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TOUCHING TALE OF A TENANT.

With pride the agent told me, as we talked about the flat,
That children were prohibited—I might make sure of that.
The walls of fretful babies and the yells of husky boys,
The screaming of the children that, we know, alas! annoys;
The stamping and the romping and the sounds of youthful strife
Would have no place whatever in the lucky tenant's life.

I closed the deal right joyfully, and felt I had a prize,
For I was sick of children, with their shouts and lusty cries.
I longed for peaceful slumber when I went to bed at night;
I longed for quiet ev'nings, for I felt they were my right;
I wished those calm surroundings that, as ev'rybody knows,
Must ever be essential to life of true repose.

I'm sitting in that quiet flat while writing these few lines,
And just across the hall I hear a poodle's plaintive whines;
Two more join in at intervals, while from the yard below
A larger dog is barking at imaginary foe;
A parrot calls for crackers and a noisy mockingbird
Is adding to the racket that incessantly is heard.

The grand piano thunders out—in number there are six—
And all the airs that come from them in dreadful discord mix,
While through it all I plainly hear a novice with a flute
Who tortures me persistently with shrill and squeaky toot;
And as I can't escape from this, no matter how I try,
I put my hands up to my ears and petulantly cry:

"Oh, give me back the children that I used to swear about!
Oh, give me back the romping crowd and put the dogs to rout!
Oh, give me back the babies, too, no matter how they wail,
And notify the agent by to-morrow morning's mail
He'd better bar pianos when he wants to draw the line,
And I prefer the children to the poodle dogs in mine."

—Chicago Post.

A TALE OF THE NORTH SHORE.

BY ANNIE A. PRESTON.

"WHAT is that queer little building over yonder in the cove?"

"Oh, that is Tom Little-Lamp's shanty."

"Is it necessary that a lamp should be kept so near the lighthouse on the point?"

"Tom considers it necessary for the safety of the fishermen and pleasure parties that go out from the village yonder. Tom is a character. Would you like to go over and call? I have heard that there was a boat wrecked there once, and that a friend of Tom's was drowned. Perhaps he will tell you the story; he tells it sometimes, but I have never heard it. I have been told by people who know him well that in order to make him talk you must keep silent yourself. He is one of those peculiar people who are always able to distinguish between real sympathy and vulgar curiosity."

The tall, comely, weather-beaten man knew pretty Mabel, the daughter of the village pastor, and when she introduced her aunt as one whose home was on a rugged hilltop far inland where the pine trees near her door caught the high winds when they whispered to her of the sea, he invited them to rest in his house.

"It's a rough little place," he said, "but I can show you there some of the treasures and mysteries of the sea, and you will hold them in your memory while your great tree is whispering its stories of waves and tides, and will help you to fancy that you are only to lift your eyes and look afar in order to see a breadth of blue water and perchance a white sail."

The man hesitated in his talk, eyeing his visitors curiously, as if wondering if he was giving too much of himself but the woman said, gently:

"The sea and the mountains alike belong to God."

"Yes," he said, "and it is impossible to love the one and not hold the other also in your heart. I love the sea, but I love to think that the mountains are standing firm, while the waves are in a tumult. I always find comfort in that thought, but God can quiet the troubled sea and bring comfort to troubled hearts. I never used to think of it in that way. I was careless and happy and called the sea a garden of beauty, and a treasure vault, and a mirror for the heavens, and everything lovely and beautiful of that sort.

"When I was a little fellow, frolicking with the waves on the beach, I began making a collection of sea treasures, and as I grew older and had a boat of my own, I added to it constantly. It was better than this," and he threw open a door of an inner room and motioned for them to enter.

As they looked about, their delighted but mute appreciation touched his heart, and his sad face lighted with gratification. The room was like a grotto, its sides being shelves of flat, gray rock, over which, as well as over the stone floor, were scattered pebbles, shells and seaweed. The one window looked out seaward between two huge rocks, and so artistically had the idea been carried out that they felt themselves to be standing on an ocean cavern.

"No one knows of that fissure until I allow them to enter this room," said Tom. "Although familiar with the beach it was a long time before I knew it myself. An old sycamore stood just in front of the cleft, and all about it was a tangle of vines and berries and all sand-loving weeds. No one ever tried to get near the trunk of the old tree until I came along here after my boat washed ashore upset seeking for traces of her body. I climbed up over the heap of drift, thinking to reach the top of the ledge, and was astonished to find the crevice.

"The tide was coming in, and as I looked down into the caldron of the boiling waves I saw a girl's hat with its drenched blue ribbons. I fished it out after awhile, and found without a doubt that it was the hat she wore that afternoon.

"Of course I supposed she was drowned, and thought that her body might have been sucked in here also. After that I haunted the place by night and by day, its wildness and dreariness suited my mood. I fancied that the white spray as it dashed up between the rocks when the great waves broke there was her spirit and that no other boat might get under the control of the current, and also as a little memorial of her beauty and sweetness, I told myself, I carried those stones up the ledge and built that tower and kept my lamp burning.

"The fishermen like it, for this is a dangerous coast, and they took to calling me 'Tom Little Lamp,' and to bringing me little things for my comfort. They thought me foolish, I suppose, but yet they were sorry for me. The coast dwellers are kind. No one can tell how kind until they have lived among them.

"At length I grew to love the place so much that I made an agreement with the stanch old sycamore to give me its place. I was to cut it down and to use every particle of it about my cabin, and I did so; not so much as a twig has gone to the fire or to the waves, and the old tree is satisfied, and so am I.

"I used to sit at this seaward window and look out between the rocks and wonder if anyone was as grieved at her death as was I, and wish I knew about her folks, and if they ever got the trunk full of the rarest of my sea treasures, for she admired them so much that I had given them to her, and had helped her to pack them. At length in memory of her I began to make another collection—the one you see here.

"Sometimes after a hard blow, when the furrows between the waves are so deep that the very bottom of the sea is plowed, tiny pink and white shells fit for a lady's necklace may be found on that little rough island away in the offing to the southwest. I wanted to go over there, but my boat was not large enough for so long a trip; but one day a fellow who had heard me say that I knew just where to look for the dainty things asked me to pilot a city party he was going to take over on his sailboat. I was glad enough to go, but I didn't feel like talking, so I sat down in an out-of-the-way place on the deck, pulled my hat over my eyes and made as if I was asleep.

"Presently some of the young people sat down near me and one fellow began in a blind sort of way suggesting that I was a fit subject for a flirtation. 'He's asleep,' said one. 'He's stupid,' said another, and still another added in a low voice, thinking I could not hear:

"'Oh, no, dear fellow, he is far from stupid, but he is daft, love-cracked or something. They call him 'Tom Little Lamp' because he keeps a lamp burning in the cove above the lighthouse where his boat was wrecked once with his lady love on board.'

"'Dear me, how romantic!' said a voice as clear and hard as water dripping upon ice on a freezing day. 'It reminds me of a little romance of my own.'

"'Oh, Mrs. Oliver,' cried one of the young things. 'Did you ever really have a romance? Excuse me, but we have always been told that yours was a made match to secure a union of estates.'

"'And so it was, my child, and entirely proper and judicious, but I had my romances, and my poor, dear husband, who only lived a month after our wedding day, had his as well, no doubt. One summer when he took a sea voyage for his health I came with a few friends upon this coast, somewhere for a little quiet. I do not remember the name of the fishing village where we stopped, but it was a quaint, wild nook where an old woman who made excellent chowders gave us comfortable quarters and clean beds. There was fine bathing, and boats and sober boatmen, so we stayed on.

"'I was told that the captain of the largest of the boats was an enthusiastic collector, and that many of his specimens of shells and seaweeds would do credit to many a metropolitan museum, and as dear Mr. Oliver had just at that time a mania for marine treasures, I set myself about making friends with this shy fellow, that I might in some way get possession of his collection. Although at first he was almost as shy as a sea bird, I found that, as well as being very handsome, he was intelligent and well educated, so that I really enjoyed the companionship of the poor fellow while carrying out my plan. I would go upon the water in no boat but his, and I don't know but that he fancied I was in love with him, for after a time he insisted upon presenting me with the collection that he had at first refused to sell—and when he had helped me to pack it in one of my trunks, I sent it to New York to greet Mr. Oliver on his return, and he was delighted with it, and occupied himself with it until I went back to him.

"'I don't know but I came as near being in love with that youth as I have ever been with anyone in my life. I stayed on and on, even after the others had left, taking all of my things that were of any value with them, not knowing how to get away. He taught me to row and to swim, and I learned about the eddies and currents all along the coast, and one day I insisted, in the whimsical fashion I had adopted when with him, in taking his small boat and going out across the bar by myself.

"'I had learned, to my dismay, that he really fancied himself in love with me; so I made all my arrangements to leave on that day, and in order to get off without bidding him farewell, I rowed myself down to the railway station, where I left the boat, pushing it into the current, knowing it would drift back home, for he and I had drifted up there in the twilight a score of times. I had worn a broad-brimmed shade hat over a plain sailor, and now I tossed it back into the boat as a souvenir, skipped up over the bluff, flagged the train and was off. A week later I was amused to read in a daily the news of my drowning, and it seemed that the boat was found bottom upward and my hat was discovered somewhere along the beach. My name was misspelled in the newspaper paragraph, so it made no sensation; and it may be that my sentimental captain deplores my untimely fate until this day.'

"During all this flippant recital I had not moved a muscle, but I thought of a great many things that I might do to punish her. I might jump overboard and drown before her eyes; I might rise up before her friends and denounce her for her miserable hypocrisy and heartlessness; but although I had just heard myself called daft, I convinced myself of my sanity by keeping quiet and pretending to snore.

"'How dreadful in you,' laughed one. 'I shouldn't think you would dare to repeat such things,' said another, and after the rippling comments of admiration had run around the group, the widow walked away. As soon as she was out of earshot another series of explanations ran around the circle:

"'How perfectly horrid in her!'

"'She is entirely heartless, and takes pride in proclaiming the fact.'

"'She has nine diamond engagement rings. She never returns the ring when she breaks with a lover, but keeps it as a proof of friendship, she says.'

"While they were talking the sky that had been hot with thunder all the afternoon was clouded with a sudden flurry of wind and rain. This is a dangerous coast to anyone who does not understand it well.

"The man who was in charge had never before taken a party across at that point, and when I saw that he was going to certain destruction I showed them that I had some life left in me by taking charge of the craft myself.

"The lighthouse on the bluff was of no use to us in our emergency, but as the western sky grew black my little lamp that I had lighted before I left home shone out in the midst of the gathered darkness like a star.

"There was a strong wind and a heavy surf. They were all frightened nearly to death, but I was filled with a wild joy. The men obeyed my orders, and when we landed snug and fast at my own little wharf there I led them all into the shelter of my humble shanty. I kindled a fire. I gave them food, I brewed them coffee, I showed them this grotto and its collection, and they were very quiet and grateful as they warmed and dried themselves.

"While they were eating and drinking I went away to my little room, then changed my rig and quickly shaved off the long beard from my face that had been growing ever since the day I had found my boat upset on the rocks.

"I then went out and, standing in the shadow, said: 'I will now show you what has been for years my dearest treasure. I kept it for the sake of the owner; for her sake I built this shanty and have lived here to keep the lamp burning that no one should follow what I supposed to have been her fate.'

"As I took that poor weather-beaten shade hat from its box I turned so the light fell full upon my face. Some of them recognized me as the same person, and the widow, who had made a fool of me for years, now mistook me for a ghost and dropped fainting to the floor.

"The whole party left the beach next day and I never have seen or heard of them since. I stay on here, for I no longer seem to have a place in the world, but I keep my light burning and I add to my collection and I have correspondents among naturalists who are interested in what interests me and are glad to get my specimens and my notes upon them and I have learned to see traces of the finger of God in all his acts and works. Sometime it may be my collection will be my monument, and have a place in the world as I might have had if I had never met with that beautiful, heartless woman."—Springfield (Mass.) Republican.

MERITS OF THE MOCCASIN.

Far Superior to the Boot and Shoe of Civilization.

Moccasins are a torture to the "tenderfoot," but after a few days' trial the feet harden, the tendons learn to do their proper work without artificial heels, and one finds that he can travel farther in moccasins than in any kind of boots or shoes. The fear of bruising your feet is mostly imaginary, for after they have enjoyed the freedom of natural covering these hitherto blundering members become like hands, that can feel their way in the dark and avoid obstacles as though gifted with a special sense. You can climb in moccasins as in nothing else; you can cross slippery logs like a cat; you can pass in safety along treacherous slopes where hobnails certainly would bring you to grief.

Moccasins made of deerskin are too thin for comfort, and soon wear out. Those of moose or caribou hide are excellent. Ordinary moccasins absorb water like a sponge, and in slushy winter weather they are almost unendurable. But a moose or caribou "shanks," dipped in the melted fat of the animal, are nearly water proof. A shank is a sort of boot made by stripping the skin off the hind leg of a moose or caribou, so that the hock will fit your heel. You sew up the toe, and put a draw-string in the top of the leg. Shanks with the hair on are very dry and warm.

For still-hunting in the dry days of autumn, when every leaf and twig underfoot crackles at a touch, a moccasin, noiseless as a panther's paw, is made by covering the sole with moose or caribou hide in the thick winter coat, or with a piece of sheepskin with the wool on it. For traveling in regions where thorns or prickly pear abound, the soles must be made of parfleche (rawhide). Good moccasins, tanned by the Indian process, with brains and smoke, dry soft when leather would become like horn. Being more pliable than leather, they never chafe the feet, and as they allow free circulation of the blood, they are better protection against intense cold.

Many sportsmen show a surprising lack of judgment in selecting footwear. As you pass the window of a dealer in sporting goods you will probably see a pair of big laced boots prominently displayed as a special lure. They have thick soles, plentifully studded with hob-nails, like mountaineers' shoes. I presume that thousands of pairs are sold every year to men who think they are getting the most serviceable boots that money will buy. Now these clumsy things weigh 72 ounces, while a pair of thick moose-hide moccasins weigh just 11 ounces. Do you realize what that difference means? Let me illustrate. Say that a man in good training can carry 40 pounds ten miles a day without great fatigue. Now take that load off his back and put half of it on each foot—how far will he go? You see the difference between carrying and lifting? Very well; the big, laced boot outweighs the moccasin by 30½ ounces. In ten miles there are 21,120 average paces. It follows that a ten-mile tramp in those costly boots means lifting twenty tons more foot covering than if one wore moccasins.

When Charles F. Lummis made his tramp across the continent, from Cincinnati to Los Angeles, covering 3,507 miles in 143 days, "just for fun," he wore very light, low shoes. "Since learning to campaign in the Apache moccasin," he says, "I have always preferred a few days of sore feet and subsequent light-footedness to perpetual dragging of heavy shoes."

There is something to be said, then, in praise of the Indian's handicraft. Perhaps it even points a moral. I am reminded of a passage in Mr. Warburton Pike's entertaining volume on "The Barren Ground of Northern Canada."

"But surely we carry this civilization too far, and are in danger of warping our natural instincts by too close observance of the rules that some mysterious force obliges us to follow when we herd together in big cities. Very emblematical of this warping process are the shiny black boots into which we squeeze our feet when we throw away the moccasin of freedom; as they gall and pince the unaccustomed foot, so does the dread of our friends' opinion gall and pinch our minds till they become narrow, out of shape, and unable to discriminate between reality and semblance."—St. Louis Republic.

No More Romance.

She feared to make the avowal. "Edward," she faltered, when she could no longer postpone the inevitable, "my father has failed in business."

He shivered. "Alas!" he sighed, "now that you have become rich I suppose our fond dream of love is at an end."—Detroit Tribune.

The Worrier.

"Doesn't your husband worry about the grocery bills?" asked the nagged-looking lady.

"Law, no!" said the lady with the new silk skirt and the rusty shoes. "We let the grocer do all that."—Indianapolis Journal.

—To draw a measured quantity of liquid from a receptacle a new faucet has a double-acting valve which closes one outlet as soon as the other is open, thus preventing the pouring of the liquid into the measuring glass while the discharge pipe is open.

OLD PUMPS OF NEW YORK.

Only Three of the Reminders of Village Days Left Standing.

Of all the old pumps that linked the city of New York with its village days and afforded refreshment, especially welcome on sultry mornings and afternoons, to man and beast, only three remain. Only three out the hundred and more—the exact tally was never kept—and these have somewhat fallen from their high and historic estate, for, by order of the board of health, the wells beneath them have been filled up, and the streams that flow now come from the Croton water mains. There is, as a matter of statistics, not a single one of the old wells that once furnished such pure and delicious liquid in use to-day. But the three old pumps still left bring back the past, for they are of the precise type and kind that existed in 1840, when the Croton aqueduct first began to supply the city's needs.

The year 1884 marked the going of the pumps of New York. Prior to that time only the pumps that had rotted through age and were not repaired were taken down. In 1884 and 1885 the health board began to investigate the condition of a great number of the old wells, and condemned a score or more. With the filling in of these wells the pumps above them, now useless, were taken away. Those that were left remained until 1892, the year of the cholera scare, when the dangers from impure water became so real that the health commissioners took speedy action. Dr. Ernst J. Lederle, the chemist of the board, was sent on a tour of the city, and he analyzed the water of each existing well. Practically all were found to be impure, and a general order was sent forth. The conditions of a great metropolis were discovered to have been too much for these wells, that had come into being when the town was merely a collection of villages. The surface water, running along in gutters to the sewers, had filtered in through the cracks, and the loose earth between the stones, and in every case this well water had been polluted.

There is no New Yorker to-day who can give a complete history of all the wells that once dotted the streets. Material for this—and it would have been an interesting page of civic records—might have been had a few years ago, but the opportunity is now gone by forever. Only last year there died, without public notice, "Paddy, the Pump." "Paddy"—"Paddy" Burns—was an old Irishman who for a quarter of a century had been employed by the department of public works to repair the pumps of the town. Whenever a complaint came in, "Paddy the Pump" would be sent off on the job. He had a couple of laborers under his orders to do the hard manual work. They were invariably thick-headed fellows—"Paddy" wanted no others—but the "Pump" himself was an exceedingly intelligent though an uneducated man.

He knew every pump of the city and every spot where a pump had ever been. He was a walking mine of pump lore. But—and this was his great peculiarity—he would never tell. What was necessary for his superiors to know could be drawn out of him, though the process would be attended with much difficulty, but a general discourse, or even any stray remarks, on the pumps of New York he could never be induced to give. He would shut up like a clam when such an attempt would be made.

The reason of his secretiveness was finally discovered. He believed to the day of his death that the Croton system would finally prove a failure, or at least need an extensive overhauling. Then the heyday of the pumps would come back. Being the only man who knew all about them he would become a prominent official, and his place be forever secure. Even when the board of health edicts came out, and pumps passed away in the city government, his faith never weakened that some day their turn would come once more.—N. Y. Tribune.

Mortality Among Negroes.

Additional evidence as to the larger mortality among the negroes than among the whites is furnished in a report by Dr. G. O. Coffin, the city physician of Kansas City. For the year ended in April last the births in the city numbered 2,431. Of these 2,231 were white and 200 black. The deaths numbered 1,873, of which 1,550 were white and 323 were black. The remarkable feature of these figures is that, while 681 more white persons were born than died during the year, there were 123 more deaths than births among the negroes. When it is seen that the negro population is less than ten per cent. of the whole population, these facts and figures are rendered even more remarkable. It scarcely ever happens, Dr. Coffin says, that the deaths among the negroes do not exceed the births for any month in the year, and he attributes this excessive mortality largely to the prevalence of tuberculosis among the negroes. To this disease the mulatoes are more susceptible than are the blacks, and miscegenation is regarded by Dr. Coffin as one of the prime causes for the weakened vitality of the race.—Chicago Chronicle.

—Hamilton Aide corrects the impression that Corsica is full of bandits. Murder is not uncommon from love quarrels or the vendetta, but a traveler may go from one end of the island to another, unarmed and unescorted, without fear of violence or pillage.