I was enjoying a cance trip down the Allegheny in the summer of 188-, and was paddling into the suburbs of Pittsburg, one evening, after several weeks studied many an hour over the best manspent upon the water, when a rough voice hailed me from the river bank, requesting when I had mustered up courage enough that I should paddle over on that side of to say to him that I thought we the river in order that the owner of the could do better in the old mill for woice might examine my little craft. I a while yet, he quite took my breath away found the man upon the bank to be the foreman in one of the immense founderies mear by. He became so interested in the subject of my trip and craft that he insisted upon my spending the night at his house. It was a neat little white-painted cottage, cosy and comfortable That evening while sitting before the blazing wood fire in the grate, which was rendered enecessary on account of a slight chilliness an the out-door atmoshere, he related to one the following story, which I have transcribed from memory for the readers of the

We were boys together, Jim and I, and were we matched that it never was really settled as to which of us was champion of the school we attended. Jim's folks and mine were next door neighbors in the manulacturing town of S-, in England, and we two boys were always together, hunting birds' nests, going swimming or skating, and sometimes, I am sorry to say, comorchards. When Jim and I quit work we were both sent to the same iron mill. We were each given the task of tending a big trip hammer, our work bringing us side by side all day. Jim sprung up into manhood a little heavier and stronger than I. for I had a hard spell of the fever just after setting to work in the mill. He grew into a manly man whom it did a person good to see, and his heart was as big as his body. But he was that bashful and awkward when women folks were about, that he would often leave the house when a girl would happen to visit their home, and would hide away until she was gone. And yet he was as tender-hearted as a haby, and big, hard-fisted strong-minded man that he was. I have seen him brush the tears from his eyes when some barefooted brat would come begging through the mill with a pitiful story of hunger and want upon her lips. And then he would reach into his pockets and give the little waif every cent he had kept over from his week's wages. And we would all give something to the little beggar, although we needed the money at home; for you may imagine that with our small pay none of us were any too forehanded in money

If rick people only knew how much the poor help the poor out of their little earnings I think they would treat them differently and respect them a little more than they do. I shall never forget how faithfully Jim helped my folks nurse me through my fever, setting up with me of nights and caring for me as tenderly as a woman could have done. And after I hadgot well enough to work again he would always help we with my task, sometimes working after hours so that I might catch up what I lost by being weak-like from my sickness. We never had a secret from each other. Jim told me of all his longings and hopes of success in life, and I was always as openminded with him.

The mill, with its dirt and noise and heavy work, always seemed kind of gloomy to both of us, and we had talked of going out to America and settling on government land and farming together, and becoming independent, and perhaps winning a home of our own sometime-for the mill didn't pay any too good wages then. We had a hard time to get along, for Jim's father and mine both died near the same time, about a year after we went into the mill, leaving us each a large family to support. Perhaps it was our hard struggle with poverty that made us dislike the old mill somewhat, but there were other things too. Jim always had a wish to make something out of himself and to become independent of bosses and the like; and the work we did, forever the same, and among such rough hands as were employed in the mill, made it worse. Our men erally hadn't any higher aim than to oney enough ahead to get drunk on lay night of each week. Jim's nawas finer than theirs, and he felt his lority, modest as he was. The we talked of going to America more we wished to go; and as I thought of getting away from the terrible grind of the mill work and the grimy manufacturing town where we lived, out into the clear, bright, atmosphere of the intry, where we could work for oures, the old mill grew more and more sful to me every day. The noise of its mers and rolling wheels seemed ever to be grinding into my soul, and at night when I went to my work across the meadows-for we had to work extra hours in the busy sesson-the light shining out inhe darkness from its great engines and orces and windows made it seem as ign it was some horrible demon, such had read in goblin tales, until I-grew well nigh afraid of it sometimes, in imagination, and to wonder whether ight not come out of its way to swalme up in one of its angry spells. behow Jim dreaded the mill, and had some sort of a superstitious feeling about

ther whether we would ever get free from We had managed to save nearly enough money to take us to America, when one day something came into our lives that soon changed our plans. I was walking across the meadows to work one morning. when I found a little glove lying in the math just before me. It was a dainty love, such as would fit the hand of a fairy an angel, I thought, as I picked it up ad drew its soft slender fingers through I know that it couldn't belong to of the women folks in the town, for ere were none about the neighborhood o could have put it on. I was looking the delicate little thing, and wondering wit came to be there, when a soft, rest voice startled me, it was so near by: If you please, sir, that is my glove." ooked up, and there standing by me, was a beautiful stranger girl, her roguish blue eves looking through me it seemed, and just such a smile on her rosebud mouth as would show that she was amused at my studying so deeply over her glove. "Mary" was her name, and she was the daughter of our new engineer, who had just moved into the place. In going to the mill with her father she had dropped the glove where I found it, and had returned to look for it. These facts she told me on our way to the mill, as she tripped along by my side, seeming scarcely to bend the blades of grass upon I had felt a sort of shock when I first

same as I, and we used to wonder to-

have died for that girl. I didn't know what it was then, but I knew afterward. Love comes kind of sudden sometimes, and sometimes again it comes slow; but it comes to stay, just the same, if it is true love, which ever way it may come. I saw Mary often in the next few weeks, and I grew deeper in love with her every day. She brought dinner and supper to her father, and every time she passed the great hammer where I worked, her bright smile seemed to light up the grimy mill, just as though it were heaven, while she was there. Every one in the mill grew to like Mary, and even the roughest hand would take off his hat in her presence, as acknowledging that she was a superior being. I often wondered if Jim noticed how kindly she spoke to me, and how friendly the nod and how bright the smile which she gave me in passing the place where we were at work; for we had become quite well acquainted in the lew weeks after her arrival, and I had taken her to church a time or two. But Jim scarcely seemed to look at her when she passed and never voluntarily spoke to her. When any one would happen to mention ber name while he was about, he would always either change the subject at once or turn and walk away. I supposed that it must have passed through my mind in a was on account of his natural bashfulness few seconds of time. Was there no hope for me? That awful face, lately wreathed asid to have. I wondered how any one in smiles of friendship now twisted into

could help being interested in Mary. Some how Jim and I got so that we seldom spoke of our plan of going to America, and when we did mention it, it was only halfheartedly. I would not have gone away now and left Mary's presence for a free gift to me of all the world's wealth; and I ner in which to break the matter to'Jim that I had given up going. And one day by turning suddenly and grasping my hand

his, while he said it was just his idea also. I was so surprised, for I knew that he had set his heart on going. and I could not fathom the reason for his sudden conversion. But I was to happy in the thought that neither of us were to go to wonder long over his change of mind. Months rolled on and Mary and I were plighted lovers. I had never said anything to Jim about my great happiness; for the love I had for Mary seemed to sacred a thing to speak of even to Jim. I was in Mary's company nearly every evening. Jim and I had been accustomed to taking long walks together of evenings, but now he strayed off alone, quiet and melancholy it appeared to me. I was sorry for him; and thinking that maybe my neglect of him was the cause of his downheartedness many a time we tried each other's strength | I sometimes tried to rally him and joke in a friendly bout at wrestling. So evenly with him about his reserved ways, but he seemed rather hurt by my words, and soon began to avoid me as much as possible and to wander away by himself into quiet places where he would be apt to meet with no one. As soon as my wedding day was fixed I determined to tell Jim about our engagement. When I revealed it to him he started back as though surprised, and then recovered himself he slowly reached out his hand and congratulated me in a husky, reserved tone of voice, so different from his usual cheery, good-natured manner of speaking that I noticed it even then. And then his eyes took on a faraway look, and he turned from me in a way I could not understand. It seem. ed so cold and unnatural, when I had expected such a different reception of the news. I sprang after him with the cry on my lips: "Jim, old boy, you don't bear me any ill will, do you?" He turned, and saw that his face was as pale as though he were a ghost, but with an effort he laughed the matter off by saying he was taken with a sudden pain in his side. And then he spoke in such a hearty way, like his old self, and talked so rapidly about what a happy man I ought to be, that I soon forgot his strange words and stranger actions. After this he never would remain alone with me for a moment. He began to neglect his duties a great deal, in one

> thing to him about it lest he might misunderstand me and feel hurt. One night-and I shall never forget that night to my dying day, for I still dream of it, and shudder always at its remembrance. It was a Wednesday night, and Mary and I were to be married the following Monday. I was sitting by the fire at home about ready to retire to sleep, when some one knocked at the door. I was startled on opening it to find Jim there, for it had been a long time since he had been to see me. I invited him to walk in. but he excused himself and said that the Wales had come in and tied up at the dock, and that the superintendent had sent for us to go to the mill for night work. I was not surprised at this, for we were frequently called on to finish some work up at night for shipment by steamer arriving at the wharf earlier than expected, so I told Jim to wait a moment and I would be ready. Throwing on my working blouse and hat I joined him and we started for the mill.

instance even having high words with the

superintendent of the mill over some

done. It was so different from his former

self that everybody noticed it. I wonder-

ed if his change toward me was from the

fact that I had neglected his company for

that of Mary, but I didn't like to say anv-

work which he had

It was a very dark night, for a storm was brewing and the sky was covered with clouds. Jim walked in front of me without uttering a word, and I having become accustomed to his late queerness of manner, followed as silently.

We soon reached the edge of the town, and then struck across the old familiar path through the meadows. In the distance the lights of the great mill shone out from its hundred windows like the eyes of a dragon, and the lower story, with its redly gleaming furnaces, seemed the maw of me great monster prepared to swallow those who came within its reach.

All my old dread of the mill came back

to me with tenfold force. You may call it superstition, if you like, but I shuddered, hesitated, and was half inclined to turn back. Shaking off this strange feeling with an effort, I continued on. On entering the building, I noticed that none of the other "hands" were there, and when I spoke to Jim about it he quietly remarked that the superintendent had sent for them and that they would be there presently, Passing to our usual places, Jim pointed out some bars that were to be hammered into shape, and as the steam was up and everything ready, I slipped the belt upon the pulley and stooped to lift one of the bars into place. Suddenly, and without warning, I received a heavy blow upon the head; I felt myself seized by a powerful grip from behind and was forced to the floor, face downward, my hands bound behind me, and before I could realize what was occurring I found myself lying upon my back, tied securely to the anvil beneath the great steam hammer. Stunned, for the moment, almost to the point of unconsciousness, I yet managed to turn my head sufficiently to see that Jim was standing at my feet. I shall never forget that awful sight. It was Jim, my old friend and schoolmate, but never before had there been such a change in a human being. He was bareheaded and his eyes were bloodshot, the veins in his forehead stood out like dark cords, his face was wildly demoniacal in his expression and his mouth was filled with a white foam, flecked with drops of blood, where he had bitten through and through his lip in his excitement. I pray God I may be spared such a sight again. His close-knit, perfect form was drawn to its full height. He had an arm raised, and the finger of his hand was touching the lever, which, pressed upon, would release the steam hammer for its descent. He leaned over me until I could feel his hot breath on my

cheek and hist from between his set teeth "You won my Mary from me with your accursed ways but she shall never be your wife. You shall die here the death that you deserve, and I will bring her here to see what a handsome corpse you will make when you have been crushed under your own hammer," and a fiendish laugh rang through the rafters of the old mill. The truth flashed through my mind in an instant. Ah! now I knew why Jim had acted so etrangely of late months. He loved Mary with that intense nature of his, and his unrequitted love had unbalanced his mind. His maddened brain had conceived the idea of crushing me with my own hamsaw her standing in the path before me, and by the time we got to the mill I would long, and he had come to the mill, fired the engine, started the machinery in motion and had then called for me with an invented tale of night work. I saw it all now. Fool that I had been not to have realized it before. Yes, I now lay at the mercy of a madman, the slight pressure of whose finger upon the lever would crush me into a jelly. I looked up to the mass of iron and steel suspended above me, awaiting only the manaic's pleasure to descend with dreadful force. I thought of my schoolboy days and the many happy hours Jim and I had spent together; of my first meeting with my loved Mary, and of our following court-ship, and of the happy day that would have come so soon when I should have

called her "wife." It seemed hard to die thus without a struggle just when life had begun to open up its brightest prospects for me. Then my thoughts lifted as I lay there, to long since forgotten incidents of my life, occurrences many of which I repented of, and wished that I could enter the other world free from their results, and little sins which I had committed considering them trifling before but which loomed up in these last moments to graver dimensions. A dying man thinks rapidly, and although it seemed an age to me yet all these reflections

an expression of the deadliest hatred, It seems strange to me now, but I do not think I uttered a word of pleading in those seconds when my life hung by so slender a thread. The utter hopelessness of appeal as shown by the determined face and set teeth of the mad-

man may have deterred me. Suddenly I remembered having heard that a madman could be appeased, sometimes by falling in with his humor, when he could not be coaxed or driven. It was last desperate hope that moved me, but still a hope. I mustered all my self-possession for the effort, and speaking to Jim in as steady a voice as I could I acknowledgeed that I deserved death at his hand, but that before he took my life I should like to have the privilege of writing a line to my mother, telling her where to find the money I had saved up, that she might receive and be comforted in her old age. I knew that Jim thought the world of my mother, who had always been so kind to him, and judged that I could best reach his feelings in that way than any other. And I was right about it, for although he hesitated, yet when I had promised him would not attempt to escape, but that if he would allow me to go over to the desk, which stood in one corner of the room, when I had finished the letter I would return to the hammer and allow him to rebind me as I was, he seemed satisfied. Stooping, he cut the rope which bound me and lifted me to my feet. But he still held me with a strong grip, and, brandishing a short iron bar about my head, threatened to end my life the moment I made an effort to escape. Leading me to the desk he placed pen and paper before me and with the iron bar still held in a threatening attitude commanded me to write quickly. The cords had been bound so tightly about my wrists that they had cut the flesh, and as I grasped the pen the blood from my wounds trickled down and stained the paper with its crimson drops. I was still dazed from the effects of the blow upon my head and the suddenness of it all, and my brain whirled so that I scarceknew what I was doing. I could not think of a word to write, but the dreaded voice of the madman at my side telling me, in nervous, impatient tones, to "hurry up," chilled me through with thoughts of my situation and what was to follow the completion of my letter. Weakened as I was, was no match for the strong man beside me, now doubly strong with a madman's strength. But I had always been more agile than Jim, and I knew that behind me a short distance there was a horizontal fixed bar of wood, just below the ceiling. which had been used as a storage rack, but was now unoccupied. In our noontime athletics I had often sprang and grasped with my hands, swinging there and 'skinning the cat," as we called it, bepeath it. But Jim, with his heavier body, never was able to spring high enough to reach it, although he had frequently tried to do so. Just above this bar there was an opening in the floor of the upper story, made years ago for the passage of a large belt, now unused. If I could elude the madman for a moment and reach that bar I might gain a respite, at least, but his grip upon my arm was as tight as ever and his tones were now so fierce that I knew I could keep him from violence but a little

while longer. A thought came to me. I stopped pen on a downward stroke, and looking up into his face I said as coolly as I thought it was a matter of the least interest in the world to me, "Jim, who is that coming up the stairway?" The ruse succeeded. Thrown off his guard he released his hold on my arm, stepped a few paces toward the stairway and bent his head to listen. Like a flash I made a rush for the bar, dodging the piece of iron which the madman in his fury threw at me and which buried itself in the opposite wall. Quick, now! I just had time to grasp the bar and draw myself above it when Jim sprang at me, narrowly missing my feet with his fingers; then up through the hole out of breath but at liberty. But it seemed as though my liberty must end in a very short time, for there was no sufficient hiding place in the room, and I could already hear the madman's feet upon the stairway which he was ascending three steps at a time, I must think rapid-Where was I to look for help? What was I to do? The floor upon which I stood was the uppermost one in the mill. From it a ladder led to the roof by means of a trap-door. But this door was a heavy one, and long be-fore I could lift its ponderous weight sufficiently to get upon the roof I would be

overtaken by my pursuer. Suddenly 1 remembred that a stout lightning rod ran to the ground, Instened to the wall near a window, opposite where I was standing. The window was open. I darted, rather than ran, to it, and stepping upon the sill I stretched my arm along the outside wall. Yes, thank God! I could reach it. I wrapped my fingers about the rod and swung my body from the window. I was not a moment too soon, however, for I could hear my pursuer spring to the upper floor and begin his search for me. I was swinging high above the ground and if my hold slipped I must be dashed to pieces by the fall. I must be quiet, too, for the rod rattled in its glass insulators at every movement I made. Slowly, and with superhuman efforts, I descended, but just as I reached within ten or twelve feet of the ground the rod broke with my weight, at a defective place, and I fell with a crash upon a pile of boards. The noise brought Jim to the window and at once he realized how I had given him the slip. With dreadful curses on his lips-more dreadful because they were the first I had ever heard him utter-I saw him reach out for the rod. and then I got upon my feet and ran toward the town whose houses looked so

dark and dim and far away. It was a wild race for life across those meadows, either imaginary or real, for l never knew whether he climbed down the rod and followed me or not. It seemed as though I never would get to town, but when my strength was well nigh exhausted I sank down upon the doorstep of the first house I came to and succeeded in arousing the family within. In as few words as possible I told them what had occurred, and in a short while all that portion of the town was notified and a large party formed for the purpose of searching for Jim. Weak as I was, I insisted upon accompanying them. Just as we turned the corner of the village church, which had shut out the view across the meadow, some one exclaimed: "My Godl the mill is on fire!" And true enough there was the mill before us with a tall shalt of fire springing from its roof. The madman had fired the mill! Sending one man back to alarm the town, we hurried forward. By the time we reached the mill the whole upper story was on fire, while the flames were breaking out through a dozen places in the roof. Upon the tallest point of the roof, hedged about with fire stood Jim, his form appearing gigantic in size as it was outlined against the dark clouds of the sky. Seeing us he danced demoniacally in his rage uttering curses upon me for having stolen his bride and only pausing in his imprecations to send out the wild, ringing laugh of a maniac upon the night air. We did everything

In a very few minutes after our arrival the flame-wrapped roof fell in, and the mill was a furnace of fire. Poor Jim-a fearful ending to the bright dreams of his life! As the result of that awful night, I was taken down with brain fever and lay lor weeks hovering between this world and the next, and was only won back to earth through the tender care of my loving Mary. As soon as I was able to resume work we were quietly married. The mill was rebuilt; but the place was too full of saddening memories to us, and so we came to this country years ago. My wife here is the "Mary" of my story and the occupant of the crib over there is our little Joe, 3 years old next week.—Germantown

Senator Hale and the other members of the United States senate committee have begun at New York the investigation of the operation of the civil service law in the custom house. It is probable that Surveyor Beatties department will be taken up first. Beattie glories in his utter disregard of the civil service law. Another official who will receive special attention is Deputy Collector Davis, who has half a dozen relatives in the various departments in violation of the civil service law.

How the Japanese Sleep.

The Japanese bed is simply a futon spread upon the matting. They lie on this and spread another futon over them and rast their heads upon wooden pillows and are happy. A futon is a thickly wadded cotton quilt, exactly like our comfortable, and a very nice arrangement such a bed is for the housekeeper. The bed is easily made, and in the morning the futon is folded and put away in a closet, and the "chamber work" is done. They wear no night dresses, but as every person, even in the poorest and humblest station, takes a hot bath once, and in the majority of cases twice, a day, there is nothing uncleanly in the wearing of the same dress at night which is worn in the day. The one futon spread upon the matting was rather a hard bed for our unaccustomed sides, so we had six or eight thicknesses put down, and instead of the luxurious wooden pillow we had one futon rolled and put at the head of our alleged couch. Thus we made really a comfortable bed. Then mosquito-nettings were brought in, and the Japanese have reduced this branch of household comfort to a science. The nets are as large as the room, and fastened by the corners to hooks in takes them, and I have often and oftunclothed nature in verandas, and porches, and open front rooms of houses, covered by these nettings, sleeping the sweet sleep of Japanese childhood. I believe children sleep there better than they do in any othwere often many of them at the teahouses where we stopped. I do not not cry at night in Japan, for that would not be true, and beside might give young American mothers an undue desire to go there. I only say that I never heard the dread sound .-Japan Letter.

A Remedy for Croup.

From Good Housekeeping. "Croup caused the death of six of my children. Can you wonder that I should feel alarmed when my only resymptoms of a cold?" asked a mother | riage license. Frank shint and the symptoms of a cold?" asked a mother | riage license. sorrowfully. "Sometimes the doctor his brother's marriage. He proposed could not come at once. I was afraid a trip to Baltimore, persuading Edto apply remedies without being ad- mund to despatch a messenger to vised and-and-"

only child, a pretty little girl seven purpose of having a tattoo mark years old came running toward us placed between the first and second with hands uplifted, gasping for

"What shall I do? The doctor is out of town will not be back until the ocean steamer Franklin. The this evening!" cried the mother fran-

Remembering a child of our own who was attacked in a similar manner, we procured a pail, filled it with hot water and quickly removing the little one's shoes and stockings placed | the trip and the fine country to which her feet in the pail. We lost no time in roasting three onions, then mashing | Frank he yielded to the influences and them spread them upon a folded nap- consented. That evening he wrote kin, pouring over the whole a spoonful a farewell letter to his intended wife, of goose-grease (lard or sweat oil will | do as well.) The poultice was applied | that he was hopeful of gaining fortune as hot as could be borne to the in the distant country. The marriage throat and upper part of the neck. In | license was enclosed in the letter. ten minutes the quick short gasps ceased and at the end of half an hour words. The next morning, Friday, the child, warmly wrapped in a soft August 24, the Franklin started on blanket was sleeping soundly. The the trip. Now Frank had an open skin was moist and the breathing field, and he improved the time wonnatural; all syptoms of the dreaded | derfully well. He did not hesitate. scourge had disappeared as if by mag-

For children who are subject to croup, make a little bib out of chamois | brother use it when approaching the skin, cut the neck and sew on tapes girl, and he hit upon the correct to tie it on, then melt together some | meaning at once. Next he had his tallow and pine tar, rub some of this right hand tattooed. He would marin the chamois and let the child wear | 15 the girl he loved, he thought, and it all the time. Renew with the tar assumed the name of Edmund. occasionally.

Were You Ever Jilted?

Were you ever jilted? Really, truly, emphatically kicked over for another fellow in the very hight of your love and adoration? If you ever were I wish you would write me an account doubt his identity, but after the of it and tell me how you felt. Of marriage had been postponed for a course everybody knows that luxuriously miserable sensation of having a row with the young lady and feeling proud of yourself for not having reminded her how often you paid for theater tickets and stood ice-cream and eysters. Everybody knows the delicious feeling of flinging an intense, hurt, picking up your hat, bouncing out into the cold night and reflecting as you go home what pangs she will feel when she finds you at the opera next time with her deadliest and prettiest rival. Some people know the peculiar sensation of having the deadiest and prettiest rival refuse the invitation, and the hopeless fiasco of trying it on with some other and plainer young woman. And anyway most of us have experienced the humiliating reaction of doing the humble explanation business, and being forgiven for thinking we could get away with the young woman. But I never met a man who would stand right up and say he had been thrown clear over the young woman's head. and while I have no reason to believe -San Francisco Chronicle.

Great Waterfalls.

the highest waterfalls in the world are the three Krimbs Falls, in the Upper Prinzgau; these falls, have a total height of 1,148 feet. The three falls what your honest private opinion of next in height are found in Scandina- | me is. That's what I want. via-the Verme Foss, iu Romsdal, 984 feet; the Vettis Foss, on the Sogue Fjord, 853 feet; the Rjuken Foss, in Thelemarken, 804 feet. With a decrease in height of 213 feet, the three Vellno Falls, 591 feet, near Zerni (the birthplace of Tacitus), follow next in order, and they are succeeded by the three Tessa Falls, in the Val Formazza, 541 feet. The Gastein Falls, in the Gastein Hardanger Fjord, 424 feet, and the with a width of 8,200 feet. A long acquainted with herself, as it werk. way behind these falls come the Dr. Kingsford was a very brilliant Niagara Falls, 177 feet high and woman, and learned languages and 1.968 feet wide.

AREMARKABLE ROMANCE.

The Marriage of a Young Woman to the "Double" of Her Be-

trothed. Westminster (Md.) Chicago Herald

The deathbed confession of Edmund Davies, who died recently in Carroll County, has just been made public and is a sequel to a strange story. His life was a remarkable one in many instances. Twenty-two years ago Edmund Davies was a young man in his twentieth year. He was not handsome and, neither was he illlooking. He had a younger brother just eighteen. His name was Frank, and he was an exact double of Edmund. The two brothers lived alone, except an old negress, their housekeeper. The parents of the boys had died many years before. It was early in 1864 that Edmund Davies began paying attention to Fannie Forbes, the young daughter of a neighboring farmer. The brothers were very much attached to each other, and Frank also was a frequent visitor to the Forbes farm dwelling. The girl often took the each corner of the room, and when one for the other, and some time afterone has gracefully and quickly crawl- wards agreed upon a signal with Eded under the edge, as boys in my day mund, so that she could readily know used to crawl under the canvass of a to whom she was talking, The circus tent, he is as comfortable and neighbors could not identify the secure as possible. Nets for children brothers, and they were known are made on little frames and put only and referred to as the over the children wherever sleep over- Davies boys. It was the girl that suggested to Edmund that when he came en seen children in all the innocence of to her he was to use the "Latin word "idem" (the same). Time passed, and after a courtship of six or seven months Edmund proposed matriage. Fannie accepted because she had learned to love him fervently. Then it was that she asked him whether he er land, for I do not now recollect | did not have some mark on his arm that I ever heard a child cry at night or hand by which she could readily in all my travels in Japan, and there distinguish him in case of sudden death or serious accident. He told of finding fault with his mother. It the girl that on his next visit he generalize and say that children do | would disclose a mark by which she would recognize him in any case. Edmund went home, his mind fraught with pleasure because he was to marry the girl of his heart. He loved his younger brother very much, and entrusted his secret to him. Frank in his innermost heart, too,

> loved Fannie Forbes, and the confession of his brother stirred his jealousy. He was bright of thought and possessed an active mind. He wanted to marry Miss Forbes. The day following the brothers came to this riage license. Frank's mind was evolvhis sweetheart that they had gone to finger of his right hand. While in Baltimore they met an old friend of their dead father, Captain Aker, of captain said he would sail the next day for Australia, and was very solicitous that the namesake of his deceased friend should accompany him. It was Edmund. He hesitated. The captain told him of the pleasures of he would sail and being urged by bidding her to await his coming, and "Remember Idem" were the last His first work was to read the letter. The word "Idem" seemed to puzzle him, but he remembered hearing his

His return home alone caused some talk, but when the mail brought the weekly newspapers announcing the departure of one of the Davies boys of Carroll County for Australia in the Franklin all was well. Thenceforth Frank was known as Edmund. Even though he gave the correct word signal, Fannie Forbes seemed to month, which was very acceptable to Frank, she feit assured he was Edmund, and they were married. The union was a happy one, indeed, but no children were born to bless their happiness. Years went by and they prospered, and by strict economy saved a good amount of money. Ten years after they had been married the husband was in Baltimore, and there ascertained that his brother had died in Australia and had willed all his earnings to Frank. This knowledge the husband imparted to his wife. The woman never knew until the day before he died that her husband was Frank Davies. But she had loved him just as dearly as if he had been Ed mund and forgave him freely. He died apparently happy.

Where Silence Was Safety,

Jepson-I notice that you always speak well of me to my face, Jobson, that you do otherwise behind my back, I think it does not harm a man According to a recent calculation, told his little faults. I know I'm not perfect, and I would be glad to have you remind me of the fact sometimes. Jobson-Tell you of your faults?

Jepson-You criticise me. Tell me Jobson-Jepson, vou are six feet

two, and I am five feet four, and you want me to give you my honest private opinion of you? No, sir-ee, Jobson, my boy, I'm no fool!

Dr. Anna Kingsford's Delusion.

From the New York World. Dr. Anna Kingsford, who recently Valley, 469 feet, rank bedied in London, believed, as did many tween the Skjaggedal Foss, in the of her friends, that she was the reamof her friends, that she was the re-em-Boring Foss, in the same Fjord. If bodied spirit of Lady Jane Grey, the width of the falls is taken into | Queen of England for nine days, three consideration the most imposing are centuries or more ago. She visited those of the Victoria Falls of the the Tower of London one day, in the Zambezi, which are 394 feet high, body of Dr. Kingsford, and became

history with wonderful ease.

Emile's Night At The Ball.

In a chamber quilted with satin. before a blazing fire which flashed o'clock. The maid had tried to put him to bed, but he had resisted with all his might, holding fast to the arms of the big chair, and resolved not to go to sleep until he had kissed his mother. She told him that she would could not eat-not even the cakes at him and his eyes fixed anxiously of Hortense, the femme de chamber, who was laying out a beautiful skirt | would they say to him? covered with embroidery and a magnificent corsage laced in front. What did it all mean? He had never seen his mother dressed like that. There was something unusual going on. He men and ladies, with their masks and asked Hortense about it, but she gay costumes, and search for her within. would not tell him anything, so struggling hard against sleepiness, he made up his mind to find out in his forward and climbed step by step un-

In all his trouble he did not think was Hortense who was to blame. Why should she want to send him to at his own wit, not thinking to quesbed, the wicked girl, when he had been waiting so long to see his mamma? Probably she had been detained at the dress-maker's. He remembered that she had taken him with her once to a house where there were mannekins dressed like ladies, and grand salons with murrors all over the walls; and he had had to wait a long, long time. He remembered, too, that they had got home very late. So it was maining child exhibits the slightest place and Edmund procured a mar. the same to-day, he decided—his moth-

er had gone to the dressmaker's. When everything was ready on the bed-the silken chemises dainty with lace, the white satin bodice, the finely woven stockings-Hortensecame back to the child with the fixed purpose of While the mother was speaking her | the Monumental City for the especial | putting him to sleep, Madame had charged her to do so before she should return, as she was going to a ball with her husband, and wished to spare her baby boy the grief of knowing that he had been lelt alone. But Emile had a will of his own, and do what she could Hortense got always the same reply: "No, no, I won't go to bed. I want to see mamma." Then, fearing that she might take him away by force, he fortified himself in the chair with all his strength and against the expected at tack. Force and persuasion alike failed to shake his determination, and he sat silent and unhappy listening to the carriages which rumbled down the Rue de Rome, hoping that one of them would stop at the door, and that he would at least see his mamma. Finally, out of all patience, Hortense carried away the lamp, leaving Emile in the dark, and the unsteady light of the fire threw weird shadows about the room which frightened him.

Still he did not give up. Suddenly there was a noise in the ante-chamber. She had come. He recognized the musical and caressing voice which always made him so happy. "What," he heard her say to Hortense, "not in bed yet! Oh, the naughty boy." And then he saw her before him, the bright eyes, brilliant color, and laughing lips, which he knew so well. She saw him look over at the grand toilet spread before them, seeming to ask mutely what It was all for, the fine dress and the open corsage which he had never seen before. But his mother made no reply, only kissing him kindly. Emile's anxiety grew the keener and he straightway made up his mind to follow his mother secretly and find out all about it for

"Tell me, mamma," he said slyly, "I will go to bed, but you'll come with me, won't you? You will tuck me in all tight and then I will go right to

"There," said the mother delighted, "I knew my little boy would be

"But what are you going to do,

manima?" "I, why I am going to bed after you just as I always do. What makes you

would I be going to at this time of "Oue tu es gentille," said little Emile, "I knew you would do what I wanted. Good-night, mamma," but

"And you are not going out again?"

"Why, what an idea, Emile! Where

he knew in his heart that his mother was deceiving him. So, deceiving her in his turn, he allowed himself to be undressed as she wished, and, with curtains drawn, he nestled among the pillows for the night. But his sleep was only pre-

tended, and, with a child's cunning, dissimulated so well that his half-open mouth and even breathing soon con-Quickly calling Hortense she donned

charming and coquettish Lucy Vandal, that he fain would have sprung out of bed and kissed those beautiful shoulders with their soft tints of pearl and rose. Presently the chamberdoor was opened, and Emile heard his father asking if his mother was ready. "Yes, in a moment," replied she,

Her toilet being finished, Lucy Vandal was indeed adorable. Hortence assured her mistress that no one at the ball would be more beautiful than she. Emile lost not a word of this, and great sobs arose in his throat, nearly stifling him. At last his mother went out. He heard her laughing gayly in the hall at her husband's teasing compliments. "Veux-tu te taire!" were the last words he heard uttered in the laughing, silvery tones of his for a commutation of the capital sentence mother, as the door closed after the passed on Grady and Racette, the murderhappy couple. Bitterly grieved, jeal have been considered by the governor in ous of her, as all children are where council and the law will be allowed to take mother means the whole family, his its course. The two men will therefore be tears burst forth anew, and to smother | hauged at Regina next month.

them he buried his face in the clothes. He fancied himself, with the sudden despair so frequent in sensi-Translated from the French for the Daily | tive children, entirely abandoned by his mother, who cared more for her pleasure than for him. This dreadful thought aroused him, impelling him to an action, which, in his little against the tall copper and irons, sat world, seemed like suicide. He dresslittle Emile one evening in February ed himself swiftly and silently, and, waiting for his mamma. It was eight opening the back stairway door, he cautiously made his way into the

It was a dark, cold night in February, and the wind was piercing. Where should he sleep? He had no cloak, no scarf about his neck, and his little frock was ill-buttoned, as would naturally be the case with a be home for dinner, and she had not boy not accustomed to dressing himcome. With a mournful look on his self. He crept along hurredily close to little face he had sat alone at the the walls to avoid at the same time the dreaded wind and the equally great dining table, underneath the dreaded policeman, for he had been soft lamp, and looked at the cutlet | told that these latter carried off boys which the temme de chamber told him and whipped them until the blood he must eat. But the little fellow came, and then locked them up in black dungeons with horrible spiders and rats. From certain words overdesert-and had pushed away from heard while his mother was dressing, the table to bury himself again in the he knew that she had gone to the Rue. easy-chair, his legs curled under Saint-Lazare, and he set out in that direction. Arriving there he saw a house brilliant with lights, a great on the fire, which shot up the crowd before the door, and carriages chimney in long flames. Finally he rolling up to the grand staircase. became interested in the occupation That was where his mother was, he was sure of it! Suppose he should go into the ball with the others, what

> Emile kept watching the crowd, the hotel, the lustrous lights. His mind was filled with but one idea-to find his mother he must mount the staircase before him, follow the fine gentle-The cold was growing more and more intense, and his purple little hands were numb. At length he ventured til he reached the vestibule. The valets stared at him with astonishment. "Hello! youngster," said one of them, "what are you looking for here-your mother?" and he chuckled

tion the little intruder so pertinently. The unhappy child dare not reply. Besides, to speak of his mother in such a crowd would insult her. "Ah," thought he, "if she only knew I was waiting here in the cold how quickly she would come and take me back to my little room where it is so nice and warm.

"What do you want here?" asked the valet again. "I want to go in there," said Emile, pointing to the large doors.

"What for?" "To see --- " he began hesitatingly. but the valet, suspecting him to be a gamin, would listen no further, and harshly thrust him into the street. Again outside, he was jostled from group to group receiving knocks from every one who found him in their way. He was weak and cold, and all but prostrate, but he was sustained by the thought that his mother was there; that he would see her when she came out; that he would run to her and cling to her skirts, and that she would never leave him again. The hours went by slowly, through that bitter night. He shrunk away behind a door, until the chill air compelled him to beg the coachmen to shelter him in their carriages. But they, warmly wrapped up, nodded indifferently in their boxes; besides, it was of small concern to them that a

street urchin was freezing. At last the guests began to depart. Emile posted himself at the head of the great staircase, and anxiously scanned each face that passed. Faster and denser they came, the carriages rolled up; the coachers hailed each other in deafening shouts, and still Emile's mother tarried. He had hardly strength to withstand the strain, and the tears were springing up to his eyes again when his heart gave agreat bound, for there she passed before him. He could not mistake that superb toilet! She was taking the arm of her husband, his step father. They did not observe him. The carriage advanced, they entered, and were driven

Then Emile's heart was filled with anguish, and he wished to die. He ran after the carriage, and before the horses had got well started seized the traces with his little hands, neither knowing nor caring what he did, such was the transports of his despair, and was dragged under the cruel wheels. He uttered a sharp cry of pain and, already overcome by the cold, fainted. The carriage stopped, the occupants alighting, and then the mother, without a moment's warning, found herself at the side of her little Emile, who was white, motionless, and may be dead. Divining the drama of the night through which her way wardly affectionate child had passed, she turned to her husband, a mother's exalted love making her reproachful and violent, and cried: "You see! I told you so. We ought never to have come! You insisted on it. Oh, God, my child!" Emile heard the precious words! He opened his eyes, wound his arms about his mother's neck, and in a feeble tone: "It's all right, mamma," he whispered; "I shall get well, But you-you will never leave me again, will you?"

Jolly Old Von Moltke.

Von Moltke's face looks as though the natural skin had been replaced by a stretch of ancient and yellow parchment. The lines are innumerable and they radiate regularly from the corners of the mouth when he smiles vinced his mother that she could safe as ripples from a stone that is dropped through the surface of a placid to be criticised by his friends—to be her handsome ball-dress, which, gorgeous with satin ribbons and em- wrinkled old field marshal are frequent broideries, rendered her quite daz- enough, too, when he is abroad. The zling. Emile, peering through the cur- small army of little children who are tains, thought her so lovely, the taken to the war office every day by their nurses to see the old commander stump about as though a man had just about reached his prime when well along in his 89th year, wavetheir hands delightfully at Countyon Moltke. None of them has a more genial winning, and child-like smile that the head of the greatest army in the world. Military critics assert that not one of the countless and masterly documents on army affairs that Von Moltke has given to the world during his long life compares in force, clearness, cogency and power with his report of the present year .- Berlin Letter.

It is understood that petitions asking