JOCKEY TODD.

Jordey Todd was always sent with his pair of buys on the perilous journey of the news of Hiram's death. She stationed hertorpedo-man. He was in the employ of a torpeds company, and it was his business to her, and there was a lump in her throat, but take the nitro-glycerine to the oil well, pour the fluid into the long cylindrical shell, lower at to the rock, and drop upon the cap the weight that would release the explosive to hill. He was walking along rapidly, and she geof the petroleum strutum.

One day on the Custer road he gave the whip. They broke into a wild run, and the Custerites have a vivid memory of Jockey Todd's dash through the town. He came down the main street like a whirlwind, and they held their breath, waiting for the expleasion. As he rushed upon them they lived an age. But Jockey Todd sat on the box as calvelendy as if he were winning a race in a walk. In the post office door stood a girl of twenty. She had run out of the street to avoid the team. She had hardly time to turn around before the bays shot past, yet ther quick eyes noted the calmness of the man. at the lines. "Oh!" she cried, "the Sandy!"

The Sandy was only a small mountain stream that flowed into a small Tuna, but the bridge had been torn up for repairs. The plunge into that narrow ditch would be fatal beyond doubt to the driver, and he did not

seem to know about it. The spectators, fascinated, could not fee, Their hearts heat hard and their eyes prosected as they looked for the explosion. The bars deared the ditch, and the wagon dived date it. The Custerites could not believe their eyes, for there on the ground stood the driver, unharmed, and away down the road. with the wagon tongue bumping on the ground between them, the buys were running at full speed toward Harford.

Every spectator shouted and ran to the bridge. Leona Jervis went with the crowd, and when she saw Jockey Todd coolly answering questions she fell in love with him. Noticing her he remembred that he had seen her in the post-office door, and he smiled as he realized her frightened look. Meeting his gaze she blushed, and his smile quickly gave place to a scowl. Buring always he strode to where also stood and asked in a harsh tone: "Did you think to see a man in bits, blowed

by the giveer'n?" No; I come hopin to see him clear the ditch as easy as he come to it." "I ask your pardon. My name is Todd-Hiram Todd. "And mine is Leona Jervis; I live there, ointing to a house on the hill above the

From that impulsive beginning the acquaintance of Jockey Todd and Leona Jervis gip-ned into a mutual affection. Some days after this Jockey Todd pulled up the bays as he was passing Leona's home. She was getting breakfast for her brother

When Jockey Todd was leaving Leona threwher arms around his neck and said, "Give it up, Hiram; I am so fraid all the

"I will, Leona, I will never drink again." But that was an evasion. She clung to thin tighter and pleaded: "Oh, Hiram, I was't let you go back to it. The terrible glyescence will surely take your life some day if you keep on handlin' it, and I'm worried to death all the time. Why I never hear an explosion, if it is only an empty can, without umpin'. My heart just stands still while I wonder if its you or or -- or -- "

And she stammered into silence, hiding her face on his shoulder. He filled out the sentence, whispering in her ear-"Or Grip.

Her face pressed his shoulder in assent. Wirip was a moonlighter-one who had torpeloed oil wells in the night at the risk of arrest and imprisonment. The torpedo compasent entitling them to the exclusive right or torpedoing oil wells, so that all persons engaged in clandestine operation with the orpedo at the wells were in danger of the Such persons were called moonlighters. Grip Jervis and long been suspected by the torpedo company, and detectives had been employed to watch him, but he was cunning, and had never been caught. Leona's admission to Juckey Todd was the first reliable evidence obtained by any one in the compamy's employ that Grip was actually a moon

Jockey Todd loosed her arms and jerked spen the door. Leona's face blanched. You're not goin' to tell on Grip, are you? His carries a pistol and would kill you. I sin't goin' to do nothin' now. I'll shoot

this well, and think things over on the way back. I'll most likely give it up."

Oh, I'm so glad!" Leona exclaimed, for petial of her brother in the joy of having a half promise from her lover that he would

abandon his dangerous business. Than't because I'm afraid of gettin' killed. When a feller's got to die he'll do it, no matter what his business is. Neither me nor

Grin's goin' to get hurt till our time comes No. it's because I'm a regular and Grip's a moonlighter that I'm bothered. I'm mixed between duty and love. Say, Leona, what did you tell me for?" I didn't quite tell you. You guessed it, Well, kiss me good-by, and we'll fix things

e watched him drive up a small hill in the good. The shadowy appearance of the team

and driver in the fog when they reached the top of the rise almost made her cry out in anguish. With superstitious foreboding she returned to the house. Jockey Todd drove slowly; there was tur moil in his mind. He possessed a sense of honor, and it troubled him to be deceiving those whom he served. He felt that if hemithheld from the company the evidence that Grip was a moonlighter he would be treating

them unfairly. He was very glad when he reached the oil well that he had come to torpedo. The exciting task that he was about to perform would for the time divert his thoughts. He stopped the horses a short distance from the derrick, and jumped to the ground. Then he opened the box to get the giscerine. There was none there! The box was empty, yet he himself had seen the cans -i there at the factory before he started. He shut the lid with a slam.

It was mean, durn mean, of Grip Jervis to steal my stuff while I was in his house court-

He put his foot on a bub of a wheel, and, asing an elbow on his knee, became thought-He could not go back to the factory and declare that the box had not been filled, for he had signed the receipt, and it was already filled as a voucher for the quantity he had taken. If he reported to the company that he had lost the glycerine he might b accessed of conniving with the moonlighters. t last he saw a way out of his difficulty. Being on good terms with a man who manu factured glycerine, and whose trade was largely with the moonlighters, Jockev Todd resolved to go to him and try to buy enough of the explosive to "shoot" the well. He hid the shell under some bushes and drove to the flactory, where he succeeded in purchasing the amount of giveerine he needed. He also

When he returned to the well curiosity led him to look under the bushes where he had "Sirip is tryin' me mighty hard," he mut-

tered, as he swung a can of glycerine carelessly from the box. It was not long until the torpedo was at The bottom of the deep well, and then Jockey Tedd picked up the three-cornered weight. "Id ake to drop this on Grip's head," and between his clenched teeth, as he stood

sover the easing through which the oil was Now git!" he said to the men employed on the lease, who were standing in the derrick. They fied, and he dropped the "go-devil" into the cusing. He heard it strike the petrobeam and a second later a sound like the

snapping of a percussion-cap reached him. Then he ran from the derrick floor. He was | gas jet that suddenly went out. only a few paces from it when a column of oil ebot over the top of the derrick. He was always proud of a successful shot and a quick response on the part of the well, a few minutes, he opened them the derrick, but this time his pleasure was momentary. and the cleared place were lighted only by As he turned to look at the flow, something flashed in the sunlight. He shut his eyes quirkly, but not soon enough to avoid seeing Grip Jervis lying under some low-hanging bushes, and beside him the shell Jockey Todd had brought to the well that morning. He became angry, and jumped on the box, for-getting his reel. He took up the lines and

Leona saw them and the empty wagon. and her heart stood still. At last it had come, and Grip would soon return with the self at a window from which she could see up the road. A great weight of dread oppressed she did not weep. She had always prided herself that she was not "one of the kind." Presently she uttered a glad excla-mation. She saw Jockey Todd on the little knew at once that he was angry. But she did not mind that, and ran to meet him.

"Oh! I'm so glad you're not hurt!" she said running into the middle of the muddy road. He was covered with mud, and presented a sorry appearance. Leona's reaction of spirits was so great that, unheeding the scowl on his face, she laughed at him.

"Do you think it's funny?" he snarled. "It wouldn't be if you had been hurt," she replied, softly, as she looked fondly upon This, however, did not appease him.

"That brother of yours was the cause of it 'm comin' to see him to-night Her smile faded and her face grew pale. With trembling lips she asked: "Are you comin' alone?" "Do you think I'd bring anybody?" "I don't think you'll find Grip. "I will if you've got confidence in me."

"Well, what if I have?"

They had been standing in the mud in the niddle of the road, but both were so earnest that neither thought of the ludicrous side of the situation. She looked steadily at him for a moment after his declaration that he meant to come for supper. Had he caught her hand and held it, or attempted to coax her she would have doubted him, and would have said that she would tell Grip to expect him. But she saw he was still angry, and was asking no favors, aithough he was dermined to meet Grip if possible.

"Well," she said, deliberately, "if you ome you needn't be surprised to find plates "That'll be enough if they're for Grip and

With that he left her and went splashing through the mud toward Harford. Leona was angry, thoroughly so, and called after him: "I s'pose you'll change your clothes and come in your Sunday suit. If you and Grip ent together you might need your good clothes to be buried in." Leona had a high temper, and when it was roused her tongue was reckless.

Jockey Todd did not reply, nor look around. Leona returned to the house, called herself a fool for running into the mud to meet Jockey Todd, and resolved to inform Grip that he could expect a visitor for supper. But the day passed and Grip did not come home. She began to be uneasy about him, fearing that he and Jockey Todd had met. She had not begun to get supper yet when she saw Jockey Todd coming up the road. She was so angry at him that she did not laugh when she noticed that he wore his Sunday suit. Something serious was impending, and she wished she could warn Grip; but it was too late, for there he was, talking to Jockey Todd at the gate. She had not seen her brother approach the house.

Grip was laughing, but Jockey Todd's face was dark. "You had no business to play me that

The company can stand it," said Grip. He was reckoning on Jockey Todd's love for Leona. Leona went to open the door and could hear all that was said. "But if I report it, the company won't stand

"But you won't report it," said Grip, still "Mebbe I will and mebbe I won't."

Grip put his hand to his hip pocket and tapped the but of a revolver. "If you tell the company I stole the glycerine, I'll put a hole in you." Grip had ceased laughing and assumed a serious air. Leona ran down the steps. "What are

you two fightin' about?" she asked. There was no reply. "What is it. Hiram Todd?" She turned fiercely on him. "Grip's got to quit moonlightin'," he an-

swered "I guess he'll do as he pleases about that," she said, sharply. "Well, all I've got to say is that I've warned Grip.

At this Leona's eyes flushed, and she shook her fist in Jockey Todd's face. "If you tell on Grip, I hope he will kill you. Now you can go your way, and I'll go mine. You're a coward to come here and threaten my kin.' "Well, you've got my word for it, Grip. Quit now, when you've got a chance. Re-

member the glycer'n. "Remember this, Jockey Todd," Grip replied, and laid the revolver across his arm. "I will, and get one for myself."

Jockey Todd turned his back on the broth er and sister, and started toward Harford "She never was as pretty as when she was shakin' her fist at me. I think she could make life interestin', but I have to give her

Thus mused Jockey Todd as he went his way in obedience to her command. The brother and sister-she in no amiable mood toward him-went into their house, and soon sat down to supper. There were plates for two, and for some reason, when she was washing them after the meal, Leona's

yes became moist. The next day Jockey Todd went to the company's office and resigned his position, giving as a reason for leaving their employment that he was afraid the glycerine would Moon number him among its victims if he did not stop haddling it. A few days afterwards he got work as a pumper on a lease on the hill just above Leona's home. He could

sit in the engine-house door and see her moving about the yard. One day Grip came home with the news that Jockey Todd had quit shooting wells and gone to pumping them. Leona stared at Grip a moment, and when he smiled said, 'You needn't think he give up his job because he was afraid of you. He couldn't stay with the company and not tell on you.

"Oh! he was afraid though," said Grip, with an air of bravado. "Some of these nights you'll find out that Hiram Todd don't fear anything. Mind what I say, Grip. Grip only laughed

When Jockey Todd took up his abode in the engine house on the Krohm lease he was surprised that the silence of the woods after night was agreeable to him. He found comfort in the quiet that was broken only by the stroke of the pumping engine and the rattle of the rods. These sounds were so regular in repetition that he grew to consider them a part of the stillness. The flaming gas jet threw at the whim of the wind changeful shadows across the cleared space in which the derrick stood. The trees nearest him in the encircling woods were distinctly brought out by the flickering light, and when it bent before the breeze it gave him glimpses of grim trunks that in the darkness when the flame stood still, but beyond was the dense night of the deep forest. He got into the habit of watching this change of light and shadow,

and of gazing at the impenetrable dark-"Leona acted accordin' to her light, but she couldn't see any further into my heart than I can into the woods. Maybe I can show it to her some time as plain as day."

Thus he mused upon Leona, and waited for the time to come when she would fully understand him. Leona began to regret her hasty action, as He was still free and light-hearted, while her spirits drooped, and she went about her work in a listless, preoccupied manner. Often in the evening she stood in the door and looked up at the gas jet. In the distance it was only a point of light, but she knew that under it Jockey Todd was sitting, and be-

ween him and her the night intervened, At lest the sense of the injustice she had done him was so heavy upon her that she resolved to right it. One evening, just after the night fell, she threw a light shawl over her head and started up the hill. She knew the way, and did not need the guidance of the

Jockey Todd was leaning back in his chair in the engine-house and wishing he could see Leona. His eyes were closed, and when, after and the cleared place were lighted only by the rays of a moon not yet in the third quarter. Supposing the strong wind had blown the light out he got up to re-light the gas. When he stepped to the door he saw a man going to the derrick. He became cautious at once and remained in the engine-house. The intrader walked all around the derrick, and Jockey Todd, watching his actions, concludspoke to the bays. They started off at a gapid gait, and he let them go. The surface was to be shot that night, but for the moment had forgotten it. He had been away in were many deep ruts. Into one of these a the early evening and had not learned where front wheel sank, and he went out on his the glycerine had been concealed. shoulder into a puddle. The horses ran on, The moonlighter examined each part of the

passed the Jervis home, and dashed into | derrick in turn, and did not seem to discover the marks left by the giverine man who had he marks left by the glycerine man who had hidden the explosive. At last the moonlighter struck a match. By its light Jockey Todd recognized Grip Jervis. Moreover, he saw

that Grip was drunk. Soon Grip found what he was searching for and turning his back to the derrick, began to pace off a distance. counting aloud, "One two (hie) three—" Then Jockey Todd ran out of the engine-house toward him. Grip stopped and faced about. He was so intoxicated that he could not stand erect. "Who's that?'

"Me-Jockey Todd." "Stand where (hic) you are." Grip felt for his pistol, but in a second Jockey Todd was on him, and held his hand in a firm grasp. There was a sharp struggle of a moment, and Grip staggered back unarmed. Jockey Todd put the pistol in his pocket.

drunk to shoot this well. You sit down and I'll do it.' "I ain't drunk. I shoot this well myselfmind that. You never was nothin' but a well-butcher, anyhow.' "I tell you if you pick up a can of glycerine to-night you'll drop it, and that'll be the

and of you.'

Now, Grip, listen to reason; you are too

"Stand out of my road." Grip made a lunge forward. Jockey Todd avoided the blow, and returned it. Grip fell back on a stone and lay there still. Jockey Todd soon found the glycerine and shell. He carried the explosive to the derrick floor, then quickly fitted together the joints "You won't tell Grip I'm comin' for supof the shell. In a few minutes the torpedo was filled and lowered to the rock, and he

dropped the weight. On going out of the derrick to avoid the flow of the petroleum he was met with the command 'Hands up, Grip Jervis! I've caught you at

Leona, crouching behind a clump of bushes heard the words and shivered in fear, for it would be like Grip to show fight, and perhaps be killed. "I'm not objectin' to hold up my hands but I'd like to inform you. Mr. Perkins, that

you've got the wrong name.' "Well, I'll be torpedoed," exclaimed the de tective, "if it isn't Jockey Todd.

"Well, I'm done up!" Perkins ejaculated, putting away his revolver. "I was sure I had Grip Jervis,"he continued You see, Grip was in Harford this afternoon, and got drunk. He did a lot of talking, and said he was going to shoot a well on the Sextuple Tract to-night. I followed him, but he gave me the slip. So I could do nothing but watch the gas jets from the top of the hill. When I saw this one go out, I made a bee line for here. I got here just as you were lowering the shell; after you dropped the weight, I went for you, thinking you were Grip. Hang it! I wish it had been him." Leona was both relieved and distressed. She was glad that Grip was free, and troubled

because of Jockey Todd's arrest. "Well, I guess you'll have to come along with me, Todd. "All right, Perkins. Wait till I get my

He led the way to the engine-house, careful to keep the derrick between Grip and them. Entering the engine-house, he reappeared in a moment with his hat on, and a coat over his arm. "Guess I'd better light up," he

Striking a match, he fired a long pine stick, which he thrust into the stream of gas he loosed from a pipe, and instantly the scene was brilliantly yet uncertainly lighted. Leona, peering through the bushes, could see his face. It was determined.

After the detective and Jockey Todd were out of sight, Leona entered the open space meaning to follow them. She jumped when she came near stepping on a man, and uttered a low scream when she saw Grip lying before her. Bending over him, she caught him by the

shoulder to wake him. It was hard to do, but at last he grunted and opened his eyes stupidly. "That you, Leona? Breakfast ready?" he asked, huskily. "Get up, Grip. You have fallen and hurt

vourself. Staggering to his feet, he looked around in a dazed way. Presently he said: "Oh, I know! Where's Jocky Todd?

"Gone. "He got afraid and run." "Why?"

"We had a fight, and he knocked me down. was tight, or he couldn't have done it," Leona became strangely excited, yet sh seemed calm, and her voice, although con-strained, was even, when she said: "You came here to shoot the well, and Hiram wouldn't let you, because you were too drunk. You fought him, and he knocked you down.' "Yes, that was the way; but I'll get even

with him.' "What for?-keepin' you from bein' ar rested? "What do you mean?" Grip stered at her blankly. "That Perkins arrested Hiram for shooting

this well. Perkins thought he would have you at first 'And didn't Jockey Todd squeal on me?" "Never said a word about you. Went

right along, and kept Perkins from lookin' Grip hung his head and was silent a long while. When he spoke again he said: "Well that's what I call the square thing. A man can't come it over me that way, though. I'll tell Rogers the whole story, and I know he won't push Jockey Todd. Leona said only: "Come Grip, let's go

Grip was so taken up with Jockey Todd's generosity that he never thought to ask Leona what she did there. Next day Grip did tell the whole story to Colonel Rogers, and, as he had predicted, Jockey Todd was not proceeded against. Grip was offered and accepted a position with the torpedo company. That night he

Not A Mortal Stirred!

together.

Leona, and Jockey Todd sat down to supper

Those who think to gain their desires by command or force seldom meet with such success as others who weapon to some purpose:

middle of a discourse. This was an it, so it is alleged. evesore to the visiting incumbent, and when one day a reverend brother volunteered to reach for him, he felt called upon to speak of the annoy-

ance. "Oh, I'll stop that," was the reply. "I'll warrant you that no one leaves until I'm done." Accordingly, when he arose to speak, he introduced his

sermon with the following, "My friends, before I begin my serman, I wish to make a few not irrelevant remarks. You all know govern its action with ever-ready in- so are there many good women of unfortunthat a vessel when full is full, and telligence, and even to have a "policy." ate parentage, and with miserable ways of bandled from one to another, and all touchthat to continue to pour into it is The demon is cruel and firm; not in a case may possess all that the Fraulein attention in the town. folly. Some vessels are capable of day after day went by and no harm came to holding a great deal, while others, again, are easily filled. So it is with men's heads, and it is possible some of your's may become full before I'm through. If so, I want you to feel at perfect liberty to leave."

> quarter, but not a mortal stirred. afterwards, "I had a team of restless young horses outside, but I wouldn't \$100.

Down On His Luck. are continually speaking of their illluck. One of these discontented beings was passing through the street where I am at present working. Something glistened on the sidewalk and he stopped to pick it up. It was a sixpence. "Dang it," he exclaimed in a tone of petulant disappointment, "if anybody else had found it it would have been a shilling."-Dundee News.

Dashing American Thieves.

It is certain that the swiss anthorities will obtain the extradition of Billy Porter and Frank Buck, the American burglars, who were arrested in London a few days ago on a charge of burglary committed in Munich. Porter had been shadowed from the time he arrived in England, in 1887. The jewel robbery at Munich was the most daring in the annals of the German police. The robbers forced a side door, cut through two ceilings, and decended into the jewelry shop by means of a rope ladder. They left the ladder in the shop, together with a piece of linen, which was afterward found to be identical with a piece of linen found in Buck's house, and in which some of the stolen jewelry was wrapped. With the jewelry was found a letter saying, "Have left you something to go on with." Buck tried to conceal in the waistband of his trousers a large packet of loose diamonds. Both dressed stylishly, and frequented American resorts in London. They were on friendly terms with Bond the famous bank burglar, and a receiver named Johnson, who owned a steam yatch. The latter formerly lived in chambers, Picadilly, paying a rent of 300 farthings yearly. Recently he took a mansion at Clapham. Not long ago Porter, Buck and

Johnson had a carouse in Porter's house at Chelsea. Getting into a fight, Johnson hit Buck on the head with a fender and Buck floored Johnson and trampled upon him, smashing his nose. They were arrested, but each declined to make a charge against the other. Subsequently the three men had another carouse, when all were arrested and fined in the Bow Street Police Court for drunkenness. On that occasion Johnson gave an assumed name. Porter was present at the fight between Mitchell and Sullivan, and was the man at whom the gendarmes fired when the spectators were trying to escape after the fight. Buck recently married a respectable English girl. He bought a fine house in Walham Green and purchased a pair of horses and a car-

Superintendent Shaw, of the London police, cleverly recovered a portion of the Munich plunder, consisting of 800 unset stones, bracelets. rings and other articles of jewelry, and \$4,500 in English and French bank notes. The total value of the booty recovered is about \$20,000. In each house were found loaded revolvers, disguises, superb sets of burglars' tools, and scores of suits of clothes and hats suitable for every country in Europe.

Caught by Camphor. From the Philadelphia Ledger.

Assistant Superintendent Dougherty, of the Pinkerton agency, attributes the detection and capture of Express Agent Huber, of Sunbury, Pa, for the theft of the \$29,600 package belonging to the Adams Express Co. on August 20, 1886 to two thingscamphor and a woman's indiscretion. He said that Mrs. Huber had been boasting among her friends of what she would be able to wear some day, and threw out hints of a big legacy. Afterward she gave finer parties, dinner parties and other entertainments to her friends, and had had her house furnished and carpeted, and new heating apparatus put in. It was known that her relatives were not wealthy. Huber also began

wearing better apparel. Capt. Dougherty said that after suspicion had been directed toward Huber, a Pinkerton agent, who got his confidence, borrowed \$1,000 from him. Capt. Linden and Dougherty discovered a strong odor of camphor on the money. They argued that it had not come from a bank but had been secreted in a house. It was found that Huber had had a handsome mahogany box made with secret compartments. After a while the detective got Huber interested in mining schemes and obtained another \$1,000 loan. This time Huber was followed

to his home where he got the money. The conclusion was irrisistible that the stolen funds were secreted there. Huber was decoved to Philadelphia under the pretence that he was to be a witness in the case of Rathmal Pratt, a clerk in the office here, who was arrested two years ago on suspicion of stealing the money. Captain Linden started for Sunbury on use tact and skilful strategy. The the very hour when Huber took Detroit Free Press tells a story of a the train for Philadelphia. Capgood minister who used the latter tain Linden went straight for the mahogany box in Huber's house, and | needs must see in me the weakest of men be-Some years ago the pastor of a in that receptacle found the camphor church in a rural district of Missouri and a good part of the money, and me up. And this is the woman you say is shepherded a flock, some members of behind a mantel was more of it. The sons to foreign countries trying to eke out an which were in the habit of leaving Adams Express envelopes, which had the house while he was yet in the contained the cash, still held most of

The Flight of a Cannon Ball.

To untutored hearers a formula set down in algebra would convey less idea of a hindered though not vanquished cannon ball than would the simple speech of a savage who, after tracing its course (as only savages can), has called it "a demon let loose." For not only does it seem to be aimed with a mighty will, but somehow to stupidly, obstinate. Against things that are hard and directly confronting him he indeed frankly tries his strength, and does his utmost to shatter them and send them in splinters and fragments to widen the havoc he brings; but with objects that are that. The sermon lasted an hour and a smooth and face him obliquely he always compounds, being ready on "Do you know," said a young man even a slight challenge to come, as men say, to "fair terms" by varying his line of advance, and even, if need be, have gone out to look after them for resorting to crooked, to sinuous, paths. By dint of simple friction with metal, with earth, with even the soft, vielding air, he adds varied rotatory movements to those first enjoin-There are people in the world who ed by his mission; he improves his fell skill as he goes; he acquires a strange nimbleness; can do more than simply strike-can wrench, can lift, can toss, can almost grasp; can gather from each conquered hindrance a new and baneful power; can be rushing, for instance, straight on in a horizontal direction, and then, because of some contact, spring up all at once like a tiger intent on the throat of a camel. -Kinglake's "Crimea."

A LITTLE BISMUTH.

A Story of Artist Life in Munich.

An artists procession in Munich has caused a suspension of business for the day. Toward dusk an elderly appearing woman, blackcloaked and veiled, enters a drug shop in a street a little removed from the business portion of the town.

The clerks of the establishment are among the thousands viewing the pageant then passing a few streets away. When the heels of the woman's boots rattle upon the marble flooring the proprietor of the shop comes forward from the back of the long room, where he has been brooding under the single gas jet lighted in the place. He is a young man, white of face, and wild of eye, looking as though he were undergoing a severe mental

"What is your wish?" he asks in a voice that has an English ring in it. The woman was fumbling at her pocket as

though in search of her purse. "I should like a small quantity of bismuth,"

she answered, when he had addressed her a second time. The druggist picked up a hern spatula went to the back of the shop, returned with

the spatula filled with a white powder, put some of it in the silver scale upon the polished counter, wrapped it in a bit of fine paper and handed it to his customer She did not immediately take it from his hand which caused him to look at her and note her apparel; thus he was able to describe her appearance to the police a little later on. He also noted that the eyes back of the veil were fixed upon him. This, in his then frame of mind, irritated him.

"Here is your bismuth," he said almost Then she caught up the little package, tos ed down a piece of money and walked rapidly to the door. The knob in her hand, she paused "Is there anything else?" he asked

She opened the door and was gone.

band in the procession was playing the live-

liest of tunes; wisps of the melody entered the shop. The druggist groaned, and picking up the spatula went to put it in the drawer from which he had taken the powder left over from the quantity he had weighed out for the woman. When he came to the place he started back with an exclamation. He had neglected the shop for several days and during his absence a clerk and passed on to his own chamber where he had taken the bismuth from the locked himself in and where she feared to go drawer where it had always been kept and substituted for it a newly discovered drug. one of the deadliest and most subtle poisons in the pharmacopæia. He had properly marked the drawer with the name of the poison, but the druggist had automatically gone to the usual receptical of the bismuth and had not noticed the change. He had given the unknown woman enough of the

poison to kill her. He flew to the door. The woman was nowhere to be seen. He ran to the corner and but no one was in sight. He retraced his she must have torn off as she agitatedly put the package in her pocket. This label borehis name. His first sensation was almost of relief. The mistake might not now betraced to him if the poor creature swallowed the drug he had given her.

Where was the happiness of life? Here was an elderly bowed woman whose mourning weeds bespoke sadness and loss. Might he not have placed within her reach relief from care and memory? Then he revolted from this morbid reasoning and the enormity of his responsibility flashed across him. He went to the parlor back of the shop, Here he found his mother reading—a stern, cold woman, in whose eye was a power of will unpossessed by her son.

"Let me tell you what I have done," he said in English She slowly closed her book. "What do you mean?" she asked leisurely as though she expected some extravagant

story of an escapade. He told her what had occured. Her brow contracted. "Blame your own weak self," she said. "No, I blame you," he retorted. "How me?" she demanded rising to her feet. "Explain yourself."

"Have you not made me as I am?" he said, unfit for business, unfit for anything whatsoever?' "I have not," she auswered, "but the acting woman has." With a stride he was beside her, his hand

upon her arm. "Do not touch me," she said, shaking him off "and listen to me." "Well?" "You have not for days allowed me to speak. I shall speak now.

His insolence of manner cast a glow in her face and made her harsher than she meant "I say that you should blame Lilli, the actress, if aught of harm comes from your reprehensible carelessness," she said. "I have

that no good could come of your intimacy with her. "I know that I love her." "A woman barely knowing her name, a woman acting upon the stage. You are of irreproachable descent; your dead father was a gentleman, your mother is a lady. Could I brook an alliance which should bring into our family a player whose face has turned the heads of half the youth in Munich? Let her marry one of her own fraternity, one who views her trade from the art standpoint. A

marriage with you was simply impossible. From the first I told you how it would be. Did you take warning? You but allowed yourself to be all the more carried away by your infatuation, and were on the point of declaring yourself to her when I came to the "And how did you come to the rescue?" he asked. "Tell me that."

"By appealing to the woman herself," she answered, "as you well know." "Yes, by going to the back door of a theater, asking for an actress and laying before her your puritanical ideas, to such a degree showing her your distaste for her that she cause of your presumption, and so she gives me up. And this is the woman you say is existence on a beggarly income which at home would not keep us according to tradi-

never have given up the man who loved her." She was putting on her bonnet. "You are scarcely accountable for what you are saying," she said. "I did that for on for which you will yet thank me. Lilli-" "Is as true a woman as you are. She raised her chin. "As though I should have gone to her had she not been," she said: "as though a Clark would harbor a feeling of admiration for a woman who is not as irreproachable in every respect as the ladies of,

Lilli has ascribed to her; but would you marry the dansuese or the waitress? It is all favorite actress came forward, she faced over, and happily over; to-morrow night is good humored audience. Yes, they were her last in Munich. In Berlin she will renew | merry and happy even saying farewell to her: her early triumphs, while you will have a tragic incident made them cheerful as need grown calm enough to recognize the force of | be my reasoning-especially when the fraulein marries a title." She had not mean tto say "What is that?" he cried quickly. you all. Your love, as you persist in her lips; and all the time she was thinking

me somewhat fearful of the consequences were I to tell you all that the fraulein told me; but that she loved. And yet his mother had down upon her unturned face. Then he cried your mistake in the selling of poison proves that nothing you might know could make you more reckless. Lilli informed me when I ast saw her, two days ago, that she had anxious mother that her son been asked in marriage by the Baron Vol- free, had promised that she would write to

"And her answer to him?" "She had not given him an answer yet." force her to see what my love is worth to making people light hearted with her piquan

He made for the door. "Stop!" his mother said, ringingly. She took off her bonnet and reseated her-

self. Her son looked at her. 'You have something else to do before that," she said with an effort. "I was about to try to assist you in its performance; now I nistake you have made in your shop. Neg- recall.

will listen to the suit of the most effectually ruined man in Munich." She picked up her book. At that moment her son realized to the

ullest his own weakness and her strength. She had always governed him with her love until she had destroyed him in the will to op-

And now the strongest feeling of his life wayed him-his love for Lilli. He knew the actress other than his mother knew her delicate sensitiveness which contact with the world had not blunted. It was this delicate sensitiveness which gained for her the chivalric respect of gentlemen, which often made her impersonations on the stage too refined for the general taste.

His mother's last blow was the hardest-Lilli would blame him for an instant's delay in the adjustment of the terrible mistake he had made; she would blame herself for it! No, he must not go to her until he had done what he could to find the woman he waited on in the shop.

He hastened to the station. Here he notified the police as to what had occurred. There came to him an awakening from the low morbid condition into which he had been plunged these last few days, a horror of the outcome of it. All that night there were vain attempts to discover the elderly woman in a black cloak and vail who had asked for a small quantity of bismuth. Every minute Clark became more anxious. The finding of the woman seemed to be the pivot upon which hung his future happiness or unhappiness-it seemed almost as though Lilli said: ner, and I am yours; find her not, and take my blame." Criers were sent out who ran about the streets, proclaiming the incident. All night long Clark did what he could t

ectify his mistake. At day break, haggard and worn, he left the station and went home His mother met him. She had heard of all hat he had done. With a shock she realized that his task was undertaken for love of the actress-it had not been mere infatuation with him. She knew that she herself was placed aside forever, that henceforth he was removed from her control. And she had loved him as the only thing left her to love; she had come from her native land for his sake. If she had only thought that more than infatuation for the actress had been the source of his admiration! But no, she

not bring herself to say that her son's wife should be as Lilli was—and Lilli had spoken coldly to her, had smiled with an ennuied air and mentioned the Baron Volrath! O. he poor boy! When he came in she dared not sympathize

with him, she dared not say a word to him. She could only question him with stricken 'I am doing what I can," he said to her.

That day red placards were placed on the bill boards; "Extras" were thrown about the city with sensational headings-"A Life Endangered," "a case of poisoning," "Wanted all women who bought bismuth last evening. and the like, until the whole city was excited and everybody was hunting for the elderly woman in a black cloak who had purchased a small quantity of bismuth. The station was crowded with people who wished to have their medicines examined; women became looked up and down in the gathering gloom, hysterical and declared themselves poisoned. and were dissatisfied when it was proven that steps to the shop and found on the threshold they were mistaken. It would have taken a the label marked "Bismuth," which he had barrel of bismuth to have given even the placed upon the woman's purchase and which smallest quantity to each of those who laimed that he or she might be the unfortunate victim. The day went on to noon, evening came and the elderly woman in the black cloak remained undiscovered. The Fraulein Lilli naturally heard of the

> when she carried the chocolate to her bed side in the morning. Greta thought that her mistress looked poorly these two or three days, and that her acting last night showed a perceptible falling off. So with the chocolate she carried fresh news of the strange excitement in the city and hoped that it might provoke a smile. Instead, the fraulein asked her to be

commotion. Her maid spoke much of it

silent and read the items in the morning pa-Greta set the tray and the chocolate jug on the stand in reach of her mistress and picked up the paper. She had little more than up. folded the sheet when she uttered an exclamation.

"Fraulein," cried she, "what do you think? The mistake took place in the shop of your American friend, Herr Clark." Lilli gazed blankly at her. Greta went on and read the paper's account of the affair in all its minutia The Fraulein Lilli arose and slipped on a peignor of rosy silk. She crossed the room to a box on the table at the further end:

she raised the lid of the box, only to let it "Where is the letter I wrote to the Baron Volrath?" she asked. "I posted it while you were at the theatre last night-when I came home after taking you there," answered Greta. "Did you not tell me, fraulein, always to post the letter i

found in that box?"

The actress turned her back to the maid. Her acceptance of the baron, then, had gone to him and she had meant to recall it. The story which convulsed the town told her more than it told the town, and she owned to herself that she loved but one man, and told you that she maddened you-you knew | that was not the one whom she and accepted as her husband, but he who made a deadly mistake through thought of her. If that letter she had placed in the box was posted there was another to

be posted at once, she fumbled at the pocket of her peignor. "Greta," she said, "the letter that was "I found it when I hung up the dress last evening," answered Greta. "It was stamped, so I posted it along with the other." Lilli laughed. The second letter went to Clark; in it she told him she had accepted the Baron Volrath. Well, it was right that it should go after the other letter; and yet she would have

given the world to have had them both in her hand at this moment. "Greta," she said, "Why do sit there reading nonsense? Do you not know that we leave Munich after the performance to-

Greta threw down the paper. "But, Fraulein," she cried, "I thought we should wait until to-morrow, when the Baron Volrath would come to Munich and go to Berlin with us.'

"We leave Munich to-night." "Yet they say the baron will not be here till to-morrow.' "We leave to-night."

"Greta could not understand her mistres that day; she was tyrannical, nothing pleased her, and she started at the slightest noise, r fused to see any callers, and grew more untion and in the "set" we call our own. In go- bearable each moment. She was glad enough ing to Lilli as you did you showed that she when it was time to go to the theater. Even was equal to the highest womanhood; a here her mistress brought that day's mood woman less than a lady would never have re- | with her; nothing was right, her costume was sented your visit as she has done-would complained of, she was curt to the manager and delayed the rising of the curtain much beyond the usual time The house was packed from pit to dome on the occasion of her farewell to Muuich. Moreover it was an especially jolly house for the affairs of the druggist had assumed ludicrous proportions and people were accusing one another of wishing to purchase a small quantity of bismuth. The gamins of the city were already using the name of the drug as a catch word. Many wise heads declared that it was all a his own family. She is a good woman, but clever American mode of advertising the drug

breast would they have been as cheerful? She enacted the role of a merry maiden with a puzzling number of lovers from which to se-"Your violence has prevented my telling | lect a husband, coquetry in her smile and on terming your insane infatuation, has made that she had made herself vile in the eyes of around her. After a while he thought has the man she loved and whom she had let see begged that she would set him free from ber "toils." Her toils? She had told the him and tell him of her engagement to the baron. And she had done so, and by this time he must be thinking her the basest "Then she shall not," he cried. "I will woman in the world. And here she was acting as a worldy maiden with more happi ness than she knew how to dispose of. got through her part and made a tableau of oy and beauty as the green cloth rolled down at the end of the performance, When she was called before the curtain, over her gorgeous gown she had slipped on a

long black cloak. For she had tried to escape remain here. You have yet to rectify the from the theater without responding to the As she smilingly bowed her acknowledgment

sepulchrally murmured, "Bismuth!" and the people roared. She hastened from the stage, brushed past admirers who waited to give her'n last greeting, and reached her carriage

with Greta in it. She was silent all the way home. She sought her room at once, and bade Greta to leave her alone. She sat before her mirror and regarded the reflection of her face therein. It was a beautiful face, a pure woman face, And that other woman had as much as said she was not fit to be the wife of her son! The man she loved did not care for her,

and she had promised another man to be his

wife! She had been used to depict grief and

agony on the stage; now she called the suf-

ferings of art trivial, when she thought of those of nature. She felt thoroughly alone, a homeless, friendless creature, whose will had raised her to where she was, and whose love told her that she had toiled in vain. She contemplated her life, its privations, its struggles, until there had come into it a great light and warmth-her love for the American. And the light and warmth had been as false to her as any represented on the stage And she must be as worthless, as far . beyond the pale of worthy society as that woman has let her feel that she was, when she could accept the good and true Baron Volrath for her unloved husband. Pride, wounded tenderness, had urged her to make a victim of a guiltless man. What had her life done for her when it had all ended in this dismafailure? She had befriended many, the poor blessed her, she was a rising artist, a woman with ripening intellect; and yet at this hour she was the meanest, most humiliated crea ture she could imagine. Humiliated! She started and turned ghastly; she had been selfish-there was a further humiliation for her-she must set at rest the troubled mind of the man who loved her not. Yet why should she?-why should she not let him

have his share of suffering? "O, God!" she thought, "but I love Dare I tell him that I hungered for a sight of him? that I passed by his place of business in last evening's dusk and saw him in there! that, insane as I am at this moment, I entered the shop just for a parting near look at him? that once inside I realized my position, and calling my art into requisition I be came an old woman before him and asked for a drug; that it was to me he gave the poison which has caused him so much anxiety? I might tell him this to-night: I shall be away before he knows it; the glamour I have thrown over him will have paled, and he will know that I am nothing to him. But he must not say I caused a possible death." She flercely rang the bell on her dressing

"Greta," she said, "the carriage?" "It is waiting, fraulein, to take us to the station.

"First I must write a letter. You shall post it while I put on my hat. She sat down and wrote the note to Clark which should relieve his mind of all anxiety over his mistake of the evening before. But she did not tell him of the feeling which actuated her going into his shop, she could not tell him that she loved the man who was only infatuated with her as an artiste, the man whom she had in her "toils. She stamped the letter and gave it to her

maid to post. Then Fraulein Lilli put on the gown she and worn last evening when she had gone out in the dusk. Slipping her hand in the pocket she came upon the small package Clark had given her when she asked for the bismuth. She went over to the fireplace, and unfolding the paper looked down on the little heap of white dust, preparatory to throwing it into

the flame. Ah! the tender days when she had thought that she was loved as she loved!-the days when she deemed she had found a heart that throbbed responsive to hers, and looked intoa man's eyes seeing more there than flattery and misknowledge of the cravings of her hungry soul. She was called a coquette; the flattery of the world forced her to assume the character it assigned to her. But had she coquetted with this man? No, no, a thousand times no. And yet his mother as much as told her that he regarded her only as the rest did. There arose before her possibilities of a future with him, of a future without him, till she felt that she grew wild.

How long shestood thus shedid not know, Suddenly she heard a man's voice in the adjoining drawing room. Almost with a shriek she recognized it-the Baron Volrath's: he must have started to find her as soon as he had received her letter. And-what! Another voice in the drawing room-a second man's voice-the voice of the man she loved! For Clark had been overwhelmed by her letter, telling him of her acceptance of the baron; all that his mother had said concerning her was proved true. And he had seen in her love for himself if ever a woman let a man see her love for him! It had all been simulation, art, then.

He took the letter to his mother. "Forgive me," he said. "You will understand when yon have read this." She could say not a word; she could only carry the letter into the privacy of her own room and have her agony beyond the sight of

humanity. Clark was well nigh crazed that day, he was jeered at for the excitement he had raised in the city, and people were doubtful if there had been an elderly woman who wanted a small quantity of bismuth and who, instead, received a deadly poison. He got through the day, busy with the author ities and the crowds around his shop. And all the day there was but one absorbing thought-Lilli. When the night came he thought of her in the theater, her last ap pearance a triumph. When it was about time for the performance to be over he left for the house. False as she might be, he loved her-he must look upon her just once more before she left him forever. But the theater was dark when he got there; he could not see her go to her carriage surrounded by the youth of Munich.

He tore along the street in which was her bijou residence. Greta was coming down the "Herr Clark," she cried, "I was about to post this letter for you.' A letter! He snatched it from the girl, tore it open and read it in the light from the hall. Lilli had not written why she had not come to his shop, but he was a lover, and he read between the lines-he read all that she had thought and had not put down in her com-

Then a rage seized him; he would go to her

ouse, upbraid her for all her falsity to him.

He rushed up the stairs to the drawing "Lilli, Lilli," he cried, rapturously, "Lilli, Lilli. A gentleman confronted him, "You are speaking of my betrothed wife, sir." he said, Clark with clenched fist looked at him. "You lie!" he thundered. The baron strode up to him. At this moment the door of the dressing room opened and the actress with a

munication to him. She loved him!

face like marble stood on the threshhold. "Lilli, my loved one," said the baron, and vent to her and saluted her. For a moment Clark gazed stupidly at the pair, and then without having said a word to her went from the room, from the house, reeling like a drunken man, "Come!" said Lilli, "We shall be late for the train. Come!

"But that man?" queried the baron. "The American druggist who has made Munich laugh to-day," answered she, "I have frequently met him; he came presumably to bid me adieu! "I am glad," soberly returned the baron,

"Come she said. In the train she shivered as though from cold. The baron wrapped a rug around her. "Lean thy head upon my shoulder," he

that public life will soon be over for you.

She would have refused to do so, but he drew her pretty head down to his arm. "You have worked to hard," he said lean-Had they known of the tragedy in her own ing tenderly over her. "But now you will soon be at home and at rest. "Yes," she returned, and closed her eyes,

"Yes,"
He drew her closely to him and she did not resist. He held his arm sleep was very peaceful and looked smilingly proved to her that she was nothing to him, had out. He tried to wake her and could not The powder she had taken in her dressing room had given her a sleep from which she would never awake in this world.

Employe-Sir, I would like to speak to you a moment upon a very serious matter. Merchant- Don't bother me. "But-" "Go away to your work, I say!" "I want to ask your consent to my marriage with your daughter Nellie, and-" "Oh, is that so? Take her, my boy, and may God bless you both. I thought you were going to ask for an increase lect for a minute what devolves upon you to do in this matter and see if the Fraulein Lilli of the plaudits, a boy, referring to her cloak, of salary."—Nebraska State Journal.