

CHAPTER XXVIII.

's protecting arm, and a low moan

have beard enough for to-day. bear the rest another time," said

F-feverishly. "Do you think I ad wait? Let me hear it all at once.

re was a woman," went on tt in her low monotone, which now emotion in it-"an elderly woman ay own nume she had been-and in her t a remote village on the Cornish at; and there you were born." She at her eyes to Marvel's with a reluc-"Even then," she said, "as by heipless, powerless within my a, I hated you?" She pushed back hair from her forehead and drew a ath, then laughed a little. "It b she said. "The very brute beast I have its offspring, but-1 loathed loathed and left you with my nurse. An of mine with whom I had kept up a Hery sort of correspondence, and who well married and mixing in the world. to it making me to go and live with her, and y consented. I even grasped at the ance it opened out to me of retrieving folly and making myself such a place the world as I had ever hoped for. But -you"-looking at Marvel-"you ded all-you, and this!" in she haid her hand upon the locket

reis lay the dead man's face-the man ne had ever touched her worldly irt, for whose sake she had been dea bilind evermore to the attractions of thers. It was the one saving trait all others. It was the one saving trait is her cold, calculating, ambitious nature, that are wild, absorbing passion of her

"I feared the discovery of you. You ing like a milistone round my neck!" an Marvel, who shrank and shivered be-bre her. "And the woman who kept you grow greedy for her claims. She wrote ways for money, and I had some to give. ough living in affluence with that rich oman, my sunt"-with a sudden impre-tion of awful bitterness-"I had not one may even that I could call my own. I a, trinkets, but no pocket money peak of. Once she disc peak of. Once she discovered me try-to pawn a ring, and after that there was no single moment that I could call own. Perhaps she suspected some-g. I never knew; but at all events weman, the nurse, though importue, was faithful. She never betrayed money from me, she tired of you"- bet

staircase that evidently led to a room er's lips, Marvel's soul died within Bhe drew herself away from Wri-and, with a last parting command to her above which shone out the yellow glare to climb the steps, deserted her forever." "A worthy accomplice indeed of a wor-thy mother!" said Wriothesley, bitterly. "Nay, sir! Your hatred runs away with

you. She was no accomplice of mine. You have paid but ill heed to my words, or you would remember that all this that she breathed to me on her dying bed was new and most unwelcome tidings. "Do not speak-do not interrupt-let

me hear it all-all!" entreated Marvel,

turning upon him a look of anguish. "Well, there is more to tell?" question-ed he, in answer to her appeal, addressing Mrs. Scarlett,

"No-no more. So far she had got in ber narrative when she raised hernelf high on her pallet, stared wildly at me, made a fearful effort to speak, and then dropped back like a stone upon her pillow. I seised her; I called aloud to her to name the village near which the child had been left; but all in vain. I even shook her vio iently, hoping thus to recall her, if only for one moment, to a sense of this life; but I failed. I even think"-angrily-"that my violence frustrated my own hopes-that that last shake hurried her At all events, she was dead, and end! with her went every chance of learning the truth.

"What was the child's name?" asked Wriothealey, abruptly. "'Margaret,' abe had been christened

'Meg,' the woman called her; for me, I

called her nothing. Meg! As a long dream suddenly recurs to one's memory, bringing with it a train of thought that has seemed dead and bur-ied for many a day, so now there rushed upon the mind of Marvel and Wriothesley a remembrance of that past wild yet hapbour when a little child had drawn by loving hands from the damp and death of night to the warmth of a fireside abeiter-a little child so small, so cold, that her white lips could scarcely tell them that her name was "Meg." They

had not known what it meant then-the boy who was now a man, the woman who was dead-but the man remembered. and turned his eyes upon Marvel with and turned his eyes upon marvel with even a gentler tenderness than he had be-trayed before. That little vague sound "M'g" had meant "Meg"-Margaret. Alsa, for the sorrow of itl thought he, dwelling on her grief alone, giving so thought to his aven natural moment thought to his own natural regret.

At that moment Marvel raised her head he was deadly pale; her eyes gleamed. She came right up to Mrs. Scarlett and laid a burning hand on hers. "I have heard all," she said; "but there

Btill, when she found she could get money from me, she tired of you"-ing cold, cruel eyes on Marvel-"tired. "She pointed to the open locket. "Bay so!"

Hort from

d Marvel, who shrank with a sick losth. ing from the thought of discussion of any kind-of confidence or regrets, or sick-bed repentance about the terrible story that had ruined her life.

"No; there is no time. I must speak now or never. Nearer-nearer still! want to tell yon"--raising her eyes, which hurned like living coals in her was face, to Marvel's-"that I lied to you. There was a marriage! I lied about it to revenge yself upon him, Wriothesley. But new, with death staring me in the face, 1-1 haven't the courage to- Yes, we were married secretly, but surely. There is no She broke off exhausted. loubt-

"Is this the truth ?" asked Marvel. Her face had grown coloriess, her voice was cold and stern; she did not believe this last statement-she knew that she did not dare elieve it. Were she to do so, only to find serself deceived, she felt that it would till her. No, there was no truth in it. Such joy, such an almost terrible relief

"The truth-yes. Will you not be Why should I say this now?"

"The proofs!" said Marvel, in a strange rozen tone. She would compel her to end

this cruel farce. The feeble hands made a movement

ward her pillows. "Underneath," she whispered, faintly: nd Marvel, always as if in a dream, passd her hand under the pillows and drew out a tiny bunch of keys. In one of har calmer moments Mrs. Scarlett had asked for them, and had placed them herself beneath her head; now she had not strength o draw them out again.

"My dressing ease," she said, pointing out one of the keys-"the second tray." Marvel crossed the room mechanically. opened the dressing case and lifted the tray she had named. Some papers folded in it met her eyes; she took them out and approached the bed. Her beart was beatag now to suffocation.

"Open read!" said the dying woman. "It is my marriage certificate, and the certificate of your birth. Keep them; if have injured you living, you will remem ber when 1 am gone that I served you dying. Go-take them to him."

Marvel had fallen on her knees the bed. She was trembling violently rhen presently a cold, beautiful hand stole toward her and touched her. She caught it and drew it beneath her bent head, and pressed her lips to it in a pas-tion of gratitude. Bhe felt faint, uncer tain, frightened; but above and through all she was conscious of a great and givtious freedom, a breaking of the vile ands that had chained her to the earth and turned the very light of day into a sulles gloom. To go to him-to tell him-that was her first thought. Through the tumult of her conflicting emotions the slow, broken voice came to her as if it were the touch of sorrow that ever accompanies our joy.

"You said it once-that strange word to me. It killed me, I think. Yet I would ear it again."

She spoke with difficulty and very india tinctly, but Marvel understood

"Mother?" she whispered, and pressed the hand she held, and, stooping forward. rissed the pale mouth.

CHAPTER XXX.

Mrs. Scarlett was buried with all pe nd ceremony in the Scarlett vault so where in the heart of Surrey. Marvel was too prostrated to accompany her to the tomb, though some morbid desire to show her every respect urged her to do it; and fra Verulam would i ot permit Wriothe ley to go-there had been enough gossip about her and him, she said, in the pastwhy revive it again? Marvel insisted on going nourning; and then of course it was nec She had a theory that to be astonished at anything this age could show argued a weak intellect; but for once in her life the had to acknowledge herself as entirely and stupidly amased on bearing of Mar el's parentage. Bbe it was, however, who at once so the necessity of enlightening the world about it. It was impossible that Marvei should be allowed to live forever with a stigma resting on her name, a cloud of mystery surrounding her. Immediate teps should be taken to declare her real origin, which, if it had a rather unplease ant favor of secrecy about it, was never-theless honorable; it would be a nine-days wonder-nothing more. Something eise would crop out even while the public gap ed and laughed and whispered over itcomething that would be probably more biquant and would, therefore, obliterate But where should Marvel and he go for hose "nine days?" That was a question that troubled Wriothesiey. It was out of the question that she should receive and he receive while the storm burst and asted; he would not have her subjected to unkind comment or impertinent cur onity; and good birth did not give goo manners, and there were many in their wn world who would be sure to insul and annoy her. To take her away for as indefinite tim To take her away for an indefinite time abroad—anywhere out of the hurly-burly of society—was his strong desire, but how to compass it troubled him. Bhe had shown such a passionate determination to go nowhere with him on his first return that he hardly dared make mention of the idea again, or at least did not dare hope that a second request would receive a difand time proved his fear to be true; sh

If i hopt away from yos, I did wrong-I did you an unspeakable injury. Let a not repeat that fault. Do not give further food for talk. It would be madness to in that word 'neparation' be so much as ma-ed between us again." She sighed wearily. "It shall be so you if

"It shall be as you like." she said, bogs

Her tone out him to the heart

"Why do you speak like that?" he mid very gently. "Does it make you so very miserable to think you must for a few months have my companionship only? My dear, what a and thought that must be for bot hof us! We are bound together for life, and yet you shrink from a few con-tinuous days spent together! Marvel look at me. You have made friends at others, why not accept me as a friend, foo? Surely I am not beyond the pale of mere friendship in your eyes? If it were not for your own good, I should abandon the idea altogether; but you know it would not do for you to stay here just at present. You hate the idea of going anywhere with me. I know; but yet I beg you to consent

to the plan for your own sake." "If I hate it," said she, tremulously, turning away her head, "surely you hate

"I? No, indeed. If-if I could be sured that you love me"-hastily, and try-ing to read her averted face-"I should and my chiefest happiness in being with you forever. Burely you must know that! Moved by some sudden inspiration, he went to her and drew her closely to him, "Darling-darling beart," he said-"why "Darling-darling beart," he said-"why can't we try to be better friends than we are?" His tone was low, unsteady, but warm with the deathless breath of love. She felt it. She turned to him and in a

omeut was in his arms, "Oh, to be friends again!" she cried. She

was sobbing wildly, passionately. "In the dear dead days the friends we were! Oh, do-do try to love me again!" "My sweetheart, my darling, I love you now as I never loved you then!"

CHAPTER XXXI.

It was quite twelve months from th av of their departure before they return ed to the Towers. It was once again the merry springtime, and all the village was corated with flags and wreaths in honor of their home coming. The sun was shin-ing with a brilliancy that lighted up the grand old house and threw tender gleams athwart the budding branches in the si lent, sweet-smelling woods as they drove through them by the private carriageway that led direct to the house from the station.

Marvel, as she drew near, gased intent It at the first home she could ever remem ber, and a sense of passionate gladness rose within her. As she looked, a tall, gaunt form came out upon the doorstep and waved a welcome to her. It was the rector-Mr. Balabridge-her eld, true friends. Tears started to her eyes, and she scarcely walted for the carriage to draw up before she sprang to the ground and hastened to him. With a little loving cry that changed in a moment the beau-tiful woman he looked at into the child he had known and adored, she threw her arms round his seck and embraced him

"My dear child-my dear girl?" said be, with some agitation. He held her back from him. "So it is well with you?" he "So well?" she answered him, her clear

eyes fixed on his; and then-"How long it seems since last we met! But I would not come to you when I was in trouble and

A WONDERFUL STAIRWAY. bable Enine Recently Di

d in Control Ameri rge Byren Gordon, the explorer, the Century gives an account of re-

cent discoveries at Copan, under the title of "The Mysterious Oity of Hon-Saras." Mr. Gorden says: The most extreerdinary feature that our excave tions have yet brought to light is the bloroglyphic stairway already referred to. Facing the plaza at the southern end, it occupied a central position on the western side of the high pyramidal elevation that forms the northern wing of the Main Structure. Even in the sad state of ruin in which we behold it now, it affords a magnificent spectacle. What must it have been in the days when it was entire, and reached from the floor of the plaza to the entrance of the temple that stood on the height a hundred feet above!

When discovered, in 1904, this stair way was completely buried beneath the debris failen from the temple, of which not one stone remained upon another. The upper part of the stairway itself had also been thrown from its place as if by an earthquake, and lay strewn upon the lower portion. When, at length, after months of labor, on which from fifty to one hundred men were employed, the fallen material was cleared away, an acre of ground was covered with broken sculptures removed during the progress of the work. and the lower steps were found unharmed. In the center of the stairway. at the base, is a throne or pedestal rising to the fifth step, and projecting eight feet in front. The design upon its face is rich in sculpture and dellcate in detail. It is made up in part of handsome faces, masks, death'sheads, and scrolls, beautifully carved, and disposed with perfect symmetry. but the ensemble is perfectly unintelli-

sible. On the face of each step in the stairway is a row of hieroglyphs, carved in medium relief, running the entire length. At intervals in the ascent the center is occupied by a human figure of noble and commanding appearance arrayed in splendid attire, scated on the steps. The upper parts of all these figures were broken away, but the pieces of several were recovered and restored. On each side were solid balnstrades two feet thick; the upper parts of these were also broken away. ont by careful study and comparison, enough was recovered to enable us to make out the curious and complicated denign. Portrait-like busts issuing from the jaws of grotesque monsters, standing out upon these balustrades, and reposted at regular intervals, formed their principal adorament.

Notwithstanding the arduens tell un der. the flerce rays of a tropical sun. the exhuming of this stairway, in the construction of which the aucient scuiptors exhausted the resources of their

art, was a fascinating labor, and was performed under the constant stimulus expectation, and the excitement of discovery. When the last das's work was done, and I stood upon the broken throne at the base of the stairway, to take a last look at the scene of my inborn, so familiar had I grown with very fratore of the place that it seem of to cost but little effort of the mind to pell aside the mist that hid the past. and restore again the shattered fabric. From my position I could are the whole plane, with the mesuments and templecrowned pyramids. In front of me the sinceth cemented pavement stretched away westward to a range of terraces that bounds it in that direction, bu eaves unohstructed the view of the countains beyond the valley. In other days the parting shafts of the sun struck the temple, and its sculptured walls, adorned with paint and stucco, lashed in the light, until the shadows, mounting the throne and climbing the staisway, shet above the highest tower. and left the city wrapped in gloom. For a moment the peaks stood dark and gigantic against the dasking supset hurs, crowned with glory; then the colors faded rapidly, giving way to a pale glow above the mountains, while auddeu darkness fell upon the valley. Musing on the scene, I was dimly aware of a long array of shadows pro jected from the past. Nor was it altogether fancy. This plaza has witnessed many a scene of august pomp, and many a glittering pageant. Many a priestly procession with solemn rites as tred these sculptured stairs, and here, doubtless, on many a day famous in the annals of the nation, the plumed warriors of Co, returning with victori ous banners, bowed before the throng where their monarch sat in state and proudly reviewed them as they passed.

work.

f his own countryman that he drink and est nothing until his had partakes pleatifully before him. The character of all the Thibetans, settled and nomadic, is the same cowardly, faithless and immoral. They are set vile to the brave, insolent to the fearful and mere tools in the hands of the lamas, or monks. They are false to their best friends, as is witnessed by their desertion of the French mission aries who have been their most comstant helpers. Their physique is nots bly good, and they stand cold and hunger admirably. They are active and at first view, light-hearted and genuines but in reality, are cunning, foul and unlovable. They are very unclean, rarely or never bathing their persona. The dress of the common people consists of a very dirty, greasy sheepskin robe which they use as bedding at night. The taste for trading is very strongly developed, and they seise every opportunity to make money. Vast quantities of tes are consumed by them, and they enjoy it, especially when mixed with butter and sait. Their tea is sold in bricks and is of a very inferior quality. During all discussions of state and in their ordinary assemblies, each man has a cup before him which is continually replenished. The population of Thibet proper and

ular and the Thibetas is so a



Mark Twain. It is said, is going to make plays, not from his own books, but from the German.

The poet Burns spelled his name Bur ness (the family name) until the publication of his poems in 1786.

Anthony Hope has written a new remance, "Born in the Purple." It wi appear serially and a year benes in book form.

A collected edition of Mr. Anth Hope's writings is talked about. would extend to ten volumes, though not all very big ones.

Phil May is illustrating "David Co perfield"-a work which he ought to exceedingly well. It is expected that the drawings will be brought out first in a pertfolio.

The Rev. Washington Gladden three books in publishers' hands, th earliest of which to appear will be "Seven Puzzling Bible Books," in sup-plementary volume to "Who Wrote the Bible 7

George A. Sala's posthumous neve "Margaret Ferster," recently publi in England, is a story of London life, and, according to Mrs. Sala, who has contributed a preface, it was written by way of releasation from jour

"The Ambassador," Mrs. Osalgie's

arning cold, cruel eyes on Marvelas have all the others!" "Oh, no! Oh, have pity !" said the gird

in a clow, painful tone that went to Wriley's heart.

"Yos would have the truth. Now hear MF mid abe, relentlessly. "Yes, even that woman who nursed you would fain be rid of you when also discovered that I could supply her with the money needful for ir wants and her extortionate demands. Your birth was a borror to me" -slowly the thought of you a constant, never-ing fear. When, at the end of four dying

the woman wrote to me to my you were dead, I rejoiced!" spoke with such deliberate malig-

ancy that the blood rose to Wriothesley's He glanced compassionately at She was pale; an icy chill seemto have passed over her. She shud-

"Then at last I felt free; the bateful whin that bound me was loosed. I bless-ed death from my very heart. An old s, rich, pliable-a bideous old manfered himself to me for the third from the nurse to say that she was ing-that she was indeed at the very at of death-that I must go to her, and quickly, if I would see her alive and hear from her own lips that which would in-finence my entire life." She was silent for a moment, as if thinking. "I arrived at her house a day after the summone mached may I found her at the summone reached me-I found her at the very portals of that city we all so fear to enter. Bhe had barely sufficient strength left to well me that the child whom she had taken from me, and who she had sworn was dead, was still living?" "Perhaps she lied," mid Wristhesiey,

"No: the dying seldom lis, and there was that on her face which forbade the thought of it. She said she had found it ble to support herself and the child small and uncertain sums I was send her from time to time; so that on the small and uncertain sums I was able to send her from time to time; so that at last she determined to rid herself of her nataling by leaving her secretly at some work house where she was as-known. One evening, with this purpose is her mind, she set out with the child, and for many days wandered vaguely in-hand, not knowing how or fauring to ac-complish it. Her heart, also mid, failed her as each occasion presented itsetf; bet, for myself, I don't believe in hearts-had also mid her courage failed, I alsould have enderstood." He shrugged her sheal-days slightly, and a faint oncer curied her lips. "At last there came a night when, And the second s

There was silence; her face now was shastly, and mechanically she laid both

her slender palms on Mrs. Scarlett's arms and shook her so and fro.

"Bay, say !" she said, her voice being almost a command. A malignant smile lighted up the other

face. She fung the girl from her with a little swift movement and turned her eyes ull on Wriothesley.

"There was no marriage," she said. "Why should I lie to please you 7'- slow-ly glancing round at Marvel. "No, there vas no marriage. He lived, he loved, he died-that was all." She broke into a wild laugh. "Does it hurt you?" she cried; and then, in a slow, venomous way-"I am giad of it. Ah, how often you have

burt me!" "Ob, mother oh, mother!" cried Marvel, in a sharp tone of passionate re-proach, of unutterable misery; and she let her face fall forward into her hands. There was a moment's dead pause after that wild, strange cry, and then all at once, and without an instant's warning. there was a little rustle of Mrs. Scarlett's time, and I accepted him. I married Mr. Scarlett, and for the first time for five years a sense of rest stole over me. It livid, ghastly. Her hands were clutching hated for seven years. Then I had a letswaying from side to side as one in mortal agony.

The guests staying at Grange Court faded away as swiftly as shadows; the presence of death scared them, and, be-sides, their visits had draws to an end. At last no one was left in the house save Bir George Townshend-who would not go in spite of all his lady love's hints, who was disturbed by Mrs. Scarlett's bad taste in choosing her house as an hospital-Wriothesier, Marvei and the invalid.

CHAPTER XXIX.

All through the lonely silent watches of the night Marvel out breeding builde the half-dead woman, ministering to her now and then, but always with her mind em-bittered, despairing. Once or twice the nurse expostulated with her, estreating her even to lie down upon the couch at the end of the room; but Marvel had refused, and sat there speechless, wakeful, with pale set face and haggard eyes. At last the day broke. Marvel stood up and drew aside the curtains, and gased out spon the slow unwilling downing of this wild March morning. A slight sound from the bod startled and then, but always with her mind em

this wild March morning. A slight sound from the bod startled her. She closed the window swiftly but noisolessiy, and went back to her post. Hhe leaned over the invalid, and raised her hend as usual, shaking up the pillows and thes laying her tenderly down on them. But, when, having done this, she would have gone again, Mrs. Scarlett caught her gows and by a fooble hand detained her. "What is 167" asked Marvel, compeli-ing heresif to look at her, though a strong ing hervelf to look at her, th funder shock her as the night he-say, she was-he a late for love of any l ad to ter yes?"

shrank openly from his suggestion an turned coldly from him when he made i with a distressed expression in her gree with a distresses sorrowful eyes.

sorrowful eyes. "But it is so necessary?" he urged gent. iy, battling against the sense of angry dis-appointment that was filling him., "The truth must be made known for your onke; and how can you stay here to face it, to be asked questions by the many valgar people who put belong to our set? They will not spare you; they would apper moth-ing to satisfy their curiosity." "If Cleely could come—if we might make up a party!" she said faintly. He could see how terrible it would be to her to be alsone with him. He bit him lip and looked down. How could he argue with her—how persuade? Pride stood up in arme and forbade it. He explained to her, hewever, that Cleely could net sense

her, however, that Cleaty could not a --Olerty, where hands were so full of own affairs, where could merriage an pied all her time.

MI I go to the Horth to WIT The

so happy that I almost fear to think of it -now I come back to you and all that has my first and warmest love. And I do not come alone." She turned and beckoned to a woman who stood behind her with something apparently very precious in her arms. "See see what I have brought you!" She lifted the precious something from the woman's hold, and laid it in Mr. Bainbridge's arms. It was a baby, but something more than

that, too, as one could see by her eyes-a treasure, a jewel beyond all price. It seemed strange to the old man watching her to see the great mother-love that shone on the face that was still so full of child-

ood's grace. "You knew of it, of course," she was going on gayly-"you saw it in the papers? But what you do not know perhaps is that have brought him home to be baptised by you. Oh, yes, it was very wrong, I know; he is quite six weeks old! You can scold me by and by; but you have married me, and no one else, I said, should give my boy his name. And I hurried, too; I came as soon as ever I could." "Too soon," said Wriothesley, anxious

ly, who had come up to them. flushed you are!" "Be how

"With joy only. I feel no fatigue. How weet, how lovely it is to be in our dear sweet, bow ome again!" "Mr. Bainbridge, my authority is a p

thing. Persuade her to come in and lie down She laughed and went up the steps. In

the hall, where all the servants were drawn up to bid their welcome, old Cotter, the bousekeeper, who had been her one friend on her strange lonely wedding morn, came away from the other servants

and up to her. "Oh, my lady, this is a joyful day for me!" she said.

"For me, too, Cotter," said Marvel, with the sweet graciousness that marked her, stooping to kins the old woman's withered

and looked. "Remember, Cleely Townsheed and Sir George will be here to-merrow," he said; "and do not inx your strength tee far." Presently, when he came back to her, he found her lying on a couch, with the taby salesp in a little bassinet beside her. They were alone, these two who were dearer to him than all the earth besides. "How controled you look," he said, drawing a chair cless to her-"more so, I think, than whee we were traveling about alone, you and L." "Why, naturally?" with a giance at the

be pau

teen proparing myself for it. I know the days to come I shall be cut out in all our good graces by that small person you there, and an trying to find out al-ady how to abdicate my throne without is at dignity." Go on," said he, in

Apologies with Compon Attachment A teacher in a Boston school, who had been much annoyed by trusney. has recently been stringent in enforcstooping to kins the old woman's withered cheek. Indeed she had a word for every servant she knew there, and a smile even for the strangers. It was with difficulty Wri-othesley at last persuaded her to take nome litle rest, so happy, so bright she feit and looked. "Remember, Cleak Townshend and Bir PEDCe:

"Louise was absent monday, please

"Louise was absent toosday, she had

"Louisa was absent waneday, she had s sore throte.

outes was abcent thursday, she bad a nore throte.

"Louisa was absent friday, she had sore throte and could not chew

Read this ever again for the m

eristics of the 1h brtans

Chapacteristics of the Th Britan. The Thibetans are absolutely with-out gratitude. They will domand tre-mendous rewards for facile corrices, stall everything within eight, regard politoness and gestioness as indications of severities, and merely refrain from stabbing field guests because their could fill them. Polecase is per-

be produced in London in the autumn. and will not be brought out in book form until then. Goorge Alexander, who has secured all the dramasic rights will play the title role.

Della Robinson King, officer of a pa per at Scotland, S. D., mends farth a "Thoughts of a Thoughtful Wash as," is which the arnin make aid-fashiened notion that woman is so parior to man. Ghe insists that we le man's equal.

Dr. Karl Frey, professor of ant the tery in the university at Berlin, has just published as edition of Michael As gele's possis, which is mid to be ant that is wholly authentic. He has been able to draw upon the family sochives of the famous Italian and has introduced much now material into his volume

It is reported from Boston that Mrs. Julia Ward Howe has been sugared in writing her autobiography. For most than fifty years her life has not only been identified with the developme of American literature, but with many public-spirited movements besides. He autobiography should be very enter taining and useful reading.

There has arisen a prophet in St. Louis named M. Meyer, who, is a little pamphlet called "Facts About Common Diseases," announces that all mon may live to the age of 100 or 125 years by a judicious use of wooles underelething and a mustard plaster. He no doubt ands the proof of his theory in the fact that up to the present time he has now er bocome a "little angel"

Unpleasant for Him.

"What in the world's the ma namma?" inquired Arabella, as her mother turned from the telephone and asked for her bonnet and wraps.

"I'm going into the city," said Mrs. Strong, and there was a cold glitter in her eyes as she spoke. "I just tried to call your father up, and I heard him tall the boy to may be wasny in."--Manne.

Capital in Bioyole Tires The amount of expital invested in the manufacture of bicycle tires in the United States is estimated by an enthange of \$5,000,000, the number of change as estoution, the number of persons employed at 8,000 and the num-ber of tires produced annually at 4,000-000.—San Francisco Chronicie.

Boldiers Milled in Tennesser Of the mearly 200,000 federal sold who lost their lives during the later the lost their house the sumber full on se coll, nearly 60,000 being b inshville. Mertfreethere, Skile means, Memphis and Fort D

Groyhaired Man. It is said that a man's hair to See yours carlier than a trees

and it is a list offered of