FORGIVENESS.

By Francois Coppee—Translated by Mathewman for Romance.

In the house, a big hive of work people, situated in the Rue Delambre, where for six months Tony Robec had occupied a room, everyone thought he was a widower. He could not have been a widower very long, for his little boy Adrien, who lived with him and was always cared for, was not more than 6 years old. Yet neither of them wore mourning.

Early every day Tony Robec, who was employed as compositor in a printing house in the Quartier Latin, left home with the child still half asleep on his shoulder. He left the little one at school and called for him again at night when returning from work. Then they went shopping together, after which they shut themselves up in their garret and nothing more was seen of them until the next day.

The kind-hearted gossips were full of pity for the poor fellow. He couldn't be more than 40, and was still good-looking, although sad and pale, and with silver streaks in his black beard. Behind his back they said: "That man ought to marry again."

They wished to make his acquaintance. Generally this is not difficult in such a house, where the tenants live with open doors. But Tony had a very reserved air, and bowed so coldly and distantly—although politely—to his neighbors when he met them on the stairs, that they were afraid to approach him.

"No, ladies," said the doorkeeper, who was inclined to be sentimental, "that widower will never marry again, mark my words. The other Sunday I passed him in the cemetery at Montparnosse. His wife is doubtless buried there. It cut me to the heart to see the poor man with the motherless little chap at his side. He must have doted on his wife."

Certainly Tony had been very devoted to his wife and would not be consoled now that he had lost her—but he was not a widower.

His life had been simple, but not by any means happy. Although a conscientious workmen, he was not particularly good at his trade, and therefore until he was 30 he had not succeeded in making a tolerable good living, and could not think of marrying. When he did resolve to marry, he ought to have chosen a sensible, economical wife, who had known want as he had. But love does not occupy herself with such trifles. Tony lost his head over a pretty, light-minded, light-hearted flower girl, honest, doubtless, but frivolous, and thinking more of her toilet than of anything else under the sun. It must be admitted, however, that she could make a dress out of a few scraps of stuff.

He had saved a little money with which to start housekeeping. Among other things he bought a big cupboard with a glass door, in which his wife could admire herself the whole livelong day.

They were married and at first lived very happily. They had two modest rooms on the fifth floor of a building in the Boulevard de Port Royal, with a little balcony from which they had a bird's-eye view of Paris. Every night on leaving work Tony Robec disguised his workman's clothes under a smart overcoat and waited for his wife, who presently appeared from her little booth in the Saint-Honore, and arm in arm would proceed at once to their humble home.

At last a son was born and was put out to nurse. The parents went to see him once fortnight. But at the end of a year the child died in convulsions. The parents were, however, soon afterward consoled by the birth of little Adrien. Having had such a sad expeperience, Clementine resolved to bring up the child herself, and gave up her little shop in order to be able to attend to her baby. She took in work, but did not make more than half of what she had previously earded. Nevertheless, she continued to dress well. In vain did Tony work desperately; the household became embarrassed and steeped in debt. When the child was weaned he was sent out during the day to a children's asylum, and the mother, often unoccupied, became tired of her inactivity. Just think of her poor husband, old before his time, worn out by working for and worrying about his pretty, giddy wife of 23.

One evening when Tony entered the house with the child, whom he had picked up at the asylum as he passed, he found an envelope on the mantelpiece, from which, when he opened it, fell Clementine's wedding ring. In the letter she bade good-by to her husband and child and begged their forgiveness.

The unfaithful wife fled in the beginning of May. At the end of July Tony sold the greater part of his furniture in order to pay his debts and moved into the Rue Delambre.

Toward the end of September he received a letter from his wife—four desperate and incoherent pages, plentifully washed with tears—in which she announced that she had repented and implored pardon. This was very painful for Tony, but he was proud and the letter remained unanswered.

He heard no more from Clementine. Christmas eve he went, as was his custom, to the cemetery at Montparnasse, there to place on the grave of his dead child a few frozen violets and rose. For the first time Tony went alone with the child, and strange as it may seem, on entering the cemetery he suffered more poignantly than ever before the absence of that wife who had so cruelly deceived him. "Where is she now, and what is she doing?" thought he.

On arriving at the grave he started, for at the foot of it were strewn several little playthings, such as the poor give their children—trumpet, a jack-in-the-box and a whistle. They had evidently just been placed there, for they were quite new.

"Oh, what pretty playthings!" cried Adrien, excitedly. But his father, having detected a scrap of paper pinned to one of the toys, opened it and read:

"For Adrien, from his brother Felix, who is now with the child Christ."

Suddenly he found the boy pressing against him and murmuring "Mamma" and there, only a few paces away, under a clump of cypress trees, kuelt the mother. She was clad in a wretched dress and a thin shawl. Her eyes were sunken, and her cheeks hollow and pale. She was looking at her husband, and her clasped hands were stretched toward him in supplication. Tony pushed the child gently toward her and said:

"Adrien, go kiss your mother."

The poor creature strained the child convulsively to her breast and covered him with kisses. Then rising and turning toward her husband, but always with the air of a suppliant, she said:

"How good of you."

But he, already at her side, said huskily, almost harshly: "Don't talk; take my arm."

It is not far from the cemetery to the Rue Delambre, and they walked quickly and without uttering a word. The child, engrossed in his newly found treasure, trotted along at their side, thinking only of his toys.

When they reached the house the doorkeeper was standing on the steps.

"Madam," said Tony to her, "this is my wife. She has been six months in the country with her mother who was ill, and now she has come to live with me."

When they reached the room Tony made his wife sit down in the only arm chair, placed the boy in her lap, and opened a drawer from which he took an old cardboard box. Out of this he took the weeding ring, which he pressed on his wife's finger. Then, without a word of reproach or bitterness about the sorrowful past, silently, gravely, with the overflowing generosity of a simple, childlike heart, he gently pressed his lips to her forehead as the seal of his forgiveness.

HOW THE RICH EXIST.

The Rich New Yorker Thinks that $25,000 Per Year is Small.

What does it cost to live in New York, to support such an establishment as a married man in society in that city must have? When the writer asked this question recently of several prominent New Yorkers whose names warrant their living in any style they choose, he found that the estimates given not only differd widely, but that in the details they were lacking, everyone of them, in what the majority of people would consider the most important items. In no case was any account made of the cost of food and clothing. These things, that with most of us are first to be considerd in the expense account, make comparatively so small a figure in the cost of a New York establishment that none of the questioned considered them at all. It is an easy matter to induce almost any wealthy New Yorker to make a detailed estimate of the cost of supporting an establishment; and the estimate will usually be based upon his own expenses. But it is not so easy to obtain permission to use the wealthy New Yorker's name. The first man to whom the question was put, made it a condition that his name should not be mentioned. It is seldom that he makes such a stipulation, too, for he is interviewed perhaps far oftener and with better results than any other man in the world. "A gentleman of fair family," said this prominennt Mew Yorker, "to be in the social swim, if he owns his own house, can live handsomely on $50,000 a year, and can spend double that amount without any appreciable difference. In the latter case he has more servants and gives more receptions. For $50,000 he can live just as comfortably in that city as he could quietly in some interior village for $5000 year. In the village he would doubtless enjoy better health. The servants are important. There must be a butler with one or two assistants; a chef, with assistants; a lady's maid for each female member of the family; two laundresses, at least two chambermaids, a governess for the children, a coachman, a footman, a tutor for languages and music, and two stablemen. The wine and cigar bill of course varies according to circumstances. Wine is not used so much now as it was a short time ago, and fewer gentlemen smoke; still, there must be always the best wine and cigars in the house. The church pew costs from $200 to $500 and the opera box costs $5000 for the season. There seems to be little discrepancy here between the cost of religion and music, but I am merely giving you facts without comment. The newspaper bill is unusually large—in the newspaper bill I include, of course, magazines and all periodical literature. Most men of affairs take all the principal newspapers of the city, even if they have time only to glance at the headings. They must know what is going on. For my own part I read as many newspapers as an exchange editor, and consider it a part of my daily business. For receptions a prima donna costs from $500 to $1000 a night. I say nothing about the stables, because a man may keep two horses or twenty, or none without affecting his social standing; $50,000 a year is a fair estimate for a proper establishment. The expense need not go much higher, and cannot go much lower."

The next wealthy New Yorker to whom the question was put, protested that his own experience could not be used as an example, for he lived in a very moderate and quiet way—very moderate indeed, his expenses rarely exceeding $25,000 a year. "But I have plenty of friends who live in better style," he said. "Anywhere between $50,000 and $100,000 a year I consider a moderate expense for a wealthy family. For a moderate sized house the rent may be estimated at $2,500 and that is very low in New York. There must be a man or woman servant for each of the children, at $30 to $40 a month; a butler at from $100 to $200 a month; a chief cook at about $140 a month. You see I am making the whole thing moderate. You can pay your chef $8000 a year, like one of the Vanderbilts, if you choose. An under cook at $75 a month; two kitchen girls at about $20 a month each; a governess, $40; two chambermaids, $20 each: coachman, about $80; groom, $40 to $50; stable boy $20; two more valets at $30 each; a lady's maid for each woman or girl, at $30 each; two women for the laundry, at $25 each; two gardners, if there are any grounds, one at $60 and the other at $30 a month; two door boys at $20 a month and a boy for blacking shoes.

Then there will be from six to twelve horses, with their feed, and anywhere from two to twelve carriages to keep in order. On this scale, which is a moderate one for a wealthy family in New York, you cannot estimate less than $75,000 a year, and $100,000 is a much safer figure."

HUNTING THE RACCOON.

Exciting Sport in the Fall on the Western Reserve.

An Exceedingly Tricky Animal That Can Be Captured Only by the Assistance of Trained Dogs.

The corn is fully ripe in the shock in many fields on the western reserve, and the season for raccoon hunting, or "cooning," as it is more often called, has arrived, with its attendant scenes of sport and excitement. He who has never experienced the pleasures incident to a night in the woods with a trained "coon" dog during the month of October can only learn what he has missed by enjoying such an outing at the earliest opportunity, says the Cleveland Leader.

To hunt the raccoon at night with success, a trained dog is indispensable; for the scent, disposition and "coon" education of the dog are directly responsible for the number of pelts which are brought in at a sometimes early hour in the morning. In the selection of a dog for the sport it is not best to choose a hound, as the ability and persistence of these dogs in "giving tongue" warn the raccoon of his danger and give that crafty little animal ample time to seek safe seclusion in the hollow of some large tree, which size and value prevents the hunter from cutting down. If the dog's education has been neglected, and he manifests an inclination to follow the trail of rabbits rather than that of the raccoon, the hunter will not be likely to carry anything home further than the remembrance of a midnight ramble in the woods.

However, many dogs about whose ancestry there clusters an imperishable halo of mystery, develop into remarkable "coon" dogs. Some of them are very keen-scented, and will follow the trail of a raccoon over the ground where the scent of rabbits and other animals is encountered every few yards. A well-trained dog will take large circles and skirt along the edge of woods that border corn-fields, never "giving tongue" until their approach to the coon is so close that the vivacious little animal finds escape by flight impossible and scales the nearest tree. Then the frantic and prolonged notes of the dog proclaim to the hunter, who may be some distance away, that the game is "up" and a coon has been "treed." If the tree is a small one so much the better. The animal is either shaken out of the branches and the dog given an opportunity of testing his metal, or else the coon is shot while in the tree and the dog allowed in at the finish. It often happens that the tree is a large one, and then the scientific part of coon hunting is brought into requisition. The hunter resorts to what is called "shining the coon." This is done by placing a lantern upon the head and walking around the tree until the reflection of two small balls of fire denotes the location of the game. Sometimes several pairs of gleaming eyes are revealed by the rays of the lantern, and then the hunter knows that the night's work will be a good one. The explosion of a heavily-charged shotgun is the means employed to dislodge the coon from his lofty perch, and he falls to the earth with a substantial thud.

The coon is an exceedingly tricky animal, especially so if he be an old-timer of the "swamp" variety—one that has encountered steel traps or innumerable dogs or been filled with bird shot. He will take to rail fences, cross streams, run along the bottom of shallow creeks for long distances, and jump anything but a freight train when thoroughly alarmed. If the dog is inexperienced, the coon is usually able to baffle his pursuers, and is safe from further annoyance for the time being. But ofttimes the sagacity of the dog will resurrect the trail that suddenly terminated at the creek, and the generalship of the pursuer proves him master of the situation.

A favorite haunt of the coon in October is in the cornfields that skirt the largest tracts of woodland. They visit the cornfields to feed as soon as darkness settles, and will sometimes go several miles to a favorite locality. They are hunted for their pelts, which may bring from one dollar to one dollar and fifty cents in the market, and for the rare sport that it affords at this season of the year. Not infrequently on these expeditions the dog blunders on to one of those odorous animals that have large, bushy, black tails, and a white stripe running down the back. Sometimes the acquaintance so suddenly formed is of a lasting nature. In this event the faithful companion of man in an exciting chase is forced to abandon his favorite rug by the fire that he has been wont to lie and dream upon, and finds himself securely fastened to a large airy shed at a satisfactory distance from the house. If he is sensitive and refined the dog takes the ostracism to which he has been subjected and the pronounced coldness on the part of the family circle to heart, and is not again known to "bark up the wrong tree."

There are two distinctive species of the North American raccoon. The California or Texas animals differ from those found east of the Mississippi river in that they have black feet. The fur of the prairie coon of the west is of lighter color than that of his eastern brother. This is accounted for by the fact that all fur-bearing animals have darker coats in the more thickly timbered regions.

ACTIVE VOLCANOES.

Burning Mountains of South and Central America That Do Deadly Work.

The volcano of Abina, in Peru, which for a century and a half had been considered extinct, suddenly awoke from its long sleep the other day and began pouring forth lava, smoke and ashes in such quantities as to obscure the sun up to the date of the last report, says a Panama correspondent of the Philadelphia Press.

Together with this news comes an account of remarkably severe earthquakes in Ecuador that shook the whole Pacific slope and extended far into the linterior. A series of rapid, violent shocks continued one minute and some seconds. It created the greatest terror in Guayaquil, where at every convulsion it appeared as though the pile-built structures must go over. However, no damage to speak of occurred there, but several accounts of disasters had arrived from the interior. At Canar seven families and their homes are known to have been swallowed up by the earth. One curious incident at Guayaquil was the bursting open of the doors of the penitentiary. Many convicts escaped before the demoralized guards could pull themselves together to prevent it. Then the guards fired indiscriminately on the prisoners, those fleeing from crumbling walls as well as those escaping. The city waterworks were so damaged that a water famine was imminent. This series of shocks was felt over an area of eighty thousand square miles. At almost the same time Cotopaxi

mediate neighborhood, but it is believed here is another instance that they are safety valves that render the continent habitable.

Reports of unusual volcanic activity all along the line of the continental backbone have been coming in since the beginning of the year, and those more recently to hand indicate a steadily increasing disturbance. Alarming accounts arrived last week from Mexico of the condition of Colima, which, pouring forth vast volumes of lava and a regular bombardment of rocks and ashes, had sent the people of Jalisco fleeing in terror from their houses. Only a few months ago dispatches from Chili and Peru told of fierce outbursts among the volcanoes of the southern Andes, and, later yet, of the seismic disturbance in the volcanic region of Cauca, in Colombia, by which an entire mountain ridge was swallowed up and a deep depression left, while elsewhere in that same region two rivers were buried by the side of a mountain tumbling into the valley.

HE WARMED UP.

The Bank President Lost That Chilly Feeling Very Suddenly.

A well-known contractor walked into a bank in this city the other day to cash a check for forty dollars, says the Washington Post. The paying teller looked at the check a few minutes, then counted out four hundred dollars, and handed it to the contractor, who, although he noticed the error, said not a word, but rolled up the bills and wadded them down into his pocket. This happened in the morning, and about two o'clock the same afternoon, before the officials of the bank had an opportunity to discover the error, the contractor walked into the office of the president of the bank.

"Is this bank responsible for the errors of its clerks?" he asked the president.

"If it can be proved that any of our clerks have erred," replied the president, in a very chilly manner, "we will make the correction."

"Well, nobody saw this error made but myself," continued the contractor, "and my word ought to be sufficient proof, I think."

"I am sorry, sir," said the bank president, "but we shall have to have additional proof. We require this in order to protect ourselves; that is all."

"Very well, sir," replied the contractor, rising to leave. "I am sorry I cannot furnish what you demand. The error I referred to was the payment of four hundred dollars for a check that called for only forty dollars; but, as no one saw me receive the extra three hundred and sixty dollars, I suppose you will not want to correct the mistake. Good day, sir."

"Hold on! Come back!" shouted the bank president, who by this time was very wide-awake to the abyss to which he had been led.

The matter was soon adjusted satisfactorily, and now when any person reports an error at that bank the first question asked is: "In whose favor?"

Brittany's Big Electric Light.

An electric light of forty million candle power almost surpasses comprehension. Yet this great mass of light is to issue from a lighthouse tower on Penmarch point on the coast of Brittany. The beam will be seen twenty-five miles before it strikes the horizon, and after that it will be reflected on the sky for a distance of thirty-eight miles further. The largest light on the coast of the United States can only be seen twenty-eight miles in clear weather.

STEAMBOAT MINING.

Rich Returns of Gold from the Bed of Snake River.

A Novel Means of Working the Bars of Idaho's Great Waterway—The Gold Caught on Copper Plates with Quicksilver.

Extravagant stories are told about the wealth of gold sprinkled throughout the Snake river country in Idaho. As a general thing, says the Helena Independent, the gold is very fine, the particles being of so light weight as to be elusive. Save when worked on a large scale it is difficult to make good wages in recovering the gold. Numerous bars along the river would prove profitable could water be commanded for sluicing or hydraulicing. An adequate supply is hard to obtain, on account of the slight and gradual fall of the stream and the level character of the outlying lands. To overcome this lack of water as well as insure sufficient dumping ground, a big floating gold-saving dredge has been constructed and is now at work on the Idaho bank of the Snake river about ten miles above Payette.

It is a stern-wheel flatboat propelled by steam. Substantially constructed, sixty-five feet long and twenty-two feet wide, it is equipped with a thirty-five horse power marine engine and boiler and adapted in every way for navigating Idaho's great waterway. With a slight alteration it could be transformed into a steam dredge and used to scoop up sand and gravel from the bottom of the stream. That has never been attempted. As in the past, operations are now confined to working bars out of the bed or channel of the river. The method pursued is to anchor alongside one of these gravel deposits and by the use of scrapers bring the material to be handled within the reach of the gold-washing machinery with which the craft is rigged. The gravel is scooped up by buckets attached to an endless chain. There are forty-eight of these receptacles on a belt sixty feet in length, and each has a capacity of about twenty pounds of dirt, which is delivered into a hopper. This is also an agitator, and the process employed may be described as a steam rocker, with the exception that it has an end motion instead of one sidewise. The gold is caught on copper plates with quicksilver. The tailings are carried off in sluice boxes by the force of a stream of water of one hundred and fifty mineral inches, supplied by a China pump, run by the engine which drives all the other machinery. The gravel is worked so thoroughly that no gold escapes in the tailings that are dumped into the river. An average of one hundred tons of gravel are daily handled, and for this work three men are employed—an engineer, one to work the scraper, and another one who shovels the dirt into a pile so that the buckets can scoop up a full load.

The bar now being worked covers an area of ten to fifteen acres. The gold is on top or close to the surface and will not pay to handle to a greater depth than one foot to eighteen inches. This shows a value of one and one-half to three cents a pan. A clean-up is made every night, and the average of the runs for the first three days was very satisfactory to the owner of the craft. He says he expects to take out upward of one hundred dollars a day as long as he works, which will be until cold weather sets in. When he has gone over the bar which now engages his attention he will tackle another.

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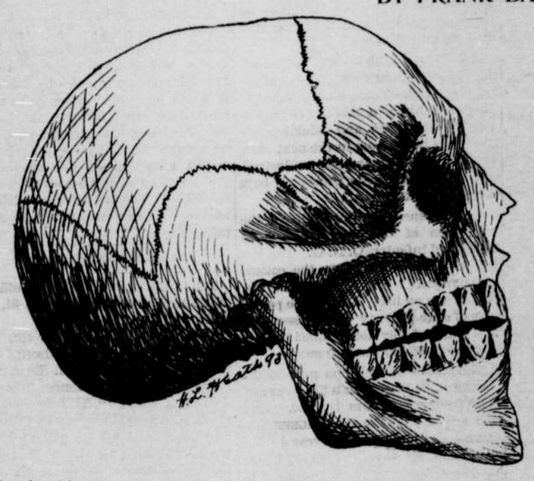

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Portland, Oregon, April 19 1892. Dr. A. T. Sanden, Dear Sir:—I got one of your belts two weeks ago for rheumatism, from which I suffered for several years. For the past six months I had not been able to walk or stand. Your belt has placed me in almost perfect health in the two weeks I have used it. I can walk comfortably, and feel like a new man generally. M. E. HUGHES, Proprietor International Hotel.

NERVOUS DEBILITY AND LOSS OF VIGOR CURED.

Tacoma, Wash., October 24, 1892. Dr. A. T. Sanden, Dear Sir:—I have been using your Electric belt for general nervous debility, and to-day feel better than I have for five years. I feel my original vigor daily, and am strong in every part. Yours gratefully, CHAS. LEETRA.

Dr. Sanden's Electric Belt with Improved Electric Suspensory is the greatest boon ever given to weak men, and we warrant it to cure any of the above weaknesses, and to enlarge shrunken limbs or parts, or Money Refunded. They are graded to the strength to meet all stages of weakness in young, middle-aged or old men, and will cure the worst cases in two or three months. Write for our book at once, sent sealed, free. Address:

LAME BACK AND RHEUMATISM CURED.

Portland, Oregon, September 28, 1892. Dr. A. T. Sanden, Dear Sir:—Years of exposure and hard work, combined to give me the strain coming from the jar of an engine, gave me a severe case of lame back, from which I suffered for seven years. I was so bad that I could not bend my body. Was all doubled up with it. I bought one of your belts. It helped me in the first two days, and I continued to wear it for four months, being entirely cured. That was two years ago, and I am as well to-day as I ever was in my life. I know your belt well, and I know lots of people who have been cured by it. Many others would, and if they would try it they would find it the same as I did—the best remedy in the world. I am located here permanently, and will be glad to talk with anyone who wants to inquire about it. ROBERT BURRELL, Engineer Hotel Portland.

LOST VITALITY AND STRENGTH CURED.

Everett, Wash., June 9, 1892. Dr. A. T. Sanden, Dear Sir:—Since wearing your belt I have been greatly benefited. I feel my old energy fast returning, and at a month's end of the last I find myself twice as vigorous as before. My memory is now nearly perfect, and each day shows for the better. I feel much stronger than before using the belt. Yours truly, HENRY SCHULZ.

SANDEN ELECTRIC CO., 172 First Street, PORTLAND, OREGON.