Cear with me kindly, comrade,
The way to you is bright:
The path of duty stretching out,
Inclent, straight lines of light.
Your heart is young, your vision keen,
The goal you plainly see:
Bear with me kindly, comrade,
it is not so with me.

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hangs wall.

Too frait to walk beside thee, I mg some steps behind; And the narrow steps so plain to you I cannot ulways find. I cannot always find.

My eyes too dim to reach the goal,
See but the nearer tomb.

Thou hast the morning glory.
But I—the nightshade's gloom.

Yet we may walk together,
If we but "be agreed,"
To have one hope, one aith, one aim,
One Helper in our need.
His love can make strong souls like you,
And faulterers such as 1—
Walk pracefully together here,
And rest together by and by.

THE DEATH TRAP

BY LUCY M. ROOPER.

Few persons who were in Paris on New Year's Day, 1885, but retain a vivid recollection of its horrors. The evening closed in mild and tranquil, but the night was full of perils. About 11 o'clock a fine drizzling rain set in that froze as it fell, and covered the whole of the vast city with a sheet of ice as smooth as a mirror, on which neither man or beast could stand erect nor walk with safety. The festivities of the season had called a great many persons from their homes on that evening, and the miseries of those who found themselves forced to traverse distances without the aid of a conveyance can readily be imagined, for the cabmen all struck work and went home. Ladies in evening dress, white slippers and opera cloaks were to be seen clinging to railings and lamp-posts, and weeping in very helplessness of terror, unable to stir a step. Horses ish. lay monning with fractured limbs on the glassy rondway, and men slipped and tottered and fell, some receiving injuries from which they never recovered.

I had been dining with an old college friend. It had been a bachelor party, and a merry one; and it was past 12 o'clock when we broke up. Of course there was a shout of dismay from the whole party, some dozen in all, when we discovered the condition of the street; but there was no help for us. We could not all go back to quarter ourselves on our host in his small, bachelor lodgings, and so we set off on our different ways. To make matters worse our host lived on the left hand of the Seine, not far from the Luxembourg Gardens, so that most of us were at an interminable distance from home. I myself was stopping at the Hotel de France, on the Rue St. Honore, three miles off.

One other of the party had to go there also. He was a handsome young fellow from the provinces, named Gustav Veronge, who had, as I heard from another of the guests. lately inherited a good deal of money, and has come up to Paris to see I could hardly claim him even as an acquaintance, for we had met that evening for the first time. As we went out into the street, he asked to what quarter of Paris I was going; and on learning my destination, cried:

Well, I'm going a stone's throw from there, so come, and we will walk

together."

He was not only in full evening dress like the rest of us but in a very elaborate one. His low, open showed a shirt front fabulous fineness, whereon glit-tered three diamond studs, each stone of no inconsiderable size, and of the purest water. Four buttons, also of diamonds, closed his vest, and he wore on the little finger of his left hand a handsome solitaire. thought all this rather bad taste; but he seemed like a thoroughly good fellow, and his manners were certainly very interesting. We got along pretty well for about half an hour, slipping and sliding and stumbling about, and then falling. At last my companion slipped and fell again, and when he strove to rise, sank back, uttering a stiffled groan.

"Have you hurt yourself?" I asked, anxiously, assisting him to

He fell back with another groan. 'I fear that my knee is injured," he said. "I can hardly stand.

With difficulty I got him at last on his feet. But every step he took gave him pain. Of course I could not go off and leave him alone. Meantime, not a human being was in sight. "Where are we?" he asked,, faintly.

I made my way to the nearest corner, and read the name of the

"The Rue de Rislay," I replied,

that street."

By this time I was feeling pretty well exhausted. I began to be thor-

oughly discouraged. "Our best plan," I said, "is to look for some hotel where we can pass the night. It is of no use try-ing to go any farther. There is not a vehicle of any sort to be had."

"You are right. But where can we find a hotel?"

As he spoke, a man in a blouse. ith a pipe in his mouth, swung himif under the shadow of an arches,

"If these gentlemen wish, I can show them a hotel close by," he said

"Do so, and we american france for your pains," cried ver-france for your pains," cried ver-mining for your pains," cried ver-france for your pains, " cried ver-graph of the pains of in Paris, you see, and I have not an idea which way to turn."

"Ah, monsieur is a stranger in Paris? Will monsieur lenn on me? The hotel is not far off-not five steps distant, in fact.'

It was very near. A little farther. in truth, than our officious friend had stated, but still just around the nearest corner.

It was an ancient-looking, whitewashed building, standing back from the street, with a small garden in front of it. No name was painted across the front of the house, as is usual with Parisian hotels. Only a red lamp, with the word "Hotel" on it in black letters, was et in an iron framework projecting above the door.

We paid our conductor, who shambled down the street, after casting a last glance at the glittering studs and vest buttons which Veronge displayed as he threw back his overcoat in order to get out the money.

A sleepy-looking old woman in a calico short gown and petticoat, and with a yellow silk handkerchief tied about her head answered our summons at the door of the little hotel. 'Oh, yes, you can have rooms certainly, though the house is very full.

Monsieur has hurt his knee, has he? Then monsieur shall have the groundfloor room, of course. The other monsieur I must pray to mount to the third floor. "Could we not have rooms togeth-

?,' suggested Veronge.
"Impossible! Quite impossible!" The old woman was wide awake by this time, and very energetic. "In fact, the two rooms I have offered fact, the two rooms I have offered are the last that are left, for the house has a good name, though it is seemed out of the question. The

While talking she had lighted a couple of candles and preceded us along a narrow passageway at the end of which was a door, which she unlocked and threw open with a flour-

You see, you could not be better lodged in the Grand Hotel."

The room looked comfortable. It was long and narrow. There was one window at the left-hand side as we entered. The bed stood in an alcove draped with hangings of green moreen. The window was protected outside by a massive iron grating, such as is usually employed on ground-floor windows in France. I advanced to this window, and, holding my candle aloft, peered out into the darkness. I could see that it opened into a sort of narrow yard, terminated by a high bland wall. The old woman, troubling herself very little about my scrutiny of the premises, was engaged meanwhile in lighting the fire, which was laid all

ready for the match in the little grate. When our old conductress had got the fire well under way she rose and testified her intention of accompanying me at once to the room destined for me. It was up three flights of back to bed.

Tired as I was, I had no notion of going to sleep without paying a last visit to Veronge, to see if he needed my | friend's fate. help in undressing. So, merely waiting to pull off my overcoat and rainsoaked boots, I went downstairs again.

I tound Veronge sitting by the fire, and nursing his aching knee with a which I had so nearly fallen. very dismal expression of countenneeded some minutes' repose in spite of his pain, quite chatty and confidential. When I rose to retire, which I did in about half an hour, feeling wofully tired, he would not hear of my departure.
"Sit down," he cried; "sit still for a

while; 'tis only 2 o'clock, and I have

such a story to tell you."
So down I sat, and lit a cigar, while Veronge plunged into some inter-minable history of college scrapes and adventures. The arm-chair in which I sat was soft and comfortable, the fire gave out a drowsy heat, the story was stupid, and in fifteen minutes I was fast asleep.

It seemed to me that I had just lost consciousness, when I was suddenly awakened by a terrible shrick, a cry as if for help, with which it appeared to be my own name was mingled. I started bolt upright, wide-awake in an instant. All around was still. The candle was extinguished, but the room was lighted by the ruddy glow of the fire in the grate. So profound was the silence that the patter of the rain against the window-panes was distinctly audible. Veronge was nowhere to be seen.

"Veronge!" I called in a half whis per, not wishing to wake him were he sleeping, "have you gone to bed?"
There was no answer. I stretched
myself, yawned, and took a look at

the clock. "Half past 3," I muttered. I must coming back.

"I have not the least idea where to bed as fast and as quietly as poswe are," he said. "I never heard of sible. I had no idea that I had slept so long.

I took up my candle and essayed to light it at the fire. As I did so it struck me that the room was strange ly, unnaturally quiet; not a sound, not even that of heavy breathing, betrayed the presence of the sleeper in the alcove. That horrid cry. too, was still ringing in my ears, so I resolved that I would take one glance

at my friend to satisfy myself as to his well-doing.

"He might have the nightmare," I thought; and so it will be a charity

the curtain and looked in. There But one course remained to me, and was no one there. The bed was in that was to return as stealthily as disorder, the covering tossed aside cried Ver-and the pillow pushed away, but it there to await the arrival of the hour restrangers was untenanted. The alcove was at which I could quit the premises small; there was barely room in it for the bed, a small washstand and give me a fright and had then cried

out to swaken me.

"Veronge," I called impatiently,
"come out here. Where are you?"

There was no reply; Repressing a growing feeling of anoyance, I set to work at once to investigate every corner of the room. My task was a short oue. Veronge was no where to be discovered. Yet there lay his clothes. How could be, undressed and lame, have quitted the room? A sudden thought struck me. "Poor fellow!" I thought;" he must

be walking in his sleep."
With that idea I advanced to the door and endeavored to open it. To my amazement I found that the inside bolt was shut. It was evident that Veronge had quitted the room Yet, where was he? He could not

have gotten out of the iron-grated window, and the room had but a single door. Ah, the bed-under the bed? I had not looked there. Doubtless he was lying there and chuckling over my perplexity.
"Ah, the rascal!" I said to my-

self. I have him now!"

I advanced to the bed, lifted the valance of green moreen, and found that the bedstend was a sort of solid

seemed to settle that matter, so far and myself the night before. as the entrance of any male actor was concerned. Yet, if no one could get in how could Veronge have got out? And if he had not quitted the room, where was he? Could anyone have gotten in by a secret entrance while we slept? With that idea I started to investigate the walls. Two sides of the wall were of course accounted for, as outside of one lay the passageway, and on the other the open yard. I carefully examined the wall opposite the door. All solid and smooth there; no trace of an opening anywhere. Then I proceeded to the alcove. Here I found rather more difficulty, as the heavy bed-curtains right.

Next I turned my attention to the wall at the opposite side of the bed. To investigate that I was forced to lean across the bed; so I knelt upon the edge of the bed, and to steady myself I leaned my weight on the center of the bed. As I leaned my weight on the bed it gave way suddenly beneath my hands. A rush of cold, noisome air streamed upward to my stairs, but was snug and comfortable nostrils, and had I not clutched at enough, though rather small. The the bedpost with my other band I old woman lit my fire, as she had should have inevitably lost my baldone that of Veronge, and then went | ance and have plunged headforemost | faint. into some horrible abyss. Yes, the

I staggered backward, heartsick with amazement and dismay. It was some moments before I recovered myself sufficiently to continue my examination of the hideous trap into very dismal expression of counten-ance. He brightened up at once enable me to proceed in my when he saw me enter, and became, investigations. When I did so I was amazed at the borrible simplicity of the whole contrivance. The bed itself, instead of being a solid mattress, was merely two enshioned doors, fit ting close together in the center and held up by some strong springs, such as serve to close the doors of public buildings or stores. A certain amount of pressure was necessary to force open these divisions. Each side was covered smoothly with linen, and so closely did the two divisions fit that a glance would have revealed nothing unusual about the appearance of the bed. It merely looked like one of those mattresses which are made with

a division in the center. I carefully pressed the door open and peered down into the depth thus revealed. The same cold, damp air that I had noticed before rushed up into my face, redolent of the chill mouldness of the cellar. I listened Not a sound was heard from below. I dared make no farther examination. Who could tell what unseen eyes might be watching my every movement, what hidden cars might be alert to catch the slightest sound that might suspicion or detection? At first I thought of tying a cord to my candle and of lowering it down into the abyss, but I abandoned the project almost as soon as I conceiv-

Poor Veronge was dead! Of that there could be no doubt. The fiends who planned that murder trap were not likely to leave their work half finished. All that was left to me now was to avenge his fate; that is, if I did not share it.

I sat down to meditate over my course of action, and collect my scattered thoughts. My first impulse was to escape from the house at once. But how was such a feat possible? The window of the room was securely closed with Iron bars. Moreover, if I did succeed in forcing out the grat-ing, I should find myself in a narrow yard, enclosed on all sides by a high wall. Any attempt to leave the house by the door would of course arouse the suspicions of the inmates,

So I advanced'to the alcove, lifted who were doubtless on the alert. possible to the room assigned to me,

without exciting suspicion.

I came to this resolve after much a little night table, so that I saw the deliberation. I extinguished my whole extent of it at a glance. For candle, crept softly and stealthy the moment I did not expect that along the passage and up the stairs, anything was wrong. I thought which seemed to my excited fancy to that Veronge, like the mere boy he was, had hidden away somewhere to that I took. But I gained my room unmolested, bolted myself in securely, and throwing myself on the bed without undressing I awaited the approach of morning.

Oh, the long, long hours! How interminable they were, and how slowly they were passed! How often the squeak of a mouse in the wainscoting, or the snapping of a coal in the grate clilled the blood in my veins and paralized me with terror! Often too, I would drop asleep, only to start awake the next moment with the death-shrick of Veronge ringing in my ears. I thought that the night would never end. At last the window slowly grew a glimmering square; the pale light of dawn showed me the shape of things about me, and the friendly morning peered in upon me once more. Yet I did not dure to arise and go forth at once. I must linger still until my hour of rising would be sufficiently late to betray neither compromising knowledge nor inquietude.

At last, about 8 o'clock, I got up from my comfortless couch, adjusted the disorder of my dress, bustling as I did so about the room, with a great pretense at making a finished toilet, box that continued to the floor, so and whistling a merry tune. Then I that there was, technically speaking my bell, ordered the usual French early breakfast of a roll and bolted door and barred window woman who had admitted Veronge

"The friend of monsieur left about half an hour ago," she said as she set down the tray. "He left no mes-sage for monsieur."

"Friend! He was no friend of mine. I met him accidentally in the street last night," was my reply, given in as gay and careless a tone as I could well assume

"Indeed! Well, his knee hurt him and he could not sleep; so he sent Jean for a cab, and went off soon after daybreak this morning."

I made no answer, but continued to crumble my bread and stir my coffee with pretended indifference. As soon as the old hag had quitted the were considerably in my way. But I room I emptied the contents of the managed to satisfy myself that the coffee-cup out of my window, put a wall at each end of the bed was all bit of roll in my pocket, and prepared to go.

No one offered any opposition to my departure, but it was not till found myself fairly in the open street that I ventured to draw my breath freely. The ice was melted from the pavements, and I had no difficulty in finding a cab. I hailed the first one I saw passing, jumped in, and cried to the driver:

"To the Prefecture of Police at once, as fast as you can drive!" Then, as the carriage started, I fell down in the bottom of it in a dead

bed opened downward in the middle. Its inmates were in the bands of the paces, when Harris lowered his gun for?" asked Annie.

I had solved the riddle of my poor police. The latter comprised the old to extract the empty shell. Sudden grant its inmates were in the bands of the paces, when Harris lowered his gun to extract the empty shell. Sudden grant its inmates were in the bands of the paces, when Harris lowered his gun to extract the empty shell. Sudden grant its inmates were in the bands of the paces, when Harris lowered his gun to extract the empty shell. woman, a man who seemed to be the proprietor (who was no other than the man who had accosted Veronge and myself the night before, and who had guided us to the house), and two young and showy-looking females, who, as I afterward learned, were the decoy ducks of the establishment. Guided by me, the able and intelligent chief-of-police made a thorough invesigation of the murderous apparatus of the ground floor, bedroom.

How He Got a Start. From the Man About Town in the Star.

A tall, portly man, with a homely but expressive face and a pronounced Scotch accent, was chatting with some friends in the Fifth Avenue lobby. I recognized him as Hon. John H. Leeds of Connecticut, and was reminded of the occurrence that gave him his first start in life. Thirty a mere pittance. To-day he is rich, finally become the best in the staff, has cut a wide swath in politics, has much to say in Connecticut affairs, and lives in a fine mansion at New Haven. When a lad he discovered it does not finish a teacher-in fact, some tramps endeavoring to wreck a train on the New York & New Haven ing been thrown from a train. They had heaped up a number of railroad the point where the obstruction was placed the train would be going at full speed, and half a hundred feet ahead was the bank of a river. If the express struck the pile of ties it would certainly have been derailed. and, plowing ahead, would have gone down into the river.

Young Leeds knew the train was due in a very few minutes when he discovered the tramps at work. He could not attack them single-handed. neither had he time to remove the big ties if he succeeded by any divice in scaring them away. So he ran to meet the approaching express, wav-ing his red shirt. The train was tramps were captured. Leeds was given employment in the railroad company's office and a life pass on he road. He rose rapidly by honest ndeavor, has held many public floss of trust, and served in the

A Sensational Letter.

An amusing hoax appears to have been perpetrated upon the foreign press in the shape of a letter alleged to have been written by the present czar prior to his ascension to the throne, to the famous editor and pan-slavist leader, Aksakoff, whose widow died a lew weeks ago. The document in question, which bears the date of May 22, 1866, contains bitter comment on the class of courtiers by whom the imperial family was sur-rounded, and compares the highest officers of state to contemptable lackeys. The publication of the letter in question has excited an immense mount of attention throughout Europe, and it appears to have been copied in almost every foreign newspaper of any inportance. The whole thing is, however, but a hoax. The letter in question, instead of having been written by the present emperor, was addressed in 1796 to Count Kotchoubey by the Grand Duke Alexander Paulwitch, who subse quently ascended the throne as Alexander I. The courtiers refered to in such bitter terms were the ignoble favorites of his grandmother Catharine II. The original letter will be found in the first volume of the "Life and Times of Alexander I," published by C. Toneville in 1874.

For Adoption.

A gentleman living near Allegan, Mich., relates an interesting story of feline sagacity. Some person owning a cat with three kittens, and desiring to be rid of them, took them in a bag to a wood near the gentleman's house, and dropped them.

In a short time the mother cat was seen to approach the house with a kitten in her mouth. Reaching the the door, she dropped the kitten and retreated to the woods, from whence he returned with another kitten; but instead of leaving it where the first was left, she took it to a neighboring house, then returning to the woods brought out the third and last kitten, and left it at still another neighbor's.

The old cat then disappeared, and was not seen again until it was time for the kittens to be fed, when she visited each house nursed the kittens and then disappeared again.

This course of procedure she followed until the kittens were weaned, when she disappeared, and has not been seen since. Was it reason or instinct that caused the mother cat to distribute the kittens to different homes, so that all might be adopted and the lives of all spared?—Youth's Companion.

Shot Off His Companion's Gun Barrel.

I was hunting quail near Reidsville, N. C., six years ago, with S. S. Harris and James Play, of that town. Harris and myself were walking side by side, when two birds were flushed at the same time. Harris was on my left and fired at the bird on my right, I firing at the one on his left. Thus cross firing, both fired simul-

Harris killed his bird, but I did not. Aint. Harris said my powder was not good. We walked on about thirty ly he exclaimed:

"Look! the end of my gun barrels

have bursted off. We examined them and found they were not bursted, but I had shot them off as smothly as if they had been corn stalks when they fired.

We walked back to the spot and found five inches of his gun barrels lying there. I have one of the pieces now and will mail it to Judge Gildersleeve if desired. This is an iron truth-nothing fishy about it. If you desire reference I refer you to Mr. George Cary Eggleston.-Cor. New York Evening World.

School Teachers. If every new girl who is introduced as a school teachers should be "dropped" by the board when she proves to be a failure, we would soon have no teachers, or good ones at least. It is strange, but a fact, that, as usual, the girls who, for from two to years ago he was a poor boy earning three years, seem utterly hopeless, while on the other hand, those who start out most promising, too often becomes worthless. While the Normal school lays a good foundation, 'making a teacher" only commences when she makes her debut in the road, in a spirit of revenge for hav- school room. The superintendent's staff and her principal watch, in-struct, and discipline her, for ties on the track, just before a fast three to four years, when she is a express from Boston was due. At thorough, reliable teacher, and then -she goes off and marries, generally.

An Editorial Necessity.

House Agent-"Let me see, I have very nice vacant flat, sir, on-" Applicant-"Won't do. I don't want a flat. I must have a house." "House?"

"Yes, with a garden."

"Garden?" "Certainly."

"Um-Well, now I think of it, I have one place a little out that might sure. There is a space of ten or fifteen square feet at the back. It stopped in time and a purse was is now paved with stone, but the raised for young Leeds and the pavement can be taken up easily payement can be taken up easily enough."
"hat will do."
"All right. Fond of flowers, eh?"

"No, but I've got to have some sort of a garden, you know, because I'm the editor of an agricultural The Clock's Secret; or Guarde ed by Ghosts.

It was hard work to build up a doo tor's practice in such an out-of-the way Southern town, but I held on and hoped for the best. Annie tane in the public school there, and she was content to wait if it for ton years until she should be able to me

I was just beginning to dans when I heard of my uncle's death for the North. He had left me nothing. however, but his old manor near town where I lived. A mouldy old structure, inhabited by an old darkey care-taker, and for years the upper floors had never been lived in.

I took Annie down on Saturday to look over the place, for after all is was something to own a house as be free from rent when we married. "Ef I was you," said the old ne-gress when we explained the reason

of our visit, "I wouldn't go up the windin' stairs. The upper floors is full o' ghosts and ghostesses. Why, my brudder went up one day, and be was found nigh dead the nex' mawn." I only laughed at her superstitions, and started up the fatal stairs. When about half way up the most horrible counds greeted us. It was, as the old woman had said, as though a wh host of demons were groaning sad gnashing their teeth, and the sound seemed to envelop us. They were horrible and were enough to make the stoutest heart quail, for they seemed to increase after they had once commenced. I turned to Annie as quickly as I could, and, seeing by her face that she was likely to faint, put my arm about her to support her

as I seated her on a lower step, for the sound ceased as westepped back. "Do you mind waiting for me downstairs?" I asked, "while I examine into this, or would you prefer to ha me wait and come out another time?

"No, I am going upstairs with you," she said bravely. "I am ashamed of my want of nerve just now.

As she spoke she leaned back and rested one elbow on the step above, her. Instantly the horrible sounds were heard again, but as Annie moved forward again they suddenly ceased.
"You had better let me take you down," I said quickly, as I saw her

face lose color again.
"No," she said in a half-subdued voice, "I felt something give way just then, Tom. See what it is."
It did not take me many minutes

to remove the carpet, but in doing it I found that I could, at will, render the horrible sounds audible or inaudible. Annie became as much terested and excited as I, and wl raised the loose plank that seemed to cause it all she peered, with as much interest as I, into the cavity to venled.

"I'm not afraid of anythingshe had said when I healtated to move it. "I must see what it is, To

"What we did see was a mass machinery. There were wheels, so put together that they grated frightully when touched.

"What do you suppose this was "I do not know, unless my uncle

used it as a sort of watch-dog to keep from being molested while up stairs. He surrounded himself wit mystery to make himself and over thing about him a terror to bo black and white during the war."

We examined the machinery a its connection and found that e step above it was connected w some part of it, so that the sour kept increasing as one proceed the stairs, but, just as I was ab to restore the plank to its place, stopped me, and drawing out a of yellow paper, rend:
"Behind the clock on the stairs."

Above us, still and silent, stood th old clock on the landing. Slowly and with a feeling of awe, we went to it and moved it, wondering what new mystery was about to be explained; but apparently there was nothing unusual, examined the clock itsel and then the wall, having some vis ionary ideas of secret panels, but all of no avail, and we were about to give up the search when the sun came out again, and, shining through a broken shutter, showed a solitary speck in the old-inshioned paper that glittered like a diamond. Eagerly we worked at it until we could understand the workings of it, and thenyes, there was our secret panel and there was my dead and gone uncles' money box. Taking it into an adjoining room and examining it, we joining room and examining it, we found papers and money amounting to \$5,000, which had been hidden during the war for safe keeping. As the money was all in gold; it would have been a godsend to some one had not my uncle, by his eccentricities and mysteries kept every one at bay. Unfortunately he did not live to enjoy it himself, and it was left for me to inherit and make the most of me to inherit and make the most of.
Annie and I decided immediately to make our home there, and it is very happy one, for the winds stairs send forth none but hap sounds now.

It Happens That Way.

"Yes sir-yes, sir" he observed he rubbed his hands together. next alderman from our ward be a clean, decent, honest, intel man, and credit to his c Yes, sir—yes, sir; we have sour minds to that—all irrespective of party. We all en masse. The candidate he,il be selected from my course!"—Detroit Free Pres