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HARRISON, - - NEBRASKA

NEBRASKA NEWS.

H. F. Schlossinger was arrested at Gothenburg for selling liquor without a license. A search warrant was issued and a drayload of bottled and keg goods seized.

The annual meeting of Clay County Sunday schools was held at Clay Center in the Methodist Episcopal church. A very interesting program was arranged and a good attendance had.

Charles Blake, a brakeman on the Kansas City & Omaha railroad, was crushed between two freight cars while trying to make a coupling at Clay Center. He was taken to his home in Fairfield and is in a critical condition.

The grocery store of J. M. Mitchell at Stanton was broken into and about $50 worth of goods were carried away. The robbers gained entrance to the store by prying open a window from the top, after first cutting away the wire screen. There is no clue by which the parties can be identified.

John E. Burns, a member of the Third Nebraska volunteers, is very sick with typhoid fever in the emergency hospital at Omaha. He will be taken to St. Joseph's hospital. He came from Cass county to be with the soldier boys on Wednesday and was prostrated that night with heat.

A 15-year-old son of Carl Mayberger, a well-to-do farmer living near Oconee, Platte county, was drowned in the Loup river while engaged with others in seining. He got into quicksand and before assistance could reach him he had been drawn under the water. The body was not recovered until the next afternoon. The lad was born in that county. The parents are heartbroken over the sair.

Thieves entered the office of the Chicago Lumber company at Grand Island and blew the door from the safe with giant powder, but secured only a few postage stamps. The money had been all banked the day before. There is no clue to the perpetrators. This is the third time within six months that the same safe has been broken open and in the same office.

William H. Moore of St. Louis, president of the State and Interstate Good Roads and Public Improvement association, is in Omaha for a few days and will return early in November to call a meeting there to organize an association and prepare for representation at the national convention to be held next spring. President Moore says that the good roads sentiment is making astonishing progress, and that it is becoming especially strong among the farmers of the various states. He now has over forty conventions booked in Illinois, Minensota, Wisconsin and other middle western states, and each of these will send delegates to the national convention. He is trying to enlist the sympathies of the local commercial organizations in the movement and will complete the work on his next visit.

Lieutenant Colonel Eager called at the office of the adjutant general, and, in accordance with the act of congress regulating the care and custody of regimental flags of volunteer regiments, turned over to the representatives of the governor the First regiment's flags. There was no ceremony, apart from the formal discharge of the duty imposed by law upon the late commander of the regiment as the depositor, and upon the adjutant general as the recipient of the charge. The flags were placed in the vault of the adjutant general's office for safe keeping, until the cases provided by the act of the last legislature are put in place. The flags were guarded by Lieutenant Colonel Eager, and as soon as the duty could be performed they were turned over to the state, in whose care they are precious relics, to be preserved sacredly as long as there is a state of Nebraska. Lieutenant Colonel Eager called upon the governor and other friends at the state house during his stay in Lincoln.

Arthur Weir, formerly an Omaha printer, has given up the case and gone into a good-paying business. Last spring Mr. Weir left Chadron and went down to Gordon and rented a patch of about fifteen acres of cultivated land under an irrigation ditch. Then he put the whole thing into onions. In the care of the crop he organized the town boys into a Weedy Onion club and took them onto the little farm for a month. Between fishing and swimming and other sports the lads cleaned that big patch of onions as free of weeds as could be. Then Mr. Weir took them all bac kto town and paid them well. Their weeding did the work, and now Weir has onions that will yield almost a car to the acre, and he expects to net about 35 cents per bushel at harvest time. He will ship several carloads to the east and will clean up a few thousand dollars for his summer's labors. He will probably invest his money in cattle and raise more onions next year than he did this.

Mrs. Sarah Radcliff, a patient at the asylum for the insane at Lincoln, committed suicide some time during Wednesday night of last week. Her body was found the next morning, hanging from the grating over the window in her cell. She had strangled herself by tying a stocking around her neck and then looping the stocking with a piece of rag, which may have been used for a bust supporter. The rag was run through the bars and tied, and then Mrs. Radcliff let her entire weight come down upon the stocking about her neck. Her feet might have touched the floor, but when found her legs were stretched out on the floor, as though she had had hard work to keep from letting her weight rest on her throat. Coroner Holyoke being out of the city, Superintendent Coffin telephoned the Sheriff's office and Deputy Frank Woodward went out to the asylum to investigate the case. He found that it was a clear case of self-destruction while the victim was insane, and he did not deem it necessary to hold an inquest. Miss Cora Enlow, one of the attendants, stated that it was the rule to allow the women patients to take nothing into their cells but their night clothing, but that Mrs. Radcliff had evidently succeeded in smuggling in one of her stockings and the rag mentioned above. Miss Enlow said that she had noticed that Mrs. Radcliff was nervous Wednesday, but attributed no intention to commit suicide. Clara Beach, another attendant, said that she had noticed that Mrs. Radcliff was restless Wednesday night, going to her door every half hour or so during the night to look out through the bars. She was about fifty years of age, weighed about five hundred pounds, and had been in the asylum for some time.

DREYFUS BREAKS DOWN

DEVIL'S ISLE PRISONER GIVES WAY TO SOBS AND GROANS.

"To My Wife Is Due the Fact That I Still Live," Are the Words Which Fall From His Lips.

Rennes, France.—(Special.)—Dreyfus had the most trying day he has yet gone through. The strain proved too great for him, and for the second time in the course of the trial, he gave way to his feelings and sought relief in tears. The generals have branded him as a traitor before the court, their subordinates have pointed the finger of scorn at him. But he only once flinched—when the official report of his treatment on Devil's island was read before him and the pictures of his sufferings, mental and physical, was thrown vividly on the screen of his memory. Then he hid his features and wept.

He passed through another such crisis today when, after Captain Lebrun-Renault and witness after witness had brought up before him that cold January morning which ushered in the scene of his degradation, Major Forzinetti, a man of heart, told in simple words and unaffected manner, the story of Dreyfus' struggle with the maddening temptation to take his life, and the intervention of his wife, as an angel, pointing out the road of duty. Then again the prisoner's breast heaved with emotion and tear drops trickled down his cheeks. He rose and after forced effort to remain calm, as he spoke a few words concerning his denial to Colonel du Paty de Clam that he wrote the bordereau, he turned to Forzinetti with a look of thanks for his consolation so needed. Dreyfus then uttered these words of heartfelt gratitude to his wife for the courage with which she inspired him:

"It is due to her," he cried, "that I am alive today."

The prisoner could articulate no more, but sat down abruptly to conceal his distress.

BREAKS DOWN UTTERL.

The proceedings concluded a few minutes later and he was taken back to his prison, where his wife visited him, and in the presence of Mme. Dreyfus and the gendarme on guard, he broke down completely. The tension had been too much for him. He sobebd convulsively and the partner of his sorrows joined him in a solace of tears.

Captain Lebrun-Renault and the supporters of his assertion of Dreyfus' confession had an inning lasting nearly the entire session, their depositions containing little but what had been presented before the court of cassation.

Captain Lebrun-Renault introduced the assertion that the fact that he had not related the incident of the confession to President Casimir-Perier was because he overheard himself called "canaille," "cur" and "traitor," while waiting at the Elysee. He, however, could not explain why he kept this to himself for so long a time instead of recounting the incident before the court of cassation. Nor did his explanation as to why he destroyed the page of his notebook containing the record of Dreyfus' confession, sound very convincing.

The other witnesses were a repetition of Captain Lebrun-Renault. But a very significant question was put to Colonel Guerin by a member of the court, Lieutenant Colonel Brongniart, who sits at Colonel Jouaust's right hand and always puts pointed questions. He has thoroughly studied the Dreyfus case, and is reputed to be one of the best authorities on the case. It is certain Colonel Jouaust consults him frequently during the proceedings. Brongniart is said to be a rabid anti-Dreyfusard, and he today, in a quiet tone, asked Colonel Guerin, if he thought M. Weil, who is a friend of Esterhazy, also knew Dreyfus. The latter at once rose and declared he had never before heard of Weil.

PLAN OF THE GENERALS.

The point of this question was that Esterhazy has written to Colonel Jouaust, as announced, and has undoubtedly mentioned Weil as a go-between for Dreyfus. This is the person referred to in previous dispatches as "V," a mistake for "W." If relations can be proven between Dreyfus and Weil, then he could assume Dreyfus was a traitor. The generals, if sufficient evidence of a Dreyfus-Weil-Esterhazy connection can be produced, can abandon the contention that Dreyfus wrote the bordereau and admit Esterhazy as the author of it. This is possibly the change of tactics hinted at on the part of the generals.

It was reported that Generals Mercier, Roget and Gonse, who are staying quietly at the house of a friend some miles outside Rennes, met at General Mercier's house and discussed the evidence Colonel Schwartzkoppen's housekeeper, Mme. Batain, could give, if she were subjected to a severe examination, with the result that it was decided her evidence would not be conclusive enough to justify summoning her as a witness for the prosecution.

NATIVES RULE THEIR OWN TOWN.

Washington, D. C.—(Special.)—General Lawton's course in extending municipal government in the Philippines is explained in detail in Manila newspapers just received at the war department. They state that the general has made a tour of many towns along the line of his division, including Santa Ana, Pandacan and San Felipe, and has established in each a complete system of civil government. The inhabitants of the towns are to have entire charge of sairs according to General Lawton's system. The general called before him the principal men of the towns and after pointing out the general purposes and desires of the American government had the natives designate a mayor, vice mayor and head men for the several wards. General Lawton explained to the inhabitants that the United States government did not wish to meddle at all with the local affairs of the people and they were told to proceed with tax levies, to start schools and public improvements and to establish such civil offices as they saw fit.

The people were told that the tax money was to be expended at home and none of it was to be contributed to the general government. General Lawton also established the first civil government at Balinag, Senor Guerrero being installed as captain general. Local governments also have been put in force at Bacoo, Paranaque and Le Pinas.

STILL WAITING.

She sits in the corner by the green stove and waits for him. She has waited for over a year, and he has not come yet.

A year is as long to old age as it is to childhood. The sun filters green through the geraniums in the window, and rests on her, but it cannot warm her, says the Westminster Budget. Her bones are cold with the chill of time. On her lap, twined about her knobby hands, lies her rosary of coarse wooden beads strung on a brass chain.

From time to time her fingers move, and her violet lips stir silently. She is praying that he may come.

And the spring, with its blossomy plumbough, and the summer, with its green, purple-globed gloom, slide by.

She watches the window and wonders.

Then the cold blue of the square of sky is scratched across by bare black boughs and autumn is here.

They pile the stove full of wood and the air quivers dizzily about it. The plum tree is streaked with snow, the window shrinks whitely to half its size. It is winter and still he tarries.

The sweat stands on the faces of her sons, as they sit in the tight-closed room evenings, but she shivers under the feather bed they have heaped about her. It is cold.

The priest comes and shouts at her that God is good, that she must be patient.

Then she answers chatteringly: "Ja, ja. Der lieber Gott—der lieber Gott"—she can get no further. She is eighty-three years old. She has lived her life. Is this a prologue? Or an epilogue?

They are kind to her. Her grandsons carry her to and from her bed, and one of her granddaughters feeds her and wipes her chin.

They do their duty. But Linchen is engaged to the blacksmith's Emil, and they are waiting, as well as she, for his coming. Will he never come?

One day she grows impatient. "I want to go," she cried to the priest. "I have waited long enough. God has forgotten me."

"The dear God never forgets."

"I am only a poor peasant woman, and he has forgotten me," she insists obstinately.

"Hush!"

She pushes away the feather bed and sits up suddenly. "I am an old woman and you are a boy. I tell you, he has forgotten me."

Then she cries bitterly and begs his pardon.

He quiets her and goes out into the cold stillness of the December day. He wonders, too.

That night she cries out in her sleep. She thinks her baby wants her, and that she cannot go to him.

Her baby, a gaunt man of fifty, comes in and sits by her.

"Na, mutter, sei ruhig," he says. Then she cries and explains to him that she can wait no longer. She must go.

"Ja, ja, you shall go. Only a little patience."

The next morning she refuses to eat, and prays for the souls of her children now in Purgatory. That night the wind comes up and the window rattles frantically in its socket. She does not call any one all night.

In the morning they go in to see her. She is lying with her mouth open, her eyes half closed. The sun falls on her yellow face.

Her daughter crosses herself. "Herman—die Mutter—" she began. "Peace be to her soul."

Then the half closed eyes open. "Morge'."

She is still waiting.

A Lesson By Kaiser Frederick

The memoir of Kaiser Frederick, just published in Berlin, gives many interesting anecdotes about the kindly monarch whose reign was cut off in such untimely fashion. Among them is one in which Jenny Lind figures.

Jenny Lind was at a small inn, waiting for the post chaise that was to carry her to Coblenz, and, inspired by the beauty of the landscape and the quiet of the moonlit night, was singing a ballad for her own amusement, when mine host appeared to beg her to repeat the last verse for the benefit of some Bonn students, newly arrived.

The songstress, who was sitting in a vine-clad arbor, responded, and when she had finished a broad-shouldered, tall young man entered, exclaiming: "Only Jenny Lind can sing so beautifully." With that he pressed a bouquet of wild roses into her hand and led her out into the garden. Yes, that was the face; those were the blond locks of Jenny Lind! The singer smilingly accepted the student's thanks and said: "You are a student; sing us one of your own songs."

Bowing gracefully, the blond giant sat down at the piano on the veranda, and sang Arndt's great battle hymn: "Was Blasen die Trompeten! Husaren, Heraus!" ("The Bugles are Sounding! Hussars, ride fast!"

"The beautiful melody; I would like to know it," said Jenny Lind, when the student, whom his comrades called "Fritz," had ended.

"The Swedish nightingale wishes to learn a German war song? Ah, that is superb!" cried Fritz. "If you will permit me I will repeat the words for your benefit until you know them by heart. The melody, I dare say, you have mastered already." And for a full hour Fritz and Jenny sat side by side at the old piano, singing together, repeating verse after verse, once, thrice, ten times, until the great songstress was letter perfect. Then she sang it once more as only she could sing it, quite unconscious of the fact that in the meantime her audience had increased by a venerable old man whom the students regarded with the greatest respct.

Now the soft notes of the postillion's horn sounded from afar, and a little later the chaise drew up at the gate. Jenny Lind rose hastily. "I must away," she said, "and may never see you again, for in a few weeks I will cross the Atlantic to sing in America. I shall not forget this evening, though, and as I have introduced myself, I beg to know your names, gentlemen, especially that of the student who taught me the German hymn."

Then the old man spoke up. "I thank you in the name of my pupils for your kind words," he said. "This madame, is his royal highness, Crown Prince Frederick, and I am Ernst Moritz Arndt, author of the song you learn ed from him."

TEXTS ON GOLD LEAF.

People outside of regular dealers in gold leaf are occasionally surprised when they purchase books of the material to find that the paper leaves between the sheets of gold have texts of scripture printed on them. Looking closer they find that the paper leaves are actually cut from the Bible. Speaking of this, the head of a Chicago firm which deals in gold leaf said:

"The gold leaf which is put up in books made from paper leaves cut from the bible comes from England. There is no intention to be irreverent in packing the gold leaf in this way. Most of it goes to the stores where they sell artist's materials, and is packed between printed sheets because the slight indentations in the paper made by the printing serve to hold the delicate film of gold in place.

"Why is it that the bible is generally used? Simply for the reason that the Bible is usually printed in very small type, and is always very evenly set, and the impression of the type on the paper is very light, but enough to hold the gold leaf in place without injuring it. Another book that is used for the same purpose is the book of common prayer, the small type edition, of course. The paper is always very fine and smooth and when printed the leaves are just adapted for the purpose of holding the gold leaf.

"The first time I was asked for an explanation on this point was when I had a store for the sale of artist's materials. A gentleman who bought several books of English-made gold leaf came to me and asked me if paper was so scarce where the gold leaf was made that they had to cut up bibles for the purpose of packing the leaf. He had noticed that the sheets of gold leaf were packed between sheets of printed paper, but paid no attention to it until his eye caught a scriptural text that had often puzzled him. It was the passage 'Iron sharpeneth iron; so a man sharpeneth the countenance of his friend.' Then he saw that the gold leaf was placed between cut-up pages of the bible. He seemed to think that the sheets of the bible were used by some religious manufacturer who thought some one might be converted by reading a stray text. He said he was almost startled when he read the text he was puzzling over and looked disappointed when I explained in a matter-of-fact way why pages of the bible were used.

"Once or twice very excellent people who bought this gold leaf from me were indignant when they found that the bible was cut up to hold it, and told me I should not encourage the profanation by selling that kind of leaf. Others who were of a different temperament said they were glad to see it, as it might lead some people to reading texts of scripture, by glancing with curiosity at the printed sheets, who never took a bible in their hands. They held that no matter what form it took it was a good thing to circulate texts of scripture."

London's Meat.

Little more than half of the bill that London settles every year goes into the pocket of the English farmer. From the ends of the earth comes this vast supply. This great ogre of a city of ours, before whose gastronomic efforts the feats of all the giants of legend and fairy tale fade into insignificance, has taken his toll of the wild ranchers from boundless western prairies, of the beautiful chestnut-colored herds of the Andalusian mountains, of the piabald-coated cattle that the honest Dutch tend as their own children, and of the sturdy oxen of the North German plains, says Cassell's Magazine. Canada and Australia send us lambs and sheep, the River Platte our ox tongues, Hamburg and Rotterdam our pigs. What an advertisement for the Nevy League! What an object lesson for those who declare our fleet is overgrown!

It passes human comprehension to think what would become of London if our command of the sea were lost and the foreign supplies failed! If the 150,000 live cattle from America that swell the metropolitan cattle herd during the year never reached their destination; if Holland's half million of sheep were forced to remain on the home pastures—in short, if the 140,000 tons of meat, neither bred nor fed in these islands, that London annually consumes, ceased to appear in the butchers' shops of the metropolis.

Making of Mirrors.

The mirror-making industry in the United States employs more than 2,000 persons, and the product is valued at about $8,000,000 a year. The first step in the manufacture is the adjustment of a smooth stone table. Around this table, which can be canted to one side by means of a screw set beneath it, is a groove, in which mercury may flow from one corner into bowls. The table is made perfectly level, then tinfoil is carefully laid over it, covering a greater space than the glass to be coated. The metal is then poured upon the foil till it is nearly a quarter of an inch deep, being prevented from flowing off by strips of glass placed along three sides of the foil. From the open side is slid on the plate of glass, whose advancing edge is kept in the mercury. When its desired position has been reached it is held until one edge of the mercury has run off. It is left for several hours and then placed upon a frame, the "back" by this time being covered with the amalgam which adheres to it. After the amalgam becomes hard the plate is ready for use. Mirror making is generally thought to be dangerous on account of the injury to the health of the operators from the fumes of the quicksilver, but the figures collated by the insurance companies do not appear to sustain this belief.

IS HE A WIZAAD?

Here is a yarn that has been picked up by the Society for Psychical Research. Dr. R. W. Felkin, who had accompanied Emin Pasha on a tour through Uganda and adjacent territory is responsible for it. He says that some time last year his party had got back to Lado, about a thousand miles south of Khartoum, and that he had been without letters from Europe for a year. Naturally, he was impatient for tidings. In that part of Africa he had often come across wizards, who pretended to transform themselves into lions or other animals at night, and to travel immense distances in this guise. They also assert that they acquire information at such times about stolen cattle and other lost property. Dr. Felkin says that, although he has no explanation to offer in regard to these alleged feats, he had a chance to verify one of their stories.

One morning after his arrival at Lado, a man came to his tent, evidently in great excitement, and said that the local wizard or "m'logo," had been roaming about the country the night before, in the form of a jackal. During his rambles, the "m'logo" had visited Meschera el Rek, fully 550 miles away, between Lado and Khartoum. The wizard declared that two steamers had just arrived at tihs point, and had brought mails. He also described minutely the appearance of the English officer accompanying the boats.

Dr. Felkin ridiculed the story. But Emin Pasha took the thing more seriously. He directed that the wizard be brought before him, and questioned the fellow.

"Where did you go last night?"

"I was at Meschera-el-Rek."

"What were you doing there?"

"I went to see some friends."

"What did you see?"

"I saw two steamers arriving from Khartoum."

"Oh, this is nonsense! You could not possibly have been at Meschera-el-Rek."

"I was there," the wizard replied emphatically. "And with the steamers was an Englishman, a short man, with a big beard."

"Well, what was his mission?"

"He says that the great pasha at Khartoum had sent him, and he has some papers for you. He is starting overland tomorrow, bringing the papers with him, and he will be here about thirty days from now."

Dr. Felkin says that thirty-two days later tht Englishman did arrive at Lado, and that he brought letters for the party. The newcomer was Lupton Bey. Of the wizard, Dr. Felkin says that he is satisfied that the man was never outside his native village in his life.

Manufacturing an Alibi

"One evening some years ago," said a New Orleans druggist, to the Times-Democrat, "I was standing behind the counter, just about where I am now, when I saw a man slip in very quietly at the door and stop in the rear of that tall case of fancy goods. I walked over at once and asked what I could do for him, and it was at least half a minute before he replied. 'You don't seem very keen for trade,' he said at length, and he spoke in a curious, gasping voice like a man out of breath. 'I've been waiting here,' says he, 'for a quarter of an hour.' Now, I was positive that he had just come in, but it is always unwise to contradict a customer, so I made no remark.

"'I want you to put me up some quinine capsules,' he went on, 'and be quick about it, for I have an engagement at 8:30 o'clock.' I looked at my watch and told him that he had twenty minutes to spare. I was then exactly 8:10. 'All right,' he said, and I went for the quinine. I handed him the package a few monments later, and as he reached for it he upset a tall vase on the counter and broke it to pieces. It was the clumsiest thing I ever saw, and had any possible motive been apparent I would have sworn he did it on purpose. But he cursed like a pirate, and after some grumbling paid the bill, which was $3, and went away, and I never saw him again.

"Next morning I read in the paper that a murder had been committed in a house nearly half a mile from the store at about 8 o'clock the previous evening. I gave it no special thought, but something like a month later I received a visit from a lawyer, who told me that he represented a certain man who was under suspicion for this very murder, and who expected ally to be placed under arrest. 'My client is not guilty,' he continued, 'and at the time of the crime was nowhere near the house. As nearly as he remembers he was in this store making some trifling purchases. He recalls it, because he accidentally broke a vase. Do you remember the circumstance? I did instantly, and of a sudden the whole thing became clear. You see, my attention had been called to the hour, and the vase-breaking was evidently a ruse to fix the visit in my mind. I looked the lawyer in the eye. 'Your client entered the store at 8:10,' I said, 'and I have reason to believe he was runnig just before he reached it.' That ended the conversation. The man was never arrested, but soon after left the city."

Maud—Captain Dash of the Rough Riders has broken his engagement with Miss Miner. Marie—How did she offend him? Maud—Sent him gold-mounted suspenders as a birthday present.

"It," said the hen, as she surveyed the size-and-a-half egg she had just laid, "will take a pretty good hailstorm to equal that." Even in the lower walks of nature there are ambition and emulation.

"Say, haven't you been eating onions?" asked the patient, sitting up and sniffing suspiciously. "No," answered the barber, "that is the disinfectant."

"I've seen that young fellow somewhere before." "He draws soda water in a downtown drugstore. "That's it. I recognized his fizz."

"I never saw a man of more coaxing disposition than Barber." "That's Barber, all right. Why, he even believes his own lies."—Indianapolis Journal.

THE DUKE WAS KIND.

The late Duke of Buccleugh is one of his walsk purchased a cow in the neighborhood of Dalkeith, which was to be sent to his palace the following mornig. The duke, in his morning dress, espied a boy ineffectually attempting to drive the animal forward to its destination. The boy, not knowing the duke, bawled out to him: "Hie, mun, come here an' gie's a han' wi' this beast."

The duke walked on slowly, the boy still craving his assistance, and at last, in a tone of distress, exclaimed: "Come here, mun, an' help us, an' I'll gi'e you half I get." The duke went and lent the helping hand.

"And now," said the duke, as they trudged along, "how much do you think ye'll get for this job?"

"Oh, I dinna ken," said the boy, "but I'm sure o' something, for the folk up at the big house are guid to a' bodies."

As they approached the house the duke disappeared from the boy and entered by a different way. Calling a servant, he put a sovereign in his hand, saying: "Give that to the boy who brought the cow." The duke having returned to the avenue, was soon rejoined by the boy.

"Well, how much did you get?" said the Duke.

"A shilling," said the boy "an' there's half o' it t'ye."

"But you surely got more than a shilling?" said the duke.

"No," said the boy, "that's a' I got—an' d'ye no think it's plenty?"

"I do not,' said the duke; "there must be some mistake, and as I am acquainted with the duke, if you return I think I'll get you more."

They went back, the duke rang the bell and ordered all the servants to be assembled.

"Now," said the duke to the boy, "point me out the person that gave you the shilling."

"It was that chap there," pointing to the butler. The butler confessed, and attempted an apology, but the duke indignantly ordered him to give the boy the sovereign. "You have lost," said the duke, "your money, your situation and your character, by your covetousness; learn henceforth that 'honesty is the best policy.'" The boy by this time recognized his assistant in the person of the duke, says the Weekly Telegraph, and the duke was so delighted with the sterling worth and honesty of the boy that he ordered him sent to school at his expense.

Honest Fair.

"'Tain't everybody that's got such right feelings as Sally Potter and her ma; I will say that for the Potter's, even if our families aren't going to be connected after al." Mrs. Roberts was speaking to her next door neighbor, Miss Elizabeth Sprawle.

"They're as honest as the day; I know that," that Miss Sprawle, "and I only hope our Ned will find another girl as good as Sally."

"There's not a mile of hard feeling betwixt Ned and Sally," answered Mrs. Roberts; "they're good friends still, only they see they made a mistake getting engaged. They were too young to know their own minds, and Mrs. Potter and I both take blame that we didn't counsel them to wait. But that isn't what I was going to tel you. You recall that sprigged muslin dress pattern that Ned gave Sally when the engagement came out?"

"Well,' continued Mrs. Roberts, "It being so hot last summer, Sally had it made up and wore it, as you probably know, but not enough so but what 'twould have given excellent wear this year if they'd been married. Well, as soon as Sally and Ned decided to break off Mrs. Potter came over, and nothing would do but I should tell her just what the material cost!

"I hated to, but she would have it, and at last I told her Ned paid $6 for it; and today Sally brought over the money in an envelope, and there was, not only the $6, but thirty-six cents interest for the year!

"I told Sally there weren't many folks that would have thought of paying six per cent interest in such a case, but she was real surprised, and said 'twas only what was right. Now, what do you think of that?"

"Ned never'll find another such, I'm afraid!" said Miss Sprawle, and Mrs. Roberts agreed with her.—The Youth's Companion.

A Remarkable Sequel.

A little fun at the Birmingham postoffice led to a remarkable sequel. Among the postal packets was a parcel containing a pair of handcuffs, which were being sent from Derby to a manufacturer in Birmingham to be fitted with a key. The paper covering of the package had, during transit, been badly torn, with the result that when the handcuffs reached the Birmingham sorting officer they were exposed to view. They were an object of curiosity, and presently one of the clerks jocularly clasped one of the cuffs round the wrist of his left hand. To his dismay there was no key to unfasten it, and he therefore went to the central police station. Here a key was found, but as the officer was turning it it broke off in the cuff. The situation, at first comical, had now become really serious. The broken key would have to be drilled out or the handcuff filed through before the clerk could be released from his unpleasant encumbrance. But it was Sunday, and no place of business was open. The clerk therefore returned to the postoffice and explained his plight to the superintendent, by whom he was ordered to go to Derby by the first train the next morning, explain the whole circumstances to the owner of the handcuffs and apologise; and then return to Birmingham and proceed to the manufacturer and have the handcuff taken off.—South Wales Daily News.