

# TAXATION CAUSES A RIOT

## TRADESMEN OF ROME PROTEST THE INCREASE

Twenty Thousand People March to the Office of Minister of the Interior—Riot Ensues and One Man Killed.

Rome, Oct. 2.—A large procession of tradesmen, headed by the pro-syndic of Rome and the president of the chamber of commerce, marched to the office of the minister of the interior this morning to protest and confer with the government regarding the increased taxation.

Premier Rudini, who is also minister of the interior, received a committee and promised that all possible would be done to promote friendly relations and greater equity between the tax collectors and taxpayers.

In the meantime a large crowd of people had collected around, angry shouts were heard and some of those present tore up paving stones and otherwise assumed a threatening attitude.

This caused the police to make an attempt to disperse the crowd, and in the conflict which followed six policemen were injured and one rioter was killed.

Midnight—The streets have been quiet this evening. A special detail of police is patrolling the district that was the scene of the disturbance. In all, there have been twenty-four arrests. The rioter who was killed has not been identified, but appears to have been a workman. The prefect of police has ordered dissolution of the Roman Socialist union. Tomorrow the pro-syndic of Rome and the president of the chamber of commerce, who headed the procession, will be received by the Marquis di Rudini, who will discuss the application of the income tax.

It is estimated that there were at least 20,000 people in the procession that escorted the deputation to the office of the minister of the interior. The authorities, it was evident, had failed to make adequate provision for maintaining order in such a vast and crowded assembly.

Placards were posted on the walls throughout the city this morning inviting all tradesmen to close their shops in the afternoon from 2 o'clock to 4 o'clock, in order to lend imposing character to the demonstration.

The suggestion was almost universally adopted and the result was a spectacle unprecedented since the death of Victor Emanuel, except that each door closed had, instead of the legend "Closed for national mourning," the inscription, "Closed for fiscal reasons."

The grievances is that this year the assessments of incomes by the government agents for income tax have been doubted and trebled throughout the country.

### GENERAL NEWS.

Eddie Bald and Fred Laughhead have been matched for a match in Memphis next Monday for a purse of \$500.

John F. Boynton, a well known resident of Leominster, Mass., shot and killed his wife and then committed suicide by shooting.

Mrs. E. P. Huntman was fatally shocked by a bolt of lightning which struck a tree near which she was standing at Winston, N. C.

Senator Tillman arrived in Columbia, S. C., this afternoon from Trenton, his home. He is a very sick man, suffering from catarrhal jaundice.

Bradley W. Pulling of Marshfield, Wis., was found guilty of forgery at Milwaukee. He was a colonel on the military staff of ex-Governor Upham.

Willis A. Trask, the fugitive teller of the First National bank of Wallingford, Conn., was arrested at Halifax. Trask's embezzlements are said to amount to \$100,000.

Judge Hancy at Chicago appointed Joseph W. Suddard and Arthur Walsh permanent receivers for the Mechanics and Traders' Savings Loan & Building association, for which temporary receivers were appointed last July.

One hundred and forty-one cities east of the Mississippi river and twenty-two west were represented at the six annual convention of the National Horsehoers' Protective association of America, which convened at St. Louis yesterday.

Miss Florence, who was for two terms postmistress at Elizabethtown, Ky., and who is said to have been the daughter of ex-Governor Helm of Kentucky, died at New York today from the effects of morphine taken last week with suicidal intent.

A tragedy in which two would-be murderers lost their lives at the hands of their intended victims occurred in Arkansas county, Arkansas, six miles south of De Witt. John Gray and John Burton are dead and Robert White is in the hands of Sheriff Smith of Arkansas county, charged with the killing.

New Bedford, Mass., celebrated its semi-centennial yesterday.

A hand car was derailed from a trestle forty-five feet high at Newcomerstown, O., killing two and terribly injuring several.

It is asserted at Vienna that the Hungarian government has purchased the race horse Galtee Moore, the derby winner, for £20,000.

The twenty-third annual meeting of the National Wholesale Druggists association and the Proprietary association opened at Richmond, Va.

# INDICTIVE IN DEATH.

(Pick-Me-Up.)

On a certain day I received a letter from a private soldier named Grammar, attached to the garrison at San Francisco. I had known him but slightly, the acquaintance having come about through his interest in some stories which I had published, and which he had a way of calling "psychological studies." He was a dreamy, romantic, fine grained lad, proud as a tiger lily and sensitive as a bluebell. What mad caprice led him to join the army I never knew; but I did know that there he was wretchedly out of place, and I foresaw that his rude and repellent environment would make of him in time a deserter, or a suicide, or a murderer. The letter at first seemed a wild outpouring of despair, for it informed me that before it should reach me its author would be dead by his own hand. But when I had read further I understood its spirit, and I realized how coolly formed a scheme it disclosed and how terrible its purpose was intended to be. The worst of the contents was the information that a certain officer (whom he named) had driven him to the dead, and that he was committing suicide for the sole purpose of gaining thereby the power to revenge himself upon his enemy! I learned afterward that the officer had received a similar letter.

This was so puzzling that I sat down to react upon the young man's peculiarities. He had always seemed somewhat uncanny, and had I proved more systematically he doubtless would have gone further and told me of certain problems which he professed to have solved concerning the life beyond this. One thing that he had said came back vividly: "If I could only overcome that purely gross and animal love of life that makes us all shun death I would kill myself, for I know how far more powerful I could be in spirit than in flesh."

The manner of this suicide was startling, and that was what might have been expected from this odd character. Evidently scornful of the hummy of funerals, he had gone into a little cannon near the military reservation and blow himself into a million fragments with dynamite, so that all of him that was found was some minute particles of flesh and bone.

I kept the letter a secret, for I desired to observe the officer without rousing his suspicion of my purpose. It would be an admirable test of a dead man's power and deliberate intention to haunt the living, for so I interpreted the letter. The officer thus to be punished was an oldish man, short, apologetic, overbearing and irascible. Generally he was kind to most of the men in a way, but he was gross and mean, and that explained sufficiently his harsh treatment of young Grammar, whom he could not understand, and his efforts to break that flighty young man's spirit.

Not very long after the suicide certain modifications in the officer's conduct became apparent to my watchful oversight. His choleric, though none the less sporadic, developed a quality which had come of the characteristics of senility, and yet he was still in his prime and passed for a sound man. He was a bachelor and had lived always alone, but presently he began to shirk solitude at night and court it in daylight. His brother officers chafed him, and thereupon he would laugh in a rather forced and silly fashion quite different from the ordinary way with him, and would sometimes, on these occasions, blush so violently that his face would become almost purple. His soldierly alertness and sternness relaxed surprisingly at some times, and at others were exaggerated into unnecessary acerbity, his conduct in this regard suggesting that a drunken man who knows that he is drunk and who now and then makes a brave effort to appear sober. All these things and more indicating some mental strain, or some dreadful apprehension, or perhaps something worse than either, were observed partly by an intelligent officer whose watch upon the man had been secured by me.

To be more particular, the afflicted man was observed often to start suddenly and in alarm, look quickly round and make some unintelligent, monosyllabic answer, seemingly to a terrible question that no visible person had asked. He acquired the reputation, too, of having taken lately to nightmares, for in the middle of the night he would shriek in the most dreadful fashion, alarming his roommates prodigiously. After these attacks he would sit up in bed, his ruddy face devoid of color, his eyes glassy and shining, his breathing broken with gasps and his body wet with a cold perspiration.

Knowledge of these developments and transformations spread throughout the garrison, but the few (mostly women) who dared to express sympathy or suggest a tonic encountered so violent rebuffs that they blessed heaven for escaping alive from his wordy volleys. Even the garrison surgeon, who had a kindly manner, and the commanding general, who was constructed on dignified and impressive lines, received little thanks for their solicitude. Clearly the doctored old officer, who had fought like a bulldog in two wars and a hundred battles, was suffering deeply from some undiscoverable malady.

The next extraordinary thing which he did was to visit one evening (not so clandestinely as to escape my watch) a spirit medium—extraordinary because he had always scoffed at the idea of spirit communications. I saw him as he was leaving the medium's rooms. His face was purple, his eyes were bulging and terrified and he tottered in his walk. A policeman, seeing his distress, advanced to assist him, whereupon the soldier hoarsely begged:

"Call a hack!"

Into it he flung, and asked to be driven to his quarters. I hastily ascended to the medium's rooms and found her lying unconscious on the floor. Soon, with my aid, she recalled her wits, but her conscious state was even more alarming than that of the other. At first she regarded me with terror, and cried:

"It is horrible for you to hound him so!"

I assured her that I was hounding no one.

"Oh, I thought you were the spirit!—I mean—I—oh but it was standing exactly where you are!" she exclaimed.

"I suppose so," I agreed, "but our

can see that I am not the young man's spirit. However, I am familiar with this whole case, madam, and if I can be of any service in the matter I should be glad if you will inform me. I am aware that your friend is persecuted by a spirit, which visits him frequently, and I am positive that through you it has informed him that the end is not far away, and that our elderly friend's death will assume some terrible form. Is there anything that I can do to avert the tragedy?"

The woman stared at me in horrified silence. "How do you know these things?" she gasped.

"That is immaterial. When will the tragedy occur? Can I prevent it?"

"Yes, yes!" she exclaimed. "It will happen this very night. But no earthly power can prevent it."

"What can close to me and looked at me with an expression of the most acute terror.

"Merciful God! what will become of me? He is to be murdered, you understand—murdered in cold blood by a spirit—and he knows it, and I know it. If he is spared long enough he will tell them that at the garrison and they will all think that I had something to do with it! Oh, this is terrible, terrible, and yet I dared not say a word in advance—nobody there would believe in what the spirits say, and they will think that I had a hand in the murder!"

"Be assured that he will say nothing about this," I said, "and if you keep your tongue from wagging you need fear nothing."

With this and a few other hurried words of comfort I soothed her and hastened away.

For I had interesting work on hand; it is not often that one may be in such a murder as that! I ran to a livery stable, secured a swift horse, mounted him and spurred furiously on the reservation. The hack, with its generous start, had gone far on its way, but my horse was nimble, and his legs felt the pricking of my eagerness. A few miles of this furious pursuit brought me within sight of the hack, just as it was crossing a dark ravine near the reservation. As I came nearer I imagined that the hack away some what, and that a fleeing shadow escaped from it into the tree banked wall of the ravine. I certain was not in error with regard to the swaying, for it had roused the dull notice of the driver. I saw him turn, with an air of alarm in his action, and then pull up with a heavy swing of the reins. At this moment I dashed up and halted.

"Anything the matter?" I asked.

"I don't know," he answered, getting down. "I felt the carriage sway and I see that the door's wide open. Guess my load and thought he'd sobered up enough to get out and walk without troubling me or his pocketbook."

Meanwhile I too had alighted; then I struck a match, and by its light we discovered through the open door the "load" huddled confusedly on the floor of the hack, face upward and looking altogether vulgar, misshapen and miserably unlike a soldier. It neither moved nor spoke when we called. We hastily clambered within and lifted him upon the seat, but his head rolled about with an awful looseness and freedom, and another match disclosed a ghastly dead face and wide open eyes that stared horribly at nothing.

"You had better drive the body to headquarters," I said.

Instead of following I cantered back to town, housed my horse and went straight to bed; and this will prove to be the first information that I was the "mysterious man on a horse" whom the coroner could never find.

About a year afterward I received the following letter (which is observed to be in fair English) from Stockholm, Sweden:

"Dear Sir: For some years I have been reading your remarkable psychological studies with great interest, and I take the liberty to suggest a theme for your able pen. I have just found in a library here a newspaper dated about a year ago, in which is an account of the mysterious death of a military officer in a hack.

Then followed the particulars as I have already detailed them, and the very theme of post mortem revenge which I have adopted in this settling out of facts. More extraordinary still is his suggestion that in the dynamite explosion a dog or a quarter of beef might as well have been employed as a suicide-minded man; that, in short, the man might not have killed himself at all, but might have employed a presumption of such an occurrence to render more effective a physical persecution ending in murder by the living man who posed as a spirit. The latter even suggested an arrangement with a spirit medium.

The only remaining disclosure that I prepared to make is that my correspondent signed himself "Ramtarg," an odd-sounding name, but for all I know it may be respectable in Sweden.

In the Dutch army a man must be able to swim as well as to fight. Moreover, if he is in the cavalry he must have a horse which will take a river as easily as a hunter takes a fence. Swimming maneuvers are part of the regular drills nowadays. Collapsible canvas boats, manned by a few oarsmen, lead the horses, so that they do not attempt to land on stone quays and other difficult points. The men swim across with their horses and on them. They swim in swimming costume and in all the accoutrements of war. There are few nautical emergencies for which the Dutch army is not prepared. Some of the officers have even reached that degree of proficiency that not only their horses and kits cross the rivers with them, but their very pet dogs sit upon their shoulders and are borne over also.

Have a mission in life. Be of some account. Do not court responsibility, neither shrink it when it is laid upon you. See God's hand in every movement, and note its bearing upon you personally. He has use for you somewhere, and often where you least expect. Fall in line with His will from time to time. He may not have a conspicuous place for you to labor, but He will bring out, if you follow His guidance and are faithful, your talents in the sphere where you can do the best for His and for others.—Presbyteriana.

# A LYING LOVE.

(Boston Guardian.)

Mr. Gregory Gilmour, solicitor, Wakefield, in the county of York, was believed by a great number of disappointed people to be one of the greatest lawyers in England. He was something more. He was an astute man of the world, who dearly loved pleasure, but who had far too hard a head to ever allow the unruly jade to run away with him. His wife had died in giving birth to his only son, Frank, and he was certainly one of the gayest widowers Wakefield had ever seen.

He hunted, he kept a liberal table, and he made love with a reckless liberality that not a little scandalized some of the god people of his native town. At the period of our story he was 55 years of age, upright as a dart, tall, slim, with a young, fresh-colored, hairless face. His appearance had not altered since he was 30 years of age, and it appeared probable that another twenty years might pass over him without any material change.

One day his son, who, without taking the trouble to notify his father, was about to marry the lady of his heart, received a letter from his father ordering him to go to Wakefield upon business of the utmost importance. When he reached his home he was surprised to learn that Mr. Gilmour had been called suddenly away to the north. He had, however, left a message to the effect that his son was to remain in Wakefield until his return.

He stayed in the pleasant, sleepy little town for some ten days, at the end of which period the post brought him two remarkable letters.

One was from lady love. It contained three words:

"Good-bye for ever!"

The other was signed by a Mrs. Chambers, under whose roof Frank had first met the woman of his choice. It implored him to return at once to Paisley. Some villain, she said, had stolen Rosa's heart from him, and the poor, bewitched girl had run away with her new lover.

Frank read these letters with amazement. At first he refused to believe that Rosa, whom he had loved with such unselfish devotion, had tricked and jilted him. He had such supreme faith in her truth and purity that it was impossible for him to associate her with aught that was dishonest and cruel. During his tedious journey to Paisley he promised himself that Mrs. Chambers had been mistaken, and that when he came to thoroughly sift the matter he would find that his darling Rosa had been wonderfully misjudged. But when he entered the little house his heart fell within him and nearly all his hope fled. The good old lady had so changed that he hardly knew her. Her eyes were red with weeping and deep purple rings surrounded them. The kindly face was worn and haggard and sadly thin.

He took both her trembling hands and pressed them gently in silence. Then he led her to a chair and said:

"Tell me everything. Do not spare me one detail. I can bear the truth better than doubt."

Ere she could speak Mrs. Chamber's tears flowed fast.

"My tale is a short one," she said at last. "Dear, dear! it all seems like a nasty dream. Sometimes I sit here and fancy that her bright face will appear before me as it used, and that all that troubles me is but the wandering of an idle, foolish brain. I am sorry for you, Mr. Gilmour, indeed, indeed I am."

"Come, come," he said; compose yourself, and let me know the whole miserable truth."

"Soon after you went away," said the tearful woman, "I noticed a great change in Rosa's manner. She became absent-minded, dull, and more than once I saw that she had been weeping. I pressed her to tell me the cause of her sorrow, but she always maintained that she was happy and she had nothing to grieve for. She went out more frequently than she had been in the habit of doing, and often at inconvenient hours. I did not care to chide her, but I confess that her frequent absence from home perplexed me. Perhaps I ought to have inquired more strictly into her movements, and God forgive me if I did not take sufficient care of her. Thinking that she would soon leave me to be your wife I felt that it would be ungracious of me at such a time to scold her or to compel her to pay more attention to her duties. One afternoon a gossiping woman, who often came into my shop, told me that she had seen Rosa walking arm in arm with a gentleman in a little-used thoroughfare in the outskirts of the town. I lost my temper, and I declared that the woman's statement was untrue; nevertheless I questioned Rosa on the subject. She indignantly denied the accusation, but something in her manner convinced me that she was guilty. I cannot properly explain to you what a cruel shock this discovery was to me. I was too upset to pursue the subject then, but I resolved that when the evening came, and after the shop was closed and we were alone, that I would strive to bring her to a sense of her duty to you. But I never saw her again. Within half an hour after I had spoken to her she had flown, and this was all she left behind her."

Mrs. Chambers drew a crumpled letter from her pocket and gave it to Frank; and then she buried her face in her handkerchief and appeared to be disinclined for further conversation. This was the letter Rosa left for Mrs. Chambers. It was written hastily and there was a certain hardness about the phraseology that bespoke a heart numbed by grief.

"You have been kinder to me than my mother ever was, and you will think me very bad and ungrateful to leave you as I do. God knows I have no choice. I must go, and go even as I go now. It is all for the best—for you, for Mr. Gilmour, for my wretched self."

So it ended. She had forgotten to sign her name.

"Is there nothing else?" he asked, in a low tone, "no other clue?"

For some time Mrs. Chambers remained silent. After an effort she said, though still holding her face:

"She did leave something else, but not willingly—not knowingly."

"What did she leave?" he asked anxiously.

After another pause she placed a key in his hand, saying:

"That is the key of her bedroom. I have kept it locked ever since she left. On her dressing table you will find something I picked up from the floor."

She turned from him for her heart was so full she could hardly speak. He pressed her forehead gently with his lips and left her.

As Frank went up stairs lightly holding the key she had given him in his hand, he muttered between his set teeth:

"I will find the man who has taken her from me, and when I find him I will kill him."

He paused before the door. He turned the lock with strange reluctance, and when he stood upon the threshold of the little room which was still fragrant with the odor of sweet flowers, he again hesitated.

She had gone and was unworthy of him; she had proved truthless, and he of all men should cherish no respect for her. Still that apartment seemed to him sacred, and a feeling of guilt took possession of him as he entered it. He walked to the dressing table and at first he saw nothing. Then he noticed that a photograph was on the center of it, lying face downward. He thrust his hand out greedily to secure it—the thought running through his brain that it was the likeness of the man who robbed him of his love, and that now he would not have much trouble in tracking him.

He picked up the carte. There were some words written on the back of it, and there he read with feverish haste. As he perused them his face became even more pallid than before, and beads of perspiration stood upon his forehead. The words were:

"Yours very dearly, Gregory Gilmour."

He let the thing fall from his hand. As it fell it turned, and now it lay upon the dressing table face upward. This face was his father's—the face of Gregory Gilmour of Wakefield, solicitor and esquire.

II.

Mr. Gregory Gilmour, composed, pleasant looking and dressed irreproachably, sat in his easy chair, sometimes smiling, more often studying his almond nails. Before him—white, passionate, a fiery indignation blaining his eyes—stood his son, speaking hoarsely and trembling as he spoke.

"I swore in my heart," Frank declared, with intense though subdued earnestness, "that when I discovered the man who had stolen her from me I would kill him. I had scarcely so sworn before the horrid truth was made manifest to me that the scoundrel was my father, and being my father, his heinous villainy must go unpunished."

Mr. Gilmour smiled.

"Well done, Frank! Quite melodramatic I declare. When I was your age I would have done he same thing myself, though perhaps not quite so well—not quite so well."

"Don't mock my misery," the young man cried, impatiently. "It is a hard, a bitter, a wicked feeling to cherish, but I dispense you, I abhor your name. I wish to God I had died before I knew this shame."

"Sons," said Mr. Gilmour, with a tinge of bitterness in his tone, "are slow to pardon their parents' errors. This is strange, seeing how much parents have to forgive. Even now I am doing a great thing—I am pardoning your insolence."

Frank turned from the speaker with a gesture of impatience and disgust.

"Come, young gentleman"—Mr. Gilmour spoke authoritatively—"I want to talk to you. Don't run away; so far you have had all the conversation to yourself. You must now listen to me." Seeing that Frank evinced no disposition to remain in the room, he cried, sternly:

"Sit down sir! While you are in my house you shall obey me."

Sullenly Frank threw himself into a distant chair and his father smiled.

"I've a little story to tell you, Frank. Perhaps you'd like a glass of wine while you listen to it—not that you will find it dull by any means. It is all about the young lady you know by the name of Rosa Noyce. You don't care about any wine—as you like about that; personally I prefer a glass of sherry. Perhaps you will touch the servant who answered the ring he continued: "You can bring the sherry decanter here and two glasses." To his son he added: "I dare say before I have finished you will be anxious to drink with me."

No man, perhaps, looked more wretched than did Frank Gilmour at that moment. He sat with his head bent upon his chest, his hand clenched his face, ghastly white, his eyes lightless.

The lawyer poured out two glasses of wine. Sipping one he commenced his story in as pleasant and lazy a tone as though he were relating some entertaining incident that had occurred at Lord Badtaste's dining table.

"Last year, while you were away in Scotland, I became mixed up with a very extraordinary forgery case. The crime had been committed in London, but one of the principal sufferers chanced to be my very oldest client, and so it came that I was consulted about the matter. I need not bother you with the details of the case. The important facts for you to know are simply these: The culprit was a man named Morris, an adroit swindler, a heartless, designing knave, who, unfortunately for society, had the fascinating manner of cultivated man of means. Men of the world were deceived by his plausible tongue and his elegant exterior, and he was particularly successful in blinding the ladies. Some time before his conviction he had won the confidence and affection of a young lady of blameless life and good family. He induced her to run away from home to be secretly married to him. Shortly after this union the infatuated girl discovered the true character of the fellow who had tempted her to forget her duty to her father. She was wedded to a penniless swindler of the worst class. What the feelings of a confiding, stainless girl would be upon making such a discovery you can perhaps understand. She regarded her husband with abhorrence, and she hated herself for ever having listened to him. She resolved that she would leave him forever. Taking nothing with her but a small handbag she escaped her husband's house, and was never heard of again by her friends. Some thought she was dead, others that she had gone abroad. It happened that before her marriage to the fellow

Morris I had known her and her family, and during the time we were prosecuting him I often thought of the poor deceived girl. He was sentenced to a long term of imprisonment. Frank, drink your wine. What I have to tell you now directly concerns you."

"Mechanically the young man did as he was told. A change was slowly passing over his face. His head was no longer bent upon his chest. He looked into his father's eyes eagerly.

"My friend at Glasgow," continued Mr. Gilmour, "in whose office I placed you some time back, recently wrote to me to the effect that you were making an ass of yourself over some obscure girl at Paisley. Mr. Redfern had seen you with her at Glasgow, and it had come to his knowledge that you had taken a house, and it was pretty evident that you intended marrying her almost immediately. Since you had not thought it worth while to consult me upon the subject, I determined to see for myself the woman you contemplated giving your name to. I wrote to you asking you to come here, and I journeyed to Glasgow. Mr. Redfern accompanied me to Paisley. I was saved the trouble of calling upon Mrs. Chambers, for in the street we met the young lady to whom you were engaged. To my amazement I recognized her. She was Mrs. Morris, the convict's wife."

"I was afraid that was coming," said Frank, in a low nervous tone.

"I had always sympathized with the girl's unhappy lot, but my sympathy was not sufficiently strong to close my eyes to the fact that the bigamous marriage she proposed would irretrievably ruin my son. I had more than one interview with her, and at these interviews I urged her to abandon you. She said that she could never look you in the face if she jilted you. I advised her to leave Paisley. I provided her with the necessary funds. I had, I thought, at least saved my son much pain and suffering."

"You must forgive me my violence," Frank pleaded in a scarcely audible tone. "I am sorry for the words I used to you just now. Still—still, he went on wistfully, "perhaps I would rather have been left in ignorance."

"Wait until you have heard all I have to say," he smiled at Frank as he spoke. "When I saw Mrs. Morris at Paisley I had no idea that her wicked husband was dead—"

"Dead!" cried Frank, joyfully, "dead!"

"Yes, dead. The foolish girl did not tell me so. She imagined that I objected to her marriage with my son because her husband had been a convict, and not because I thought that he was still alive. It appears that he died in his cell—"

"Thank God for that!" Frank murmured, forgetting how indecent his gratitude was.

"Now that the girl is free," Mr. Gilmour went on, "I confess I am indifferent whether you marry the young lady or not. I may, however, mention that within the past few days Rosa's father has also died and has left her a large sum of money, nearly £15,000, and that Rosa herself is in this house at this present moment."

Frank started from his chair and ran to the door. Suddenly he paused. Turning to his father he said:

"On Rosa's table I found a photograph."

"Possibly," Mr. Gilmour returned, dryly. "It seems that at one of our interviews I dropped it—pulled it out with my handkerchief or something of that kind, and she carried it home with her intending to give it back to me. In a few days you'll know who it was intended for. I am tired of being a bachelor. There, you mercenary young rascal, go and comfort your £15,000."

Ere his father had finished speaking Frank had left the room. In another moment Rosa was nestling in his arms.

"When I went to Paisley," he whispered, "I thought that you were a lying love—"

"And so I was," she said, dropping her swimming eyes, "but I could not—"

She said no more. His passionate kisses smothered her words.

Dr. H. M. Bracken, secretary to the Minnesota board of health, stated to that body at its last meeting that his salary, \$3,500 a year, was excessive, and suggested that it be reduced to \$2,500. His request created much surprise, but was complied with.

Governor Atkinson of Georgia, in a speech to some veterans, claimed and presented figures satisfactorily showing that his state pays about as much money in pensions to ex-Confederate veteran soldiers as all the other Southern states together.

I heard a story the other day, says a writer in the Washington Post, from Kennebunkport, that remote Maine village, which Assistant Postmaster General Heath declares is the only summer resort in New England worth while. A certain man up there bought an old farm, and having removed the grave stones from the ancient burying grounds on it, proceeded to plow up the spot with the intention of making small potatoes of the ancestors of some of Maine's first families. The first families protested against the desecration, and demanded that the stones be restored. The new owner was obliging, but he was—well, he was a Maine Yankee, and he didn't mean to give up his potato field, so he set the stones up as a sort of fence about his field. They made a very good fence, the first families were satisfied, and the potato crop was one of the largest in the state.

A bishop of the Methodist church was preaching a sermon on the vanity of dress, and incidentally alluded to people who wore velvet and gold ornaments.

After the sermon a distinguished member of his conference approached him and said: "Now bishop, I know you were striking at me, for I have a velvet vest and a heavy watch chain."

The bishop smiled, passed his hand over the vest, touched the chain, and then said, with a merry twinkle in his eye: "No, really, Brother B., for the vest you wear is only a cotton velvet and I am half persuaded that your watch chain is brass."—Atlanta Constitution.