LAST MIGHT.

And in the darkness these I love

calmly sleeping, while with stealthy

se all the hateful spirits of unrest, the atter silence seemed to jeer and heart, worn out with doubt

by friends care not," they whispered,

"there they sleep, Philet thou art toes'd in agony of mind, Ike ray of comfort in thy love to find. is no solace for thy beaten heart, shalt thou he through life; from all

Then sudden as the lightning cleaves the

re came a vision of a thorn-crowned

A face blood-stained and pale, that Of love ineffable upon me shed.

be resigned that he might love the more; He all our sorrows in his own heart bore

His life was lonely, for his loved ones

slept rough all the anguished nights he

watched and prayed; His death was loneller still, for then there

But few of those whose ransom he has

paid. lonely Lord! when my beart breaks, help me

To fly for comfort only unto thee!
-New York Sun.

## A MYSTERY SOLVED.

"The Max! I flung my arms around his neck and kissed him! What shall

How could you have made such s mista ke? 'In the dusk he looked exactly like

you. Of course, the moment he spoke my borrible blunder flashed upon me and I fled."

"No nonsense Ray. I will see him and explain the matter. If he is so much like me no doubt he is a very decent fellow."

This conversation took place between charming girl and her brother, who were staying at a certain hotel in a well-known seaside resort. To this botel I came in search of health to reestore a nervous system which had falling lately, and, indeed, had sever quite recovered from a shock caused by a horrible accident to me

overal years ago. I had been lured by a madman into bis house under pretense of playing a game of billiards, to find myself a priser with an armed lunatic, who forcof me to play the game for the highest possible stake-life itself. Fortunately on, but my opponent-although he fulfilled the conditions of our game by booting himself-with refinement of crocky tied me in a fainting condition the billiard table so that I might witness his death. Indeed, his vindictiveness went further than this, for he branded my leg with a hot fron and wrote a paper in which he accused me

of taking his life. I was charged with the murder, but sequitted, as the fact of my being discovered bound and the strange appearance of the body attired in the costume of Mephistopheles a character the dman endeavored to assume-was sufficient to prove my side of the story. Even the astuteness of Scotland yard proved powerless, for all the police could discover, after a long search into the antecedents of the unfortunate man, was the fact that he had been

confined in a lunatic asylum. I needed no proof to convince me that the man was mad. But there was a method in his madness. Until I met aim in a public billiard saloon, whence he took me to his house, I had never set eyes on him before. Then what was the reason for the cruel hatred he evidently felt toward me? Two clews I ed, but as each had proved uses to the detectives it was not likely that they would lead me to a solution

of the affair First, I discovered that in branding my leg the wretch had traced the letters "Rache." That these letters representing the German word "Revenge" was perfectly aware, but what was I to learn from that? That the man was a German? I think not. His accent plainly told me that he was En-No doubt revenge was his object, but the meaning of those letters remained a mystery.

My other clew was a note which I found during a subsequent visit to the fatal room, hidden under the carpet. Although it bore no address, I suppose It was meant for me, as it spoke of the writer being avenged at last after a chase half round the world of one who had stolen his money, murdered his intended wife and attempted to murder This appeared to be nothing than the rantings of a mind disased, and I soon gave up all hope of over getting to the boftom of the mysbry of my terrible game of billiards.

On reaching the hotel another shock awaited me, though of a somewhat Merent kind. As I entered the hall a rming girl ran up to me, flung her arms around my neck, kinsed me and

"You darling, I'm so glad you've

Is my embarrassment I said some ng, but the fair damsel had flown

he a startled bird. "A little thing like that makes one at home directly," I mid to myself. s smile, for, as a single man, I the value of a pretty girl's kimes, would have liked a more extended view. I looked forward to dinner fit with much engerness and

bloching at his side. He explained that the kim was intended for himself, and introduced his stater, who apologized for her mistake in the sweetest man ner. I sat next Miss Carstairs at dinner, and in the course of conversation remarked that once before I had been istaken for another man with nearly a fatal result to myself.

"Oh, do tell me about it," she mid. I was about to do so when she added But, no, please wait until dinner; then Max can hear the story, too."

I am afraid my eyes were scarcely lifted from my beautiful companion during dinner. Already love had con quered. You see, at the outset, before there had been time to so much as declare war, the position had been stormed, the citadel "rushed" by that de lightful kim! And now it was suffcient happiness for me to watch the eyes, whose dusky lashes curled upward as though in wanton contrast with the tendrils of the auburn tresses

We three took our coffee in the garden that warm September night. "Now," exclaimed Carstairs, handing me a cigarette. "Ray is dving to

hear your story, so go ahead."
"Well," said I, lighting my cigarette and thinking what a sweet name Ray Carstairs was, "although it happened several years ago, the incident still re mains painfully fresh in my memory It was an adventure I had with a mad

billiard player." They both started

"Max," said his sister, "doesn't that remind you of what happened at-" "Yes," be replied, before she could

finish the sentence, "but don't inter-rupt. Please go on," he added. In a moment it flashed upon me that the solution of the mystery lay within my grasp. This man, who had so strangely resembled me, was the intended object of the madman's re-

"Is it possible," I cried, springing to my feet in excitement, "that you ar

"I don't understand," said Carstair looking as perplexed and startled as his sister at my sudden outburst of

"Of course not-of course not," I mur mured, sinking into my chair. "I will tell you the whole story, then you will know what I mean."

As I went through the horrible de talls of that fearful night they listened with rapt attention, and, unless the darkness deceived me, I detected tears of sympathy in the beautiful eyes of

You are right!" exclaimed her brother, as I finished; "all you suffered was intended for me. Now for my story, which will clear up the mystery."

Miss Carstairs rose. "I think I'll run off to bed, Max. I'm very tired and it's getting late."

She kissed her brother, then gave her hand to me. "Good-night." she said. "Let us bore

will be a fine to-morrow. Reluctantly I relinquished her hand but there was hope in that reference to the weather. Might it not mean a walk together in the morning?

I finished the evening in Max Carstairs' room; and while we smoked he told his strange story.

"Mark Malbrain was the man's name," be continued, "and I met him at a hydropathic establishment in the north, where my sister and I were staying one summer about seven or eight years ago. My sister was then about 17, and Malbrain, much to her disgust, fell wildly in love with her. He made himself generally a nuisance by pestering her with unwelcome attentions and writing extravagant verses in her praise, until at length matters came to a crisis. Tableaux vivants were a favorite evening amusement, and this particular night by sister appeared as Marguerite. I was Faust and to Malbrain was assigned the role of Mephistopheles. The living picture was an immense success, and a dance followed, at which we appeared in our

stage costumes. 'During the evening Rachel (ves. that is her name. Ray is only a familiar pet name), complained to me of Malbrain's conduct. It seems that he had continned to follow her around the room, begging for a dance, and his manner be came threatening when she firmly refused. I at once went to him and said plainly that Miss Carstairs wished to have nothing more to do with him, and therefore I must request him not to

speak to her again 'From the manner of his reply I gathered that he did not know Rachel was my sister, but imagined we were lovers, and I did not think it worth while to undeceive him. I decided to send Rachel home in the morning, but remained myself for a few days longer. Malbrain was furious when he heard that my sister was gone, but he said

nothing to me. "One evening after dinner we met in the billiard-room. To my surprise be challenged me to a game, suggesting that we should play for a £10 note. I agreed, and the stakes were handed to one of the men present. We played 100 up, and, strange to say, tied at nine ty. Malbrain seemed very excited throwing another £10 note on the table I agreed, for I felt cool and in good form. We played on, and you may imagine the sensation when again we tled at ninety-eight. I am afraid my temper was rising when I sareastically

double again. "'Yes!' he shouted, pale with passion Pifty a hundred, if you like? "'Ope hundred pounds,' I said, tak-

asked Malbrain if he felt inclined to

ing out my check book. "It was my turn to play. I tried for a cannon and missed. Malbrain seized his coe, trembling like the proverbial aspen leaf. He went to pocket the red, but he missed the ball entirely, giving a point to me. Of course, I won by my next stroke.

The stakeholder handed the £200 to me, amid the applicance of the men

standing round-for Malbrain was not liked and my victory was popular. Then the party broke up, but Malbrain waited for me on the stairs. His face was livid with passion

"I hope you are satisfied,' he said, boarnely " 'I am sorry,' I replied, 'if the stakes were too high, but later you may have

your revenge? "Revenge," he shouted losing bie self-control. But come to the billiardroom; we will play again and you'll find the stakes still bigher-too high for your

"I had good reason to remember these words when I awoke one night to find Malbrain in my room dressed in his fantastic costume of Mephistopheles. "Come,' said he, 'one of us must die to-night. Through you I lost the girl who would have been my wife. My money, too! But come to the billiardroom: we will play to-night. Did you

not promise me my revenge? And the stakes! You will find them high enough. "I knew as I sprang from my bed that the man was mad! We grappled together, the candle fell from his hands. and we struggled in darkness. Down we went on the floor, and I felt the cold steel of a revolver, which exploded and a sharp pain came in my arm. Then I heard doors opening and voices, so I held on till some of the fellows came in with lights. 'Mephistopheles' was carried off to his own room, raving and struggling. The slight wound in my arm was dressed by the doctor connected with the establishment, who also took the unfortunate lunatic under his

"Later on Malbrain was sent to private asylum. The doctor's opinion was that brain lesion had threatened the poor fellow for some time. Whether he had escaped from the asylum when he met you, or had been discharged as cured, one cannot say. However my story," concluded Carstairs, "has solved the mystery of your unfortunate

incounter with the wretched man." "Yes," I said, musing on the strange ecount I had heard. "But I wonder why he charged you with murdering Miss Carstairs? And he also repeated the accusation in the paper I found. I suppose it was some idea he had got hold of in his mad jealousy of you."

"Yes," said Carstairs. "You see, he thought we were rivals, and he knew I was the cause of Ray's disappearance." Then there is another thing that pzuzles me. Why did the madman

brand my leg with the word 'Rache?' "It is German for revenge," said Car-Yes, but Malbrain was not a German, so why should he use that lan

ZUAZe?" "Can't say. I suppose the marks have entirely gone by this time?" "Yes, but the police had them photo graphed, and I think I have got one of

the photos is my portmanteau." I found the card and handed it Carstairs. "It is funny," he said, laughing, "to

notice how beautifully the printing is done-all except the full stop, which is a bit too high. By Jove! it must have been painful though.

"I never felt it at the time-I was a faint, I suppose."

"Ah! I have it!" cried Carstairs. That full stop explains it. Of cours the word he meant to trace was 'Rachel, only for some reason he didn't finish the "1" Ha! ha! ha! How Ray will laugh when she hears of you being tattord with her name."

So my last thought that night was of charming Ray Carstairs. And how could it be overwise-her name on my body, her image in my soul and her kiss mon my lips? As for the kiss I got I could not honorably keep what was not intended for me. But I was soon able to return it, for, ere another month had passed, Ray Carstairs promised to be my wife."-London Tid-Rite.

Home Without Slippers.

He had taken off his boots and was down on his hands and knees in the room searching for something, when his wife noticed him.

"What are you looking for, William?" she naked

"My slippers," he replied. "Oh, I gave those old things away

to-day," she said. "You gave them away!" he repeated and then he added solemnly: "Mrs Miffler, are you trying to drive me

away from home?

"Of course not. I-" "What is home without slippers?" he interrupted. "What is an evening at a law has been in operation in Massasome with heavy boots on your feet? Mrs. Miffler, what do you think con-

stitutes home?" "Why, you can get another pair,"

she protested. "Of course I can," he exclaimed. can get a new pair of stiff-soled shppers and spend thirty days breaking

them in. "The others were torn, and--"That's why I liked them! They were comfortable. When I got them on

things seemed homelike. I was settled for the evening, and a four-horse team could not get me out again. But nownow I am ready for the club or theater or any old place. Slippers, Mrs. Miffler. belp me to make the difference between the home and the office, and old slippers make the difference the greatest." "I can't see why---"Of course you can't. No woman

ever can; but I tell you, if I were running thinks I'd make every woman take a course in slippers. That's what thing else in that line. Just slippersnothing but skippers." He got up, stamped around the room

in his stocking feet for a missate or two. and then put on his boots again. "This isn't home," he said bitterly. "It isn't a bit like it. I'm going to the

club."-Boston Traveler. A Rich Club, The Carlton Club, London, has about 4,000 members and is the richest in the



Good Roads and Convict Labor.

A correspondent writes to ask wheth er the tremendous energy put into the building of good roads will not be wasted if some definite plan is not de rised for the future preservation of these new-made thoroughfares. Such will, undoubtedly, be the case if these roads, built of crushed stone, are not carefully and systematically inspected. and, in addition, kept in constant repair. A very common mistake is to repair a good road with sand, gravel or loam, gathered at the roadside. The proper remedy, and the only one for such roads, is the application, as soon as any unevenness appears, of a shovelful of broken stone, taken from convenient piles of it which the roadmaster has caused to be placed at intervals along the thoroughfare. This will fill the "bad place" in the road, and the first few carts that pass &er it will crush it down into the solid bed beneath. The habit of scattering sand and loam upon such places only invites the first heavy rain to wash the material away again; or in dry weather these materials help to make the road more dusty. A few common-sense principles about roads drilled into the laborers used upon our highways, will readily bring about a knowledge of the art of road-building which will make the preservation of roads an easy mat-We cannot have roads that are too good, and we cannot have too many roads that are good. It has recently been suggested that the State should utilize convict labor upon such work. a proposition which even those who, on general principles, fear the competition which labor of this kind involves, would hardly find objections ble. In every State the criminal class es could be put to work upon the highways to the credit of the community which has to support them. In time they could be made to bring about a state of perfection in our highways which would change the whole aspect of our country life.-Current Litera-

Wisconsin's Good Roads Movement. It begins to look as though Wisconsin would take an advanced position among the States of the West in the movement for good roads. Indeed, the Badger State is already so far ahead in the matter of state organization for Improvement of the highways that it will require extraordinary activity on the part of other States interested in movement is strong in any Western State, but it lacks the crystallizing potency of organization and intelligenaggressive direction. Stirring resolutions by federations of wheelmen and vigorous essays and speeches at farmers' conventions are significant of the general sentiment for better country highways, but they do not shovel dirt nor haul gravel. The work of creating public sentiment favorable to road building in Wisconsin which it is hoped will result in favorable legislation is under the direction of the Wisconsin League for Good Roads. An evidence of the aggressive character of its work may be seen in the special "good roads editions" of the various daily papers of the State, a notable one being the recent good roads' edition of the Milwaukee Sentinel. While the league was organized under the auspices of the League of American Wheelmen, it is composed of the solid men of the State representing agricultural and manufacturing interests. The league has laid out definite lines of action for the accomplishment of certain ends, chief among which is the levying by the State Legislature of a State road tax. by which the State is to take a hand in building at least one good highway through every town in the State. Such chusetts and New Jersey for several years, and has resulted in a system of road building that will ultimately place these States far in the lead in the matter of smooth and indestructible highways. New York has just adopted the State tax method and Pennsylvania will soon follow the Empire State, With the adoption of the State tax system, by which the State pays a certain proportion of the cost of building country highways, there is no reason why any State could not eventually have as fine roads as those that traverse France and England.

Joke on Boucleault. James J. H. Scullion, treasurer for Nell Burgess, has been in the box office of the Star Theater, in New York, for

twenty-two years. He was treasurer for Lester Wallack and was a part of that great establishment in the days of the famous Wal lack stock. He has enjoyed the personis needed more than suffrage or any- al acquaintance of as many grand personages in the drama as any man in New York. He fosters the traditions of the Star with loving care and can reel off delightful reminiscences like a se rial story with no last chapter.

I recall some amusing eccentricities of Dion Bouckank when he was under Wallack, (sald Mr. Scullion the other evening.) The great actor-dramatist was quick of temper, although promp nds when be discovered smeelf in the wrong. During one of his ngagements here he set in to clear a lightning rod agent.

m fight and left, but not a man em was allowed to go. When Dion ocicsult fired a man whose place had been in the "prompt" wings, Wallack transferred him to the "O. P." or back of the stage, or up in the fites, and so on all around.

The engineer, a big man, with spreading whiskers, however, made Boucicault so mad by overheating his dressing-room and swearing back at him. that he followed him up to make sure that he left. As he was a valuable man, Wallack made him shave smooth, wear a white shirt instead of a blue jumper. as heretofore, and answer to another name. The "new man" pleased the tractible actor very much. On the last night of the engagement

Wallack remarked to Boucicault

"We're had a pleasant season togeth er, Boucleauk. I only regret that you found it necessary to discharge all my stage people."

"I've done you a service, sir," replied Boucicault. "I found a lot of rascally loafers here and leave you with a crew of capable, gentlemanly fellows. You certainly must admit, at least, that I afforded you a prize in your new engi-

When the truth was revealed to him. Boucicault laughed heartily and treated all hands, including the engineer, to a about it was that 33 per cent of it was big dinner.

Spilt Milk. Theoretically, we all believe in the homely old proverb which cautions us against crying over spilt milk. Practically, we upset our pails again and again, and every time the catastrophe occurs, waste time and energy be walling our loss. How wise were the old Egyptians who magnified the indulgence of regret into one of the deadly sins, a feeling to be fought against and sternly repressed. Life's little day is all too short for the multifarious daily tolls, joys, sorrows, matters of business, affairs of our own and others, and minor details which fill it to overflowing: it "is so far like the chase that it admits of but little leisure for hesitation, none whatever for regret. How should we ever get to the finish, if we must needs stop to pick up the fallen or to mourn for the The most poignant regret is not always caused by the inevitable tragedies of life. There are the count- brewer to get the bread out of it, not ess misunderstandings, the thoughts and words of bitterness and anger which are intensified in proportion to our love for the offender. It is in stronger with regard to wine and spirthese cases that the practical advice its. There is practically no nourishof the friendly proverb should be heeded. We have split the milk by our own carelessness; but what good will it do us to cry over it? On the contrary, let us gain a lesson from experrience, and avoid similar dangers in future. Beside the causes for regret there are constantly recurring pinpricks of daily life, which are sometimes harder to bear patiently than a great sorrow demanding an heroic effort. We are always upsetting our milk pails, and then sitting down to cry, instead of making the best of it We make mistakes -who is there that does not? We lose opportunities for good roads to catch up with it. The our own advancement; we form unsentiment in support of the good road desirable intimacies, from which we find it difficult to retire gracefully; w are extravagant, and run into debtin fact, the number of ways in which we spill our milk is legion; but instead of mending matters, it is only adding to our folly to be forever bemoaning

Glad to Meet Her.

Uncle Steve Melton is famous in Jacksonville for his liberal disposition that, while the eigarette-smokers were of charity and "cuss" words. He does not use "cuss" words in a profane way, but simply as a matter of economics. finds in his fish house that he case digarette-smoking; they rather inclined to blame their disinclination to study ants when he uses forcible expletives. Some months ago a friend came to him and said; "A friend of mine, a very wealthy Cuban gentleman, is coming to this country to start a large cigar factory. He does not speak a word of English, and his desire is to rent a room in some family where English alone is spoken, in order that he may master the language."

"Let him come up to my house," said Uncle Steve, briefly, and so the arrangement was made

After having been there about month, the foreign gentleman was introduced to a lady. He bowed low with his hat hand over his heart, and

"Ah, senora! I'm damned if I ain' glad to meet you!"-Jacksonville Times Union

Good Manners and Health. St. Louis' Health Board hopes to improve manners and increase sanitation by law. It will ask the Municipal Assembly, as the municipal legislative board in St. Louis is termed, to adopt an ordinance making it a misdemeanor for any person to expectorate on the floors of street cars or other public conveyances, or in hotel corridors, theaters, public halls, and places of worship; also that the porters or persons in charge of the cars and public places be required to furnish cuspidors in sufficient number, and that they be required to clean the vessels daily, using me disinfecting fluid to be approved by the Board of Health.

Slaughter of the Buffalo. Between the years 1860 and 1882 more than 15,000,000 bison (buffalo) were killed within the limits of the Uni-

The Egyptians used pencils of color-ed chalk, and several of these ancient crayons have been found in their tombs

Pencils in Ancient Egypt.

A good woman expects the Lord's love to do for a man all that her own love falled to do.

A married man has the same dread or a dry goods store that a farmer has of

## the stage hands. He discharged TEMPERANCE TOPICS.

HOMES ARE RUINED BY STRONG DRINK

ade of Lives, Characters and Fortunes Are Annually Wrocked Along the Gilded Pathway Having Its Beginning in the Wine Room.

Liquid Bread

I remember once seeing over the door of a public house in Liverpool, "Good sie is liquid bread." I went into the souse, and said, "Give me a quart of iquid bread."

The landlord said: "Ah! drst-rate ign, isn't it?"

"Yes," said I, "if it's true." "Oh, it's true enough; my beer is

all right!" "Well, give me a bottle to take ome." He gave me a bottle of this iquid bread. I took it to an analytical chemist, and said to him: "I want you

to tell me how much bread there is in this bottle." He smelled it, and said: "It's beer. "No, no," said I, "it's liquid bread." "Well," he said, "if you will come again in a week I'll tell you all about it." In a week's time I went to learn about the liquid bread. The first thing

"It's liquid, anyhow," I said; "we'll pass that. Now let us get on to the

"Alcohol, 5 per cent." "What's alcohol?" I said.

"There's the dictionary! I hunted it up, and found alcohol described as a "powerful narcotic pol-son." "Well," I thought, "this is the queerest description of bread I ever ead in my life." Then he gave me a number of small percentages of curious things, which he had carefully put down on each corner of a piece of white paper, and which amounted to about a quarter of a thimbleful of dirty-looking powder. That was the

bread-2 per cent. "And there would not be so much as that," said the chemist, "if it were pure beer. That is bad beer."

"So the better the beer the less bread there is in it?

"Certainly. It is the business of the to put bread into it.

This is the simple, scientific truth with regard to beer, and the case is ment at all in them.-Good Health.

Cigarette in Schools.

Cigarettes and scholarship and their relations to each other are being quietly investigated by the principals of the Chicago public schools. The investigation has seemingly gone far enough to warrant some of the teachers in saying that the eigarette habit is practiced to an alarming extent among schoolboys, and that those who habitnally smoke cigarettes may be detected by the low markings they obtain in their classes.

Out of thirty principals and teachers interviewed there was not one who had to a greater or less extent. All were decided in their opinion that a low standard of scholarship characterized the boy who had become an habitual

user of cigarettes. One principal said he could pick out the "cigarette flends" in his school by running his finger down the merit col umn of his books. Others admitted among the dullest of their pupils, they were not prepared to say that their duliness was the result of habitual to the acquirement of this and ther

had babits. In one group of boys who had just been dismissed from the Tilden school seven out of thirteen smoked digarettes like veterans, and three of these admitted they were habitual smokers and had been for more than a year. They were between 12 and 13 years old. The same thing has been noticed near the Haven, Kershaw, McClellan and other schools in the city.

The teachers are studying the problem. But they realize their inability to lessen the habit without the hearty cooperation of parents. They hope to be earnestly seconded in their efforts to banish this vice from among school pupils or it may in turn banish some of the most promising boys from the schools and unfit them for any sort of application.

A St. Louis brewer, Col. Busch, is reported to have spent \$100,000 on his daughter's wedding, and that he also gave her an estate in Germany worth

Who Foots the Bill?

\$100,000. She married a German baron. How many of the men who drink his beer can give their daughters \$100 as a wedding gift or spend that amount on the wedding outfit? Not many. The brewers get the money and their patrons get the beer, and with it poverty, disease, and many other things not pleasant to have. If they would let the beer alone, Col. Busch wouldn't have so much money, and his immense possessions would remain in this country and be enjoyed by a multitude of families that are suffering for lack of the necessities of life.

A Pair Spectacles with Their Glasses

