WHAT BECAME OF MR. LANE.

A New England Story of Love and Mystery.

BY CHAS. O. STICKNEY.

CHAPTER I.

It was evening in Wiltonville. The sun had gone down behind the distant blue mountains, and the new moon now shed her gentle light on the cottages and farm houses and tipped with a faint, silvery hue the October-tinted woods which skirted the village on the south and east.

Although early in the evening, the country store, in which the post office was kept, was already well filled with a promiscuous company of the masculine persuasion of Wiltonville, comprising some of the elite of the place, with all the varied gradations of Wiltonville society, down to Bill Wiggins, who, by common consent, was awarded the palm for being the vilest denizen of this average ethical New England village.

Political discussion was usually an important feature of these nightly assemblages, but on this particular evening, politics, and in fact all ordinary topics of conversation, were wholly ignored. Nevertheless, there was a Babel of voices, all being speakers as well as listeners, for just then all Wiltonville was shaken from centre to circumference by a new and startling sensation.

But the vocal clamor was suddenly hushed by the entrance of the stranger. He was a tall man, and seemingly large, though this was uncertain, he being buried in a long, shaggy, buffalo coat, the wide collar of which, turned up and buttoned over his chin, together with a low and peculiar fur cap, so covering his face that little was visible but a pair of black, searching eyes. He wore woollen gloves and rubber boots, with his pants inside of them, and by his costume indicated a traveler who was bound to be proof, and more than proof, against the chilly night air of mid-autumn.

"Fine evening, gentlemen," said he, blandly, approaching the stove.

"Very fine," said Squire Crafts, Wiltonville's trial justice and leading citizen, rising and proffering his low, basket-bottomed chair.

"No, keep your sitting, thank you; I'm not going to stop," waving the polite justice to his seat. To the postmaster: "Do you keep stout bedcords?"

"Yes, sir; some very nice ones on hand. Right this way, sir."

"A'right. But I guess I'd better blanket my horse. I'll be right back in a moment." And so saying, he stepped briskly outside.

The crowd thought the strange gentleman took unnecessary pains to blanket his horse he was so long doing it. Bill Wiggins guessed it was the new Methodist minister over to Burr's Mill;" but this theory was immediately exploded by the denominationally well-posted Deacon Brown.

"Now for those bedcords," said the stranger, as he re-entered the store.

He soon selected one in the back room, where house furnishing were kept. At the same time he confidentially learned from the trader, in answer to a low voiced request, a description of a certain man in the crowd named Jonas Wells. On his return to the main store, he looked the company over, and his sharp glance readily took in his man.

"Wish some one would help me a bit outside," said he. "Would you, sir?" addressing Mr. Wells.

"With pleasure;" and sliding down from his favorite perch, Wells accompanied him out of doors.

"Your name if I mistake not, is Wells—Jonas Wells?" as soon as they were fairly outside.

"It is," in a tone of surprise. "But I confess you have the advantage of me."

"No doubt. But it's a long time since I was last in the place. Let's see, you're the sexton of the village, if I rightly remember?"

"I am."

"Well, I'd like to have a little talk with you on business. Which way do you live from here?"

"To the north—about a mile."

"Just the direction I'm going; so please get into the buggy, and we can talk as we ride along."

Wells did as requested, and the two were directly joggling along.

"So you are the village sexton," observed the suave stranger. "How long have you held the office?"

"Six years come December."

"And in that time, of course, have buried many people?"

"Many. One would hardly think it in a small place like this, but it's surprising what they'll aggregate."

"Well, as I came into the place I heard something about a recent death, of a somewhat mysterious nature. You had charge of the burial, eh?"

"I did. It was a sad occasion. The church was crowded to overflowing. I've got pretty well used to funerals, but I must say this one took right hold of me. The way his mother and sister took on was enough to melt a heart of stone. He was a splendid young man; every body liked him. And then, too, there was such a painful mystery connected with his death. It's raised a big excitement all about here."

"Yes; so I understand. But, Mr. Wells"—lowering his voice, and putting his lips close to the other's ear.—"I'm inclined to think it did'nt disturb you so very much, after all!"

Mr. Wells gave a nervous start. "Why, sir," he exclaimed, "what do you mean?"

"Oh, nothing," said the stranger, evasively, "only one gets used to death, when constantly brought in contact with it, you know."

"True, quite true, sir."

"There was no post mortem?"

"No; his relatives wouldn't consent to it. There were no marks of violence whatever on his person, and how he came to his death is truly a mystery, though it seems to be the general impression he made way with himself by poison."

"Why do they think so?"

"Well, there's quite a history connected with the affair. You see, the way of it was"—here Mr. Wells was on the point, evidently, of imparting some interesting facts, but was interrupted by his companion who said:

"Beg your pardon, but I think you'd better defer the whole particulars a while, till we have more leisure."

"Very well, just as you say. It don't matter much, as I know of, at least to you and me, how he came to his end. Time, perhaps, will tell the story. It looks to me, though, like foul-play. Some folks mistrust a straggler who came along the day before, but as he didn't call at the house, and being as the young man was known to have little, if any, money by him, and had no enemies, I really don't know what to think."

"How long after his death was the funeral?"

"Not quite three days I think. Let's see; to-day is Thursday; he was found dead Tuesday morning, and was buried this afternoon."

"Was he usually hearty and robust?"

"Decidedly so. Never knew him to be sick but once, that was about the time—"

"All I want to know, is about his general health. Was the body cut into a grave, or into a tomb?"

"In a tomb."

"And is it intended to let the remains lie there permanently?"

"Yes. But, begging your pardon, sir, I can't help saying that, for a stranger, you show a surprising interest in the matter."

"Ah? Well, fact is, I have a little interest in that quarter, I confess. Furthermore, I haven't much doubt that a handsome present would increase even your own interest."

"What mean you, sir, by such talk?" demanded Mr. Wells.

"Nothing further than a mere business consideration," said the other, quietly, as he checked his horse to a walk. "Look here, Mr. Wells; it is quite evident that you don't recognize me, although we had certain interesting dealings with each other on a particularly interesting occasion, some eight years ago. My buying the bedcord was only a little ruse on my part to find you and get you out of doors. See? Perhaps, John Wells, you may not have forgotten—" here he placed his head close to his companion's and said something in a low tone, which had immediate and marked effect upon his listener, who became greatly agitated.

"Good heavens!" he exclaimed, "is it possible! Little did I dream I was riding with Doctor—"

"Hush, hush. Even the winds have ears and tongues. I believe we now understand each other, so let's at once proceed to business. I now want of you just such important aid as you gave me in a little case eight years ago."

Mr. Wells protested, beat about the bush, pleaded this and that excuse, "didn't want to be haunted by another such memory," etc., and—yielded to the tempter.

"There, now, the thing is all settled between us," said the doctor. "I shall rely on you, as I did before, and I know you won't go back on me. Where's the keys?"

"To the tomb?"

"Yes."

"In my trunk, up in my chamber. There's my house, right ahead; I'll get 'em in a twinkling."

It was over a mile to the graveyard, which was at the foot of a long, gentle descent, down which the doctor drove rapidly. Tying the horse in a crazy old shed, once used as a powder house in long-gone militia days, the doctor doffed his fur coat, and, taking a big, convoy sack and a dark lantern, he and Wells hastened into the cemetery.

The sky, so clear when the two left the store, was now interspersed with fleecy, white clouds, drifting slowly to the eastward, and, as if to favor their undertaking, the moon had gone down leaving naught but patches of starlight to relieve the deepening gloom.

Groping among the graves and tombstones, they presently reached a low tomb, at about the centre of the enclosure.

"Is this the place?" asked the doctor, in a low voice.

"Yes."

"Hush! I thought I heard something," said the doctor.

They listened a moment, but heard no sound.

"Only my imagination. You have matches? Very well, we shall need them We'll make a quick job of it."

Wells unlocked the tomb door, and they descended several stone steps to the inner door. Here the doctor produced a match and scratched it on the masonry, but it was so damp down there, it did not ignite. A second attempt with another match on his coat sleeve was successful, and he lighted the lantern and held it to the door, while Wells withdrew the rusty bolt. Just then the doctor thought he saw something move on the floor. Tipping the lantern so as to throw its light there, they both looked down at the same instant, and saw a small serpent crawling briskly away. Wells sprang towards the loathsome reptile to crush it with his heel, but it quickly glided into a hole, through a crack in the stone work, and disappeared. Returning, he put his hand to the door and stood, hesitating.

"Why, Wells, what ails you?" asked the doctor. "Does the sight of a snake, always effect you thus?"

"No, doctor, it ain't that. Fact is, I feel mighty strange. To tell the honest truth, I do dread to enter that room."

"It's only the nerve. Brace up, and we'll soon be through with our little job. I'll lead the way. How high up is he?"

"Lower shelf. There's only one other—his father—on that side, and he's on the shelf above."

"All in our favor. It won't take more'n a few minutes. We'll quickly unscrew the lid and put him into the sack, and in five minutes more we'll be in the carriage. So come on."

The doctor pushed in the massive door, which swung, creeking on its rusty hinges, and they both passed in. Then the doctor held up the lantern so as to shed its full light into the forbidding vault, when—great heavens! there met their vision a sight so appalling, so utterly horrible that Jonas Wells, standing a moment spellbound, his eyes almost starting from their sockets, sprang from his companions side, and, uttering a wild shriek of terror, fled from the dread charnel house, up the stone steps, out through the graveyard, where every shrub and tombstone was a mocking phantom, out upon the road, and away towards his home—on—on—on—little knowing what he did or where he was, only that he increased the distance between himself and that terrible scene.

CHAPTER II.

To make our narrative intelligible, it is necessary, at this point, to go back a few months prior to the events just narrated.

A young man named Herbert Lane, belonging in Wiltonville, clerk in a hardware store in the city of N—, had come home to spend his annual vacation. And the same Mr. Herbert Lane had not long been at his parental home ere a sensational rumor concerning him was afloat on the Wiltonville air. Starting from the upper end of the village, where Miss Patience Green, a gossipping spinster, kept a vocal telegraph station, it flashed through the main village to the extreme lower end, to vocal station number two, in the small, time-stained cooper shop, wherein Mr. Bill Wiggins, shaved hoop poles, and, after divers zigzagings and gyrations, finally brought up at grand station number three, the post office, where all local gossip was pretty sure, like Noah's dove, to find a lodgment. Yes, it was "a positive fact," so Dame Rumor asserted, that Herb Lane had fallen desperately in love with Miss Nellie Barrett, the pretty school mistress from West Chester, who was teaching Wiltonville school; that he was spending most of his evenings at Colonel Armstrong's, where she boarded; that he had visited her school three times; and "folly" said the two were engaged. And the veracious Bill Wiggins added what he termed "a clincher," to the effect that last Sunday, when passing Colonel Armstrong's on his way home from the "corner," he saw a light in the parlor at precisely twenty minutes of twelve. All the various evidence was duly weighed, and compared by the self-constituted grand jury at their customary session in the post office; this and that were put together; the chain was considered complete; and accordingly an indictment was found against the said Herbert Lane.

However, in justice to the Wiltonville grand jury, it must be admitted that Mr. Lane was decidedly attentive to Miss Barrett. And when, of a certain afternoon, soon after the indictment by the grand jury, as Mr. Lane and Miss Barrett were seen walking leisurely together down the path from the main road to Bernard Usher's meadow, to judge from their manner, the stroll was nowise disagreeable to either party. And our duty as an impartial historian compels us to state that when the young couple reached the borders of the meadow, they seated themselves on a flat, mossy rock, beneath a stately old pine, which together with the surrounding trees and shrubbery, formed a charming sylvan retreat, such as Titania herself might select for her favorite haunt. Mr. Lane produced from his coat pocket a little volume of poems, and began listlessly turning over its leaves. It soon dropped from his hand to the ground. And very soon he held, instead, a little hand within his own. Mr. Lane had a story to tell; it was an old, old story, but he evidently had an appreciative listner. And when, about half an hour later the two were retracing their steps to the village, they appeared to have an excellent understanding. The pretty school mistress, though a trifle more sober and pensive than was wont, looked prettier and more radiant than ever; while, as to Mr. Hurbert Lane, why he was in such positive, comparative, supurlative good spirits, that he donated a silver dollar to the first barefooted urchin he met, who evinced his delight by turning three somersaults, and then starting at a dead run for the nearest candy shop.

The Wiltonville grand jury was only a little premature in their verdict—Miss Barrett had actually consented to change her name in the not-distant future to Mrs. Lane.

But one evening, when Lane was back at his post of duty in the city, he received a letter—a bad letter in more senses than one, it being not poorly written poorly spelled and of shocking grammar, but bad in the message it contained. It came from Miss Patience Green, and informed him that his "girl was a galantin round with a good-looking stranger, who hed Jest cum to town, and folly sed they was Engaged."

The result was, Mr. Lane was dreadfully jealous. "Miss Green was a disinterested party," he reasoned, "and had no cause to tell him other than the truth."

With an aching head, and a sad, sad heart, he went mechanically through the day's duties, little heeding who came or went, and not infrequently handing out a wrong article to a customer, in his absentmindedness. Sometimes, he would resolve to think no more about her; then, with the strange inconsistencies of a mind, racked by conflicting love and jealousy, would seek excuses for her conduct, and dwell on her seeming artlessness, and evident affection for him. The upshot of all which was, he solicited, and obtained a few days' leave of absence, and went forthwith to Wiltonville.

As he rode into the place from the railway station, whom should he meet, but Miss Barrett and a strange gentlemen, taking an evening walk. He coolly bowed, which salutation she, with crimson face, coolly returned.

Late that night he paced back and forth past Colonel Armstrong's. By and bye, he crept lightly to one of the still illuminated parlor windows, and peered eagerly through a narrow vertical space between the curtains and window frame. What he saw confirmed his darkest suspicions. There, on the sofa, sat Miss Barrett, and beside her the handsome gentleman he had met walking with her—the two engaged in low, but apparently earnest conversation.

Mr. Lane and Miss Barrett had a private conference next day. It was a stormy meeting, and their last. Accusation, stubborn pride—no unbending by either party. And so they parted.

At about six o'clock in the morning on the day following this unhappy interview, good, motherly Mrs. Colonel Armstrong, tapped at Miss Barrett's door, and was at once admitted. Miss Barrett was up and dressed, but looking quite ill.

"I have called thus early," explained the good woman, on a matter of personal moment to you. Bluntly and to the point at once, I wish you would tell me, confidentially, if you still love Herbert Lane?"

"Why, what a funny question."

"Yes; but for your sake, I wish very much to know. Tell me, my dear, do you care much for him?"

"Yes; I believe you are too honorable to betray my secret, and so I will tell you that I still love him—aye, better than life itself!"

"I am so sorry. I did hope you had ceased to care for him. But I wanted to know the truth about it, however."

"Why, what am I to understand by this?" asked Miss Barrett, in sudden alarm.

"Oh, my poor girl—my poor, dear girl," exclaimed the eye-bedimmed matron, putting her arm around her waist. "I am sorry you love Mr. Lane, because—because—he can never be yours. My poor child! Heaven knows I pity you from the bottom of my heart. No, my dear friend, you can never meet your love again on the shores of time. May God give you strength to bear the blow—for Herbert Lane is dead!"

It was only too true. A young man, a neighbor and friend of Lane's, calling on him very early that morning, and, directed by his mother to his bedroom, had made the dreadful discovery. There was nothing to indicate that he had been murdered; nor, on the other hand, that he had committed self-destruction. But he was dead, and there was consequently much talk and great excitement through all that region.

To the worthy "school mistress from West Chester," the shock was for a time overwhelming. Imagining that she herself had somehow been the indirect cause of his death, remorse and grief so preyed upon her mind that she became critically ill. And when, after weeks of suffering, she rallied, and at length regained her wonted health and strength, she herself knew that she was changed—thoroughly, radically changed, and that the beautiful world about could never to her be the same bright world again.

And now we pass to certain events which have an important bearing on our story.

CHAPTER III.

Five years have rolled by, and we are once more in Wiltonville. It is a June morning. The sun shines clear and bright, the lilacs are in bloom, the air is fragrant of apple blossoms, and the bees hum merrily, as they fly from flower to flower; while on the soft summer air comes the unmelodious tones of the cow bells, and the pleasantly-tinkling sheep bell of the herds and flocks grazing on yonder green hillside and pastures.

It was a quarter of nine by Squire Craft's watch. There is to be a "horse-swapping" trial at "Meed City," of Ridlon vs. Shaw, a little over a mile from Wiltonville village, and the squire is on his way there afoot and alone, to try the case.

Just a little beyond the ivy-covered domicile of the Widow Green and her daughter Patience, he meets another pedestrian, a youngish man in a gray business suit, with long black whiskers, and curley black hair, and a buff-colored traveling bag at his side. He stops, and accosts the squire with the question:

"You reside in this place, do you not, sir?"

"I do," said the squire.

The stranger remarked that he was a visitor in Wiltonville some years before, and then inquired concerning things in general, and certain of citizens, particularly of Jonas Wells.

"He's alive and well," said the voluble trial justice. "Used to be sexton, but something happened to him once or twice, nobody knows what, though folks say he got awfully scared, and he went out of the business."

"Well—let's see— wasn't there a school ma'am about whom they had a great ado—a Miss Burnett, or some such name?"

"Yes, Barrett, Miss Nellie Barrett. Yes, there was quite a time about her and her fellow, who died so suddenly and mysteriously. You see the way it was, she was engaged to this man, Herbert Lane, when a half-brother, just home from a long voyage, came to see her, and Lane happened in town, from the city just at that time, and seeing her pretty budge with this half-brother—Parkhurst was his name—and not knowing their relationship, and some mischief maker having written him that Miss Barrett, was a-gallantin' round with another beau, why he got dreadfully jealous, and the result was, he gave her a first-class blowin' up, and she was too gritty to explain the whys and wherefores, and they parted in a huff. That very night Lane died, nobody knows how, which brought her down sick; and when she finally got well, she wasn't much better than love-cracked. She often goes to his tomb, and places fresh flowers upon it; and every fair day she goes down the path to Usher's meadow, where the two used to stroll together. Just turned in there as I came along. But excuse me, sir, I've got to tend to a law case over to Meed City, and I must be going, as 'tis most court time."

The stranger continued on, and pretty soon left the highway and turned down the Usher meadow road. He evidently had a curiosity to get a sight of the "love-cracked" school-mistress who was the heroine of the Wiltonville drama of five years ago. When part way to the meadow, he rested himself on a flat rock, in the shade of a tall pine, and awaited her return. He did not have to wait long, for presently Miss Barrett was seen approaching. As she came up, he could see that she was handsome, albeit having a sad, care worn look.

He rose and walked toward her, and when they met he uttered a pleasant "Good morning." Evidently a little startled, she was about to pass him without speaking, making, however, the slightest inclination of her head.

"Pray, don't be alarmed, Miss Barrett," said he, "we have met before."

"Possibly, sir," she answered; "but I fail to recognize you."

The stranger thereupon produced a little gold locket, which he opened and held it up, with trembling hand, to her gaze. No wonder Miss Barrett gave an exciting start and turned deadly pale, for the locket contained a picture of herself, and there had never been but one just like that in existence and that had been buried with her dead lover five years before!

"Don't be alarmed," said he, returning the locket to its accustomed place, "for I am no ghost, but a returned wanderer." And so saying, he removed his hat, his false whiskers, and as the fainting girl fell against his strong arm, there was disclosed to her amazed sense the unmistakable face and features of—Herbert Lane.

Consciousness having returned, Miss Barrett was the excited listener to a strange story. In brief, her lover had been a victim of syncope—a perfect resemblance of death, of which exceedingly rare though well-authenticated cases are recorded

"And ah! how can I describe that terrible awaking," he continued, "how, with a sense of suffocation, I, in my agony, burst the weak coffin lid, only to find myself doomed to a slow, horrible death, in that black, sickening sepulcher! Then, how I suddenly heard voices at the door of my prison house, and almost held my breath, least I should frighten them away prematurely. How they entered, two of them, with a lantern, and seeing me there, in the habiliments of death, one, with a scream, took to his heels, while the other, who proved to be a doctor after my body for dissection, bravely stood his ground, and, finding I was a being of earth, helped me out, first carefully readjusting the broken coffin lid, and then locking the tomb door; wrapped me in a cloak and buffalo coat; and at my request drove me to the nearest city; where, under a false name, I remained awhile, till fully recovered; then, wishing to be dead to home and friends and all that have been dear to me, I went West by means of money kindly lent me by the good old doctor.

"Fortune favored me, and I acquired a competence. But the yearning came over me to see again my old home, my mother and sister, and to learn what became of you; so I started East, and here I am!"

"It is indeed a strange, strange story!" commented his half-dazed companion.

"Yes; my precious one, it is a strange story. But, Nellie, the sequel to my story is for you to tell. With you lies the power to make it sweet or bitter. Five years ago this month, on this very same spot, you gave yourself to me. Will you again consent to be my wife?"

There was no coyness now, no looking downward with blushing face, for years of sorrow had changed the once merry-hearted girl to a subdued woman. Looking up quietly, trustfully into his face, she calmly, yet earnestly responded:

"I am still yours—ever yours, through life, through death and eternity."—Yankee Blade.

A Warning to Authors.

"No," she sobbed, in the sanctity of her boudoir, "no, I can never marry a man whose monogram is printed in green and who writes with purple ink. Oh, if he had only asked me to marry him, instead of writing to me, things would have been so different!"—Harper's Bazar.

WOMEN SUFFRAGE.

Who Wants Female Policemen and Soldiers?

Let no man or woman be mistaken as to what this movement for women's suffrage really means. We none of us want to turn the world upside down or convert women into men. We want women, on the contrary, above all things to continue womanly—womanly in the highest and best sense—and to bring their true woman's influence on behalf of whatsoever things are true, honest, just, pure, and of good report, to bear upon the conduct of public affairs. Some people attempt to meet the claim of women to representation by the absurdly irrelevant remark, for I cannot call it an argument, that women householders ought not to vote for members of parliament because they cannot be policemen and cannot be soldiers. Who wants them to be either policemen or soldiers? There must always be a certain division of labor between the sexes. The physical constitution of a woman fits her to perform certain duties on which the welfare of society in a high degree depends. The physical condition of a man fits him for certain duties, one of which is that of external defense. And there are certain other duties which men and women must undertake jointly and in cooperation with one another, and from which the total withdrawal of one sex or the other is fraught with danger and mischief. Those who are in favor of woman's suffrage mantain that the duty of loving one's country, of understanding her interests, of endeavoring to influence public affairs by the choice of men of high character and true patriotism to serve in parliament, is one which is incumbent on women as well as on men. There is nothing in the nature of a woman which fits her to be a policeman or a soldier; and there is nothing in the nature of woman which unfits her to love her country and to serve her by helping to send good men to promote sound legislation in parliament. People sometimes talk as if fighting for one's country were the only way of serving her. Surely that is taking a very one-sided view of a nation's interests. All work well done, all service in lifting up the lives of others to a higher level, "All we have wished or hoped or dreamed of good," forms the real treasury of national greatness. I have no wish to disparage the usefulness, the necessity; of the army and the police force; but civilization owes quite as much to that great host of silent busy workers, of whom at least half are women, through whose labors alone there is anything worth preserving, as to the army and the police force for preserving it.—Woman's World.

A New Fire-Quickener.

The servant girl who pours kerosene oil on the fire seems to have disappeared pretty completely. Perhaps she has been to a considerable extent exterminated. At any rate, we don't often read of cases of explosion and conflagration, though the vigilant housekeeper, if she happens into the kitchen, may still detect an odor which tells her that the girl must have poured oil on the kindling either before or after it was ignited. But the listener has a case which may explain why kerosene accidents are not so frequent. The servant girl has discovered a new fire-quickener.

It was in Boston, and not long ago, that the mistress of a house, not much given to going in the kitchen, entered one day unexpected just in time to catch her kitchen maid in the act of emptying a spoonful of granulated white sugar into the fire. Sugar is exceedingly inflammable, and its application made the fire flash up in excellent shaped. The head of the house had notice that he was called upon to pay for a great may barrels of sugar, and the wife had wondered at the family's enormous consumption of that article, but she did not wonder any more, especially as the girl under pressure, confessed that she had regularly been using the sugar to quicken the fire.

"Sure, mum," she said, "we must have the fire, an' the coal burns that slow that me heart is broke waitin' on it."—Boston Transcript.

Nothing but Limburger.

Occasionally harrowing accounts of the sufferings of the survivors of shipwrecks are published, and it makes one's blood run cold to hear of people out for days in an open boat with only two crackers and a bucket of water to a man, and as the days pass by and no friendly sail comes in sight the rations are reduced to one cracker and two buckets of water, and last lots are drawn to decide as to which of the party is in the best condition, etc. But says the Portland Oregonian, all these stories pale into insignificance compared to the sufferings of Captain Stott and the crew or the steamer Rowena, who got aground on Lake river lately while after a raft of piling. They were fast in the mud for four days with nothing to eat but Limburger cheese. What their sufferings were no pen can describe.

Evarts' Comparison.

The death of the elder Mumm recalls Senator Evarts' comparison of the administrations of the silent Grant and the teetotaler Hayes. "In the former," he said, "it was 'Mumm's cabinet," but ours is 'extra dry.'"—Philadelphia Times.

FOR THE SULTAN'S PLEASURE.

An Electric Dog Cart Which Has Seats for Four.

At the skating rink, Camden Town, a private trial was made of an electric dog cart, which has been constructed by Messrs. Immisch & Co., of Kentish Town, to the order of the Sultan of Turkey. The vehicle presents the appearance of an ordinary four wheeled dog cart without shafts. It is made of walnut, and has seats for four persons—two in front and two in back. Beneath the seats are placed the accumulators which supply the electricity to the motor. The accumulators—twenty-four in number—are of especial type and contain a charge sufficient to propel the vehicle for five hours at an average speed of ten miles per hour over an ordinary track. Their weight is about seven hundredweight, and that of the carriage, all complete, a little over eleven hundredweight. The motor is one of Messrs. Immisch's one horse power type, and in this case uses a current of twenty amperes, with an electric motive power of forty-eight volts. The connection between the motor and the carriage is effected by a chain running around the off hind wheel, the revolutions of the motor to those of the wheel being as eighteen to one. When the vehicle is running at a speed of ten miles an hour the motor makes 1,440 revolutions per mintue and developes a three-quarter horse power. The steering is effected by means of an adaptation in the fore carriage. A shaft surmounted by the steering handle passes through the footboard, and terminates in a pinion which works in a toothed rack fixed above the fore axletree. The driver thus possesses perfect control over the direction of the vehicle and can regulate the speed by means of a footbrake acting on both hind wheels. Immediately in front of the driver also is the switch for completing the current, and in order to obviate any jar at starting three resistances are provided. In its course round and about the skating rink the carriage traveled with remarkable smoothness, at a very good speed, rounding the corners with great ease.—Liverpool Post.

A Voice from Vassy--A Huguenot Call.

The London Nonconformist calls attention to the somewhat singular circumstance, which is seriously illustrative of the revolutions and revenges worked by time in its steady, onward march. Readers of French history will remember that it was at Vassy, a village in Champagne, where occurred the disaster which brought the Catholics and Protestants into open collision. It was Sunday morning. The Protestants of the place, Huguenots, as they were called—had met for worship. The Duke of Guise, the head of the Catholics, and brother of the famous Cardinal Loraine—uncles both of Scotland—on his way back to Germany, where he had property and relatives, happened to pass through Vassy, during the hours of worship. Psalm singing was heard as he and his train passed the meeting house. It was a rude, rural barn. "What is this?" said the Duke. "It is the Huguenots of Vassy at worship." A scowl passed over the Duke's countenance. The hint was taken; the barn was invaded by armed men; a violent scuffle ensued, and as the result some sixty Huguenots perished. All this happened in 1562. In the dreary and destructive religion wars which followed, all traces of the Huguenots of Vassy disappeared. The massacre of 1562, however, never ceased to be a living memory; and the Huguenots who contrived to remain in France in spite of St. Bartholomew's Day, and the Revocation of the Edict of Nates, and the Huguenots of the Dispersion as well as in England, in Holland, in Germany, in America, have all a common interest in this historical episode, and in the spot which it had made sacred. It now appears that the barn has survived the ravages and wreck of this long period of two centuries and a quarter. It stands where it stood in 1562. But the most interesting part of the story remains to be told. The Huguenots or Protestants in Vassy and neighborhood, under wiser laws and a more humane goverment, have largely increased in numbers; and it has been resolved by them to buy the barn, and build a modern Christian church. Four thousand dollars is needed to put them in possession of the old barn. The Protestants are not rich; but they have faith. One is tempted to rise the question whether this is not an opportunity for the widely dispersed Huguenots, many of whom are rich. Why should not the cry go abroad, "Help for Vassy?" Why should not the descendants of the Huguenots unite and build a suitable memorial at the old and honored place?

Theater Properties.

Jerseyman—"I see you're goin' to play a piece called 'Midsummer Night's Dream.'"

Theater Manager—"Yes. Would you like to see it?"

"No. I s'pose it's mostly moonlight and thunderstorms, and sich. I know all about theaters; but I thought maybe you might want to buy some chickens."

"We have no farm scene in it."

"Oh! Well, they're young an' lively, an' their wings ain't clipped yet. You might use 'em for musquitoes."—New York Weekly.