BROUGHT BACK.

"Excuse me disturbin' you so early, sir, but there's a gentleman 'ere with a cut 'ead, sir; an' Mrs. Tressider thought perhaps you wouldn't min attenin' to it, sir."

"A gentleman with a cut head," Dr. Thorne repeated as he watched the gray-haired old waiter draw up the blind. "What's he doing with a cut head?"

"There's been a wreck during the night, sir, off the point; a schooner—she's gone to pieces, but they've saved the crew. This gent was the only passenger, an' they brought 'im on 'ere. Didn't you 'ear it blow, sir?

"Why, no," the doctor answered. "I dropped off to sleep at once, and I never woke until you knocked. Is the gentleman badly hurt?"

"N—o, I shouldn't say 'e is, at any rate 'e made a capital breakfast, an' 'e's smokin' 'is cigar in the parlor now, sir. 'E seems one of the 'ard sort, sir. Why, 'e drunk as much brandy when they brought 'im lu as would 'ave killed many a one."

"Well, tell him I'll be down in a few minutes," Dr. Thorne said as he prepared to rise, and with a word of assent the old waiter withdrew.

The window overlooked the sea, and the masses of seaweed and heaps of wreckage with which the beach was strewn testified to the violence of the storm.

Having completed his toilet, he at once descended to the sitting-room. The door was partly ajar, and he entered without knocking, only to stagger back with a loud cry as his eyes rested on the man who was sitting smoking by the fire. The man, a broad-shouldered young fellow with a handsome, reckless face, dropped his cigar in astonishment.

"The d-e-v-i-l!" he ejaculated, slowly; then with a grim laugh, "Come in, man. I'm not a ghost, though perhaps you think it."

Thorne—his face gray as the morning sky—dropped into the nearest chair. He seemed to be aging rapidly.

"Here, have a pull at the brandy," the other said, roughly. "I dare say it does give a chap the funk when he sees a man he thought had gone to Davy Jones, an' the one man in the world he wanted there, eh? Gad, it's a rum go, is this. I suppose you'd given me up long ago, er?"

"Ye-es," Thorne stammered, wiping his brow. "News reached us that the Kangaroo had gone down with all hands on board."

"Ah, well, all hands didn't go down," the other replied, with a malicious grin

SHE WENT STRAIGHT TO HIM.

that the bandage round his temple rendered hideous. "Though it was a near shave. I got hold of a spar and lashed myself to it. Then I was chucked up on a desert island—a regular Robinson Crusoe. I lived there six months, principally on shellfish and seabirds' eggs. Then this Spanish chap picked me up, and last night I was shipwrecked a second time. However, I'm none the worse for my adventures, with the exception of a crack on the skull. A falling spar did that. That's my tale in a nutshell. Now let's hear about Loo? You're not spliced to her yet, I hope."

"No, no."

"But you are going to be, I'll lay a dollar."

"We—e are engaged," Thorne said in a low voice.

"Gad! I knew it," and he laughed boisterously.

"You see," the other went on in an explanatory tone, "I thought you were dead and she cared for me before you took—before she met you. But of course our engagement is at an end now."

"I should think so, indeed."

"Yes. I shall leave here at once. You will explain perhaps——"

"With pleasure. She is staying down here, eh?"

"Yes; they have a cottage."

"God! I'll try and toddle over when I've had my head seen to. It'll be a surprise for 'em."

"Wouldn't it be better if you gave them a little warning?" Thorne suggested. "The shock might prove——"

"Then perhaps you'd like——"

"No, no, I couldn't."

His companion laughed and then submitted himself to the other's skillful hands. In a few minutes Thorne had dressed the cut and he at once went upstairs to pack. When he reached his room, however, he sank into a chair, with that hopeless look in his eyes which only comes to a man when he loses the woman he loves.

His story was a little out of common. This was the second time he had been engaged to the girl he should so soon have led to the altar. He had made her acquaintance during a visit to the country three years previously. She was the daughter of a country parson—a pretty, shy girl who had spent every day of her eighteen years in the seclusion of a sleepy hamlet. In a day he learned to love her, but several months passed before he dared speak of his love. Even then he had taken her by surprise. She had yielded to his passion, however, and they had plighted their troth in the rectory garden. She was only a child and he was a man—twelve years her senior, and rendered grave beyond his years by a long struggle against adverse circumstances.

After that she had gone to London to visit some friends. They were fashionable folk and they had laughed at her simplicity; they had laughed also at her big, awkward lover. They brought her "out." She met many men—among them his cousin. He had made love to her—in a fashion that was the direct opposite of her lover's undemonstrative way—and she had been dazzled, as a moth is dazzled by a bright light.

So she had chosen. He had accepted his fate without a word. It was natural that she should care for this younger man.

Then Craven's friends found him an easy berth in one of the colonies. He was to proceed there at once, and at the end of a year he was to return home and marry her. He had suffered shipwreck, however, and he had been given up as dead. In due course Thorne, whose love had not abated a jot, had renewed his suit. She had told him that her heart was with the dead, that she could never love again, but that if he liked to take her knowing that—Well, once again they had become engaged, and once again fate had intervened.

With a heart full of bitterness he waited for the London train. It was late, and he strode the narrow platform impatiently. He was eager to get away. He meant to go away forever. He would leave the country. He would travel. In a fresh land, among fresh people, perhaps he might forget.

Would it never come? He looked at his watch for the twentieth time. He seemed to be the only passenger. Yet, stay—as a trail of smoke denoted the train's approach some one hurried on the platform in breathless haste. It was a girl, a pretty girl, but evidently suffering from great agitation. She gave a hurried glance up and down the platform, and as she caught sight of his motionless figure, she went straight to him.

"Ah, thank heaven I am in time," she gasped.

At the sound of her voice he fell back and his bag dropped.

"Loo! you?" he cried. How did you?—What do you?——"

"What do I want?" she said. "I want you."

He stared at her in round-eyed amazement.

"But—but you do not know," he cried.

"I know everything.

"You—you have seen him?"

"Yes."

There was a pause. A porter hurried up.

"Goin', sir?"

"No," she answered, quickly, and taking his arm she drew him aside.

"Oh, John, it was all a mistake!" she said. "I was a silly girl—but it is different now. You had my heart all the time—but I did not know it. But I know it now and—and I have come to tell you, only I can't tell you very well here. See, the train has gone. Come back with me."

And he came.

NOVEL-THIEF CATCHING.

The Valet's Yellow-Stained Fingers Betrayed Him.

A rich American, residing in the St. George's quarter in Paris, had been for some little time past the victim of systematic thefts, says the London Post. Bank notes and money not left under lock and key disappeared regularly. M. Cornette, the commissary of police, was informed of the robberies. He found it would be impossible to keep an effective watch on the bedroom where the thefts occurred, but he adopted a stratagem which turned out successfully. A small vial containing a mixture of picric acid and fuschine was placed in a metal case for holding gold and a few Napoleons were placed on top. In order to get out the gold the metal case had to be held upside down, and then, of course, the chemical preparation would run out and stain the thief's hand a bright and indelible yellow. As soon as some of the gold was missed M. Cornette summoned all the servants to his presence. The valet's fingers betrayed him. Realizing the uselessness of denying when caught yellow handed, the man confessed and was duly locked up.

Farmers' Wives.

One bright idea of the club women is the opening in towns of a "rest room," where the farmer's wife may stay on Saturday, says the Woman's Home Companion. With the latest magazines and the ever-comforting cup of tea, this weary weekly shopper may find mental and bodily refreshment. This work has been particularly espoused by Missouri club women. In other parts the farmer's wife is looking out for herself, as instanced at Lapeer, Mich. In this town the women of the surrounding country have rented two rooms in the courthouse. Each member furnished one yard of carpet, one chair, one cup and saucer, and every Saturday comes to spread lunch and "talk things over." Farmers' wives away out west drive many miles over rough mountains for their one social pleasure—the monthly literary club. The big city clubs, such as the Denver Woman's club, on the other hand, regularly send periodicals and papers to the lonely women too remotely situated for a chance to belong to any club.

ENGLISH "CALL NIGHT."

How Students Become Full Fledged Barristers.

Recently "call night" of Hilary term took place at the four inns of court. "Call night," it may be premised, is the night upon which those students of the inn who have "eaten their dinner," or, in other words, have kept the requisite number of terms, and who have "satisfied the examiner in the public examination," are called to the bar. It is usual for those who intend to present themselves for "call" to dine in the hall of the inn on "call night," and they must appear, says the London Mail, in the orthodox evening dress. Shortly before the close of dinner the "panniers" (superior beings of the genus "waiter") go around the hall telling those whose intention it is to offer themselves for the "call" that it is time for them to begin to think of something more important than the inner man. Such students then leave the hall, and, wearing their gowns and bands, repair to the anteroom of the benchers. While waiting there they are marshaled in order of seniority—i. e., as members of the inn—and are shortly ushered into the presence of the benchers, who are, in theatrical parlance, "discovered" enjoying their nuts and wine in true old-fashioned style on the hard mahogany. The students, who are ranged around the table, are next supplied each with a glass, and the "pannier" comes around with decanters, giving choice of "port, claret or Madeira." When the glasses are charged, the treasurer, or the senior bencher present, addresses the students with words of wisdom and encouragement for the future. The curious and observant might get a glimpse into the characters of those budding "counsel learned in the law" by watching their faces and demeanor during this harangue. Some look deeply interested, as if it were the most serious moment in their lives, as, indeed, it is; some try to follow suit, as they think they ought to look solemn on such an occasion; others look bored, some amused, and many cast longing glances at the brimming glasses they hold, doubtless thinking "so near and yet so far." But all these things have an end, even a treasurer's speech, and at its close he proposes the health of the students. It is then the duty of the senior student to reply, which he is expected to do in a few grateful words, and, as one good turn deserves another, he proposes the health of "the treasurer and the masters of the bench," which his fellows drink right gladly, for, if the truth be told, they most of them by this time think the proceedings are beginning to get a little dry. It is all over; the glasses are collected, and the quondam students file out, fully enrolled members of the noble army of "the briefless," most to fight, some to stand with honor and distinction, and alas! not a few to fall in the coming battle of life.

DIMINUTIVE LETTER.

Smallest That Ever Passed Through the American Mails.

Possibly the smallest letter ever sent through the United States mails, and certainly as small as any could be to carry the present postage stamps, was received by Miss Grace Miley of Anderson, Ind., last week from a friend at Minden, Neb. So small, in fact, was the tiny letter that, for fear of losing it in some corner of a mail bag, the mail clerks inclosed it in a little box, and thus it was received at this end of the line. The envelope is evidently "home made." It is just the size of a two-cent postage stamp. The front was given over entirely to the address, and the stamp covered all of the reverse, and there was a little "fringe" hanging over. The postmaster, in canceling the stamp at Minden, had to hit it twice, and the Anderson postmaster then added a mark indicating its arrival. The contents of the tiny envelope were as minute as the covering. There was a sheet of paper just four times the size of a postage stamp when spread out. This was covered on each side with writing that had to be figured out with a magnifying glass. Still, there were over 400 words in the tiny envelope—a much larger number than found in the ordinary friendship letter. Miss Miley will keep the letter as a souvenir. — Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

EVIL RESULTS OF THE PIANO.

Instrument Has Been the Cause of Much Quarreling and Suffering.

The piano has been the cause teterrima of quarrels that have sundered ancient friendships; it has wrecked many enterprises of great pith and moment; it has disturbed the finer adjustments of the cerebral machinery in many literary and scientific workers, has driven studious men from their books to the bottle and has stimulated peaceful citizens to the commission of violent crimes. These are among the evil effects of the piano considered passive, as the schoolman would say—from the point of view of the sufferer. But the operator does not come off scathless. A recent writer, Dr. Watezhodi, thinks that the chloroses and neuroses from which so many young girls suffer may be largely attributed to the abuse of the piano. He therefore urges that the "deadly" custom of compelling young girls to hammer on the keyboard before they are 15 or 16 years of age should be proscribed by public opinion. Even at that age the exercise should be permitted only to those who, in addition to real talent, possess a robust constitution.—British Medical Journal.

HE WANTS JUSTICE.

AS AN AMERICAN SAW THE SULTAN.

He Seems to Think Himself Cruelly Misunderstood — Quick at Repartee, Which Has to Be Translated, and Full of His Excuses.

From T. P. O'Connor's Mainly About People: I had a talk a few days ago with a young American who had spent several years in Constantinople as a secretary of legation, and he gave me some interesting glimpses into the character of the sultan. I should say that, unlike myself—unlike most people in England—this young American was rather an admirer personally of the ruler of the Turkish empire, and what he said must be taken with that deduction. As to the sultan's dread of assassination there is not the smallest doubt. His visits once a year to the city—even his weekly visits to the mosque to say his prayers—are prepared with an elaborateness that displays the most constant dread of conspiracy and conspirators. Thus it is, for instance, that all the streets along the land route are arranged in the most careful manner for the passing of the sultan. The banners are out, the roads made smooth—everything is done which seems to prove that the sultan is certain to go that way and to return by the water route. At the last moment the sultan goes by the water route and returns by land. These terrors are largely due to the fact that the Armenians are the most capable and reckless throwers of bombs in the world. The Armenians in Constantinople are a strange mixture. While they are ready to do such desperate deeds, and to take all the consequences to themselves as to others, they have no power of making open resistance, and apparently even little will to do so. For instance, in that terrible riot in which 7,000 Armenians were killed a couple of years ago, eleven Armenians were standing in the streets, all armed with crowbars. Nine Turks with nothing but clubs came up. They killed all the Armenians, who did not even make an attempt at resistance. If they had made any such attempt they would undoubtedly have proved the stronger. When my friend discussed the extraordinary action of the Armenians with an Armenian banker he expressed no surprise. All he could feel was admiration for the men who had thus allowed themselves to be massacred like sheep. They were patriots, he said; they wished to make the massacres as bad as possible, so as to bring about the intervention of Europe. Although the sultan does stand in fear of assassination, and although he is undoubtedly guarded carefully, there are few if any signs of this in his immediate neighborhood. It is difficult to get access to the palace, but once you are in there you see fewer soldiers and fewer signs of precautions than in Russia, or even in Germany. You see nothing but obsequious servants. The sultan impresses immensely by his ability everybody who is brought into close contact with him. In all the years he had seen him my American friend had never, he said, seen him taken aback; never without an answer, even when things were hottest and darkest against him. He has always a specious argument; a historical illustration—sometimes a sly national recrimination—to urge in defense of his own acts, and even of the worst barbarities in his own kingdom. And he says all these things with perfect calm and self-possession; indeed, as a gentleman who is painfully misunderstood. His repartees are, perhaps, the easier to make because he takes plenty of time to prepare them. For though undoubtedly he understands French fairly well, it is contrary to court etiquette that he should speak in any language but Turkish. Everything has to be interpreted. And yet now and then the sultan, when he is taken off his guard, utters a "Merci, monsieur," or some other short word in French, which shows that his pretended inability to converse in French is like Oom Paul's professed ignorance of the English language.

Wind Couldn't Stop His Watch.

There is a singular but an absolutely true story of a watch which went through the cyclone. The timepiece, which has been under fire and is now a veteran, was an old one of strong build. When the storm struck, the owner, whose name is Bryant, forgot all about his valuables in the hustle for safety. The watch was in the drawer of the bureau. After the blow was over, Mr. Bryant found himself almost without a scratch, and went back to view the house. He found nothing but a landscape. He began to search about the ruins early the next morning, and here comes the funny but true part of it. In the bottom of an unbroken pickel jar were the works of the watch, ticking away, while the silver case could not be found.—St. Paul Dispatch.

Going Too Far.

"Where is he?" asked Bronco Bob. "The new feller with a diamond scarf pin?" asked Derringer Dan. "Yes. I ain't seen him in two days. He was wonderful numerous for awhile." "Oh, he's gone. Posse caught up with 'im." "Well, I dunno's I'm surprised. He allus acted like he owned the earth." "We didn't mind that. But when he took a notion that any hosses that happened to be walkin' around on his earth belonged to him we had to take action."—Washington Star.

SMOKING CONTESTS.

A Hundred Strong Cigars in Twelve Hours.

Smoking is the temperate as well as the contemplative man's recreation, and great smokers are loth to exhibit their tobacco-consuming abilities by engaging in smoking contests. Still, however, there have been some curious tobacco-burning races, says London Tit-Bits. In 1723 there was a great smoking match at Oxford, a scaffold being erected in front of an inn for the accommodation of the competitors. The conditions were that any one man or woman who could smoke three ounces of tobacco first without drinking or leaving the stage should have a prize of 12 shillings. "Many tryed," says Hearne, "and 'twas thought that a journeyman taylour of St. Peter's-in-the-East would have been the victor, he smoaking faster than and being many pipes before the rest, but at last he was so sick that 'twas thought he would have dyed, and an old man that had been a builder and smoaking gently came off the conqueror, smoaking the three ounces quite out, and he told me that after it he smoaked four or five pipes the same evening." About forty years ago a gentleman agreed to smoke a pound weight of strong foreign cigars in twelve hours. The hundred cigars making up the pound were all to be smoked down to one-inch butts. The match was decided on a Thames steamer plying between London and Chelsea, and by taking up his position well forward the smoker had the full benefit of the wind. The contest began at 10 a. m., and in the first hour the smoker consumed sixteen cigars. After nine hours' smaking 86 had been disposed of, and with three hours to go and only fourteen cigars to smoke, the backer of time gave in. The winner declared that he felt no discomfiture during the contest, and finished off the 100 cigars that evening. More recently a solid silver cigar case and 200 cigars were offered to the smoker who consumed most cigars in two hours. Food, drink and medicine during the contest were forbidden. There were seventeen entries. After the first hour ten competitors retired. The winner, who smoked without pause from start to finish, reduced ten large cigars to ashes in the two hours, while the nearest competitor only finished seven. The people of Lille are inveterate smokers, and to decide the championship of the town a smoking contest was held. Each competitor was provided with a pipe, fifty grams (about an ounce and three-quarters) of tobacco and a pot of beer. The one who smoked the tobacco first was to be the winner. At the signal the air was filled with clouds of smoke. In thirteen minutes a workingman 45 years of age had reduced his weed to ashes, while seven minutes later the second man had finished his little smoke. After such herculean smoking matches it is scarcely necessary to mention the American contest, in which the winner smoked 100 cigarettes in six hours and thirty-five minutes.

TURKEY HONORS OUR FOURTH

Sultan's Representative Raised a Flag on the Nation's Birthday.

There are no less than thirty embassies and legations in the national capital, representingg as many nations of the globe. Of those only one recognized and participated in the universal celebration of the most glorious Fourth of July this country has known in many years, says the Washington Post. The residence of the Turkish minister on Q street, near Eighteenth street, is a very comfortable and attractive building. It was conspicuous because from the flagstaff, which extends from a second story window, there was displayed a Turkish flag in honor of this nation's natal day. It was flung to the breeze early in the morning, almost as soon as the sun had risen and when the morning air had begun to echo the popping of thousands of firecrackers. It was quite conspicuous on the street—its rich red ground, with its white crescent, standing out in marked contrast to the brilliant red, white and blue of the national colors, which were to be seen in all directions along the street. It was not taken down until sunset. Secretary of State Hay was asked whether it was the custom for the representatives of a foreign nation to participate in the celebration of a national holiday of the country to which they are accredited. "No," he said, "it is not necessary. Embassies and legations always celebrate their own holidays by displaying their own colors, but they do not often recognize the holidays of the nation to which they are accredited. "But the Turkish legation is displaying a flag," was suggested. "The relations between the United States and Turkey," said Secretary Hay, with a smile, "are very cordial indeed. The sultan is very friendly to us. The action of the Turkish minister is a mark of unusual friendliness, but the lack of flags at the other residences is by no means a mark of disrespect." "Did not the American embassy in London raise a flag in honor of the queen's birthday?" "Oh, yes," was the reply, "and we generally recognize grand occasions abroad."

The Respected Maxim.

"Early to bed an' early to rise," murmured Meandering Mike, "them's my sentiments." "But you've been asleep in a barn all day," protested Plodding Pete. "Which is jes' what I'm tellin' you. In dis warm weather de only proper programme is to retire early in de mornin' an' git up jes' before de evenin' shadows gather an' makes travel cool an' comfortable."—Washington Star.

ULTIMATE FATE OF CHICAGO.

She May Become a Victim of Lake Michigan's Waters.

The old story of the subsidence of the shores of the southwestern portion of the chain of great lakes has been revived and this time with a show of real evidence, says the American Architect. According to Prof. Gilbert, in the report of the geological survey, actual measurements show that within the last forty years the average level of the water has fallen on Lake Ontario, as compared with the shore, two or three inches, while it has risen about as much at Chicago and Milwaukee. According to Prof. Gilbert, the greatest subsidence is along a line running from northeast to southwest, or about twenty-seven degrees west of south, and passing nearly through Chicago. As Chicago is built on low land, anything like serious subsidence is an important matter; and, although it will probably be 200 or 300 years before any part of the city is submerged, the inhabitants of the Chicago of six generations hence are not likely to be any more fond of cold water than the present ones, and there are indications that subsidence has gone on irregularly, so that a sudden movement might have disastrous consequences. Another peculiar result of the change of level will be, in the course of years, to throw the water of the lakes toward the Mississippi. Already the streams which flow into the western part of Lake Erie and Lake Ontario, although tolerably swift in their upper courses, are nearly stagnant at their mouths, owing to the backing up of the lake water into them, and, in the low country about Chicago, the continuance of the movement will, in course, of time, send the water of Lake Michigan through the Chicago river into the Mississippi. Prof. Gilbert thinks that at the present rate 500 or 600 years will elapse before the lake water, in time of freshet, will find its way in that direction. In 1,500 years the flow will be constant, and in 2,000 years the Chicago river and the Niaraga will carry equal volumes of water. In 3,500 all the water of the lakes will flow into the Mississippi and the Niagara river will be dry.

RAILROAD TROUBLES IN CUBA.

Things Which Shake Up One's Anatomy and One's Feelings.

When one wishes to leave Havana by rail to see something of the real Cuba—say, to take a trip to Pinar del Rio or to Cienfuegos—he must get up very early, says Harper's Weekly. The through trains leave at 6 o'clock in the morning. I asked the chief engineer of the railroad to Pinar del Rio why so early a start was made for a town only 10 miles away, and he said it was so as to get back the same day. The American traveler is not only likely to grumble when he is compelled to hurry to the station in the thick gloom of the early morning, but when he reaches the station and finds that he must pay about 5 cents a mile in gold, and from 7 to 8 cents a mile in Spanish silver, to ride in the back-breaking cars known as first-class carriages, and that for an ordinary trunk he must pay about half fare, he is inclined to scoff at the primitive mode of travel, and long for the luxury of the stage coach journeying on a western mountain road. The amazing amount of computation by the ticket agent before he sells a ticket, the smoky lamps, the three preliminary tootings by the engine before the train starts, the final ringing of a bell by the baggagemaster as a signal that the train is really going, the crowded condition of the aisles, choked with luggage for which the passengers do not care to pay toll, and every man in the train, from the conductor down to the barefooted brakeman, smoking tobacco of varying degrees of excellence—all this is likely to weary the American traveler used to the luxury of Pullman cars. A few hard jolts soon after the train leaves the station bring up to the imagination the prospect of a miserable trip, and one is inclined at the very outset to rail at the crudities of travel by cars in the island of Cuba.

Haunted Grave of British Officer.

In Abu Hamed, in the Soudan, is the grave of a British officer which has the reputation among the tribes of the Soudan of being haunted. It is the resting place of Major Sidney of the duke of Cornwall's light infantry, and Bey in the Egyptian army, who was shot while charging at the head of his regiment, the Tenth Soudanese, in the battle of Abu Hamed, August 7, 1897. The natives are convinced that it is watched regularly every night by the ghosts of the native soldiers who were killed at Abu Hamed, and who mount guard over their dead commander's tomb, challenging, with every military detail, all passers-by. So implicitly is this legend credited by the blacks that none of them will, after dusk, approach the grave. Any one doing so is believed to be promptly halted by a phantom sentry, and even the words (in Arabic) "Guard, turn out!" are often plainly heard some distance off across the desert.

Paraphrasing the Text.

Marian, 4 years old, is a cunning little Mount Vernon girl, who attends the Methodist Sunday school. Not long since the golden text of the week chanced to be the verse from Matthew commencing "Let your light so shine." When Sunday came the little maid trotted off to Sunday school with her older brothers and sisters, and when the teacher asked her for the "golden text" she promptly slid from her seat and convulsed the class by repeating, gravely: "Keep your gas burnin'."—Truth.