

## The Return of the Prodigal. \*

thinking.

For a moment he stood in the shadow,

He walked a few rods further up the

road and then sheered off into the

woods. By and by he came out into

the moonlight again. He had carried

out the plan that had sugested itself to

his mind. The milk pall had been

For a moment he healtated. He took

off his cap and stood bareheaded under

the sky, the rays of the moon bathing

The words were spoken to the breezes

Then William turned and went back

"Yes." the station agent at the cross-

ing told him, "there will be a train

along for the west in thirty minutes."

And the years came and went.

day his form might again darken the

With William all went well. He stay-

ed in Chicago just long enough to learn

that there was nothing for him there.

He pushed his way further west. He

succeeded in his first venture, and five

years had not clapsed before his name

had come to be known throughout the

write;" then something would inter-

tion, and no word would be sent back.

Thus the days and weeks and years

"THERE'S TH' PAIL, WILLIAM," SAID HIS MOTHER.

sped on until a fifth of a century had

William Whittlesy had accumulated

one hundred thousand dollars in the

twenty years he had lived and toiled in

Colorado and one day the desire came

to him stronger than ever to go back

to the old home and gaze once again

into the old eyes of father and mother.

The station at the crossroads was the

same it seemed to him. It had not

even been painted in all those twenty

years. The agent was a stranger, and

the farmers around the little depot did

not recognize in the man who alighted

from the train that morning the Will-

lam Whittlesy who had so mysteri-

Alone and unknown, the man wended

his way along the country road to the

old house on the bill. He had crossed

the lane below the woods when he rec-

oliected that pail of milk that he had

hidden in the hollow log twenty years

"I wonder if the pail can be there

yet," he said to himself, and smiled at

He remembered the spot as distinctly

as though he had but left the day be-

fore. He went to the blasted trunk.

kicked away the stones and moss and

twigs and looked down. Yes, it was

there; but in it nothing. He lifted out

the old tin pail, its sides all full of

holes eaten by time and rust, and con-

"I shall knock at the kitchen door."

he said to himself; "and when mother

And William Whittlesy laughed aloud.

The house appeared unchanged. To

be sure there were honeysuckles grow-

ing up the back porch that had not been

there went he went away, but twenty

years is sufficient time for honeysuckles

William Whittlesy ascended the steps

quietly and knocked at the door. It

was opened by a kind-eyed old lady.

William thrust forward the rusty, bat

tered pall and said, "Mother, here's the

milk." The woman looked at him with

wonder in her eyes. "Won't-won't-

William entered the room. It was the

same old kitchen he had known when

but a boy. And there by the fireplace

ant a man, feeble, and wrinkled and

you come in?" she said.

answers I shall say: 'Here is the milk.'

ously disappeared years before.

the thought, "I'll see."

tinued on up the road.

to live and die.

So be returned.

before.

and were borne to the night birds that

made reply with shriller chirpings.

placed in the old tree trunk.

him in a flood of silver light.

"Good-by! Good-by!"

down the country road.

kitchen door.

T came to pass that there were born | woods. "I must hide the pall," he unto Ezra and Lucy Whittlesy, two | said, "but where?" boys, William and John, who rew to youth's estate on the old farm in Oakland County.

John was a home boy. His happiest days were those on which he hoed and pail there." weeded. With William it was different. He was like unto neither his mother nor his father. He was just William. He read, long into the night, by the kerosene lamp in the sittingroom, stories of adventure and of youths going forth into the world in search of fortune and of fame. He longed for a wider field. He dreamed of conquests, of piles of gold, of expiorations into unknown countries, and of experiences in life such as never entered the mind of plodding John.

The days, the weeks, the months, rolled on around the spool of time, and, with each bright breaking sun, more and more discontented and dissatisfied did become the restless William. His days were centure a long. There was always shining before his eyes the star of ambition which he was of a mind to follow more than once. He detested the sorry life of the farm, with the homely environment, the old, old routine, day in, day out, and finally, after several years of uncomplaining servitude, he determined to run away.

He was 18 then, or two years he had saved every penny, every nickel, every dime, that had fallen in his way, and ere long noted that the dollars were taking care of themselves in a little company of their own. There were forty-two of them in the stone jar on the shelf at the head of his bed.

The sun was sinking behind the western horizon on the fateful night of William's departure. There, by the mining country. Often he thought of little window in the store room where that home back in Michigan, and frehe slept with the peaceful, sweet-con- quently he said to himself, "I will tented John, he sat on a cane-scated chair beside the bed, his forty-two dol- fere with the carrying out of his intenlars spread out on the quilt before him. "I will do it!" he excinimed to himself in the dim darkness. "I will do

His thoughts were broken in upon by the cry of a woman down below, the foot of the stairs.

"William! William! it's time to go for

"Ab, me," murmured the boy to himself, "another night has come, but it shall be the last. For many years has It been my duty to go down the dusty old road to Green's for the evening milk. I cannot see why father does not maintain a dairy, or at least one cow, of his own. But, no, I, must trudge, trudge on through snow, through sunwhine and through rain to that old farmhouse nearly two miles down the turnpike for milk. But this shall be my last wnlk-

"William! William! ain't yew ever goin' for that milk?"

Again the feminine voice from the

foot of the stairway. "Yes, mother, I'm comin' now,"

The boy dropped all the forty-two dollars into his trousers pockets, and, after passed. placing the stone jar back on its shelf at the head of the bed, slowly shambled down the stnirs.

"There's th' pall, William," said his mother, pointing toward the table drawn up by the kitchen window.

William took it and passed out into the deepening darkness. He was alone on the road. The stone

walls on either side showed indistinctly vellow gray in the fast gathering darkness. Now and then William would stoop and pick up a stone and fling it idly toward a bush whence came the note of a nightbird crying to Its mate. He stumbled once or twice and murmured something under his breath each time. As he walked down that road the whole eighteen years of his monotonous existence, called Life, unrolled themselves before his mind's eyes. He remembered the old swimming bole, the eager hunts for birds' nests in the days agone, the "stone bruise" he carried to school with him all one spring, and the beech whistles he used to make at recess. And the squirrel bunts and the games of youth. all the different scenes of his life were enacted again for him in the playhouse of his memory. And at the end he said to himself, "Well, it is over now, for to-night I shall go away. Never again will William take home the night's milk. This is my last walk,"

His mind was set, determined. He stumbled slong the rocky path to the milk-house on Green's farm, and stood by, silently, while the hired man filled his pail, then he trudged back over that country road. The moon was rising. Already a soft, silvery light flecked the foliage of the woods on the left, and cast shimmering shadows on the stone

And William dreamed of the wealth f the Indies that would one day be his, of the fame, the glory and the great, good name that awaited blm. out in orld, bayond the kes of life on

Whittlesy farm. idenly the boy stopped—so suddenindeed, that the frothing milk slopover the top of the pail and fell in splashes, one on the road, the other

I shall not go home. I shall leave

walked to the edge of the road ered into the white, lighted William Whittlesy. The old man turned of things wrong.

in his chair and gazed at the stranger,

"Don't you see who I am?" cried the long-lost. "I am William. I have come back. I went away twenty years ago---"

A peculiar light came into the eyes of the woman, who, during the stranger's appeal to the old man by the fireplace, had stood still, at the end of the table with one hand on her hip.

"I-I-I-understand now," she sald, William looked his thanks in his eyes. He was about to close his arms about the old lady's face when she waved him back. "I understand," she went on. "Arter you went away your mother died, and in 'beout a year your pa marrled me. Then when he died I married George there, an' we've been livin' on th' ol' place ever sence. So yew see we ain't your folks arter all, though likely ez not yew may have some legal "I remember!" be exclaimed. "The connection with usold blasted tree trunk. I will put the

William put his hand to his brow and reeled. He staggered to the door-sobbing, with his head bowed upon his breast, he walked slowly down the old country road. And that night he went back to the West.-Detroit Free Press.

A ROMANY MONARCH.

Crowning the King of the Scottish

With much quaint pomp and ceremony, and in the presence of a vast concourse of spectators, a gypsy king was crowned on Kirk Yetholm Green.

The chosen of the Romany tribe is named Charles Blythe Rutherford. He ten, and besides being crowned king. his gypsy subjects also proclaimed him Earl of Little Egypt.

Prince Charlle, as he is familiarly William Whittlesy had dreamed of termed, is a fine specimen of manhood. Persecution, Colorado, and 'twas there he meant to It is years since he gave up the roving go. An hour later he was rolling on habits of his tribe and devoted himself to the more presale occupation of keeping a lodging house in the village of Kirk Yetnolm, but his admirers proud-Not a word was ever received by the ly proclaim that he is descended from Whittlesys from William. And after royal gypsy houses of Faa. Blythe and many months they came to regard him Rutherford. as dead, and no longer hoped that one

Charles Blythe Rutherford's mother was Queen Esther, the last gypsy sovereign crowned at Yetholm. Esther does not appear to have been too heavlly endowed with this world's goods, seeing that she applied for parish re-Hef and was refused on the ground that she had visible means of support as a 'mugger"- that is to say, she possessed a horse and cart to convey her mugs to the customers who patronized her. The gypsy queen was offered admission to the poorhouse, but refused, and fived on until 1883 in her own "palace," a low, one-storied, whitewashed cottage, with an open hearth fire, the smoke from which passed out through a hole in the roof. Quite recently Charles hlmself removed into this "palace," the lodging house not having proved a Inerative investment.

The "Archbishop of Yetholm," who erowned Prince Charlle's mother, and whose family are said to possess the hereditary privileges of crowning the and surmounted with a thistie, and the archbishop, in performing the cornation eeremony, delivered a speech and a bow, he moved away. in the Romany tongue, After Prince Charlie had duly responded, a procession was formed, in which mounted men, a brass band, a mace bearer and herald preceded the royal carriage drawn by six asses, and after the neighboring villages had been visited the proceedings wound up with athletic

sports, a public dinner and a dance. It is, of course, in its association with the past that the interest of this novel ceremony lies. The Faas, from whom Prince Charlle is descended, claimed that their name was a contraction of Pharaoh, and asserted that they were connected by blood with the ancient kings of Egypt. So far back as 1540 James V, of Scotland made a treaty with "Johonne Faw, Lord and Erle of Little Egypt," acknowledging his kingship and giving him the right to administer law and inflict punishment on his fellow Egyptians. Not long afterward, however, James changed his attitude and issued an order commanding his loyal subjects whenever they found three gypsies together to slay two of them without mercy.-London Daily

Swiss Chimney Sweeps. In Switzerland the chimney-sweep is an official personage. He is the employe of the commune, receiving a fixed salary, his actions controlled by the government, and he himself holding on by the back straps to the car of state. He is also as many tourists will have noticed, one of the few sons of the Helvetian Republic who on Sundays Inter Ocean. and weekdays sports a tall silk hat. Twelfth Massachusetts at Antietam. This he wears with dignity, but it is generally brushed the wrong way. On his official tour he takes it off blandly, and informs the householder that he is statement: "empowered by the State in inspect his flues." In the Canton of Grisons recently the post and title of "ramoneur communal" was opened to competition. The salary was thirty-two pounds a year, and the candidates were numerous . But the strange thing was that and even the highest of any organizathey were mostly village schoolmasters from Italy. A painful sign of the times in that unrestful land. "Better," says "L'Italia del Popolo," "be a chimneysweep in Switzerland than a schoolmaster in Italy." But the "Italia del Popolo" has recently been suppressed.

She Wished It, Too. Adoring one (in lavender kids and a book you clasp so lovingly.

I could shut you up.

Every little while you hear people say: "There is something wrong." gray. "Father, I have come back," cried It's worse than that; there are a lot



THE center of prison romances," said the Doctor, "was Camp Chase and the Ohio penitentiary at Columbus. There were thousands of Confederate soldiers in the prison camp, and scores of mysterious, notable or notorious prisoners of another grade in the penitentiary. Many of the latter, described as military or state prisoners, were not treated as convicts, and yet most of them wore the prison dress. There was, in the last year of the war, in the Ohio penitentiary the most interesting aggregation of adventurous spirits and plotters against the National Government ever assembled at any point, North or South. There were men under indictment for treason or conspiracy. leaders of insurrectionary movements, draft fighters, bushwhackers, men under sentence of death, men held by the Government on suspicion, and others has passed the age of three score and in the belief that they were spies. The fact that Gen. John Morgan and his associates had escaped from the prison made the authorities exceful and exacting, but there was nothing akin to

"One day in passing through the large exercise room given up to the political prisoners I came face to face with the handsomest man I ever saw. He was in the striped prison dress, but every article fitted him as if it had been made to order. Trousers, blouse, shirt and cap seemed of finer texture than the ordinary convict garb because all were clean and were worn jauntily. He was the tallest man in the room, and had the best figure. He was not lounging. as were most of the others, but had been walking easily back and forth the full length of the room. As I crossed his path he, absorbed in his own thoughts, almost ran against me. He stopped short, bowed with easy courtesy, retired one step, and, with the greatest composure, motioned me forward with a look that was a mixture of

apology and amusement. "As Dr. Byers came forward, two steps behind me, the handsome fellow the river and hit in a sand pile in the raised his cap and asked a question, He was in prison as a suspected spy, and had forwarded an explanation to the General commanding the depart- and pretty soon I came out with the ment. This had been returned with shell in my arms and was cutting the request that it be made more experiences lots for the General's tent. placed the crown on the Romany mon- plicit as to the presence of the accused arch's brow, was Mr. Gladstone, the at a certain point on a day named. It tions of the folks at our battery, but village blacksmith, whose father aisd demanded that the prisoner give got to the General as soon as I could, his real name. The prisoner would do and rushing right into his tent I dropnelther. My friend asked why, and in- ped that hot shell into a bucket of wastantly came the answer: 'Innocent | ter and out again, and let into the vent | gypsy sovereigns. The crown itself myself, I might involve others, or of it with a hatchet. Well, to make a was made of tin adorned with tinsel would put myself in the position of ex- long story short, on the inside of the citing suspicion against others. I will shell where the blow-up stuff usually was written, "Eve 81 and try it awhile longer,' and, with a smile | is was a communication from my broth-

there. He had been released by order of the Government, and no one knew where he had gone. Several years after that I was in Chleago, and was crossing Randolph street in front of the Sherman House, on a muddy day, when I ran against a tall man coming from the other side. He stepped aside without the slightest show of irritation and with a bow and a smiling 'I beg your pardon,' passed on. The next minute It came over me that the very polite gentleman was my handsome prisoner. Two years after that I was in New Orleans, coming up a street new to me. I asked a man standing on the corner the way to the St. Charles. He bowed, touched my arm as he turned me In right direction, and pointed out the

His face, figure, and manner were these of the man I had seen in the penitentiary. I had started away, when the thought came to me that there would be no harm in trying to solve the mystery, and I returned to where the stranger was standing. I asked him if he had ever been in Columbus or Chicago, explaining that he reminded me of an old acquaintance. He was smoking, and he looked me over politely and composedly, and after a minute said, with a smile that had in it the spggestion of a challenge: 'I never lived either in Columbus or Chicago.' I saw blm again after that in Washington, but that proved nothing."-Chicago

At the reunion of the survivors of the Twelfth Massachusetts in this city Secretary Kimball made the following

"I am aware that it is a startline statement to make that the loss of the Twelfth Massachusetts at Antietam was the highest in the percentage of any organization, Union or Confederate, in any one battle of the civil war, tion in the entire world. In modern times, in civilized warfare, under normal conditions, but is there not good reason to believe it to be true?

"The fighting was terrific, as every one knows. Let me simply say that a letter which I wrote to a friend on the 80th of September, 1862, says my company (A) had twenty-two men killed blue scarf)-Oh, how I wish I were that and wounded out of thirty, and of the eight who escaped unhurt five had She-How I wish you were, so that missles strike either their clothing or equipments. Only thirty-two marched off the field under the fing of the regiment when refleved by troops of the Twelfth Corps. One of the Confederate regiments, the First Texas, Hood's di-

vision, which we encountered in our advance through the cornfield, and which afterward occupied a position a little to our right, had 186 killed and wounded out of 226 taken into action-a percentage of loss of 82.3."-Boston Globe,

The Veteran's Story. The veteran in the dingy uniform that might have been gray or blue was perhaps a shade indefinite as to where he had experienced the stories he was telling, but he was an interesting old fellow, and his listeners had been read- three miles in fourteen minutes. He ing too many war tales sent by special messengers to newspapers to worry about the details so long as the results were good. So they filled up the narrator's beer mug and sent him going again.

"One of the oddest things," he said, with the calm confidence of truth. "that I can remember happened to my brother and me, both of us being members of a battery. On one occasion we had been watching the enemy for a in hill-climbing. The skates weigh week, trying to keep him from crossing a river until our re-enforcements had got up, but the rains had set in and men couldn't move, and we were to wipe us off the face of the earth, for he had ten times as many men and guns as we had to meet him with. Of course that made the commanding officers dead blue, and they offered all sorts of inducements for our fellows to go over and find out what was up. I suppose a dozen or more went, to ten times that many who volunteered to go, but none came back, and we wasn't any bettter off than we were before." "One morning I told the General that

my brother and me had a scheme to get the information he wanted, and if he would agree to promote us both if we got it we'd try for it. He mighty near agreed to make brigadiers of us, but we compromised on sergeants, and my brother left for the other side, after telling me good-by. For two days we did not hear from hlm, and on the third the enemy got a twelve-pound gun into a position the battery I was with had been fighting him away from for a week, and I got a blast from the major, but I never said a word. Neither did the General; and my poor brother-nobody knew where he was.

"Strange to say, our battery didn't open up on the enemy, either, in his ly." new position, and the officers began to look worried, waiting to hear from the General in command. About 10 o'clock in the morning the enemy's gun let loose with a roar that tore the ground up, and a shot that looked to me to be as big as a barrel came flying across rear of our battery. In a minute I had scratching like a dog at a rabbit hole, "I never stopped to ask any ques

er signed Sergeant John Smith, giving the General the very kind of informa- of imagination, capped this tlary my handsome prisoner was not tion he was crazy to get hold of, and it with, "Eve S1 and Adam S12, fixed him so that he knocked the enemy galley west in no time. My brother had got into it easy enough, for it wasn't such a great secret over there what they was going to do. The only trouble was he hadn't been able to get back with it when our men went over after it. My brother got into a plan, and Adam 8142 keep her though, by loading it into the shell and company ...... 16,284," firing it from the gun in the position he had got for it, when the enemy! couldn't have done it in a month. That | hates barbers, came up to the was the scheme we worked, and my scratchagain with, "Eve 8142 brother, being a fine gunner, had no trouble getting in with the artillery company, especially when he went to the officers with a story about how he, had been listening quietly, could get the gun in the position that they had been trying so long to get and | "Eve 8142 see how it tasted, couldn't, owing to our battery on the other bank of the river. He was a great husband was he to see her to be directing things in this war.

"No." sighed the veteran, "he never got his promotion, though I did mine. Saturday Evening Post, as the General said I should. My brother was killed at the battery he fired the shell from, and by the guns of his own friends. Just as like as not

Obeyed Orders

been shot at Annapolis Junction by one its beauty, but the greatest thief in of the soldiers on guard at some dis. Spain would not even touch it. It is tance from the main body, his trans- believed to deal out death to the person gression was discovered and the of- to whom it belongs. fender hauled before some of the officers. He frankly admitted that he had late Alfonso XII., who gave it to his bagged the pork, but solemnly asserted that it was in obedience to orders, betrothal. On the day of her death it "What do you mean?" demanded the senior officer. "I ordered that pig to grandmother, Queen Christina. Three halt, sir, but he kept right on. I gave months afterward she died. The King him another chance by commanding him to advance and give the countersign, but he disregarded this, and then I realized that I must shoot." The dignity of the court could not be main- less than a year after he had done so .tained and the soldier paid the penalty Saturday Evening Post. by hunting up the owner and paying him for the pig.

A Young Soldier. Some people were talking recently of the civil war, and the older members of the company had compared remin- desert horses have worn out three sets incences. 'Which side were you on dur- of shoes, while the camel's feet are not ing the war?" asked the old young girl even sore. of the party, turning to a bright little woman who confessed to having been born in '62. "I was in arms on the Southern side," was the quick reply.

Don't refer to the powder on a wom-

MINIATURE BICYCLES. Wender Excited Among English Rus-

tics by the First Road Fkates. Road-skating has been called the missing link between cycling and walking; it is really roller-skating out-of-

doors. A writer in the Standard tells how he took an extended trip, meeting with admiration and derision by the way; how he fought against the wind. ran into the roadside weeds and knelt there, and on a favorable road covered says that, in appearance, the new roadskates resemble nothing so much as a pair of miniature bicycles. The wheels are six inches in diameter,

and are attached to the boot. Jointed leg-splints extend from the skate to the knee, relieving the ankle of an unbearable strain, and an automatic brake, acting upon the front wheel, instantly corrects any backward run, and so removes the greatest difficulty from six to eight pounds a pair.

The amazement of natives, when this mode of locomotion dawned upon them. is well expressed in the queries of an pretty sure that the enemy was up to old man who, with "an apparently hypsome dodge or other that was going notized donkey," seemed to be the only inhabitant of a certain hamlet upon the

route. "Wart's them?" he asked.

"Skates." "Wart?"

"Skates." "Skates?" "Yes."

"Wart are they for?"

"Skating."

"Exactly." "They ain't bleycles, then?"

"No; skates." "Skates!"

"You needn't 'oller so loud; I ain't deaf! Wart's them sticks for?"

"To support the ankles." "Uncles?"

"No: ankles." 'Wonderful! I wish my old 'oman

was 'ere to see 'em!" "So do I. Where is she?" "Dead an' gone well-nigh fourteen

year ago." "I am very sorry for you." "Wart?"

"I'm sorry. You must miss her sad-

"No, Sally wa'n't 'er name. It was Jane, same as the donkey's is. I called 'im after 'er."

Then conversation languished, and the traveler rolled away.

The World's Great Apple Problem. Probably our great ancestor, Adam, little thought of the trouble he would cause posterity by eating an apple. But broke for that sandpile and was now the question as to how many apples he really did eat is a new difficulty.

How many apples did Adam and Eve eat? Was it one, or was it millions? When the subject was first proofed the editor very naturally replied, "Why, one of course."

"No," said the assistant editor; "Eve ate one, and Adam ate one, too, that's .... Then the sub-editor passed along a slip of paper, on which

Adam 81, making ...... But the poet, who is a man Then the publisher tried his hand, and his contribution was, "Eve 8142 see how it tasted and Adam S12, equals.

But his assistant beat the publisher, asserting that, "Eve \$142 see how it tasted, The poet, who dislikes be

8,954."

ing surpassed as much as he see how it tasted, and Adam 81,242 keep her company .... 89,384."

Then the humorist, who handed in his contribution, and Adam 8,124,210-der a

There the mater rests for the present, and we are very thankful it does rest .-

A Valuable but Deadly Ring. A curious sight may be seen in one of the most frequented parks of Madrid. I done it myself, but that is war."- This is nothing less than a valuable ring, studded with diamonds and pearls. which hangs su wanded to a silken cord round the neck of a statue. Thousands While a plg was being eaten that had of people pass it every day and admire

> The ring was specially made for the cousin Mercedes on the day of their passed into the possession of the King's passed on the deadly ring to his sister. who died a month after she received it. The King then placed the lewel in his own casket of precious relies, and lived

Durable Feet of the Camel. The camel's foot is a soft cushion, pe cultarly well adapted to the ground on which it is constantly walking. During a single journey through the Sahara

A Prehistoric Race, "Do you believe that poets are born?"

asked the caller. "Not now," replied the editor, as he glanced toward the waste basket, "aian's face unless you want to get blown though I believe a few were borr in former centuries."