

LOVE AND FICKLE FORTUNE.

THE girl was very pretty and daintily dressed. Jack Grainger, sitting beside her in the part, had every facility for studying her closely. He was puzzled by the sad, harassed look on her face, which he thought had no business to be there at all. It was a lovely June evening, but the part was rapidly thinning, for the inevitable dinner hour claimed society for its own.

So absorbed was Grainger in contemplative study that, mirabile dictu, he had forgotten about that all important function.

Presently the chair ticket man came along and stopped before the girl.

"Have you paid yet, m'm?"

"No," she answered.

"One penny, please."

She fumbled in her pocket, but no purse made its appearance.

"I'm afraid I—I haven't—I've left—"

"Allow me," put in Jack, seizing the welcome opportunity. "Most awkward, of course," he went on, not noticing her deprecating gesture. "I really see no other way out of the difficulty," and he settled the matter by paying for them both, while the ticket man walked on, his face wreathed in inscrutable smiles.

"An old trick, that," he thought, as he strolled along, "though there's many a marriage the outcome of it and the likes."

"It is really good of you," said she at last, "but rather than be under any obligations to you I would have much preferred to pay another day."

"A pleasure at any time to help a lady out of difficulties," answered Grainger, delighted that the ice was broken. "It's so easy to forget your purse, too. I never bother myself with such impediments. Much safer to carry your money loose in your pockets; don't you think so?"

"If you have any—yes," replied the girl, smiling in spite of herself and tracing little patterns in the grass with her parasol.

"Rather an odd remark," thought Grainger.

"Er—er, perhaps your pocket has been picked?" he ventured at last.

"No."

"Lost your purse?"

She shook her head.

"Forgot it?"

"Oh! how dense you are," she exclaimed, almost petulantly, "you men never seem able to realize that we women can be hard up although we present a fairly respectable appearance. Now, does not another possible contingency occur to you other than what you have guessed?"

Jack thought for a long while, but his brain could not rise to the solving of such a riddle. Impeccability was as foreign to him as are the tropics to the polar bear.

"Then you must shame me to an admittance," she answered.

"Oh!" put in Jack, at last beginning to realize the truth, "you don't mean, you can't mean that you haven't got—"

"Yes," she whispered, and her eyes filled with tears as she gulped down a sob, "in spite of all—all this," and she made a pretty gesture, indicating her dainty clothes.

"Whence?" whistled Jack, softly, "well I'm—," he didn't say what he was, but whistled again.

She hardly realized why she had taken this man, a total stranger, even thus far into her confidence. But there was something so kind, so sympathetic in his face—something different from other men.

"Have you no friends, no relatives in town?" asked Grainger at last.

"I know no one."

"Then what are you going to do?"

"I don't know," Jack began to cry.

"Come," said Jack, cheerily, "there is always a silver lining to every cloud. Perhaps I can help you. Tell me all about it."

"My father and mother died a year ago, leaving me with scarcely any money," began the girl, "and until a month ago I remained in my Devonshire home. My slender resources began to eke out, so I came to London to see if I could get employment as a governess. Luck has been against me, and I have now come to the end of my resources. That's all—the whole thing in a nutshell," she concluded bitterly. "I need not go into details. You will understand what I have gone through."

The girl flushed scarlet with shame at such an exposure. Her pride and self-esteem were wounded, too.

"The irony of it struck him forcibly."

"I'm—I'm awfully sorry," he said at last, awkwardly enough. "It's fearful, ly hard."

Their eyes met. Her face was still flushed, and there were tears in her voice and eyes as she smiled and said: "Thank you for saying that. You are so sympathetic."

The words, though slight in themselves and so simply uttered, carried a world of meaning.

Grainger stared vacantly across the road again.

What a sweet face she had. Why should fate be so cruel to one with whom Nature had dealt so generously. Who, to look at her, would have thought such cruel poverty was hers? Daintily, charmingly dressed—not a penny in the world!

Well, he couldn't leave her without doing something.

"Look here," he said at last, "here is

my card." He handed it to her, at the same time steadily avoiding her glance. "If at any time you should be in difficulties, er—well, er—come and look me up. And er—oh hang it," he exclaimed, "it's no use my beating about the bush, I'm going to lend you five pounds."

The girl crimsoned, but shook her head. "Impossible—I don't know when I could repay you."

"Then may I ask what you intend doing and how you are to pass the night?"

"I don't know," she murmured.

"Nor do I, unless you accept my loan. I must insist," he said earnestly. "Pardon my saying so, but I think it is folly to refuse. Consider it a loan that you can return at any distant date you like."

She had taken the card and placed it in her pocket.

"We are all, some time or other, victims of circumstances," he began again; "consider that your time has now come," he concluded banteringly.

"You—you are very good," she whispered. "Why! how do you know that my tale is true, or that—"

"You are unkind," he put in quickly. "Must I tell you what I see in your face and eyes. They spell—"

She motioned him to desist. "Tell me another time—if we ever meet again. Since necessity demands that I must submit to, I—I—"

"Then you will accept the amount?"

"Necessity says yes," she answered, softly.

They strolled to the corner in silence. "Don't forget when you are in trouble," he began, "to—"

"I shall always remember. No words of mine can thank you. Please don't follow me to see where I go. Promise me?"

"Yes, I promise," he said, raising his hat. "Good night."

"Good night," he watched her walk quickly down Grosvenor place, then went to his club.

He knew he had fallen in love at first sight.

"Another season come and gone Jack," said his uncle, a solicitor or the old school, "and you not found an heiress. I still stick to my bargain. This day you marry a girl with £10,000 I leave all to you."

"Well, who knows what may happen?" answered Jack, pointing to the personal column of the Daily Argus. "I see you've got that in again. He indicating the following:

"If Miss Majorie G. Blakeley will call on Messrs. Jollip & Grainger, Solicitors, 53 Gray's Inn, she will hear of something to her advantage."

"Yes," answered his uncle, "I thought I'd have another try. It's been in nine times. Say, the girl's an heiress to something like £50,000, and she may be starving for all we know. Jack, I expect great things if she calls," concluded Grainger's uncle, as he left the office for lunch, leaving his nephew in their private sanctum.

Jack often wondered what had become of his forlorn little friend he had met in the park. He had tried every possible means of finding her whereabouts, but was unsuccessful. He had constantly hung about the park, but had never seen her. She had never been to see him, but he was not very surprised at this. He knew she was the soul of honor and that the loan of £5,000 would be returned at the earliest opportunity. His thoughts were suddenly interrupted by the abrupt entrance of the office boy. "A lady to see Mr. Jollip, sir."

"My uncle's out," answered Jack. "But show her in to me."

In another moment the girl whom he had befriended entered.

"You can go," said Grainger to the office imp, who was grinning at his look of astonishment. The boy vanished. For a few moments neither spoke.

"Yes," began Jack, at last, rather awkwardly, "can I do anything for you?"

She unfolded the Daily Argus, and indicating the paragraph, quietly informed him that she was Majorie G. Blakeley.

"Why," gasped Jack in astonishment, "we have been trying to find you for three months. Did you know that your uncle who lived in Australia, for whom we are acting, died four months ago, and left you all his money?"

She shook her head.

"It—it is true, then?" she asked tremulously.

"True! I should think it is. The advertisement has been the Daily Argus nine times. Have you only just seen it?"

She nodded; then said, "I have been ill in hospital for six weeks. What I went through before I met you told me at last, and I had to give in."

"At the very time I met you in the park," went on Jack, "you were entitled to £50,000. The irony of it."

"You were very, very good to me," she said simply, her eyes filling with tears. "I have not forgotten about the loan."

"Oh, bother the loan!" exclaimed Jack.

She smiled, and then Uncle Jollip came in and spoiled it all by insisting on overhauling all the necessary papers there and then.

"And so, Jack, you are going to marry an heiress after all," said Uncle Jollip, in huge delight, some months

after, when he was entertaining Majorie Blakeley and Jack to dinner at his house. "Well, my boy, I congratulate you. Now I leave all to you. A bargain's a bargain."

Sweet Majorie blushed, and looked shyly at Jack, who rose and bent over her. "I have been more than repaid," he whispered, "for I have won the heart and love of the sweetest girl on earth."

—New York Daily News.

NEW FORM OF SHOE FASTENER.

For the man in a hurry to get to work in the morning or for the man who oversleeps and has to rush to make up lost time, inventions which enable him to dress quickly have a peculiar interest, and there is no doubt that many a person would like to utilize an apparatus similar to that which is employed by fire companies for harnessing the horses if it could be applied to the clothing of a human being. At present, however, the shoe is about the only article of apparel which the inventor has sought to improve on and in our illustration we show a new fastening device which can be applied to a shoe which has laces to draw the edges together. Located just above the top lacing eyelet on each meeting edge of the upper is a short lacing loop, preferably of leather, with a metallic tube section inside to give the lace free movement. Located above the short loops is a pair of long loops extending almost to the top of the upper, with slightly curved metallic tubes inside. The lacing is inserted in the eyelets in the usual manner, and is then passed through the short and long tubes. When the shoe is on the foot it is only necessary to give a pull on the lace ends and tie the knot drawing the edges of the upper close enough together to fit snugly on the ankle, the slight curve in the tubes causing the lace to exert its pressure along the whole length. Milton S. Brown, of Washington, D. C., is the inventor.



SHOE FASTENER.

Where a telegraph company negligently delivered a different message from that which it was authorized to deliver, so that the sender was represented as offering goods at a lower price than that at which he had in fact offered them, and the supposed offer was accepted in ignorance of the mistake, the Court of Appeals of Kentucky, in the case of Postal Telegraph Cable Company vs. Stauffer 62 S. W. Rep. 1119, holds that there was no contract, and the sender was not bound to deliver the goods at the lower price.

White Slave to Savage Bushmen

A strange experience was that of Joseph J. Gill, once a resident of Brooklyn, who died recently on shipboard and was buried at sea. He disappeared many years ago, and, supposing him dead, his wife married again and raised a family, and, acting upon the reported death of his first wife, Gill had also again married. Had he lived to reach his old home in Brooklyn the reunion probably would have been unparalleled in fact or fiction.

Gill's adventures in Australia would scarcely sound credible if presented in a dime novel. He left New York for Australia in 1856. After his arrival he word of him found its way to his anxious relatives for four years. Mean while he was given up as dead. Four years later news reached Brooklyn relatives that he was alive, and some correspondence followed.

Gill was the son of the late Thomas Gill, a Brooklyn soap manufacturer. His mother, Mrs. Isabella Gill, of Greene avenue, Brooklyn, and a brother, Thomas Gill, are still living.

Joseph Gill left New York to look after some mining interests in 1856. Four years later the family received word from the United States consul at Sydney, N. S. W., that J. J. Gill, a wealthy miner, and four companions had been ambushed and killed by bushmen in the interior of Australia.

The information, from such a source, was accepted without question. Years went by and no word was received from Gill. He was mourned as dead. His wife, whom he had last seen in 1856, married again in 1863, some three years after his reported death. Mrs. Gill had two children by her first husband. She is now Mrs. Frank Johnson, of Brooklyn.

Meanwhile Gill was living as a slave among the bushmen in Central Australia. It appears that four companions with him at the time of the capture were all put to death, but Gill was allowed to live.

He was kept as a slave. He was forced to do the most menial work by his captors, and together he led a life of horror. So far, however, had he been removed from civilization and so close was the watch upon him that for years no opportunity of escape presented itself. He was, of course, completely shut off from all communication with the outside world.

Finally, however, after twelve long years of slavery, and sixteen years of absence from the United States, Gill succeeded in escaping and making his way to the coast and civilization.

He escaped with his life, and little else. His property was gone, his Australian friends had died or moved away. He determined to remain in Australia and mend his broken fortunes before returning home. He sought information through a detective agency, and after some delay was informed that his wife was dead. Thereupon Gill married in Australia. His second wife and a child survive him.

In March of this year Gill again sought information of his relatives, this time with more success. He wrote from Australia to Inspector McLaughlin, of the Brooklyn police, to ask if his brothers were still living. Inspector McLaughlin found and notified the family. Some correspondence had passed between the brothers, when Joseph J. Gill wrote that he was about to visit his family in Brooklyn.

JUDICIAL DECISIONS.



An assignee of a lease, who, as part of the consideration of the assignment, assumes all the obligations and liabilities arising under the lease, is held, in Springer vs. De Wolf (Ill.), 56 L. R. A. 465, not to be able to absolve himself from liability to the lessor for rent by assigning his interest to a third person.

Where the finder of a lost article knows to whom it belongs, or from the circumstances under which it was found the owner could reasonably be ascertained, the Court of General Sessions of Delaware, in the case of State vs. Stevens (49 Atl. Rep. 174), holds that if he appropriates it and converts it to his own use he is guilty of felonious intent, constituting larceny.

The death of a city employe from smallpox contracted in tearing down a smallpox hospital, of the danger from which he receives no warning, is held, in Nicholson vs. Detroit (Mich.), 56 L. R. A. 691, not to render the city liable, where the work is done through a board the duties of which are statutory, and which is required to provide smallpox hospitals in case of emergency, since the city's act is a governmental function.

Where a telegraph company negligently delivered a different message from that which it was authorized to deliver, so that the sender was represented as offering goods at a lower price than that at which he had in fact offered them, and the supposed offer was accepted in ignorance of the mistake, the Court of Appeals of Kentucky, in the case of Postal Telegraph Cable Company vs. Stauffer 62 S. W. Rep. 1119, holds that there was no contract, and the sender was not bound to deliver the goods at the lower price.

A passenger who alights from a moving car is not necessarily guilty of negligence as a matter of law, holds the Supreme Court of Georgia, in the case of Coursey vs. Southern Railway Company 68 S. E. Rep. 859, and unless it is shown that, at the time the passenger attempted to leave the moving car, it was running at such a high rate of speed as would render the attempt to alight obviously dangerous, the question whether such an attempt was or was not negligence on the part of the passenger is a question of fact to be determined by the jury.

Men in Mexico do some things which would look rather queer here. For example, they tip hats whenever they see each other; they shake hands whenever they meet and part; they do not consider it bad form to stand in line on the sidewalks and stare at the ladies; they wear their hats in a theater until the curtain rises, and, moreover, they put them on between the acts and stand up to look at the audience, and after a separation they embrace and pat each other on the back if they happen to be intimate friends.

They never chew tobacco, but smoke everywhere, even in some theaters. They never carry bundles in the street, but each is attended by a servant, who carries even the smallest package. They are wonderfully courteous to each other, and two friends will spend a good deal of time in deciding which shall enter a room or carriage first.

Finally, says the Detroit Free Press, every Mexican gentleman, when strolling on a street, insists on giving the inside of the walk to his companion, as a mark of politeness. The point is quickly decided if there is a difference in station or age, but if there is not, and the two friends go down a street and cross often, so that the relative positions are changed, a new discussion as to which shall occupy the inside becomes necessary at every corner.

His First Letter.

A youth was engaged as junior clerk by a firm of lawyers, and by way of filling in his time and testing his worth on his first day he was told to write a letter demanding payment of a debt from a client who was long in arrears. To the great surprise of his employers a check for the amount arrived the next day. They sent for the young clerk and asked him to produce a copy of the letter which had had such an astonishing result. The letter ran as follows: "Dear Sir—If you do not at once remit payment we will take steps that will amaze you."—Chicago News.

To Be Consistent.

Deacon Snow—Does I un'erstan', parson, dat yo' opinionate dat Adam wuz a colored man?

Parson Johnsons—Yo' diagnose mah views c'reckly, suh.

Deacon Snow—Den I s'pose yo' 'low dat dat apple wuz in realty a watah-million.—Philadelphia Press.

The Sermon Was Overripe.

Parson Aridbrane—What did the people say about my sermon? Did they think it full of ripe thought?

Deacon Slow—They said even more than that. Not only did they call it ripe, but several of them went so far as to say it was rotten.—Boston Transcript.

Every time a great man does anything along comes some little man who claims to have advised him.

SOLDIERS' STORIES.

ENTERTAINING REMINISCENCES OF THE WAR.

Graphic Account of Stirring Scenes Witnessed on the Battlefield and in Camp—Veterans of the Rebellion Recite Experiences of Thrilling Nature.

On the morning of the 29th of September, 1861, the people of the North were treated to an extraordinary amount of news, even for those days. It is a daily of that date could be easily found now I would like to look it over and see the startling intelligence that was reported. For it was on that morning that the news of Sheridan's great victory at Winchester came; and in the same breath the people were informed of an audacious and very nearly successful attempt to release the Confederate prisoners on Johnson's Island, off Sandusky, seize the United States gunboat Michigan, make a Confederate cruiser of her, and hold Lake Erie, and perhaps the adjacent waters under her dominion.

I was one of Sheridan's army, and the importance of the victory at Winchester was very clear to me, as it was to my comrades. The event that had happened near Sandusky on the same day (Sept. 19, 1861), when we learned of it, did not seem to us to be a matter of much importance. We were inclined to think it a madcap attempt of a few refugees in Canada, which never had any chance of success; and we were not much disturbed by the news.

We did not realize the gravity of that situation, as did the people of Buffalo, Sandusky, Toledo and Detroit. Those good citizens awoke on the morning of the 29th to the knowledge that a daring Confederate raid among their homes had just missed success, when the consequences of success would have been to release a powerful body of the enemy right in the North, put the cities and towns of Lake Erie under tribute, drive off all commerce and travel from the lake, and create such terror in the North as would not be created by a great Confederate victory in the field. A "scare" was caused, like to nothing else in the whole course of the war. Troops were hurried to these points; before their arrival the citizens patrolled the streets with arms, and the excitement was at fever heat.

There was good cause for it. The daring nature of that attempt to seize Lake Erie, with all the tremendous consequences that would be sure to come from that stroke, are not well known to the veterans, as they should be. It was an important phase of the war that they did not see, and which they should have in mind. Briefly stated the plan was this:

The only United States vessel on Lake Erie was the Michigan, a steamer carry eighteen guns. She was at this time lying off Johnson's Island, in Sandusky Bay, which since 1862 had been used as a prison for captured Confederate officers, there being of Sept. 19, 1861, almost 2,400 of them there. The guns of the Michigan commanded the island, and no attempt at revolt on the part of the prisoners could be made while this was so. But if the Michigan could be captured, the prisoners could easily overcome their guard; they could arm themselves, cross to the mainland, get horses, and ride Southward at will, plundering and destroying as they went for there were no troops in Ohio to stay them. And the steamer with a Confederate crew aboard could shell any city on the lake. If that were thought best, and could do infinite damage to the Union cause, besides the moral effect of such a victory. It would be much like a blockade of the lake ports.

The Canadian ports were at that time swarming with refugees, fugitives from the draft, and Confederate officers and agents. The plan which has been outlined was concocted by Jacob Thompson, the crafty secret agent of the Confederacy in Canada. He gave the charge of it to one of those daring men whom the Confederates had ready everywhere that audacity and devotion to their cause could be used.

John Yates Beall, who undertook this astonishing enterprise, and paid the penalty of failure with his life, was in many respects an extraordinary man. He was at this time in his thirty-second year. He was a native Virginian, a graduate of a university, and at the outbreak of the rebellion owned plantations and slaves worth a million and a half of dollars. He was an officer of the Second Virginia Infantry, which formed a part of the "Stonewall Brigade." He had seen much service, and was particularly chosen for the command of this expedition.

On the morning of Sept. 19 the steamer Philo Parsons, plying between Detroit, Sandusky and the islands, was boarded at Sandusky and Malden by twenty-four men, who brought an old trunk with them. There was nothing peculiar in their appearance, and they excited no suspicion. Before reaching Sandusky the trunk was opened, knives and revolvers were distributed, and the party took complete possession of the boat. After cruising awhile among the islands, they captured another steambot, the Island Queen, which had aboard passengers, including some soldiers going to Toledo to be mustered out. All these Beall put ashore, after exacting an oath of secrecy for twenty-four hours as to what had been done. He then took the Island Queen out into the lake, scuttled her, and with the Philo Parsons cruised up and down outside Johnson's Island. He cruised there all day, waiting for an expected signal, which never came.

The plot was in two parts. The other part was to be executed by a Confederate officer named Cole. He had made the acquaintance of the officers of the Michigan and they had consented to take supper with him on the evening of this day. He proposed to drug them, or in some way detain them from their boat; a signal would inform Beall of his success; the Michigan would be attacked and taken by surprise; a cannon shot over the island would inform the prisoners that their time had come; and the rest would be easy.

It was a well-laid plot, and only failed through Cole's want of caution. Suspicious were aroused by his actions and instead of supping with him that night the commander of the Michigan sent a squad ashore and arrested him. Beall saw that his plot had failed, as hour after hour passed without the signal being given, and in his desperation he urged his crew to go with him and attack the gunboat at whatever risk. But their spirit was not equal to his, and they refused. Near midnight Beall caused the Parsons to be put about and run for the Canadian shore, where the boat was scuttled and the crew disbanded.

Like all of his kind, this man was bold to rashness. He had been seen by so many Americans on this expedition who perfectly remembered his face, that it would seem perfect folly for him to venture over the border alone. But he did in the following January, and was recognized and taken near Suspension Bridge. He was conveyed to New York, where General Dix ordered his trial before a military commission, on charges of piracy and being a spy. He was defended by James T. Brady, more from a desire that he should have every reasonable chance than from any sympathy with him or his crimes. On this trial an extraordinary paper was produced from Jefferson Davis, avowing the acts for which Beall was being tried and stating that they had been done by authority of the Confederate government. But he was convicted, and sentenced to be hung.

There was never any doubt as to the justice of his conviction and sentence. The man who goes in disguise into the enemy's country to levy war by stealth always takes his life in his hand, and must expect to lose it if discovered. And this kind of war is abhorrent to all civilized nations.

President Lincoln was, as usual, earnestly appealed to for mercy; but Beall's offense had been too flagrant, the consequences of success would have been too disastrous to permit the President now to interfere. He consented, however, to delay the execution for a week, to allow the mother of the condemned man to visit him. On the afternoon of Feb. 21, 1865, John Y. Beall was hung at Governor's Island. He met his fate bravely—as men engaged in bad enterprises have done in all ages of the world.

After the assassination of the President and the death of the assassin, the story was set afloat that Booth was an intimate friend of Beall, and that the principal motive of the horrid crime was revenge for the execution of his friend. The story has not been generally believed; but it is impossible to say that there is no truth in it.—J. P. F., in American Tribune.

Propos of reminiscences concerning General Grant, the Detroit Free Press publishes the following, which comes from his old home in Galena:

General Smith, one of the old residents of the place, was at dinner one day, before the war was fairly inaugurated, when a servant announced: "Some one to see you, sir."

"A gentleman, James?"

"Well, no, sir; he's just a common man. I gave him a chair in the hall."

The "common man" was the tanner Grant, the future commander-in-chief of the army of America.

A few years later two gentlemen called on a young man who was located in a Chicago boarding house. Two pieces of pasteboard were sent to his room; on one was written in pencil the name U. S. Grant. The other bore the cognomen of General Grant's friend and chum, J. Russell Jones.

The young man on whom General Grant was calling was Eugene Smith, the son of General Smith, of Galena. The "common man's" name was then the foremost in the world.

At one time the ladies of a certain church in Galena gave a series of tea parties for some charitable organization. Mrs. U. S. Grant belonged to the church circle, but would not give the tea party.

"I haven't a whole set of china in the house," she said in excuse, "and I will not ask company to eat off broken or nicked dishes."

There were slaughtered in the United States in 1900, 5,539,911 beavers, 9,190,499 sheep, 30,654,333 hogs. The value of products of the cities in which slaughtering is an important industry, stated in millions of dollars, was Chicago 256, Kansas City 73, South Omaha 67, New York 42, St. Joseph, Mo., 29, East St. Louis, Ill., 27, Indianapolis 18, Milwaukee 13, St. Louis 13, Philadelphia 12, Buffalo 11, Cincinnati 10.

In January the death rate from accidents is slightly greater in rural parts than in cities; in February the death rates in city and country are about similar; in March the country is more dangerous; in April the rates balance again; in May and June the city leads; in July and August the country leads; in September the city is ahead; in October and November the country is more fatal, and in December the city leads.

Cheerfulness is an excellent wearing quality. It has been called the bright weather of the heart.—Samuel Smiles.