FOR THE LAST TIME.

Within this room she passes her still days!
I pause upon the threshold, while my eyes
Gaze wistfully around, for memories
Of her sweet face, her thoughts, her words and ways,
Shall make the sunshine that through life's dark maze
May gild the pathway with its golden dyes;
And when I walk far off 'neath alien skies
My heart shall still be gladdened by its rays.
For the last time I look around. I hear
No sound save pattering ivy 'gainst the pane
Ah! how my heart grows chilled with sudden fear
Lest this last hope that I have held be vain—
Lest I should never see your fair face, dear,
Or clasp once more your hand in mine again!

But no; I hear your footstep at the door.
Love, you can meet me thus with smiling face,
While I—I do but long for breathing space
To give these cold, stiff lips the power once more
To greet you calmly, as they could before
I knew the truth. And yet, would I retrace
The path that I have trod, and leave this place
With the heart quiet and free that once I bore?
I cannot tell. Thoughts wander through my brain
Like dreams that come and go beyond our will.
You speak; I know; I answer back again;
But naught of all seems real to me, until
We come to say good-by. Then bitter pain
Gives me sure proof I am not dreaming still!

—Chambers' Journal.

A CASE OF CONSCIENCE.

On a certain dark night in October, two gentlemen might have been seen standing under a gaslight, at the junction of two business streets, engaged in close conversation. They spoke in low, cautious tones, and their faces, beneath the flickering light, were grave unto solemnity.

In the tall, slim young man, who leaned against the lamp post in such a tragical attitude, and who seemed to be doing all the talking, almost any one might have recognized the cashier of the First National bank, Mr. Cleveland B. Street, while the broad shouldered, pleasant faced gentleman, standing with folded arms and head bent forward to listen, was equally well known as Mr. George Lamoreaux, real estate agent and chosen friend of Mr. Street.

Past them in gay procession filed the people returning from the theatre over the way; and more than one turned to comment curiously upon the untimely conference. But the two men heeded them not; and the pleasure seekers, as they passed on to their homes, and straightway forgot all about the occurrence, little dreamed of the dark secret that was being unfolded beneath the gaslight.

For it was a dark secret. No wonder Mr. Street's voice grew deep and impressive as he proceeded to lay it before his friend.

"Six years ago," began Mr. Street, "I was teller in the Kerrin Savings bank. One night it was broken into and robbed of $15,000. I slept in the bank at the time, and, of course, I tried to defend the property. I had an encounter with a burglar, but he was stronger than I, and I might have fared badly if the police hadn't come to my rescue. The robber heard them and made his escape, and he has never been heard of since."

Here Mr. Street paused for breath.

"Well?" said the other, looking mystified.

"But," continued the cashier, "in the struggle I got a good sight of the man's face, and I've always declared I should know that face if I ever saw it again."

"Well," from his friend, still more mystified.

"Two months ago I saw that face; I met that man and talked with him. I meet him every day."

At length Mr. Lamoreaux was interested.

"And you know him, too," pursued Mr. Street.

"I?"

"Yes, you; everybody knows him; he"——

"Oh! come;" interrupted Mr. Lamoreaux, impatiently, "what's the man's name?"

"He is known here as Walter Hammond."

"Not the new partner in the spring works."

"The same."

Mr. Lamoreaux uttered a low whistle.

"Well, that beats me!" he ejaculated. "The high toned Mr. Hammond, that everybody's running after! Why, Street, you must be mistaken."

"Mistaken! I know that face as if I had seen it but yesterday. Why, man alive, if you had lain on your back and looked up into that face bending over you, knowing that it might be the last face you would ever look upon in this world—if you had seen it under the circumstances I did I think you would remember that face!"

There was a painful silence, broken by Mr. Lamoreaux.

"Well," he said, "what are you going to do about it?"

"Goodness knows, I don't," returned Mr. Street, helplessly. "What would you do?"

Mr. Lamoreaux gazed reflectively out into the darkness.

"I'll tell you, Street, he said, slowly, "I wouldn't do anything. I'd keep an eye on the man and say nothing. You see, he's so prominent here, 't would make a terrible sensation. And if you have no evidence but your memory you couldn't prove anything, anyhow."

"Yes, and his accomplices might assassinate me, or something, too."

"That's so," promptly assented his friend. "It's clearly your duty to keep still."

At that instant a light flashed across the street. A man emerged from a doorway opposite, stopped a moment to light a cigar, then walked rapidly down the street. He was a little above medium height and slender. A heavy black mustache and square cut chin were all that was visible beneath the soft cap he wore well down over his eyes. He carried his head slightly forward and walked rapidly, with a light, noiseless step.

The two men under the gaslight ejaculated simultaneously:

"Hammond!"

"There is something queer about him," observed Mr. Lamoreaux.

"It's the shadow of a crime," said Mr. Street, solemnly.

The town clock struck 11. And the two friends, by common consent, abandoned the lamp post and turned their faces homeward.

Mr. Cleveland B. Street was conceded by every one to be a most estimable young man. The president of the bank spoke highly of him on all occasions, and occasionally increased his salary. The old ladies approved of him, and the young ladies said he was "nice." He was a member of the Shooting Stars Dramatic club, the East End Dancing club and Musical union. He sang tenor in the Presbyterian church. He led the uneventful life of the average business man, and was reasonably contented and happy.

There was, beside all this, another circumstance which conspired to make Mr. Street, in anticipation, a most enviable man. Miss Alice Wilson was a handsome, vivacious brunette, who, by her thousand winning ways, had completely ensnared the heart of the young cashier. Of late she had been perceptibly more encouraging, and he felt serenely confident that when he urged his suit she would not say him nay.

Some such thoughts as these were flitting through Mr. Street's mind, as he stood behind the bank counter, a few days after the disclosure beneath the gas light. And now, as his thoughts reverted to Mr. Hammond, he could not suppress a feeling of pity for that unhappy man—for he must be unhappy carrying about with him such a memory of hidden crime. His ill gotten gains might bring him influence, but they never could purchase him happiness. Mr. Street thought of Alice Wilson, and said to himself that he was sorry for the fellow.

One day a dashing equipage drew up in front of the bank, and a lady leaned out to speak to another on the walk. Mr. Street's quickened sight at once recognized, in the occupant of the carriage, Miss Alice Wilson. But who was it sitting beside her and smiling down upon her with such confident gallantry? The cashier's eyes followed them far up the street, but that first look had been enough—it was Walter Hammond!

"It's queer, isn't it?" said the teller at his elbow, "how that Hammond got right into society here. He shot right up like a rocket, and nobody knows anything about him, either, before he came here. Well, money 'll take a body anywhere nowadays."

But the cashier was not listening. He banged the book together and went home to his tea, locking the door with such a forbidding face that a man who met him said he shouldn't wonder if the First National had sustained a loss; he met C. B. Street coming away from there with a face as long as your arm.

That was only the beginning. Mr. Hammond began to attend Miss Wilson like a shadow. He escorted her to parties, the theatre and church. Be he ever so assiduous, Mr. Street nearly always found his attentions to the young lady anticipated by Mr. Hammond. There was no pleasure in calling there any more. Mr. Hammond was sure to be there. Did he aspire to take her to a place of amusement he only had the mortification of hearing that she was "so sorry," but had "just accepted an invitation." And he would see her there with Mr. Hammond.

Meanwhile the cashier's face grew graver and still more grave. The worried lines in his forehead settled into an habitual frown. That one little cloud which had sailed so unexpectedly across his sky had grown till it threatened to obscure the whole horizon of his happiness.

Sometimes, when he saw his mysterious rival hovering about Miss Wilson, he could not repress a feeling of exultation at the thought that, with one word, he could banish him forever from her presence. He tried to rid himself of this feeling, which he knew was unworthy of him, but it would come at times in spite of himself.

It seemed as is he was at a sensational play, in which the deep dyed villain stalks about in safe disguise, only the whole community were the ready dupes, and he alone was the enlightened audience. The baleful secret began to haunt him like a nightmare. Like an avenging spirit it rose between him and the recreations of his leisure hours. It confronted him from the face of his ledger at the bank. It walked the streets with him, and sat down to dinner with him. It whispered to him in his dreams. Every morning he awoke with the inquiry: "What ought I to do about it?" and every night he went to bed with the question still unanswered.

And the cashier knew—how could he help knowing?—that he was not himself of late; that he was growing moody and preoccupied in company. He could not help noticing the surprised looks of his friends at his changed demeanor. Still, he restrained himself. He recognized that fate had commissioned him an emissary of justice. In his fingers he held the fatal noose which, some day, would drop over the head of his victim. He could afford to bide his time.

But, whatever his duty to the community at large, he owed it to Alice Wilson's happiness to protect her from this impostor. And so it came to pass that he found himself, one evening, pulling the Wilsons' front door bell, with a fixed resolve to warn Alice before he left the house. Fortune favored him; she was alone, and, intent upon his purpose, he soon drew Mr. Hammond's name into the conversation.

"He's a peculiar man, isn't he?" said Mr. Street.

"I'm sure he's a very nice man," responded Miss Wilson, warmly.

"Yes?" said Mr. Street, with an interrogation of dissent.

"Why, of course, he is! I don't see what you can possibly have against him," she added, reproachfully.

"I! Oh! nothing, nothing," hastily disclaimed the cashier.

"Then, if you have nothing against him, what makes you insinuate things about him?" urged the young lady, logically.

This was not just the idea he wished to convey, so he made another venture.

"Have n't you observed something mysterious about Mr. Hammond?" he asked.

"He does look like a man who might have a history," admitted the young lady.

Now she was helping him on.

"Yes," he struck in eagerly; "some dark page in his life, some epoch of trouble, or—crime."

She caught at the last word.

"What do you mean by that?" she demanded.

Now the time had come, the cashier hardly dared divulge his secret. He coughed, hesitated, and finally stammered:

"Why!—I—that is—Mr. Hammond—In fact—six years ago, I was teller"——

The parlor door opened, and who should be ushered in but Mr. Hammond! The gentleman insisted on shaking hands with Mr. Street, although the cashier frowned darkly upon him. Mr. Street, disregarding Miss Wilson's warning look, opened upon Mr. Hammond with the remark:

"We were speaking, just now, of some one who had a mystery connected with his life."

"Indeed!" returned Mr. Hammond, indifferently.

"How is it, Mr. Hammond," asked the cashier, "do you think a man could successfully hide from the world a dark secret, some terrible crime he had committed, for instance, and go on living just as if it had never been done?"

Mr. Hammond shifted his dark eyes uneasily from the fire to Mr. Street, and back again to the fire.

"It would depend a great deal upon the man," he said briefly.

"Well, take any man, take yourself, for instance." Mr. Street tried to speak in a careless, theoretical tone.

"Since you insist on taking me as an illustration," said Mr. Hammond, with a forced laugh, "why, I should think there was nothing else for a man to do. If he hadn't nerve enough to live it through, he'd better keep out of it."

"But might not the memory of the crime prey upon his mind until he felt compelled to tell it to some one?" persisted Mr. Street.

"He'd be a fool if he did," retorted Mr. Hammond.

And the cashier was stunned into silence at the remorseless practicality of this bold adventurer.

A few minutes later Mr. Street took his leave, with a baffled sense that Mr. Hammond still had the field.

But events were hastening to a close, independent of Mr. Street's intervention. One morning came the following dispatch:

"BARRVILLE.

"There is here on trial a man who is suspected of being the robber of the Kerrin Savings bank, in '76. Could you identify the man? If so, come at once.

"SHERIFF OF BARRVILLE COUNTY."

Mr. Street reached for a time table. His hand shook so that he could scarcely see the figures. The first train for Barrville left at 11:15. It was now 10:30.

He applied to the president of the bank for leave of absence. He showed the president the outside of the dispatch. That gentleman inferred, from the cashier's pale face, that it was probably a death in the family; and, as he always associated such events in his mind with bequests of property, he said, readily, that he guessed they could get along without him for a few days. Half an hour later, Mr. Street was on the train speeding along toward Barrville.

In that six hours' ride Mr. Street lived a month of suspense. The cars were no sooner in motion than he wished he had never started. If Mr. Hammond was convicted, let it be upon other evidence than his. He would never have resting upon him the responsibility of sealing the doom of a man who might, for all he knew, be honestly trying to blot out the past and lead an upright life. He called to mind every little act of kindness that Mr. Hammond had ever extended to him. His excited imagination magnified them to boundless obligations. And this was his return for them! Mr. Street would have given a year's salary to be back at his desk.

At every station he went out and stood on the platform with a wild desire to get off and go—anywhere! away from Barrville. The people in the car began to look at him strangely and suspiciously. And in the midst of his agonizing reflections the brakeman dashed open the door and sang out "Barrville."

How he got off from the train and over the distance from the depot to the court house, Mr. Street never knew. He spoke to several persons on the way, but he couldn't have told, for his life, what he said to them. The first realization of his surroundings was when he found himself ascending the broad steps of the court house—with a green baize door in front of him and all hope behind him.

He hesitated a moment. That moment was decisive. The green baize door was suddenly opened from within, and he had no choice but to enter. The room into which he came was the court room. Court was in session, and the room was filled to overflowing. Mr. Street's entrance was scarcely noted; every eye was strained toward the witness stand.

A man near the door made room for Mr. Street on the bench beside him. The cashier sank into the proffered seat. The buzz of voices in the court room came to him in indistinct murmurs, like sounds a great distance away. And, all the time, the man at his side kept talking on in a desultory fashion.

"The fellow's up for larceny," he said. "Queer you hadn't heard about it. "You're a stranger here, ain't you? He's the same one that robbed the Kerrin Savings bank in '76. P'raps you recollect? He owned up to it when he found they knowed it. He's been on the stand all the morning. They're a-waiting for him now."

The loquacious stranger craned his neck around to get a better view. Mr. Street felt that he should faint or shriek if something didn't happen.

Something did happen.

"There he is!" exclaimed the stranger; "that's him on the witness stand. He's a holding up his hand to be sworn. I guess you'll have to stand up to see him."

The cashier staggered to his feet. He looked at the people, the ceiling, the clock—it was just 5:15—the jury, the lawyers, the judge. Then, with an effort, he raised his eyes to the prisoner—and saw——

Not Mr. Hammond—but a man as like him as his reflection in a glass. Like him, but not he. There were the same piercing eyes, the same strongly marked features; but this man's face bore the impress of a hard and reckless life. It needed not his confession of the crime; for Mr. Street knew, now, beyond peradventure, that this was the man with whom he had grappled on that eventful night, six years ago, and that Mr. Hammond was as innocent of the crime as the cashier himself.

For one moment Mr. Street stood staring blankly at the prisoner. Then as the whole force of the revelation dawned upon him, with an indescribable look of horror and remorse, he seized his hat and dashed frantically from the building.

The night train bore away from Barrville a man who sat bolt upright in the corner of the seat, with his hat crushed down over his eyes. He neither spoke nor stirred. He had seen the phantom which had pursued him for the past year, until it had come to seem a living reality, dissolve and vanish before his very eyes. And it had left him dazed and bewildered. He no longer tried to reason it out. He doubted his very senses, and grasped the arm of the seat firmly, to make sure he was not dreaming. The romance of his life had departed. He was no longer the mysterious emissary who carried in his breast a consuming secret, but a commonplace business man, whose thoughts any one might read.

But commonplace people sleep soundly. That night not a dream disturbed his slumbers, and the next morning he went to his desk, a matter of fact cashier.

Mr. Hammond married Miss Wilson. Mr. Street never told her his secret. She asked him about it, once, but he evaded her question. When Mr. Street congratulated Mr. Hammond, the latter said:

"Do you know, Street, I used to fancy you had something against me. You seemed almost suspicious of me. It made me positively uneasy at times."

But the cashier drew himself up with dignity, and said:

"Do you take me for a fool, sir?"—Herminius Cobb in The Epoch.

A Big Price for a Tree.

Curly walnut is highly valued by veneer makers, if it contain the right kind of figure. A curious story comes from West Virginia about a curly walnut log. A woodsman found a tree somewhere in the region about Kanawha Falls that he concluded was very valuable. He secured a sample and forwarded it to a handler of such wood in Baltimore. The result was that the discoverer received an offer for the tree, probably amounting to $2,000. Subsequently the Baltimore man sold a share of the chance to an Indianapolis dealer, who opened negotiations with the woodsman for possession of the prize, at length going to West Virginia to prosecute the enterprise. When the affair had reached this stage the woodsman concluded that the tree was worth $3,000, and demanded that sum for it, or he would not yield up his knowledge. Seeing that the Indianapolis man was bound to find the tree, if possible, the discoverer cut it down and buried it in the earth. A thorough search has, as yet, failed to reveal the hiding place of the log, and the man who holds the secret declares that nothing but $3,000 will bring it to the surface.—Detroit Free Press.

Not at All Unlikely.

Omaha Dame (reading)—H. J. Bonfield, an Englishman, claims to have penetrated further into the dangerous and secluded parts of India than any other white man. For his personal safety he was several times espoused to royal women, from whom he escaped when opportunity offered. The British government has offered him an enormous salary if he will return to India on a secret mission, but he has declined.

Husband—I suppose his wives are living yet.—Omaha World.

Lore of the Kitchen.

Pig-foot jelly—dat's good ole time eatin'.

Young pig's slimy eatin', but de grown up shoat makes sweet meat.

Cut off de pig's tail en he'll fatten s' fast. Hit takes ez much co'n ter fill out de tail ez hit takes fer all rgs' uv ee body.

But hog killin' time de fat er de roas' pigtail cracks mighty good twixt yer teef.

White lard fer de great house; leaf lard fer de quarter.

Kill de meat on de wax er de moon so ez hit'll swell in de pot—kill hit on de wane hit'll sho swink in de cookin'.

Big lye hommy, hoecakes en sassages dee fits ter Christmas times.

Who dat ax fer better feedin' dan er fat 'possum roas' wid 'taters all roun' hit—all er swimmin' in grease?

White folks drinks de top er de demijon—nigger lick he chops en smack he jaws over de bottom. Dar ain't nobody strong 'nough fer ter turn dat jug ups'downards en give de nigger fust taste.

Bake er nigger good "John Constant" on the bread-hoe, en fry him "Ole Ned" ef yer want ter see him work. ("John Constant" is corn meal. "Ole Ned" is salt pork.)

"Billy Seldom" is good fer Sunday, but de nigger wants "John Constant" for ev'ry day. ("Billy Seldom" is wheat flour.)

School is mighty good fer de slim nigger, but I'll lift de oven lids fer de white folks twel I find a school whar dee 'gin yer som'at ter fill yer belly th'ee times a day.

Plant dem garden sas wha' bears dey vegetables on top er de groun' on de wax er de moon.

Plant yer de 'tater en de turnips en de root crape on de wane er de moon ef yer 'sires good yield.

Make lye soap on de wax er de moon. Stir hit all time wid er sass'fras stick, en stir frum de right ter de left always.—Detroit Free Press.

He Didn't Strike Back.

There is a good story told of a Wesleyan student, one of the boat's crew that finished second in a flotilla of six at Saratoga some years ago. He was a slim, good looking fellow, without a trace of a pedant in his makeup. He became enamored of the daughter of a well to do farmer, who lived not far from the lake. The farmer objected to him on general principles, and tried to break off the acquaintanceship; he did not want a minister for a son-in-law, and the young man seemed too light waisted for a rough battle with the world. Returning early one night he found the pair of lovers seated on the sofa, and at once proceeded to take off his coat.

"If your father raises his hand against me, I shall not strike back, but I will pull his nose," whispered the Lothario.

Now, medical men pronounce the nose a most delicate and sensitive organ, and anything beyond gentle dalliance with it is provocative of great pain. But the old gentleman sailed in, and dragging the student lover to the doorsill he deposited several pounds of kicking power under his coat tails. This was too much, and true to his word the young athlete seized the old man's nose twixt his fingers and wrung it heartily. In this unexpected turn of affairs the theologian was revealed in a new light.

"Let go! let go! she's yours!" yelled the pained but discreet father. "You shall marry her at the earliest opportunity."

And he did.—Alfred Trumble in New York News.

Proud Savages of Patagonia.

The Patagonian Indians are a high grade of savages, have more intelligence than the natives of the tropical latitudes, are more honorable and less cruel. It is said that the Patagonian will never keep an agreement with a Spaniard, for the Spaniard has never kept faith with him. But he can be relied upon by every other nationality. A German trader who has had much to do with them during several years' experience at Puenta Arenas, told me that when a Tehuelches chief agreed to bring him skins and feathers, he brought them if they were to be found in the country. If the same chief agreed to bring the same things to a Chili trader across the way he was certain not to do it. If the Chili trader called him to account he would answer, "Manana" (to-morrow), the word the Spaniard always uses to excuse himself from carrying out a bargain. This practice is so universal that the Spaniards have been driven out of the trading business. The Indians would not sell to them till all the other traders were supplied, even when they offered higher prices.—Philadelphia Times.

Greasing a Patient.

Here is a case that happened out west a few years since. The graduating class in one of our medical colleges was advised at the last by the old professor never to acknowledge ignorance, but always, when called, to give some treatment. One of the class settled in a western town, and after some years the old professor, in traveling, got a piece of bone in his throat in this same town, and the young doctor being called, failed by every means in his power to dislodge the obstruction, and then having recognized the old professor, stripped him and rubbed him with lard. This so amused the old professor that he could not restrain a hearty laugh, which dislodged the bone, and he asked the doctor, "Why in thunder did you grease me?"

The reply was, "You told me when I was about to graduate always to do something, so I greased you, not knowing what else to do."—Williamsport Sun and Banner.

Tears of "Schweitzer Kase."

Next in popularity with all classes of people is the ordinary Swiss cheese, more familiarly known as "Schweitzer kase." Wherever there is Swiss or Germans there is also Schweitzer kase and lager beer. No free lunch counter is fully equipped without its slices of rye bread and Swiss cheese. This cheese is very compact except for the numerous cavities scattered throughout it, varying in size from an eighth of an inch to a full inch in diameter. When the cheese is of the best quality a drop of water, sparkling and as clear as crystal, will be found in each cavity. The Germans call these drops of water "tears," and in giving their order to the waiter they usually say: "Bring me some Schweitzer and a tear."—Chicago News.

The Date Was Correct.

She—My darling, it seems such a little while since we entered this house to begin life together. The glad spring time had just begun, the air was vocal with birds and fragrant with flowers; yet, just think, it's almost a year.

He—That's so. I received notice from the landlord this morning that if I wanted to stay in this house I'd better come around and renew the lease. He's going to raise the rent on me, too. Yes, it's nearly a year.—Omaha World.