

SPRIT OF THE NIGHT.

Ben understood that in that "some one's" palm burned a gold piece, the price of having seen the child in the custody of the mysterious stranger.

Crouching in the darkness cellar the child waited and listened, every moment expecting some one in pursuit.

Doubtless they were searching for her.

Then the clock upstairs in the room above her struck ten; the performance was about over, and Jenkinson was swearing awfully, no doubt. But, while she waited, the one in her memory hazy; how nearly alike they were, to be sure. O, well, there were clocks and clocks alike of course, and he had pained so now that to think was agony.

Then somebody came into the room overhead; but they did not sit down. They just walked up and down. Were they in trouble? Something told her that they were; she listened with bated breath, moved her top up the stairs, and saw a man and a woman, and a picture came up before her yearning vision.

The picture was that of a quiet street, where the children met to play marbles; it was a familiar picture; it had come up a thousand times for consideration.

The twilight always came down over the houses in this memory scene, and settled in odd corners, and a voice came out of the gloaming, "Come home, now, Herma, dear."

Then the picture shifted and a cozy, sitting-room with a shelf of books in the corner and a clock on the mantel, which buzzed so when it struck the hour, took its place. This was all that ever came to her of the home nest, excepting, at times, a sweet mother face whose tender brown eyes looked lovingly into hers, hovered near.

But there was another scene which made her shudder to remember.

An ugly old woman, with a heavy black cloth in her hands, hands over her mouth. And that is all of the picture memory brings up. It must be years, she thinks, since this life of existing among strangers began; they were cruel and unkind sometimes, too, especially Jenkinson.

The rays of the setting sun glowed against the door or window. It became beautifully tinted with creamy rose and gray.

A single beam slanted through a hole in the tent and touched the short-tinned skull before her, but she hated the sight, and she said:

"I shall fall to-night, I know I shall, I am sick."

The hot lips quivered and tears fell fast on the old blanket which served her for a couch.

In an hour Jenkinson would come for her and the trapeze act would be a failure. Then Jenkinson would kill her, maybe.

"O, I wish that I might die," came in a little moan from her lips. But softly through the hubbub of her surroundings came again the sweet, tender tone, "Come home, now, dear."

"O, that I knew the way!" burst from the hot lips.

A strange impulse, intense sensation came over her, and she sat up, resolutely and lifted the bottom of the canvas a mile and peeped out. What if Jenkinson saw her; he might think she meant to run away; she caught her breath in a dazed frightened way. Why didn't she ever think of that before?

Running away. Strangely sweet the thought flitted through her brain; it was an entirely new idea.

Could she—do it? again she peeped out. No one was in sight, just now, and it was growing shadowy.

Over there was a cottage. She could see it dimly out-lined against the trees beyond. Up came the canvas a mile higher; in thirty minutes Jenkinson would come for her; if they couldn't find her, she was dead.

"Please, Jesus, help me to get away!"

The prayer slipped its cable and the set teeth closed tighter; out into God's free air, "Mlle Gertrude," each by inch through the tall grass she worked her way from the hated place. After a few minutes of painfully impeded progress, she rose with an excited bound and ran in the direction of the cottage. The pain in her head was terrible, but the dread of capture nerved her on. Reaching the fence which shut in the cottage she struggled through a narrow opening and found herself within a few feet of an outside cellar-way; the door was invitingly ajar.

Everything was quiet about the house; it seemed deserted. Wouldn't it be safe enough to slip in the gloom of the cellar.

The strains of the distant orchestra fell on her ear as faintly as the sound of a cello. Obeying a sudden impulse she darted down the shadowy steps. Crouching down in a corner, trembling with fear, she murmured, "O, I guess I'm safe."

In the stillness of her hiding-place there seemed security, and the exhausted child sank down in a little heap on the stone floor for rest.

"As the 'queen of the trapeze' crawled away from the circus grounds, 'Heavy Weight Ben' was busily engaged in dressing for his feat and saw her from his corner. He divined her purpose instantly, and his sympathetic heart swelled with emotion at sight of the tiny, tangled curls bobbing through the gauze.

Looking about him, furtively, he said under his breath: 'She's going to give 'em the slip, by Jove! Let her do it, I say; and I'll be bolted in all after I'll give her away.'

When Jenkinson went in search of the little trapeze performer, of course she was missing. Plainly now that illness of hers was but a feint; somebody was at the bottom of this; she could never have gotten away without assistance. And so the confusion increased as the possibility of finding the child decreased.

"Hold your tongues!" shouted Ben, wrathfully. "The proprietor took her to see a physician, likely. She was sick."

Jenkinson felt better; the rest didn't care and the crowd in the big tent was told that "the queen of the trapeze was ill."

But by and by the portly proprietor came back—and his absence gave coloring to Ben's story—and then it was seen that Mr. Sayles had been absent. Mlle Gertrude during the evening.

"Well, I'm blotted," said Ben, adjusting his weights, "if I didn't think that was the proprietor leading Gertrude away just at dark; I could have sworn it was Sayles."

Then some one in the crowd said they saw "a gentleman resembling" the foreman Sayles going toward the village with Mlle Gertrude accompanying him.

No one, however, except "Heavy

ONE OF HIS LITTLE ONES.

BY MANDA L. CRUICKSHANK.

The music of the orchestra in the big tent sounded far away; the voices of those about her in the dressing room grew confused and indistinct, and a picture came up before her yearning vision.

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HOME AND THE FARM.

A DEPARTMENT MADE UP FOR OUR RURAL FRIENDS.

They neglected the swamps—New Farm—One Good Thing for Mutual Benefit—Farm Water of the Night Temperature for Stock—A Convenient Arrangement for the Third Harvest.

Low Lands.

ONE of the greatest mistakes made by the early settlers in this country was in clearing the high lands and neglecting the low lands.

The result has been disastrous in many ways. On many of the low lands, the water is so high that the crops are drowned.

On the other hand, the water is so low that the crops are dried up.

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THE DAIRY.

Stopping the Churn.

It is very common to see a churn at the right time. Churning after the butter has come will injure the butter.

These round grains are solid butter, and the churn is a very good one.

But the time is coming when the deep, black positions of vegetable matter which we call muck-broth, as well as the intermediate strips between the muck-broth and the solid butter, will be cleared and improved.

The growth upon them is largely composed of the muck-broth and the solid butter, will be cleared and improved.

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NERVE AT THE LEVER.

How an Engineer Avoided a Collision With a Passenger Train.

Nathaniel W. Gookin was a man of large stature. In manner he was quiet, always polite and obliging, but when he was near the lever of the crossing, he was a different man.

On one occasion, while he was running on the road, he was bringing a train from Philadelphia to this city.

When he was near the grade crossing of the road leading to Dumont's Pier on the Delaware River, a few miles above this city, he saw two loaded powder wagons approaching the railroad.

The foremost train was running away followed by the second train.

Engineer Gookin calculated that he would meet one of those wagons at the crossing. There were no air-brakes on the train, and it was backed by St. Louis.

A collision meant an explosion, death to himself, the fireman, and the destruction of his train. There was but one chance of escape.

That was to get the "way up" and to increase his speed, outrun the horses and pass ahead of the first train, or perhaps between the two wagons. He accepted the issue quietly, threw his engine wide open and waited.

A stranded fireman, who had begged a ride from Philadelphia to this city, was sitting on Gookin's engine that morning, told the story of that trip to the writer.

That was the most thrilling experience of my life. I saw the wagons as soon as Gookin did, and made ready to jump off. I heard the click of the valve and felt the old engine jump as if she was trying to shake herself loose from the cars.

Gookin's eyes were fixed on the crossing. His countenance, except for the flash of his eye and the compression of his lips, was as impassive as a statue.

The train seemed to be flying. The horses were evidently ahead in the race to the crossing. They would get there first, but would they get over?

"On they came, running as horses wild with fright, only one run, and we sped as if trying to meet them, collide with and explode the wagon load of powder. Great Scott, how those horses did run! It had only been only a minute or two since we had been at a standstill, and now we were running as fast as the wind.

The engine and the wagon had closed. They were apparently at the crossing together. The second train was so close that its horses and wagon must be piled up on the wreck of engine and cars in a second collision.

"As the feet of the horses of the leading train touched the track at the crossing, the second train, which was so close that its horses and wagon must be piled up on the wreck of engine and cars in a second collision.

The first train was passing toward the pier; the second one was still on the west side of the tracks, with the horses running. It had only been a minute or two since we had been at a standstill, and now we were running as fast as the wind.

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Identified Him.

"Who was the new arrival who came last night?"

"A little weasened, dried up fellow, with a drawl, a lump, a single eyelid, and the manners of a drum major on parade."

"Then we might as well slip from here at once. We'll have no chance with the girl now."

"Why not?"

"Because from your description he must be a foreign hooligan."

A Dream of Happiness.

May be followed by a morning of "la grippe," easily, and why? Because the displacement of a cold in the head, a neglected draught from a partly closed window, an open transom connected with a windy entry in a hotel, may convey to your nostrils and lungs the death-dealing blast.

Terrible and swift are the intruders made by this new doctor. The neglected alcoholic principle in Horner's Stomach Bitters will check this disease.

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