

CHAPPER XX.-(Continued.) "Luke, I positively tremble at you," the good woman answered as her eyes much enthusiasm; "I do believe nothing fell under him. "How stern you can look when you want to scare me!

"Miranda, I tell you the simple truth. We must all have been in France within twelve hours if-well, never mind. Nothing venture nothing win. But happily we have won. I believe; though we must not be too sure, as yet. We have justice on our side; but justice does not always prevail against perty facts. And public opinion would set against us with great ferocity, if we failed. If we succeed, all men will praise us, as soon as we begin to spend our money, and exert it near home at the outset. Everything depends upon success; of course, it always does in everything."

'My dear, it is not fair of you to talk like that," Mrs. Sharp answered, with tears in her eyes; "you must feel that I would hold by you always, whatever all her well for teaching her the psalms, the world might have the impudence to say, dear."

Mr. Sharp, "that it was my duty to make the most of the knowledge thus providentially obtained. We had met with bitter disappointment through the most gross injustice, brought about, no as his daughter also knew, about some doubt, by craft, and wheedling, and form of black fever or something, which black falsehood. When old Fermitage stood godfather to our only child, everybody looked upon Kit as certain to stand in his shoes in the course of time. You know how we always looked forward to it, not covetously or improperly, but simply as a matter of justice. And you re- be sorry to reside myself. She was unmember what he said to me before he der the holy wing of Miss Patch; and went to church with Joan Oglander; there she abides to this present day; and

"Oh, Luke, what a large-minded dear you are!" whispered Mrs. Sharp, with escapes you, and nothing that gets into your hands ever does get out again!"

"I allowed her to perceive that if things went on, without our interference, Grace Oglander would be married, and her enormous fortune sacrificed. Hannah Patch also had a special grudge against old Squire Oglander. He had no love at all for the Patch e metionthe patch on the family, as he cilled it-the Captain's promising air : . . rds him -in a word, Miranda, he hated them all.

"However, when Hannah was in trouble once or twice, and without a roof to shelter her, old Oglander had her down, and was very good, and tried to like her. He put his child under her care to learn 'theology,' as she called it, and he paid and the other denunciations. They went away together to some very lonely place, "You see now, Miranda," continued while the Squire was a week or two away from home. And now it occurred to me that this experience might be repented, and prolonged if needful. Oglander had been nervous, as I knew, and had been killing some gypsy people, and was likely to come into the villages. made use of this fact, with Hannah Patch to help me, and quietly took my young heiress off to a snug little home, in the thick of the woods, where I should



so unable to think it all out, without more time being given me," Mrs. Sharp answered, "that really, Luke, for the moment I can only admire your audacity, But I think, dear, that in a matter of this kind you might have done me the honor of consulting me."

"Miranda, it was not to be thought of. Your health and well-being are the dearest objects of my life. I will only ask, could you have borne the suspense, and the worry, and anxiety of the last four months; above all, the necessity for sllence?

"Yes, Luke, I could have been very silent; but I cannot abide anxiety. Would you like to hear my opinion, Luke, and to answer me one or two questions?" "Certainly, Miranda."

"In the first place, how did you get the girl away?

"Most easily; under her father's orders. Hannah can write the old gentleman's hand to any extent, and his style as well."

"And how did you bring her to do such shocking things?

"I promised her 5,000L"

"Then you are quite certain to have her tight. I might trust you for every precaution, Luke. But how have you managed to keep them so quiet, while the neighborhood was alive with it? And in what corner of the world have you got them? And who was the poor girl that really did die?"

"One question at a time, if you please, Miranda, though they all hang pretty much upon one hook. I have kept them so quiet, because they are in a corner of the world where no one goes; in a lonely cottage at the furthest extremity of the old Stow Wood, where their nearest road is a timber track three-quarters of a mile away. They are waited upon by a deaf old woman, who believes them to be Americans, which accounts to her mind for any oddness. Their washing is done at home, and all their food is procured through Cripps the swineherd, whose forest farm lies well away, so that none of his children go to them. Cripps is indebted to me, and I hold a mortgage of every rod of his land, and a bill of sale of his furniture and stock. He dare not play traitor and claim the reward, or I should throw him into prison for forgery, upon a little transaction of some time back. Moreover, he has no motive; for I have promised him the same sum, and his bill of sale cancelled, when the weading is happily celebrated.' "And now tell me all about my darl-

ing Kit." "My dear, I fear that your Kit is unworthy of your sighs. He has lost his young heart beyond redemption, without naving the manners to tell his mother!"

"They all do it, Luke, of course they do. It is no good to find fault with them. I have been expecting that sort of thing so long. And when he went to Spiers for the melainochaitotrophe, with the yellow stopper to it, I knew as well as possible what he was about. I knew that his precious young heart must be gone; for it cost him seven and sixpence."

"Yes, my dear; and it went the right way, in the very line I had laid for it. I will tell you another time how I managed that, with Hannah Patch, of course, o help me. ...e noor boy was conquere at first sight. Kit went shooting, and got shot, according to my arrangement. Ever since that, the great job has been to temper and guide his rampant energies.'



England's future king, Prince Edward of Wales, now 11 years old, possesses a child's habit of saying the unexpected thing. When visiting King Edward the other day the king asked him what he was studying, and the little prince said: "All about Perkin Warbock." Asked who Warbeck was, the prince replied: "He pretended he was the son of a king, but he wasn't; he was the son of respectable parents.'

W. S. Gilbert was lately requested by an Australian amateur composer to furnish the libretto of an opera. His score, the amateur remarked, was perfectly certain to be satisfactory, for "he was a born musician, though he had been educated as a chemist." Mr. Gilbert, in auswering to express his regret at not being able to comply, said he "should have preferred a born chemist who had been educated as a musician."

Captain Alfred Rice, a noted owner of fishing craft on the Delaware River, is remarkable for neatness of personal attire, and liked to see his men as natty as possible. One of his employes always seemed to wear a dirty shirt that once had been white. Captain Rice stood the man's slovenliness for a while, but one day he burst out: "Look here, Sam; who the deuce is it that you always get to wear your shirts the first week for you?"

While Peter Dailey, who is noted for his late hours, was rehearsing one of his plays that had plenty of chorus girls in it, he astonished the company by calling a rehearsal for 10 o'clock in the morning. He usually called them for 2 in the afternoon. "Mercy," exclaimed one of the chorus girls, "what's the use of going to the theater at 10 o'clock in the morning? Mr. Dailey won't be there." "Oh, yes, he will," retorted another member of the chorus; "he'll stop in on his way home."

Judge Sylvester Dana, of the Concord, N. H., police court, once had a case before him in which the charge was for a technical assault, and it came out in the course of the evidence that the parties were neighbors, and had been on the best of terms for some years. "It is a great pity," said the judge, "that old friends, as you seem to have been, should appear before me in such a way. Surely this is a case which might be settled out of

draws a little way from a feigning fox and watches him very attentively a slight opening of the eye may be detected. Finally, when left to himself, he does not recover and start up like an animal that has been stunned, but slowly and cautiously ralses his head first and only gets up when his foes are at a distance.

"I was once riding with a gaucho when we saw on the open level ground in front of us a fox not yet full grown, standing still and watching our approach. All at once it dropped, and when we came up to the spot it was lying stretched out, with eyes closed and apparently dead. Before passing on, my companion, who said it was not the first time he had seen such a thing lashed it vigorously with his whip for some moments without producing the slightest effect."

Dogs show much the same tendency when they lie down meekly, with their heads down and tails tucked in, and invite a beating. Puppies are just as good at this as hardened veterans.

Some kinds of beetles, many of the woolly caterpillars which have poisonous hairs on their backs and numerous spiders adopt similar tactics. Even, the weedlouse has the same trick, and rolls itself into a ball.

In the whole animal kingdom, if anything runs away, there is always found something to run after it. The badger, which defends itself wickedly when attacked, is often used for balting.

Perhaps the commonest instance of passive resistance is the land tortoise, which draws up its front piece and pulls in its head and legs and defies its foes by locking them out.

## \*\*\*\* THE FRESH AIR CURE. \*\*\*\*\*

A consumptive who has gone to the Southwest for his health tells, in the usual cheerful humor of his kind, the story of an adventure of an Arizona judge. Stevenson, himself a "lunger," taught the world to get fun even out of disease, and he would have approved the spirit if not the diction of the story. A tramp, covered with dust so that he looked like a live specimen of the Rio Grande valley, taken at random, crept from beneath the baggagecar and attracted the judge's attention. He was getting out to limber up on the off side of the train. The judge, who had just eaten a square meal amid luxurious surroundings, pitied the tramp. He climbed into the dining car again and directed one of the waiters to take a bag of food with his card and his compliments to the "hobo." In a few minutes the waiter returned

with the food and said:

SHE SPREAD HER LETTER OPEN, AND BEGAN TO CRY.

'Quibbles, my boy, this shall make no difference between you and me, mind.'

"I am sure that he meant it when he said it; but that artful woman so led him he made the will he did."

"Well, as soon as ever I felt quite sure of my ground about the codicil, I began to cast about for the most effectual mode of working it. It was clear in a moment that the right course was to make a match between Grace, now the legal heiress, and Kit, the legitimate heir, Of course, I might have cut the matter short by walking the girl off, and allowing her no food until she consented to marry Kit; and probably if I could only have foreseen my sad anxieties and heavy putlay, I should have acted in that way. But I have a natural dislike to measures that wear an appearance of harshness. and I could not tell how Kit might take possible. He never could deceive a womt. or even you, Miranda dear. In this an so, however devoted her mind might and puzzle, some good inspiration brought to my mind Hannah Patch, then living ferent, and the formation of the bones by herself in London. In a sort of a are not at all alike; and directly it bemanner she is my sister, although she gan to roastso many years my elder."

"Very well, you are aware that Han nah looked very coldly upon me, until f was enabled to marry you, my dear, sweet old parent and beloved Beckley. through your disinterested affection. which is my choicest treasure. Having won that, and another more incrative on well together, and appreciate one partnership, I was immediately allowed another's virtues. And I heartily trust the privilege of doing all her legal business gratis. You have often grumbled their impression on a sensitive young at that, but I had some knowledge of heart. They took to one another quite what I was about, my dear, and I soon kindly in the romance of the situation, phtsined that due influence over her, when I brought their sweet innocence ich all women ought to have some into contact by a very simple strategem. han wield. Setting aside her present use, Hannsh Patch has 2001. a year of her own, which might be much better in-vested, and shall be, as soon as it comes to us; but it would not do to have her | think, Miranda ?" set up herself."

I feed them very well, I assure you. They cost me four pounds ten a week; for the evangelical Hannah believes it to be the clearest 'mark of the beast' to eat meat less than twice a day; and Leviticus Cripps, who supplies all the victuals, is making a fortune out of me. No bigger rogue ever lived than that fellow. He is under my thumb so entirely that if I told him to roll in the mud he would coll. And yet with all his awe of me he cannot forbear from cheating me. He has found out a manner of dipping his pork so that he turns it into beef or. mutton, according to the orders from the cottage; and he charges me butcher's price for it, and cartage for six mild and a half, and a penny a pound for trimming off the flanks!"

"My dear!" said Mrs. Sharp, "it is imbe. The grain of the meat is quite dif-

"Well, never mind, Miranda, there Mrs. Sharp nodded; she knew all about they are, quite reconciled to the situation; except that Hannah Patch is always hankering after 'means of grace,' and the young girl mooning about her Sometimes there are very fine scenes between them; but upon the whole they get that the merits of our Kit have made

"I am so entirely lost-I mean I am

"And, of course, he knows nothingoh, no, he would be so very unworthy, if he did! Oh, do say that he knows nothing, Luke!"

"My dear, I can give you that pleasing assurance; although it is a puzzling one to me. Christopher Fermitage Sharp knows not Grace Oglander from the young woman in the moon. He believes her to have sailed from a new and better world. Undoubtedly he is my son, Miranda; yet where did he get his thickheadedness?"

"Mr. Sharp!"

"Miranda, make allowance for me, Such things are truly puzzling. However, you perceive the situation. Here is a very fine young fellow, desperately smitten with a girl unknown, and romantically situated in a wood. There is reason to believe that this young lady is not insensible to his merits; he looks very nice in his sporting costume, he has no one to compete with him, he is her only bit of life for the day, he leaves her now and then a romantic rabbit, and he rescues her from a ruthan. But here the true difficulty begins. We cannot well unite them in the holy bonds without a clear knowledge on the part of either of the true patronymic of the other. The heroine knows that the hero rejoices in the good and useful name of 'Sharp;' but he knows not that his lady love is one Grace Oglander of Beckley Barton.

"Here, again, you perceive a fine stroke of justice. If Squire Oglander had only extended his hospitalities to us, Christopher must have known Grace quite well, and I could not have brought them together so. At present he believes her to be a Miss Holland, from the United States of America; and as she has promised Miss Patch not to speak of her own affairs to anybody (according to her father's wish, in one of the letters), that idea of his might still continue; although she has begun to ask him questions, which are not all convenient. But things must be brought to a point as soon as possible. Having the advantage of directing the inquiries, or at any rate being consulted about them, 1 see no great element of danger yet; and of course I launched all the first expeditions in every direction but the right one.'

### (To be continued.)

### Now They Don't Speak.

Nell-By the way, do you happen to know Mr. De Smythe?

Bess-No, I think not. Who is the party aforesaid?

Nell-Why, he's a gentleman thater-raves about me.

Bess-Poor fellow! What lunatie asylum is he confined in?

court?" "It can't be done, Judge, answered the plaintiff, moodily; "I thought of that myself, but the cuss won't fight."

Little Helen was a firm believer in prayer, and was taught always to at tend family devotions. During a season of drought, one morning her father said to her, "Do not let me forget to have a special prayer for rain to-night, as the want of it is causing much suffering and many deaths among animals." Her father had hardly left the house when little Helen, thinking she would do much good by anticipating her father's prayer for rain, ran upstairs and, falling on her knees, prayed for the much-needed rain, That afternoon the town in which she lived was visited by a severe electric shower-barns were unroofed and much damage done. Helen, with the ready faith of childhood, thinking it was all in answer to her prayer, again fell on her knees, exclaiming: "Lord, what have I done?"

# TRICKS OF WEAK ANIMALS.

### Instinct of Self-Preservation Causes Them to Use Deceit.

There are a surprising number of quaker animals-animals whose regular method of self-protection is to offer no resistance to their enemies.

. The 'possum's trick of "shamming dead" is an old story. A writer in the London Spectator cites several other cases of combined cunning and meekness. The hedgehog, the porcupine, the Australian echidnas and some of the armadillos refuse to fight, but they are protected by sharp spires or armor. Some of the armadillos are great diggers and take refuge in holes, while porcupines often hide in hollow logs or trees.

Among marine animals is a starfish, often called the 'orlttle star," which is the despair of collectors. It seems to make it a point of pride that none of its family shall be shown in a bottle or on a museum shelf. When taken from the water this starfish throws off its legs and also its stomachs. The story is told of one collector who thought that he had succeeded in coaxing a specimen into a pail only to see it dismember itself at the last moment.

W. H. Hudson describes the deathfeigning habits of a small South African fox common on the pampas. If caught in a trap or overtaken, it collapses as if dead, and to all appearances is dead. "The deception is so well carried out that dogs are constantly taken in by it. When one with- and popular at the same time.

"Dat gemman up dar, sah, h turns you compliments, and he say he berry serry, but he r nevah eat no breakfas' befo' ten o'clock in the mawnin', sah."

The judge paid for the breakfast, told the porter to eat it or throw it away, and then let fly a few sparks that would have made a lively composition on ingratitude. The judge determined to see the fellow kicked off the truck, and hailed the conductor.

"Did you know you were carrying a tramp?"

"No. Where?"

"Under the baggage-car. He is the meanest tramp in the business. I'd like to see him kicked clear into Mexico."

"I'll fix him," and so saying, the conductor, Bill Sanderson, pulled the cord, and the train jerked up as if he had roped and thrown the engine. But the tramp hung on.

The conductor and the judge went forward, alongside the train.

"Come from under there, you bum!" shouted the conductor. "You get a long wait for this at El Paso." A brakeman grabbed the tramp.

"What do you mean by riding under there?" asked Sanderson.

The tramp put his hand down inte his trousers pocket and pulled out a first-class ticket for Nogales.

"I'm a 'lunger,'" said he, calmly, "and I need all the fresh air I can get."

### This Woman a Railroad Builder.

The contractor in charge of the grading of the Old Dominion railroad, Mrs. Theodosia Beacham, is said to be the only woman in America engaged in such work. Mrs. Beacham, whose home is in Michigan, though she is a native of Massachusetts, took up the work when her husband became an invalid. With her two sous she lives near the work she is engaged upon, and her force of fifty men camp near by with their mules and equipment. Mrs. Beacham has done some of the hardest work on one of the costliest electric road beds ever constructed-red rock cut and filling. She superintends the work personally, and is held in high esteem by officials of the various railroads with which she has had dealings .- Pilgrim.

#### Totally Unfounded.

Rubber-Is that story of your building a house true?

Cumback-No, both the rumor and the house are utterly without foundation.

Only a born diplomat can be frank,