en almost in a whisper.

Jane was the first to speak.

"Nora, you are older than I, and have seen more of life," she began, in a hard,

unemotional voice that told nothing of

the inward pain she felt and had been

feeling for so long; "let me have your honest opinion. Given that I love some

one I can never hope to marry not in

should I be doing wisely, or only mak-

ing wrong worse, to accept another one because he can give me what I want so

writing of me now in the papers, and insisting that I have a knowledge

whether they think it a criminal knowl

edge or not, I am sure I cannot tell-of Jacob Lynn's death. And you must have

guessed that something else is troubling

me, though you are too good to question me about it. Can't you imagine that when Major Larron came forward just now, when others are holding rather aloof

from me, I should be touched by his gen-

erosity-don't you think it might be right

to secure such a haven for myself, if it

his happiness also, as he says it

"Every one would say you were doing

wisely and well," answered Mrs. Dene,

"I am not sure. Is there no chance

of there being some misunderstanding between you and—and the man you love?

He may care for you, and ask you to

"And you refused him?"-in surprise.

Mrs. Dene understood then partly who

was that troubled and had made her so

"Nora!" cried Jane, impulsively. "Tell

unlike the shy, happy child she had been

me, is Major Larron a good man, a man with whom I might have a chance of be-

'He is good-looking, well-mannered

That is not what I mean. Is he

'How should I know, dear? We all

ear our best side outward"-awkwardly.

But you know. They say-forgive in

if I am paining you-perhaps I have no right to mention it—they say you were

once engaged to him, and I wondered

"Why I did not marry him?" finished

Mrs. Dene, in a low, tremulous voice. "Well, I will tell you, and you shall judge

for yourself whether in that he was to

speak of him; my feeling for him was

only a girlish fancy—hero worship, I sup-pose it might be called, although so mis-

applied. It is only other things connect-

ed with that time that have nower to

move me so, for it was through his jilt

'He filted you?' cried Jane.

than by her silence mistend Jane.

me that that I won my husband.

Mrs. Dene winced. What it cost her to

reopen this old wound she alone knew,

yet she had resolved to tell all rather

Perhaps he was not altogether in fault

was young and thoughtless, and flirted,

ough never untrue to him at heart."
"He jilted you!" repeated Jane, who

having in her excitement risen to her

feet, was now pacing up and down the

No, it does not pain me, dear, to

and he loves you. Jenny," she answered

"He has asked me once, twice."

And you, Nora-and you?"

You know how people are

any circumstances that could

A slience ensued

much peace?

will?

constrainedly.

marry him still."

a year before.

hesitatingly.

Jane bowed her head.

CHAPTER XXXV.—(Continued.) That Mrs. Knox had something to say might easily be seen.
"What is the matter, mother?" Jane

asked, quietly.
"Your father's been well-nigh unbeara-First he was angry about those letters in the paper about you and Jacob Lynn, and I could well understand that, for it was shameful dragging your name in as though you'd murdered the poor feilow, when I could prove, if any proof were needed, as none would be to folk with any sense in them, that you never left the house all day. Now he's taken to groaning and bemoaning, and says your prospects are all spoiled, that no one ould marry a girl against whom such attacks had been made—in the news

'If that is all, mother, he need not I have no wish to marry," smiled Jane, sadly.

"So all girls say until their wedding-day is fixed," was the shrewd reply. "But that's not all. He has done nothing but drag up that old story about Jacob Lynn's letter that that I altered. He says it has been the cause of all this trouble. And I'm not at all sure that it hasn't," concluded Mrs. Knox, with a strangled sob.

Jane put her arms around her mother's neck and kissed her, too loyal to admit the truth of the self-accusation, though at the same time unable to deny it; and yet could she regret the deceit that had gained for her those happy fourteen

You meant it for the best, dear mother, and I was very, very happy while it

insted," she murmured, softly.
"And there is no chance of its coming to anything again?"

"None."
"And is there no one else? Oh, Jenny, if you only knew what a load it would take from my heart to be sure that you were settled! Your father-he is half daft. I think, at times—has been talking of retiring and going home, and then you would have no chance of making the marriage you could now. You have never been in England, but I can remember how different it was. We should not be in society at all, for we have neither money nor position, not even that which, we with the regiment, might be from courtesy accorded us. No, if you don't marry well in India you can never do so in England. Is there no one else? repeated Mrs. Knox, wistfully. hoped so much from your being with Mrs. Dene, and Miss Knollys so friendly

Have you nothing to tell me, dear?" And then Jane, thinking it was her nother's due, confided to her that Major Larron had proposed, and was to receive

a final answer in a few days.
"Of course it will be 'Yes." was delighted comment, as the story ended. How pleased and proud your father will be! Why, Jane, with all your beauty, I never expected you to make such a

match as that." "Don't take too much for granted, mother, dear. I have not promised to nocept him, only promised to hesitate about

refusing him. "And she who hesitates -- " laughed

Mrs. Knox. "Is lost," finished Jane, gloomily, to herself, as her mother left.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

The day on which Jane was to give her answer to Barry Larron had come, and as yet she had not decided what that answer was to be. If at one moment she could do full justice to the advantages he had offered her, the next a sudden reculsion of feeling would make her deem it impossible that she could ever marry The two strong reasons that urged her to accept him were first, the pleasure this would give her parents; and se ondly, that if she went away from here there was less likelihood of the knowledge she possessed proving a source of danger to ber former lover.

Yet often a doubt crossed her mind whether Stephen Prinsep would care for safety purchased so, and inconsistently enough the thought filled her with a delight. Though he might have forfeited all claim to her consideration. all title to her respect, she would like to think of him as true to the love he had once professed. Sometimes she felt as though she, too, would like to remain un-wedded for his sake, free to worship the ideal to which the real man had been so far from attaining. But such constancy was a luxury, and one in which she could not expect to indulge, situated as she was, with no settled home or position, with gossip busy about her name, and her father anxious, she acknowledged-to see her married. And he was not worth it. Ab, there lay the sting! It was the loss of love, for which she ight have felt a healthy sorrow, but shaken faith, and trust in all good things

and true, uprooted and laid waste.
"Is anything the matter, dear?" said Mrs. Dene, the girl having been too deeporbed in thought to note her pres-

"Matter? No. I suppose there is nothing the matter, except," with an uneasy laugh, "that a great honor has been of fered me, and I am hesitating whether to

low myself to accept it. "I think I can guess wh Jame went over to Mrs. Dene's side, id laying both arms upon her knees, oked soberty into her face and told her

hen why should you accept Major on—for the sake of his wealth, for position he could give you? Many would think these arguments suffi-bet it is not like you, dear." o, no; I don't think it is because of It is because because he loves averting her eyes, in which were coldness and dread, no responsive

Mrs. Knox, full of veiled reproaches at the disappointment she had experienced, and openly expressing discontent with the life she was leading now at home alone. Jenny determined to visit her home, and told Mrs. Dene of her intention. During the forenoon she started.

Come again, Jenny," Mrs. Dene said, wistfully, as she pressed her lips to the

girl's fresh face at parting.
"Indeed, indeed, I will," was the eager reply, and waiting to say no more than a "good-by," lest she should betray how loath she was to leave, Jane went quickly from her presence and the house.

She met no one on her homeward way; and even when she entered their own drawing-room she found it empty. But just as she had concluded that every one was out Mrs. Knox's voice in an adjoin-

ing room undeceived her.
Fartunately Mrs. Knox was too much taken up with her grievances to notice her daughter's appearance when they met. Jenny was leaning back in the chair she had taken a moment or two before, and was gazing with distended eyes on a boot that her mother had thrown angrily to the floor. The sole was uppermost, and she had ample leisure to see that it had just such a triangular foot-print near Jacob Lynn when he lay dead that day in the deserted compound It might be only a coincidence, it is true but the mere suspicion was enough to make her blood run cold and her heart

almost stop its beating.

The magnitude of her discovery se overwhelmed Jane that for a moment all capability of thought deserted her. Then slowly, as one recovering from an illness digests first the simplest food, a regret stole across her still half-paralyzed mind that she should have done Stephen Prinsep such a cruel injustice. She even felt a faint thrill of pleasure at the thought of his innocence; but almost immediately the remembrance of who it was that she now knew to be guilty rendered all other feelings weak and vague. Brain and being alike seemed saturated with knowledge that her father her father who had held her so often in his arms. soothed her childish sorrows, and shared her love, and whom she had honored as the best men she had ever known, or be lieved could be he, her father, was a

murderer. She could have shricked aloud to have relieved herself from the burden of her restrained emotion, yet so silent, and so often unguessed at, are the tragedies in real life, that she sat still, making no sign to betray the horror that had come upon her, and her mother, all unknowing of what through her agency had been revealed, went on scolding in the same high-pitched key. How soon, thought Jane, would all these triffing worries that now beset her vanish in thin air were she to know the truth! But she never must she never must! The secret

should be between herself and heaven. So strangely, often unwritingly, are all one ideas tinged with thoughts of solf that, after the first shock had subsided,

Knox, leading the way from the room, while silently Jane rose and followed: "Well, and so you refused Major Larron. I can't tell you how disappointed I was when I got the letter, and your father looked quite as if some one had struck him, so dumfounded. He had been more like what he used to be, since I told him met there"—meaning thereby seven disthat I thought, was almost sure, in fact, you would marry Major Larren. And this morning he was unbearable. First one thing and then another was wrong, until I lost my femper too, and answered back. Then he grew furious, and said had been to blame for all-as though I had not been as eager as he could be to would be ruined, with a lot more pose it is these letters in the papers, though nobody takes any notice of them, I am sure. Every one knows, and we can prove, that we were in the house all day even if it were possible or probable that a little thing like you could kill a strong man like Jacob Lynn."

I wish we had never known bon. He has been the cause of all our trouble. eried Jane, with an anger she felt us reasonable, yet could not restrain. (To be continued.)

THIS BIRD HAS HORNS.

and one which is almost extinct, has its

home in the jungles of South America.

This ornithological curiosity is known

o science as the palamedra cornuda,

and to the common people as the "horn-

ed screamer." As a rara avis nothing

could excel the cornuda unless it would

be the accidental discovery of a living

mon or an epinoris. But few of the

bird books even let you know that such

a horned paradox ever existed, let

alone telling you that living specimens

of the queer creature are still occasion-

ally met with. The only one now in

captivity in North America, if the writ-

er has not been misinformed, is that

belonging to the aviary of the Philadel-

phia zoological gardens, and which

arrived in this country about three

years ago. The creature is about the

size of a full-grown turkey hen, and of

a blackish brown color. One of its dis-

tinguishing peculiarities is a ruffle of

black and white which surrounds the

head. The horney appendage which

caused the early South American ex-

plorers to write so many chapters on

the "wonderful rhinocerous bird of the

jungle," is about four inches in length.

and grows straight up out of the heavi-

est and broadest portion of the head.

But the above is not the only natural

offensive and defensive weapon with

which the horned screamer has been

provided. On each wing, at the "cl-

bow" joint, he has a three-inch spur,

and just back of that another an inch

in length. He is said to be a match for

any ten game cocks. St. Louis Repub-

A Stupendous Work.

son river at New York city will un-

doubt_dly be built. The structure will

be one of the most important, size, cost

and engineering difficulties considered.

in the world. It will require more than

80,000 tons of structural steel, and 28,

000 tons of wire. The total cost will

exceed \$22,000,000. The span will be

three-fifths of a mile; and the bridge

is to be strong enough to support, with

out danger of breaking down, the equive

alent of a loaded freight train two

The suspension bridge over the Hud-

Rare Species of the Feathered Tribe

breathless indignation rather startled Nora Dene, who had outlived Found in South America. her first anger, though the pain survived The rarest species of bird now extant.

extenuated, yet naught set down in me And Jane listened with rising wrath against the man who, having acted so to her best friend, had dared to ask her to be his wife. "He would have jilted me, too, probashe exclaimed.

Then the whole story came out, nothing,

"No, dear. He loves you as he neve

loved me. I think he would suffer anything at your hands rather than give you

"He shall never have the chance."

"I mean that my answer to-day will be No, no-emphatically no! "Don't decide hastily, child. Think of

the position he can give you, the luxury ember every one has some good in him only waiting to be brought out. To love any one, as Major Larron loves you, is elevating in itself; every man is the bet ter for marrying the woman he loves. "He sha'n't marry me," said Jane, with such a mutinous pout that Mrs. Dene was

obliged to smile. Going straight to her own room she wrote two letters. The first was to her mother, with an instinctive feeling that she ought to be the first to know of the step that she was taking, and the second

Major Larron.
"Dear Major Larron," she wrote, and smiled a little sadly-bitterly, too, at the stereotyped beginning of what meant so much to both—"do not come to-day. The answer which I have to give will cause less pain to both if written. I will never marry you-never! Nothing you can say alter my decision, and it will be kinder to say nothing at all. Circum stances have come to my knowledge that make it impossible I could ever change my mind. And I never loved you never should love you; so it is better that I should have come to this decision—better for me, and for you, too. I am yours

JANE KNOX." sincerely.

She smiled as she dispatched the letter with something of her old mirthfulness. That she, the former sergeant major daughter, should thus be dismissing a coronet in prospective, and some present thousands a year, seemed irresistibly comic. And she felt no regret, only re-

It was the letter to her mother she for owed with some apprehension.

CHAPTER XXXVII. With the morning came a letter fro

THE MAN FOR SANDY.

I wouldna gie a copper plack For ony man that turns his back On duty clear;

wouldns tak his word or note, I wouldna trust him for a groat, Which he might steer.

When things are just as things should be, And fortune gies a man the plea, Where'er he be

isna hard to understand How he may walk through-house and laud Wi' cheerful face and open hand Continually.

But wher, I' spite o' work and care, A man must loss and failure bear. He merits praise;

Wha will not to misfortune bow, Who cocks his bonnet on his brow And fights and fights, he kensna how, Through lang, hard days.

I wouldns gie an auld bawbee For ony man that I could see Wha didna hold The sweetness o' his mither's name, The kindness o' his brother's claim, The honor o' a woman's fame,

Far mair than gold. Nor is it hard for him to do. Wha kens his friends are leal and true, Love sweet and strong. Whose hearth knows not from year to year The shadow of a doubt or fear. Or feels the falling of a tear For only wrong,

But gie him praise whose love is pain, Wha, wrong'd, forgives and loves again, And, though he grieves,

Lets not the dear one from his care, But loves him mair, and mair, and mair, And bides his time wi' hope and prayer, And still believes.

Ay, gie him praise who doesns four The up-hill fight from year to year And who grips fast

His ain dear ones through good or ill, Wha, if they wander, loves them still; me day of joy he'll get his fill; He'll win at last. Pittsburg Post.

DAFT BET.

"Minchstedde, famous for ye flowre gardens; infamous for ye fayre." That is how an old chronicler sums up the character of the village. The flower gardens remain unto this day; so does the fair. But the fame of the one and the infamy of the other have long been merged in a decent obscurity. Minchstead has, indeed, shared the fate of a hundred other villages. It has succumbed to an age of rallways. Formerly, Londoners used to visit Minchshe remembered to be glad that she had refused Major Larron.
"Now, Jenny, I am ready," said Mrs.

stead for change of air. They then took as long reaching it by coach or by post chalse as they now take over a post chalse as they now take over a tailway journey to St. Leonards or Eastbourne. Bath chairs and donkey chaises were quite abundant on Minchstead common then. Children and nurses thronged it. It was a popular saying in the place that "seven airs tinct characters of atmosphere. How that number was arrived at is scarcely obvious. But, at any rate, the common was, and is, particularly bracing, and a day spent upon it cannot fail to invigorate the spender.

see you happily settled and that your to be met there save the ubiquitous surely be allowed to come with her to the discharged and and that your to be met there save the ubiquitous surely be allowed to come with her to golfer, the loafer, who lives upon his lost balls, and the dinglest sheep and most odoriferous goats that are to be found within the twelve-mile radius.

The fair, as we have said, still remains. It is held at Bartlemytide on the old village green. There is an old and there is a new green at Minchstead. The latter deserves the name, for it has a fine expanse of turf; with the former it is otherwise. Every blade of grass has long disappeared from it. It is a bare, worn space of gravel and saud, trodden to the consistency of a road by playing children and loafing men and women. It is here that the denizens, whose houses He around the green, are full of cursing and bitterness for three whole days in every August.

The strident music of the merry-go rounds, the nauseous odors of their oilfed engines, the oaths of drunken men. the shricks of drunken women, the general rowdyism and disorders which are rampant after dark may serve as some excuse even for cursing and bitterness Many Minchsteadites have tried to get the nulsance put down, but without avail. The fair is held by royal char-An act of Parliament alone can abolish it. And Parliament has its hands too full already to be passing acts for the abatement of mere local nuis

The fair, therefore, continues. In the daytime it is quite respectable; it is even aristocratic, as aristocracy in Minchstead goes. Ladies no merc lydies have been seen in the swing ing boats before dusk; gentlemen-and those not simply gents stroll up there to while away an hour of the afternoon in cocoanut skies and rifle shooting There is a famous shooting range, kept by one Amos Dunkley, which has graced Minchstead fair regularly since the early 50's. You do not simply shoot down a tube at glass bottles, but you have a sort of miniature jungle where in to practice your markmanship-a jungle full of moving rabbits and flying birds for the experts, of stationary targets and bottles for the lnexpe

To those Minchsteadites who used to patronize this gallery a few years ago one figure must have been very famillar. It was that of a middle-aged woman, belonging evidently to the poores classes, who used to stand just at the entrance of Dunkley's gallery all through the three days of the fair. She went by the name of "Daft Bet." Pass ers-by would nod to her in a pitying sort of way, and give her coppers or small silver coins. She did not, however, pay much heed to any of them, or even seem to care whether they gave her money or not. Her eyes were all the while fixed upon the entrance of the shooting gallery, with a set, eager expression, as though she were anxiously watching for some one to come out.

thirty years. When eleven struck, and fuse her this small and easily granted Dunkley came to the door to close his favor, by which, moreover, the poor, gallery for the night, she would ask him, eagerly:

"How about Tom? Will he be coming home to-night?" And Dunkley would wait patiently. We cannot have busisay, with a kindly gravity that did

credit to his felings: "No, lass, no! Tom must stay tonight to take care of the show."

"But you'll not keep him to-mor night, Mr. Dunkley, sir-you'll not keep to-morrow?

"Nay, lass! I'll not keep him to-mor-Dunkley. For thirty years had this same dia-

logue taken place on each of the three nights of Minchstead Bartlemy fair. Daft Bet's story was a sufficiently sad one. In the year 1855, a bride of six weeks' standing, she had lost her husband in the following tragic way: Dunkley, one of whose assistants had been unexpectedly laid up, had engaged to help him with his shooting gallery during the three days of the fair. To- ly. Never for a second did she allow days, something went wrong with one of the running rabbits, and Tom crept luto the jungle to put the thing in or der. The shooting was stopped while he did so, but the gallery was very full so on, rapidly. Her feet shuffled and just then; there was great confusion fidgeted on the ground. No one, howand crowding among the would-be marksmen, and somehow one of the attendants did not observe that Tom Pilcher was in the jungle, for he was stooping very low and was hidden by the artificial grass and rushes. The attendant handed a loaded gun to a gentleman who stretched out his hand for it. The latter, also never seeing Tom, took aim at one of the rabbits in the grass, and before he could be stopped fired.

There came a sharp cry from the jungle, followed by an ominous groan. plucked the young man by the sleeve. Dunkley sprang over the barrier and rushed forward. He found poor Tom Pilcher huddled upon the ground, just good-naturedly. breathing his last. An ugly wound in the forehead showed where the ball had a whisper. penetrated.

Everybody present was horror stricken by this tragical accident. The gentleman who had fired the shot, especially, was in a perfect agony of distress. But the affair was rendered sadder still by what followed. Tom's young wife, who had come there to walk home with him, was actually waiting for him at the entrance at the time when the accident occurred. Some excited and thoughtless witness of the catastrophe went out and told her-never attempting to break it gently, or in any way to prepare the poor girl for the shock. She ran wildly in. She forced her way through the crowd to her dead husband. arm She threw herself upon his body, with a terrible wall. When she at length raised her eyes from the dead they were annoying our customers. Come, clear fixed and strange. The light of reason

was gone from them. It never returned. This is how it was that ever after ward, during the Minchstead Bartleme | prevent her, she reached forward and fair, you would find her at the door of Dunkley's gallery waiting for Tom; never quitting her post, never growing weary, always receiving with pa- pulled the trigger. It was all the work tient acquiescence Dunkley's intimation that Tom could not be spared from the show that night, and buoying her-Now, however, Ichabod! No one is self up with the promise that he would

The gentleman who had fired the fatal shot made what amends were possible to this afflicted creature. He called upon the ylear of the parish and arranged to pay the widow, through him, a sufficient weekly allowance to keep her in comfort for her life, orsupposing such a course should be held necessary-to defray the cost of her maintenance in a good private asylum. The former course was adopted, for the doctors pronounced her quite harmless, and declared that there was no reason for shutting her up. And so poor Daft Bet lived on in Minchstead for thirty years, pitied and kindly used by all; not unhappy, never complaining, but supported from first to last by her merciful delusion, and always confident that she should see her Tom-to-mor-

It was exactly thirty years after the fatal accident-in the August of 1885 that a party of young fellows who had come over with a cricket team to play a match against the famous Minchstead Club strolled down to the fair in the evening on the lookout for a little amusement. Some betook themselves to one show, some to another. Three or four went into Dunkley's world-repowned shooting gallery. One of them, a good-looking, merry young fellow of about 20, seemed to attract Daft Bet's attention as he went by, for she suddenly fixed her great, hollow eyes upon him and followed him into the gallery with an eager glance. By and by she went up to the doorkeeper.

"Just let me in. I want to speak to Tom," she said, coaxingly.

"Nay, Bet," said the man, with more kindness than might have been expected from his rough appearance. "You cannot come in now, lass. Tom's busy. He has no time to be speaking

"Do let me in, there's a dear," she persisted, earnestly.

The doorkeeper shook his head. "I mussen, lass," he said decidedly. "Oh, there is Mr. Dunkley!" ried. "Let me ask Mr. Dunkley. Mr.

Dunkley, sir!" Amos was standing near the entrance. He turned round at the sound of his name, and Bet preferred her request

"Mr. Dunkley, sir; let me come in for a minute to speak to Tom," she plead-

"Tom's busy, lass," said Amos, using the same excuse as the doorkeeper had done. "He can't be spared from his

work at present." "But let me just come in and walt inside till he is ready to speak to me." cried Bet, clasping her hands. "Oh, do

let me, Mr. Dunkley, str!" Amos Dunkley was a soft-bearted man. He had always been very kind dozens of baskets filled with cata.

So she was. So she had been now for to Bet, and it went against him to remad creature seemed to set such store.

"Well, lass, if you do come inside," he said, "you must just stand still and ness interfered with, you know."

"Oh, Mr. Dunkley, sir, I'll be as good as gold. I'll stand inside and never move or speak till Tom is ready. Maybe I shall see Tom when I'm inside?" she added with haif wistful inquiry in her tone.

"No, no, lass; you'll not see him. He's busy at the back," said Amos

"But I'll see him when he's done, Mr. Dunkley, str?"

"Oh. yes, Bet. You'll see him when

he's done." She came inside the gallery and stood quietly in a corner. Her eyes roamed about the tent until they fell upon the young man already mention-Tom Pilcher, a resident of Minchstead, ed. and on him they remained fixed. She followed all his movements eagerward evening, on the last of the three her gaze to wander from him. Now she seemed to be growing agitated. She could not stand still. She was twisting both her hands in a corner of her apron, then untwisting them, and ever, observed her. The place was full. Amos and his assistants were all busy. At last Daft Bet could remain in her place no longer. She glided swiftly forward and mingled with the throng. Soon she was close to the barrier where the marksmen stood and was almost rubbing shoulders with the young man, on whom her eyes had been never-

ceasingly fixed. They were glittering now with a peculiar light. She lifted her hand and "Hillon, mother! What is it?" ne said, turning round and regarding her

"Where is Tom?" she asked, almost in

"My good woman, really I cannot tell ou," was the laughing rejoinder.

"You know where he is you do know where he is," she persisted, with a certain fierceness in her tone. "I assure you you are quite mistak-

en," said the young man, still laughing, for he supposed that it was some kind of Joke. "I know nothing about him." "You shall tell me!" she cried, passionately. "You shall tell me where he

At this point one of the assistants, who was standing at the barrier loading rifles for use, turned round and saw

Daft Bet clutching the young man's "Now then, lass," he said, sharply, "none of that. You've no business here

out of it!" The woman's eyes blazed. With incredible swiftness, and before he could caught up one of the wenpons which he had just loaded. She pointed it straight at the young man's forehead. She of a second. Crack! flash! smoke! a heavy thud; and then a moment's awful

silence. In that moment, while dismay still snatched up another-loaded, ready for use. She held the muzzle against her own forehead and, crying, "He does know-he does; he shall take me to my Tom!" so fired, and fell.

"Good God!" said Amos Dunkley a few minutes later, to one of the dead man's companions. "Good God! Then that explains it."

"How? What do you mean?" exclaimed the other, who was nearly beside himself with mingled grief and horror.

"I mean, young man," answered Amos very solemnly, "that the hand of fate is clearly present in this dreadful thing. Thirty years ago her husband was accidentally shot in my gallery on this very green. The one as shot him was your poor friend's father."-London Truth.

PECULIAR RETAINING FEE.

John Chinaman Had It Arranged Before He Perpetrated the Crime.

Col. A. T. Vogelsang, the attorney, is regarded as one of the best raconteurs of the legal profession. In the Palace grillroom yesterday he let out a string of anecdotes. He said that a few weeks ago Dennis Spencer, the Napa luminary, was called upon by a Chinaman one evening, when the following dialogue ensued: "'One Chinaman kill another China-

man with a hatchet; how much you charge make him clear?" " 'I'll take the case,' said Mr. Spencer,

for \$1,000. "'Allee right,' said the Chinaman, 'I

be back after while. "In about a week he returned to Mr. Spencer's office and laid down \$1,000 in gold coin on his table. Mr. Spencer swept the money into the drawer.

" 'Well, the Chinaman, he dead.' "'Who killed him?"

" 'I did.' " 'When did you kill him?'

" 'Last night.' There was some curiosity on the part of the audience for further light on the

disposition of the \$1,000, but Mr. Vogelsang immediately spun off on to another story. San Francisco Call. Buffaloes Help Each Other. When an African buffalo is wounded

by a hunter it is surrounded by several others, who immediately group themselves round him and help him along in their midst by shoving against his side until they have reached a place of safety.

Father of Cats. One of the chief men in a Mohammedan caravan is the cat-shelk, or "Father of Cats," who rides a camel carrying