PRINCE BISMARCK'S last criticism on Lord Randolph Churchill is that he is a twopenny Catiline."

PENNSYLVANIA'S next senator, Col. Quay, contemplates visiting Florida for the benefit of his health sometime in February.

Col. J. S. Mosby, of guerr.lla warfare fame, will shortly publish his personal reminiscences of the late unpleasantness.

were present at the recent annual linner of the Harvard class of 1828 in Boston was Dr. Holmes, aged 77 years.

Friedrick Horner, died recently at Zurich at the age of 55. He was one of the most distinguished pupils of Grafe. It is said that the papers and MSS

THE famous ophthalmologist, Prof.

of his father which Col. Fred Grant is editing will make two or three volames the size of the General's "Mem-THE remains of California's noted

benefactor, Lick, were deposited last Sunday in a niche in the foundation on which the great Lick telescope is to be olaced.

REV. MR. SPURGEON, writing from Mentone, says he is yet too lame to ravel to England, but hopes to be home and to occupy his pulpit in the latter part of January.

REV. HENRY MORTON, rector of Philadelphia's St. James Protestant Episcopal church, having become too old to perform the duties of his posizion, has resigned.

Among the students of medicine in the University of Naples is Miss Sophie Bakunin, daughter of the famous Rushe Neapolitan lawyer, Carlo Gam-Juzzi

ONE of the most successful commercial travelers in York state is a negro. He knows his business thoroughly, is respected by all who know him, and, so far as known, is the only colored lrummer in the country.

THERE died at Munich, a fortnight igo, Dr. Joseph Haller, the noted edior of the Neuc Munchner Zeitung and he author of several scientific works. sim much distinction.

keeping the hands warm. A warmer s composed of a tin box an inch in liameter and six inches long holding a fuse of slow-burning material which atens for more than an hour without moke or gas. The warmer is put in a socket or carried in a muff.

THE creditors of Pr neess Ypsllanti, the widow of the late Greek ambassafor at Paris, will receive the best 4 per cent, of their demands, which aggregate more than \$700,000. This sum is prince himself, which represents an enormous amount, but for which his widow is not responsible.

THE Oregon state officials were thrown into a bewildered state of amazement recently when the secretary of state received a bag containing \$529 50 from the county court of Joseohine county. The legislature at its last session made an appropriation for a bridge across the river at Grant's pass. The bridge and another were built out of the appropriation, and the above was the ballance left, which was sent back to be placed in the state

KEAR the Zoological gardens, Philadelphia, Pa., one day recently, a man was walking on the track of the Pennproaching. Head Keeper Byrne, of the | a rice mill.' garden, shouted a warning to him. The train drew nearer and nearer, but the man never lifted his eyes from the paper until just as the locomotive was about to hurl him into eternity he coolly stepped off the track, and as the cylnder of the rushing engine caught his coat and tore it off his back he turned to Mr. Byrne, who had jumped the ience expecting to pick up a corpse, and said: "These durned railway companies want the earth. They took my ast dollar to carry me here, and now they take the only coat Iv'e got to let me walk on their durned old track.

A TALL, fine looking man, clad in a garb of a wild westerner, strolled into the Fifth Avenue hotel, New York, Thursday night, A dude clad in a dress suit stared at him as if he were a a wild beast. The westerner stared back for a moment until he had looked the dude out of countenance, and then walked over to the young swell and said in a thundering voice: "Well, what is it?" "What is what?" asked the dude, turning red. "You must . have forgotten your manners to stare at me as you did. I know I forgot mine or I would not speak to you about it. I look rough, and all that, but you than to be so rude as to stop and look | duty be left to an ignorant or thoughtyou over as if you were on exhibition." The incident attracted considerable atgetting away.

#### Too Much Entertaining.

Great complaints are frequently made by grown people of the disturb ance made by noise, talkative little ones; but the tables might be turned with perfect justice, since children are as often disturbed by their elders. It parents and nurses would understand the injury done to a child by interfering with his intelligent plays and his efforts to get clear notions of h s new world, they would soon give up the foolish habit. The tender brain should at least be left in quiet liberty to appro-The youngest of eight persons who priate the things it finds agreeable, and the groping senses steadily encouraged to accomodate themselv s to their surroundings. To disturb the harmony of what observation may be going on is like shaking a surface of clear water so that no true reflection can be given. To illustrate, let us take a scene from an early hour, when the baby is just waking. The father rushes in eager for a romp. "Where is Bobby? Oh! just waked up. He wants to come to his papa." And Bobby is mounted on papa's shoulder, while little sisters dance around -one playing peek a-boo. one shaking a rattle, while a third insists on pat-a-cake. The bewildered baby laughs and crows during the excitement, but how distinct or intelligent are his emotions? The pussy comes in, and Bobby must look at her; but before his little hand has learned the softness and warmth of her furwhish! a carriage is going past the window, and he must notice for an instant, the swift steeds and prancing horses. Horses, rattle, peek-a-boo, pussy, dancing little girls, pat-a-cake, and noisy, enthusiastic father, all in the course of five minutes. Any one of the amusements continued to the child's satisfaction might have given some help to a germ of thought. But not only minutes, but days and years are passed in a whirl of half-finished games and capricious petting. Is it any wonder that, arrived in the schoolroom, the boy's mind is hazy and aimless, or that he does not understand system and steady work? "What does it mean?' asks the disappointed father. "Where does he get his laziness?" It sian agitator, whose widow married is almost irreverent to say that a conscientious, painstaking parent may be officious and meddling, but it can be true of the father as well as of the mother, who, extremely anzious to do her full duty by her darling charge, may easily overdo -Bab, hood.

#### The Largest Farm in the World.

In the extreme southwest corner of Louisiana lies the largest producing farm in the world, says The Missouri Republican. It runs 100 miles north and south and twenty-five miles east and west, and is owned and operated by a Mis principal effort was a learned essay | syndicate of Northern capitalists. Their on "Spanish Proverbs," which brought general manager, J. B. Watkins, gives an interesting account of this gigantic plantation, which throws the great Pocker-warmers are a device for Dalrymple farm of Dakota into the shade completely. He was cornered by a reporter at the St. James Hotel last night and asked to give the particulars of his gigantic enterpise. "The millon and a half acres of land in our tract," Mr. Watkins said, "was purchased in 1883 from the State of Louisiana and from the United States government. At that time it was a vast graz ng land for the cattle of the few dealers of the neighborhood. When I took possession I found over 30,000 head of half-wild horses and cattle. My first work was to divied this immese tract into convenient pastures, establishing stations or exclusive of the unpaid taxes of the ranches every six miles. The fencing alone cost in the neighborhood of \$50 .-000. The land is found to be best adapted to rice, sugar, corn and cot-

"All our cultivating, ditching, etc., is done by steam power. We take a track, say half a mile wide for instance, and place an engine at each side. These engines are portable, and operate a cable attached to four ploughs, and under this arrangement we are enabled to plough thirty acres a day with only the labor of three men. Our harrowing, planting and other cultivating is done in a like manner. In fact, there is not a draught horse on the place. We have, of course, horses for the herders of cattle, of which we now have 16,000 head. The Southern Pacific Railroad runs for sixty-six miles through our We have three steamboats operating on the waters of our own estate, upon which there are 300 miles of navigable waters. We have sylvania railway as an engine was ap- an ice factory, a bank, a ship-yard and

## Keepsakes.

Each lover has a keepsake For the memory of his love; One has a note or a ribbon, And one a curl or a glove.

But I am rich in keepsakes; Three notes I treasure apart: There are two, accepting my presents, And one, declining my heart.

#### Eating Properly. The fact that so many adults, even

persons of culture, have wrong habits in eating, coupled with that of the imitative tendency of children, affords one of many arguments against the presence of very little ones at the common table. Haste in eating is naturally accompanied by haste in feeding on the part of the mother or nurse. which is frequently the cause of the after-habit, in the child, of taking too large mouthfuls and swallowing them too fast. Often an otherwise careful mother, perhaps preoccupied with conversation, or anxious to be free to do something else, will give her child such large and frequent mouthfuls that after it has grown to the self-feeding age the practice is continued and the habit fixed. Perhaps children are naturally inclined to eat too fast; it certainly is a common fault, and one which may be avoided by deferring the self-feeding and letting the mother, by patient, deare probably more of a curios ty to me | liberate feeding, aid the child in formthan I am to you; still I know better | ing correct habits. Neither should this less nurse, who may have her own reasons for haste. Care in this matter may seem to cost too much time, but tention, and the dude lost no time in the result will be worth all the expense.

#### STOLEN GLORIES.

My darling's glorious eyes! My darling's radiant smile! Sweet gleams from paradise, With naught of earthly gulle!

Mirrored within those eyes

Heaven's holiest love I see, And in each sm le's sweet guise I read heaven's storied glee. Whence came these glorious eyes!

Whence came this smile so sweet? When from bright paradise She tripped with baby feet. A last fond glance, with sighs,

She gave her angel guide, And then through earthly skies Her downward way she hied.

And memories of those eyes Forever linger there: Each earthly smile, e'er dies For heaven's, unaware.

O maid with stolen eyes And faintly echoed smile! How sure of paradise When far from earthly guile

And, when above earth's skies Again you wend your way, The angel, in surprise,
"Long lost, but found," will say. Earl Marble, in Boston Folio.

# A Stray.

The red rays of the setting sun lengthened the shadows against the black deadened hills, as the workmen swarmed out of the pit and dragged weary, stiffened limbs along the different paths leading to the habitations above. Very grotesque some of them were, with blackened faces, from which eyes gazed out with the weary pathos one sees in the eyes of oxen, with bent figures and stooped shoulders from work in rooms where the roof was often not four feet from the floor, where water lay in pools and bred rheumatism in joints, warmed by the sun all too seldom.

The motley nature of the mining village was shown by the different dialects in which the conversations were carried on, the broad slurred intonation of the English miner; the round, rollicking tones with the note of a caress in it that is native to the land St. Patrick loved; the soft decided voice of Scotland, and, as a background for this flotsam and jetsam that is drifted to us by the ocean, was heard the sharp, slightly nasal voice of the native of our Middle States.

But different as was their nationality, their minds seemed to run much in the same groove. There was some dissatisfaction with the record of the day's work, and menaces ominious to the managers were exchanged with curses and elenching of black, hardened hands.

Fragments of their conversation came to a woman standing at the top of the rickety steps leading up the face of the cliff above the mines. Back of her was a row of bare, unpainted houses where the workmen lived; some of the women were about the doors, slouchy and dishevelled, calling out to one another and to the children in coarse, shrill voices, which now and then a laugh and a joke with the home-coming workmen. Only the woman at the steps stood alone silent. A few nodded to her; only one man spoke to her | him. I walked from town to town, sometime in passing, while many looked at her in a way | sleeping in the woods. I walked until I would that made her face flush and her teeth set. She was handsomer than anything they ever saw about the pit's mouth, but the husbands, sons, and lovers knew better than to greet her before the eyes of their women folks. Four vears ago she had learned that and ignored "Now," she answered. "No; it was not for them men and women, ever since, only she could not but see the glances that needed no interpretation to bring a flush to her brown cheek and a cold stare of bravado into her

The one man who spoke to her was not a good sight to look at. He had partially washed the coal dust from his face at the tank by the pit-enough to show deep blue sears furrowed in his face by a blast of powder.

"Good evenin' to ye, Kate," he said, as he reached the level where she stood. "Here is the lad: ve'd better watch him about these stens, it's a had place for little chans " and he swung from his shoulder a sturdy little vellowhaired boy of tour years.

"I ain't scared," he announced with a lisp. "What's the matter down there." asked Kate with a nod towards the pit. "Something

"Oh, yes; same old story, some o' the men docked a half a car because a wee hit o' slate happened in, an' the new ears are short weight they say. The men won't put up with much more, and some o' them are maken ugly

"Who do they threaten?" "Mighty near all the officials, the new over-

seer young Hepburn, in particular." "Why so!" "They think be might appeal for them to the company to have the rules changed about the weight measurements. But he's only a bit of a youngster himself, and hasn't much backbone, though he is the doctor's nephew, an' they don't much like the idea of a college-bred young man over them. One o' the men as has worked in the mine himself would suit them better-not that I blame them much-though for the doctor's sake there'd be many a man

stand up for him," he added, as he walked on

to the company boarding-house. The woman, leading the child, turned also from the steps towards the little cabin she called home, around the unpainted boards of which clambered morning glories, while at the back could be seen tall sunflowers and hollyhocks that bordered the little square of a garden where a few sickly-looking vegetables were coaxed into existence, showing to the curious that its owner must have come from a farm. Otherwise how came she with a knowledge of the needs of her plants or a patience that would carry rich loam in baskets from the woods in order to have a bit of green in the midst of the red clay and the black coal dust around her? It was the only attempt at a garden on the cliffs. Tenants have small encouragement to improve or cultivate ground belonging to coal companies, as under existing

As she passed a window of the company boarding-house she heard a voice sav: "Hello, Dan! had a nice chat with Kate out there? Yer getting to be great friends."
"Well, I should hope Dan ain't so hard up as

rules, they are, in many places, ejected on four

days' notice for the most paltry of porvoca-

to pick up friends among tramps and strays!' That's enough said the man called Dan. "I'll not be lettin' man or woman speak against her when I'm in hearen. The doctor says I have to thank her fer the sight o' my eves this minute. It was her nursin' more than his medicine as saved 'em when I got burnt with the powder. I tell ye there wasn't another woman in the place would a looked at me without gettin' sick. But Kate! Why, she jest walked in and helped Doc take care of me as if I was handsome as a picture-book; an' she's done good turns to lots of the boys, though some of them are too mean to speak up for her, an' she's got more learnin' than most folks here though she is only a stray." The girl walked on to her own door and sat

child scampered after a pet kitten. A stray! That was all. Four years since she came first, a big-eyed girl of seventeen, dusty and foot-sore from long travel-from where, they never knew-and when she sank fainting on a door step and was carried inside the one tavern in the place, there was much wonder among the people as to who she could be; and when the doctor laid her child in her arms and asked if there was any word he could send for her to her husband or relatives. she only looked at the babe's pink flower-like

down wearily on the wooden step, while the

doctor, and said: "There is no one." by the virtuous—to be pitied, after a fashion.

Lately a knowledge had been creeping bit by but to be left alone. She was penniless and bit into her heart, and filling it with a supreme

without friends. The doctor's voice was the only kind one she had heard since the day the child was born, and be looked on her pityingly, perhaps helped to it by the memory of a little daughter's grave over the hill, whose occupant would have been this girl's age had she lived. A sober man of forty years he was, a kindly, Christian gentleman who had settled among them years ago, when the wife and baby daughter had dropped into their eterna sleep while on a visit to this mountain of the Alleghanies. He was held in much respect by the people. His kindly hands had eased many a broken bone or crushed limb among them and he did what he could to soften the barsh judgment of the villagers towards this girl.

and his best was little. Two weeks after coming he ventured on the subject of her destination and intentions. So far she said nothing except her name, and when asked, she said, "Kate." that was all The doctor found her as usual looking with unseeing eyes across the hills, seemingly heed less of the yellow-haired, brown-eved babe in her lap, for she had been in a sort of apathy

ever since its birth. "I have come to have a talk with you Kate," said the doctor. "This little fellow is old enough now for you to take him home wherever that is, and I have come to see wha arrangments can be made. "I have no home now," she said, with a

little break in her voice. "But there must be some one. Come now my girl, tell me what you can. I want to be your friend. You need one, heaven knows There must be some one-the boy's father." "He is nothing-nothing to me or to it-the coward?" she burst out, with more feeling than he had heard her express before.

"But you must have some one to take care of you! How are you to live?" 'I did not want to live. They should have let me die in the street that day; they had no right to touch me!

"Hush!" said Dr. Hepburn, sternly. "We should never question the decrees of heaven Every life has a use of its own else it would not be given."

She laughed harshly: "Use! What use my life now, the life of a nameless outcast!" "You have your child to live for."

"Ah!" she breathed, with a half sob in he throat, "do you think I have not thought of him! How am I to live through the shame of it when he grows older and understands? Bet ter we should both die now, now before he grows ashamed of his mother. One night this thought came to me as if some one had whis pered it in my ear. It was dark but I seemed to feel the presence of forms pointing at us and whispering 'shame.' I can't tell you how terrible it was. The only way to escape it was to die-both of us. I got up softly and lit the candle. I did not think how I was to do it only in some way I was to end our lives. Ah how afraid I was of making a noise that would awaken him! I crept across to the bed so soft ly. I lifted a pillow. Its weight on a baby

face would stop its breathing so quickly; but as I bent over the babe, I saw it was not asleep. It had been lying there quietly but its eves were wide open. It smiled up at me, and for the first time reached towards me its arms. Oh, how I knelt there and kissed it and cried over it! That was the first time I cried since this trouble came to me, and it seemed to ease the dull, aching pain in my heart. But I le the candle burn all that night. I was afraid to be in the dark for fear of that temptation coming again. Do you think it ever will? Her cheeks were quite flushed and her eyer wet as she clasped the child close to her and appealed to the doctor.

"God bless me!" he ejaculated, springing to his feet and walking back and forth, the tears in his own honest, kindly eyes. "God blest me! What a seoundrel that man must be! Then he sat again beside her.

"Where were you going when you took ill?" Her face flushed: "I was looking for him He said once that his business was in the coa region. When no letters came I tried to find get dizzy and drop with fatigue; but I had no time to rest. My one thought was to find him in time, but the coal fields are so wide-I nev er knew how wide before!" "Perhaps you can find him yet," ventured

myself-only for the child, but it is too late! "You must think of your future. If you will not go home, or find him, who will take care of you and the child?"
"I will. I can work."

"But where, and what at?" "Here; it is as good a place as any other, there must be some work for a woman here enough to keep us and pay these people. people seem buried here, shut off from the rest of the world. That is the best for me and I can work at anything. Some one wil give me work, don't you think so?" "God bless me! I hope so," he answered. "

-Pil try to fix it, but its a weary place, child. and a dreary life for you here." "My life would be that any where, it does

not matter.' And so it was settled. Sewing housework nursing, washing anything in the way of work she did well, and did cheaply for any who wou'd give her the chance, but she made no friends and resented all overtures from the curious. They knew no more of her past nov than they did the day she came among them Kate was the only name they knew her by. Her boy she called Paul.

"It was my father's name," she said to the doctor. "He is dead. The disgrace canno

hurt him." The boy grew and thrived, but it was al most as quiet as the mother, for it had no playmates-only a kitten and a few chickens The mothers of other children resented the si lence, so like pride in this tramp, and called the children to their sides when the baby no tures would reach hands to each other all unknowing to the social gulf between them. Even her kindness to the sick won her no hearts, for she did all so coldly though so well Their sidelong, meaning glances when she first met their faces with her child in her arms had closed forever any sympathy between them. The child she worshiped. Her moody, gray eyes would warm and the closed mouth smile only for him, and once, when a fever among the children laid little Paul low, the doctor was startled by the wild grief of this girl who seldom spoke among them.

"Be quiet, Kate," he said, putting her in chair, "you must not give way like this, the chances are that he will recover, but should he not we must bow to that higher Will; be

sure what will be, will be for the best." "The best!" and she laughed bitterly. "If he were to die to-night you would try to con sole me by saying it was best. Don't you know that this is a punishment for that other time when I did not want him? And now just when we have grown to be everything to each other you tell me it is a merciful God who would part us! People should love nothing if they wish to be happy, it brings a curse always. How can you understand! Others have husbands, homes, children. I have only him-only him!" and she sank beside the little bed in a passion of sobs that were stilled only by a narcortic from the doctor's hand.

But little Paul did not die, though the doc or was anxious for many days and very thankful when he could safely say all danger was past. Kate did not say much, it was as if she feared to give a voice to her joy lest the pent up emotions would be beyond her con trol. But her glad eyes, as she kissed her boy and ressed the doctor's hand, held in them more gratitude than words could express. "You have done so much for me," she said, and my life is so useless, all I can do in re

"Tut, tut! If it were my boy Hall, you would do as much if you could; be a good girl, that is all I shall expect in payment, and in your gratitude for your boy, return thanks only where they are due-to the Giver of all

turn seems so little!"

He had in all things been her friend, and, sitting on the wooden step in the deepening dusk with the miners' words still in her ears-"a stray"-she dropped her face in her hands thinking; thinking of his goodness since that first day, and then she let her memory wander back over the hard, jovless toil among these people where only one voice had been helpful and kind, back over dusty roads where she had dragged tired feet in a hopeless search. back to the days when her girl's heart had beat warmly at the gift of a love to which she face in a half-curious, half-loving way, as if in | responded with what she fancied was the lastdoubt whether it could be hers, and then, drawing it close, she looked squarely at the was only the result of a starving soul in a loctor, and said: "There is no one." child's body, a welcome ray of light across. In a small place gossip soon spreads, and ere the unloved, monotonous level of her life, but long the community knew that the tramp was a ray that was to sere and burn all the rose a mother but no wife-a thing to be shunned | tints of youth into a lifeles mass of ashes.

contempt of self. Ah how vile she was growing in her own eyes! How often, lately, had she freed her mind from the fetters of the past and let her thoughts wander where they would in the sweet pastures of a longed-for present! How often she had checked herself on the brink of wild hopes by muttering bitterly: "A tramp-a stray! A thing lower in his thoughts than a lost dog, which he would shelter. dog at least is faithful; I am not even that, A true woman's love should be the same always. Neglect. desertion, nothing should change the U.ing she had dreamed of as an endless love." And now she knew she had not even that virtue to redeem herself, not even lasting love for her child's father. She had, in her thoughts, only loathing for him and for herself. Ah, how bad, bad he would think her if he knew her weakness, her faithlessness, in the one instance where a woman's faithfulness to a sin is a virtue! But the man of whose opinion she thought was Dr. Hepburn, the kindly, calm-eved friend, whose life was filled by the memory of a gentle little woman, who slept in the same narrow green bed with their one child-he who had been faithful so many years. What would be think if he knew the weakness and fickleness of her nature as she had known it lately! And then her face grew hot as she remembered when this knowledge had gained on her, and how his helpful words and kind eyes had helped to verify it.

The child, tired of play, had crept into her lap and cuddled down to rest with one brown, chubby hand against her neck as she stooped to kiss him, muttering: "I owe even your life to him, my darling,

and there is no return we can make. If he knew the truth he would think my dreams a degradation to us both."

The night closing in threw its shadow over a woman in whose mind had began the natural revulsion that follows the dispelled illusions of youth; and the slow-growing scorn of self crept into her heart, following close on the steps of remorse, that laggard whose voice is always "too late, too late!"

There was a ripple of excitement in the air, a vague expectancy through the mining vil-The men had left off work, and stood around in groups, smoking and talking, while awaiting the verdict, and the women gossiped and shook their heads over the probabe outgrowth of the owner's visit to the mine.

"My man says as how that car they come to the junction in must have cost thousands, and here is us glad of two rooms and a bad roof a-top of them. It'il be no free country until our men get the good of their work instead o' them high-toned nobs as owns so many pits they don't get to see them once a year. My man says as how the time's a comin when they'll have to bend.'

"Or be blowed," broke in a neighbor, with a "Oh, Mrs. Dugan," chimed in another, "It's yerself has always an answer on yer tongue, an' if what I hear is true yer not far off the mark. Some o' the boys have been drinken

and will stop at nothen not even dynamite." "An' small wonder," answered the Dugan woman, 'with the short weight an' a half car lost to ye if but a bit o' slate happens in-as who can help it there in the dark !- an' the 'pluck me' stores, where we must buy or leave the works, an' scarce ever does a dollar come in our door; it's all used for provisions as fast

"I hear it's quite a gang o' them come-bigbugs, all o' them-a-maken a round o' the dig-It'll be a sorry round to them if them scales

an' some o' the rules aint changed afore night. Now you mind what I'm tellen ye!" And thus the prophecies drifted from one to another, and a woman, with a basket of clothes on her arm and a little yellow-haired child at her side, stopped short in the black, dusty road, as from the other side of a high board fence half drunken curses came to her

ears.
"Be quiet, Tom," admonished another voice, "and don't drink any more, or you'll give the whole thing away. I am sick of it since I saw the doctor with them. been mighty good to lots of us; but the rest can burn for all we---

"Let 'em all burn. Doctor an' young Hep-burn are big-bugs as much as the stockholders, with their flue words an' their high an' mighty ways. Yer all a lot o' toadies to that cursed doctor. His word 's law to all o' ye, an' d've spose it would be if he was common worken stuff like us! No. It's the learning an' the high-toned way of his that ve knuckle to, an' I tell ye, Jim, we take it out o' them all. Hurra for equal rights!"

"Hush Tom. Lav low here in the grass. and take a sleep till ver sober enough to keep a close head. If the boys that's in it hear you blowin' like this there'll be the devil to pay. Yer likely to be found missin', an' don't you terget it!" "Shut up!" growled the other, "They

won't change the rules. Won't they? Let me alone! I know what I'm doin', just as well as I know who put the nitre glycerine on the track by entry number nine. It'll put an end to their sightseein'. It'll teach other stockholders to respect workin' men's rights. Hurra!" And the voice continued muttering threats and curses at moneyed men and aristo crats, while the woman stood motionless in the bare road, her face whitening, her eyes full of horror as the meaning of the man's words dawned on her, and then, dropping the clothes basket, she lifted the child quickly, clasping him so tight that he cried out in right and surprise. She did not heed, but, turning, ran with the swiftness of a bound back toward the village. She heard a shout behind her, but did not turn. The child's cry had told the men of her presence. They were shouting at her to stop; but on she ran, with the one thought uppermost in her heart -safety, his life depends on her speed. how slowly the road moved under her feet! But she could tell that, despite her load, she was gaining on her pursuers. Their voices grew fainter. She gained the hilltop above the mines. There was still a half-mile of road to cover. She could see the groups of men around the pit's mouth. Oh, how far away it seemed! Could she eyer reach it? Her breath came in short gasps; her head was filled with a buzzing that was maddening; she could not tell if it was the murmur of far-off voices or only the rush of riotous blood in her own yeins. Perhaps she was too late! She tried to cry out to the people below. Oh, were they blind that they could not see her! She reached the straggling village street. Down its length she ran,

a wild figure with streaming hair, and the frightened child clasped close in her arms. Women and children scattered in terror as she passed. Nothing but a mad woman could ever ook like that. Down among the crowd she sped, heedless of outstretched hands of men o stop her, heedless of thier word of question, on, on, until she dropped, blind and fizzy, at the pit's mouth. Only for a moment the lay so, while rough, kindly hands bifted the screaming child. Then she staggered to "Dr. Hepburn!" she gasped. "Where-

"He has just gone down the shaft with the risitors. What's the matter!" It was the scarfaced man, Dan, who answered her, holding the child in his arms. "Quick!" she gasped. "The cage! Take

me down it. It is life or death!" "All right. Get in. Do your quickest," he said to the engineer.
"Pil do it, Dan," said the man turning in-

to the engine-room, Good God What's this!" "What?" came from a dozen throats. "The ropes are cut with acid. Look here. It is not three minutes since I left the engine. Something is up. The cage won't work! A thrill of horror went over the crowd. Clearly the plot was not a general one. All were sullen and dissatisfied, but only a few had been in the horrible conspiracy. woman's senses was carried the thought, "too

"Well, the stairs are left." "The stairs!" She had not thought of that. "Where are they?" she asked.

late!" when someone near her said:

"Here," answered a man standing near the

black-looking aperture. She turned swiftly to Dan. "Be good to my boy," she said, and, kissing the child, she turned before they were rightly aware of her intention and plunged into the depths of the narrow stairway. From landing to landing she staggered, feeling her way as best she could in the intense blackness, falling at times, against the slimy, oozing walls, straining her eyes in hopes of a gleam of lamps. Down, flown, down! Oh, would she over get to the bottom! Her breath was going a dizziness but she stumbled gropingly against the wail, and felt a strange weakness growing on her. Oh, to fight it off until she could reach him! to silence for one moment that drip, drip, drip she heard from the roof-could hear growing missed him with a slight reprimand.

into a roaring torrent, nearer and nearer it came. Another step and it would engulf her. Down she staggered, her whole remaining strength collected in a wild scream as those black, phantom-like waves closed around her. A party of men just entering the car at the

main entry, stopped appalled at that shrick. They looked at one another in questioning amazement, "Is the mine haunted?" asked one of the

visitors. "That certainly sounded like nothing "Come," said young Hepburn, picking up a lamp; "there is something wrong.

sounded from the stairs. Come, Uncle!" And there, in the bend of the stairs, they found her. Five steps more would have brought her in sight of the lamps she had struggled so to reach. Blackened and wet from the dripping walls, she lay unconscious, and from her lips trickled a red stream that formed a pool on the black floor.

"This is serious, gentlemen, A broken blood-vessel," said the doctor, bending over her, "Hall, ring the bell for the cage. We must get her above-ground at once !"

The bell was rung, but no answer returned. The wire had been cut. Young Hepburn looked grave. "There is something wrong, seriously wrong, here. We must return by the stairs." While he spoke they heard the voices of men, who had followed Kate with lights, and in another minute the two parties of men met in the narrow passage with questioning wonder in their faces, and the blackened, bloodstained form between them. In a few minutes the cutting of the wires was told, and the men slowly carried the unconscious form up the dripping stairs, followed by the party of visitors, who said little, but felt, in a vague way, that some danger and mystery was in the air.

Up into the light of day they carried her while the people stood about awestruck and fearful. They wiped the black from the still face, and watched eagerly the faint signs of life struggling back, until the heavy lids quivered and opened to see Dr. Hepburn bending over her. A gasp for breath, and then she whispered: "You safe! I was in time." "In time! What do you mean?"

"The nitro-glycerine—on the track by—en-try number nine. My life has been some use -at last. Call Jim Mason.

The doctor repeated the name, and a man from the crowd came forward, his face white, and his mind sobered by the unexpected turn of the plot hatched in the brains of a few drunken, desperate men.

"Jim," she gasped, "I heard all. Once you said you owed me a debt. Pay it now." The sight of her face, with death in it, brought him to his knees beside her, while great tears stood on his rough cheeks.

"Pd a died before Pd a done a harm to you, Kate, after the kindness to my old mother, as you tended on her deathbed. What can

"Promise no harm to the mines, they keep so many souls alive; no harm to the doctor. "I swear it by the memory of me mother! I'll do no more such dirty work!"

She tried to raise the hand nearest to him, but the arm was powerless-broken by the fall. She struggled for breath, but could not speak further. A workman told lowly of her bursting among them saying it meant life or death to reach them. The visitors crowded near to see the face of this woman now that the black from the walls had been wiped from her features. Among the rest was a tall, handsome man of about thirty years, with blonde hair and brown eyes, who leaned over to gain sight of her. As he did so his face was one of horror, as he ejaculated: "Kate!" Dr. Hepburn glanced up quickly. "You know her?" he asked.

"I! Why, no-that is-"

"Hush! she is trying to speak." That cry of "Kate" seemed to have reached her. The grey eyes opened once more. "How long have I to live?" she whispered. "Not an hour. Kate, my poor girl, is there

anything I can do for you!" She looked assent, "My boy," They brought the little fellow, and she tried to look "What is it?" asked the doctor.

"The voice-that said-Kate." "She wants to see you." And he made way for the tall gentleman, whose eyes and hair were the color of little Paul's. He came and stood silent beside her, his face very pale. She looked at him long, then turned her eves to Hepburn, and whispered: "My boy is mine -none other's-all mine. Will you take him! Teach him to forget-the shame-his mother.

"He shall have mine, my poor girl. Don't fret about his future. He shall be as my

"Your-son." And she tried to smile. "That s best-vour name. I have none-you hear? and her eyes turned to the tall, paie gentleran-"no name-only Kabe-ever-you hear? "I hear," he said, in a low voice. "Go-where I can't see you-out of my

eight," And as he stepped back the doctor

held the child up to kiss her. A great calm was settling over her face as he stooped to catch her last words. "It was for your sake-to be of some usemy life for yours. You never guessed-you would have thought me bad-but now-just at the last, would you-would you-" - and her eves told the story, and her request to the man

who had never dreamed of this unasked for "My poor Kate, my poor Kate," be said, and pressed the wished-for kiss on lips through which the last breath had fluttered.

He lifted the child in his arms with a pity ing, protecting clasp. As he rose upright his eyes met those of the tail, pale gentleman. For one instant they gazed across the dead woman into each other's souls. There was no need of words, and in silence the death angel rang down the curtain on the last act of-The Stray .- Mary Ellis Ryan, in the Current.

The Nobleman and the Bricklayer. Mrs. Society-I suppose you never hear of your daughter, who eloped with

that young bricklaver! Mrs. Oldfam-Yes, he has got rich. and, they are living in New York in fine style.

"That is a comfort certainly. Has the foreign nobleman who married your other daughter returned to his castle vet?" "Oh! no; he is just in love with

America and says he wouldn't think of going back to Europe." "Indeed! Where have they been

during the last three or four years?" "Visiting with the bricklayer."-Omaha World.

### He was No Tell-Tale.

The code of schoolboy honor outlaws a tell-tale, and there is no meanness which high spirited boys more thoroughly despise.

When Salmon P. Chase, afterwards senator, governor of Ohio, secretary of the treasury and chief justice of the United States, was a boy, he was at school at Cincinnati.

One day says the Cleveland Leader, there was a fire made in one of the rooms. The boys were called up and catechised as to its origin. All except Chase denied any knowledge of the affair. When the question was put to him as to whether he knew who had lighted the fire he replied:

"I do." "Who was it?"

"I will not tell." The professor grew angry. The president was called in and Chase was again asked. He again refused, saying: "Mr. President, I did not intend to insult Prof. Black, but I am not going to lie,

tell-tale." As he said this his large intellectual was coming to her. She tried to stand erect, eve looked squarely into that of the president, and the latter full appreciated that he meant it. He said that he would excuse Chase this time, and dis-

I know who made the fire, but I will

leave the school before I will become a