## CARA'S BRAVERY,

BY ESTREE SERLE KENNETH. "For whom did you want the house young lady?"

"For myself, sir."

Dr. Lee Leighton stood amazed. The girl before him was so youngnot more than eighteen, and so pretty -gotden-haired and blue-eyed as an angel. He had never dreamed that she was making the application to you will die." rent Thistle Cottage herself, But Miss Caroline Clarke took no notice of his surprise.

"The house is in good order, sir." "It requires a few repairs, only," said the young physician, rather stiff.

He had begun to thing he was throwing his time away.

"And those you will make?"

"If I let the cottage—yes."
The young lady mused a moment. "I think I will like It," she said

then. "I beg your pardon, Miss Clarke-?" "Yes."

Do you quite understand the situation?" "I think I do. The house is thought

to be haunted, and the rent is merely nominal to anyone who will live

"Yes. But— How are you situated Up. Won't you come over?"

Dr. Leighton found Carain a stupor in regard to family, my dear young lady?"

"I have the care of two younger brothers-twelve and fourteen years old. I have only a limited income, which I eke out by embroidery. I am

experience in girls did not seem to outgrew that you sent to my Bobbie; deared her to many hearts. Her and I had feeling for a young girl with recollected that his sisters, Maud and no mother's hand in the hour o' cepted as a life companion, Dr. Leigh-Bess, always regarded the outer walls need."
of Thistle Cottage with an apprehensive gaze, and could not be persuaded not si to pass it alone after dark, and here was this girl, no older than they, pro-posing to live there, with two children! "You have no parents?"

"Relatives?"

glance into the young man's counte-

after a quarrel about money. The first. I am not afraid now, only for estate was owned by my father. It is them. There may be some evil about, now mine. It long ago fell into illrepute on account of the murder, but
it is a very pretty place and has been
kept in repair. I will walk over it

Cara was begging the old woman not
precious and entertaining, interchange with you again and make any changes to betray her confidence, wh you may find desirable," thus tacitly Leighton came into the room. consenting to the young lady's pro-

What her words failed to do, her clear blue eyes had succeeded in ac-complishing. They had won the con-fidence of the owner of the cottage.

"She can but try since she wishes," he said to himself. "I am close by at our house. If she gets frightened out she can come to us."

When they had gone over the house again, the girl asked, quite coolly:

"What became of the murderer?" "He fled from justice-is probably dead. He has never been heard from, and his ghost is said to haunt this spot. If you can prove that it does not, I will give you five years rent here free."

The young girl made no reply, only smiled brightly. "What a brave little creature!"

thought Dr. Leighton. A week later Caroline Clarke and her brothers were settled at the This-

tle Cottage.

Dr. Leighton did not fancy the boys. He told his mother that they were "whelps that wanted licking into shape." But when he saw the gentleness and tact used by their sister in managing them, when he saw her patience, her charming smile in encouragement of their simplest well-doing, he was ashamed of his intoler-

"My father," she hesitated, "did he said, smiling. not set his boys a very good example. They were much away from home be-fore he died. They will do much better here away from harmful associations," she said.

"That's a good girl—a rare good girl, Lee," said old Mrs. Leighton. "I only wish Maud and Bess had half as much character. But Cara, as the boys called her, did not trouble her neighbors. She

was an exquisite housekeeper; she had a piano-an old one but of mellow tone; she did much work with crewels and flosses. In the evening she assisted her brothers with their studies. They were fond of her under their roughness and selfishness. They shoveled snow, when it came, took care of the poultry-she encouraged ens-and kept in wood and There was not brighter little home in the Cara had finished the rooms herself with pretty artistic touches. On the pale buff paper of the sitting room she had painted, here and there, a bunch of red Bergundy roses. She had gilded the cornices and hung before a doorway a crimson curtain. As for guests—when people queried have not seen any."

But perhaps the air of the mountain village did not agree with Cara Clarke, for she grew pale. She was always sweet, but sometimes she had Leland was the half crazed boy who a little wearied air. Dr. Leighton murdered his father at Thistle Cottage asked her if she did not work too five years before. But want and "It is not that," she answered. He wondered sometimes, with a secret

disquiet, if she had not somewhere a weetheart who did not write to her.

But Cara kept her own counsel.

The fall and winter were away with out any revelation to him of what troubled her. Jack and Willie, the boys, were jubilant over the prosof a vegetable garden with peas

"O, no, I shall not she replied, in

"Your countenance gives token of unmistakable exhaustion. You are doing too much labor or you have some trouble. Cara, why do you not confide in me? Do you not believe I am your friend?"

"Oh, yes. It is nothing, only I do not sleep very well." "Why?" She made no reply, and seeing that his insistance distressed her, he ceas-ed to urge her confidence at that time, though more certain than ever that she had a painful secret. He was sat-isfied that she had no organic disease; and her mind seemed to have no morbid tendency. But the colorless cheek, the hollow temples, the air of languor, betrayed that something daily and hourly sapped the young girl's

One morning, Willie, the younger boy, rapped at his office door. "Something's the matter with my sister," he said. "We can't wake her

ting assistance. Mrs. Hodgdon, the village nurse, was at Cara's bedside when she awoke.

Dr. Leighton had just left the room and was in the next apartment. He anxious to get my brothers out of the did not go in immediately, though he

all was so petite and yet so self-postation as well as not for my board. I good home for her young brothers was sessed and dignified. Dr. Leighton's hain't forgotten the jackets as Willie a fact which became known and en-

"Oh," moaned the young girl. "I'm not sick, I'm worn out! Oh, this dreadful house! I have not slept soundly all winter."

"Why, dearie?"
"Oh, Mrs. Hodgdon, there is somebody in this house beside ourselves. Beside me and the boys, I mean.
Somebody creeps about and I am always listening for that step. It is killing me! Oh, don't tell anyone! I "None to rely upon. I depend on myself entirely, Dr. Leighton; I am used to it. Would you like to let me killing me! Oh, don't tell anyone! I have Thistle Cottage?" with a steady weak. Don't, don't say a word to Dr. Leighton. I must bear it, because "I hesitate only on your account," its all the home we have, and the boys never had such a pretty, nice home that a man was killed there. He was murdered by a son of unsound mind,

"You must tell me the whole story,

Cara!" he said. "You shall not lose anything by it," he added.

But Cara broke out, crying, in her weakness giving way to her emotions, and for a time the tumult would have its way. She was brought to listen to reason at last.

"It was two months after we came here," she said, "that I first heard or the cat, but I heard them when was asleep on the foot of my bed, and the things were moved from their places about the house, and lately would not allow myself to believe that searched every spot and nook in this no stairs."

"Oh, Dr. Leighton!" groaned Mrs. Hodgdon, "then, of course, it's "Nonsense."

Dr. Leighton contented himself with prescribing for the sick and overwearied girl, and after a lew days of care arranged a drive for her in his new buggy, with her brother Jack as attendant.

"You are to take a nice long drive, and not be back under two hours,'

Five minutes after her departure from Thistle Cottage two men were in the house with Dr. Leighton. They went rapidly through it, beginning with the cellar. Every wall was tried, with the idea of discovering any unknown space or passage. Nothing unknown was developed. At length a short ladder was brought, and the men ascended to the attic.

It was only a hollow space beneath the center of the roof, quite unlighted. But enough light penetrated the place them in their ambition for prize chick- to show an unkempt figure rising from its liar of straw and rags in one cor-

"What's this? Are you after me?" he said, in hollow tones.

The men silently gazed on this object with astonishment, repulsion and pity. It was a man, but so thick the mask of dirt and grim, so ragged the beard and hair, grotesque the costume of tatters from which fell feathers and straw, it seemed some unknown creature instead of a human being "Great heavens! it is Simon Leland!"

misery had given him the appearance of an old man.

"I don't care what you do with cried the hollow voice. "Only give me something to eat."

"Come with us and you shall have all you want," said Dr. Leighton, not unkindly.

"Where? Down there, where the fire and the light and the girl is?" ask-ed the wretched being, and when they potatoes and squashes of their own raising. But their sister looked so ill nodded, he caught up a rough ladder of rope, quickly adjusted it and swung upon to expostulate.

"Cara," he said, "I want to speak to you. You must have a change or you will die."

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"Cara," he said, "I want to speak to you will die." don, shaking with excitement and consternation, placed food upon the table from which he snatched it. without any pretence of eating from a plate, devouring it like a half-famished animal. When he had filled himself, he would have laid down on the floor and gone to sleep, but that the unaccustomed plenty sickened him, and he began to groan and roll about. In a short time, the sheriff, who had been sent for, arrived, and he was taken away. No one believed that hills of Maryland. Immortalized as the poor, underwitted, half-dying the poet has the story of the heroine creature was a fit subject for punishment, but the county jail was a clean and comfortable refuge for him in his destitution. Here he remained until consigned to the almshouse. No reliable account af his career could be obtained from him, but it is probable that he had sought refuge at Thistle Cottage in its desertion, and existed miserably there a great while before discovered. He had prowled about at night searching for food, of which he found a scanty supply, stealing from corn bins, pigs and poultry, and robbing hen roosts, eating the flesh of the and delirious, with every symptom of fowls raw. It was the occasional dis-brain fever. He lost no time in get-covery of his miserable figure which covery of his miserable figure which had called into existence the story of the place being haunted by his ghost. But so reduced had he become he would probably have died in his lair but for Dr. Leighton's discovery of

anxious to get my brothers out of the city and there is a good academy here. I am not afraid of ghosts," with a faint smile. "We shall come." "No, dear. You was feverish and your mind wandered a little, and I was out of a place and told Dr. Leighton kindly saved Cara from witnessing so much misery. She never saw Simon Leland. Her nerves had already borne much, and that she had been willing still to suffer in secret for the sake of preserving a good home for her young brothers was deared her to many hearts. Her cepted as a life companion, Dr. Leighton, the oldest friend of all, hearty kindness surrounded her and warm wishers for her happiness danced merrily at the wedding.

## "PAYING ATTENTIONS."

Evils of Premature Cossip About Love Affairs.

As it is obviously a young man'sduty to pay attentions to some young woman, considering that this is really the chief motive of social intercourse, it is rather hard upon him that he no sooner begins to fulfill his mission, and calls, and drives, and dances more or precious and entertaining, interchange ideas upon the subject and report that young Crayon is in love with Miss Coupon; and although he may never have thought of love in relation to Miss Coupon, and although he may possibly have drifted into a genuine affection sooner or later if nobody had meddled-since proximity is a dangerous factor, and brings about more those creeping, creeping steps. I tried marriages than match-making-the to think it was the trees, or the wind, premature report has a very damaging effect; he begins to see that unless there was no wind at all, and the cat he is serious in paying attentions he is compromising not only nimself, but the young woman, and keeping other suitors at a distance; and although have missed food. That's since I he may not know whether he has any positive designs or no, and his emoa spirit haunted the place. I have tions may be in a state of evolution, and he may not entirely understand house. There is only the space above his own designs, yet he is put upon the scuttle in the roof, and there are his guard, the cordial relation between the two cools, and he earns the name of being a heartless trifler, or is forced into a hasty declaration before he is ready to make it. Naturally the looker-on says that he ought to know his. own mind; that he has no business to devote himself to a woman whom he does not love. But love is not an instantaneous affair, like being struck by lightning; it is a growth. And now prithee, is a young man to know whether he loves or not if he may not live more or less in the companion-ship of that "not impossible she?" The kindness and care surrounding Cara was new and very pleasant to her. As the wheels rolled away from the door in the brightness of the spring day, her trouble fell away from her like a nightmare, and the color came back to the pretty cheek.

Five minutes after her departure. and would be sadly shocked if any one supposed that she would accept a lover without some knowledge of his qualifications. One might ask if she, on her side, had serious and matured designs when she answered his notes, accepted his invitations, his bouquets and confectionery, if she were not also attempting to discover if he were her ideal. We do not dispute the fact that there are men who flirt maliciously, so to speak-who do not mean to fall in love-who have themselves well in hand; but they need not be confounded with those who are simply trying to discover their heroine.

> Messrs. L. W. Habercom, Louis Schade, Simon Wolf and Rev. L. H. Shleder, of Washington, addressed the House committee on the alcoholic liquor traffic in op-position to the bills to provide for a com-mission of inquiry on the liquor traffic and for prohibition in the District of Columbia.

A general court martial at Fort Missos n. Mont., sentenced Private Thomas Me Evily, Company B, Third infantry, charged with desertion, to be dishonorably dis-charged from the service of the United States, forfeit all pay and allowances die and be confined at hard labor for three

# BARBARA FREITCHIE, there was a flight of stone steps which

THE HEROINE OF WHITTIER'S WAR POEM A REALITY.

nets and Pictures Gathered in An cient Frederick Town by William H. Riley-A Long Life Spent Amid Maryland's Green Hills and Not in

Up from the meadows rich with corn, Clear in the cool September morn, The cluster'd spires of Frederick

stand. Green wall'd by the hills of Maryland. The meadows are still rich with corn; the clustered spires of old Frederick town still stand and beyond the green hills rise as of yore, but Barbara Frietchie has long since been gathered to her fathers, leaving in Whittier's poem a monument that must stand well nigh as long as those upholding of the old flag, there has crept in some doubt as to whether such an incident ever occurred and even as to whether there ever lived such a person as Barbara Frietchie In the neighborhood of Frederick that doubt was and is to some extent strongest, Far away in the North doubt gives place to the dramatic reality which Whittler has set forth in his verses.

To the question as to whether Barbara Frietchie ever existed outside the poet's imagination, William H. Riley. special deputy clerk to the city court



Barbara Frietchie.

of Brooklyn, has given considerable thought and investigation, says the Brooklyn Eagle. Mr. Riley has made it a custom for some years to journey down to the green hills of Maryland. Recently he returned from such a trip and with him he brought some facts and pictures which place beyond much ground for doubt the ma-teriality of Whittier's war heroine. It is through Mr. Riley's courtesy that some of the pictures are here reproduced and the facts and dates avail-

Barbara Frietchie, or Hauer, before her marriage, was born in Lancaster,

all household purposes. There were two iron dippers fastened by chains to one side of the rocky wall and here thirsty wayfarers stopped to drink and gossip. When the Confederate army, under followed by the Union troops under

led to a large, square spring from which the Frietchie family obtained its supply of water for drinking and

Grave of Barbara Frietchie.

McClellan, Barbara Frietchie kept a small sliken flag flying from the dormer window of her house. It was an old revolutionary flag handed down to her from her ancestors and deeply prized through many memor-When the Union soldiers entered the town later she took it down, and as the troops marched by she stood her doorway, proudly waving it above her head.

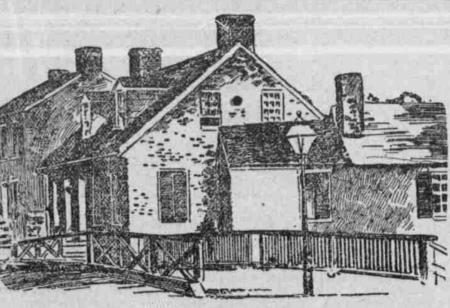
Barbara Frietchie died in December, 1872, at the age of ninety-six, and her remains now rest in the cemetery of the Reformed church on Reutz street. opposite Third, the western portion of the town. There, when strangers go to see the mound, the stars and stripes are always floating and there one cannot help remembering the closing lines of Whittier's poem:

Over Barbara Frietchie's grave, Flag of freedom and union wave; Peace and order and beauty draw Round thy symbol of light and law; And ever the stars above look down On the stars below in Frederick town

Quite a Library of Them Exist. The Very Smallest Book,

Quite a library might be formed of the lilliputian books that have appeared from time to time. They are admirable specimens of the printer's art, and treat of many subjects, grave or gay. Among the smallest known are some French devotional works, German almanacs and Irish albums. The French "Chemin de la Croix," and "Livre de Prieres," has a print only 13 by 6 millimetres (about 1-2 inch by 1-4 inch) in size.

The "Bloem Hofje" (Court of Flowers"), is believed, however, to be the tiniest book in existence. The print is only 10 by 6 millimetres (nearly 2-5 inch by 1-4 inch,) and the entire page, with margins, is only 17 by 8 millime-tres (about 7-10 inch by 3-10 inch) in dimensions. It contains 49 pages and was produced in Holland in 1674. The author's name is Carl Van Lange



Barbara Frie tchie's House,

Pa., on Dec. 3, 1776. Her ancesters and the publisher's B. Schmidt. It is had played a prominent part in the early history of the infant republic and every drop of blood in her body came from the founders and preservers of the Union. When but a child she removed with her parents to Frederick, Md., and there she lived up to the time of her death.

When forty years of age Barbara Hauer became Barbara Frietchie, the wife of John Casper Frietchie. The wedding took place on May 6, 1806. No children came to her, but her strong motherly love found occupation in the care and training of several nephews and nieces. While of aspect stern and cold, it is said that



Barbara Frietchie Relies bilitles and tender beart, her face be ing but a reflection of her strong and steadfast will. Of humor there was much in her composition and when a girl she was known as one fond of

wholesome pleasures of all kinds. The house inhabited by Barbara Frietchie at Frederick was a story and a half cottage of brick and stone, with high gables and dormer windows, devoid of external show or dec oration. It stood on Patrick street, a short distance from Carroll's creek, over which ran an ancient wooden bridge. On one side of this bridge

elegantly bound in calf, gilt and fur-nished with a clasp in gold filigree. The book is now in the possesion of M. Georges Salomon, a foreign collector.-Cassel's Magazine.

Another Use for Newspapers.

Speaking of feet makes me think of the amusing ingenuity of a girl I know. We were all sitting on the veranda of a house in Tucoma the other night, and it was a night when the mosquitoes were out in full force. All the women were wearing low shoes, and by the way they twitched and wriggled you could tell whenever a mosquito got in a telling blow. The ingenious girl alone of all the party was plainly not troubled. At length I asked her how she managed it. "It's v /y simple," said she; "I sim-

ply wear one thickness of newspaper inside my stockings." You see the power of the press is

really something you can't estimate.

Washington Pest.

Germany's reward in joining in with Russia and France to limit Japan's demands upon China is to be the island of Chusan, according to the latest report. The island is a fertile strip twenty miles long, at the mouth of the Yang-Tse-Kiang river, which is navigable for more than 1,500 miles. With Chusan for a military and naval station, Germany will have an important foothold in the east. Russia will gradually close in upon Corea, and France, will extend its Tonquin boundaries, unless the bargain of the three allies in this business miscarries

The challenge of C. D. Rose for the America's cup seems to be fair enough for the most exacting. Mr. Rose evidently intends to have no mis understanding about conditions, inasmuch as he expressly stipulates that there shall be none whatever.

### JOHN RUSKIN'S ROMANCE.

How He Courted, Married, and Was Divorced From His Idealistic Woman.

iew York Graphic.

John Ruskin did a strangely wayward thing when he consented to get Gen. Lee, evacuated Frederick, closely married. He did a most erratic and to the public a most inexplicable thing when he arranged for his divorce.

He had accepted some of the loftiest traditions about womanhood that men sometimes read of and talk about, and he looked for his ideal companion. One night he met her in the drawing-room of a London friend, who, without his knowing it, had brought the young lady to meet the eyes of the great writer.

It was a June night. He was thirtyfive, and she looked like a Greek goddess.

He was dazzled. She was a tall, graceful girl of nineteen, with a face and figure as faultless as one of the statues of old. No one ever expected Ruskin to fall in love, and he did not. She was poor, needed a home and its

comforts, and so they were married. Their wedded life was peaceful, riendly, kindly to the highest degree, but there was not a spark of affection to lighten their existence. She admired the great man she had married, and was grateful for the wealth and comfort he showered on her. He worshiped her as he would the marble made life-like by the sculptors's chis-

There was nothing human about the life they led as husband and wife; and she was a woman, who, in her heart, like all true women, laughed at the traditions that made her sex love distant worship.
One day Ruskin brought an artist

to paint his wife's picture. And the man was Millars, and he was a bright, cheery, handsome fellow, human, every inch of him, with a great and absorbing love for the beautiful, and a willingness to tell of his love.

He began to paint the portrait of the magnificent woman, and when he had finished he was in love with his friend's wife. Womanlike she saw it, and perhaps

she was not tull of sorrow and reproach. It was the first tribute of real manful love that had been laid at And Ruskin? His wide eyes saw the

romance that was weaving around their two lives, and his heart realized how little affection he had to lavish on the woman whom he had made his How he told her the story of his pride in her, and the sacrifice he was

to make for her, while she lay prone at his feet, is one of the things which only she or he could tell. It is difficult to obtain a divorce in England, but John Ruskin secured it tor her, and one bracing morning in the early winter, a month after the

beside the couple in one of London's quiet churches, and saw them made man and wife. That was a good many years ago, and since then Millais has become rich and famous, and is now Sir John,

divorce was granted, Ruskin stood

and his wife is my Lady Millais. The warmest, sturdiest friend the struggling painter had in his toiling days was the man whose wife he had married, and through all the years of Millais' later success and great honor John Ruskin has been the welcome guest and almost daily visitor to the man and woman whose lives he so unselfishly crowned with happiness.

#### HowUltra-Fashionable Young Men of Boston Spend Their Leisure Hours.

Boston Correspondence. This is the greatest club town in the world. Every phase of the intellectual activity for which Boston is so famous is represented by a social organization. There is going on here what might be called a perpetual fermentationofideas, scientific, philosophical, literary, religious-every kind, in short, that interests highly civilized humanity-all of which are seeking expression and recognition, very much as the molecules of a gas strive incessantly to escape from the receiver confining them. Now, the most effective way to push an idea, as every one admits, is over a dinner table. The man who would otherwise regard

your pet hobby as no end of a bore will listen to you patiently as an accompaniment to the nuts and raisins, and, with extra-dry champagne and a pousse-cafe to top off, your most uninteresting remarks will appear to him positively oracular. Thus it happens that fordining clubs there is a perfect craze in this enlightened metropolis. Everybody who is anybody belongs to at least half a dozen, each of which represents something calculated to excite convival enthusiasm, say, once a month. The object to which this enthusiasm is directed is of coparatively little impor-tance, so long as the grub is palatable and the wine of good flavor. It may be theological, political, musical, artistic -whatever you please. Every religious denomination in Boston has its representative club, with the solitary exception of the Episcopalians, who are just now organizing one. Theirs will be the swellest of all-for the fashionable portion of the town, though honeycombed with more or less agnostic Unitarianism, is professedly devoted to the church of England. At periodical intervals each pious sodality is assembled for the purpose of discussing over the festive board such important questions of sectarian interest as may chance to be uppermost. Likewise the literary coteries meet for mutual admiration, the scientific people for learned dis-cussion, the politicians for the incubation of Machiavellian schemes, and so on ad infinitum. There is not, in short, an imaginable subject of contemporaneous human interest which is not represented in Boston by a club.