

# A MYSTERIOUS WEDDING.

No one thought that Mary Forster would marry John Charrington, but she thought differently, and things which John Charrington intended had a queer way of coming to pass. He asked her to marry him before he went up to Oxford, she laughed and refused him. He asked her the next time he came home. Again she laughed, teased her dainty blond head, and again refused. A third time he asked her; she said it was becoming a confirmed bad habit, and laughed at him more than ever, but said yes.

We were all asked to the wedding. In Brixham every one who was anybody knew everybody else who was anybody. The coming marriage was much canvassed at afternoon tea tables and at our little club over the sardines, and the question was always asked: "Does she care for him?"

I used to ask that question myself in the early days of their engagement, but after a certain evening in August I never asked it again. I was coming home from the club through the churchyard. Our church is on a thyme-grown hill, and the turf about it is so thick and soft that one's foot-steps are noiseless.

I made no sound as I vaulted the low, lichened wall, and threaded my way between the tombstones. It was at the same instant that I heard John Charrington's voice, and saw her face. May was sitting on a low, flat gravestone, with the full splendor of the Western sun upon the migronne face. Its expression ended at once and forever, any question of her love for him. I was transfixed to a beauty I should never have believed possible even to that beautiful little face.

John lay at her feet, and it was his voice that broke the stillness of the golden August evening.

"My dear, my dear, I believe that I should come back from the dead if you wanted me."

I coughed at once to indicate my presence, and passed out into the shadow, fully enlightened.

The wedding was to be early in September. Two days before I had to run up to town on business. The train was late, of course, for we were on the Southeastern, and as I stood grumbling with my watch in hand, whom should I see but John Charrington and May Forster. They were walking up and down the unfrequented end of the platform, arm in arm, looking into each other's eyes, careless of the sympathetic interest of the porters.

Of course I knew better than to hesitate a moment before burying myself in the booking office, and it was not till the train drew up at the platform that I obtrusively passed the pair with my Gladstone and took the corner in a first-class smoking carriage. I did this as good an air of not seeing them as I could assume. I pride myself on my discretion, but if John were traveling alone I wanted his company, I had it.

"Hullo, old man," came his cheery voice as he swung his baggage into my carriage, "here's luck; I was expecting a dull journey."

"Where are you off to?" I asked, discretion still bidding me turn my eyes away, though I saw, without looking that hers were red-rimmed.

"To old Branbridge's," he answered, shutting the door and leaning out for a last word with his sweetheart.

"Oh, I wish you wouldn't go, John," she was saying in a low earnest voice, "I feel certain something will happen."

"I must, May. The old boy's been awfully good to me, and now he's dying I must go and see him, but I shall come home in time for—" the rest of the parting was lost in a whisper and in the rattling lurch of the starting train.

"I shall surely be back tomorrow," he said, "or, if not, the day after, in heaps of time."

"And suppose Mr. Branbridge dies?"

"Alive or dead, I mean to be married on Thursday!" John answered, lighting a cigar, and unfolding the Times.

At Peasmarsh Station we said "good-bye," and he got out, and I saw him ride off; I went to London, where I stayed the night.

When I got home the next afternoon a very wet one, by the way—my sister greeted me with:

"Where's Charrington?"

"Goodness knows," I answered testily. Every man since Cain has resented that kind of question.

"I thought you might have heard from him," she went on, "as you're to give him away to-morrow."

"Isn't he back?" I asked, for I had coincidentally expected to find him at home.

"No, Geoffrey—my sister always had a way of jumping at conclusions, especially such conclusions as were least favorable to her fellow creatures."

"He has not returned, and, what is worse, you may depend upon it he won't. You mark my words, there'll be no wedding to-morrow."

I was at the station at 2.20. I felt rather annoyed with John. It seemed a sort of slight to the beautiful girl who loved him, that he should come, as it were out of breath, and with the dust of travel upon him to take her hand which some of us would have given the last penny of our lives to take.

But when the 3 o'clock train glided in and glided out again, having brought no passengers to our little station I was more than amused.

other train for thirty-five minutes. Five minutes later I flung myself into the carriage that I had brought for John.

"Drive to the church!" I said, as someone shut the door; "Mr. Charrington hasn't come by this train."

Anxiety now replaced anger.

It was five minutes to 4 as we drew up at the church-yard gate. A double row of eager on-lookers lined the path from Lynchgate to porch. I sprang from the carriage and passed up between them. Our gardener had a good front place near the door. I stopped.

"Are they waiting still, Byles?" I asked, simply to gain time, for of course, I knew they were by the waiting crowd's attentive attitude.

"Waiting sir? No, sir; why it must be over by now."

"Over! Then Mr. Charrington's come?"

"To the minute, sir; must have missed you somehow, and I say, sir," lowering his voice, "I never see Mr. John the least bit so afore, but my opinion is he's been drinking pretty free. His clothes was all dusty, and his face like a sheet."

A murmur from the church announced them; out they came. Byles was right. John Charrington did not look himself. There was dust on his coat, his hair was disarranged. He seemed to have been in some row, for there was a black mark above his eyebrow. He was deathly pale. But his palor was not greater than that of the bride, who might have been carved in ivory—dress, veil, orange blossoms and all.

As they passed out the ringers stopped—there were six of them—and then on the ears expecting the gay wedding peal, came the slow tolling of the passing bell.

A thrill of horror at so foolish a jest from the ringers passed through us all. But the ringers themselves dropped the ropes and fled like rabbits down the stairs. The bride shuddered and grey shadows came about her mouth, but the bridegroom led on down the path where the people stood with handfuls of rice, but the handfuls were never thrown and the wedding bells never rang.

Then the tongues were loosed. A babel of anger, wonder, conjecture from the guests and the spectators.

"If I'd seen his condition," said old Forster to me as we drove off, "I would have stretched him on the floor of the church, sir, by heaven I would before, I'd have let him marry my daughter!"

Then he put his head out of the window.

"Drive like fury," he cried to the coachman; "Don't spare the horses."

We stood in the hall doorway, in the blazing afternoon sun, and in about half a minute we heard wheels crunching the gravel. When the carriage stopped in front of the steps old Forster and I ran down.

"Great heavens, the carriage is empty! and yet—"

I had the door open in a minute, and this is what I saw:

No sign of John Charrington; and of May, his wife, only a huddled heap of white satin on the floor of the carriage and half on the seat.

"I drove straight here, sir," said the coachman, as the bride's father lifted her out, "and I'll swear no one got out of the carriage."

We carried her into the house. As we stood, her father and I, half mad with the horror and mystery of it, a boy came up the avenue—a telegraph boy. They brought the orange envelope to me. I tore it open.

"Mr. Charrington was thrown from his horse on his way to the station at 1.30. Killed on the spot!"

And he was married to May Forster in our parish church at 3.30, in presence of half the parish.

I shall be married, dead or alive!"

Before a week was over they laid her beside her husband in our little churchyard on the thyme-covered hill—the churchyard where they had kept their love trysts.—Temple Bar.

**Curious Cullings.**

A man should weigh twenty-five pounds for every foot of his stature.

The total export from the New Zealand gold mines has been over £51,000 sterling.

A philosophic observer remarks that "it is not what a man does but what he gets caught at that weighs in the world's judgement."

There are now living in one house in a village near Norwich, Eng. five generations, the ages of the individuals being ninety-two, sixty-one, thirty-six, nineteen and six months, respectively.

The famous Winchester elm, in Boston recently cut down was standing full grown in 1660. The fast treaty with the Indians was signed under it and it was the last of New England's historic elms.

There are 250,483 Indians in the United States, exclusive of Alaska, this enumeration including bucks squaws and papooses. The available force for fighting is 50,000, only one-half of whom are warlike.

There is an annual "feast of False Faces" among the Onondaga Indians in Northwestern New York that follows some weeks after the "White Dog Feast." The faces are mostly wooden masks made by themselves, but are not old.

Theodore H. Swift, who was one of the attorneys in the celebrated trial of the Niser Paine will case in New York is said to have received a fee of \$0.000 for his services. He lives now in Patsdam, N. Y., and is still a young man, only 40 years of age.

A young man, being asked by a judge whether he had a father and a mother said he wasn't quite sure whether he had or not. First, his father died and then his mother married again and then his mother died and his father married again; and now he didn't exactly know whether they were his father and mother or not.

Londone's are very much interested in the discovery that the one original home of Cashmere shawls but Germany. Large quantities of German-made shawls are taken to India with imitations of Cashmere marks on them and sent into the interior and sold as native products. They cost in Calcutta about a pound. They sell for £7.

Two boys near Boston island, Booth Bay harbor, recently, saw two big eagles fighting in the air 200 feet above water. The talons of one bird became entangled in a wing of the other, and both fell into the sea. When the boys rowed out to them one of the eagles showed fight and they were obliged to kill it, but the other was captured alive and measures six feet from tip to tip.

**The Flag in The Navy.**

The red flag is a mark of danger and shows a vessel to be receiving or discharging powder.

A flag at half mast means that a death has occurred, and hoisted union down is a signal of distress.

The yellow flag belongs to the quarantine service, and when displayed is a sign of contagious disease.

A flag of truce is a white flag displayed to an enemy to indicate a desire for a parley or consultation.

A convoy flag is white, triangular in shape, bordered with red, and is worn by men-of-war when convoying merchant vessels.

A church pennant is a white pennant, without swallow tails, charged with a blue Latin cross, hoisted at the peak, during divine, over the ensign.

A dispatch flag is a white, square flag with five blue crosses, generally known as the five of clubs; hoisted forward denotes important and urgent special service which must not be interfered with by any officer junior to the one by whom it was dispatched.

**A Very Queer Satellite.**

The satellite nearest to the planet Jupiter must be a singular place of residence if there be any possibility of residents at all resembling human beings. In the first place though it is bigger than our own moon, the substance of which it is composed is less than half as light as cork, so that it is not a very solid place of residence.

In the next place, though the sun appears very dim from it as compared with what it appears from the earth it has a moon-name, Jupiter itself—whose surface appears many hundreds of times larger than our moon.

In the third place, the recent observations made of this satellite by Mr. Barnard in the great Lick observatory make it not improbable that this satellite is really cut in two, and that therefore there may be two separate little worlds probably not separated by any very great distance (for the total diameter of the two together, if there be two divisions of the satellite which was always supposed till quite recently to be single, is not above 2,300 miles across) revolving together through space, some even of the details of one of which worlds must be visible from the other if there be anything like telescopes of either half.

If the satellite is not cut in two, Mr. Barnard holds that there must be a light belt round it, very like the light belt on Jupiter itself, and that this light belt produces the impression of division under certain circumstances of the orbit.

**PRINTING BY TELEGRAPH.**

Messages Transferred to Paper from the Wires at Any Distance.

The printing telegraph, though a device of comparatively recent development, has been the subject of ceaseless investigation, and practical workers in electricity have directed their whole attention, in some instances, to the transmission of messages and the recording of them in plain Roman characters. A very complimentary notice to a new system has recently appeared in various electrical papers as the most perfect system known.

Its advantages are simply those of an electrical typewriter, by means of which the message is printed in the presence of the transmitting operator in page form, and a duplicate of the same printed at all the receiving stations on the line, whether it be long or short circuit. The benefit of such an apparatus to the press at large can be readily seen, especially for the distribution of current news in the various newspaper offices. A single transmission prints it simultaneously, in page form, ready for the compositor's case in all the news-paper offices of many cities.

It is said to differ materially from every other known means of telegraphy in one essential particular. In it the impulses move the instruments whereas in other systems the instruments move the impulses—that is to say, the transmitter of the message is cause to run by a separate power. No combination of electrical impulses or current is employed. An even succession of dots or impulses, which operate the polarized relay armature at the receiving station gives the revolving type wheel in the required position, when the local mechanism causes the letter to be printed.

The apparent impossibility of transmitting printed characters 500 or 1,000 miles over a single wire at once presents itself to the mind, and it is overcome in this system, it is asserted in a very simple way. Each letter of the alphabet is represented by a certain number of impulses, which revolve the type wheel to the required position, when the letters are struck by the local mallet.

Fourteen impulses represent the entire alphabet, making a complete revolution of the type wheel, which may be turned 200 revolutions per minute, thus securing very rapid printing. Its advantage also is that of absolute secrecy as a means of communication. The advantage of the printing telegraph for the transmission of news to newspaper offices is unquestionable a subject commanding attention on the part of progressive proprietors.—Paper and Press.

**Waiting for Sam.**

A man with eleven weeks of wiry hair and a long growth of beard stepped into a barber shop in one of our cities the other day and sat down. Probably he was not in his best mood. At any rate he looked cross, even though it was his next turn.

"Next," said the barber.

"I'll wait for Sam," said the man with the hair and beard and as he said it he kicked at the dog and looked about as pleasant as the circular saw in motion.

"All right," said the barber with emphasis. "Next."

The "next" got into the chair and left the man who was cross sitting by the window watching for Sam. Half an hour passed. The shop was full and there seemed to be a good deal of amusement among all except the man who was waiting for Sam. One by one the customers kept coming in. The clock hands passed from 6.30 p. m. to 7.30 p. m., and then to 8.30 p. m. At about this time the door opened and a head popped in.

"Heard from Sam yet?" said the head.

"Yes," replied the barber.

"How is he; having a good time?"

"Guess he is. At any rate he says he is."

"When do you expect him home?"

"In about three weeks."

The door slammed after the questioner just as the man with the beard, who was waiting for Sam, jumped to his feet. Oh—what did you say? "shout"ed he. "Did you say Sam wasn't coming for three weeks?"

The barber repressed his smile, and in a voice that was low and even toned, he said: "Yes, sir. Sam is up country, and we expect him back in about two weeks and a half. But if you want to wait for him we'll make up a bed for you right here on"—but the rest was lost by the door slamming on the retiring form of the man who was waiting for Sam.—Lewiston Journal.

**He Owned a Sand Bar.**

A gentleman from Maine bought a dozen lots in a South Dakota river town some time ago as a speculation. He paid his taxes regularly for several years and finally went out to see his property. The agent who sold him the lots met him at the station, and after shaking hands with his client said:

"Ah, Mr. Pettibone, you came upon us at an inauspicious time."

"What do you mean, Mr. Comyshun?"

"Your lots, sir."

"Yes, what about them?"

"Well, sir, you know I suggested that you buy near the levee."

"Certainly I do. You assured me that when the Great Midland railroad built out from here it would cross the river at this point, and my lots would treble in value."

"Quite true, so I did. But man proposes and God disposes. He has sent his rains and his floods and changed the course of the river so completely that the Great Midland has decided to cross twenty miles above here."

"And how does this affect my lots?"

"You see that little bush out in the middle of the river near the end of that sand bar?"

"Yes, yes; what of it?"

"That's the southwest corner stake of your block!"—Chicago Herald.

**Education.**

It is of the year 1494 and belongs to Scottish legislation: It reads as follows: "Item. It is a statute and ordained through all the Realm that all Barronnes and Freeholders that are of substance put their eldest sonnes aires to the schules fra they be sex or nine zeires of age, and till remaine at the Grammar Schules quhill they be competent founded and have perfect Latine. And thereafter to remaine three zeires at the schules of art and jure, swa that may have knowledge and understanding of the Lawes; throw the quhills justice may remaine universally throw all the Realme. Swa that they are Schreffes or Judges Ordinares under the King's Hiennes may have knowledge to doe justice, that the pair people sulde have no neede to seeke our Sovereine Lorde principal Auditor for ike small injurie. And quat Barrone or Freeholder of substance that holds not his son at the schules as said is, havand no lauchful esonzie, but failzie herein, fra knowledge may gotten thereof, he sell pay to the King the summe of twentie pound.—J. N. Hollock in Christian at Work.

**Protector Against Nicotine.**

An electrical engineer of Carphin Springs claims the invention of a mouth-piece for pipes that will prevent any connection of the nicotine deposited in smoking with the tongue. He makes a hollow ball, with a short tubular or slotted stem attached to it, which is inserted into the usual orifice in the mouth-piece of the pipe, or cigar or cigarette holder, so that the smoke shall pass out through the tube or slotted stem and upper slotted part of the ball, and the tongue shall rub against the ball in the mouth of the orifice, and thus avoid or prevent the saliva of the mouth from going or working back in the mouthpiece.—New York Telegram.

**Saving Money on a...?**

The question is asked over again: "How do girls who are employed in stores and shops of salaries live?"

It would be surprising to some number who manage to exist week, and who have discovered art of making \$1 dollar go as far as would ordinarily.

"Save up money on \$5 a week some inaradulous person."

There are not many, it must be admitted, but four poor girls, earning from 5 o'clock in the morning to 5 at night, three as salesgirls, one as a housekeeper, which promises to be a perfect system for women who cannot afford to be placed they prefer, or been satisfied when they undertake cheaper places.

When the store where three girls worked has closed for the other in a shop, have for to been trying the plan of co-housekeeping, which promises to come a perfect system for women who cannot afford to be placed they prefer, or been satisfied when they undertake cheaper places.

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**Growing Potatoes in England.**

An Auburn woman is said to have hung up a calico wrapper, of which was a potato, a year did not use the wrapper till a week, when she discovered it was full of potatoes in her pocket. Seven or eight perfect little Kennebec Journal.

A little girl, who was told father had gone to the pole, innocently asked "if the poles tropics voted at the equator."