#### STRIKING A MATCH.

"Well, Miss Hildeburn, I must say I'm real sorry you and Mr. Sangster have fallen out like that."

"Oh, Mrs. Collins, indeed you are mistaken. There has been no 'falling out' between Mr. Sangster and myself. Indeed, I am not on sufficiently sociable terms with any of your gentlemen boarders to have a quarrel."

Saying which Miss Hildeburn, a slight, delicate-featured girl of 18, walked out of the room with even more than her wonted dignity of manner and carriage.

"Nevertheless, notwithstanding," pursued Mrs. Collins, resuming her ironing, "I do believe there's been a misunderstandin' between those two; and a real pity it is, for he did admire her amazin'ly. He couldn't conceal it. Only they seldom knows what is good for 'em, and she's a lettin' her pride stand in the way of her happiness now."

"Pride, indeed!" sneered Miss Jane Humphries, Mrs. Collins' niece and assistant, a tall, red-haired, stylishly dressed damsel of five-and-thirty." I'd like to know what right a girl who earns her livin' by givin' music lessons at 50 cents an hour has to be proud; and as for Mr. Sangster, I don't be lieve he ever had a serious thought about her.'

"La, Jane, I don't know where your eyes kin be, if you didn't see how fairly wrapped up in her he was about two weeks ago. He's a splendid young man, anyhow, and I'll see if I can't mend matters between 'em.

"You'd better bemindin' yourown business, I think, Aunt Martha,' said Miss Jane, with a spiteful laugh "Never you mind, Jane," persisted the warm-hearted Mrs. Collins; "I'll manage it some way. You say she's

afraid of ghosts, poor lamb!" The following evening the kindhearted landlady tapped at the door of the scantily furnished fourth-story room occupied by Lucy Hildeburn, and from which now proceeded a

melancholy strain. "Studying your piano at nights rain?" queried Mrs. Collins reproachfully, when the young girl opened the door.

"I am very busy just now, and must put all the time I can into

"Well, but you mustn't forget what the doctor told you about overworkin' your brain," said Mrs. Collins. 'However," she added, "I won't detain you longer'n I ken belp. I'm come to ask a favor. I'm goin' to the theater this evening.' So is Jane.

So's everybody in the house, I b'lieve; and the girl has gone to bed with a toothache. So I'm goin' to ask you to give an eye to the furnace. I've just put on fresh coal and opened the lower doors; but will you please go down at 8 o'clock and close the

"Certainly," assented Lucy, upon which Mrs. Collins produced a lantern, saying:

"Just take this down with you. The cellar's all dark, you know.' Lucy took the lantern, closed the room door and returned to her piano, while Mrs. Collins walked away,

chuckling to herself. "That lantern 'll go out just five minutes after she sets it down, and she'll find herself all in the dark. And she's afraid of ghosts, poor lamb! But what if somebody who ain't a ghost should happen to be goin' be obliged to strike a match to calm

her fears?" And even while indulging in this pleasing reflection, Mrs. Collins tapped at a door on the second floor. Her summons was responded to by a pleasant-looking young man, who just now, however, wore a very de-

jected countenance.

"La! Mr. Sangster, I didn't expect to find you at home this evening.' "I didn't feel like going out tonight," replied the young man in a weary tone.

"Well, since you are going to be at home," said Mrs. Collins, "would you be so kind as to look after the furnace? I've left the lower doors open but I'll be very much obliged if you go down at about 8 o'clock and close em. And you needn't take a light. There'll be one down there,'

Mr. Sangster readily promised to comply with the request, and Mrs. Collins went away, hoping for what she considered "the right results." Meanwhile, poor Lucy Hildeburn, sitting at her piano, continued to

draw forth such melancholy strains that the tears rolled down her cheeks. "I must go away from here," she said, halfaloud, "I can't bearit much longer, indeed I can't, seeing him day after day, loving him as I do, and knowing that matters can never be adjusted between us. He is as proud as I-but, oh dear! what am I thinking of? It wants just two min-

utes to 8. I must go down and close the furnace doors. Thereupon she lighted the lantern

and proceeded down stairs. Ugh! What a chill draught was blowing in through one of the grat-And there were strange noises all

around. Lucy's heart thumped so violently she was tempted to turn and run op stairs again.

But, goodness! The furnace was dreadfully, dangeruosly hot. Lucy summoned up all her resolutions, and, stooping down, closed

They swung to with a bang, and when she essayed to open them the child, sorrowfully.

again she found the effort beyond her strength.

What was to be done in the case of the fire needing more draught. She might, after a while, find it necessary to put on more coal, and

that it would be well to put on more draught. But while she was debating with herself a more serious mishap occurred, for the candle inside the lantern suddenly achieved the most inexplicable somersault and she was

left in utter darkness Moreover, to complicate the miseries of her situation, she now heard stealthy footsteps descending the cellar stairs.

Poor Lucy stood quite still, while her hands clasped together over her heart.

This was a burglar, undoubtedly. He had seen all the male inmates of the house going out and the lights lowered, and had thus chosen his opportunity to come in and conceal himself in the cellar.

The first idea that suggested itself to her was to creep under the steps and remain there until Mrs. Collins' re-

Ere she had time to do this, however, a man's form became visible in the dim, semi-twilight that was shed from the kitchen door above.

Lucy, with a desperate instinct of self-preservation, put up both hands,

exclaiming: "Have pity on me! Oh, have pity and spare my life!"

Upon this the burglar drew back, ery much surprised. "Miss Hildeburn!" he exclaimed, as be struck a match. "What are you

doing here, and how can I serve you?' Now poor Lucy, completely unnerved and dreadfully ashamed of herself, sat down on a reserved coalscuttle and burst into a fit of weep-

Then Mr. Sangster knelt down beside her, and a confused interchange of explanations of various kinds en-

The result was that at the expiraion of a half-hour Mr. Sangster took Lucy in his arms and kissing the

tear-stained face, murmured: "God bless you for this promise, my own darling!"

When Mrs. Collins came home two hours later the house was very quiet, the furnace in good order, and neither Mr. Sangster nor Miss Hildeburn visible. But the following day Lucy confided to her a secret, and Mr. Sangster absented himself mysteriously for about three weeks, After that, Miss Hildeburn also disippeared.

Gone to visit her aunt at Swathmore," Mrs. Collins explained to the other boarders. But a fortnight later the carrier

brought some wedding cards to the

"It was all brought about through the furnace," said Mrs. Collins, with a gleeful chuckle.

But Miss Jane was infinitely disgusted.

## The Humbug of Free Ships,

The Providence Journal contributes its quota of misinformation to a debate that has been going on for everal years, and which never fails to bring out a liberal supply of in-

eptitudes "A few years ago and the United States was the most formidable rival that Great Britain had for the commerce of the world, and now the American flag is practically banished from the high sens. What did it? An absurd law prohibiting the purchase of ships in a free market."

And mighty lucky it is for American capitalists that they are no down there about the same time, and longer owners and navigators of ships on the high seas. For many ears, under high-pressure competition, British, German, and Scandinavian, and with the pauper wages of those countries, the business has been carried on at a constant loss. Except the Cunard Company, which paid one small dividend in 1887, none of the great English lines of steamers has paid a dividend for years, and none is likely to pay a

dividend. By heavy subsidies the Government of Germany, like that of France, maintains these lines with a view to ultimate military purposes; and it is impossible that outside ship owners should compete with them. If our navigation laws were altered so that we could buy in what the Journal calls a free market all the ships we could undertake to run, we should only lose money by the operation. In fact if ships were given us, we could not run them at a profit, unless the coast of repairs and the rates of wages for sailors, stokers and laborers were brought down with us to the lowest limit of England, Germany or Sweden.

We are a great deal better off for being out of that business than we would be if we were in it. Meanwhile, thanks to our wise old laws, our American coasting trade is fairly profitable and bigger than ever before. No English need apply.—N. Y. Sun.

## Little Things Will Tell.

We went to spend a day in the country, and had a fine treat of fried chicken for dinner. Then we took a walk with children, who led the way to the chicken coop.

"All our best chickens are dead," said one of the children, sadly. "Why, what killed them?" "Papa did; but they are going to

die anyway, 'cause they had the 'What became of them?" (This with a heavy heart and squeamish

stomach.) "We fried 'em for dinner," answered

#### The National Pie Esters.

We have been called a nation of pie eaters. From the humblest American citizen to the President of the United States pie occupies a prominent place in the household larder.

Who invented pie is not yet known, nor exactly how the name originated It is generally supposed that the word pie has its origin with the print ers, but just how is lost in obscurity

Talking about the consumption of pies, a good many of them are con sumed at the capitol by our able law makers.

Just off from the rotunda is a lunch stand presided over by a soldier's widow. She is familiarly known as Jennie. Jennie is well known by all in the halls of legislation and visit the little stand to satisfy the inner

On the stand, displayed in a tempt ing manner will be found a variety of cakes, apples, peaches, bananas, sandwiches—beef and tongue— milk

The last named article has a strong hold on the appetite of the solons, and they'll eat pie in preference to anything else. The Critic reporter stopped at the stand the other day to partake of a

little repast, when his attention was

attracted by the usual large number of Congressmen who rely on Jennie to prepare them a small lunch. As a rule the members go to the House restaurant when bungry, but it frequently happens that they can-

not spare the time, so they run over to Jennie's lunch counter. "Jennie," asked the reporter, "what kind of pie do the members eat?"

"What kind of pie? Why, anything, so it's pie. These are grand pies; they never give you dyspepsia, nor the like. But don't you ask me any more questions, because I won't answer them; you reporters are so inquisitive, always finding out things.

'Does Congressman Vance eat pie?' "Yes, nearly all the members eat pie. If they don't cat pie they eat

something."
While the reporter was asking questions Hon. Amos J. Cummings came along and said: "What kind of pie to-day Jennie?"

Apple, plum, pinneapple, blackberry, cocoanut, peach and custard. I keep custard pie for Mr. Vance. "Well, give me a slice of peach and

a glass of milk." Mr. Cummings took the pie in his right hand and gracefully put it out of sight. He doesn't lose much time in masticating a slice of pie.

M. O'Donnell of Michigan does not stick to one kind of pie; he changes off. One day he'll prefer apple, the next cocoanut or blackberry, and so on. He eats his pie with a fork.

Very seldom does the Hon. Joe Cannon eat pie, but occasionally he stops by for a piece of apple pie. Mr. Buchanan of New Jersey is one of the House pie eaters. He gener-

lly lunches on the graps the crust is rather firm he cuts the pie into little squares and washes them down with a swallow of milk. Mr. Fitch and Amos Cummings are

Kuchan, and Jennie keeps it for their special benefit. Chairman Mills of the Ways and Means Committee now and then

very fond of the German dish Zwiawil

patronizes Jennie to the extent of a half of a lemon pie. He uses a fork with his pie. Mr. Guenther, Vice-President of the P. F. O. N. Organization, is an-

other one passionately fond of pie. He eats his pie about two c'clock in the day. "Git me some pie milk," he'll say. "I don't care, so it's pie.

Mr. Boothman of Ohio, like all the Western members, is fond of the seductive pastry. He frequently gets on the outside of two slices of pine-

Mr. Funston of Kansas, who represents an agricultural constituency, like buckleberry pie and Jennie always has a slice put by for him.

Mr. Burrows of Michigan eats his pie as he would apiece of cake. Judge Barnes of Georgia is also a slave to pie.

Tim Campbell eats his pie with a knife. He is very partial to mince pie when in season. Sunset Cox says a man's digestive

organs are out of repair when he can't enjoy pie. Mr. Baker of New York always uses

a spoon when he tackles a slice of custard pie. The New England members as a

rule will eat no other kind of pie than apple,
Big Tom Reed usually eats pie in

the House restaurant. New varieties of pie are constantly making their appearance. The other day Major McClammy of North Carolina wanted some orange pie, while Major Martin inquired for

"Charlie" Mason of Illinois is known in the House as the great Chicago pie eater. He eats nothing but cocoanut pie, and generally he consumes a half-one for lunch. He says that any man who doesn't like pie is worse than a liar.

Epoch: Old Lady (to grocer's boy) -Your store, boy, seems to be very full of flies. Boy-Yes'm; I guess it's that lot of fly paper the boss jest bought that draws 'em in here, Do you want some of lt?

The Idea: Mrs. Lovetalk-So Mr. Gray tipples on the sly? Poor Mrs. Gray! Well, well, every family has a skeleton in the closet. The Doctor's Son (in for the evening)-We haven't. My papa keeps his in the office down

## UNDER CHURCH EAVES

Harris Holbrook, college graduate of a week, prospecting around in harum-searum fashion to work off some exuberant sense of freedom, did not count upon an adventure when he ascended the roof of the old brown church where the workmen were chipping and hammering and jabbering. He had climbed up for a view of the buildings of the city, and "the glory of them."

He was a good-looking, compactlybuilt fellow, in a cool linen suit, as he balanced himself up on the staging, the members and Senators, and indolently, and exchanged civil words every day the stroll from their seats with the workmen. His eyes came back from Trinity and the "New South" to his immediate surroundings. A park and two tall family hotels bounded three sides of the church. Directly below him were the roofs of dwellings, with blooming back yards. The staging extended up to the brown east wing, which olded itself against the body of the church. From his point of view, he ould look into the back third story windows of the wings which had been onverted into a home-like boarding iouse. He had a fleeting glimpse of airy muslin draperies, which tokened a feminine occupant. His curiosity was excited at once. He could see pictures hung low against a delicate wall paper, a well-filled bookcase, and a pale green and salmon carpet. A writing desk littered with papers stood near the farther win-

He was weaving a bit of romance around the occupant when a shapely arm and shoulder appeared in the hand which he could have almost touched, drew down the curtain

Feeling as if his curiosity had been rebuked, he turned and walked along the staging slowly to the rear of the church. As he retraced his steps he and another glimpse of the arm and shoulder clothed in cool lavender at the desk, writing, but he could see nothing of the face except the tip of pink ear, and brown frizzes stirring the breeze over her temples. He elt something of the student reckessness of his sophomore period, urging him to vault into the room nis perch, and apologize afterward for the intrusion. He had been invulnerable to the smiles of "sweet girl graduates," but he was possessed o make the acquaintance of this denizen of the wing under the church eaves, who kept out of his range of vision, and gave him no chance for a sit of sly flirtation. She had an atmosphere. He felt its influence in widening circles around him. He half believed she was not pretty. Pretty women were not apt to have this magnetic, far-reaching atmos-

as she wrote. Was she novelist, or poet, or copyist, he wondered. He directed his glass over the city and watched the window, alternately Presently he could see the pen laid down, impatiently it seemed. Then the shoulders and frizzes disappear from the desk, and soon he felt sure he heard the door open and shut.

phere. He could see the arm moving

she had gone out. "If it wasn't for the eyes of these workingmen I'd climb into the room and leave a note on her desk, or a couplet to her shoulder and frizzes,

he thought daringly. Just then a paper sailed out through the window, whirling and turning somersaults as if mad with delight in its mission. It circled round the chimney on a roof below, peeped into a skylight, dipped down like a bird upon a vine creeping over a trellis in the yard, flew back to the open window as if to return home, changed its mind and gyrated within range of the linen-clad figure with a tantalizing "catch-me-if-youcun" expression. At the risk of losing his balance, he captured the half sheet of note, with words upon it, and was debating whether to read or not to read, lest he should enegosch upon a private matter, when he became aware that it was merely a prosaic receipt for some money paid to Brown & Co., furni-

ture dealers, by Knie Goosechase. Goosechuse! ye gods! The name waalike a dash of ice water. Could it belong to the graceful arm and shoulder and crimpling brown hair? Should be make the paper an excuse for calling to return it? But he couldn't make up his mind to ask for Miss Goasechase. The romance seemed to be oozing out of his little adventure. Perhaps it didn't belong to her. It seemed to be an insult to the shoulder and pink ear tip to

couple them with such a name, Suddenly be remembered that he was to meet his consin Bertha at the depot on the 11-30 tmin. There was no time to spare. He slipped the paper into his linen vest pocket. and hurried down to the street. In the excitement that followed Bertha's arrival, and the drives and harbor excursions to be planned, he forgot Miss Goosechase and the folded receipt, which bided its time quietly, in the unused linen vest-pocket, until Harris and the rest of the Holbrook family got back in September from their summer sojourn in their "cottage by the sea.

The very first night he got back to the city he dreamed he was standing on the pale green and salmon carpet of the pretty room under the church eaves trying to compose a poem to the lavender-draped divinity of the place and racking his brain to find a word that would rhyme gracefully with Goosechase. He awoke with a dream was to meet with verification.

A week passed. Harris' chamber was to be newly furnished, and he set out one morning commissioned to select something that would suit his rather fastidious taste. As be walked up the large furniture rooms roll of carpeting, the identical pattern of that in the chamber of the brown wing. Deciding at once that it would suit his chamber also, he passed along looking at furniture and balancing the comparative mer-

its of oak and walnut. He stood before a pretty dressing case, that took his fancy, testing the truthfulness of the oval mirror, as it reflected his embrowned face and clear blue eyes, when he heard voices on the right near him, the owners being hidden by a tall cabinet.

Mr. Brown, I am positive I paid that instalment," a clear, decided

teminie voice was saying. "Durell says he knows nothing about it. He keeps the books, you know," returned an unpleasant masculine voice, "It is strange you cannot show the receipt, if you had

"I did have a receipt," returned the first voice, slightly tremulous, yet with a touch of defiance. "I went out that morning I paid it, feeling annoyed with the noise of workmen repairing the church, and carelessly left the window open near the desk where the receipt was lying. It must have blown out, for I never saw it afterwards.

"You must produce the receipt, Miss Goosechase, if you expect us to believe you returned the dealer inso-

The name made assurance doubly sure to Harris. He wheeled round from the mirror, as he saw the two figures, who had stepped from behind the cabinet, reflected behind him. window next him, and a slim white He overlooked the man and saw only a tall, slight graceful young lady with a refined, interesting face, which had a flush of something like indignation upon it at present.

"Miss Goosechase?" he questioned. lifting his hat and ignoring the wiry furniture dealer completely.

"Yes," she returned in some sur-"I beg pardon. I have overheard

your conversation. I was on the roof with the work nen that morning. I caught the receipt that blew out the window, and must apologize for not returning it to you at once. It slipped my memory afterwards. You shall have it now without any

The dealer eyed Harris with a halfbeaten, half-incredulous look, and the bright, sweet smile with which Miss Goosechase thanked him banished his dislike of the name ferever.

He ascertained that she still occupied the same room, and rode up town, in some excitement. Herushed to his room and bundled out the linen suit with fear and trembling lest the receipt should not be forthcoming. He waltzed across the room with an imaginary partner, when he pocket. It seemed to wink at him knowingly as he unfolded it. The suit had not been worn on account of some misfit, since that morning on

the church root. He would not trust to the mail, and within an hour he delivered the paper to her in the pleasant parlor

of the brown wing of the old church. "I was paying for my room furni ture on installments," she remarked with a smile. "I thought the firm was fair and square in its dealings, but it seems there is something wrong. I cannot thank you sufficiently for tiding me over this un-

pleasantness. Harris found her atmosphere so rare and magnetic upon a nearer view that he went out from her with his head turned completely.

She smiled a little when his note

came asking permission to call up-So it come about at length, that Harris was admitted into the pretty room whose owner had so tuntalized him that June morning and found it permeated with her gracious atmosphere, just as he had expected. They became fast friends. She confided to bim her literary ambitions, successes and defeats, and he told her how he was buckling on his business armor

in his father's counting room. Miss Goosechase has lately promised to marry Harris, although she declares archly she is only induced to do so by the opportunity to change the name that had been her cross from childhood. Harris, for a man, seems strangely satisfied with the situation.—Pittsburg Chronicle Telegraph.

#### Western Freedom.

The editor of a Western paper has this to say: "The dead-geraniumleaf-eared spatiet, whom fate has willed shall wither and blight the weekly Dreadful around the corner, refers to the editor of this flourishing and influential journal as a pinfeather journalist and a can't-get-theredude. He also goes on to say that as a newspaper freak we are probably the finest specimen of the kind ever captured alive. Brethern of the press, this is all wrong. Let us be courteous to one another. In this work-a-day world of ours there is no influence so soothing and refining as that courtesy. The soft, low-spoken word, the gentle smile, the kindly referencewho has not felt their balm, been helped over some rough place in life's pathway by their beneficial effect? Brethern of the press, again we say let us be courteous to one another, and let the microbe pull his number five hat deep down over his eyes and feeling that, directly or indirectly, his | ponder upon these words, Selah!"-Tid-Bits.

#### A Dog's Sense.

From the Boston Record. A young girl was crossing the Public Garden the other morning upon the main path which crosses the of Brown & Co, he caught sight of a bridge. She was accompanied by a magnificent mastiff, who strode along beside her in the most companionable sort of way, looking up into her face occasionally as if to re-

> thing he could do for her. The two crossed the bridge together, and finally came to the Charles street gate. Here the young girl, evidently not wishing to have the care of the dog in the busy streets, turned to

mark casually that it was a very fine

morning, or to ask if there was any-

him and said: "There, that is far enough now, Marco. You need not go with me any farther, but turn about and go back home.

She did not take her hands out of her muff to point the way, and she spoke as she would to a small brother. n a pleasant, conversational voice.

Marco looked at her with his large eyes, then looked across the Common wagging his tail slowly, as though he was thinking how very pleasant it would be to go the rest of the way. Finally be turned back to her again and with a movement of his head and eyes asked as plainly as though the words had come from his mouth: Please let me go a little farther, it is such a fine morning.

"No, dear; I'm going shopping, you know," answered the girl, explaining he difficulty, as if Marco were human. "There'll be crowds of people, and shall not know what to do with you.

But go along now, there's a good fellow, and I'll be back soon. Without another word Marco turned and walked back across the gardens. He did not slink away, as some dogs do when sent back, but marched leisurely along with his head in the air, stopping a moment on the bridge to watch the children sknting below, then trotted on toward Commonwealth avenue. The Athenian watched him until he had disappeared beyond the gates, then resumed his own way, wondering whether Darwin loved dogs or not.

#### Navy Mobelization.

From all I can see the Admiralty are about to perpetrate a practical joke of unprecedented dimensions in this much-nevertised "mobolization of the navy." According to the official theory, as I understand it, the object of the proceedings is to show the public and the world exactly what we can do in a real emergency, All in a moment the message is to be flashed forth from Whitehall that war has been unexpectedly declared against us and that the enemy's fleet is already at sea. Within such and such a time every man Jack is to be embarked and every ship is to take its place either on the coast or in line of battle. It sounds very pretty. When you come to look at the facts it is nothing short of sublime. For about three months past this impromptu effect has been in active preparation. Whitehall has been cudgel-Simply because after all this time not the word been given weeks ago? when the word is given. And why has water's edge and told what to do has been brought down to the mission, every available blue jacket that will float has been put into combeen straining every nerve, every ship ing its brains, the dockyards have and all these efforts, we are not ready. When we are, and not till then, the obliging enemy will declare war. The button will be pressed in Whitehall, the fleets of Britain will go forth and sweep the foeman from the seas, and the First Lord will turn round and say to the dumbfounded panie monger: "Observe. There is no deception. This is what we can do at twenty-four hours' notice!" As a joke it is not bad, though a little out of place. -London Truth.

# Dog Farming in China.

The rearing of dogs for their skins

is pursued in China just as sheep farming is in Australia. There are thousands of small dog and goat farms scattered over the northern districts of Manchuria and Mongolia. Nature has provided a magnificent protection to withstand the cold of these northern latitudes, where the thermometer (Fahrenheit) goes down to twenty-five degrees belowzero -that is, fifty-seven degrees of frost, and it is doubtful if the dogskins of any other part of the world are to be compared with those from Monchuria or Mongolia, either in size, length of hair or quality. The fur is at its best during the winter, and the dog is killed before the thaw sets in, which is effected not by the knife, which might injure the fur, but by strangulation. Last year the value of the skins fell off, owing to the stocks of previous years being undelivered. It is difficult to understand how the farmers can rear the animals for the price they obtain for the hides. To provide a well-made dogskin rug at least eight animals must be slaughtered, which, at three taels per rug of eighty inches by sixtyeight inches, would allow not quite fifty-five cents per dog, including the sewing, chocsing, etc., for the skins must fairly match in color. The flesh, however, is no doubt used for human food, and the market value thereof enters largely into the farm's profit and loss account. When a girl is married she receives, perhaps, six dogs as her dowry .- Pall Mall Gazette.