ODE TO THE POPPY.

Not for the promise of the labored fields, Not for the good the yellow harvest yields. I bend at Ceres' shrine; For duit to humid eyes appear The golden plories of the year Alas! a melancholy worship's mine. I hall thee, godden of the scarlet flower, That brilliant word, that does so far exceed The richest gifts fair Flora can bestow. Reedless, I pass thee to Life's morning hour. They comforter of woe, Till sorrow taught me to confess thy power.

In early day, when Fancy chests, A various wreath I wove Of laughing Spring's luxurious sweets, To derk ungrateful Love. The rose, the thorn, my numbers crowned. As Venus smiled or Venus frowned; But Love and Joy and all their train are flown E'en languid hope no more is mine, And I must sing of thee alone; Unless, perchance, the attributes of grief, The cypress bud and willow leaf, Their pale, funereal foliage blend with thi

Hall, lovely blossom! Thou canet case The wretched victim of disease; Canat close these weary eyes in gentle sleep, Which never open but to weep. Thine all-enbiging charm Can agenteing Pain disarm, Expel imperious Memory from her seat, And bid the trembling heart to beat. Boul soothing plant, which can such blessing

By thee the mourner bears to live; By thee the hopeless die.

Oh, ever friendly to Despair, Might Sorrew's pallid vot'ry dare, Guiltless, one final remedy implore. I'd court thy palliative aid no more, No more I'd sue that thou shouldst apread Thy spells around my aching head; But court thy soft, lethean power, Incetimable flower! To bid my spirit from this thraidem fly, Burst these terrestrial bends, and other gions try.

-Chambers' Journal.

PAVORED BY PORTUNE.

On the great Arabian desert, from three different points of the compass three travelers slowly approached one another. Nearer and nearer they came, until presently they joined company At first there was a moment of suspice ion, and all were on their guard; one laid his hand on an old razor, concealed in his girdle; another fumbled in his turban for a shoemaker's awl; and the third and last, shook his sleeve until the pair of shears hidden there was in his hand. All drew back the mantles that had protected their heads from the glaring sun and drifting sand, but had ne sooner recognized one another than they set up a great shout of joy, and throwing themselves into each other's arms, (as well as their infirmities would allow them,) embraced.

Ali, the barber, had but one eye; Bali, the tailor, had but one hand; Kali, the cobbler, wanted a foot.

"Mappy is the day when we meet again!" cried the one-eyed; "pray do you come this side of me that I may better see you; why, Bali, you are less a hand; and you, Kali, less a foot. I myself want an eye, and pray let me tell you how I lost it. So let us seated, and rest awhile, and I will relate to you all concerning my misfor tune.

The three then seated themselves, and All, the one-eyed bar'er, commenced. You know that I was bred a barber. and no one worked more dilligently or shaved better in Bagdad than I did. One unlucky day a great lord came to me and wanted his head shaved. I soaped his pate nicely, sharpened my best rasor, and went to work. Onehalf was done; I cought hold of his nose, as our art dictates, to get at the other side, when, as ill-luck would have it, the brush full of lather went into his eye; he roared with pain, and getting into a rage, gave me such a drubbing that, when it was over, one ma, we one thought a one-eyed man esculd shave, and I was ruined. Now, a beggar, I am going to Mecca to try if by prayer I cannot assuage Mahom-med, and beg for good luck once again in my life."

"I think your case a bad one," said Bali, the one-handed tailor, " now listen to mine. One day there came into my shop a one-eyed man, and ordered He must have been a great personage, for the garment I was to take was of the most costly kind, such as are worn at the palace. I worked diligently, and when it was finished I took it to his house. He wanted to try it on; he put one arm nicely in, and had got into the other sleeve as far as the elbow, when he yelled with pain. 'Rascal,' he cried, 'villain' of a tailor, you have left a needle in the sleeve, and it has pierced my arm; take this, you dog." he began to beat me with a big stick, and when it was over my hand was gone. I could no longer sew; my trade all left me; and now, a poor wretch, I am traveling to the holy City, to implore the great prophet to take away his curse from me."

"It is my turn-and though your es are hard, just listen to mine." said Kali, the shoemaker. "This is the way in which I lost my foot: In Bagdad, my alippers of yellow kurdish leather were in great repute. One day there came to me a great lord and ordered a pair of my yellow slippers. I made them myself, and carried them to his house. He put one on-it fitted perfectly; he tried on the other, but it would not go on Perceiving for the first time that he had but one eye and one arm, and imagining that their loss had made him rather awkward. I told him to give his foot a stamp; he did so, and howled with pain. 'Dog of a cob-bler,' he cried, 'you have left a nail in your slipper!' and without more ado he your slipper! and without more ado he caught me up in his arm and threw me out of the window. Some passers-by picked me up, and when I got well one foot was gone. My business went to the dogs; my creditors seized all I had; and now, without a copper, I am hobling over the desert to the tomb of the great lawgiver, to beseech him to grant me fortune."

When Kall had finished all three were silent, and for full half an hour held down their heads. At last simultaneneously, they all burst out with "Oh, the Judge had occasion to observe that

where can three such lucky fellows be found?" and in such a loud tone of voice that a fourth traveler, who had silently drawn near, heard it, and exclaimed:

"Who says they are unlucky fellows? For if so, look at me.

The three jumped up surprised, for they had been so absorbed as not to have heard him approach. Alt, Ball, ply, and Kall looked up and saw a man in C rags, with but one eye, one arm and "You unlucky" exclaimed the new

comer. "Do you compare your situation with mine? I, who am wanting in so many things! What do you say to me, the perfect addition of all your woes? And with it all, I consider myself the luckiest fellow in the world!" And here, with the aid of a long crutch, he tripped about merrily on the

"And how do you manage to be so

happy?" they asked.
"I will tell you," said the traveler.
"I owe all my good luck to toree excel-lent .nen a barber, a tailor, and a shoemaker. The first took my eye, the second my arm, and the last my leg.

Could I but find them, I would shower my blessings on them." "I had the pleasure of spoiling your eye," said Ali, with a wink.

"Allow me to recommend myself to you as the person who deprived you of

"If I have made you happy by caus-ing the loss of your leg. I am Kali, the shoemaker, at your service, " said Kali, and he made a scrape.

"And have I the good fortune to meet you all?" said the traveler. "Then allow me to embrace you.

And with this, as well as his infirmities would allow, he hugged them all three, and then addressed them as fol-

"Now, listen. My name is Ben-Rouzaum. I was about to be married. The day before the nuptial ceremon /. I went to you, Ali, to be shaved. You put your brush in my eye, and I lost it. When I presented myself afterward to the lady, she would have nothing to do with me, and married some one else. She turned out to be such a wicked creature, so unfaithful, that her husband, covered with shame, killed him-self. It would certainly have been my fate, if not for the good fortune that I

had in going to you to get shaved.
"Sometime afterward the sultan sent for me. In order to make myself pleasant to the commander of the faithful, I bethought me I must have a new vest. You, Bali, made it; a fortunate needle went into my arm—I lost it and could not go. The sultan had planned a secret expedition to carry on war with a neighboring country, and I was to have been in it. They were all taken prisoners by the enemy, and are now toil ing as slaves, under barsh masters. Bali, had it not been for you, what would have been my fate?

"But to you, Kali, my gratitude knows no bounds. Know that a friend gave a grand feast, there was to be merry-making and dancing, and I was an invited guest. Thinking my old shoes rather worn, I ordered from you a pair of yellow slippers, and surely some good fortune took me to you. There was a nail in one of them, and I threw you out of the window. I could that I did not, for they danced about so that the floor fell in and the roof on the top of them, and every soul was killed. Had I gone there, it had been an end of me, In those days I was harsh and hasty; but the loss of my limbs has taught me a lesson-from the want of them I can no longer indulge in those bursts of passion, and am now as docile and quiet as a lamb. Thankful to the great prophet for the kindness he has shown me, and in order to do penance for the misery I have caused to others, I determined on a pilgrimage to Meeea, having sworn not to take off these rags, nor to enjoy any of the luxuries of this life, before finding the three preservers of my honor, liberty, and life. Though clad so poorly, I have much wealth, more than enough for us all. Will you forgive and share with

me P" "We have nothing to forgive,' they all answered, astonished. "For care-For carelessuess and want of skill, we throw ourselves on your mercy." Here Ali, Kali, Bali, and Ben Rouzaum turned toward the East, and bowed nine times toward the tomb of the great prophet, in order to show their thanks. Just then they descried a cloud of dust in the distance, and soon a band of mounted robbers tore over the sands toward them. Their swift horses soon bore them near the four travelers, for they were eager for plunder; but seeing four such misera-ble objects, all in tatters, and all so so maimed, and not worth a sequin as slaves, with a curse at them for the trouble they had given, and a laugh at them for their sorry appearance, they presently disappeared in the opposite direction

When they were out of sight, Rousaum lifting up his hand to Heaven, cried out, "Another miracle! blessed be Al-lah! How fortune favors us! If it had not been for our wretched appearance, we should have been robbed and murdered. Now, my friends, that the robbers are gone, let us journey on toward Mecca."

Without any accident they arrived at Mecca, kissed the holy stone, and, their devotions finished returned with out harm to Bagdad

Rouzaum purchased a large house, with beautiful gardens, and here lodged Ali, Bali, and Kali. They passed their days in the happiest way in the world, and had always a word of comfort and a gift of charity for the unfortunate.

Wit in Court.

Keen and cutting words, or even trifling incivilities, indulged in at the expense of counsel, have sometimes met with swift retribution. Plunket was once engaged in a case, when toward the end of the afternoon it became a question whether the Court should proceed or adjourn till the next day. Plunket expressed his willingness to go on if the jury would "set."

"Sit. sir. sit." said the presiding Judge, "not 'set;" hens set."

"I thank you, my Lord," said Plunket

if that were the case he feared the ac- next morning. He was burned intertion would not "lay. "Lie, my Lord, lie," exclaimed the

barrister; "not lay; bens lay." "If you don't stop your coughing, sir," said a hasty and irritable Judge. "I'll fine you a hundred pounds." give your lordship two hundred if you can stop it for me," was the ready re-

Curran was once addressing the jury, when the Judge, who was thought to cours, be antagonistic to his client, intimated right. his dissent from the arguments adsee, gentlemen," said Curran, "I see the motion of his lordship's head. Persons unacquainted with his fordship would be apt to think this implied difference of opinion, but be assured, gentlemen, this is not the case. When you know his lordship as well as I do, it will be unnecessary to tell you that when he shakes his head there really is nothing in it."

On another occasion Curran was pleading before Fitzgibbon, the Irish Chancellor, with whom he was on terms of anything but friendship. The Chancellor, with the distinct purpose, as it would seem, of insulting the advocate, brought with him on the bench a large Newfoundland dog, to which he devoted a great deal of his attention while Curran was addressing very elaborate argument to him. At a very material point in the speech the Judge turned quite away, and seemed to be wholly engrossed with his dog. Curran ceased to speak. "Go on, go on, Mr. Curran," said the Chancellor. "Oh, I beg a thousand pardons, my lord," said the witty barrister, "I really was under the impression that your lordships were in

consultation." But, perhaps, the most crushing re joinder ever flung back in return for an insult from the bench was that which this same advocate hurled at Judge

Robinson. Judge Robinson is described as a man of sour and cynical disposition, who had been raised to the bench so, at least, it was commonly believed simply because he had written in favor of the Government of his day a number of pamphlets remarkable for nothing but their servile and rancorous sour rility. At the time when Curran was he was yet a poor and struggling man. this Judge ventured upon a sneering joke, which, small though it was, but for Curran's ready wit and searching eloquence, might have done him irre-

parable injury:
Speaking of some opinion of counsel
on the opposite side, Curran said he had consulted all the books and could not find a single case in which the principle in dispute was thus established.

"This may be, Mr. Curran, sneered the Judge; "but I suspect your law li-brary is rather limited." Curran eyed the heartless toady for a

moment, and then broke forth with this noble retaliation: "It is very true, my lord, that I am poor, and this circumstance has cerainly rather curtailed my library. My

tooks are not numerous, but they are select, and I hope have been perused with proper dispositions. I have prepared myself for this high profession rather by the study of a few books than by composition of a great many bad erty, but I should be ashamed of my wealth if I should stoop to acquire it by servility and corruption. If I rise not to rank, I shall at least be honest; and should I ever cease to be so, many an example shows me that an ill-acquired elevation, by making me the more conspicuous, would only make me the more universally and notoriously contempti-

An Iowa Casabianen---Story of a Brave Little Boy Who Was Burned on the

But the saddest of our story is yet to ome. The next day, Sunday fore-100n, another fire was set a short dis ance from where the one the day be ore originated, and, the wind being in the same direction, and blowing a great deal harder, the fire was driven parall-el with the other. About 1 o'clock it had reached Grant township, and was coming at a furious speed toward the premises of Mr. B. F. Aiken. Mr. liken's oldest child, a lad of fifteen summers, saw the fire storm approaching, and immediately mounted a horse and galloped out into the field to try and save his father's hay, which was in imminent danger. The boy let the horse go, and took the blanket upon which he rode and wet it in the creek and thought to put the fire out while it was crossing. When the fire neared him it was so hot that he could not stand it, and he started to run at one side with the hope of getting out of the way of the main head fire, but he soon saw that he could not get out of its way, and knew that he must face the worst. With great presence of mind, the brave little fellow wrapped the wet blanket around his head and shoulders. and turned and ran with all his might through the fire. It was but the work of a moment, and his doom was sealed. When he reached the burned region the blanket dropped from him in pieces, and with his nailless and almost fingerless hands he tore the remainder of his burning clothing from his body, excep his shoes, which were crisp tight to his feet, and there he stood, naked and scorched from head to foot, suffering untold agonies. His father, who was short distance away, saw the fire as it passed over his son. He ran his horse through the side fire, and was soon at his boy's side. "Frank, are you badly burned?" asked Mr. Aiken. "No, father, but let's hurry home," was the reply. Mr. Aiken lifted the poor fellow upon the horse, and started to lead it home, and holding on to the boy with one hand lest he might fall. They had proceeded in this manner but a few steps when the suffering boy said, "Oh, father, let me have the reins—I can't stand it to go so slow." The father obeyed, and Frank ran the horse at full speed to the house, dis-mounted, tied the horse, and went into the house without assistance. A neighbor immediately came to town for Drs. Robinson and Walker, and in the meantime the almost distracted parents were bathing him with tallow, which seemed the only thing to afford ease. The doc-tors did all in their power to restore the suffering boy, but all was in vain. He died without a struggle at 2 the

nally, which caused his death so suddenly. His limbs up to his knees and elbows were so badly burned that the blood had ceased to circulate in them and they were cold and dead long before the patient ceased to breathe. His father, who stood by the bedside until life had fled, frequently asked him to have courage, and the brave little fellow would reply, "Yes, father, I've got courage, and think I will stand it all right." The funeral services were conducted at the hall at this place last Monday afternoon by the Rev A. E. Smith, after which the remains were taken to the Ida Grove Cemetery for interment. Frank was a very smart boy for his age, and was highly esteemed by the neighbors and all who knew him. He was always very kind and obedient to his parents. The entire community sympathize with the be-

-Ida County (Iowa) Pioneer.

reaved family in this great misfortune.

The Western Cliff-Dwellers. Of late, blown over the plains, comstories of strange, newly-discovered cities of the far Southwest; picturesque piles of masonry, of an age unknown to tradition. These ruins mark an era among antiquarians. The raysterious mound-builders fade into comparative insignifinance before the grander and more ancient cliff-dwellers, whose castles lift their towers amid the sands of Arizona, and crown the terraced slopes of the Rio Moncos and the Hovenweep [pronounced Hov-en-weep].

A ruin accidentally discovered by A

D. Wilson, of the Hayden survey, several years ago, while he was pursuing his labors as chief of the topographical corps in Southern Colorado, is described to me by Mr. Wilson as a stone building, about the size of the Patent Office. It stood upon the bank of the Animas, in the San Juan country, and contained perhaps five hundred rooms. The roof and part of the walls had fallen but the part standing indicated a height of four stories. A number of the roooms were fairly preserved, had small, loop-hole windows, but no outer doors. The building had doubtless been entered originally by means of ladders resting on siches, and drawn in after the occupants. The floors are of cedar. each log as large around as a man's head, the spaces fitled seatly by smaller poles and twigs, covered by a carpet of cedar-bark. The ends of the timber were bruised and frayest, as if severed by a dull instrument; in the vicinity were stone hatchets, and saws made of sandstone slivers, about two feet long. worn to a smooth edge. A few hundred yards from the mammoth building was a second large house in rains, and between the two strongholds were rows of small dwellings, built of cobble-stones laid in adobe, and arranged along streets after the manner of the village of to-day. The smaller h mess were in a more advanced state of ruin, on account of the round stones being more readily disintegrated by the elements

than the heavy masonry.

The streets and houses of this desert ed town are overgrown by Juniper and pinon -the latter a dwarf wide-spread ing pine which bears beneath the scales of its cones delicious and nutritious nuts. From the size of the dead, as well as the Tving trees, and from their osition on the her stone, Mr. Wilson concludes that a great period of time has elapsed since the buildings fell. Flow many hundred years they stood after desertion before yielding to to the inroads of time cannot be certainly known.

The presence of sound wood in the houses does not set aside their antiqui ty. In the dry, pure air of Southers Colorado, wood fairly protected will last for centuries. In Asia cedia wood has been kept a thousand years, and in Egypt cedar is known to have been in perfect preservation two thousand years after it left the forest; the cadars thro' out the territories of the southwest de not rot, even in the groves, they die and stand erect, solid and sapless; the winds and whirling sands curve the dead trees into forms of fantastic beauty drill holes through the trunks, and play at hide-and-go-seek in the perforated limbs until, after ages of resistance, literally blow away in atoms of fine

clean dust. On the Blo San Juan, about twenty five miles distant from the city of the Animas, Mr. Wilson discovered the following evening a similar pile, looming solemnly in the twilight near their camping-place; the scene as described was weird in the extreme. As the moon arose, the shadows of the phantom buildings were thrown darkly across the silvery plain. The blaze of camp-fires, the tiny tents, the negro cook, the men in suckskin hunting garb, and the pickete d mules, made a strange picture of the sammer's night, with background of moselit desert and crumbling ruins, on whose ransparts towered dead, gaint cedars, lifting their bleached skuistons like sheeted ghosts within the silent watch-towers of the murky past. -for December.

Mocht Nix Ous.

The day had been set and the young man was happy. When his father failed in business he collected together all the pink love letters, the lock of her hair, the faded violet, etc., and started for her father's mansion. He was high minded and bonorable, and he felt in duty bound to release her from the engagement. Yet he grew faint as he was ushered into the parlor. Such love as his wouldn'nt stay crushed.

Gworge, dear Gworge! she exclaimed, as she entered the parlor and seized his hand.

'Arabella, I am here to do my duty. he said, as he rose up.
'W hat's the matter?' she asked.

'H-haven't you heard of of my poor father's failure?' he inquired, his heart beating painfully. Why, yes, dwear Gworge, and now

'Aren't you-won't you-that is-I'm glad of it-that's all! she said.

You are! Of course I am! I was talking with father, and he said if your father had failed for \$90,000 he'd make at least \$50,000 out of it, and of course you'll get twice as much as you counted on. Some girls would have set the dog on him, not having a business father to

make due explanation.

THE MARKED ARM.

A Husband's Tragic End ... 1 Lantern's

Flash ... A Woman's Second Love. Click! In the dead of the night a sharp sound awakened Mrs. Hallfont. of moon or starlight fell through the curtains of the windows. It was a very strange sound, indeed, but she saw nothing, heard nothing more.

She sat up, leaning on her dimpled left elbow, and put out ber right hand and touched her husband's shoulder. He lay upon his pillow fast asleep, and did not awaken at her touch.

"It must have been a dream, Mrs. Hamilton; and her young headshe was only the bride of a year nestted down again closer to her husband's arm and slept again. Click!

This time the sound did sot arouse Mrs. Halifont. It was her busband who awakened. He did not pause to listen, but grasped the revolver beneath his pillow and jumped out of bed at once. In an alcove in the nest room stood a safe which contained valuables. It was not one of the wonderful new safes which defy fire and burglars, but an old one that had been in the family a long while. Mr. Halifont knew on the instant that some one was opening the safe.

A man of courage, Mr. Halifont strode into the room where he knew housebreakers were at work, and, running in the dark against a powerful man, tack led him at once.

The light of a lantern flashed across the room. There were two more men.

Three against one.

The sound of blows, struggling, and the reports of a pistol, aroused the young wife once more. Amid her terfor she had the good sense to light the gas. It shops upon a spectacle of hor-Her husband, weltering in his blood, wrestling with a gigantic man. whose features were concealed by a mask of black erape; a man, the upper part of whose person was clothed only in a knitted woolen shirt of some dark color, with sleeves that left his great arm bare. On the right one, the one which clutched Mr Halifont's throat, was a red mark, or brand, a scar, a birth-mark. It would have been impossible for Mrs. Halifost, even in a calmer moment, to tell what it was but it indelibly impressed itself upon her mind, as she bravely east herself into the struggle, and fought with all her might to drag the horrible hand from her husband's throat, sereaming all the while for aid.

A blow, a kick would have silenced her. The burglar must have known that, but there are very bad men who could not use violence toward a woman to save their own lives. This man could not. His companions had flown with their booty; help might have arrived at any moment. With a great effort he wrenched himself from the clutches of his victim, and let go his throat, and sped away It was not too soon. Assistance arrived, now that it was too late, but Mr. Halifont did not live to tell the story. He was mortally wounded. His young wife watched by his bedside until he breathed his last, then dropped beside it senseless.

For weeks she raved in wild delirium of the murderous hand, of the great. nuscular arm with the sear u and ealled upon them all to save her husband's life, but she was young and had a fine constitution. After awhile her health returned, and at last her mind regained its equipeise.

She removed from the city and took up her abode in a lonely country place. with a favorite sister for a companion. She had resolved, as all widows who have leved their busbands, do at first to rem in a widew forever. She was niset en when her husband was murdered; theirty-two she was still true to his me mory.

Temptation to inconstancy assailed her. For many a year a fine bease upon a neighboring estate had been silent and empty; but now there came to take possession of it a gentleman not yet forty. A widower with plenty of money and no children; a handsome man, well built and stalwart, with , magnificent black hair, and eyes that were like black diamonds. Spanish eyes; indeed he called himself a Spaniard, and his speech betrayed a foreign accent.

The dark eyes and the blue ones met, few neighborty words were exchanged, and a call followed soon. Mrs. Hal ifond felt a new emotion creeping into her heart. She felt pleased and flattered by this stranger's admiration.

Then she knew she was loved, and repiced, and soon discovered that she, berself, leved again.

At first she was angry with horself then she wept over her inconstancy, but at last she yielded utterly. She listened to the sweet words that, despite berself, made her happy, and promised to marry Col. Humphries.

Her future husband was older than herseif, and too rich to be suspected of ary intention of being a fortune-huntbut, after all, no one knew him. He came into the neighborhood without letters of introduction to any one, and whether he won his fortune by trade or came to it by inheritance remained a mystery.

There were those who shrugged their shoulders and declared that Mrs. Halifont would regret not having chosen some one of whom E ore was known. some retired merchant, some gentle-man of fortune, whose father had been known to her friends.

Nothing, to be sure, could be said against this Spaniard, or Cuban, with the English name; but who knew any-thing in his favor?

However, no one said this to Mrs. Halifont, and if it had been done, words never changed a woman's fancy yet. Mrs. Halifont believed in Col. Hum-

phries and meant to marry him. Indeed, the trousseau was prepared and the wedding-day fixed—all was pre-pared, and Ida Halifont believed herself a mery happy woman. She once more built castles in the air. Her old sorrow seemed to fade away in the distance . She was a girl again.

At last twenty-four hours lay between

her and her wedding-day. She was busy in her sewing-room on this last day, finishing some ruffles in lace and ribbon, and singing softly to herself, when suddenly the house was

filled with cries. An old man servant, while cutting

the grass upon the lawn, had wounded himself seriously; the doctor was sent for at once, but he was not at home, and meanwhile poor Zebedee was bleeding to death.

Suddenly Ida Halifont remembered The room was dark. Not even a gleam that Mr. Humphries had said that he understood wounds as well as though be had been bred a surgeon. Without this it would have been natural for her to call on one who was soon to be her protector in a moment of anxiety. She would call him herself, that there might be no delay, and seizing her garden-has she ran along a little path that led troub her ground to that of Mr. Humphries, elimbing a low fence to save time the gate, and so gained the rear of the dwelling of which to-morrow she would be mistress.

She thought herself terrified and dis-tressed. She felt rather injured in the such an unpleasant thing as the wound-ing of poor Zebedce should have hap-pened on the eve of lar wedding day. Ten minutes after she thought of herself at that moment utterly at easewondrously happy for as she reached those windows and peeped half timidly through the curtains, a thing happened that made all she had ever suffered ap-

pear as nothing.
The room, the window of which she had approached, was one that opened out of a conservatory. She saw Colonel Humphries busy with some rare plants he had just set out to the warm sunshine that fell through the glass. He had taken off his coat and rolled up his sleeves. Now he left the conservatory, and coming forward proceeded to wash his hands in a basin of water that and been set ready for him. He was close to Ida Halifont. He did not see her, but she could have reached out her hand and touched him.

Why did she not speak, and call him by name? Why did she smk down upon her hands and tremble like an aspen leaf? Alas! the awful reason was this: Upon the arm to which she was about to give the right to cheep her in tenderest embrace she saw a terrible ma k -s mark she had seen once before. She knew its shape and size and color. Her eyas had been riveted upon it as the sinewy hand, at the wrist of which it ended, grasped her dying husbande throat. She had learned it often by heart; size could not be deceived. Tho years had rolled away, that horrible marked arm was not to be forgotten or mistaken by any other.

Suddenly Col. Humphries felt him-self grasped by a hand that, small as it was, had the fierce touch of a tiger's claw. The fingers closed over that red mark -a white face came slose to his "You are my husband's murderer!"

hissed a voice into his ear. Then the two stood and stared at each other. He made no denial; he only looked

down at the red spot upon his arm and cursed it aloud "How dared you to make love to me?" cried she. "Tou-

"Because Floved you," he said. "af I had not falles in love with you that night. I would have killed you also, It was risking my life to spare you, with your screams enling men to hunt me down-

"Oh, if you had but killed me then," she moaned. "Well, I am at your mercy no

She answered:

ber bands.

"You can kill me! I wish you would! pray you, do it. You killed my hue The marderer of my husband must be brought to justice! And I-yesterday, nay, an hour ago -I loved you. Oh, God pity me! Thave loved this man this thief, who came in the night to rob my husband, and who murdered

him!" She remembered saving this. Afterward a strange drowsiness overcame ber. She seemed to let go her hold on the world. She faintly recognized the fact that Col. Humphries kneit at her feet and kissed her hands. Then there were blank hours, and strange, wild dreams, and she awakened in the twilight and found berself bound band fast to a great arm-chair, long cords about her arms, tying her feet and confining

So her servants found her; but she was the only living being in the great house. Col. Humphries and his two block servants had disappeared.

The empty bottle of chloreform on the floor—the fact that he had left little behind him, and that he had always kept his money in a form that left him free to leave the country at any time, all proved that detection had been prepared for. And he was never traced, or had the means to bribe those who were set upon his track. Ida Halifest lived through it all. She

lives to-day in the quiet house beside the river, but no one has ever seen ber smile since that hour.

His. Way of Doing Gord.

Up in New Hampshire is a well known eccentric individual, a self-constituted curer of all ills, a sort of universal panacea body-and-soul-head-an i-beartand-conscience doctor, who, withsall his ecceptricities, has a fand of active wit and is hard to beat. Not long ago the "doctor" was called upon the wit-ness stand. The opposing council, who is said to sometimes "wet his whistle" with "liquid pizen," knowing the doctor's peculiarities, ventured in crossexamining to first show him up a bit. The result will be appreciated:
"What is your business?" pompously

queried the counsel. My business is to do what little good

I can to my fellow men," modestly replied the doctor. "But that doesn't answer my que tion."

tion," puffily remarked the counsel.
"How do you spend your time?" "Why, Squire, it takes about all my

time to do what I said," remarked the doctor. "But I want something more &d-

uite," stoutly demanded the counsel. "How do you go about your business?" "That depends upon circumstances, according to the nature of the case, "explained the doctor; "for instance, if I were going to begin on you, the first thing I should do would be to advise you to sign the temperance pledge."

The court roared, and the counsel, if convinced the doctor was pursuing a legitimate and respectable vocation, proceeded with the regular cross-ex-