

One day in March two bright green leaves Pushed through the hardened ground...

THE DOCTOR'S TEMPTATION.

"Good morning, Miss Elsie. Why, you are looking remarkably well for an invalid; the sweet June air is proving itself beneficial to you."

As Dr. Godfrey spoke he drew a chair before the great willow settee, where among the cushions the slender form of Elsie Benedict reclined.

She looked up with a languid smile, and then her face took on that weary, pathetic expression that told of a burdened heart and a troubled mind.

Once those pale cheeks had worn the rosy hue of health, those sad eyes had been aglow with careless pleasure, the drooping lips had curved out in laughter; now all was changed, and the doctor's heart, throbbing sympathetically as he looked upon her—a girl in years with the weight of a sad experience upon her.

He knew her history; how she had loved a handsome, debonaire young man, who had won her heart but to break it upon the flint of his own selfish nature; how, impressed by her delicate beauty, he had drifted into a relationship that led her to believe that ultimately their lives would unite; then without any pretext, and with no warning, he left her with only this cruel message to explain his act:

"Elsie: It would be folly to indulge longer in our pleasant little romance; nothing can come of it but misery, for we are both too poor to link our lives together. We love each other but we must be reasonable. Your beauty will win a wealthier, perhaps nobler man, and I—well, I will not be a bad husband to some heiress who may be foolish enough to make me her ideal. It may seem hard now, but by and by we will laugh over the affair together."

Oh, what a cruel blow to the sensitive, loving girl! She could not realize at first that it was not all a jest, that Leroy would come to laugh at her agitation and beg her forgiveness; but as the truth dawned upon her, grief and despair took possession of her heart.

She told her story to her mother, who could say nothing to soothe her. "Let us go away," she cried feverishly, and a strange strength upheld her till they had left the city and found a quiet retreat in a distant village; then she fell a victim to brain fever, and for days she hovered between life and death.

It was then Dr. Godfrey met her, and now she is out of danger, but under the shadow of sorrow still.

She thought she would never know content again—the aching void in her heart would never be filled; that her mind would never be at peace.

"I feel a trifle stronger," she said softly, in reply to the doctor's remark. "I do not expect to regain my former health."

"Ah, but you will, and your youthful spirits, too," said the man cheerily. "But, Miss Elsie, you are your own enemy—this despondency is fatal!"

She cast him a quick, reproachful glance.

"How can I help it?" she said, almost childishly. "I feel as if I had no further interest in life."

"You must rouse yourself, then. Come, the day is warm—let me drive you a short distance and back—may I, will not be refused. You are still my patient."

And a brief while later she was seated beside him in his easy carriage, and despite herself her interest was roused by his pleasant speeches and the beauty of her surroundings.

So every day Dr. Godfrey took her in his charge, and soon she began to anticipate the pleasant rides and social companionship.

He was always so thoughtful, so cheery, sometimes he asked to her of her troubles, and then it seemed that the burden grew lighter; she contrasted his honest tender way with the selfish, exacting devotion of her old lover. She was grateful for his friendship, and found herself wondering how her life would seem when Dr. Godfrey dropped out.

This thought came to him once when he drove away from her home; his heart leaped with sudden pain. "I have learned to love this little girl," he thought. "What shall I do when I can see her sweet face no more? Why can she not care for me?"

learn to think of me in another light? I have heard of hearts being caught in the rebound—may I not hope to gain the precious gift that miserable scapgrace slighted? Why, with Elsie for my wife, life would be one dream of happiness. I will win her with devotion and patience."

These thoughts were in his mind when he next saw her; she wondered why he regarded her so earnestly.

"How radiant you are to-day," he said. "Soon you will have no need for my services."

"I can always find use for a friend," she said, with a soft glance.

"But you will not always stay here?" She looked away, and the smile faded from her face; he saw her sensitive lips quiver.

"It is not a pleasant thought for you?" he said gently. "Why, the best of friends must part you know."

She turned quickly and held out her hand, touching his arm lightly.

"Let us enjoy the present, without calling up sad thoughts of the future," she said, in a hesitating yet eager way. Then he knew that she would miss him, that she cared for him more than she did for others—only the shadow of Leroy Palmer stood between them.

He went from her presence in a hopeful state of mind.

"Not just yet, but by and by," he told himself; and in the midst of his reverie he was startled by a voice.

"Doctor, hasten to the Bend, there has been an accident on the track, and several are wounded."

In a few moments he had reached the scene of the disaster; the first victim he saw was a handsome, white-faced man, lying like one dead, near the embankment.

He leaned over him, and discovered that he still lived; then he picked up a letter that had fallen from his pocket. It was opened, and addressed to

LEROY PALMER, Morton House, City.

Dr. Godfrey started back, and looked again into the pallid countenance; the perfect yet rather effeminate features, the dark curling hair, the white soft throat, were all those of the type of man he imagined Elsie's lover to be.

"What strange fate brought him here?" he thought, and a sudden resentment rose within him; then he grew ashamed of the feeling, and set his lips firmly.

"I will take him to my home," he thought; so when Leroy Palmer recovered, he found himself amid cozy surroundings, and as comfortable as was possible.

Dr. Godfrey looked into the violet-hued eyes—that lent the dark face new beauty; how dangerously handsome this man was; just the type calculated to win a girl's fancy. Elsie must have made a heroic effort, but to the keener eyes of this thoughtful man the weak nature stood revealed.

"You are Leroy Palmer?" "Yes, and what a plight I'm in," said the low, rich tones. "Disabled, eh?"

"Well, you will not be able to leave this room for several days."

Leroy looked at his aching limb incased in fine, light cloth, and shrugged his shoulders.

"What must be, must be," he said lightly. "This is your home? You are kind to a stranger."

Dr. Godfrey did not see Elsie for a few days; he would not tell her of this man's presence, nor did he name pass his lips till one day—a bright day in early July, a day never to be forgotten.

Leroy Palmer was able to walk about the garden, and talked of going on his way before the week was over.

"I'm in search of a lost treasure," he said, in his light, half jesting way. "I cast aside a heart once and now I want to find it. I have never known peace since."

Dr. Godfrey experienced a sudden chill. This man was looking for Elsie! Should he tell him where to find her or let him go on his way in ignorance? Ah, it was a bitter temptation, his hopes had been so bright, success seemed so near, and now he saw an end of it all.

Why not let the gay trifler depart? Yet stay—Elsie still loved Leroy; could he win her with a shadow of this deception between them? No, his duty was clear.

"I love you better than I ever did Leroy Palmer," she said softly. Filled with great joy Dr. Godfrey returned to his home some time later.

There he found a note in his latest guest's hand-writing: "My Dear Doctor: Pardon my abrupt departure I thank you for your hospitality and generosity, but I cannot stay to witness your happiness. I understand it all—well, you are a better man than I—Elsie is wise."

LEROY PALMER.

She Killed the Bear.

One of the Vicissitudes in the Life of a Country School Ma'am.

Miss Emeline Wright, a healthy and buxom country maiden of 25, teaches a little backwoods school in the Burdick district of Tobyhanna township, Penn. It is a very sparsely settled section, and in boarding around with the parents of her pupils, Miss Wright often has to walk two miles and a-half from the school-house, along lonely roads and through stretches of woodland.

The school-house was built as near the centre of the district as possible. It stands in a beech grove, on an unfrequented highway, the nearest dwelling being three-quarters of a mile distant, and back of it there is a succession of laurel swamps. An entry extends across the front of the building, and a door leads from the entry into the schoolroom.

On a recent morning, Miss Wright reached the school-house ahead of any of the scholars, intending to write a letter before she called school at 9. She was surprised, she said, to find the outside door ajar, but she was still more astonished when she stepped in to the entry and saw a bear nosing around in the schoolroom. Miss Wright was born and brought up in a pretty wild township, and she had seen many a bear roaming through the berry patches and bark peelings; therefore, the sight of a bear in the schoolroom did not demoralize her a particle. What she did is told by herself, as follows:

"The bear saw me as soon as I looked into the room. It snorted a little and acted as if it didn't know which way to go. I wasn't much afraid of it, for I had seen a good many larger ones. I don't know why I did it, but I stepped outside at once, closed the door, and put a stick in the handle. I heard the bear come into the entry and paw on the door, but as the door wouldn't break the stick in the handle and pull the door toward it. I was anxious for some of the scholars to come, because I wanted to send one of them over to the woods, where some men were peeling bark, to get the men to come with their axes and kill the bear. Before any of the children came, I heard the bear clawed very hard at the door, and for fear that the stick might break, I got a stronger one and put it in the handle.

"While I stood thus waiting, I heard the bear run into the schoolroom and clamber over the benches. Then it ran back and scratched on the door, and growled for the first time. It seemed to be acting as if it was getting more and more afraid to stay in the house, and then it hurried back to the room. I heard some glass crack, and I stepped to the north side of the house and found that the bear had broken a pane out of a window. It had its nose through the sash, but it left the window and ran back to the door when it saw me. It was scratching on the door again when I got back to the front, and then I went into the wood shed and got an axe, going from there to the broken window. The bear was still pawing on the door.

"In a little while one of my boy scholars came, and I sent him over to the woods to tell me. Instead of doing as I told him, the boy ran to the house and told the children he met that there was a bear in the school-house, and they all ran back, too. Those that came from the other direction also got scared when they heard about the bear, and I couldn't get one to go over to the woods and notify the bark peelers. The bear had been rushing back and forth, pawing on the door and clambering over the desks and benches all this time, and I had about made up my mind to go away and leave it there, when I heard it dash against a window in the back end of the school-house. When I got there it had its paws and nose through the sash, and I hit it on the head with the axe as hard as I could. The axe glanced off and broke out more of the sash, and the bear struggled to climb out. It seemed as though it was going to plunge upon me, and I struck it with the blade of the axe, just as it sprang from the window. I must have struck a good deal harder than I thought I could, for the axe split the bear's forehead open, and the poor animal tumbled past me and rolled over and over, almost to the bank of the little creek that runs past the school-house. It died in a little while, and then I was sorry for it, because if I hadn't fastened it in the house it would have run away and not broken the windows. I didn't have any school that day. The men who saw the dead bear said it was two years old. Folks around here talk about my killing the bear as though it was a brave deed, but I don't think so. I wouldn't kill another one if I had a chance, unless I had to do it to keep from injuring me."

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Jugglers in the East.

Some of Their Wonders Told by a Traveler.

"So marvellous are the things which I have seen that I am almost ready to credit anything which I hear of the skill of eastern jugglers. In our trip we first encountered them at Port Said. The ship was lying at anchor there and a tall, intelligent looking Hindoo, dressed in a loose white gown and turban came on deck. He did so many things, each more wonderful than the last, that I can only remember a few. For instance, he took four eggs, ordinary hen's eggs, which we all examined. He put one in each of his ears, and in each eye, then stood perfectly straight, holding his head perpendicularly. The eggs remained in place as if fastened there. He then took of his turban, a piece of very fine white cloth, eight inches in width and about fifteen inches long. He cut this in two, then lighted the ends and allowed them to burn until they were considerably charred. All this time we were steadily gazing at him, so that his slightest movement could not escape us. His sleeves were rolled up and there was no way of concealing anything in his gown. Well, he tied the two pieces of his turban together and rolled them up into a knot, twisting it again and again. All at once he gave it a jerk and the long white cloth shot across the deck, white and clean, without a break or a burned spot in it. All this on the open deck with the crowd near enough to touch him."

"Everywhere we went we saw jugglers, and their tricks, in which skill was the main element, were very numerous and very astonishing. But here is one by a Japanese juggler which shows more than mere skill:

"At Yokohama a juggler came on deck and built a little box by piling sticks one on top of the other in squares. He held it up so that we could all see through it. Then he put a bottom to it, and immediately thrust his fingers down into it and began to pull out a long piece of what looked like smilax. He had no possible way of concealing it. He pulled six or seven fathoms of it out—more than he could have wrapped into a small bundle. Afterward he performed what is called the water trick."

"He set a small table on the deck, first placing under it a piece of paper so that all the legs rested on the paper. He then piled little boxes and tables one on top of the other, forming a sort of column, and the first table was the base. Each table and box was separated from every other by a piece of paper. Then he stood off from the column and lifted his wand. From one corner of the topmost box spouted a stream of water. When he raised his wand the stream spouted up higher. When he lowered it the stream was less. Then he made water stream from the end of the wand, and walked about the deck with water flowing from it. His sleeves were rolled up; his hands and arms were bare. In Yokohama, a juggler, I saw the same thing on a larger scale. The juggler then made streams of water flow from the tops of heads of his attendants, from the mids of a blazing ball of pitch at the end of his wand, and finally from the flames of two lamps which lighted the stage."

"At Singapore on the deck of the steamer, a Hindoo juggler did the mango trick. He came on board clad in the usual turban and loose white robe, and wearing his legs and feet bare. His tools were a mango nut, about the size of the ordinary sea-bean, a pot of earth, a short stick about as thick as the little finger, and a cloth about four feet square. He knelt upon the deck while doing the trick, and we all bent over him. He poured out the earth and heaped it into a little mound. He next held up the mango nut, then he buried it in the little mound of earth. He poured water on it, waved his cloth over it several times, then pulled the cloth away and a sprout about two inches long stood up fresh and green from the mound. He lifted it out and we all examined it and saw that it was fastened to the nut."

"He buried the nut again, poured on more water, pressed down the earth with his stick, made the passes with the cloth, and removing it, disclosed a sprout about six inches in length. He repeated this process two or three times, and then had a stalk about a foot high. He now pressed the cloth over this, stirred the earth at its base, and again removed the cloth. There stood a mango bush two feet and a half high, with small branches and full-grown leaves, looking as if they had just unfolded. He pulled it up and showed us the roots, grown just as the tree had grown. I saw this trick again on shore, and watched even closer, but could not see how it was done."

"One day at Singapore I saw a Hindoo boy stretched upon the ground in front of the hotel. The man who was with him spread a white sheet over him so that the outlines of his body were plainly to be seen. He then drew a knife, and, lifting it high in the air, drove it straight through the sheet, apparently into the body of the boy. Blood spouted out and the boy writhed. The man pushed in the knife hard, then drew it out slowly, covered with blood, which he proceeded to wipe off on a rag. He then lifted up the sheet, and the boy arose with not a stain of blood on his white garments and not a rent in them anywhere."

"I did not go far into the interior of India but those of the Brooklyn's officers who did saw even more wonderful things than these which I will not repeat second hand. What explanation have I? None, absolutely none."

The Prisoner of Forton.

A Tale of the Revolutionary War by Edward Everett Hale.

Those of you who have had grandfathers or great grandfathers who were captured in American privateers have heard, I do not doubt, of the prison of Forton in England. It was in this prison that the American prisoners taken at sea were kept. And a very hard time they had of it until Franklin was at last able to arrange that they should be exchanged for prisoners taken by Paul Jones and others from English ships."

One of the prisoners in Forton, who remained there eighteen months or more, was Captain Lee, of Marblehead. The privateers of Salem, Marblehead and Beverly were the terror of all Englishmen who sailed upon the seas; but in some adventures, which I need not tell here, Captain Lee, of Marblehead, was overmatched, and so had been carried into England with his crew and was imprisoned at Forton. Exchanges were not then easy, for the English Government had not at first decided on its course about exchange."

One day, after poor Captain Lee had lingered there more than a year and a half, he was called to the door and told that a gentleman wished to see him. This gentleman proved to be a man of military air who took Captain Lee into a corner and pressed into his hand, privately, a purse, which proved to contain fifty-five guineas. With equal privacy he said to him that with a part of the money he must buy, before night, from some of the attendants, the dress of one of the prison workmen, and that, when the relief came around, he must be in an out-of-the-way place, where he could fall in with the relief in the twilight and pass outside the prison proper unobserved. "But to go out of the whole enclosure," said his friend "you will need to know the countersign." And so he whispered to him the countersign of the day. Captain Lee asked to whom he was indebted, but the stranger would not tell him.

All fell out just as this good fairy had said. Some loofer among the workmen was not proof to the temptation of a few bright guineas, and as night came on Captain Lee clothed himself in the suit of clothes which he had bought. He fell in with the relief and no one observed him. He came to one and another sentinel who challenged him, and he "approached and gave the countersign."

He passed out into the dark town, and when he met again his friend in the morning, this gentleman congratulated him on his liberty, put him into a carriage which was in waiting and sent him to a seaport, whence he could take passage for France."

The whole experience was as great a wonder to Captain Lee as if the stranger had been an angel sent from heaven, as in a certain sense he was. Heaven is very apt to send as its messengers the persons who have been moved by kindness done to them."

It proved afterwards that the mysterious stranger was no less a person than General Burgoyne. He also had been a prisoner of war. While he was at Cambridge, in Massachusetts, he had been under the immediate charge of Colonel Lee, who was Captain Lee's brother. When Burgoyne was exchanged he had promised Colonel Lee, for whose kindness he would render any service in his power to the prisoner at Forton, that Colonel Lee had entrusted to him the 75 guineas which he had delivered to Captain Lee and it was he who had whispered the valuable countersign to him."

Why She Felt Sad.

Even the children in Boston look upon life from a sober and elderly point of view. A Beacon street little girl, the other night, was observed by her mother to be crying quietly by herself for nearly two hours, from supper until bedtime. When the moment for retiring came, Mrs. A.—insisted upon being informed concerning the nature of the grief which seemed to prey upon her small daughter's mind.

"You must really tell me, my darling," she said, "what it is that is troubling you."

"No, mamma," replied 8-year-old, sobbingly, as her little garments were unbuttoned. "There are some painful thoughts, you know, which one cannot share even with one's parents."

"I will not at all assent to that, my pet. Any way, I shall not go downstairs now until you confide this matter to me."

"Well, mamma, if I must tell, it is simply this: I was looking at you and papa at the supper-table, when it suddenly came to my mind that neither papa nor yourself had any mamma or papa of your own. The more I thought of it the more sad it seemed to me that you should both be orphans, like the children from the asylum who walk two by two on the streets Sundays, and so could not help crying about it, seeing that I love you both very much. That was all, dear mamma."

"Before Americans have anything more to say about the cost of royalty," says the Chicago Herald, "it might be well for them to think about the increasing cost of democracy in this country. The wife of our President complains because the