; yet the manufacturer makes a fair profit, which he could not do if he used new material.

One of the most have come into the United State ate in recent years is Nathan Fellows Dixon of Westerly, R. I., elected to fill the unexpired term of Jonathan Chace, who resigned in April, 1889. It is a matter of history that Daniel Webster and other men of his time could repeat word for word the Constitution of the United States, and that it was no task at all for them to rattle off the Declaration of Independence from memory without missing a word. Senator Dixon has not yet put his memory to this test, but he has shown what a wonderful one it is in another and, perhaps, more difficult manner. Some time ago, after he had been a senator but a few months, he astonished his colleagues one day by repeating entirely from memory and without making a single error the roll call of the Senate, consisting of eighty-four names, arranged alphabetically. There were many expressions of surprise at this exhibition of his peculiar powers, but Mr. Dixon modestly protested that he had performed no feat at all, and then to prove it he almost paralyzed his astonished hearers by repeating the roll call backward, without once hesitating or committing an error of any kind.

Repeating the roll call in alphabetical order is not the only evidence of Senator Dixon's wonderful memory. So closely has he watched the proceedings in the Senate and so keen is his sense of observation that he can at any time call off, entirely from memory, the list of pairs, stating accurately just what senators are paired with each other, and on what subjects. Senator Casey has charge of the matter of arranging pairs in the Senate, and repeatedly he finds it necessary to consult with Senator Dixon, and always receives information as to the status of the pairs which enables him to arrange everything satisfactorily for all parties.

As told in the N. Y. *Sun* lately, during almost the entire tariff debate Senator Dixon kept his head studiously buried in the report of the finance committee. When it was accidentally discovered in the Senate a few days ago, it was found to contain among other things caricatures more or less flattering of several of the more picturesque members of the Senate. In many cases, however, his pictures were in no sense caricatures, but presented striking likenesses of the subjects. For instance, on the margin of one of the pages he had sketched a most perfect outline of the clear-cut profile of Senator Evarts of New York. The sketch was such a clever one that the portrait was recognized at a glance by all who saw it, and Mr. Dixon has been kept busy explaining that he had no motive in making the picture except to occupy his mind. The book in which he made his drawing is a large volume containing the various sections of the tariff bill, and the reason why the changes were proposed, arranged on alternate pages for ready reference.

The margin of these pages is very broad, and it was here that Mr. Dixon arranged his caricatures, and where he drew on the page relating to works of art and antiquity an almost life-sized reproduction of the cherub-like face of Senator Hoar. To give an interesting and humorous turn to the picture the artist purposely neglected to draw any hair on the head of Mr. Hoar, and the effect was most ludicrous. The book was shown about in the cloak rooms for some time before Mr. Dixon discovered his loss. As soon as he obtained possession of his improvised album he locked it in his desk and refused to show it to anybody. It must not be supposed that Mr. Dixon used his tariff book only for the purposes of sketching. It is a fact that on the margin of the pages he recorded every amendment made to the tariff bill from the time it was first called up until it was disposed of, together with the votes upon them. His album furnishes a complete illustrated record of the consideration of the tariff bill in the Senate.

Royal Fish.

While old and wise heads of the United States and England are carrying on a dignified quarrel over the ownership of the seal in Behring Sea, let me tell you something about royal fish.

You know that Kings and Queens have many rights and perogatives. Well, one of these perogatives of English rulers in olden times related to royal fish. Royal fish are sturgeon and whale, which are considered the finest of deep-sea fish. For this reason, "on account of their superior excellence," whenever one of these fish was thrown ashore or caught near the coast of England it became the property of the King. This seems very unjust to those who might secure the whale or sturgeon, for they were compelled to give it up without receiving any pay. However the King had some ground for claiming these royal fish as his property, because it was he who guarded and protected the seas from pirates and robbers, and in those days there were very many of them.

The most peculiar feature of the custom of royal fish was this—that while the whole of the sturgeon belonged to the King, only half of a whale did. For it was a prerogative, as it is called, of the Queen that the tail of every whale caught in the way I have told you was her property, while the head was only the King's. The reason for this division, as given by the old records, was to furnish the Queen's wardrobe with whalebone; and this reason is more amusing than the custom is peculiar, for the whalebone lies entirely in the head of the whale. But there are many more as strange and amusing customs recorded in England's early laws.

This right to royal fish was considered of great importance, and was carefully guarded for many generations. It was also a prerogative of the Kings of Denmark and the Dukes of Normandy, and from one of these it was probably derived by the Princes of England.—*W. R. S., in Harper's Young People.*

Anæsthetics in Paris Hospitals.

It is stated that methyl chloride is now extensively and successfully employed in the Paris hospitals as a local anæsthetic. It is a colorless, easily liquified gas, with an odor resembling that of ether and chloroform, and the readiness with which the gas liquifies adapts it for convenient use, as it can be stored in a siphon or bottle of any size, especially constructed to conduct heat badly. It may be applied to any surface directly from the siphon, and the following method has been found to present superior advantages: Tampons composed of cotton wool, surrounded by a layer of flock-silk and then covered with thin silk, are saturated with the methyl chloride and applied to the part by means of wooden or vulcanite holders. After contact for some seconds the part becomes pale, and anemic, and diminishes in sensitiveness. If the tampon be then removed there is marked reaction, shown by congestion and slight itching, or if the application be continued for a short time longer, say a few seconds, the skin assumes a white, dried, parchment-like appearance. This is the time to operate. The application is sometimes succeeded by itching and an urticaria-like eruption. It is resorted to in all kinds of operations—circumcision, opening abscess in neuralgia, lumbago, muscu gout, etc.

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ON THE CRUISER CHICAGO.

An Early Morning Scene on a Warship at Sea.

Rufus F. Zogbaum, in *Scribner's*, writes entertainingly of "Uncle Sam's Blue Jackets." He thus describes the waking up of the crew of the Chicago:

"Bos'n's mate there! Call all hands! Call in the deck lookouts! Lay aloft the lookout to the masthead!" the orders follow in rapid succession. "Turn off the spar-deck circuit!" and the great red and green lights on the port and starboard sides of the bridge and the light at the masthead are extinguished by the touch of a button in the "dynamo-room" below, while a sailor goes "tripping up aloft" to the foretop-sail yard, simultaneously with a long-drawn shrill whistle of the boatswain's pipe, echoed on the gun-deck by others, and the hoarse cry of the boatswain's mates calling: "A-a-ll ha-a-nds! *Up* all hammocks!" The great ship is waking up, and out of the hatches the men come tumbling one after the other--sailor-men, apprentice boys, firemen, marines, cooks, and "all hands"—each with a hammock neatly rolled ready to be placed in the nettings in the bulwarks. Brawny, bare-chested, bare-footed fellows, most of them; regardless of the cold wind blowing and the wet decks, they run nimbly to their appointed stations, some clambering up and opening the nettings, while the others pitch their hammocks in and stow them away and out of sight for the day. As we lean over the rail now and look down the scene is an animated one. The deck forward is swarming with men, and 'Jackie" is making his morning toilet and preparing for breakfast and the day's routine. See that gigantic young coxswain yonder as he souses his well-soaped neck and face into the cold water in the bucket before him, spluttering and blowing away like a grampus, then rubbing and polishing his muscular, sun-burned neck and broad white back and hairy chest with his rough, parti-colored towel. With his little circular mirror perched on a coil of rope another sailorman is carefully parting his thick, curly locks, while a shipmate looks over his shoulder and gives a final twist to his black silk neckerchief, and a marine brushes his coat and hums softly to himself meanwhile. The steam from the galleys is rising out of the hatches, and with it—mingled, it must be confessed, with a smell of oil and grease from the engines—an odor of hot coffee and broiling bacon, and the boatswain's whistle is heard again piping to breakfast.

Ruskin's Domestic Romance.

When John Ruskin was young and already famous, he was one evening at a party in London, when a lady showed him a beautiful girl who, she said, ought to be his wife.

Ruskin was too enamored of the beautiful in art to fall in love with a beautiful human creature, said the critics, when, a few months later he married the girl.

He gave her a magnificent home, and admired her and hoped that she would be throughout life his ideal companion. His friends say that he adored her. But women want something more than adoration, they want love.

After a time, John Ruskin brought Millais, the painter, to his house, and asked him to paint his wife's portrait. Millais was then, as he is now, a man of superb physique, with a lion-like glance and tremendous length and breadth of limb. While he was painting the portrait he fell in love with his friend's wife; and the wife? Did she not reciprocate the passion which she had inspired?

John Ruskin, with his far-seeing eyes, saw the unfolding of this romance, which might become a tragedy, and he took the heroic course.

When he found that his wife did not love him, without any accusation or blame—and there was ground for none—he secured a divorce, then walked into church one morning with his late wife and Millais, and stood by while they were married. This was heroic, and it was like the grand spirit which has always animated John Ruskin's breast.

The painter Millais has become the leading artist in England, and has been knighted. Lady Millias's faultless beauty is one of the charms of London society. Neither of the two forgets how Ruskin helped them, even after they were married, on the way up the hill to fame and fortune. Lady Millais has posed for her husband's most famous pictures. It is her face that is represented in "The Huguenot Lovers," now in the Vanderbilt collection in New York.

Piano Polishing.

Do not use "polishes" peddled or recommended by any one. A man must work at least a year or two to learn the business of polishing, so do not think that a woman can learn in two minutes by reading some directions from a bottle's label. If one cannot afford to have it polished by a professional, it can be washed with a wet "chamois," and when dry rubbed well with an old piece of cotton flannel. Put on no grease. Use the "chamois" for nothing else, and only wash the piano occasionally.—*Good Housekeep-*

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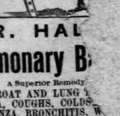

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