W'EN MELINDY TOL' ME YES.

Jast two wasas from my oig fail out with my first sweetheast, Linitedy, Did Melindy, my Militedy (sell me "Yest" An' the atmosphere way windy way from Pokumetile forlady.

Whaty with the breezy muste of eterna

ble-sedness.

An' she said it fair an' squarety, an' not "Cat-

An ene said it fair an equirety, ar not "Can again" or "May be." An'a New Jerusalem glory lit the fiel' an wilderness.

An'the sun barsel out like laughter on the round fore of a baby,
Wen Mollady, my Melindy, toi' me "Yeat"

Like a twenty million orchestra away beyon all countin.

The bob'links builded over in a music water

fail, An' I felt jest like a-mountin' on the meetin

house an' shoutin That Paradise was open, with admission free

to all.

Each gross binds in the medder war a string to Natur's fiddle.

That was played on by the sepayrs with a vel-

voty caresa.

An' of Natur's junts were limbered, an' she santayet down the middle.

W'en Melindy, my Melindy, tol' me "Yest"

An' the sagete played so built that the mosic reached the gateway

An' came spillin' through the op'nin, and a-singin' down to earth—

Came a-singin' such a great way that the uni-verse way straightfuny

Shoutin' in the glui redem'tion of a boly accom' birth.

An' i-1 set a-straddie on the ridge pole of cre-

An'only fit to failer in my hootin' happi

ness.
Wen Meilindy, my Meilindy, fillied my heart
"Ith Jubilation,
Wen Meilindy, my Meilindy, tol' me Test"

- Yankee Blade.

## UNDER A CLOUD.

I am Agnes Grevi or at least that was my name when one bright summer day, the sky as blue as though there never could be another cloud in it, I came home across the fields from Nellie Hobart's wedding. Very sweet she looked in her bridal dress, and very fond the gentleman to whom she had given her hand seemed to be of her. The church was decked with flowers, and not one of those who sat there but wished the pretty young creature well, and as she stepped out from the shadow of the painted windows into the clear, golden, out of door light I thought of the old rhyme-

Happy is the bride Whom the sun side

And thought that she looked like one of those fair saints the old masters were so fond of painting, blue eyed and blond and with mouths like those of smiling

I thought of something else, also, as i suppose every girl who had been to that wedding did, could one but know the truth I wondered whether it would ever be my turn to stand where Nellie stood that day, and what manner of man my bridegroom would be; for I had never yet seen any one I could fancy giving myself to almost body and soul, as a wife must. I was making a picture of him for myself, like a goose, when my foot caught in the grass, where som boys had tied it, and down I fell, twist ing my ankle and norting my head, so

that for awhile I knew nothing.

At last I felt some one lift me off the ground, and opened my eyes to see that it was a great, swarthy, black eyed girl of seventeen or so—a girl with a carcless look about her dress which was not lady-like. But she had the voice and manner of a lady, and she asked me very kindly if I were much furt; and, seeing that was, picked me up in her strong arms and carried me through a garden gate and into a little parlor, where she laid me on a sofa and bathed my head with rose water and told me to keep up my-courage, for "Gideon has gone for a doc-

That name told me where I was. I was under a roof that i had never thought would shelter me, no matter what would come to pass. I would have rison and gone away if I could have stirred from the odd old sofa. For this was Gideon Lee's old homestead, and here dwelt the children of the man who. sixteen years before, had been hung for the murder of my Uncle Mathew

I was but a baby when it all happened, but I could remember how the whole village was astir in search of the miss-ing man, and how a body was found at last in the heart of Alcott's woods, and quarrel between Gideon Lee and Uncle-Mathew, and that Gideon Lee owed the latter money, and how they were last seen together quarreling in Gideon's garden, where a bloody handkerchief, marked "M. G.," was found soon after and brought Gideon to the gallows. Perhaps hearing the story afterward

from my grandfather made me fancy l it, but at all events remembered it, but at all events the name I had learned to hate was that of Gideon Lee. And now it was the child born on the day of her mother's deaththe very day on which the father met his awful fate—who lifted me from the ground, dusky Madge Lee, who had never found a playmate nor a friend in the ban upon her father's name, and Gideon, the son, who had been old enough to understand it all at the time, who came in with old Dr. Humphries soon after.

They were not poor people. The house was a substantial one, and there were more books and pictures and tokens of dearest friends grown cold. Even the refinement within than country homes dergyman asked me if "it would not generally boast of. But even the farm harm me to hold companionship with hands spoke contemptuously of the "son such neonle."

forbade my removan

"I must go nome-1 must go sway this bonsel" I said: angrily and

And Madge Lee tooking down on me And Madge Lee looking down on me as an Indian princess min. I. with her dark eyes agrow, and, in a litter voice "Never fear, Miss Grey, w. I not mur-der you!" and somehow a shed me. hanghty as I was

think even time risk of my life would not have kept him from taking me home and I grew to and delirious, and Madge Lee nursed me as a sister might, and Gideon was kinder than a brother. He

read to me: he brought me cooling drinks made of fruits after some Oriental recipss which he possessed, he found sweet flowers dripping with dew in the woods and he sang, as i never heard any one sing before, those Scottsch ballads that are levelier than any other music ever written, to my mind, and it ended in my loving them So when I was well enough to go away

I took Madge's hand in mine and said. "How shall I ever thank you for your tender care of me?

And she answered "Agnes Grey, the only gratitude i ask is belief in us. The people down there' (and she pointed with her brown hand toward the town) 'call us the children of a murderer. can us the children of a martyr instead. I are the children of a martyr instead. I never saw my father, but we both know that he's innocent. And Gideon remem-bers his kindness, his tenderness, his gentleness and his honor

"Your uncle Mathew—forgive me, but it is the truth—was a wild, bad fellow. He quarreled with my father, not father with him, and the debt was paid. Mother saw it done, and heard him boast that the money should take him beyond the reach of irksome laws and chattering tongues. And for the bloody handker-chief, he had cut his hand, and unbound and washed it, and tied it up afresh in mother's very sight that day. Don't dare to donot it, don't be so cruel as to doubt

it, Agnes Grey.

Then she brought me the picture that they kept as a sacred relic, and verses written by his band and tender love letters yellow with age, and as I looked at the face—so sweet, so good, so like that of the Gideon Lee I knew—I felt sure that these who stood before me, though they were the children of the man who was hung were not the offspring of a murderer And afterward Gidson also

"It is hard to bear," he said; "hard to know that we must bear it all our lives, but if you only see the truth—if only, without proof, you will understand that we know no murder was ever done by our dear father's mand—we, who have his pictured face upon the wall, the let-ters written to our mother, the words our mother wrote begging us to read them often when she was dead, and never doubt the man who on his knees in the condemned cell, calling on God to witness his last words, had sworn to the wife who would have loved him even had be in some tasty moment dealt a fatal blow, that he knew nothing of Mathew Grey's death and even doubted that he was dead at all—if you can believe with us and not with those who were his murderers, i. at least, shall have a lighter heart."

And I put my hand into his, and gave the other to Madge, and said honestly, "I do believe as you do, and I always

And so I went away; but I took their faces with me, their pleasant ways, their voices. As for Gideon's face, it haunted me. There was about him a charm that no one cise ever had. They were all quaint, all charming in their way, but he most of all

A pretty scandal there was through the town when I began to go down to the farmhouse to see my friends. I the knew it, and fought it bravely.

"Gideon Lee never killed any one." I vowed aloud to those who chided me, "I will not ban his children for the fault

of others."
But there in the town were those who had been at the trial, and eleven of the jusymen and witnesses and under a stone in the graveyard were the bones that had been sworn to as Uncle Mathew's, and in a bleak, lonely spot near the prison the coffin of the man who was hung; and how dared I, a baby almost at the time, to judge for myself.

I knew they were right enough, but I sever faltered. I was as sure as Madge was that her father never killed Uncle Mathew

They would not come to my home. Indeed, grandfather would have had the door closed in their faces, but nothing could keep me from them. And it was dangerous work for me, too, as I began to know before long, to sit so much ! Gideon Lee's side, to hear his dear voi so diten, to feel my heart thrillingswith a loving pity for hun for which I had no words. He was my wounded and despised knight, this dear Gideon Lee, be-fore I had known him three months, and I would have given my life for him. But he said no words of love to me nor I to him. Just friends we were, and nothing more, outwardly. That was enough for the town—enough for grandfather I was called unnatural. I found my That was enough found my

generally boast of. But even the farm such people.

such people.

such people.

such people.

And I said: "They are the best people ante who were hired by Madgu Lee father done the desid for which he died, they would be no worse for it. As it is made the such people.

The work of the place.

such people.

I have ever known. And even had their father done the desid for which he died, they would be no worse for it. As it is made the such people. were not natives of the place.

And here was 1, Mathew Grey's own they would be no werse for it. As it is misce, lying under the roof, and likely to be there for some time, for the doctor to these poor children of his—cruel and

nnchristian

So he left me angrily, and so many friend left me, and all my comfort was

rrient fet us, and at my to sit between Madge and Gideon in the quiet evenings and talk to them. In the summer time we used to light no candles, and the moonlight fell through the try leaves upon us, and the old dog lay at our feet and put his curly head upon Madge's lap. We would tell stories of fairies and goblins or sing re mantic songs written before any of as-were born. Now and then Gideon world steal his arm about my waist or hold my hand awhile, and wrong though any one might have thought there was no more harm in it than though we had been children.

Just so we were sitting one evening Just so we were sitting one evening, when grandfather walked into our midst and clutched me fiercely by the arm. No need to repeat the words he uttered. The insults stung me as sharply as they could Gideon Lee's children. But he forbade me ever to speak to them again and took me home with him.

The last glimpse I caught of the brother and sister showed them to be standing hand in hand, their fingers clutched tight, their teeth set, their faces white

tight, their teeth set, their faces white with wrath under the moonlight. It was my last glimps for many years, for the day after this we sailed for Canada. Grandfather was a Canadian, and it was partly to revisit his native land and partly to put the ocean between the Lees and me that he took the voyage. But he could not tear my heart from them. I loved them better than any people i ever met; most of all I loved Gideon.

But I never heard of him or from him. nor could I guess whether he fived or died, remembered or forgot me, for three

long years.
At the end of that time my grand father died, and I, his heiress, returned to my native land a rich woman and my own mistress, though this was the codicil to the will that left me all

"I, Henry Grey, having cause to fear that my beloved grandchild is easily misled by artful persons, and is not guileful enough to understand their guile, do, for her own welfare, add this proviso, That, should she ever give her hand in marriage to the son of the murderer of my son, Matthew Grey, all claim upon the moneysand estates above bequeathed her shall be forfeited, and said property go, without reserve, to the Hospital of St. Martha, to be used by the trustees of said institution as they see

But, desnite this codical I went down into the valley in which Golden Lee's homestead stood before I had been at home a day. It was sunset when I reached it, but the light did not as of yore gild the panes of the upper win-dows to sheets of burnished gold. Every shutter was closed and the house seemed to frown upon me. The garden had run wild: the fields lay desolate: the broken branches of the orchard trees told of boyish depredation. Strange cattle grazed in the meadow and Rover's kennel was empty. The sight brought tears to my eyes. I went up the old porch and found there, wet with rain and tangled in the relics of last year's vine, a worn. I put it in my bosom and came away. No one could tell me anything of Gideon Lee's children, except what the empty house had told me-that they

I had lost them, and what did I care that all the country place besides wel-comed me home? Gideon's smile would have been more to me than all their greetings, and Madge would have given

ne a kes that had true love in it.
I was not happy; I could not be gay I could not care for anything very much I lived a quiet life for two long years and, let those call me cold and proud who and, let mose can be cord and production would, I was not cold, but those who courted me were Gideon Lee's enemies, and had persecuted pretty Madge since her very birth, and had done their innocent father to death, and I hated them

for it, though I said nothing. But at last, one bright morning, walking up the road to look at the desclate dwelling where I had learned to love Gideon Lee's children, I saw a change in it. The windows were open; a man was at work in the garden. Three fig-ures in traveling costume had just entered the porch and a carriage stood at

I knew Gideon's tall figure at a glance, but who was this—superb, glowing, beau-tiful, with a look of triumph on her face—who came toward me? And who castic smile, that I fancied I had seen

As I advanced I knew that it was Madgo who ran to meet me—Madgo, grown to be a magnificent waman—Madge, who kissed me as of yore, but more gladly, and who left me in a moment alone with Gideon and drew the

tranger away with her.

And Gideou held my hand, and I could only say,"It has been very long, Gideon," and try and hide my tears.

"It has been long for me, Agnes!" said. And then there was a pause. He broke it by kneeling down beside me, with my hands in his as I set on the low step of the porch.

You are Miss Agnes Grey," he said, "and the world henors you. I am the son of the man who was hanged. Even now, loving you as I do—as I have all this weary while—that stands between us, a barrier you could not cross. Is it not so? Were i all else, and so worthy of you, I should still be Gideon Lee, and an outcast, branded with Cain's brand upon the forehead, and you could neither love nor wed me!"

Could I say "I love year" it was not in maidenhood to do that. It was im-possible. I trambled: I faltered: I only said these words. 'It is an unjust brand —unjust and cruel. My eyes never see

it, Gileon Leel"
He showered fond kisses on my hands.

but he spoke again.
"Do you dare to do it, Agnes—to love an outcast man; to bring upon your contempt and hate; to relinquish for the humble life of a simple farmer? Is your love strong enough for this? Will you never repent?"

Never," I said.
"When your gold is gone, your land another's, your friends turned to eneyour name, your very name, mies and Agnes-that of the man who was hanged?" he asked slowly. "Think! can you bear that ignominy? I know how terrible it is.

And I took my hards from his and laid them on his broad shoulders and said—but no matter what I said. I have forgotten the words that told him that I loved him too well to doubt my courage to bear anything for his dear

But suddenly, as he knelt there looking up into my eyes, I saw a look in his face that I could not understand—a look that made me cry out and begin to tremble; and I saw others draw near; and I saw Madge clasp her brother's hand, and the old man held out both of

"We have been parted five years," said Gideon. "In that time I have been searching for something that I believed must be hidden in the wide world. I have found it."

"Gideon, tell me," I cried.

"Could any earthly thing but one embolden me to speak as I have spoken to you?" said Gideon. "Do you think that I would ever have offered any woman a name that would have made her an outcast? That which I sought, that which I found, was a living proof of my dear father's innocence. Look! do you know this man? Have you no recollection of him?

And I turned my eyes upon the old man, who had taken my hand in his and knew that I looked upon my uncle

The whole town knows the story now He has told them how, yielding to his wandering impulses, he left, as he had done once before, the home and friends of his early manhood, and far from all news of Christian lands dwelt in the Arab's tent upon the desert and wandered with him over the burning sands loving the life too well to leave it, and never hearing of Gideon Lee's unjust condemnation, or of his terrible fate, until his son stood before him and bade him. if one drop of Christian pity lingered in his soul for the man on whom he had brought this awful doom, to return and prove by his living presence the fact of his innocence and of his unjust death.

They speak of Gideou Lee's children now as of those of a martyr; and the ban is lifted from the name that I have taken for my own.—Buffalo News.

The Accient Mines of Laurium United States Consul Manatt, at Athens, in a recent report on Greek mining and metallurgy, enters into the history of the subject in an interesting

The mines of Laurium, now worked for zinc, lead and iron, are, he says, the very mines from which Themistocles drew the silver supply to fit out his fleet and beat back the Persian invader at Salamis (490-480 B. C.), and so to lay the foundations of the Athenian begeinny. More than this, it is thought probable that the Phoenicians delved here before the Greeks came, as they are known to have done in the Island of Thasos.

At any rate, Thoricus was a free city efore Theseus welded the Attic boroughs into a single commonwealth (that to say, before the name of Athens appeared in history) and its importance must have been due to the mines; so that the mining industry at Laurium may possibly boast an origin as remote as thirty centuries back, while it is again in full blast today.

In walking through the French com-pany's great mine at Camaresa, in the heart of the Laurium region, one traverses here a gallery in active exploita-tion for zinc and lead and hard by another worked out by the old Greeks two or three thousand years ago. These ancient works are among the most inter-

Nearly All the Veterans Gone.

In 1857 Napoleon III caused a medal to be struck in honor of the veterans of the first republic and the first empire. It was called the St. Helena medal, and was only called the St. Helena medal, and was only conferred on those old soldiers who had served under French colors between 1782 and 1815 and for a period of at least two years. In the year 1879 this decoration was in the possession of no less than 43,592 vet-erans, and now, according to the German Militar-Wochephlatt, the total has dwin-dled to 18. In 1877 the number had sunk to \$1.540 in 1880 thes. west 4034 excitors. 10,540, in 1880 there were 4,034 survivors, and in 1890 only 48 wornout old men re-

and in 1800 only 88 wormout only men re mained to answer any mortal roll call.

Of the 13 veterans who are yet with us-men who have actually seen "le petit con poral" face to face—the youngest was bor in 1800 and the eldest on July 28, 1786. H is therefore 196 years old. He lives in a hois therefore 105 years old. He lives in a hos-pital for veterans at Lyons. He served with Napoleon in Egypt and marched with him over the Great St. Bernard. He took part in the peninsular war and the fatal retreat from Moscow. Five times wounded in Rus-sia, he carries one of the bullets in his body still. His battles and bruises ended at Wa-terfoo, where he served with the imperial snard. FOR SUPERSTITIOUS READERS.

An Astrologist Casts the Horoscope of Liz-

rie Horden.

The New York World has "cast" what the illiterate sometimes call the "horrorscope" of Lizzie Sorien—that is, it has employed a female astrologist to do so employed a tennal estrologist to do so-and the result is a horrible horsecope in-deed. The secress, so The World says, was given all the details of Lizzie's birthday and other facts required by the profession, but was kept in ignorance of the name and present condition of the person to be horo-secoed.

After studying her charts and finding the After studying her charts and finding the positions of sun, moon, planets, etc., on the date of Ligich's birth the secrees was horrified and refused to go on till assured that the visitor had no personal interest in the subject. "I see," said the secrees, "a great deal of trouble in this life—trouble in the home—trouble everywhere. This woman is a very poculiar person—not like other women. She is true, loyal to those she is fond of, absolutely relentless to those she is fond of, absolutely a file the buds on a tree which frost has seared. All the storus and troubles which have swirled about her since she was 15 years old seem to have

have been blasted like the bude on a tree which frost has seared. All the storms and troubles which have swirled about her since site was 15 years old seem to have united to destroy her in 1892.

"It has been a terrible year to her. In the summer—July, I should say—there was a crisis in her career, some sort of a catastrophe which seems to be the misery climax of her life. Nothing worse will ever befall her, but the influence of that will hast as long as she lives. It does not, however, affect her as it would an ordinary woman, though sheauffers much more than any one knows. You see, the outer woman has to be superior to the inner one. She is compelled to seem better than she is. This makes another struggle."

So far any one familiar with the case could go, but the secress went on to tell Lizzie's future. "This woman must die suddenly and by her own hand. I see her in prison suffering for some one else. She could go out if she would speak, but she does not, she cannot, although she is always conscious that a few words would free her. She suffers silently for another. In 1897 that other will die, and just before that every cloud clears from this horoscope. But it will be too late—she will have gone."

"You spoke of a sudden and violent death. Can you say more?"
"It was written from the first that she must die of steel and by her own hand. This is the only crime of her life, but I see her accused of many. Perhaps she consented to some of them, but her hand is only lifted against herself—to end a blasted life. She will never see another birthday." The searces a basilutely refused to make a written report of the horoscope and pletiged The World's representative, a woman reporter, to never roward what she said to the subject. In concluding she shuddered and declared that there was more suffering in this case than in any she had ever examined. So now we know what Lizzie's faite is to be, if the astrologist is to be relied on.

TAME, BUT DANGEROUS

The Story of a Mountain Lion That Knew

Its Master.
The author of "A Ride Through Wonder land" says that she was invited when in Colorado to visit a hunter's store and see a mountain floo, the only one, as its owner asserted which had ever been tamed. It asserted, which had ever been tamed. was in a little back room, chained to an

was in a little back room, chained to an iron staple in the floor, round which it was pacing, uttering low growls.

It appeared very much like a small panther, and Seemed anything but tame, smarling at us as if it longed to apring. It was in awe of its misster, however, and cowed down every time he cracked his whip. Ho made it do several tricks with a retriever dog, which did not seem to like the task very well. well.

dog, which did not seem to like the task very well.

"Come and kiss Miss Pursy," said the man, and the dog went up to it, haid a paw upon its neck and licked its face.

The master then put a piece of meat on its neck and teld the dog to fetch it away.

"He doesn't care for this part," was his comment. "Sie leas had him by the throat once or twice. Just look at her fron paws! One blow would lay you dead as mutton. What, you brute, you would, would you?"

Miss Pursy had tried to gnaw his boot and needed to be lashed off.

"Did you ever take her out?"

"Oh, yes, she goes walking with me in the mountains sometimes. I take her chain off when we're out of the town, but I'm precious caurful to follow her and never let her step behind me!"

The Panama Swindlers

The scandal in connection with the Pan-ama canal has been the subject of many newspaper articles. The persons charged with fraud are now lodged in the Mazus prison at Paris. On their complaining of cold and of the regulation hammock on their arrival they were moved from the



MAZAS PRISON.

MAZAS PRISON.

ground to the first floor, which is dries, and allowed to improve their bedding. The cells are heated to 60 degrees, and the accused are permitted light throughout the night—at their own expense after 0. Up to the present their reading has been confined to Jules Verm's novels, supplied from the prison library. They obtain their food from the prison canteen, but a certain quantity of wine from their own cellsus is allowed them. M. Cottu has specially prepared coffee brought him daily. Finally M. Charles de Lesseps has the use of an elaborate toilet bag.