- Why did you-Forgive me, I implore you!" Trevor

loved you for six long weeks. A pictnot suppose---In the name of the Empress, the Overland

ad longed for

eried, passionately.

ed and fled from him. Her blue robes From rail to ravine-to the peak from the

A jingle of bells on the foot path below— There's a soufficabove in the monker's abode— The world is awake, and the clouds are For the great Sun bimself must attend to the "In the name of the Empress, the Overland lady, met him in the parlor.

"My dear sir," she said, quite stiffly. 'my niece has just told me a most extraordinary tale. She notified me that a gentleman would call this morn-"A suiter for her hand," Trever in-

as be tore off the end of an envelope terposed. "Madam, I love your niece. in which his photographs had been I desire to have her become my wife." sent home from the gallery, "I hope Edith will like them!" But my dear sir," said the old lady, "we don't know you at all! You His sister would have been hard to blease if she had not liked them. They may be a-a-I don't know what!" were bandsome pictures of a hand-Nothing could have induced me to

he remarked, with a man's usual ont-are you James Percy Winton's case of need. He puffed away the cloud of tobacco great thing it was to have a father trace of the mysterious criminal. smoke that obscured his vision, and

stared in astonishment at one of the dozen photographs that had just been old lady said, quite warmly: It was the picture of a young ladya head and shoulders, with a fillet and perdered robe that well became the lelicate Greek features of one of the

ost beautiful girls Trevor Winton "Well," he said, after a moment's glad consent. contemplation, that is an odd misnight my photographs came home," she said. "Your picture was among pictures in exchange for this one of

I never saw anything so lovethem, and I knew the moment I saw it that I should love you forever. Wasn't He looked at it again and again. 't was a face that grew upon one-t e said Trevor, kissing her teneyes were so soft and speaking, the derly, "it is not strange. In this life, my darling, what is to be is, in spite of

Good Reporters.

plain, every-day sort of newspaper

Indigo Blueblood has sent out cards

for a ball, at which she will introduce

into society her lovely daughter. [This

some sense and doesn't in the least

mind seeing her name in print. It's the other Mrs. Bluebloood we had the

fuss with.] Mrs Uptown gives a pink

tea as soon as Lent is over. [Don't

stick her down at the tail end of the

column, whatever you do. I want to

please her, anyhow, because last week

others.']"
It it had not been for the discrimi-

nating editorial blue pencil, that fash-

ion and society column would have been

delicious reading on Sunday morning

-since a printer "follows copy," and a

Sairey's Son.

He was a little, white-haired, withered-

did you get the boy, Uncle Seth?" "He's Sairey's," replied the old man,

choking a sob. 'I never sot eyes on

him afore a week ago yisterday. Yer

see, when Sairey run off an' merried a

good-fer-nuthin' seamp, mother 'n I

kinder felt we wuz done with her.

Las' week I got a letter-the fust fur

five years-sayin' she wuz mighty low.

Trevor put the photograph on lis dressing-case. He looked at it a dczcircumstances. - Saturday Night. WOMEN AS JOURNALISTS. What a fool I am!" he exclaimed. They Must Have the Qualifications of "I am certainly infatuated with that face; and what do I know of her? She There are always young ladies who may be dead-or she may be somebody's wife.

did no such thing. "I will never give it up," he said.
"It is the face of a woman whom I

beautiful lips so tender and sweet.

Fly the sort sandaled feet, strains the brawny

There's a speck on the hillside, a dot on the

HIS PICTURE OR HERS?

do it if I had not been going away.

eversion to having his picture taken. "But — Hello! what's this?"

had ever laid eyes upon.

some man.

Well," Trevor Winton remarked,

shall worship if I ever meet her." He was to sail for Europe the next day, and the picture went with him. He carried it now in a leather case inside of his vest pocket. He called it his 'Greek princess." The beautiful photograph had certain-

ly taken his heart by storm. Trevor Winton traveled everywhere, but somehow he found pleasure in nothing. Palace and hovel alike failed to interest him.

"I was a fool to come away," ne said, restlessly. "Who knows? I may have lost my only chance of ever finding her. If I had gone back to the gallery I might have learned who she was. But now-I may cat my heart out with longing for the sight of

He called himself a fool, but his woman, as Lady Montague said, has feelings were too strong for him. In six weeks he was back in London, destroyed to release that wound its way down to the fork. termined to return home.

He stopped at the Devoushire inn, a quiet little hotel which Americans frequent. His room was a delightful one, with an open fire which shed a cosy glow over everything.

Trevor had formed a habit of sleeping badly. It was late when he went to his room, but he hadn't the slightest desire to close his eyes. He sat there with his gaze fixed on

the fantastic embers glowing on the the face of his Greek princess there framed in an aureole of flame.

"Shall I ever see her?" he said. "Where is she to-night, I wonder? Ah, If I had only the power to follow where my heart would go how soon I would find her?"

He took a book and read awhile, but the wind without disturbed him. There was a wild storm in the air. Rain sputtered down the chimney and the windows rattled.

"I am more restless than ever tonight," he said. "I wonder what ails

The face of the Greek princess smil-ed up at him from the table. He turned away. "Trevor Winton," he said, "you are

certainly a fool, or you are stark, star- is all right. This Mrs. Blueblood has The clock struck one. He walk d over and opened the door of his be iroom, which led out into the main cor-

The house was wrapped in slumber, "I suppose the clerk is sound asleep, Trevor observed, stepping out into the hall. "I should like above all things others."]" to have some cigars."

He walked softly down the corridor, where a dim light shone. He looked over the stairway. There was no one astir, but suddenly as he turned about he became conscious that some one was coming toward him, a plain parenthesis is to him, and it is some one was coming toward him. nothing more. It was the figure of a woman, clad in a loose robe of some pale-blue material. Her golden hair was floating down her back in beautiful profusion.

Trevor uttered a low cry; his very heart seemed to cease beating. It was chin whiskers. He sat in a rear seat of the last car of the Cape train, gazhis Greek princess who was coming ing through moist eyes at a little toward him-a woman walking in the shaver perched opposite. The constrange preoccupation of one who ducter knew him and stopped when he punched their tickets to ask: "Where

Trevor held out his arms impulsive-She could not see him. Her slumbering brain was conscious of nothing, and yet some strange attraction seemed to draw her toward

"At last!" he cried, rapturously. "My beautiful one, I have found you!" For the moment he forgot everything. The whole scene faded from as she came straight to his side he caught her in his arms.

STRANGELY FIXED UPON HIM. Shred of the Murderer's Skin Found

rief, happy smile-A enrious murder case and mystery whose gruesome details would have done honor to the imagination of Edthe go?" she cried. "Where done honor to the imagination of Eat-How did I come here? Where gar A. Poe, has just found its denoue-

"Oh, how dreadful" she cried, ready in that city which attracted a large to burst into tears. "Hew could you concourse of people from the neighboring villages. Among these was a young country girl, one Anna Hachin-"I could not help it. I have ger, who came with a party of her on for six long weeks. A pict- friends and neighbors to partake of the friends and neighbors to partake of the festivities of the occasion. Late in the evening they all started for their homes girls. They have lovely eyes, but without much expression. Up to the without much expression. "Yours came to me, but I did in a little hamlet not far from Berne. Without much expression. Up to the one of 14 they have attractive features. "Tell me who you are!" Trevor tination that they discovered that but after that age they gradually begin led, passionately. "Do not let mere Anna was missing. Had she lagged to grow coarse in appearance. The conventionality stand between us. You | behind, or, as was more probable, had | hair is sometimes fair, sometimes dark, are mine-I know it! You have loved she failed to set off at the same time and always abundant. They marry at me as I have loved you. Is it not with her comrades with the intent to follow them and to catch up with them

This last solution appears the more likely, as her corpse, frightfully muti- Loogdidi that the sultans of Turkey, floated out of his grasp.

A little, violet-scented handkerchief lated and in an indescribable and in the days of their empire, procured fell at his feet, and it bore the name of shocking manner, was found a day or girls for their harem. The poor Cirtwo afterwards in a field not far from the main road. Search was at once made for the assassin, but without avail. He was not to be discovered, his lips.
"It is fate!" he said. "How could I avail. He was not to be discovered, and after the first hue and cry was ly advanced price in Stamboul, The next morning he sent his card over, the affair seemed to have settled to Miss Vane. Not she, but an elderly down into one of those mysterious the fair Circassian who exercised such

against the murderer. The victini was a vigorous and healthy country said Trevor, with a smile. "You know from the face or the hands of her as- exhibition after the fashion still prevamy father, perhaps-James Percy Wiu- sailant. This ghastly morsel. pre- lent in that city, although no longer served in alcohol, was put carefully countenanced by law. "Ahem! No. I don't know him, away so as to be ready to produce in

worth several millions. He had no the other day a young medical student special invitation. They come and Well, I'm sure I don't understand put on his working jacket, when his sales are going on all the time in Con-This is how Trevor found himself wound which had apparently been ing a horror of slavery, there, holding Alys Vane's two little caused by a terrible bite. His comincoherent and contradictory answers, and, finally, breaking away from the crowd, he hurried back to his home, seized a loaded pistol and shot himself

through the head. The police authorities of Berne being informed of this catastrophe, caused the piece of flesh to be produced and mouth."-Philadelphia Telegraph. poems, says an exchange. These may

be very good in their way, but are not A Settler's Cabin in Early Days. Nowadays a newspaper woman Just at the foot of the little bluff is often a reporter. Once in a while ahead, with a background of trees, there will be a more noted individual was a log-cabin of hewn timber, who has graduated out of the city de- weather-stained and gray in the sumpartment into the editorial or purely literary, but the newspaper woman as if lost in this untrodden wild. Pointpar excellence is a reporter. In order ing to it, Younkins said, "That's your

to be a reporter a woman must know house so long as you want it." an item when she sees it, and be able to relate it evenly, correctly and contall, lush grass that covered every foot cisely. If she is sent to report a meet- of the new Kansas soil, their eyes fixed ing she must know instinctively what to write and what to leave out—this instinct is really her divine afflatos.

or agerly on the log-cabin before them. The latch-string hung out hospitably from the door of split "shakes" and Furthermore, she must be able to go the party entered without ado. Everyaround alone without having a man to thing was just as Younkins had last carry her bag and a man to belp her over the gutters. She must be brave about going out alone at night and she must learn, as every working woman of the visitors, and a flock of black-

she must have tact, and still again, a tremendous seuse of justice that will enable her to write fairly of friend as well as foe, and she must know that visitors walked over them. At one the newspaper is not a vehicle for per- end of the cabin a huge fireplace of sonal spites, animosities or spieen, any stone laid in clay yawned for the future more than it is for gush or the vaunt- comfort of the coming tenants. Nearing or aggrandizement of people be- by a rude set of shelves suggesting a yound their just merits. She must also pantry, and a table, home-made and ensued the lady dropped some remarks know how to unite common-sense Eu-equally rude, stood in the middle of about the Endicott family, which had glish, shorn of fineness and to do her the floor. In one corner was built a done so much for New England in the work quickly. In a newspaper office bedstead, two sides of the house fur- days of its earliest settlement. no one has time to wait for inspiration. nishing two sides of the work, and The cry of copy is spur enough for the other two being made by driving most writers, and it is the constant a stake into the floor and connecting that by string-pieces to the sides of the Apropos of this the writer is tempted | cabin. Throngs of buffalo-hide formed to tell a story at the expense of a love-ly and gifted lady who began a few few stools and short benches were recall the name of Ingalis, though I am years ago a career as a society re- scattered about. Near the fire-place porter. Every week her copy went to the editor beautifully written and faultless, considered as copy from the could climb to the low loft overhead. printer's point of view. But any little Two windows, each of twelve small suggestion she wanted to make she run | panes of glass, let in the light, one from in along with the article in the following fashion: "Mr. and Mrs. Browne-back opposite the door, which was in Smyth gave on Monday an elegant the middle of the front. Outside, a stonished if you could recall their in along with the article in the follow- the end of the cabin and one from the blue dinner of fourteen covers. [For frail shanty of shakes leaned against I cannot settle myself to any- goodness' sake spell her more Smy the cabin, affording a sort of outdoor last week it went in Smi, and kitchen for summer use .- Noah Brooks, she was as mad as hops about it.] Mrs. in St. Nicholas.

Rather an Unpleasant Place.

A gentleman who has been visiting Butte City, Mont., gives the St. Louis Globe-Democrat a rather disparaging account of the place. He says: day I left, what with a winter fog and the smoke, which pours from the chimnevs of hundred of rock-crushers and roasting furnaces, was so dense that at noon you could not see ten feet in front of you. The electric lights were turned on, but standing directly under one of the towers used in lighting the city, the cluster of twenty thirty - two - candle power globes looked like a small star. The death rate is very heavy; for the week I was there there were fourteen funerals a day. Pneumonia is very prevalent, quick and fatal in Butte. The miners who have been there any length of time look pale and have the appearance of being leaded. The real cause of so much of the sickness is the presup old man, with a weather-beaten ence of gases in the air set free by the face peering over a scraggy fringe of process of burning the ores.

He Turned the Farmer's Wrath. A young newspaper man who last spring found himself in Whiteman unty, Washington, 500 miles from his base of supplies and "broke," hired out to a farmer. He was set to plowing with a pair of horses, but man and beasts being new to the business, the furrows looked as if they were the result of an earthquake rather than of design, so crooked and zigzag were they. At the close of the day the farmer rather testily criticised the job. THE SULTAN'S HAREM. "Wall, I guess the Lord has about

Pression Beauties and Where They Are Found—The Fair Queen Who Cuptured Abdul Aziz. A great deal has been written about the beauty of Circassian women, and a good deal that is exaggerated. women, according to the Turkish idea, are as fair as the houris of Mohammed's paradise. What are called Cirassian beauties are found not far from Batoum, in the towns and neighborboods of Akhaltzig, Ozergetti and Loogdidi. They are also to be found in the north of the Caucasus, about Anapa, and the small villages extendabout the age of 13 or 14, and age rapidly afterward that at 20 they look

Here it was that Sultaneh was found crimes whose perpetrators are destined a baleful influence over Abdul Aziz, and led him to that neglect of his in-possession a solitary scrap of evidence throne and his life. Sultaneh was the possession the murderer. The victim daughter of a peasant in humble circulated the murderer. was a vigorous and healthy country cumstances living near Ozergetti. girl. She had fought hard, though Even when only 10 years of age she vainly, to preserve her honor and her was noted for beauty and her lovely, From between her elenched teeth lustrous eyes. She was picked up at the physician entrusted with the per- 11 by a slave dealer from the Turi ish formance of the rost-mortem examination had discugaged a fragment of high price of 100 plastres. He took human flesh, torn off in her struggles, her to Constantinople and put her on

ike women of 40.

The dealer does not go into open market, and he does not call in the Time went on and the baffled detect- public. Like a dealer in high-class Trevor never before knew what a ives failed to find even the elightest paintings or statuary, he has his line But of customers, and extends to them a sooner established his identity than the old lady said, quite warmly: in the University of Berne was in the view the buman chattel, and the high-net of laying aside his street coat to est bidder carries off the prize. These this nonsense, but you and Alys can shirt sleeve became disarranged, restantinople, and the government winks fix it between you." shirt sleeve became disarranged, restantinople, and the government winks at them, while to western ears profess-

Diraz Pacha; at that time governor rembling hands in his, while he asked rades crowded around him, over- of Karpoot, in Asia Minor, was on a her to be his wife, and she gave him a waelming him with questions concern- visit to Constantinople, on a summons ing the origin of this singular injury. from the sultan, to explain some dis-"I have loved you ever since the He stammered, became confused, gave erepancies in the revenue returns from province, the discrepancies being that Diraz was waxing rich and the returns in the way of revenue to the Imperial Treasury were getting poor. Such a condition of affairs was all-sufficient for the sultan to take action on, without any abtruse examination of accounts and details. The Turkish applied to the wound on the young ruler had no objection to Diraz Pacha man's arm. It fitted exactly, and further investigations with the micro-scope proved the identity of the sui-in disgrace and apprehensive of somecide's skin with that upon the frag- thing worse, when he had the good ment. Thus strangely, and through fortune to be invited to see a young the workings of the assassin's guilty Circassian slave. Her rare beauty sultan's palace as a gift from the deinquent governor of Karpoot. Diraz

Pacha went back to his post with a clean bill of health. From the first the fair Circassian fascinated Abdul Aziz, and from an artless child of the mountains she became as active an intriguer as any inmate of the harem. Powerful officers feared her influence, and former favorites learned to hate her. She used her power not always discreetly, and it was obvious that it weakened the sultan in the opinion of his sabjects; for as contemptuous of feminine interference in state affairs. The overthrow of Abdul Aziz and his untimely death are matters of history, and it is well known in Stamboul that a woman was chiefly responsible. Sultaneh disappeared about the time that the unhappy sultan perished. Her fate is a mater of conjecture.

His Ancestors Were Shoemakers. During the Cleveland Administration Secretary of War Endicott was one of the best cutertainers in the National Capital. At one of his famous dinner parties Senator Ingalls found himself placed by the side of Mrs. Endicott. In the conversation which

"O, yes," remarked the Senator. "I England in 1628."

"Indeed," said Mrs. Endicott, evidalmost certain that I have in my memory all the names of those on the Mayflower that needed to be kept recorded." And then the blue-blooded woman looked puzzlingly and questioningly at the Western Senator.

names, for," and his voice was strong enough to be heard far down the table "my people who came over in the Mayflower were shoemakers, and I understand that they made good shoes." Mrs. Endicott smiled, and ever since the blue-blooded Massachusetts woman

have been the kindliest of friends. -N. Y. Star. His Wife Is Suspicious.

"How do I look?"

swer," replied the surprised citizen. "That's good. Shabby refers to my dress. How's my facial appearance?"

man who had money ?" "Would you class me as hard up and

friendless? "I certainly would." Thank you. To sum up, you would slowly from under the bed and caset me down as a victim of unfortunate circumstances who couldn't get out of this town too fast?"

"That's about it." to get home. She's a suspicious woman Please write at the bottom: "Attest: It's a durned sight worse

name. The citizen complied and the letter was at once taken to the postoffice.—

For last, was gone over to an She's with fifty of him, I say."

She's with fifty of him, I say."

Evidently we should not so

OUT WITH THE TIDE.

This remark was made by Mrs. Yates the other morning, as we sat in the tent, each of us with a handful of pea-pods in her apron and each shelling peas with different degrees of alacthe work, for we were still very red and moist and palpitating from row-ing in our dory on Salt Pond. We had set up a dory the day before and, naturally, we wanted to use it, even though the wind was southwest and the sun scorebing. It was hard, howner until we had prepared it. Fortunately Maria Jane dropped in at this moment, vigorous and alert as ever.

know's I'm cailed upon to make be- everything. way if he cuts yer heart out all the time and sees it a-bleedin', and he'll be just as soft, and you'd be sure to think twas you that was the wretch, and likely's not you'd beg his pardon, calkilated on doin' all the time. When | to the place. you plead with him, and cry and groan and agonize, as it were, he'll smile and Sho, now don't get excited.' I way as that man's always been. But he your finger on a thing he's done. For all that, I believe he killed his first wife. And I sh'd think she'd ben glad of it. Yes, be jest killed her a-bein' so pleasant and so cussed. She never had her own way in a thing. They say she was as delikit as she could be, and she was a perfect picter to look at. remember when she was married. and 'peared as a bride. I was a little tot, and set with my mother two seats behind where they sot. I reck lect exactly how I felt and what I thought when they walked in slow along the broad aisle, she holding on to his arm. I didn't look at him at all, but I stared at her all the service. I was blacker even than I am now, and she was like a white rose, I thought. She hadn't had good health, and she'd had a spell a few months before of bleedin' at the lungs, but they said she' got over that and was well. She had on that fust Sunday a purple velvet bunnit with a long white teather. I c'n see jest how the plume lay along over the velvet. I sot and stared and stared. to wear a purple bunnit with a white kind. "Co

Maria Jane took a large handful of pea-pods from the tin pan and was sient for a time reviewing those days. The hot wind fluttered the tent; there ing by so near as to seem to be almost on the sands below the bluff. How Then, also, there is constant danger one. ever happened to be here when, as present wife.

the natives say, "the ma'sh was a Nevertheless, we were glad to be in thus far had a constant interest for us. different phases of character. Also and daubed. now, and for almost two months more. there would be the kaleidoscope of fashionable life to watch at a distance.

morning. When Randy Rankin had left us the day she had called, she had given us a special invitation to spend a day with her in the following week. She named Wednesday, for on that day the baker came along the ridge here by the shore and then went over to the Two-Mile. She was confident know all about the Endicotts. My own ancestors came over with them from had said we would go across Salt Pond in our boat, then hire a borse and carriage at one of the hotels on "the road." This arrangement had greatly shocked her, as being extravagant in the extreme. She said they were monstrous dear at them liv'ries. We promised after her remonstrances that if the wind should be in the east we could venture to walk from the road. Thus the matter was left. For some reason, we hardly knew why, Mrs. Rankin had interested us greatly we were

very desirous of making that visit. Mrs. Yates remained scient so long that we asked her about Mr. Rankin. Was he ill? Instead of replying she went on from where she had left off. "Wall, old Rankin-though he wan't old then-didn't have his wife but a year. She had one child, John, that and the bright Senator from Kansas lives under the cliff yender, and died in two mouths after. Lucky for her and good nough for him, I say. He was edgin up to Randy Sherman in les'n six months, pleasant as a barsket "Why, you present a pretty shabby

schoolhouse where Mr. Rankin lives itself. A black-letter manuscript of now when he began to shine up to her. 1570 contains the following in reference New York, your cuffs washed in Chi-I s'pose she thought he was sweeter Pinched and hangry."

Pinched and hangry."

That's excellent. Do I look like a him, and I don't reckon she's seen wherebi a game was played with three many happy days sence. Women is fools! Fools, I say!" Maria Jane made such a violent gesture that the peas fell out of her lap and rolled over the floor. Max rose slowly from under the bed and cas-

and she won't take my word for it. furl his sails now for I do holieve as

than he says it is.' And sign your she heard of it, which was night before last, was gone over to nuss him. Evidently we should not spend the

different routes of the public vehicles "barges" they call them here. We suddenly decided to take a "barge," which went within a quarter of a mile

of that schoolhouse where the Rankins Alighting, we walked through small patch of sweet fern that sent up to us its odor of wild and rock pastrity. Maria Jane was doing most of gray and misty in its east turn, was

sat down in a bed of sweet fern— a basting close to the edge.
"sweet fern" they call it here, and the And now, while the folding and bastever, to come back to the tent and boys sometimes dry its leaves and ing go on, tell me what were used long know that we couldn't have any din-Presently we heard a sound at the animals of which garments were made.

door, and, looking, saw the gaunt Nature's needles they were. Surely form of Randy Rankin standing there, some one can guess. "Thorns?" Yes, form of Randy Rankin standing there. some one can guess. She said that Marsh was pretty tired; Her face was turned away from us it was thorns, with fibres of plants for she left him trying to rest, and took hold energetically in the matter of shelling peas.

"Didn't you know," she went on in answer to our questions, "that Mr. Rankin ain't well? He ain't. I don't know's I'm called away from us it was thorns, with fibres of plants for the wast timed away from us it was thorns, with fibres of plants for the thread; and a very good purpose had her hands clasped tightly before had see some one biting off thread? Have you not seen the edge of a tooth sight—a fog was setting fast over the thread? Thread of all kinds should be broken as any fifth a feat was thorns, with fibres of plants for the thread; and a very good purpose had her hands clasped tightly before they served, I am sure.

But the thread; and a very good purpose had her hands clasped tightly before they served. I am sure.

But the thread; and a very good purpose had her hands clasped tightly before they served. I am sure.

But the thread; and a very good purpose had her hands clasped tightly before they served. I am sure.

But the thread; and a very good purpose had her hands clasped tightly before they served. I am sure.

But the thread; and a very good purpose had her hands clasped tightly before they served. I am sure.

But they are the thread; and a very good purpose had her hands clasped tightly before they served. I am sure.

But the thread; and a very good purpose had her hands clasped tightly before they served. I am sure.

But the thread; and a very good purpose had her hands clasped tightly before they served. I am sure.

But the thread; and a very good purpose had her hands clasped tightly before they served. I am sure.

But the thread; and a very good purpose had her hands clasped tightly before they served. I am sure.

But the thread; and a very good purpose had her hands clasped tightly before they served. I am sure.

lieve I'm sorry, for I ain't, one grain. Turning to go back in the house, she the scissors. He's one of them kind that's always saw us and started. Then she recogpleasant and smilin'-never says a nized us. We rose and she stepped cross word. But he will have his own out in the tall grass about the old, flat

him, and I did wish somebody was were first made in Germany four cen-

"How is he?" we whispered "He's goin' fast. I don't expect

he'll last more'n to the turnin' of the guess there wouldn't none of us git tide, and that's at eighteen minutes excited if we were as sure of our own | past 7 to-night. I've just ben a-lookin' into his almanae to find out; it's comain't got no bad habits. You can't put in' in quick, ain't it? Just listen."

We did not reed to listen. The roar of water dashing over rocks, sucking | up through chasms, and pounding on ledges was plain enough to hear. It was now nearly 6 o'clock.

he was much obleeged to me for com-in' and 'twas more'n he expected. I'd now head to head, are filed apart, and know's I've done right a-separatin' each lies by itself. But it is far from from him.

Then she cried out piercingly, "But smoothed where the filing was done; God knows I couldn't help it! He heated to redness and plunged into oil knows I sh'd have to do the same to temper the steel; sand and emery, thing over again! I should! I should!" putty powder and oil, must polish it She struck her hands to together. Her bering her life with the man who was

man's clasped bony fingers.

The needle was tempered — made
She felt the touch and looked down hard—that it might not be easily bent. on Carlos, her gaze softening in a strange, sudden way that dimmed my eyes. It was almost as though she and cooling slowly in water; someknew I never could be so interestin' as had never felt a touch so gentle and so times the cooling is done by a blast of

"Come in," she said a moment after, in a faint voice.

was the sound of talk and high laugh-ter from a small sailboat that was glid-had ever seen. The desks had been knight who had broken his sword went removed, but the floor remained as it to an armorer to have the pieces weld-He sighed.

Perhaps it would have been proper for Trevor Winton to go back to the gallery and return the picture; but he gallery and return the picture; but he less than the form the newspapers and to work the newspapers and the work the newspapers and the work the newspapers and to work the newspapers and to work the newspapers and the newspapers and the the newspapers and the work the newspapers and the newspapers and the newspapers and the newspapers and the newspapers are newspapers.

It is only when the wind the beat of the newspapers and the the the newspapers and the newspapers are newspapers. The newspapers are newspapers and the newspapers are newspapers and the newspapers are newspapers.

It is only when the wind the work the work the newspapers are newspapers and the newspapers are newspapers. The newspapers are newspapers are newspapers and the newspapers are newspapers and the newspapers are newspapers.

It is only when the wind the newspapers are newspapers and the newspapers are news hot it was! It is only when the wind try schoolhouse floor was made slant- the heat of the fire had softened the ments. And in summer, if you will six inches high. This platform was tempered the blade. Mounting his notice, the wind is usually either in still there and on this, as the only horse, he rode up the mountain-side, the south or west, or between those level place, Mr. Rankin had his bed, cooling his sword by waving it backtwo points, and then it is at the hottest. which was a substantial four-posted ward and forward in the keen wintry

word infernal is not sufficiently strong, which he had taken when the separa- And now are you all doing your as you would say yourself if you had tion occurred between him and his best? You are not too young to have ever happened to be here when, as present wife.

bly, which is a thing which happens asking to be done again." - Lydia quickly here by the salt water. a tent on the South Shore. The life top of it was a small kerosene-lamp ple, was free and charming. The people stove, whose flame was heating something in a tin dish covered with a blue saucer. There were three chairs of We felt that it would be a long time saucer. There were three chairs of yet before we should be tired of their black watnut and haireloth, very dusty

The figure on the bed was perfectly still and breathing deeply. Mrs. Rankin sat down beside him This movement of gayety was just far and began mechanically to move a fan enough away to amuse without fa- over the ghastly face on the pillow. tiguing. If some unutterably fasci- We sat down silently, each on a hairnating belle came to us for a glass of cloth chair. All the windows were water we could examine her more nearly, while she examined us.

The broad flame in the lamp and the door the salt air came in damply and strongly. The broad flame in the lamp a porker into the slot. In fifteen min-Just now we had also a visit to which to look forward, or we did have until we heard Maria Jane's words this morning. When Randy Rankin had strongly. The broad flame in the lamp wavered and smoked. The sound of the swift, incoming tide pervaded the place. I had not sat there five min-lard thrown in, and all the hoof, hide utes before I was absorbed in listening to that tide, and almost counting the distinct sounds that the large waves made as they broke on the

In uncontrollable, but silent, excitement I rose, standing still. A

quarter of an hour must have passed. in December. Sometimes a mild win-Then I saw the sick man open his eyes ter robbed the farmer of his ment. Oc- of sending your name and address to Sm Cash Store, 416 and 418 Front St., S. F. and look at his wife.

The Lord has given Randy Rankin her freedom.-New York Tribune.

Origin of the Game of Billiards.

The game of billiards was invented about the middle of the sixteenth century by a London pawnbroker named He was standing in a doorway on of chips, jest as he always is. I tell William Kew. In bad, stormy weather. in his expiring effort, and there, pre-Jefferson avenue and presently he you, you c'n hev some hopes of a man when trade was slack, this pawnbroker halted a pedestrian with a wave of his or woman as sometimes rares up and was in the habit of taking down the hand, and beckoned him to approach is mad, and gits in the wrong, and is three balls of his sign, and with a yard sorry. But when you find one that's measure, pushing them about the always in the right and never gives in, counter, "billiard" fashion, into boxes look out, I tell ye! Randy Sherman fixed at the sides. In time the idea of appearance, if you want an honest an- was teachin' school in that very same a fenced table with pockets suggested balls; and all the younge men were greatly recreated thereat, chiefly the young clergymen from St. Pawles; hence one of ye strokes was named a times. - Augusta (Ga.) Chronicle. ually ate all the peas he could find.
"Most everybody blames Randy, of course. They say there never was a pleasanter man to git along with than to git along with than the stick used is now called a 'kue,' or Thanks. Here is a letter I have in the stick used is now called a kde, or kew, in memory of Mr. Kew, who has has a kind of sense of what he really to get home. She's a suspicious woman I said, that the Lord's goin' to take formation of "kew" into "cue" is shoe should be allowed to dry and then him. He's sick, and Randy, soon's equally apparent .- St. Louis Republic. be rubbed with the best harness oil. Hydrophobia From an Old Bite.

The holidays are over, and again we the lighthouse at are learning to sew. To-day we have suddenly March 3. If the first fold of the hem is not perfectly straight, no care in the turning of the second fold will be of any avail.

gray and misty in its east turn, was before us. There was the building we sometic, alone, its old red paint nearly worn oil, its whole aspect desolate.

Now that we were here we suddenly felt that we might be intruding. We hem is measured, and held in place by

broken, or cut with a slanting clip of

But the needles. Who made the discovery that bone and ivory skillfully shaped made better needles than thorns I do not know; neither can I tell you "I'm mighty glad you've come," she whose wise head invented a way to said hoarsely. "I didn't dare leave make them of steel. Needles of steel likely's not you'd beg his pardon, seein's he was so gentle. In the end you'll find out he's done jest what he id. She had not slept since she came years they have been manufactured in England, and English needles are now the best in the world.

Your hems are ready to sew? Hide the knot under the edge of the hem, and make the stitches equal distances apart, giving the needle a slanting position as it passes through the cloth. Use it carefully, my dears, while I tell you with what skill and labor it is fashioned for your hands.

Large coils of wire are cut until each

piece is the length of two needles. These pieces are made straight, and "He ain't known me sence the first sharpened at the ends; then two eyes half-day I was here. Then he told me are stamped near the middle, with a She looked off again to the ocean. being ready to begin the work for Is the curb-leaf making your trees weak leafless; smoothed where the filing was done; hollow eyes flamed. She was remem- it. And even then it is not ready for The eye is to be made smo

that the thread may not be cut, and final polishing is required to make it My friend put her hand on the wo- dainty enough for the work it must do. cold sir In a lecture, which perhaps some of

a faint voice.

And we went in. We knew that Wendell Phillips told the story of the we should not leave her again that discovery of tempering steel by cold night. discovery of tempering steel by cold air, which just here will interest you; had been in the old time, when a coun- ed together. When this had been done air, unconsciously giving it, as he afthat the ma'sh will send forth its mysterious, hellish odor. I am choosing this latter adjective advisedly. The good deal of his first wife's furniture, at the armorer's hand.

The cook stove was rusted irrepara- line, "Work that's half done is always On Taber Robinson, in Harper's Young Peo-

find now. Meat is bought too cheaply from the West. The prairie farms, where corr is burned as fuel, raise hogs too easily to allow Southern farmers the luxury of killing and curing their own meat. You go to the and tallow present and accounted for.
The poetry and plenty of the old plantations have given way to the steam packing mills with their millions of

The only meat futures were when the shote was marked in July for killing nd look at his wife. casionally his pig-sty and smoke house "Randy," he said, in what seemed a were raided between the suns; but ely on his pillow and closed his eyes | the world, and statistics show that the slave was a larger consumer of ani-Europe, and larger than any other la-

boring population in the United States. You rarely see that rare spectacle of a roasted pig shipped upon the table entire, like the peafowl in all his glory on the tables in Florida. on the tables in Florence. There was the mellow apple in his mouth, caught served with culinary skill is the ecstatic twist of his tail. Now the railroads and steamships have brought about a division of labor. Your hogs are steamed in Chicago, your cows pastured in Michigan, your turkeys dressed in Vermont, your syrup boiled in Cuba, your ice-cream frozen in na, and your cotton by and by will be grown in India and Africa. Then there will be nothing left in this solid and sunny South but to cultivate melons in summer and millionaires in winter and write about the good old

How to Keep Shoes Soft. When shoes are only blacked the

leather soon becomes hard and dry, the best-fitting pair will be uncomfortable. modernized into "billiard"; the trans- be wiped off with a damp cloth, the Every part, including the sole and the Joe Brown, colored, was bitten by a given a chance to soak in. The toughdog in Bobinson county. North Carolina, in 1872. On the same day the same dog bit a white man and a horse, treatment, feel like kid. The shoe will For the moment he lorger even in the moment on the plant has a sealed, but mustered courage to reply: "I know the rows are rather crooked, but the sun was extremely he finest lot of Dresden china in the moment on the sun was extremely be in the day I reached her. I found that leetle condition in the sun was extremely be in the day I reached her. I found that leetle crooked, but the sun was extremely be in the sun was extremely be in the day I reached her. I found that leetle crooked, but the sun was extremely be in the sun was attacked wan uyer. The finest lot of Dresden china in the answer turned away the farmer's world, has just been greatly increased by the addition to it of the 14,000 pieces of Dr. Gustav Spitzner. The museum now contains about 34,000 pieces from the Meissen factory.

In the new example to the sun was attacked wan uyer. The answer turned away the farmer's world, has just been greatly increased by the addition to it of the 14,000 pieces of Dr. Gustav Spitzner. The most came up, so that it was really cold sitting out in front. We started out for a walk along the world has just been greatly increased by the addition to it of the 14,000 pieces of Dr. Gustav Spitzner. The most came up, so that it was really cold sitting out in front. We started out for a walk along above the sea and close to it. Carriages were which have been much be a sun time of the year and pleasanter is the finest turn" came up, so that the sun was extremely and the finest turn came up, so that the sun was extremely and the finest turn came

John Karpela, one of the keepers at he lighthouse at Point Reyes, died

One day recently while a Bloomfield farmer was riding home on a load of baled hay it took fire from his pipe; of the second fold will be of any avail.
In this, as in other things, it is of the greatest importance that the first step should be right.

Your first folds are evenly done?
The second fold of the hem, if nar-

> James Morgan was killed for a with some friends in American canyon March 3. The Vacaville incorporators i

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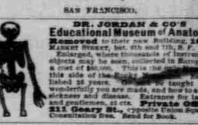
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All the Romance of Hog-Killing Time Has

Passed Away.

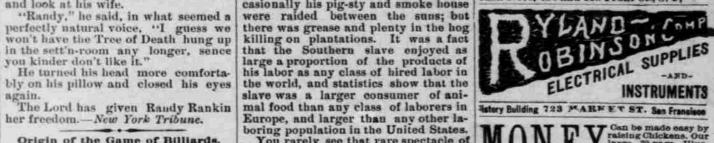
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Kimbail organs of Chicago. W. G. Balder, 725
Market st., History building, ground floor. An old time hog-killing is hard to do to the hog-killing is hard to down. Meat is bought too cheanly stood with the hog-killing is hard to stood with the hog-killing is hard to down the hog-

waves made as they broke on the rough beach below us.

My friend rose and took the fan from Randy's hand, standing beside her and wielding the fan slowly. Randy's hard, standing beside her and wielding the fan slowly. Randy's hard, standing beside her and wielding the fan slowly. Randy's hard, standing beside her and wielding the fan slowly. Randy's hard, standing beside her and wielding the fan slowly. Randy's hard, standing beside her and wielding the fan slowly. Randy's hard, standing beside her and wielding the fan slowly. Randy sat rigid. She was watching the man's face.

At last there was a change in the sound of the rollers—an indefinite softening. We knew that the tide had begun to go out.

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