A STORY OF SLAVERY DAYS,

BY MISS M. E. BRADDON.

CHAPTER XV.



FTER Augustus Horton had read the paragraph in the New Orleans paper - a paragraph in every way calculated to wound the sensitive nature of the Octoroon-he

looked toward Cora to see what effect the insult had had upon her and Gilbert They were scated side by side, and appeared engrossed in conversation, ap-

pareatly unconscious of all that was passing around them. The planter threw down the newspaper with a smothered ejaculation of rage.

"Curse her!' he muttered; "is there no way to humble that proud soul? He, the Englishman, is by her side, deferential as if he were talking to a queen. No matter! my turn will come.'

He withdrew to the saloon with a crowd of friends and satellites who flocked round him as one of the richest planters of Louisiana. William Bowen had lost a handful of

dollars at the gaming-table, and followed his patron, Silas Craig, in order to obtain a fresh supply from that gentle-The deck was therefore almost de-

serted. A few passengers, ladies and gentlemen, lounged here and there, upon the comfortable benches; the ladies employed in some elegant needle-work, the gentlemen smoking; Cora and Gilbert Margrave sat apart, and out of hearing of the rest.

Tell me, Miss Leslie," said Gitbert, as Augustus Horton left the deck, "why did you prevent my inflicting upon that man the chastisement which he so richly deserved? Why do you compel me to remain silent and suffer you to be insuited with impunity?" "Because I would not have you resent

that which, in Louisiana, is considered a justifiable prejudice. I pardon Augustus Horton as I pardon his sister Adelaide, who was once my friend." "Oh! do not speak of her, Miss Leslie,

my contempt-"Nay, Mr. Margrave! it is you who are mistaken in all this. You are a stranger here, and your noble conduct of today may compromise you in the eyes of every colonist in Louisiana. Your place is not here by the side of me, an Octoreon; you should be with Adelaide Horton, a high-born daughter of the European race."

"If nobility of race is to be judged of by the elevation of the soul, it is you, and not Miss Horton, who can claim the loftiest birth," replied Gilbert, with

"You deceive yourself, Mr. Margrave," said Cora; "Adelaide has a generous heart, and I know that in secret she regrets our broken friendship-you, above all others, should be indulgent to her

"Yes," replied Cora, her long black eyelashes drooping beneath the Englishman's ardent gaze; "amongst all her English admirers, there was one alone for whom she telt any real regard. Do you know whom I mean?"

'No, Miss Leslie, nor do I wish to know," answered Gilbert, with energy; for amongst all the young girls who Storned the farewell ball given by Mrs. Montresor, there was one and one alone to whom my dazzled eyes turned as the star of the brilliant throng. Do you know whom I mean?"

Cora did not answer; but a vivid blush suffused her face at the young engineer's

"See," continued Gilbert, opening his sketch book; "do you remember the bouquet which you left upon a side table in the antercom. In the center of that bouquet bloomed this tiny blue flower, which we Englishmen call the forget-menot. It is withered now. Say, Cora, can you forgive the hand which stole the

The blush faded from the cheek of the Octoroon, and clasping her hands entreatingly, she exclaimed with earnest-

"Oh, Mr. Margrave, reflect! An idle word, idly spoken, may occasion evil of which you cannot dream. It is to your honor, I appeal! You would not inflict new sorrow upon a heart already almost broken. What would that flower say? that in its brief hour of bloom and freshness Cora Leslie was admired. The flower has withered, and the hopes of my life have faded like the frail petals of that poor blossom." "No, Cora, no! The flower has but one

meaning-says, 'I love you!' "Me!" cried Cora, with an exclamation almost of terror. "But do you forget who I am? Do you forget that I am an Octoroon, the daughter of a slave?" "I forget all, but that I love you."

"Do you not know that in this courtry it is considered a disgrace to bestow an honorable affection upon a creature of the despised race, and that the shame attached to me would attach itself also to von? "I know all, Cora, but I love you -1

low you!" cried Gilbert, falling on his knees at the young girl's feet. Cora sank into a chair and covered her face with her hands.

"I do," she replied, in faltering secents, "I feel myself so despised and abandoned in this cruel country; and it is so sweet to hear words of love and consolation from-from one-

"Cora, you weep!"

"Ah, Cora, speak-speak, I implore!" "From one we love!"
"Cora, my adored," exclaimed Gilbert, with rapture, clasping her hand and seat-

ing himself by her. They had not been unwatched during this interview. The eyes of jealousy were upon the unconscious lovers, for Adelaide Horton had emerged from the saloon, and gliding at the back of the Httle table, had heard the latter part of their conversation.

She knew the worst now. This manthis man to whom she had given her heart, unasked and unsought, loved and was beloved by the despised daughter of a slave. Wounded pride, jealousy, revenge, humiliation, all mingled in the passionate emotion of that moment. Blind with anger she knew not what she

By this time the deck of the Selma was crowded with passengers. Augustus Horton still carried the New Orleans paper in his hand and was talking to Silas Craig about the attack upon Mr. Leslie. "Confess now, you sly old fox," he said, laughing, "you are the author of this article? Why be too modest to own so good a work?"

Gilbert Margrave started from his "Now, Cora" he whispered, "I can no

tonger remain signt. I have now a right to defend you.

The captain of the Selma at this moment joined the group around Augustus "You are talking of the article in the

New Orleans 'Messenger,' are you not, gentlemen?" he said. "We are, ca stain," replied Augustus, "and here is the author," he added, pointing to Craig.

"Then, allow me to compliment you, sir!" said the captain, addressing Silas. "You have done a service to society, and I hope the colonists will take warning." "That they will never do," said Adelaide Horton, advancing to the center of the group, "while you permit a mulat-

tress to take her place on board your boat amongst the free citizens of New She pointed as she spoke to Cora, who

had advanced with Gilbert Margrave. There was a simultaneous movement of surprise amongst the passengers, as if a pistol had suddenly been fired upon the deck.

As Adelaide uttered these words, Mrs. Montresor and Mortimer Percy emerged from the saloon, and watched the scene which was taking place.

"What do you mean, Miss Horton?" asked the captain. "Oh! Adelaide, Adelaide," murmured Mortimer, "this is despicable!

Terrified at and ashamed of what she had done, the jealous girl hid her face in her hands and retired rapidly from the deck, followed by her aunt.

"I will tell 'ou, sir, what Miss Horton meant," sai Cora, advancing to the captain; "she would have told you that I am Gerald Leslie's daughter."

"In that case, madam," replied the

captain, " you must be aware-That my place is with the slaves at the other end of the steamer. Pardon me, sir, for having forgotten my real po-With one proudly disdainful glance at

Augustus Horton, Cora slowly retired. The passengers watched her in silence, wondering how the strange scene would

Gifbert Margrave advanced to Augustus Horton, and addressed him in a tone of quiet determination, far more impresgive than the loudest passion. "Mr. Horton," he said, "the insult in-

flicted upon Miss Leslie was offered also to me, since I was by her side at the time. Whether her cause be just or unjust, I insist-you understand, sir, I insist upon an immediate reparation for an

act which I consider an abominable cow-"As you please, sir," replied the lanter. "I shall land at Iberville." planter. "Enough. I also will land there."

"Why not throw the Englishman overboard?" said Craig, in an undertone to some of the passengers. Augustus Horton overheard the words

and turned fiercely upon the lawyer.
"I allow ro interference in this," he said; "the quarrelis mine alone. Percy, you will be my second?" "Pardon me," replied Mortimer Percy, "as Mr. Margrave is a stranger in Lou-

Islana, he may have difficulty in finding any one to assist him in this matter. You will excuse me, therefore, if I give him the preference "As you please," answered Augustus

indifferently. Gilbert grasped the hand of his old friend: "Thanks, Mortimer," he whis-

pered, "your heart is generous as ever." "Perhaps you won't mind having me for a second, Mr. Horton," said William Bowen; "I'm rather an old hand in that sort of affairs."

Augustus glanced at him with one brief look of contempt, but replied, after a pause, "Be it so, Mr. Bowen; I accept your services. This evening, then, Mr. Margrave. We meet at sunset in the wood on the borders of Mr. Craig's plantation at Iberville.'

"We shall be punctual," answered Gilbert.



HILE the Selma steamed promise past the banks of the Mississippi, the inhabitants of New Orleans were occupied by the discussion of an event which had taken place on the previous night, but which had only been discovered early that morning.

Paul Lisimon

had escaped from prison. When Silas Craig and Augustus Horton took their places on board the Selma, they little dreamed that their victim had escaped them.

Nevertheless it was so. The turnkey who visited the cell occupied by the young Mexican at eight o clock on the morning after his arrest, found to his bewilderment, that the dreary apartment was empty. The bars of the narrow window had been cut away, and a file, left upon the floor of the cell, told of patient labor which had occupied the prisoner in the sil-nee of the night.

A rope, one end of which was attached to the stump of one of the bars, also told of the mode of escape.

One thing was sufficiently clear. Paul Lisimon had received assistance from without. He had been searched upon his entrance into the prison, and nothing of a suspicious character had been found about him; the file and rope had, therefore, been conveyed to him by some mysterious hand.

The astonished officials of the jail looked from one to the other, not knowing what to suspect.

The escape seemed almost incredible; for, in order to regain his liberty, the prisoner had not only to descend from the window of his cell, which was thirty feet above the prison yard, but he had also to scale the outer wall, which was upward of twenty feet high, and surmounted by a formidable chevaux de

How, then, had Paul Lisimon accomplished a feat hitherto unattempted by the most daring of criminals?

None suspected the truth of the matter. None could guess at the real clew to the mystery!

Paul Lisimon had neither descended from the window of his cell nor scaled the outer wall of the prison. He had walked out of the jail in the silence and darkness of the night, and in five minutes from leaving his cell had found himself in the streets of New Orleans.

The person who had effected this miraculous escape was no other than the jailer who had charge of Lisimon; and this jailer was one of the most trusted functionaries of the prison. Sir Robert Walpole said that every man

has his price; this man had been richly bribed by a mysterious visitor, who had gained admission to the jail on the evening of Paul's arrest.
The rope and fib had been used in

order to blind the overnor of the prison to the real delinquent. At daybreak on the morning after his imprisonment, Paul Lisimon found himself free in the streets of New Orleans.

cut ucterly ignorant as to the mysterious being to whom he owed his release.

The jailer had refused to give him any information about this person. "I know nothing of the business," the man said, "except that I am well paid for my share in it; and that I shall be a rulped man if I am found out."

Paul Lisimon was free! He was free; but he stood alone in the world, without a friend-branded as a thief-cast off by the protector of his youth-an escaped felon! He hurried toward the lonely and de-

serted quay. Despair was in his heart,

and he yearned to rees beneath the still waters of the Mississippl. "There, at least," he murmured, "I shall be at peace. Camillia now believes me innocent, and she will weep for my Were I to wait the issue of a trial, which must result in shame and

condemnation, she might indeed, as the Frenchwoman insinuated, learn to de-Heedless of all around him, absorbed in gloomy meditation, Paul Lisimon was sometime unaware of the sound of a

footfall close behind him, but as he drew nearer to the water side this sectstep approached him still closer, and presently, in the faint gray light of that mysterious hour, betwixt night and morning, he beheld the long shallow of a man's figure upon the ground beside him. He started and turned round. As he

dld so, a heavy hand was laid upon his shoulder, and a deep bass voice ex-"What do you want with yender dark

water, my lad, that you're in such a hurry to get to the river side?" Paul shook the man's hand away from his shoulder with a gesture of anger, "By whal right do you question me?" he said: "stand aside, and let me pass!"

"Not till we've had a few words, my jail bird," answered the stranger. "Jall bird!" "Yes, mate, jail bird! you've no need

to carry it off so fiercely with me. A file and a rope, eh? to blind the governor of the prison and a good-natured turnkey to open the doors for you. That's about the sort of thing, Isn't it?" Paul Lisimon turned round, and looked

the stranger full in the face. He was a big, broad-shouldered fellow, upward of six feet high, dressed in a thick pilot coat, and immense leather boots, which came above his knees. The pilot coat was open at the waist, and in the uncertain glimmer of the morning light Paul Lisimon caught sight of the butt end of

a pistol thrust into a leather belt. The stranger's face had once been a handsome one, but it bore upon it the traces of many a debauch, as well as the broad scar of a cutlass wound, which had left a deep welt from cheek to chin.

"I know not who you are," said Paul, after looking long and earnestly at this man, "nor by what right you have interested yourself in my fate; but it is evident to me that you have had some hand in my miraculous escape of tonight."

"Never mind that, comrade," answered the stranger, linking his arm in that of Paul Lisimon, and walking slowly to-ward the quay. "You're hee and welcome, as far as that goes; but I don't think, after an old friend had taken a good bit of trouble to get you out of that thundering jail yonder—I don't think it was quite fair to go and try to chuck yourself into the water."

"You, then, were my deligerer?" "Never you mind whether I was or whether I wasn't. Do you know what it cost to get you out of prison?

"Well, near upon a thousand dollars, my lad.'

"And you paid this money! You, an utter stranger to me, bribed my jailers!' "Never you mind about that, I say again; those that paid the meney for you didn't grudge a farthing of it. As to being a stranger, perhaps I'm not quite that."

"You know me, then?" "Fifteen years ago I knew a little. curly-haired, black-eyed chap, who used to play about the gardens of a whitewalled villa on the banks of the Amazon, and I fancy that you and he are pretty near relations.'

"You knew me in my childhood; you knew me in the lifetime of my earliest and dearest benefactor.' "I did. It was only last right that I

came ashore, and the first thing I heard in New Orleans was, that Mr. Paul Lisimon had been arrested for the robbery of his employer, one of the land sharks your genteel folks call lawyers. Now, we seamen are not fond of that breed, so I wasn't sorry to hear that for once a lawyer had been robbed himself, instead of robbing other people, so I asked who this Mr. Paul Lisimon was that had been too many guns for his employer, and they told me that he was a young Mexican, who had been brought up by Don Juan Moraquitos. Now I happen to know a good deal of Don Juan Meraquitos, and I had never heard befere of Paul Lisimon; but I had heard of a little curlyhaired lad that was once a great favorite with Don Tomaso Crivelli, and Don Tomaso had been a good friend to me. So that's why your jailer was bribed, and why you stand a free man in the streets of New Orleans this morning."

"My generous friend," exciaimed "this is all so much a mystery to me that I know not how to thank you

for your goodness." "And I tell you that I want no thanks, so let's talk of business. In the first place what made you so anxious to get to the water just now? I thought there was blood in your veins that never yet ran in those of a coward."

"A coward?" "Ah, youngster; the man who has no better resource when he's down in the world than to make away with himself isn't worthy of any other name." "And what right had you to suppose

that I contemplated suicide?" "The right of a good sharp pair of eyes, my lad. But come, exce more to business. Do you see yeader craft at anchor there, to the right of the har-

Paul looked in the direction to which the stranger pointed, and perceived the trim masts of a lightly-built schooner.

"Then you see one of the fastest clippers that ever sailed. No rotten timber, but green oak and locust from stem to stern, with not an inch of canvas that isn't meant for speed. Den't talk to me about your steam vessels; lumbering old Nosh's arks, that can't go a good pace without bursting up and sending every soul to tarnation smash. See the Amazon fly before the wind, and then you'll know what fast sailing is. If we Southerners come to handy grips with the North, let the Yankees look out for squalls when the Amazon is afloat on the blue water."

"And you, my friend, are you one of her crew?" asked Paul. "I'm her captain, mate, Captain Prendergilfs-a sailor by profession, and a rover by choice, and a privateer for plunder.

"A privateer?" "Yes. You don't think the word an ugly one, do you? Now listen to me: you can't go back to Villa Moraquitos can you?

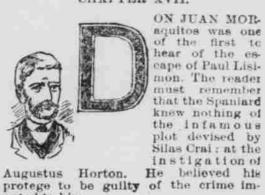
"And you and Don Juan have parted

company for a fong speil?"

We have. "Very well, then, why not join us? I may have more reasons than one for taking an interest in you. You can't stay in New Orleans, for by eight o'clock this morning your escape will be discovered. I've a fancy that you'd make a smart mate on board yonder vessel

Will you come?" "I will," answered Paul, grasping his new friend by the hand. "You at least trust me-you do not fear to take me on board your vessel, though the hand of suspicion is upon me, and men have called me thief. Providence seems to have raised you up, as if by a miracle, to preserve me from disgrace, despair, and death. I am yours for good or evil; in weal or woe I will serve you faithfully.

CHAPTER XVII.



ON JUAN MORaquitos was one of the first to hear of the escape of Paul Lisimon. The reader must remember that the Spaniard knew nothing of the infamous plot devised by Silas Crai : at the instigation of

puted to him. He had a secret reason for rejoicing in the disgrace of the young Mexican, and he had a still stronger motive in seeking the destruction of Paul, since he had begun to suspect the attachment between

Lisimon and Camillia He hurried to his daughter's apartment, in order to inform her of Paul's escape from prison. "Now, Camillia, what think you of this haughty youth who so proudly declared his innocence?" said Don Juan, after

Lisimon's escape. "I think as I have ever thought," answered Camillia.

relating the account he had just heard of

"That he is innocent?" "Yes!" replied the Spanish girl. "Strange, then, that he should have fled," said Don Juan; "the innocent man generally awaits to meet the issue of his trial; it is only the guilty wretch who flies to hide himself from the avenging

power of the law he has outraged.' Pauline Corsi had been present during this brief dialogue, but she had remained silent, with her fingers busy with the rainbow silks of her embroidery, and her eyes bent over her work. She raised them, however, as the Spaniard uttered those words and looked him full in the

"The guilty do not always fly, Don Juan Moraquitos," she said quietly. The Spaniard started and looked at Mademoiselle Corsi with a rapid, but fur-

tive glance. "They sometimes remain for years upon the scene of their guilt. They defy the laws which they have outraged, and triumph in their undiscovered and successful villainy."

close observer might have detected an uneasy quiver of his mustachio-shaded "Mademoiselle Corsi appears to speak from experience," he said. "She has perhaps known such people?"

Don Juan laughed mockingly, but a

"I have known such people," answered the Frenchwoman in the same quiet tone in which she had first addressed Don

"They could be scarcely desirable acquaintances for the instructress of-"The daughter of so honorable a man as yourself. Don Juan," said Pauline, as if interpreting the thoughts of her em-

While this conversation was going forward between Mademoiselle Corsi and the Spaniard, Camillia Moraquitos had strolled out on to the balcony to escape the watchful eyes of her father, and to conceal the relief she felt in her lover's scape. Pauline and Don Juan were, therefore, alone. Their eyes met. There was something in the glance of the Frenchwoman which told plainly that her words had no common meaning.

For some moments the gaze of Don Juan was rooted upon that fair face and those clear and radiant blue eyes-a face which was almost child-like in its delicacy and freshness, and which yet, to the experienced eye of a physiognomist, revealed a nature rarely matched for intelligence and cunning.

Don Juan crossed the apartment to the curtained recess in which Pauline Corst was seated, and, placing himself in the chair opposite to her, grasped her slender wrist in his muscular hand.

"There is a hidden significance in your words," he said. "Can you not read their meaning, Don Juan?"

"No." "You cannot?" "I cannot," he answered defiantly.
"Say rather that you will not," replied the Frenchwoman, scornfully. You fear to commit yourself by an avowal which may seem like a confession of guilt. Shall I tell you the meaning of those words?" "Yes."

"You are a brave man, Don Juan Moraquitos, you do not fear to hear the truth? "I do not." "Then listen to me. Those words

have a relation to an event which occurred thirteen years ago!" "My memory is no longer that of a young man," answered Don Juan; "I cannot remember all the events which

happened at that date." Perhaps not; but you can remember the death of your kinsman, Don Tomaso Crivelli?" This time the Spaniard started as if an

adder had stung him. The cold perspiration broke out upon his bronzed forehead, and every vestige of color fled alike from cheek and lips. "I see you do remember," said Pauline Corsi. "You remember the will which was made on that night. The will which was witnessed by two men; one of them a sea-faring man whose

name I know not as yet; the other, William Bowen, then captain of a slaver. You remember the sick man's confession. You remember his dying prayer, that those dear to him should be protected by you; and lastly, Don Juan Moraquitos, you remember the draught mixed by Silas Craig, and which your wife's brother, Tomaso Crivelli, took from your hand, two hours before his death! "How could you have learned all this?" gasped the Spaniard.

"I know more than this!" replied Pauline Corsi, "When the faint gray of the wintry dawn was stealing through the half-open shutters of the sick chamber, Tomaso Crivelli lifted himself from his pillow in the last agonies of death, and uttered an accusation-

"Hold! hold, woman. I entreat!" caled the Spaniard, "you know all! How you have acquired that knowledge, save through some diabolical agency, I know not; for the door of the chamber was secured by a lock not easily tampered with, and those within were not the men to betray secrets. But, no matter, you brewell! Why have you kept si-

STREET OF CHIPSON TORREST "We women are tacticians, Don Juan. I had a motive for my silence!

"And you speak now __?" "Because I think it is time to speak." Don Juan paced the apartment backward and forward with folded arms, and bis head bent upon his breast. Presently pausing before rautine corses embroidery frame, he said in a hoarse whisper: "Do you mean to betray me?"

"No!

"Why then tell me all this?" "Because I would ask the reward of thirteen years' slience." "And that reward-?"

"Is easy for you to grant. I am tired of dependence, even on your goodness. Make me your wife, and let me share the wealth acquired by the gullt of whose secrets I know.'

[To Be Continued.]

Optional Courtesies.

among optional courtesies man be enumerated that which governs the conduct of persons in crowded public conveyances. South of Mason and Dixon's line no man would brave public or inion by remaining seated when a voman maintained a standing position, even were she the humblest of her sex. A for igner would argue in such a case that he had paid for his seat, and that the, e could be no more reason for his. ising in a street car than if he were occopying a seat at the opera or at a hotel table.

In New York, which is too cosmopol! tan a city to be cited as an examples street car etiquette is decidedly variable, and whether or not it is necessary to varate a seat in a lady's favor is a much mooted question. One throg is certain, and that is, that youth and beauty apend to both high and low, even the most boorish individual being willing to relinquish his rights in tayor of a woman with a pair of bright eyes and a stylish ligare.

The poor wage worker, in her faded cotton gown and with fingers showing vidences of toil, is rarely the recipient if such courtesy. The man in broadcloth, who has been seated in his luxurious office most of the day, keeps hisseat without a qualm of conscience, and holds his paper before his face to obstruct he view of the appealing eyes and worn fire re-

Women in public vehicles often exhibit a remarkable selfishness and a total disregard for the comfort of others, Many of them accept a seat to which they have no legal right with a saucy loss of the head and without recognizing the courtesy by as much as a bow or a 'thank you." An audible expression of thanks is the least a lady should offer in exchange for the sacrifice of a place, and this should be tendered as freely to the threadbare clerk as to the dude in fine raiment.—Jenness-Miller Magazine.

Looking for Light at the City Hall.

I am building a house. I wanted to -i the necessary permission to tap the sater main, and went to the City hall or that jurpose. I might have gone town into the state of Indiana to have ocured to permit, but it occurred to e that I had better ask in Chicago. repried in one of the elevators and told he driver what I wanted. He landed ar on the public library floor. I soon

liscovered I was in the wrong place. I took another elevator, and told the lriver of that one what I wanted. He et me off somewhere and told me where o go. I followed his directions, and ound my olf face to face with Superinendent Howland. I didn't ask him, for saw he was busy. I found an officer in he corridor, and told him what I was tying to get at. He sent me to the lace where dog licenses are issued, and smart clerk in that department laughed

I didn't blame him very much. I met friend who has been in the City hall ance its occupancy, and he conducted to the proper place. I had lost nearly hour. Why don't the proper authoriles see that men of intelligence are put a places where inquiries are made?interview in Chicago Tribune.

The Opal.

While most gems owe their tint to the resence of some foreign coloring mator the many hued and beautiful opal differs. It is opaque, deriving its beauty om the marvelous property it posesses of decomposing the rays of light. and thus reflecting from its polished surface all the colors of the rainbow. It needs, therefore, no brilliant, but apnears to the best advantage when alone. it is at present among the most prized of gems, and has held its place for ages.

Mark Antony once offered £170,000 for an opal the size of a hazelnut, but the owner, Nonius, a Roman senator, preferred exile to parting with his treasure. In spite of their value opals are unsafe investments, for time and exposure din: their luster, while their sensitiveness to heat is so great that the warmth of the hand has been known to crack them. The finest stones come from Hungary and among the Austrian crown jewels are gems of greater size and beauty thar that which tempted the Roman emperor. -London Court Journal.

Danger from Musical Instruments. A French military surgeon has been making researches on wind instrumenta which had been used by phthisical bandsmen, and warns musicians of the importance of disinfection. He recommends that instruments should be filled with a 5 per cent, solution of carbolic acid, or, in the case of metallic instruments, that they should be dipped into boiling water. These precautions are of the utmost importance when phthisical persons have used the instruments: for it was found in such cases that liquids used to wash them out presented a virulence similar to that of a pure culture of tuberculosis.

Fortunately, the danger is small as long as the interior is thoroughly moist, which of course it usually is: but when an instrument has been lying by for some time, so that the interior has become dry, there is real danger of air He always could tell the exact place of containing dried germs of the disease any quotation or fragment of quotation being drawn into the lungs of the person referred to him, and was vexed greatly who next plays upon it .- New York whenever he heard his own lines mis-

THE VANDERBILT CHILDREN.

They Are Carefully Educated and Sys-

tematically Trained. Although all the members of the Vanderbilt family entertain on a magnificent scale they never permit their children to remain up late at night, are extremely careful in their education, and, in a word, are fitting them for life as well as any mother or father could do. It is one of the rules in all the houses of the Vanderbilts that the children shall go to bed early and rise early. The little boys and girls are up before 7 o'clock in the morning. Their nurses immediately take charge of them, see that they are properly bathed and dressed, and then they go down to breakfast, which is served at hulf-past 7 o'clock.

It is an unpretentions meal, with plenty of fresh milk, eggs, catmeal and a bit of steak or a chop that will add strength to their physique and color to their cheeks. After breakfast there is an hour of study. There is something for these little ones to do at all times during the day. They go through their studies systematically, and then, about half-past 0, are taken out for a walk. They are allowed to romp in the streets and in the parks to their hearts' content. At II o'clock they are brought home, and a light luncheon of milk and bread is served, after which there are more studies-either French, German or drawng-and then another breathing spell; it may be horseback riding, or a drive out through the park and along the country road.

Pack they all come about 4 o'clock, and there is another hour of study, and then they are through for the day. They are allowed to do just as they please until tea time, when after their meal they spend a pleasant hour or so with their fathers and mothers and others who may drop in to call. Promptly at 8 o'clock they are all in bed to sleep soundly, and get up the next morning to go through the same programme. So it s not strange that all the children of the Vanderbilt family are further in advance of their little friends in the matter of education. For they study, study, study all the time. They are all fond of music and most of them can play on the

The girls are learning to play on the harp, and the boys are famous among their friends as violinists and banjo players. If you were to see these children on the street you would not for a moment suspect that they were other than children of parents in ordinary circumstances. They make no display at elabornt - dress. The eldest of Cornelius Vanderbilt's daughters is dressed plainly in little, pretty, cheap dresses without any oraid or ornamentation. She wears snug fitting cloth jackets, and the little cap that sits gracefully on her head could be duplicated for a couple of doflars.-Cor. Ladies Home Journal.

A Condemned Man's Nerve.

One of the coolest and most deliberate attempts at suicide recorded is that of Section in Hunter, the murderer of John Ar strong, in Camden, N. J., in 1879. Turrer was confined in the "murderers" age" in the county jail under charge of the death watch. He complained of delliness one night, and was permitted o wrap his lower extremities in a lanket. He had previously torn off the in of his tim cup with his teeth, and milit concealed in his trousers pocket. Indian ou commonplace topics to his guard, Empter secretly took the jagged strip of tin from his pocket, and, concealing his movements with the blanket, began cutting into an artery in his left

The blood spurted out in jets, and the flow was concealed by Hunter spreading the blank it out like a skirt. He became o weak that he was unable to continue the conversation, and the guard's susnicions were aroused. He made an exunination, and found that the murderer was bleeding to death. Physicians were summoned, a ligature was applied and Hunter's life was saved. He was afterward hanged, and it was pretty generally believed that he was dead from fright and sedatives before the cord tightened around his neck,-New York

Julian Hawthorne,

Julian Hawthorne stands six feet high, and looks like a short haired, modernized edition of his father, who wrote "The Scarlet Letter." He is a broad shouldered, genial mannered man, with a penchant for yachting in a blue pea jacket. He lives at Sag Harbor, is a brother-in-law of George Parsons Lathrop and the father of a large family. Withal he is only four-and-forty, and he has studied civil engineering at Dresden and written novels in the south of Ireland. Harvard is responsible for his education, and he is a point blank refutation of the theory that the sons of great men are generally nobodies .- Ex-

Mistakes in Print.

"Did you ever notice," said a newspaper man the other day, "what strange mistakes writers will sometimes make? Why, a day or two ago in one paper a column was devoted to a discussion of the seal fisheries question, in which Sir Julian Pauncefote was repeatedly called Sir John Pauncefote. Was it is norance or temporary aberration, or what? Probably what. There is ald story of the one perfect book ever printed, after almost infinite pains had been taken to make it typographically correct. When it was finished the word 'book' was found on the first page printed with three o's."-New York Tribune.

The Queen's English.

Englishman-I say, ye knaw, what's the bookage to Boston? Railroad Ticket Clerk-The whatage?

Englishman-The bookage, ye knawthe tariff. What's th' tariff? Ticket Clerk-I haven't time to talk polities .- New York Weekly.

Browning had a marvelous memory.