



INTERNATIONAL PRESS ASSOCIATION.

CHAPTER I.

IT WAS Martinmas Sunday. The evening service was just over, and the congregation, more than usually scanty, had dispersed itself over the Moss toward the various farms and fields which were scattered here and there upon it.

"There'll be snaw the night," he muttered, placing the key in the oak door, preliminary to locking up; "there'll be snaw the night, or I'm sair mista'en. And the Annan's rising—it's snawing noo among the hills."

All at once the light in the vestry was extinguished, and the minister, a man about fifty years of age, appeared on the threshold, wrapped in a heavy winter cloak and carrying a thick staff.

"Lock up, Solomon, my man," he said.

Solomon obeyed, turning the key in the inner door, and then that of the outer one of solid oak, while the minister stood waiting on the path. Then the two, side by side, and with much the same kind of mechanical trot, passed across the churchyard, pausing now and again to struggle with the fierce gusts, and to hold on their heads—the sexton his Sunday "bonnet," and the minister his broad-brimmed clerical hat.

Reaching the iron gate, which was rattling and creaking in the wind, they descended three moss-grown steps, and reached the highway. Here all was pitch dark, for the shadow of tall yew-trees fell from the other side, deepening the nocturnal blackness; but, crossing the road, they opened another gate, crossed the garden where the yew-trees grew, and reached the door of the manse.

Standing here in complete shelter, they heard the "sough" of the blast overhead among the tossing boughs, like the wild thunder of a stormy sea.

The manse was a plain two-story building, as old as the times of the Covenant and containing numberless cheerless chambers, the majority of which were unfurnished. Here the Reverend Sampson Lorraine had dwelt in solitude for five-and-twenty years. He had come to the place as a shy young bachelor, a student, and a bookworm; and despite all the sieges that had been laid to his heart, as was inevitable in a place where marriageable men were few and spinsters many, a bachelor he had remained ever since.

People said that a love disappointment in early life had made him thereafter invulnerable to all the charms of woman, but at first his single condition made him very popular. Presently, however, as his position as a bachelor grew more confirmed, and his eccentricities increased, he ceased to awaken much interest.

Opening the door with a latch-key, he entered a bare lobby, and striking a light, led the way into a large room on the ground floor. It was scantily furnished with an old carpet, an old-fashioned circular table with drawers, and several chairs; but on the walls were numerous shelves, covered with books. The room had two large windows looking on the back lawn which sloped down to the river, but was without curtains of any kind.

A fire burned on the hearth, and a rude box of peat fuel stood by the fireside. One side of the table was spread with a clean cloth, on which stood a tray with bread, oatcake, cheese, and butter, and a large stone water-jug, a black-bottle, and some glasses.

"Sit ye down, Solomon," said the minister, placing a lighted candle on the table.

Solomon stood, hat in hand. Every Sunday evening for many a long year he had entered the house in the same way, at the same hour, and received the same invitation.

Seen in the dim light of the room, the sexton was a little wizened, white-haired man, with hoary, bushy eyebrows, keen gray eyes, and sunken, tanned cheeks. He was dressed in decent black, with a white shirt, and the kind of collar known in Scotland as "stick-ups." The minister, on the other hand, was tall and somewhat portly, with a round, boyish face, gentle blue eyes, and mild, good-humored mouth. His hair was white as snow, and fell almost to his shoulders.

"Sit ye down, sit ye down," he repeated; "and take a glass—the night is cold."

Solomon placed his bonnet carefully on the edge of the table, and seated himself respectfully on one of the cane-bottomed chairs. Then, leisurely and solemnly, he poured out a glass of raw spirit. Meantime Mr. Lorraine, having divested himself of his cloak and hat, sat down in the arm-chair by the fireside.

say. But, as the minister remained silent, Solomon rose to go.

"Are ye mindin' the funeral the morn'?" the sexton asked, taking up his bonnet.

Mr. Lorraine nodded.

"Can I bring ye anything before I gang to bed? I maun rise at five to feenish the grave."

"No; go to bed. I shall sit up and read a little."

"Weel, good-night, sir."

"Good-night, Solomon."

Thereupon Solomon left the room, closing the door softly behind him. Lighting a candle in the lobby, he made his way quietly to a chamber in the upper part of the house, where he slept, and which was, indeed, the only chamber in the manse, excepting the minister's sitting-room and adjoining bedroom, which contained any furniture.

Many years before Solomon had taken up his abode there, on the minister's invitation, and it was his only home. Besides performing the duties of sexton and clerk, he acted generally as factotum to Mr. Lorraine, attended to the garden, and groomed the pony on which the minister made his visitations about the country. An aged woman, Mysie Simpson, came in every day to clean and cook, but invariably retired to her own dwelling at night-fall. So the two old men were practically alone together, and, despite the difference in their social positions, regarded each other with a peculiar attachment.

The minister sat for some time musing, then with a sigh he took a book from the shelves and began to read. It was a volume of old sermons, written by a south-country clergyman, impassioned, wrathful, and in the narrow sense Calvinistic. As he read, the wind roared round the house, and moaned in the chimneys, and rattled the shutterless windows; but as the wind rose the darkness decreased, and the vitreous rays of the moon began playing on the window panes.

Mr. Lorraine lit his pipe—the only luxury in which he indulged; for despite his plump figure, which he inherited, he was abstemious and a teetotaler. Then, with another sigh, he rose and walked thoughtfully up and down the room; paused at one of the windows, and looked down the moonlighted lawn which sloped to the river-side; talking all the time to himself, as was his confirmed habit.

"Ay, ay, a wild night!—and snow coming, Solomon says! Eerie, eerie, is the sough of the wind in the trees. It minds me ever of her, and when the moon's up it is like the shining of her face out of the grave. Wee Marjorie! my bonny doo! Thirty long years ago she died, and I'm still here! still here!"

Tears stood in the old man's eyes as he looked out in a dream. Through the long years of loneliness and poverty—for his living was indeed a poverty—he had cherished the memory of one who had gone away from him to God when only in her eighteenth year. Suddenly, there came a loud single knock at the front door.

"Bless me, what's that?" he exclaimed. "I thought I heard a knock at the hall door, but maybe my ears deceived me. It was only the wind, I'm thinking."

And he placed his precious relics back in the drawer, locking it carefully and placing the key in a worn leather purse which he carried in his pocket.

At that moment the knock was repeated.

"Dear me!" he cried, "there's some one knocking after all. Maybe it's a sick call."

Lifting the candle from the table, he trotted from the room, crossed along the lobby, and opened the hall door. As he did so the wind sprang in like a tiger, and the light was blown out, but the front garden was flooded with moonlight, save under the very shadow of the trees.

He saw nobody, however; whoever had knocked had disappeared.

"Who's there?" he cried, looking round on every side.

There was no reply.

Perplexed and somewhat startled, he stepped out into the porch, and instantaneously the door was banged and closed behind him. He took another step forward, and almost stumbled over something like a dark bundle of clothing lying on the doorstep.

"Bless my soul!" he murmured, "what's this?"

At the same moment a faint cry came upon his ear. Stooping down in great agitation, he lifted the bundle, and discovered to his consternation that it contained the form of a living child.

CHAPTER II.

COARSE Paisley shawl was wrapt round the infant, covering all but a portion of its tiny face. As it lay like a mummy in its wrappings, it continued to cry loudly, and the cry went at once to the minister's tender heart.

But in a moment the old man guess-

ed the truth—that the hapless creature had been left there by some one who had knocked and fled. Still holding the child in his arms, he ran out in the garden and looked on every side.

"Come back!" he said; "whoever you are, come back!"

But no one responded. The wind moaned dimly in the trees that lifted their black branches overhead, that was all. He ran to the gate and looked up and down the road, but could see nobody. As he stood in perplexity the child cried again loudly, and struggled in his arms.

"Bless me!" he murmured, "I must take it in, or it will die of cold!"

He ran back to the door and knocked loudly again and again. It was some time before he was heard. At last, however, he heard footsteps coming along the passage, and redoubled his knocking. The door opened, and Solomon Mucklebackit, half dressed, appeared on the threshold. Without a word the minister ran into the lobby.

"Losh me, meenister, is it yoursell?" ejaculated Solomon, in amazement. "I thought you were in bed."

"Come this way—quick!" shouted Mr. Lorraine. "Bring a light!"

And still carrying his burden, he ran into the sitting-room. Solomon closed the door, struck a match, and lighted a candle, and followed him immediately. Then his amazement deepened. To see Mr. Lorraine standing by the fireside with a crying infant in his arms was indeed enough to awaken perplexity and wonder.

"My conscience, meenister, what hae ye gotten there?"

"A child! Some one left it in the porch, knocked, and ran away. Run, Solomon, search up and down the road, and see if you can find them. Shame upon them, whoever they are. Don't stand staring, but run."

Perfectly bewildered, Solomon stood gazing; then with one horror-stricken look at the infant, left the room, and ran from the house.

Left alone with the child, the minister seemed puzzled what to do. He held it awkwardly, and its cries continued; then, to still it, he rocked it to and fro in his arms.

Finding it still troublesome, he placed it down in the arm-chair, and softly loosened the shawl in which it was wrapt, freeing its little arms.

Its cries ceased for a time, and it lay with eyes wide open, spreading its little hands in the warm twilight.

The minister put on his glasses and looked at it with solemn curiosity.

It was a tiny infant, about two months old; its little pink face was pinched with cold, and its great blue eyes dim with crying. A common linen cap was on its head, and its gown was of coarse linen. But it was so small, so pretty, that the minister's tender heart melted over it at once. He offered it his forefinger, which it gripped with its tiny hands, blinking up into his face.

"Poor wee mite!" he murmured, "I wonder who your mother is? A wicked woman, I'm thinking, to cast you away on such a night as this!"

As if in answer to his words, the child began to cry again.

"I can see naeboddy," cried Solomon, re-entering the room; "I hae searchit up and doon, as far toonways as Mysie Simpson's door, and beyont to the waterside, and there's nane stirring. It's awfu' strange!"

He looked at the child, and scratched his head; he looked at the minister, and nodded it ominously. A curious conjecture, too irreverent for utterance, had passed across his naturally suspicious mind.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE TROLLEY BUZZ.

And Something About the Trolley Cars as a Cure for Headache.

"Ever hear of the trolley buzz?" said a Brooklyn resident whose business is in New York. "They say that some people who travel regularly on the trolley cars get the trolley buzz. You know the sound of the trolley, the bz-z-z-z that begins low and rises gradually as the car increases in speed, keeping a uniform tone when the car is running at uniform speed, and then declining again as the car runs slower and stopping when the car stops? They say there are people who travel regularly on the trolleys who hear this sound all the time wherever they are, except when they are asleep. They call this having the trolley buzz. I never had the trolley buzz, but the trolley cars sometimes do me a great deal of good. They cure me of headache. I work here all day, keeping very busy, and sometimes when I start home at night I have a hard headache. I get into a trolley car and take a seat over one of the axles. They say that no electricity gets into the car, but I imagine there must be more or less of it in the air. I know there is something there that cures my headache. I sit down in the car with the headache bad; I get down from it after a ride of about three miles, feeling bright and fresh and with the headache gone."

Max Maretzek.

Newspaper men go into curious places, and are forever running across curious people in them. The last place I met dear old Max Maretzek was a hole in the wall in West Twenty-seventh street, called, by courtesy, a French restaurant. We named it "Little Del's." One of Balzac's fat concherges was the head of the establishment, and it was possible to obtain an excellent dinner there for twenty or twenty-five cents. Max enjoyed his repast, and appeared pleased with the company that surrounded him, though it was composed of singers, actors and artists with more genius than money.

FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

SOME GOOD STORIES FOR OUR JUNIOR READERS.

Birds Puzzled by Kites—John Sherman's Meeting with President Lincoln—How the Saying "To Eat Crow" Originated—Other Sketches.

The Wind in a Frolic.

HE wind one morning sprang up from sleep. Saying, "Now for a frolic! now for a leap! Now for a mad-cap galloping chase! I'll make a commotion in every place!" So it swept with a bustle right through a tight town, cracking the signs and scattering down shutters, and whisking, with merciless squalls, Old women's bonnets and gingerbread stals.

There never was heard a much lusterier shout, As the apples and oranges trundled about; And the urchins that stand with their thievish eyes For ever on watch, ran off each with a prize.

Then away to the fields it went, blustering and humming, And the cattle all wondered what monster was coming. It plucked by the tails the grave matronly cows, And tossed the colts' manes all over their brows.

Till, offended at such an unusual salute, That all turned their backs and stood sulky and mute.

So on it went, capering and playing its pranks— Whistling with reeds on the broad river's banks, Puffing the birds as they sat on the spray, Or the traveler grave on the king's highway.

It was not too nice to hustle the bags Of the beggar, and flutter his dirty rags; 'Twas so bold that it feared not to play its joke With the doctor's wig or the gentleman's cloak.

Through the forest it roared, and cried gaily, "Now, You sturdy old oaks, I'll make you bow!" And it made them bow without more ado, Or it cracked their great branches through and through.

Then it rushed like a monster on cottage and farm, Striking their dwellers with sudden alarm; And they ran out like bees in a midsummer swarm.

There were games with their kerchiefs tied over their caps. To see if their poultry were free from mishaps. The turkeys they gobbled, the geese screamed aloud, And the hens crept to roost in a terrified crowd.

There was rearing of ladders, and logs were laid on, Where the thatch from the roof threatened soon to be gone. But the wind had swept on, and met in a lane With a school boy, who panted and struggled in vain;

For it tossed him and twirled him, then passed—and he stood With his hat in a pool and his shoes in the mud!

Then away went the Wind in its holiday glee, And how it was far on the billowy sea; And the lordly ships felt its staggering blow, And the little boats darted to and fro.

But, lo! it was night, and it sank to rest On the sea-birds' rock in the gleaming West. Laughing to think, in its frolicsome fun, How little of mischief it really had done.—Wm. Howitt.

Birds Puzzled by Kites.

Scientists who manipulate large kites for scientific purposes say their presence in the air is very disturbing to large birds. While one scientist was flying a train of five kites, a large, silver tipped eagle came suddenly out of the higher air and swooped round and round the first kite. As the train of kites was pulled in the eagle followed, visiting one kite and then another, seeming uncertain just what to do. In a few minutes, when he seemed to have decided that they were not good to eat, and he knew nothing about them, anyway, he indignantly flew off and was lost to view.

Another experience was had with a stork that flew straight for the queer object in the air. He apparently had made up his mind to go straight through it, but changed and dived underneath. He went around and above it, and through a glass it could be seen that he cocked his eye at the intruder in a most comical manner. He started away a few hundred feet, changed his mind and came swooping back. He finally reluctantly went away, mystified over this queer addition to the inhabitants of the air.

While kites were high in the air one March flock of geese flying in the V-wedge flew over. They invariably stopped, broke up, and hovered above the queer object, and at last slowly reformed and flew away.

The Genial President.

Secretary Sherman says he never will forget his first meeting with a president. It was shortly after Lincoln's inauguration and he attended a public reception, fell into line and waited an hour or two for a chance to shake hands with the great emancipator. "During this time," says Mr. Sherman, "I was wondering what I should say and what Lincoln would do when we met. At last it came my turn to be presented. Lincoln looked at me a moment, extended his hand and said: 'You're a pretty tall fellow, aren't you? stand up here with me, back to back, and let's see which is the taller.' "In another moment I was standing back to back with the greatest man of his age. Naturally I was quite abashed by this unexpected evidence of democracy.

"You're from the west, aren't you?" inquired Lincoln. "My home is in Ohio," I replied. "I thought so," he said, "that's the kind of men they raise out there."

Though holding the highest office in the land, he was ever a man of the people.

Eating Crow.

The following is given as the origin of the saying "To eat crow." During the civil war, or shortly after its close,

a United States soldier shot a tame crow, the owner of which came upon him before he had time to reload his piece, and compelled him to eat a mouthful of the bird. This satisfied the owner of the bird, who walked away, but before he had gone a great distance he was overhauled by the soldier, who had loaded up again, and compelled him to return and eat a mouthful or two of the crow. The owner the next day complained at the post. The commander sent for the soldier complained of, and inquired: "Do you know this gentleman?"

The soldier drawled out "Ya-as; we dined together yesterday."

In every day conversation "to eat crow" is understood to mean that an individual takes back all he previously said in regard to a certain matter.—San Francisco Call.

My Son! My Son!

As I was passing along the river one day I saw a large crowd had assembled, and when I joined them I found a boy, who was bathing in the water just below the dam, had gone down. After some trouble his body was recovered. It was found to be a young colored boy whom no one seemed to know.

I passed down the path leading along the levee and was met by several women who were rushing toward the scene of the accident. They made an anxious inquiry, but all passed on relieved when they found it was a colored boy.

At last I met a colored woman. "Was it a little colored boy?" said she.

"Yes," said I.

"About 12 years old?"

I said I thought so.

With one wild cry of anguish the woman bounded forward. I knew she had a boy that answered that description.

I thought as I see hundreds of boys go down every year among the breakers of intemperance, if every mother who has a boy of that description could see him in their place; could imagine he was one of them, what a mighty army of brave women would be rushing to the rescue.

He Obeyed His Wife.

A Scotch clergyman, while going through a village, was requested to officiate at a marriage, in the absence of a parish minister. Just as he had told the bridegroom to love and honor his wife the man interjected the words "and obey."

The clergyman, surprised, did not heed the proposed amendment. He was going on with the service when the groom interposed, with emphasis, "Ay, and obey, sir—love, honor, and obey, ye ken!"

A few years afterwards the clergyman met the hero of the wedding incident. "D'ye mind, sir, yon day when ye married me, and when I would insist upon vowing to obey my wife! Well, ye may now see that I was in the right. Whether ye wad or no, I have obeyed her; and, behold, I am the only man that has a two-story house in the hale toon!"

The Scotchman went even farther than Franklin, who said, "The man who would thrive must ask his wife."—Exchange.

Where the Danger Lies.

A nervous young lady called a physician for a slight ailment, but one which she magnified, in her own estimation, into a serious one.

"Run," said the doctor to a servant giving him a prescription, "to the nearest drug store and bring back the medicine as quickly as you can."

"Is there much danger?" inquired the young lady in alarm.

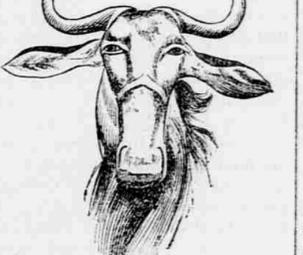
"Yes," said the doctor, "if your servant is not quick it will be useless."

"Oh, doctor, shall I die?" gasped the patient.

"There is no danger of that," said the doctor, "but you may get well before John returns."—Boston Traveller.

The Nyasaland Gnu.

The gnu is one of the oddest appearing animals that inhabits Africa. It is very wary, and extremely fleet of foot.



The picture here presented very strikingly presents the peculiarities of the animal's head.

A Just Protest.

A gentleman had left his corner seat in an already crowded car to go in search of something to eat, leaving a rug to reserve his seat. On returning he found that, in spite of the rug and the protests of his fellow passengers, the seat had been usurped by one in lady's garments. To his protestations her lofty reply was: "Do you know, sir, that I am one of the director's wives?" "Madam," he replied, "were you the director's only wife, I should still protest."—Argonaut.

Ever Hopeful.

Quiller—"Have you had any manuscripts accepted yet?" Twiller—"No, but I feel considerably encouraged. The last manuscript that was returned to me the editor had kept for eight months. I never had one kept for more than six before."

TALK ON CUBA.

Outlook: Worse Than Ever, With No Sign of Improvement.

NEW YORK, Sept. 9.—General Fitzhugh Lee, consul general at Havana, accompanied by his son, arrived from Havana to-day. He said that he had been suffering from biliousness for some time, but felt very much better after the trip. Asked as to whether he would return to Cuba or not, he shook his head and said: "I cannot answer that, and I would rather not talk on Cuban affairs until I make my report in Washington."

Of the case of Evangelina Cisneros, the general said: "The young woman is now confined in Casa Rechobidas. She has never been tried and I do not think it was ever intended that she should be banished. The stories of her ill treatment are very much exaggerated and were it not for the hubbub that has been raised about her, the girl would probably have been released long ago. In fact, I was given to understand that her name was on the pardon list. She has comfortable quarters and is treated as well as possible under the conditions. There is a good deal of suffering in Cuba, but the Americans numbering about 1,400, are being cared for from the fund of \$50,000 which was appropriated for that purpose. They receive relief daily and up to the present time about \$15,000 has been expended."

"Is there any sign of business improving or a change for the better in Cuba?" was asked.

"No, I am sorry to say there is not," replied the general, "and there will not be any improvement until the war is ended."

"When will that be, general?"

To this last question General Lee replied in Spanish, a free translation of which is, "That is too much for me; I cannot say."

General Lee and his son, Fitzhugh, jr., went to West Point to-day to see his other son, George M., who is at the military academy there, and tomorrow they will leave for Washington. Among the other passengers was George W. Fishback of this city, who said that his trip to Havana was purely on private business. He declared that there was a great deal of suffering all over Cuba and that the condition of the people was even worse than when he was there last as secretary to Commissioner Calhoun, when the latter was investigating the Ruiz case. He saw Miss Cisneros at the Casa Rechobidas, and he said the reports regarding her treatment were grossly exaggerated and that the young woman was fairly well treated and did not complain when he was speaking to her.

MADE A BAD JOB OF IT.

"Gunnysack Red" Loses Both Legs in an Attempt to Hold Up a Train.

NEWTON, Kan., Sept. 9.—Conductor O'Rourke, who runs between here and Dodge City, on train No. 32, reports that early yesterday morning, just as he was leaving Ellinwood, his train was boarded by a man called "Gunnysack Red" and three other men. The men evidently intended to hold up the train, but "Gunnysack Red" fell under the train and his legs were cut off just below the knee. This frightened the other men, and they ran, leaving their companion on the track. The man was picked up and taken to Ellinwood, where he died. He was in jail there for several weeks on the charge of killing a negro. It was learned that the man was an old criminal, known all over Western Kansas, and that his right name was Robert Brown. He and his companions were sluding the officers. The other men were captured later in the day and lodged in jail.

Work of Wine and Women.

KANSAS CITY, Mo., Sept. 9.—A. F. Madden of Brookfield, Mo., a brakeman on the Hannibal & St. Joseph, was shot and seriously, if not fatally, wounded by Phil McCrory, a well-known saloon keeper, in front of Eva White's disorderly house at 230 West Third street, at 10 o'clock last night. Both men had been drinking, and the shooting was due to jealousy on the part of McCrory of the White woman.

St. Louis Girl Dies First.

ST. LOUIS, Mo., Sept. 9.—The first victim of the yellow fever plague, that has made its reappearance at Ocean Springs, on the Mississippi coast, was a St. Louis girl, Miss Penelope Emma F. Schutze, daughter of F. C. G. Schutze, a well-to-do retired merchant of this city. The family formerly lived in Birmingham, Ala.

Corn Fodder Drying Up.

ABILENE, Kan., Sept. 9.—The continued dry weather has done much injury to the corn fodder, which is drying up rapidly. Farmers are working almost night and day to get it cut and shocked for feed for the large number of cattle to be fed here. Great difficulty is experienced in getting hands enough to gather it.

Minister After a Consulate.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 9.—National Committeeman Kerens has filed the application of Rev. Mr. T. M. S. Kenney, of Trenton, Mo., for appointment to some good consulate. Rev. Mr. Kenney is a Baptist minister and has the backing of prominent Baptists all over the United States.

A Venerable Missouri Woman Dead.

NEVADA, Mo., Sept. 9.—Mrs. Rebecca Ryan, aged 97 years, died at her home in Virgil township yesterday. She was born in East Tennessee April 4, 1800, came to this county over forty years ago and had lived here ever since.

A Cargo of Corn for France.

PHILADELPHIA, Sept. 9.—The British steamship Recca sailed from this port yesterday with 134,706 bushels of corn consigned to Bordeaux. This is the first cargo of corn shipped to France in many years.