

CARA'S BRAVERY.

BY ESTHER BERLIN KENNETH.
"FOR WHOM DID YOU WANT THE HOUSE young lady?"
"For myself, sir."
Dr. Lee Leighton stood amazed. The girl before him was so young— not more than eighteen, and so pretty— golden-haired and blue-eyed as an angel. He had never dreamed that she was making the application to rent Thistle Cottage herself. But Miss Caroline Clarke took no notice of his surprise.

disquiet, if she had not somewhere a sweetheart who did not write to her. But Cara kept her own counsel.
The fall and winter wore away without any revelation to him of what troubled her. Jack and Willie, the boys, were jubilant over the prospect of a vegetable garden with peas, potatoes and squashes of their own raising. But their sister looked so ill that the young physician felt called upon to expostulate.
"Car," he said, "I want to speak to you. You must have a change or you will die."
"O, no, I shall not," she replied, incredulously.
"Your countenance gives token of unmistakable exhaustion. You are doing too much labor or you have some trouble. Car, why do you not confide in me? Do you not believe I am your friend?"
"O, yes. It is nothing, only I do not sleep, very well."

"I don't care what you do with me!" 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?" asked the wretched being, and when they nodded, he caught up a rough ladder of rope, quickly adjusted it and swung himself down before them. But he was so weak he staggered, and they were obliged to help him down the stairs to the kitchen, where Mrs. Hodgdon, 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 the poor, underwritten, half-dying 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 of his career could be obtained from him, but it is probable that he had sought refuge at Thistle Cottage in his desperation, 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 fowls raw. It was the occasional discovery 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 him.

SUNSET COX ON FISH.
An Acre of Water Equal to an Acre of Land—One of the Marvels of the Time—The Puritan Platform.
[From the speech of Mr. S. B. Cox, of New York, on the bill to establish the office of Commissioner of Fish and Fisheries, and pay him a salary of \$5,000.]
This business of propagating our food fishes is well appreciated by the people all over our country. Since Professor Baird began this work there has been sent out by tank, cans, and otherwise throughout the land, from Texas to Maine and from the Columbia River to the St. John's, 100,000,000 of young fish or spawn for the promulgation of this food.
The report of Professor Goode (House Miscellaneous Document No. 39) to the present Congress shows the cost during the last fiscal year of the production, transportation, and distribution of these 100,000,000 from their sixteen hatching and rearing stations. The propagation expenses were \$130,000; the cost of fishponds and distribution was \$45,000, and the same sum for vessels engaged in the service. There are existing other appliances for the founding of this extensive and humane object, which I will not now dwell upon.
The time has almost come, prophesied by Professor Huxley, when an acre of water will produce almost as much food for the support of human life as an acre of land.
The science of fish propagation is one of the marvels of our times. It is one of the miracles of physical culture. We have understood, appreciated, and encouraged by law this wonderful multiplication of food fishes.
If I am permitted to refer modestly to my travels, I will say that when I was coasting around Norway a scientist informed me—pointing out over the Arctic ocean, which we were inspecting—that there had been the year before a shoal of codfish near the Loffoden islands a mile in superficial extent, containing 150,000,000 cod, and that these codfish had fed on 420,000,000 herring. There is no limit to the wonderful infinitude of these fishy creatures of the deep.
Professor Baird saw with generous vision this result of natural law. Although I believe the invention or discovery of this remarkable fecundity and mode of propagation in fish was made at an earlier date than 1871, still he utilized it. To be just in this connection, I may remark that before Professor Baird undertook this service Dr. Garrick, an Ohio man, discovered the process. His is not a happy name, but his discovery was telecity itself to millions. Is it not a curious fact that Ohio always seems to be a little ahead of other States in certain affairs—political or otherwise? [Laughter.] Excuse my seeming forwardness in speaking of Ohio products, for I was born there myself. [Laughter.]
Nevertheless, Mr. Speaker, there never was an interest in this country so cared for by the government as this of fish. Our first efforts, at least in New England, began with fish. When our ancestors—I refer to New England, where I was educated—when our ancestors went to King James for a charter to go across the seas and colonize Massachusetts, the King asked the Puritans:—
"What is your object? What do you intend?"
Their answer was: "To worship God and catch fish!" [Laughter.]
Then the King rejoined: "I give you the charter. For God! It is the apostle's own calling!" [Renewed laughter.]
Why, sir, even in the early churches of New England the early and pious Puritans used to sing:—
Ye monsters of the bubbling deep,
Ye vipers of the sea,
Up from the sands recedlings creep,
And wag your tails away.
[Laughter and applause.]
So that in early New England the care and care of fish was concomitant with commerce, liberty, and sanctity. In later times New England has obtained Congressional enactments giving free salt for her fish, while the miserable man in Chicago can not get free salt for his pork. [Laughter.] Congress has always had a kindly word for the fishermen. For many decades it gave bounties at so much per cod. These fishermen have not become less tenacious of their rights since the bounty ceased. They are a power in numbers and influence. They number a million or more of men constantly engaged in their hardy and hazardous occupation. Their calling is associated at the present time with some curious wrangling in diplomacy. [Laughter.] But wherever they are and wherever they should adventure, they should be cared for by the fostering arm of the government. The main object of this bill is not to assist the fishermen so much as the consumers of fish. It would send out the seed broadcast, that food harvests may grow in all the waters of this land. I trust there will be nothing done here to impair the usefulness of this bureau. I trust, as this bill takes no money out of the treasury, that no further objection will be made to its passage; that the president may be able to select a good practical man of science and energy, whether he be Democrat or not, to occupy and honor the position. I am not sure but that there may be found some good scientific Democrat in the country to administer this office. [Laughter.] All the sciences cannot be monopolized by the Republican party. There may be a Democrat discovered with the qualities of a good scientific fisherman. The President himself is somewhat of an expert in that line. [Laughter.] At all events, let us by this enactment enable him to select the right man for the position. So far as I am individually concerned I am not over eager whether he selects a Democrat or a Republican to carry out the humane and beneficent provisions proposed by this bill reported by my honored friend from Arkansas (Mr. Dunn), to whom I tender my thanks for the privilege of these desultory remarks. [Applause.]

TERRIBLE VENGEANCE.
A Jealous Husband Has the Hand of His Wife Cut Off and Sent to Her Lover.
From a London Exchange.
At the restoration of Louis Philippe to the French throne many of Napoleon's soldiers were left in comparative poverty. One of them, a famous general, had a beautiful daughter whom he wished to marry rich, but who fell in love with a poor young man—an under secretary or something of that kind. She married, at her father's request, a rich count, but refused at the wedding ceremony to allow the ring to be placed upon her left hand, upon which she wore a ruby put there by her lover. Her jealous husband was not long in finding out what was the matter, and intercepting a letter in which the ardent young lover claimed Matilda's hand as his, he determined upon an awful revenge.
One night as the celebrated surgeon, Lisfranc, was returning from a professional visit, he was captured by a party of men, blindfolded and taken to a distant palace, and led through a labyrinth of passages and rooms. At last he found himself in a small chamber furnished with remarkable luxury, and half-lit by an alabaster lamp hung from the ceiling. The windows were hermetically sealed as well as the curtains of an alcove at the end of the room.
"Doctor," said the man with whom he now found himself alone, in an abrupt, loud voice, "prepare for your work—an amputation."
"Where is the patient?" asked the doctor, turning toward the alcove. The curtains moved slightly, and he heard a stifled sigh.
"Prepare, sir," said the man, convulsively.
"But, sir, I must see the patient."
"Your will see only the hand you are to cut off."
The doctor, folding his arms and looking firmly at the other said: "Sir, you brought me here by force. If you need my professional assistance I shall do my duty without caring for or troubling myself about your secrets, but if you wish to commit a crime you cannot force me to be your accomplice."
"Be content, sir," replied the other; "there is no crime in this," and leading him to the alcove he drew from the curtain a hand. "It is this you are to cut off."
The doctor took the hand in his; his fingers trembled at the touch. It was a lady's hand—small, beautifully modeled, and its pure white set off by a magnificent ruby encircled with diamonds.
"Be cut," cried the doctor, "there is no need of amputation; there is—"

JOHN RUSKIN'S ROMANCE.
How He Courted, Married, and Was Divorced From His Idealistic Woman.
New York Graphic.
John Ruskin did a strangely wayward thing when he consented to get 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 thirty-five, 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, friendly, 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 worshipped her as he would the marble made life-like by the sculptor's chisel.
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 Millais, 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 full of sorrow and reproach. It was the first tribute of real manful love that had been laid at her feet.
And Ruskin? His wide eyes saw the romance that was weaving around their two lives, and his heart realized how little affection he had lavished on the woman whom he had made his wife.
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 for her, and one bracing morning in the early winter, a month after the divorce was granted, Ruskin stood 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, 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.

"PAYING ATTENTIONS."

The Evils of Premature Gossip About Love Affairs.

Harper's Bazar.
As it is obviously a young man's duty 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 less boldly with one damsel, than all the match-making women to whom a love affair, anybody's love affair, is 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 marriages than match-making—the premature report has a very damaging effect; he begins to see that unless he is serious in paying attentions he is compromising not only himself, but the young woman, and keeping other suitors at a distance; and although he may not know whether he has any positive designs or no, and his emotions may be in a state of evolution, and he may not entirely understand his own designs, yet he is put upon 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 prithce, is a young man to know whether he loves or not if he may not live more or less in the companionship of that "not impossible she?" if he may not have opportunity to observe and study her? To be sure Miss Coupon may object to being made a study of, to being placed under the microscope, and then by-and-by turned aside as an imperfect specimen. But she has the same privilege herself, 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. Habercorn, Louis Schade, Simon Wolf and Rev. L. H. Shider, of Washington, addressed the House committee on the alcoholic liquor traffic in opposition to the bills to provide for a commission of inquiry on the liquor traffic and for prohibition in the District of Columbia.
A general court martial at Fort Missoula, Mont., sentenced Private Thomas McEvilly, Company B, Third Infantry, charged with desertion, to be dishonorably discharged from the service of the United States, forfeit all pay and allowances due and be confined at hard labor for three years.

How Ultra-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 fermentation of ideas, 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 containing 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 for dining 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 convivial enthusiasm, say, once a month. The object to which this enthusiasm is directed is of comparatively little importance, 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 long accustomed 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 discussion, 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.