

RECOMPENSE.

BY MISS A. S. ROR. They told me the roses were cruel, surrounded with thorns unbound...

THE INEVITABLE END.

BY JULES VERNE. Swish! It is the wind, let loose. Swish! It is the rain, falling in torrents.

This shrieking squal bends down the trees of the Volsonian coast, and hurries on, flinging itself against the sides of the mountains of Crimma.

Down by the harbor restles the little town of Lukrop; perhaps 100 houses, with green palms, which defend them indifferently from the wild wind.

On the other side of the town are ruins dating from the Crimmarian era. Then a suburb, Arab in appearance, much like a casbah, with white walls, domed roofs, and sun-scorched terraces.

Rat tat! A Jesuit monk is struck upon the narrow door of Six-four at the left corner of the Rue Messagiere.

A young girl, shivering in the rain wrapped in a thin cloak, asks if Dr. Trifugas is at home.

Only a luminous speck at the distance of half a kertz. It is the lamp of the dying—perhaps of the dead.

"Twenty frezers for going to Val Karnion, four kertz for here! Thank you! Be off with you!" And the window was closed again.

Stranger! One would have said that Dr. Trifugas had come back to his own house. And yet he has not wandered; he has not even taken a turning.

What is the matter with him? Fear! His pupils are dilated; his body is contracted, shrivelled; an icy perspiration freezes his skin—every hair stands on end.

Dr. Trifugas is like a madman, he knows himself lost. At each moment the symptoms increase. Not only all the functions of the organs slacken, but the lungs and the heart cease to act.

The doctor and the old woman follow the curves of the little bays of the littoral. The sea is white with a vivid whiteness—a mourning white.

As to old Hurzof, it is said that, to this day, he haunts the country with his lantern alight, and howling like a lost dog.

After the Calaveras Grove, which is in the county of the same name, the only other considerable growths of them are in Mariposa county.

God loves everybody, but there are a good many people he does not adore.

door is ajar; he has but to push it. He pushes it, he enters, and the wind roughly closes it behind him. The dog Hurzof, left outside, howls, with intervals of silence.

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The Death of Jay Gould.

Peaceful End of the Great Financier at his New York Home.

Jay Gould, the world famous railroad king, died last Friday at his home on Fifth Ave., New York.

On the day before Thanksgiving Mr. Gould had a hemorrhage, from the effects of which he had not recovered when he had a second hemorrhage two days later, followed by still another on Wednesday last.

The funeral was held on Monday. HIS BREAK-DOWN AND LAST ILLNESS.

The real condition of Mr. Gould's health was not revealed until a year ago when he broke down in the famous Missouri Pacific meeting.

FORESAW HIS IMPENDING FATE. Mr. Gould set to to have his properties in such shape that his sons could easily handle them.

THE PERSONIFICATION OF POVERTY. As a small boy Jay Gould was almost the personification of poverty.

JAY GOULD'S WEALTH. The size of the fortune which has been built up by the methods which have been here referred to, is variously estimated.

He is supposed to hold in the neighborhood of \$8,000,000, probably more.

He planned several surveys, and as such was employed at a salary of \$20 a month to aid in making a map of Ulster county, N. Y.

The Palace Car.

What it Costs and How it is Usually Equipped.

It costs only \$50 a day to hire a completely furnished and palatial dwelling house on wheels, containing seventeen beds.

THE INIQUITY OF BLACK FRIDAY. The crowning chicanery of Jay Gould's life was his manipulation of the gold market in March, 1869.

When, during this "Black Friday" week gold rose in the market from 135 to 165, and the grand crash came which involved the financial affairs of Wall street in confusion.

That nothing but good should be said of the dead is a trite maxim, but if it were rigidly observed the story of Jay Gould's career would require few lines in the telling.

It has recently become the fashion for actresses to travel in private cars. Nowadays a conspicuous star usually insists on being provided with such a conveyance as part of the contract for the tour.

Arrangements made between the palace car companies and the railways regarding sleeping cars vary very much.

Some of the cars are usually owned by the railways and are managed by the palace car companies.

Who is there? he cried. "I am the wife of Vort Kartiff." The herring-salter of Val Karnion?

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Papa, what are marines? Soldiers' shipboard. What are they for? They use 'em chiefly to tell lies to.