

## WILLIE LEE.

His name was Willie Lee; but no one thought of calling him Willie except his sister. Willie was poor and homely. His hair was what might be called a blue white, his eyes were pale and without expression, and he was altogether a very plain person. He and his sister Mary had a little house in the outskirts of the city near the car barns. His close proximity to the barns doubtless was what led him to think he would become a car conductor. At any rate, he did become one, and Mary, as she used to be weeding in her little garden beside the street, would look up and see him pass and say to herself:

"Now, don't he just look fine with those blue clothes and brass buttons?"

His sister's eyes could not see that the navy blue of the clothes painfully brought out the sickly pallor of his face and made his sleeping eyes dimmer. To her he was handsome and the uniform made him handsomer. Mary was partial to uniforms. There was a policeman in that suburb for whom she had the greatest regard, and in the evening when she would go out to watch for Willie's car going by on its last trip the policeman used to come and hang over the gate and she would tell him what a good boy Willie was.

The men at the barns did not know much about Willie. He never met at their gatherings in the office and stables and sung and danced and joked as the others did. Half of them did not know his name, but the time keeper said his car was always on time and the nickels he turned over were always right in number.

Willie's passengers did not like him either. They said he opened and left open the door in winter and shut it in the heat of summer. He made them sit close on the seats, and gravest offense of all he would make the men go inside the car when there was room instead of standing on the rear platform in a crowd. All this served to make him unpopular, still he never violated a rule of the company, and the keenest "spotter" could never have reported him a single misdemeanour.

Willie did not like girls. He used to say to Mary, "Girls are a nuisance. I wouldn't let one of them get on my car if I could help it." There was no use trying to get up a flirtation with Willie, he was adamant. A neighbor, rosy cheeked Rachel Moore, had loved Willie ever since they were children and played in the dust of the road before the city had moved down to them. Willie liked Rachel, too, after a fashion, very much as he loved Mary, but he never thought of marrying her to any one else. Mary used to say to him, "Willie, suppose I should die, what would you do for a housekeeper?" Mary didn't think of dying, she was thinking of the policeman, and Willie would answer, "Don't talk about such absurd things, Mary." That was all the satisfaction she ever received.

Yet it was through a girl that Willie's life was changed. How these women do change our lives, some in one way and some in another! Willie was superstitious. He said he was unlucky every time he ran on car No. 113. A man had shot himself in it once, and another had fallen off the front platform and broken his leg, and Willie was always having trouble when he was on it.

One February day car 113 started from the barn at its usual hour with Willie Lee as conductor. Everything went on all day and Willie was flattered himself that he was going to escape ill luck for once, but he lurks around us when we are least conscious of her presence. It was nearly night and a rain set in, a rain that froze to everything and made the track very slippery. A young lady who often went down on Willie's car asked to be left off at the avenue and Willie rang the bell.

She stepped off, but as fate would have it another car was coming from the opposite direction, the track was slippery, a new driver was managing the brake, and instead of stopping, as is the usual etiquette in such a case, the car came on. Willie standing on the step took in the situation at a glance, and though he was always slow he made this the exception. He jumped from the car and almost threw the girl from the track just in time to save her, but he slipped and fell and was ground under the horses' feet and the cruel wheels. Then the car stopped and passengers crowded out and around him.

"Is he dead, O is he dead?" cried the girl whom he had saved, and she knelt down beside him, took off his cap and brushed the damp hair back from his forehead.

"No, he is not dead," said a policeman, Mary's policeman, who happened for once to be where he was needed. "He lives just below here. We will carry him to the house." They picked him up and carried him gently into the little cottage. Mary was overcome with fright and would have fainted had not "Teddie" been there to assure her that Willie was all right, "only hurt a bit."

The next day the young lady whom

Willie had saved came down in her carriage to see how he was. She swept in through Mary's little kitchen like a queen, and Rachel, who was sitting on the step of the back door, looked at her in amazement; at the long sealskin cloak and the diamonds in her ears. "My ain't she grand?" she said to herself. "I wonder if Willie knew her before? I wonder if he would have jumped right in front of two great big horses and a car if I had been in her place?" Jealous little Rachel! Of course he would have done it just the same had the person been the lowest of the lowly.

Day after day Helen Carpenter came to inquire after "the brave fellow," as she called him, and when he began to get better she brought him flowers and hot house fruit and all sorts of things that he could not eat, and would not have dared to had he wanted them. She brought him books too, and read to him by the hour stuff that he did not hear. He did not care for books, but he liked to look at her as she sat by his side reading. He liked to hear the tone of her voice and smell the perfume of the violets she always wore, and after a while her daily visit was what he looked forward to. When it grew warmer he began to sit up by the window in an easy chair she had sent from her own home, and she would come and sit on a stool at his feet and talk with him about herself and her daily life until she made him her abject slave and he loved her with a love that only such people have who have never loved before.

She was the light of his life and he forgot that he was poor and homely, a thing that he had never forgotten before, that she was as high above him as the heavens are above the earth. When he held her little jeweled hand in his, as she sometimes allowed him to do, he would have been willing to have died for her a thousand times over.

Rachel was entirely forgotten. She would come in sometimes to see him, but he would always be sleepy or watching for Helen and would not talk to her. One day Mary saw her eyes filled with tears, and she put her arm around her. "Don't cry, Rachel; he will see the light by and by," she said and Rachel broke down and sobbed. "I used to think he cared for me, but he don't now."

One day Mary said to him, "Willie, I don't think you treat Rachel just right," but he never heard her. Willie was a long time getting well. Another man had taken his car, but the superintendent said he was at liberty to go back any time when he was able. The policeman, too, was in a hurry for Willie to get well. Mary had promised him that the friendship begun last year over the onion beds should terminate in a happy wedding, and he had been scanning intently the house hunters' directory for a suitable place to put his bride just as soon as she would consent to become his.

One day Willie made up his mind to tell Helen when she came again just how much he loved her, and she came in and sat down at his feet and looked at him with her liquid dark eyes, full of tender solitude, and asked him how he was, he took her hand and attempted to speak, but could not.

"You are weak yet, aren't you, Mr. Lee? How angry you ought to be with me for having been the cause of all your trouble. But you'll hurry up and get well by Easter, won't you?" And she childishly laid her cheek against the hand she held. "Do you know, I am going to be married on Easter Monday, and I want you to come to my wedding." "Go to her wedding! Go to her wedding!" He said it over to himself, then the room grew dark and everything seemed uncertain, and he fainted.

"It is warm and he is still so weak, and I suppose I talked him to death," she said to Mary, who came in answer to her alarmed calling.

Mary was quick witted and she knew pretty nearly what had happened, and she told "Teddie" all about it that evening and said she loved Willie, of course, but she thought he had treated Rachel badly, and may be this would be a lesson to him.

For several days Willie was too weak to sit up again in the easy chair. He seemed helpless and unconcerned as to whether he got well or not. Helen had not been to see him since the night he fainted. She was busy with her wedding preparations and just stopped at the gate one day to ask if he was better and wondered if Mary thought he could come to her wedding.

"No, I do not think he can go," Mary said, and she said it coldly, and Helen did not come again.

It was the day of Helen's wedding. Willie heard the carriages roll past on the pavement and he turned his face to the wall and the tears came into his eyes, that had been strangers to tears for years. Rachel had brought in a bouquet of Easter flowers and placed them on his table. There were violets among them; everything to remind him of her. Just in the dusk of evening Rachel herself came in. She paused a moment at the door to see if he was asleep, and as his eyes were closed she concluded that he was. She sat down on the low stool and as her face was partially turned away from him Willie opened his eyes and looked at her slyly.

He never thought Rachel pretty before. In fact, he had never thought much about her, but now as she sat between him and the fading light he noted the roundness of her cheek, her white throat, and the pretty curls of brown hair around her face and neck.

"I wonder if she would do just as Helen did had she been in her place,"

he said to himself. "Would she have come here and made me love her and then have cruelly told me she was going to be married? Yes, I suppose she would, women are all alike, coquettes, every one of them."

Rachel was thinking over her life, some strange, and unexplainable mesmeric sympathy Willie's mind went back over the past too. What a friend she had always been to him and Mary, and how bravely she had fought her own battle of life thus far. "She is a noble little woman," he said to himself, "and I wish I was worthy of her." Then the clock struck, and Rachel started up. She drew a half sighing breath, paused a moment, then stooped over and lightly touched his lips with hers. Before he was aware what he was doing he had passed his arm around her neck and pressed her head to his breast. "Do you then love me, little Rachel?"

They say love is eloquent by whomever spoken, and Willie was certainly eloquent. The love that was shut up in his heart all turned and told itself seemingly without his aid to Rachel, and when Mary came in she found them sitting hand in hand, a new sweet light in their faces.

When the June roses blossom there will be a double wedding in the little cottage and "Teddie" and Willie will both be happy. Willie has gone back to his car. He says he likes the road and likes the work, and blesses the day that good fortune came to him through misfortune.—Katherine Hartman in Dansville Advertiser.

## Bite of A Rattlesnake.

Dr. S. Weir Mitchell contributes to the August Century a profusely illustrated article on "The Poison of Serpents," from which we quote the following: "I am often asked what I would do if bitten while far from help. If the wound be at the tip of a finger, I should like to get rid of the part by some such prompt auto-surgical means as a knife or a possible hot iron affords. Failing these, or while seeking help, it is wise to quarantine the poison by two ligatures drawn tight enough to stop all circulation. The heart weakness is made worse by emotion, and at this time a man may need stimulus to enable him to walk home. As soon as possible some one should thoroughly infiltrate the seat of the bite with permanganate or other of the agents above mentioned. By working and kneading the tissues the venom and the antidote may be made to come into contact, and the former be so far destroyed. At this time it becomes needful to relax the ligatures to escape gangrene. This relaxation of course lets some venom into the blood-rod, but in a few moments it is possible to again tighten the ligatures, and again to inject the local antidote. If the dose of venom be large and the distance from help great, except the knife or cautery little is to be done that is of value. But it is well to bear in mind that in this country a bite in the extremities rarely causes death. I have known of nine dogs having been bitten by as many snakes, and of these dogs two had died. In India there would have been probably nine dead dogs."

## Life on a Cuban Plantation.

In Dakota and Manitoba the employment on single wheat estates of a hundred reapers and an aggregate of three hundred laborers for a season has been regarded as something unprecedented in agricultural industry; but on one sugar estate in Cuba—"El Balboa"—from fifteen hundred to two thousand hands, invariably negroes, are employed, who work under severe discipline, in watches or relays during the grinding season, by day and night, the same as in the large iron-mill and furnaces of the United States and Europe. At the same time there are few village communities where a like number of people experience the same care and surveillance. The male workers occupy quarters walled and barricaded from the women, and the women from the men. There are in every village an infirmary, a lying-in hospital, a physician, an apothecary, a chapel, and a priest. At night and morning mass is said in chapel, and the crowds are always large. There is of a Sunday less restraint, though ceaseless espionage is never remitted. On these days and in parts of holidays there are rude mirth, ruder music, and much dancing. This picture is given somewhat in detail, because it illustrates how all-pervading and tremendous are the forces that are modifying society everywhere, in civilized, partially civilized, and even barbarous countries, conjointly with the new conditions of production and consumption.—From "Recent Economic Changes," by Hon. David A. Wells, in the Popular Science Monthly for September.

## A Mutual Deceit.

Say it Anyhow—How did you ever come to marry Mrs. B.—?

Grinand Barrett (frankly)—I married her for her money, she said she'd be worth a million on her wedding day—estimated me at that figure, you know.

Say it Anyhow—Why, she deceived you shamefully!

Grinand Barrett—Well, I was deceived, that's a fact, but Grant Scott's man, just think how she got let!—Epoch.

## The Blood-Sucking Tree.

Mr. John B. Betterman, an American and whilom resident of Chihuahua, Mexico, writes as follows to the St. Louis Globe-Democrat about a singular discovery which he recently made:

I have taken much interest in the study of botany during my sojourn in this country, the flora of which presents one of the richest fields for the scientist in the world, and have wandered some distance from town on several occasions in my search of specimens.

On one of these expeditions I noticed a dark object on one of the outlying spurs of the Sierra Madre mountains, which object excited my curiosity so much that I examined it carefully through my field glass. This revealed that the object was a tree or shrub of such unusual appearance that I resolved to visit the spot.

I rode up to the mountain, the sides of which sloped sufficiently for me to make my way on horseback to within a few rods of the summit. But here I was stopped by an abrupt rise so steep that I despaired of reaching it even on foot.

I went around it several times seeking for some way to climb up, but the jagged, beetling rocks afforded not the slightest foothold. On the top of this knob stands the tree I had seen.

From the spot on which I now stood I could see that it somewhat resembled in form the weeping willow, but the long, drooping, whip-like limbs were of a dark and apparently slimy appearance, and seemed possessed of a horrible life-like power of coiling and uncoiling. Occasionally the whole tree would seem a writhing, squirming mass.

My desire to investigate this strange vegetable produce increased or each of the many expeditions made to the spot, and at last I saw a slight opening which made me believe I had discovered an unheard-of thing.

A bird, which I had watched circling about for some time, finally settled on the top of the tree, when the branches began to awaken as it were, and to curl upward.

They twined and twisted like snakes about the bird which began to scream, and drew it down in their fearful embrace until I lost sight of it.

Horror-stricken, I seized the nearest rock in an attempt to climb the knob. I had so often tried in vain to do this that I was not surprised when I fell back, but the rock was loosened and fell also.

It narrowly missed me, but I sprang up un hurt, and saw that the fallen rock had left a considerable cavity. I put my face to it and looked in. Something like a cavern, the floor of which had an upward tendency, met my sight, and I felt a current of fresh air blowing on me, with a dry unearthly smell.

Evidently there was another opening somewhere, undoubtedly at the summit.

Using my trowel, which I always carried on my botanizing expeditions, I enlarged the hole, and then pushed my way through the passage. When I had nearly reached the top, I looked out cautiously to see if I should emerge within reach of that diabolical tree. But I found it nowhere near the aperture, so I sprang out.

I was just in time to see the flattened carcass of the bird drop to the ground, which was covered with bones and feathers. I approached as closely as I dared and examined the tree.

It was low in size, not more than twenty feet high, but covering a thick area. Its trunk was of prodigious thickness, knotted and scaly. From the top of this trunk a few feet from the ground, its slimy branches curved upward and downward, nearly touching the ground with their tapering tips.

Its appearance was that of a gigantic tarantula awaiting its prey.

On my venturing to lightly touch one of the limbs, it closed upon my hand with such force that when I tore it loose the skin came with it. I descended then and closing the passage returned home. I went back next day, carrying half a dozen chickens with which to feed the tree.

The moment I tossed in the fowls a violent agitation shook its branches, which swayed to and fro with a sinuous, shaky motion.

After devouring the fowls, these branches, fully gorged, dropped to their former position, and, the tree giving no sign of animation, I dared approach it and take the limbs in my hand.

They were covered with suckers, resembling the tentacles of an octopus. The blood of the fowls had been absorbed by these suckers leaving crimson stains on the dark surface. There was no foliage, of course, of any kind. Without speaking of my discovery to any one about, I wrote an account of it to the world famous botanist, Professor Wordenhaupt, of the University of Heidelberg.

His reply states that my tree is the Arbor Diaboli, only two specimens of which have ever been known—one on a peak of the Himalayas and the other on the island of Sumatra. Mine is the third.

Prof. Wordenhaupt says that the Arbor Diaboli and the plant known as Venus fly-trap are the only known specimens, growing on the land, of those forms of

life which partake of the nature of both the animal and vegetable kingdoms, although there are instances too numerous to mention found of this class in the sea.

The Portuguese man-of-war may be mentioned, however, as one, and the sponge as the best known specimen of their class.

## New Under the Sun.

Marshall Wheeler is the author of the new and startling theory or science that the earth has a third motion, says the Eugenie City (Oregon) Journal. His theory, which is borne out of all traces on the surface of the earth—and the wonder is that it has never been advanced and adopted before—is that at certain regular periods the earth reverses its position, so that the equator becomes the poles and the poles become the equator. At each of these turns the water is thrown over the earth, and the nations and continents disappear in the great oceans, with only a few exceptions in certain parts of the earth, while new continents and new nations rise, in the march of ages, where the oceans of former periods rolled. The last turn brought the continents that now exist up out of the great waters, and at the next turn where he now lives and where the great American republic flourishes the oceans will again roll, the great ice fields of the poles will be thawed out and run down over the land under the torrid zone, and the present tropics will become solid ice in their new position at the poles, thus accounting for the vast quantities of the remains of tropical animals and plants found frozen up in Alaska and Siberia and the traces of ice glaciers in the torrid zone. He maintains that the earth is not a temporary body, but a permanent part of the universe that has always existed and never will end, and has been washed over and created anew at regular periods throughout countless millions of years, man and all its other productions having been swept off, leaving only here and there enough for seed, and there locations changed at each turn, and that this process will go on forever—a new earth washed clean, and a new deal at regular periods throughout eternity. He is collecting a vast array of facts, gathered from all climes, to prove this theory, which he thinks is already established by well-known facts that cannot be explained in any other way.

## The Mystery of the Rain.

We know very little about the methods of the transportation and concentration of moisture in the atmosphere. We can determine the proportion of moisture in the air within our reach. We can discern by the formation of water drops on the outside of an ice pitcher that there is a greater or lesser quantity of moisture in the air around the pitcher, and instruments are in use to declare the relative amount. What can we know of the vast bodies of water stored up in the clouds above us, and ready at a moment's warning to pour out their floods upon us? We may theorize about the vapor of water being carried between the atoms of the air as water is contained in the pores of a sponge, but we have no proper idea how the tons upon tons of rain, snow, or hail are held aloft in the clouds or transported from place to place over a continent. We have recently had all the rain clouds carried over us from the gulf to the north and northwest, to be poured down in floods upon the mountains of Pennsylvania and Virginia, while the rice and cane fields of Louisiana were parched and arid. Now the rain-laden skies are giving all their stores to us and the drought is being paid for with interest. It is easy enough to predict rain to day, but what after all, do we know of the great climatic laws which burn our fields with drought in June and cover them with a downpour in July?—New Orleans Picayune.

## Skins For Gloves.

Dry Goods Chronicle.

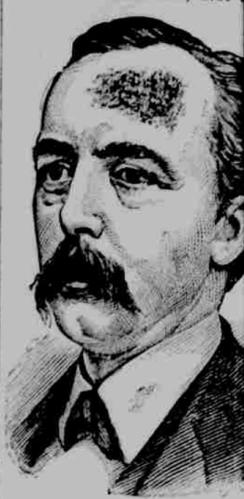
"Skins for gloves," says a large manufacturer, "come from almost every corner of the globe. We get our deer skins from Central and South America and a few from the Northwest. Our hog skins come from Mexico and Brazil. You would be astonished at the softness and pliability to which the skin is reduced. The American hog won't do for gloves or mittens. His hide is too hard and tough and unyielding. The American calf and sheep and lamb furnishes excellent pelts. South America gives us many sheep skins. Cowhides come from Calcutta, goat skins come from Russia, split sheep skins from England, and horse hides from the street car companies.

"An enterprising German has discovered a way to tan American kid skins so that they become in every way superior to the French article in durability and finish. The process of tanning is performed entirely by American workmen, and the skins sell for from sixty to seventy per cent. less than the French. Not only are shoe manufacturers all over the country using the new product, but already thousands of dollars' worth have been exported to Germany, France and Austria. The dressing of kid skins was almost monopolized by France until this manufacture."

## CUSHMAN K. DAVIS.

Called States Senator from Minnesota. Cushman K. Davis, who has represented the State of Minnesota in the United States Senate is a man of distinguished talents, eloquent, a good lawyer, statesman of considerable experience. His scholarship comprehends extraordinary knowledge of the life of Shakespeare.

His character is that of an upright and scrupulously honorable man against whom nothing can be said. Senator Davis was born in Jefferson County, New York, about forty years ago. He attended College, Waukesha, Wis., an institution which no longer exists. An experiment tried there not found promotive of longer the life of a college. Carroll was a notable instance of promotion in the United States. He did the cooking and the boys got the meat and groceries, graduating, at nineteen years of age. Mr. Davis studied law, first



office and afterward at the University of Michigan, Ann Arbor, where he received his diploma in 1857. He has been successful as a lawyer and possesses considerable wealth. Mr. Davis was a friend of the late Matt Carpenter. When he was a clerk in the Library of the Supreme Court, at Madison, Wis., he used to let Mr. Carpenter read up his cases in the Library nights and Sundays, and only the favored had access to the shelves. It is stated that Mr. Davis resembles his illustrious friend in mental characteristics, but is a scholar of a wider range of reading and finish. In 1868 he was appointed United States District Attorney, residence was then in the State of Minnesota, citizens of which nominated him for Governor in 1873. He was elected by Republican votes, improved his "record" by an excellent administration. The Senator has a lovely wife, who is said to be the most beautiful woman in the Northwest.

## A Case of Mind Cure.

A correspondent of The Fair Play (Me.) Journal gives the following statement of mind cure in the early days of that town: Dr. Thayer, who is near what was called the Back Meeting House, was one of the best physicians in the county, but his name was no avail in the case of his wife who kept her bed for more than ten years. One day there was no person about the house and her little boy came running in with a bad cut on his finger or hand, bleeding profusely. With true motherly forefulness of self, she sprang up, took bandages and properly dressed the wound; then, sitting down to rest, she looked around; everything seemed so pleasant and she felt so nice she decided not to take her bed again and she did not. She lived several years in the enjoyment of comfortable health.

## Yellow Shoes.

Dr. Weyl also described the case of a young man in Munich who had been poisoned by the yellow dye matter used in coloring russet shoes. After wearing these shoes for a week the young man's feet were covered with small yellow blisters, which in the middle of the second week began to spread to his ankles. A doctor had him give up the shoes and cured the eruptions in ten days. The yellow leather was subsequently examined at the Munich institute and was found to be saturated with a dangerous yellow dye. Dr. Weyl's advice to his colleagues was: "Do not wear russet shoes."—Chicago Tribune.

## An Aged Autograph Turtle.

A. S. Maine's dog at Westport caught a veteran box turtle last week, while the dog was following the hired man, who was mowing a meadow. On the turtle's shell were inscribed in deep letters: "I. C. Rick, 1805;" "1839;" "J. K., 1861." Mr. Maine added his name and date to the turtle's back and then let it go.—Norwich (Conn.) Connecticut Dispatch.