REBUKED.

When dainty spring with wakening wand Unchains the prisoned flowers, And trips about with glances fond To find each tender bud and frond. The house plantssigh with longing ere To gather 'neath the open sky And feel the freshening showers.

How eagerly they drink the light !-Like children kept from play. While others frolie full in sight.-They struggle for withheld delight. And press the pane with might and main Sweet freedom's boundless cup to drain, Impatient at delay.

When warmer blows the breath of spring The prison shackles fall-The flowers unlettered fondly cling To garden path, and fragrance fling Out far and wide, on every side, At dewy dawn and events From path to ivied wall.

A rose-geranium I grew Away from wandering eyes. Because it lacked the tempting hue Of sister flowers. And yet it threw Asweeter perfume, day by day, Than any other could essay. For bees and butterflies.

When Jack Frost warned, with fingers hos The shivering flowers to seek Protection in the house once more, This lonely plant-neglected sore Was left to die, all helpiessly. Beneath the glittering, frosty sky. Scourged by the north winds bleak

One day I passed with footsteps light The ivied wall beside, My garments brushed with contact light Its leaves-all blackened by the n ght-Which sweetly shed around my head A sad reproach, that plainly said "Our sweetness has not died!" -Harry Hayden Moore, in Good Housekeeping.

A MOMENT OF ANGER:

The History of Mr. and Mrs. Brownlow's Quarrel

BT ROBERT HOTE.

CHAPTER. V.-CONTINUED. "Very well," responded Mr. Brownlow in a 'ow tone, "it was about eight o'clock when I found out definitely that Mrs. Browniow had departed. I did not want to go and Gine alone with the friends who expected us. I should have been obliged to explain to them my wife's absence; therefore I remained alone at home until eleven o'clock smoking and expecting to see my wife return at any minute. Then being unable to smoke any longer. I went out with the intention of asking whether she had not been seen at the house of her most intimate friends. When I was outside the door I reflected that she could not have sought shelter at the house of any of the persons whom we knew, because they would have immediately sent me word. I reflected that I should wake up people who had been in bed some time, and that I should make a u-eless scandal upon the subject of a family quarrel, of which it was better to wait the natural solution. I strolled up the avenue and into Central Park, where I wandered about a prey to sentiments, sometimes sad, sometimes violent, and I do

marry again to-day no minister or wise jusform the ceremony would dare to do so, for no one could prove me to be a widower. "Here is a contradiction which will not

escape your wisdom. I beg of you, therefore, to send me promptly about my business and go back to your own."

This discourse was exceedingly awkward; it was full of a contemptious con for the institution of the jury, a contemp which the accused would have done better to dissimulate. The public prosecutor profited by this mistake: he took good care to was a forcible resume of all the testimony and an earnest appeal to the jurymen not to be led astray by any idea that the defendant was not in his right mind.

"Wby," he said, "is it that a wealthy man should deliberately refuse to employ counsel in his defense, whose whole course has been contrary to what would be taken by most sensible men! Why has he done so! Because the weight of evidence is so tremendous that he knows there is no escape from it, but his only chance for life, which he, as all men, holds dear, is to convey the impression that he is insane; but up to this time there has been nothing in the career of the defendant which has led any one to suppose that his mind was not as well balanced as that of any other member of this community."

The jury finally retired about four o'clock in the afternoon. What were the circumstances that had most weight upon their minds, and what was the course of their deliberations it would be manifestly improper and, as a fact, impossible to say. The secrets of the jury-room are kept profoundiy sacred in almost all cases. It was certainly so in this. The audience in the courtroom remained for nearly two hours without stirring except to indulge in conversetion. When it was nearly six o'clock word was sent in from the jury-room to request instruction from the court upon a point relative to the value of circumstantial evidence and the evidence of the relatives of the deceased. When the instruction that had been asked for had been given there was another wait, and after the room had grown dark and the janitor had lighted the gas. many of the spectators went out, one after another, believing that the verdict would not be reached that night. The more they waited the more certain it seemed that a disagreement would be the result. And yet when the jury first went out it was the universal opinion that a verdict of guilty would be recorded. At half-past eight a few loungers in the court-room were startled from their ennui by the appearance of the court crier, who came in to announce that the jury were ready to return. The judge, who had been chatting in the consulting room with several lawyers, returned to his place on the bench, and in three minutes the court-room was crowded again to its utmost capacity. Not many of the fashionable people who had been there during the trial were present, but their absence

was more than made up by others who had not know exactly at what hour I returned the bar. The jurymen filed in, led by an der

worthy a moment's consideration which city praying that his sentence be at least Parker. "We are going simply to try to shows that I in any way was responsible for commuted until it should be definitely her death. As a matter of fact, her death is proven that Mrs. Brownlow had died by uncertain, so that if I should be inclined to violence. Various obstacles lay before the success of this petition. Perhaps the greattice or anybody having any authority to per- est was that the incumbent of the Gube natorial chair was a thoroughgoing politi-cian, and would fear to offend the general public by extending to a rich man a favor that might without special risk have been

granted to a poor man. When Mr. Brownlow had been taken to the cell which he would occupy until he should be put to death he called for the services of a lawyer, but not for the purpose of making a move for freedom. He would not permit the lawyer to talk about that, but hmited his services emphasize it in his reply to the jury, which strictly to putting his affairs into such shape that there would be no possible question of their disposition after his death. It was, perhaps, characteristic of the man that in choosing his attorney he passed over the eminent men in the profession whom he personally knew and sent for Mr. Henry Parker, the young lawyer assigned to defend him by the judge, and whom Mr. Brownlow had rebuffed so coldiy and emphatically. The most important work for Mr. Parker was, of course, the drawing up of his strange client's will. Mr. Parker's astonishment may, perhaps, be imagined when Mr. Brownlow directed that all his property without exception should be given to "Mrs. Leonors Brownlow, my wife, when she shall return to her home." Mr. Parker was made trustee for her with a salary of five thousand dollars yearly, to

be drawn from the estate until the lady should appear to claum the property.

The young lawyer protested in vain at his client's extraordinary testament, pointing out that it made him, Parker, actually the

> L'a L'AC

THE TOUNG LAWYER PROTESTED IN VAIN.

that Mrs. Brownlow was alive.

Brownlow, quietly; "I believe it." Sc the will was drawn as directed and duly witnessed by officials of the jail. But

struggied in vain for an opportunity to hear Mr. Parker went about his duties with a the testimony. The defendant was brought strange feeling of oppression and doubt. in from a room down stairs where he had | Was the law about to take the life of an been waiting alone and was placed again at | irresponsible man, or was it about to mur-

discover the truth, and if that truth proves to be that she was murdered and we get at the complete story of the matter, I shall be satisfied, although, I confess, to a certain extent grieved, for I can not but believe

that your daughter is still alive." Mr. Champion simply raised his brows with an expression of pitiable tolerance for the young lawyer's notion and waited for him to proceed

"I would like to ask, first," said Mr. Parker, "for the complete history of your daughter's life from her early childhood up to the time of her marriage, and instead of asking you to tell it to me offhand I will try to get it by certain questions. Now, then, did she have in her childhood any intimate friends to whom she might have fled in this emergency, and with whom she might be in hiding!

"I can think of none," said Mr. Chamdion. "All her friends are people who are well known, and who are in the swim of society and conversant with the news of the day. And it could not be possible that any of them would restrain her from coming back to her parents and friends in such a time as this. There are one or two of her early acquaintances with whom she was intimate until well along in her teens of whom I have lost track, but I know that they live in distant parts of the country and even in foreign countries."

life to whom she might have gone!" continued Mr. Parker.

"I think not," returned Mr. Champion. coldiy. "We restrained our daughter's as- said, as the bostess appeared, and bowing sociates to the grade of society in which low he handed her a heavy beveled-edged she was born. We always discouraged any card, which said: association with poor people."

Then after a pause he asked: "Have the servants that are now in your family been employed by you for many years!" "No, only one or two. We have had the

usual changes of servants that mark every family's domestic history." "Was there any favorite servant in the

family at the time of your daughter's childbood ? '

Mr. Champion thought a moment and then said, with some besitation: "It seems to me there was. As I think of it, there was a woman named Mary something-upon my soul I can not think what her last name was now-for whom our daughter seemed to have the liveliest affection when she was the merest child. She left our employ nearly fifteen years ago, and of course I have known nothing of her since. I am inclined to think you are pursuing a very hadowy clew."

"That may be," said Mr. Parker; "we shall see. We shall see. Would Mrs. Champion know more about this woman, Mary, than you do!"

"She might. I will call her if you expressly desire it." I do

Mr. Parker touched a bell, and when a servant responded to the call, he said: "Ask Mrs. Champion to come to the study." and in a few moments the indy entered. dressed in deep mourning.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SIMPLICITY OF LANGUAGE Sharp, Terse Sentences Versus Verboan,

THE PROFESSOR

The Widow Spencer's Experience with Electric Spectacles.

> HEEE'S somebody knockin' at the door, Mrs. Spencer," gasped the widow's little maid. Norah, bursting into the kitchen one summer morning. "La, me! what shall I do?' exclaimed the mis-

door, but she did not relish her task, and be-

was overtaken and passed by the energetic

On the threshold stood a man whose ap-

pearance indicated that he was a Count or

member of Congress at least. Tall, distin-

guished, with heavy black side-whiskers

and an eye-glass, he was really a being to

"Ah, permit me to introduce myself." he

PROF. DE MAUKE, :

OCTLIST

AND ELECTRICIAN

The printing was very fine, and the widow

He saw her embarrassment, and haugh-

"Permit me, mademoiselle, to decipher

the very minute printing." and he read the

words with a rising inflection on "electri-

Before there was time for the lady, as

tounded also much greatness, to speak, he

continued: "Have I the honor of addressing

"My name is Spencer." responded the

Thanks: I will, for I have important

business to transact with Mademoi -;

beg pardon, madam. It is so easy to mis-

This last compliment was so broad that

the widow, who was " fat, fair and forty."

could not help blushing, and the faintest

Many men had called on Mrs. Spencer

widow, at last finding her tongue, "but there is Mrs. before it. Won't you come

could no more read it than she could fly.

tily took the pasteboard from her.

widow, who opened the door herseif.

command attention.

cian.'

Mile. Spencer, ah!"

take youth and beauty."

in the parlor.

herself.

tress, who, with her

was surely unfit to

I'm busy," she

finally commanded.

"Go an' tell 'em

greet company.

Mme. Spencer." he said, opening the handle. undle. "They are very expensive, but are imply wonderful in their effect." "But I don't want to wear giasses." "It will be necessary to wear these only a

"Here are a pair of electric spects

hort time - say a month and then you will be free from giasses or spectacles of any kind forever '

The patient looked a little dubious, but she took the wonderful spectacies and put them on.

"You will notice the electric balls on the ends of the wires," explained the professor.



WAL B'GOSH !"

putting his hands on either side of her head as if to place the wires straight. "Oh! oh! you hurt me!" exclaimed the

widow, jumping back. "Ha! ha!" laughed the professor: "that was the electricity acting on your nerves." "Why, I thought you had pins in your

fingers or something." "No, madam, it was the magnetic current's action, and you must not be surprised

if it is even more severe at times."

He took off the spectacles and showed her two black balls as large as peas on the ends of the frames and two more on the wires that clasped her head. Then he explained, though she did not understand the expisnation, how the current passed from one to another and completed a circuit, thus curing the most stubborn case of nearsighted-Dess.

For ten days he continued his residence at the farm-house, and his "treatment" of his hostess' eyes. It was the busy season, and it so happened that none of the relations of Mrs. Spencer had called. The whole village, though, knew of her aristocratic boarder and the ladies were wild to see him. He seemed to care to know nobody, however, but paid assiduous attention to the widow.

semblance of a pleased smile was visible on her face when she sat down with her guest Morning, noon and night he was at her side. He praised her farm, her house, her garden, and even praised Norah. He fixed the electric spectacles many times a day, since the year of mourning was over, nearly a half decade ago, but none had had and when after a week he one evening the air and bearing of this one. Her imallowed an arm to drop around his patient's pressible mind, ignorant of the great neck, she was too preoccupied to notice it, world's ways, and easily influenced by the or at least suffered ft to remain. Then he arrogance of the stranger, was all in a went a step farther and actually proposed. whirl, and she hardly knew how to demean The widow was not quite ready to take

such a monstrous step without thinking it "Pardon my mentioning the subject." over, and promised to give him an answ write, say or write it in a plain, simple ticed when I handed you my card that you on the unit day the second state is, wordy); eyes trouble you?" On the unit day the second state is wordy); eyes trouble you?" would talk the matter of Prof. De Mauke over with her brother that afternoon when he came to take his wife home. "How long have ye been wearin' giass as they were sitting around the diningroom table after supper, discussing various little matters of interest to the community and waiting for the members' husbands. Jonas was already there, and he and the professor were talking on the porch outside. "Oh, only a short time," answered Mrs. Spencer. "I ain't agoin' to wear these long. They're jest a little short-cure experiment. "Short cure! What d'ye mean!" inquired Mrs. 'Squire Beanse, "air they some newfangled things?" The inquisitive matron came nearer and eered at the strange articles. "What he them balls on the ends" she queried. "Ahem !" came from the porch, but Mrs. Spencer, proud of her possession, did not notice it.



heir to the property, for no one believed

"You are mistaken," responded Mr.

"There were, then, no friends in humbler "H'm," was Mr. Parker's only retort.

"You did not dine any where then that evening!"

20

44

· No. "Did you take any measures looking towards a discovery of your wife's whereabouts?

"Did you notify her family of her disappearance or her friends !"

"I did not, and for the reasons that I have just now indicated. I believed that she would return soon and I did not care to exnose my domestic relations to criticiam of

outsiders. That nobody has been enabled to find out where she is or what became of her justifies my intention upon that matter

"You pretend to say that she went away in evening dress without any other clothes! "That I can swear to."

"Are you aware that Mrs. Brownlow made a will in which she bequeathed all her property to you !"

"No. sir. I am ignorant of the existence of any such paper."

"But it was written at a date which precedes your wife's disappearance by a few days only."

The defendant did not answer.

"You have heard the testimony concern ing the opera closk and the identification of the remains of Mrs. Brownlow. Have you any thing to offer upon that subject!"

"Simply this, that I was considerably disturbed when the cloak was shown me. because it did seem to be evidence that some trouble had befallen her which I knew not of. As for the body identified as that of Mrs. Brownlow, I do not believe that it was she. There is no good evidence before the court to prove that it is."

"Would you not consider the evidence of her relatives as good for the purpose of identification in this case!"

"Your honor." said the district attorney. "I have no more questions to ask."

CHAPTER VI.

The judge turned to the prisoner and asked if he had not any witnesses whom he wished to have heard in his behalf. Mr. Brownlow quietly responded that there were none: he had told his story, that was sufficient for him.

"If you have any thing to say to the jury. then," said the judge, addressing the prisoner once more, " you have the opportunity to do so now.

Mr. Brownlow's address was brief: "Gentlemen of the jury," said he, "the hazard of drawing by lot has gathered upon your bench twelve citizens, strangers to each other, belonging to the most diverse classes and professions, each one occupied with any thing rather than criminal psychology, and badly prepared, undoubtedly, to discern the true from the false or to draw the reality from the mist of the clever sophistries of the public prosecution, well drilled as it is, and wearing as it does the judicial apparel which the prosecution renders solemn in order to strike with better effect apon your imagination. You would, therefore, be very excusable if it should sometimes occur that you acquit criminals and condemn the innocent. But the affair which is to-day submitted to you is too simple for your conscience to be led astray, and you will need to make no great effort of good common sense to set aside an accusation in which the first element of likelihood is lacking. You are asked to declare that I have killed my wife, yet my prosecutors have found it an impossibility to present any clear evidence that my wife was the victum of my violence. They have, it is true, declared that a certain corpse found in the river in an advanced state of decomposition was that of Mrs. Brownlow, but when you consider the mo-tives that would lead the family of Mrs. Browniow, prejudiced as they are, to identify these remains as her body, you need not think long before you decide that such evidence is wholly untrustworthy. But

on the bench

Mr. Brownlow looked at their faces incould he discern a hint of what was to come. When all had been seated and the roll had been called, the clerk proceeded to put the agreed upon a verdict in the case of the de-

fendant at the bar!" "We have," answered the foreman. "Gentlemen, what say you, is the de-

fendant guilty or not guilty !" The foreman's face was grave and steady

as he responded: "Guilty, as charged in the indictment "

looked curiously from one face to the other in the jury box, as if wondering what class and manner of men they could be who could arrive at such a decision upon the facts as presented in the trial. There was a slight pause before the proceedings were resumed. When they were the clerk said : "Gustave

Brownlow, stand up." When the prisoner had risen to his feet these questions followed :

"What is your age!"

"Thirty-one."

"Your place of residence?"

"No. - Fifth avenue."

"What is your occupation !"

Mr. Brownlow paused for a moment, then he responded : "I have no business." After that he was permitted to sit down again, but in a moment more the judge, who had been sitting with his eyes upon the ceiling and a most abstracted expression upon his face, ordered him once more to stand

"Prisoner," said the court, "you have been accused of the most beinous of crimes your side of the case in its most favorable light. That you have deliberately refused the circumstances of the crime. It is our head of the family, he said : part only to execute the orders of the law. " I am Henry Parker, sir, the member which you have been convicted is one that can not be palliated by any circumstances. and I can not therefore permit either mercy degree the penalty which the law provides for murder. Nevertheless, I give you one more opportunity to say if you have any reason to offer why seatened of death should

not be passed upon you." Mr. Brownlow looked at the court for a noment steadily and then said: "I have only this to say, that the result of this trial is the most severe condemnation that could possibly be made of the jury system."

"Prisoner," said the judge, sternly, when he saw that Mr. Brownlow had nothing further to offer, "you have persistently aggravated your situation from beginning to end. It would be impossible now, if it ever had been, to exercise any discretion in the matter of regulating your sentence. The sentence of the court is, therefore, that you be taken to the county juil, confined there until Friday, the 21st of January, and that you be then taken from your cell and hung by the neck until you are dead, and may God have mercy upon your soul. Gentiemen of the jury, you are discharged." efforts of either friends or reporters to intercede in his behalf, or enter into couversation with him, he simply asserted that he

had said what he had to say. But his friends did not let the matter rest. As the de-fendant's course had precluded any possi-bility of securing a new trial, all they could

officer of the court, and took their places up- these. If he were hanged the will could not be contested successfully by Mr.

Brownlow's relatives, for it would be the tently as they passed, but in none of them | theory of the law that any question of Mr. Brownlow's sanity had been settled by the trial. And yet the unfortunate man seemed to be irrational. And yet again Mr. formal questions: "Gentlemen, have you | Parker could not help a feeling that he was innocent.

The young lawyer decided that in the time intervening before the execution he would make a great effort to discover the truth of Mrs. Brownlow's disappearance.

CHAPTER VIL

The young lawyer went about his work There was a slight rustle in the court- in a methodical way. He said to himself: room as all eyes were turned upon Mr. "The possibilities in this case are very few; Brownlow. He did not move a muscle, but it should be reasonably easy to eliminate all things which are not possible from consideration, and so concentrate attention upon those things which were most likely to happen Now, then, the first point which may be taken as a ciew is this: Mrs. Brownlow left the house altogether unprepared for a journey. She was not only in evening dress, but so far as the efforts of the detectives have shown any thing, it is clear that she went away without any money in her pocket to pay for a journey of any considerable length. The matter, then, resolves itself into one of two general things: She is either dead, having been killed, or met with some fatal a cident before getting far from her house, or she is alive and in this immediate vicinity. There is no reason to think that any other horn of the dilemma can be found. Now, if we proceed upon the theory that she is alive, and that is a thing that we must do now, it is necessary to find out in what part of this vicinity she might be. That, then, is the one problem that confronts me."

Having gone thus far in his analysis of of which it is possible to accuse any citizen. the situation, Mr. Parker came to a dead You have had every opportunity to present stop. It was night, and he was at his ofthe situation, Mr. Parker came to a dead fice, and long after the other occupants had left for their homes he remained, his to do so can have no weight with this court feet in the air and an unlighted cigar in in passing sentence for the crime of which his lips, pondering over the situation. The you have just been convicted. It is not for next morning he started for the house of us to act as your defender, or to extenuate Mr. Champion, and when he had found the

and in so doing I am obliged to consider the bar who was assigned by the court to that this jury before whom you have been act as the counsel in behalf of your sontried is fully competent, as I believe it was, in-law on the occasion of his recent trial to determine with accuracy and justice the He absolutely declined to receive my servtruth of this terrible matter. The crime of ices, but has since employed me in other matters. It is without his knowledge or consent that I come here now to see if I can not do something further to clear up or any other consideration to modify in any the mystery surrounding the disappearance of your daughter."

Well, sir," said Mr. Champion, rather brusquely, "do I understand you to hint that I have any more knowledge of the matter than that I have given upon the witness-stand and to the officers of the law !" "Pardon me, sir," replied Mr. Parker "for having stated my errand in such terms as should have allowed you to make that most unhappy inference. I believe that you have been profoundly antious to find out the truth regarding your doughter, and that you have done all in your power to ghis that and further the ends of justice, but while I do not pretend to say that I have had one or two ideas share the trial, I will say that it has seemed to me possible that something further might be done, and it is with that rather shadowy notion in my mind that I have come to you, believing that you will accord me your hearty co-operation whatever I may attempt

"Very well, sir," said Mr. Cha tiemen of the jury, you are discharged." will not interpase any obstacies to your Mr. Brownlow received the sentence as he had the verdict, without flinching, and to all could shake my belief that Mrs. Brownlow was murdered by her hushand "

"Nothing !" queried the young lawyer, in return. "Not even the pro

Indy alive?" "Ab, well, that is another matter," said Mr. Champion. "If you are going to vork that about a public of the find on tinues of the find on tin tinues of the find on tinues of the find on

manner. Do not be verbose (that is, wordy) ; eyes trouble you!" do not aim at a florid style; above all things, avoid the grandiloquent (fine talk- when the sun shines in them," answered ing). Words were not designed to obscure Mrs. Spencer, evasively. thought. High-sounding phrases do not indant; the Anglo-Saxon is essentially vig-GPOUS.

A simple style of speaking or writing can be graceful and elegant. Even sublime thoughts are most charming when clothed in simple language. "God said, Let there be light, and there was light" What can be grander than the thought, and yet what can be simpler than the language !- all monosyllables, but compact with vigor. "Are not two sparrows sold for a farthing! and one of them shall not fall to the ground with out your Father," etc. Suppose we change that to "The feathered tribes are considered of small importance, and yet they share the protection of Providence." Does that not greatly weaken the passage? The energy and the searching sense of the ap peal are gone.

Most of the frequently quoted sentences that have come down to us from classic times are sharp, terse sentences. Of more modern times the remark is just as true. What made General Dix's order so famous but its short, sturiy, vigorous character! He said: "If any man pulls down the American flag, shoot him on the spot." It was spoken at the right time in the righ" way, and subsequently made him Governor of a great State. Such would not have been the result had he worded his order as follows: "If anybody removes the United States colors from the pole, enter comple against him at the earliest convenience, and have him committed for trial at the next term of the supreme court for the county. Balfour's style was gorgeously verbose; Erskine's, on the contrary, was crisp and vigorous. The following anecdote is told bout the two barristers: Coming into court one day Erskine noticed that Balfour's ankle was bandaged. "Why, what brother's garden, and on coming to a gate "short spell!" I discovered that I had to climb over it, by Without gi blood." "You may thank your lucky stars." was not as lofty as your style, for you cer- | mently speiled." tainly would have broken your neck "-

Detroit Free Press.

A Cool But Just Critician

"Miss Doddleton," said a young man "did you read the poem that I sent you!" "Yes," replied the young lady, rathe "How did you him it?"

"I had only one fault to find with it." What was that!"

"It was a little bit too hag there we And the youth sat down in the con saily remembered that there were only two verses to the competition - Sorthant

"MARE it very strong and close, John, said a Western lady to the magre was was building a new garden fence. "My Chris-tianity can't stand the test of my neighbor's pigs and chickens." "I b'lieve you, mussis," was the old man's emphatic re sponse; "mae f in allus attice cht der was an end to all peace an' good-will an' naborliners an 'ligion whar dar warn't no

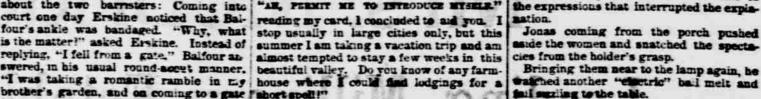
Boys, if you have any thing to say or said the professor, urbanely; "but I no- in three days. Trite say or write it in a plain simple ticed when I handed you my card that you On the third

"Not a-that is, only a little sometimes "O. I see, madam. You need not be at all

dicate the scholar. Monosyllables are abun- diffident about it. Frequently girls of four- Mis' Spencer !" asked the minister's wife, teen are compelled to remain at home constantly on account of weak sight and you need have no compunctions because you who are probably ten years older than that

begin to be troubled." "To be honest." admitted she, mollified by the remark." I am beginning to be a little-just a little-near-sighted. But I won't wear glasses, though."

"Quite right, although a great many people do. However, as to my reason for calling. I am a professor of the eye, an oculist. I stopped to inquire the way to the next town, but when I saw your difficulty in



Without giving her time to answer he which I came in contact with the first bar, rattled on with the following propertien: and grazed the epidermis of my leg. which "Why not let me board here and theat your has caused a slight extravasation of the eyes for payment! You would not, I presume, care to go to a bungling country phyreplied Erskine, "that your brother's gate sician to have your orbs of vision perma-

The proposal was startling, but the upshot of the matter was that it was accepted and the professor was escorted to the best

How pleasant he appeared when he came down to dinner! He talked of art and science, and told her of his life, bow be had began your and worked his way up wall he was worth a quarter of a million, with no one The widow Shought abe bei seter met such a fine gentleman, and in turn confided to him a history of the late Spencer and form upon which she lived and which joked that of any writer forms. The tonicer grew more continental after this, and, dinner being finished, he explained how he had made so much money.

"I have spelled the electricity. "I have spelled the electric current to medicine in such a way as to produce the most startling results. You have no idea of the wonders I have performed. Why, the deaf are made to hear, the balt and have to walk and the blind set."

"La! that is mighty wonderful!" en imed the widow.

"Yes, and you shall see for you maken, what I can do." "Oh, grafesser, hout" "By treating your own can." "With clarutchy ?" "A peany for your thoughts, dear," said ayoung mother to her little daughter who "I can not sell them, menune," answer

"They are 'lectric balls to cure the nerves," was her somewhat ambiguous an-

"How do they work !" asked half a dozen adies, coming forward, all agog with curi-

The professor hemmed and hawed upon the porch but he was not heeded.

Mrs. Spencer took off the wonderful spectacles and handed them to Mrs. Beanse. "How strange they be!" exclaimed that lady, advancing toward the iamp. "Do they help your sight yet?"

"Yas s, I think they do some good, though I can't see much difference. The 'lectricity. you know, goes through-"

"Why, Mrs. Beanse, what air ye doin'f" "Look, the balls is meitin' an' droppin' off !" "What air they made of?" were some of the expressions that interrupted the expinmation.

Jonas coming from the porch pushed aside the women and snatched the spectacies from the holder's grasp.

fail suzing to the table.

tin: dais. "Jerusha, where'd ye git these blamed things!"

"The professor," Mrs. Spencer answered in a frightened tone.

Jonas made one long stride which carried him almost to the porch-the professor was gone.

And he did not appear again.

The spectacies were confiscated by the angry Jonas, who vowed he would horsewhip the rascal if he caught him.

The Widow Spencer is still a widow. She never confided her pupposal to Jonas, and she dislikes very much the word "electric." Though she has hard work sometimes to read even very coarse print, she has not yet, and declares she never will, wear another pair of spectacies.

CHARLES M. HARGER

A Nantient John

"So your hasherd has gone to Europe. to her dear friend Mrs. Olive Green at the inst reception. "My husband hass't gone to Europe and

iss't thraking of such a thing," respo started such a story!"

"Why," answered Mrs. Olive Green, with a look of well-bred surprise, "I was told this very ovening that he was half-cons

A Wise Anen

even if it should prove true that the body thus found was that of Mrs. Brownlow, there is still not a particle of evidence influential and weakthy residents in the there is still not a particle of evidence influential and weakthy residents in the there is still not a particle of evidence influential and weakthy residents in the there is still not a particle of evidence influential and weakthy residents in the there is still not a particle of evidence influential and weakthy residents in the there is still not a particle of evidence influential and weakthy residents in the there is still not a particle of evidence influential and weakthy residents in the there is still not a particle of evidence influential and weakthy residents in the there is still not a particle of evidence influential and weakthy residents in the there is still not a particle of evidence influential and weakthy residents in the start and the morning with a mys-

