Pages to 12.

THE OMAHA DAILY BEE.

Pages 9 to 12

TWENTIETH YEAR.

New York Herald.

That I can ne'er forget; The skulls of unshrived babies, Of maidons young and fair, Were seething in the broiling stew,

The sermons of my childhood,

They haunt my memory yet With fiends and fiery furnaces

Or simm'ring thickly there. Beeize bub was all about,

I saw him oft o' nights ; He used to perch upon my bed And give me fearful frights ;

And God, a savage being, too, The hightning was His arm,

The thunder was His awful voice-He sought but to alarm.

A WASHINGTON PHANTOM.

Electnor Sherman Thachera in New York Record,

It is difficult for the Washington visi-

tor of today to picture our broad, smooth

Pennsylvania avenue as a deeply muddy

street, bordered only by low, shabby

buildings. So it was, however, in 1837,

and among these mean looking stores

nestled the favorite political hotel,

which still bears the name United

There happened an uncanny incident,

which went from mouth to mouth among

mystified listeners and died away in

time-an unexplained ghost story. The

landiord's son had married and brought

to the hotel an attractive girl of a

bright, happy disposition, who had

many friends and more acquaintances.

She had chosen a suite of rooms in the

southwest wing, almost at the top of the

house, with the idea of privacy and

quiet. Young Mr. and Mrs. Nelson re-

turned from their wedding journey to

find their rooms tastefully arranged by

their host and father. He led them with

much pride to their first home with a

to inspect their quarters. Let us also

The hangings, wall decorations, and

embellishments we will leave to the

reader's imagination, or refer him to a

chapter or two of Ouida's interiors,

which will serve as well, if he bear in

mind these facts; four rooms opened upon

a small passage. The first was a parlor

o the right, and stood opposite a trunk room, the door of which was always

locked and bolted from the inside. The

other rooms were a spacious bedroom and dressing-room. The parlor, bed-

room and dressing-room were constantly

opened, and a door from the last opened into the trunk room. Weeks -passed

life. Little dinners and various enter-tainments for the bride filled the autumn,

until the sombre days of November

brought more leisure and quiet. Urgent

but he was to return the following day.

Page after page of "Vanity Fair" was

night. But who takes heed of time when

of a tangled plot? The roo

picture of comfort.

with the usual rapidity of early married

examine the lay of the land.

States.

Oh, grumble not, ye orthodox, That this has ceased to be; Religion's truths are better set

From superstition free.

OMAHA, SATURDAY MORNING, APRIL 4, 1891-TWELVE PAGES.

NUMBER 287.

STORIES OF LITTLE FOLKS.

Chinese Fathers Systematically Slaughter and Make Way with Girl Babies.

HOW A GIRL SECURED PAPA'S PARDON.

An Eight-Year-Old California Boy Outdid a Champion Bicycle Rider-Forced a Little Girl to Marry.

Our New Baby. We got new baby up 't our house, Comed last night, still 's er mouse

Found it layin' up side o' mother. Pa he says 'I's my 'ittle brother,

Pa says w'en th' baby gits old As me't won't mind any cold.

But now th' doors mus' be kep' closed, Cose pare 'ittle brother's purt nigh frozed

'Tain't got no close ner any hair, Ner nothin' but des red anywhere

Eyes es red too; keeps 'em shut So a th' light won't hurt 'em, but

He'll open 'm des like me er you.

Hain't got no name, pore 'ittle boy! Ner any ball ner book ner toy.

'T nobody else'd took him in

'T he ain't even got no name

Slaughter of Girl Babies.

Let Them Cry, Poor Dears.

probably the best judge of robles in the world, next to Matame Causenio herself. He

is a native of Rotterdam and nearly eighty

ernor's office with his best girl. The secre

tary was out, and the young man, who under-

stood it, started the phonograph for the

young ladies' edification. Securing a new

cylinder he told the maid to taid into the

tube. She did so, somewhat in this ven : "I love you, George:" George kisses her and the phonograph records the smack. "Will

you always be constant and true !" lisped the maid, and another kiss went on record. That evening Secretary Pearson took his wife and

a party of friends to his office. They listened to Levy play the cornet, Gilmore's band and heard Dr. Taimage tell of his trip abroad.

Then the luckless secretary placed the cylin der used by the lovers of the instrument, "t

see what it was," and heard. So did Mrs. Pearson and her friends. It took Mr. Pear-son a week of Sundays to explain the matter to his wife's satisfaction. He has never used

a phonograph since.

ears of age.

Women who want their husbands to care for them, says the Chicago News, should never cry. A nomely woman looks pretty and attractive when she laughs at a man's faults; a pretty woman looks homely when she cries over them. This is suffish no doubt; but look among any of your married ac-quaintances, and you will find that the woman whose husband thinks the most of her is the one who laughs where other women would ere

BIRDS AND ANIMALS.

Dog Good at Fishing. Myron Cook, who lives just over the moun-tain from Berkshire Valley, N. J., has a re-markable dog, says the New York Sun. Brownie is the dog's name, and he is a hand some English setter, well broken on game and fish. It is in the latter particular that Brownie is remarkable. Near Mr. Cook's place is a little lake which formerly fel the wheel of the blowing apparatus of an old iron fur-nace, the ruins of which may be seen just below the dam. The pond is famous for its big pickerel, and Mr. Cook enjoys catching them in water. Brownie likes the sport, too and invariably follows his master when he ees preparations for a fishing trip. The ishing is done through twenty or thirty holes fishing is done through twenty or thirty holes in the ice, and over each hole is a simple de-vice consisting of a twig frozen into the ice so that it inclines over the hole. A notch is gashed into the twig and the line is crowded lightly into the gash in such a position that a piece of red fiannell attached to the line is supported a foot or so above the water. When a fish tugs at the hook the line slips out of the notch and the red rar disance from the notch and the red rag disappears from view. Brownie knows this as well as any man who ever watched a tip-up, and he can see better than anyone who fishes on that pond. Mr. Cock lets Brownie do all the watching, and the dog is perfectly willing to

do it. The holes are distributed over about two The holes are distributed over about two acres of ice and Brownie trots around keep-ing his big brown eyes on the signals. When one fails he shows great excitement and barks gleefully. Then he trots to the hole and begs his owner to come quickly and take out the fish, but there is no hurry about striking when a pickerel takes the bait. It is necessary to give him time, for he is almost nvariably very deliberate about swallowing s disposed of among ourselves. the live minnow. He wants to take it away then we mintow. He wants to take it away a few feet, spit it out turn it around and then engulf it foremost. This delay worries Brownie in spite of the fact that he has been a fisherman for three winters. At first he was inclined to put his foot on the line and try to pite it when he saw it slipping juch by this habit, and now manifests his impatience by wagging his tail and growling as the pick-erel mouths the bait. When the fish has been hooked and pulled out on the ice, Brownie lies flat until Mr. Cook says "Fetch it." Then the dog takes the wriggling fish delicately in his mouth and carries it to the box sled which is used to hold the catch. is so gentle in retrieving that he seldom He urbs the scale on a medium-sized pickerel out his tooth marks can be seen on pounder if there is any fight in the fish. -Inretrieving pickerel Brownie always catches them by the middle so that they balance in

dead bi rds.

SERMONS OF MY CHILDHOOD. led him with the intensity of her quest tions: "Did you not see her? Did not see her?" But he had seen not But he had seen nothing unusual, and he endeavored to pacify her. She then told him all that she had seen and he begged her to rest calmiy until morning when they could investi-gate the matter. This investigation threw no light upon the subject, but a circumstance which the landlord kept to himself proved to him that at least the apparition was no mere fabrication of his daughter's mind. A member of congress and his wife, who had engaged rooms for the the four

winter months, sent for him. In a private interview the lady told of her fright as follows: "One evening, several weeks ago, my

husband, having retired, was sleeping heavily in the alcove. I had drawn the curtains to prevent the light which I used in this room from disturbing him. Being anxious to finish a jacket upon which I was working, and not being sleepy, I sat here, sometimes reading a bit and sometimes sewing, until after midnight. The door was locked and perfect stillness reigned. A strange feeling suddenly took possession of mesuch a feeling as often makes one turn when a person whose presence is felt noiselessly enters the room. I raised my eyes and beheld, sitting upon that ery lounge, a phantom! "Do not sneer, sir; it was the figure of

a gray lady-dress, eyes, hair, even skin were of ashy grayness-and she had entered a locked room unperceived, without a sound. My first thought was to scream from fright, but the fact that my husband slept so near and would ridcule a ghost made me pause. During those moments many horrible thoughts suggested themselves, but the forlorn gure before me, though uncanny and mysterious, softened my fear to pity. I recalled the fact that a ghost must be spoken to, when it can relieve its soul of some weight. I opened my lips many times, always framing some kind of in-quiry, but my voice had taken its de-parture with the first fright and would not return. So we sat there, I and my ghostly visitor, until she arose slowly and glided quickly past me, as if she cheery welcome, and left them had forgotten something. Needless to say, sleep was impossible, and I related my night's experience to my husband

when he awoke in the morning. "As I anticipated, he summed it up as a dream or fancy, and charged me to mention it to no one, for, he said, a ghost is easily raised but not so easily laid, and might injure the hotel. Since that night I have seen nothing to alarm me until last night, when hearing some one drive up to the hotel at about 2 'clock, and being restless, I went into the parlor to look out at the late or early arrivals. There sat the gray visitor in the same place as before, and with quick impulse of determination I said, 'What do you want?' She raised her gray siender hands which had lain listlessly in her lap to her gray face, rose quickly and disappeared. I rushed to the door and saw the back of her gown just turning down the stairway. "At what time did you say she left your room?" asked the landlord, with

business called Mr. Nelson to New York. apparent unconcern. "At 2 o'clock," was the answer. "It was at that time that my son and his wife returned from the ball. I will ask His wife had retired to her room, and throwing on a soft, delicate blue dress-gown, bewitching in its laces, she turned them whether they saw this strang lady. He paused. "I cannot hope that the gas low, and loanging in a large arm-chair near the lamp made a pretty you will remain here, but for the present at least, you will not mention this unfortunate occurrence. turned in quick succession before she was aroused by the clock striking mid-

Young Mr. Nelson had seen nothing and was determined to fathom the mystery if he could persuade his wife to remain in the apartment. She consented, vrong. I found her room vacant, the not knowing, of course, that the gray trunk open and the gray dress gone. I lady had favored any one else with her feared to alarm the house and knew she presence. wou'd soon come back. Waiting in my Just one week after this coincident aproom for hours almost in despair, saw parition, Mr. and Mrs. Nelson had filled her at last come swiftly and silently into their pretty parlor with triends for an her room, lock the door and throw herevening party. It was an early affair self exhausted upon the bed. The next and midnight saw the last guest leavday I told her we must home for our funds were low. She did ing. The lights were extinguished and the doors locked. Mrs. Nelson had gone into her bedroom. The one jet of gas was turned low. Before drawing not question the fact and listlessly submitted. From words of her own have gathered that she imagined her near enough to raise the gas a short exstepson was pursuing her to put her in elamation from her husband drew her to the asylum for her property, and that his dressing room, where he stood, face she had been in almost every part of the house during the night. When I heard to face with the unwelcome visitor in He lifted a finger to silence his gray. later that a "lady in gray" had frighted wife, then advanced steadily toward the airy figure, which eluded his outyour quests I determined to make this known toyou. I trust to your honor-" Here she paused and Mr. Nelson ex-claimed: "You have not only my word stretched hand. At the question, "Whe are you?" uttered in a low but fierce tone, the long gray hands hid the gaunt for secrecy, but my sympathy also." countenance and in another instant she "The son is in the city," she contin was gone. Quick as a flash through the ued, "and should he discover the poor little suite of rooms, along the corridor. down the stairs flew the more angry than frightened and incredulous young

who feared to be alone.

who had had the pleasure of knowing

the lady in gray, reserved their opinion

of this sudden move on the part of the

young Nels ns and were confirmed in

their suspicions when they heard furthe

that the suite in the southwest wing was

dismantled and closed, as well as 198

time later, the story came out in de-tached and varied details and having

heard it then I tell it as it was most

Not more than a month after the

events just told Mr. Nelson, sr., received

"The lady in gray can be explained. Address No. - E street, N. E."

Thinking this some gibe or hoax he

paid it the attention anonymous letters

usually deserve. This one was followed,

however, by a communication a week

"If those interested in the mystery of

the United States hotel ghost will send

a reliable person to No. — E street, N. E., they may find valuable information.

A reward will not be refused, but secrecy

No more reliable person could there be

thought Mr. Nelson, and none who

would keep the secret better than him-

self. Then too, should it be but a con-

tinuation of the ghostly persecution he would much prefer to be the only wit

ness. Late in the afternoon he started

on his expedition, walking briskly up

the avenue, over Capitol hill, passing

rows of small white dwellings, then vacant lots, he found the number he

looked for, to his surprise, over the door

a crumbling wall, guarded by shaggy

boxwood trees, was the relic of former

glory-now a moldy house. The yellow-

business one might pause before lifting

red brick and broad paneled door showed

as to the informant must be promised.

later which demanded more attention:

Som

near it, which they had occupied.

the following anonymous letter:

often repeated.

This earthly sound would be a comfort, thought mine host, as he glanced down the lonely street wondering whether you some deadly enemy had planned this dismal trysting place; but before dismal trysting place; but before the echo of the lifted knockers "click, click," lost itself in the maze of shrubbery, footsteps sounded along the bare hall. The bolts were carefully drawn back, the door slightly opened and a voice shrill enough to have penetrated it closed, asked: "Who is there?" Mr. Nelson answered: "A responsible per-son from the United States hotel," and

was cautiously admitted by an attenu-ated weman clothed in faded woolen stuff, bearing herself rather as one in reduced gentility than an upper domes-tic. When the door was closed thedark-

ness was dense until Miss Prime, leading the way into a long drawing room with difficulty, opened the rusty blinds, Even then the objects about were dimly visible. Mr. Nelson followed her into the dreary room and by her invitation seated himself on what had been the state sofa, stiff and black. A few pictures still hung on the dusty walls, and the carpet, though streaked and faded. was soft and rich. Carved high backed chairs ranged in grim rows and a bare center table were the only furniture that

come to hear. answered.

He was a miner in the west, and for many reasons could not come east to make search for possible possessions.

"I have often been in despair of keep ing her without aid, but she begs me always to stay with her and never allow

symptoms in her malady and this place became intolerable to her. She wished to be taken away, and having a small but sufficient sum of money I took her to your hotel, where we had two small rooms in the most retired part of the house. She did not leave her bed and seemed utterly depressed. For several days she required so much attention that I slept at night heavily from exhaustion.

ings Mrs. D. slept late and seemed

"One night after my first heavy sleep I awoke with a sense of something

Ludicrous Attempt of a New Jersey Judge to Show a Woman How to Dress Herself.

WHAT SOME WOMEN ARE DOING

Is Rich Enough to Satisfy Her Craving for Rubies-Marriage in China Depends on

LEGACY LEFT HER AFTER DESERTION.

Small Feet. Woman's Price.

Corentry Falmure, To beroism and holiness How hard it is for man to soar, But how much harder to be less Than what his mistress loves him for,

He does with case what do he must Or lose her, and there's naught debarred From him that's called to meet her trust Or credit her desired regard.

Ah, wasteful woman, she that may On her swoet self set her own price, Knowing he cannot choose but pay, How has she cheapened variaties

How given for nought her priceless gift, How spoiled the need and spilled the win Which, spent with due, respective thrift, Had made brutes men and men divine!

O Queen, awake to thy renown. Require what 'tis our wealth to give, And comprehend and wear the crown Of thy despised prerogative!

I who in manhood's name at length With glad songs come to abdicate The gross regality of strength, Must yet in this thy praise abate—

That through thine erring humbleness And disregard of thy degree, Mainly, has man been so much less Than fits his fellowship with thee.

High thoughts had shaped the foolish brow, The coward had grasped the hero's sword, The vilest had been great, hadst thou, Just to thyself, been worth's reward;

But lofty honors, undersold, Seller and buyer both disgrace; And favor that makes folly bold

Puts out the light in virtue's face. The Judge and the Lady's Dress.

A dressmaker in Newark, N. J., brought suit against a citizen of that place for the value of two dresses made for his wife, When the case came up in court the other day the defense claimed that the dresses were too short in the skirt and too tight in he waist, and that the skirt and waist did not meet. It was agreed upon that the deendant's wife should pat on one of the dresses and submit it to the inspection of the court. The judge placed his private room at her disposal and when she came out, clad in a pink silk dress trimmed with blue silk velvet ; was noticed that a strip of white appeared between the skirt and the-waist. That particular strip may probably have been a part of no matter what; it was doubtless something necessary in forming the requisite amount of covering, but the fact that it was seen at all covering, but the hot chart was seen at an ought to have convinced the judge that there was something wrong somewhere. On the contrary, however, he missed the opportu-nity afforded him of deing justice to a hav who had evidently been exposed to uncalled-for comment; and at the same time he found him of several with a same time he found nimself covered with confusion —and all be-cause he had unfortunately sought to apply male methods of remedying defects in cloth-

howing itsel

paring them with the originals, and that is a severe test for embroiderers. Drawa linea work is one of the most fash-A Chinaman prefers a wife with small feet

do not seem to be considered worth legal pro tection. A man is liable to punishment i ing to the case in question, says the Phila-delphia Record. He remembered that someretains a wife who has been guilty of adult ery. An cloping wife may be sold by the husband, and if she marries while absent from his bouse, she must suffer death by strangling. The legal power granted to men times, when dressing before the lookingglass, he had noticed a strip of white shirt the spot where hi over their wives is often tyranically used. and many instances are on record of the lowest kind of brutality being practiced. Slavery s common in China, and a woman is often old into servitude, jast as a horse or an or

suitable for outlining portiers and convrctie decorations. The edges of many articles are now cutout recoco fashion. Alternoon tea-cioths look very well when so treated, and worked with colored vashing-sliks and gold Fad for Rubies. Mrs. Causenio, the richest wo nau in South America, is coming to San Francisco presently with her two daughters. She is a woman of forty-five and has well preserved thread. D'oyleys, duchess toilet table slips. finished in this way. The edges must be overcast to make them strong. Darned grounds are effective for cushions. Take a bela design of thistles, for example. The her good looks, as well as \$40,000,000. She lives in Santiago and has a monopoly of all the coal in South America, being the owner of enormous coal fields in Chili. She has a bela design of thistles, for example. The leaves and the one big center thistle will be done in green crewels, with the exception of the top of the thistle, which will be put in with maave crewels. The whole of the ground, which is of white linen, will be lightly darned. Some grounds are closely darned, and the design left plain, except for the veining of leaves, and perhaps a little shading of petals; the centers of flowers, however, are generally worked rather more elaborately. Much of the embroidery nowa-days has intricate and varied point lace marvelous palace of stone in Lota. To describe the place would consume a page. Madame Causenio spends most of her time h Paris, for, although she is a shrewd business woman, she loves European life and luxury. She is a widow and has refused constless counts of every nation. Her daughters are young and unmarried. They will probably wed some of the old world princes. Madame Causenio's fad is the love of collecting ru-bies. Whenever she hears of an extraordindays has intricate and varied point lace stitches introduced; these require careful execution, for we often find ourselves comary ruby she forth with sends an expert to buy it. This person travels incognito and makes no display, for his mission renders his life hazardons. In fact, no insurance com-pany would take a risk on his safety. He is

lonable decorations for table linen and tollet sets. Ladies are practicing it now, and articles can be had with the threads ready drawn, so they escape the monotonous part of the work. Cross-stitched patterns are to be had traced, to obviate the necessity of counting stitches. This is one of the latest inventions for saving trouble, in answer to the de sands of this luxurious age.

all is the white-ribbed silk cover, elaborately embroidered with silver thread and silver cord. As to the most fash-

ionable modes of working I must say a few

ionable modes of working I must say a few words that may be of practical use, says a writer in Cassell's Family Magazine. When work is outlined with gold thread, it is al-most an invariable practice just now among the best workers to use two rows, which are sown on together. One row, when we do see it, looks quite poor. The thread is sown down with sliks of a contrasting color; but when a num gold effect is desired—as in the flam.

pure gold effect is desired --as in the flam-beau mentioned above and the yellow book

cover-then yellow silk is employed. To sew down the thread with red sils gives a rich glowing effect; soft, bluish-green silk,

on the contrary, produces a cool, quiet tone. Silk cord for outlining is greatly in vogue. A simple twisted cord is mostly used, but I see now signs of more funciful ones becoming popular. I do not find couching is so much used not it was some time back but it is very

used as it was some time back, but it is very

Marriage in Ohiaa.

and often selects one by inspecting her shoes, without ever seeing her face. If they are small enough to suit his unnatural taste, he says she will do. These girls marry at 17 or women would cry. 18; and as soon as one is engaged, she dresses her hair in a style that denotes to all and sundry that she is no longer in the matrimonial market. She also, with the same view, wears red or other bright colored pantaloons. Women in China wear no petticoats Bride and bridegroom rarely see each other before they are married, as matches are gen erally made through an agent. After marriage, it is not customary for husband and wife to be seen out of doors together. In fact, most Chinese wives are kept in as much seclusion as possible. Polygamy is every-where, and when a rich man has chosen his first wife with feet small enough to please him, he takes from two to five more whose feet may be of more useful size, but they must all be subject to the com-mand and control of the small footed one, the reason appearing to be that superior birth an 1 breeding are thus marked. Of course these very small feet are not useful for walking, and the danger of falling and fracturing bones on using any activity, renders a wornan very helpless and all but use-lessr The laws of China recognizes seven causes for divorce. They are: Lascivious-ness, jealousy, barrenness, theft, disobed-ience, leprovy, aed talkativeness. The laws are for the protection of men. The women

Pa says 't in a day er two

'N Jane Ann says 't he's homely's sin

Pore little brother! 't's des er shame

Looks so tiny 'n so forlorn, Guess he's sorry 't he was born.

In China tens of thousands of recently born girls among the poorer classes are thrown out to perish, and at Shanghai I saw a tower formerly used to facilitate this infanticide, says Dr. Joseph Simms, who has recently returned from an extended trip of the flowery empire. It is practiced in every part of China, but especially in the interior and in the Loess district. As soon as we get many miles from the coast, it is quite usual to see near a Joss house or place of worship, a small stone tower from ten to thirty feet high, with no door, but a hole in one side, reaching into a pit in the center. The children that parents wish to be rid of are thrown into this hole, and quick lime soon consumes the lifeless little form. It is said that the priests take charge of this cruel work. It has been estimated that every year 200,000 female babies are brutally saughtered in the empire. One Chinaman being interrogated about the destruction of his recently born girl, said : "The wife cry and cry, but kill allee same." In every large city in China there are asylums for the care of orphans, supported and conducted by for-eigners, who save yearly from slaughter tens of thousands of female infants. At Hankow, which is 600 miles inland I visited a Roman Catholic orphanage for children that have thus been cast out to perish. Mother Paula thus been cast out to perish. Mother Paula Vismara, the lady superior of this institution, informed me that she had received seven that day, and on one day thirty were brought in. Of course these had never been consigned to a baby tower. Sometimes they are found wrapped in paper and left at the edge of the river; sometimes they are buried alive by the father, but while yet living are dug up by some one else, and brought to this institution. Several women are employed by the mother superior

women are employed by the mother superior words of a thousand are received every year. Many of them, of course, die soon after the exposure and neglect they have suffered through being abandoned, and many are boarded out by the institution in the town Those who accept the charge have to the children once a week for inspection, and then, all being right, they receive the pay for maintaining them. This is an Italian characy, and one of the most estimable in China. Durand one of the most estimator in Cenna. Dur-ing the twenty-three years of its existence it has saved the lives of say 25,000 to 40,000 children, of whom a fair proportion have grown to womanhooi. It received c.nsider-able support from the European residents at Kankow, of whom there are about 120. Those children who remain within the premises of the institution are fed and clothed, and, when old enough, taught to sew, make lace, knit stockings, and do other use-ful work. They never know where they came from or who their parents were. When they are four years of age their fect are bandaged. according to the general custom of all classes in China, to keep them small, as that increases the ir chances of marriage

other sources of income between her and

a son by his former marriage. "This would have meant destitution, value of property having so shrunken, and the son had always been trouble-some and most unkind to his stepmother.

"Her troubles, a long illness and the self reproach for the destroyed will gradually upset her mind.

strangers near.

"Two months ago there were serious

The small trunk we brought held our simple wardrobe. Among her things she had insisted upon bringing her gray bridal dress which she always kept in her room here. Two mornings during our fast week in your house, and once before, I found this dress had been taken out of the trunk, and upon these morn-

stranger than usual.

emphasized the emptyness of this once splendid "salon." Not a word had been spoken and now, with closed doors and the dim light of the departing day, these two faced each other, one to learr, the other to tell a tale of poverty, sickness and insanity. After a careful survey of her guest's face Miss Prime said: "With your word not to reveal the secret, I will begin without delay to tell you what you have

"You can rely upon my silence," he

"My name is Prime. I am and have been for thirty years the companion of a lady who has been my friend from child-hood. During the war her husband was killed, and the news reached her the day of her infant's death. Her husband left a will in her possession, bequeathing this property to her, but dividing the

had grown chilly, and after reading a few more pages Mrs. Nelson stepped to the door of the trunk room in search of a shawl. Opening the door to its full extent to allow the soft light to stream into the darkness, she had advanced a few steps before perceiving that upon the trunk she was about to open sat a gray figure that at once indelibly stamped this image upon her memory: A tail, gaunt woman of anywhere from fifty to sixty years of age, straight iron-gray hair, combed smoothly over her temple the eyes sunken like the cheeks and stony gray! The figure clothed, or rather draped, in smooth gray folds of flimsy stuff. The hands rested listlessly in the lap and not a movement swayed the apparition. Transfixed with inexpressible horror, poor Mrs. Nelson stood many moments powerless. Then acting upon an inspiration, she sprang from the room and locked the door.

Even the unseen presence of the ghostly visitor held her in its sway while norror filled her mind as she thought of the hours that she had been sitting so near this strange lady, who must have passed through this very room, since the outer door was locked, bolted and secured the more by a heavy trunk across its threshold. Little by little she falteringly regained her cozy chair, and tried to busy her mind once more with the schemes of Becky Sharp, but Amelia, Joe and all the rest seemed clothed in gray. Her eyes were painfully drawn to the white panels of the door she had secured. Could not the flimsy, unsubstantial creature mock locks and bars and might she not flit before her at any ir-

Thus the hours of agony dragged on. but the weird, gray lady made no fur-ther appearance. The pale dawn and its tiny streaks of sunlight found Mrs. Nelson still in the same position, but her courage was rising with the day's advent until a subtle shame of her own fear, and almost a mistrust of her senses, made her hastily dissemble. She pulled apart the unused bed, and dressing hersel, rang for a servant. When the slow-footed African appeared she told him calmly that she wished her rolls and coffee served at once. To her husband, who returned during the day, she accounted for her pallor by a woman's ready excuse-a headache-but in her heart she dreaded a recurrence of this episode. Days, however, passed and nights also, uneventfully, until it seemed that she must have been the subject of a hallucination.

Once, returning from a ball long after midnight, she was slowly ascending the broad stairs alone, her husband lingering a moment in the office to give some forgotten instructions to the sturdy por ter who dozed behind the bright mahogany desk. She had nearly reached the third landing. The soft ruffles of her dress filled one hand and in the other her fan, slightly lifting her skirts in front to avoid the brass tips of the steps. The lights were glimmering feebly from the few hall jets. A shiver ssed through her frame-when she felt-before she saw-the lady in gray floating, gliding toward her. This was notiving form, no human tread, but yet

a visible, perceptible presence. A half suppressed scream escaped our trembling friend; the fan fell from her hand as she rushed past the figure to gain her room with panting heart and flattering nerves.

Mr. Nelson had been but a flight below, and hearing the strange sounds of voice and rustle, bounded up and with a few strides was by her side. With dithe hrass knocker to break the awful lated eyes and deathly palor, she start- stillness in the lengthening twilight.

lady's trouble we will be turned out of our only home. "If you will consent to my telling al man, after the noiseless, gray, misty apparition, followed by Mrs. Nelson, this to my son and daughter-in-law," said Mr. Nelson, "I will see that your The office names are not revealed, and I can as reached, no sfgn of the pursued one nor sure you of my desire to serve you as a friend should occasion arise." evidence of her whereabouts. The following day Mr. and Mrs. Netson left for

The poor, lonely woman could only ex-pressher gratitude in tears, and, bidding the south, and upon their return took possession of a small house instead of er visitor good-bye at the door, they their pretty hotel quarters. Many of the guests had heard the unusual noise both felt that the poor lady's wandering spirit had indeed found a friend in the through the halls that last night, but living world. were easily satisfied by reports of a supposed burglar. The member of congress and his wife.

SPRING TRADE. Jewelers' Weekly. Now doth the busy Fakir get

His jewelry up for market; This is the quality he'll make: 8 k. 8 k. 8 k. 8 k. 8 k.; And this is what he'll mark it: 18 k 18 k. 18 k. 18 k 18 k.

Lives of some great men remind us. We can make our lives sublime, And, departing, leave behind us Claims for jewels bought on time.

Not an order he gave was ever filled ; Not a farthing's worth was he trusted; For against his name in the rating book Stood a symbol that he was busted.

Penalty of Extravagance.

The conviction of Mr. Budd, a public of-cer, of bribery by Mr. Justice Straight should serve as a warning to men similarly placed, says the Calcutta Guardian. placed, says the Calcutta Guardian. When the jury found the prisoner guilty he ex-claimed: "My God! I received the notes from my wife." The judge fully believed this and in passing entence of a year's rig-orous imprisonment said: "I have very little doubt they come to you through the hand of your wife, and she must have known perfectiv well from whence they known perfectly well from whence they came." Cases in which extravagant wives proved the ruin of their husbands are by no means of rare occurrence. A wife makes use of her husband's official position to ex-tort money from others, and the husband knowing her extravagant habits is powerless to put a stop to her exactions. Then comes the exposure and the wife, the instigator and accomplice of her husband's crime, esc scottfree while the husband is found g of a felony and ruined for his whole life. nd guilty

Poor Dog.

A weil dressed young lady walked down Post street in San Francisco one afternoon recently, her little Skye terrier scurrying along a short distance in advance of its misof a pretentious dwelling. Up several stone steps, which buried themselves in tress. A man was standing on the corner and the dog, apparently without any provocation, deliberately inserted his teeth in the man's leg. The victum of the attack was so surprised that he was speechless for the mo-ment, and before he recovered himself the young lady picked up the terrier, kissed it plainly an English builder. There was no stgn of life, and on a less uncanny affectionately on the nose, and said "Did you hurt your teeth, my precious !" Without giancing at the man, she walked disdainfully away.

waistcoat ended and his trousers began. All that was needed was simply to an upward, trombone-slide move trombone-slide movement buckle which regulated an to the his suspenders, and, presto! every thing was lovely. And so, with his own case in his mind's eye, he straightened himself up and said: "Madam, could the error be reme-died by hitching up the skirt!" The look of commiseration which the wearer of the dres turned upon him, and the bhinly veiled con-tempt with which she faformed him that any attempt at "hitching" would put her waist in the wrong place, caused the judge (as he has since admitted, under pressure, to his wife) greater mortification thus he had ex-perienced when one of his decisions was reversed by the court of appeals. The story teaches the lesson that even a New Jersey udge does not know everything, and that gar ments which may be safely supported in their place by a nail or a shoe string should not be on founded with those fearfully and wonderfully built structures in which woman now arrays herself.

A Plea for the Ugly Girls.

It does not matter much to a boy whether he is good looking or the reverse, says a writer in Lippincott's Magazine. He is not obliged to wait for somebody to ask him to dance, and his matrimonial prospects don't appear to suffer any serious discount from personal shortages that would send a girl's stock away down below par, or even put her out of the market altogether. One never sees a man so hideous or repulsive but that

some woman is ready to marry h m, if he will only ask her; but men are less philau-thropic, and so the ugly girls are generally left to run to waste as unappropriated bless ings. The "handsome is as handsome does" theory won't nold at all after we get out of the nursery, and a little experience soon con-vinces us that it is a fraud and a delusion, like that other domestic fiction, about the drumstick being the choicest part of the fowl.

We ugly girls never get any drives in the park, nor free seats at the theater; and ac for ice cream and French candy, no matter how handsomely we deport ourselves, we shouldn't know the taske of either if we waited to have it bestowed upon us as a reward of merit. Indeed, the expensiveness of being an ugly girl is one of the worst things about it; there are no perquisites. We get none of the plums out of life's pudding, for under the plums out of lifes piquing, for lines, present conditions men do all the carving, and as one of them says. "All the fine things we think and say about women apply to those only who are tolerably good looking or only who are tolerably good graceful."

Now, suppose the same rule applied to men. and that only the good booking ones could hope to attain to wealth and distinction; suppose, for instance, that that famous wart on Oliver Cromwell's nose had been sufficient to condemn him to obscurity, as it inevitably would have done had he been a woman; sup-pose Grover Cleveland's too ample girth of waist had kept him out of the White House, as it control of the White House, as it certainly would have kept Mrs. Cleve-land out had she been the unlucky possessor of that inconvenient superfluity; or suppose David B. Hill's bald pate had rendered him ineligible to the office of governor of New York, as I have not the shadow of a doubt that a bald head would render any woman in America ineligible to the office of governor's wife, suppose in fact that a bald woman in America in the provided of the other of a second little hard. And, in fact, isn't it just a little hard that any body's destiny in life should be made to depend irretrievably upon an ac-cident over which they have no control, such as having been born with a red head or pug nose! But this is the law under which wi have lived since the beginning of time, and it

doesn't give the ugly girls a fair chance.

Fashionable Embraideries.

Silk-covered books are becoming rather Sinceovered books are becoming rather general; the embroideries are often copies of those belonging to royalty in past times. Brilliant colors are chosen for some of these covers. One is vivid yellow, enriched with gold thread embroidery; another, green worked with colored sliks. Most chaste of

Didn't Get He .: Money.

Edgar W. Hussler is a reporter who has vitnin the past two years worked in Chiago. Pittsburg, Philadelphia and New York. where he now is. When he left Pittsbarg ten months ago, he deserted a penniless young wife, who scon after gecame a mother, and was taken to the Home for Destitute Women. She has just bacome helross to \$10,000 by the death of her father, Rov. William Bolton. of New Fairmont, W. Va. She was Hass er's second wife. The first was also deserted by him and then fell heirers to \$25,000. He returned to her until the money was gone and some time after took wife No 2. The latter was a student in Mount Union college n Ohio when she met Hassler. Her parents objected to the match, to no avail. She has recently been out at household work for a are ninent physician. The other day she eard that her venerable father was dead. H had never forgiven her, but he had neglected o make a will, so that his erring daughter comes into her full share of his plump es tate. She has gone back to the old home happy and says she will never take back her recreant husband.

S-lf-Fitting Hosiery.

An invention recently patented consists in making any kind of hosiery, for either under or outside wear, in such a manner as to ren-der it perfectly self-fitting, without being narrowed or stitches reduced or widened o forming the fabric at intervals and so as to give the required shapes. This con-sists of two kinds of fabric, terme. one-and-one rib and two and-two rib. These two kinds of fabric are made and joined in the knitting at one operation without changing, transferring or in any way narrowing any stitch or stitches during the process of manufacture. This causes, by the ncreased elasticity of the two-and-two rib over the one-and-one rib, the decrease in size to the necessary shape, and when changed again to one-and-one rib the fabric is again of ts original width. These changes are fected without any seaming, linking, sewing or any other device hitherto used for this purpose.

Revolution in Breadmaking

Queeras it may seem, breadmaking today s the same as it was in the times of our grandmothers; indeed, it is considered a high compliment for young wives in these days to e told that the bread they make is equal to that made by their gran imothers-in-law. An English inventor has now, however, laid preverent hand upon the traditions of

kitchen and the bakery, and has invented a process which promises to the breadmaking out of the category take rule-of-thumb methods and place the list of the exact sciences. The this new process is a concentrated solution of the "distaste," which is a solutile nitroon starch. The "diastaste," it is claimed, be comes as a helpful food to the yeast gera which it excites to increased activity. Th starch in the flour is transformed by the action of the "diastaste" into maltose sugar and dextrine, thus improving the flavor, texture and moisture of the bread. The resuit of the new process is also, to make the loaf larger, while at the same time improving the color of the bread. From four to six diastaste is required for every 280 ounces

Not for His Wife to Hear.

General George Pearson, ex-Governor Beaver's private secretary, is another victim of the phonograph, says the Philadelphia Record. While at Harrisburg he made froquest use of the instrument, and often entertained his friends with cornet solos, Sousa marches and operatic airs. One day a rolative of the same cognomen visited the govConsumption in Birds.

his mouth. He took to the sport naturally,

and is now as good retrieving live fish as

There is a birds' home and hospital on Oxford street where people can take their pets to be nursed and cared for, says a writer in the Pall Mali Budget. The proprietor says birds suffer chiefly from consump-tion and asthma-diseases brought on by the birds being placed in draughty windows. Consumption is helped on by the birds being indiscriminately fed on all sorts of things that are unsuitable as food. Birds are very fond of luxuries, and the more you give them the more they will cat. When a bird is going off into consumption it is always eating. He nointed to one and said : "He is in a con-sumption and he will be like a bail of down omorrow-all puffed out. Physic will some times arrest the disease.

Couldn't- have Her.

G. Sanford went to New York from Se Cliff on a steamboat, taking with him a small chin on a sceamosal, taking with thin a small black dog, of which he was anxions to get rid, says the Brooklyn Times. On his ar-rival in New York he found a man who wanted a dog and to him "Nelle"," was pro-sented. On Monday morning the Sanfords were more than surprised when "Nellie" walked calmiy into the kitchen and took her old place behind the stove as naturally as i she had never left it. The little animal had evidently walked the twenty-six miles be ween New York city and Sea Cliff, crossing the East river by some means enroute. She had never been over the road before, and had iothing but instinct to guide her back to her old home.

Intelligent wog.

Mrs. J. B. Daniels of Pueblo, Col., has one of the smartest dogs in the world. His name is "Bluff." He is a brown spaniel and his intelligence is wonderful. He will carry to or bring mail from the carrier, fetch in kind-ling, try to play the organ and sing for his mistress. Upon the arrival home of Mr. Daniels the dog will bring and place beside him his suppers and in fact can do everything but talk.

Hungry Magpies.

At Horsington, Somerset, recently it was noticed that one of a herd of cows had a wound in its back deep enough to receive a large sized hen's egg. It was afterward found that other cows in the herd had also wounds on their backs which could not be accounted for, and it was subsequently discovered that the mischlef was caused by magpies, which, driven by hunger, had re-sorted to tearing flesh from the animats.

Bee Burial.

Two bees were observed to issue from a street." hive, bearing between them the body of a comrade, with which they flew for a distance of ten vards. Then, with great care, they put it down and selected a convenient hole at the side of the gravel walk, to which they tenderly committed the body, head down-ward, and then afterward pushed against it two little stones, doubtless in memoriam.

Called for a B: by After a Year

About a year ago Nelson Mack, who lives in Westbrook, Conn., stepped out of his front door one morning and was surprised to find a large clothes basket on the stoop, in which lay a handsome baby boy, only a few days old A large supply of ciothing was in the basket And a hote, in diguised hardwriting, asked Mr. Mack to take the baby in and care for him. The note said that the child would be re-deemed some time and Mr. Mack would be repaid for his trouble. Mrs. Mack was so pleased with the looks of the baby that she for a year she took as good care of it as

A well dressed man, accompanied by a woman who was richly dressed, alighted from an east bound train here and hired a carriage to take them to the Mack home. They were entire strangers here, but they seemed to know where Mr. Mack lived. When they returned to the station they brought the baby with them. They purchased tickets for New Haven, and a Westbrook man who went to the same city says upon arrival there they bought tickets for New York. The strangers were people seemed to glow with happiness when she returned with the child. Mr. Mack refuses to say a word as to whe the people were, and declares he was well paid for one year's board for the little one.

She Had Her Papa Pardoned

Governor Reynolds of Delaware, last week pardoned Hezekiah Vickery, who was serving a one year's sentence in the Dover jail for manslaughter for killing Thomas Smith, a desperado, who forced his way into Vickery's home at Sandtown, Kent county, and was shot by the latter. Vickery's release from prison is the outcome of the persistent efforts

of hiseight-year-o'd daughter in his behalf. The child appealed to the members of the general assembly to sign the petition asking the governor to pardon her father, and the legislators' sympathies were so worked upon by the unusual facident that they readily ap-pended their names. Not only did the de-votes daughter secure the signatures of the assemblymen, but her efforts were subse-quently rewarded by a majority of the prominentmen of the state capital signing the petition. Governor Reynolds could not consistently set aside such a strong recom-mendation, and he was forced to grant the

pardon.

An Applied Lesson. A little girl of Springfield, Mass., went shopping the other day with her mother, who, making purchases at various stores, gave as the parting word, "Please charge them to my husband, 20--- treet." At night the little girl, half sleeping and tred out, said in conclusion: "I pray God to bless my mother and my father and my little brother, and send bill to papa, 20—

Mo scionous in Heaven

The other evening a little girl, a mite of five years lay on her mother's lap during the children's hour, says the Detroit Free Press, Play was over and the white-robed little figure was ready to be tucked into bed. Bu

pounds of flour used.