Bellefonte, Pa., April 29, 1899.

THE MAGICAL DANCE.

Dance me the dance that you dance Clarisse, That day, with your mystical art, When joy has fled, And love was dead. And you danced o'er a dead man's heart!

Never a curve or a swerve amiss-Dance as you danced that day, Clarisse Dance me the dance that you dance

Clarisse, From the beautiful dancers apart: For I'm weary to-night, And I'm lost to the light And I haven't the ghost of a heart!

Dance me a dance for a woman's lost kiss, In a rainbow of ribbon, Clarisse-Clarisse! Dance me the dance that you dan

Clarisse, That day with your wonderful art. Dance down the sorrow Of now and to-morrow, And dance down the love in my heart! For I'm weary at heart of a world like

Here! I toss you a bracelet! Now, dance Clarisse!

-Atlanta Constitution

A KING'S RANSOM.

A few miles from what was in bygone A few miles from what was in bygone days a thriving town, but now presents the mansion then and Alec's hands were nothing but a wreck and a few reminders of vanished greatness, there is still extant the relic of what was once a stately home. Its quaint architecture proclaims its age. Guarded on all sides by giant pines and the interlacing undergrowth of years, it is as completely secluded, as shut away from human contact as the famous spot where Rip Van Winkle dreamed away his shiftless youth and reposed through what the rusting remains of what was once an ornate iron railing the hedges, now towering treelike, thrust themselves in rank luxuriance and the unclipped growth of peep and shimmer. Shutterless, eyelike also strolled away to bed. widows seem to stare unseeing on the wreck, the dreary decay and ruin that cruel time has wrought of former greatness.
Within a stone's throw of the ruined

mansion, but screened therefrom by a grove of moss-hung cedars, stands an ancient mausoleum. Built of what was once glittering white marble, time has changed its hue to a dingy, mournful gray. Small shrubs and weeds finding foothold in the gaping seams of the tomb where sediment s been deposited by wind and rain, make brave show of veiling the sad-colored pile in summer, but nipping winds change them to dry, rattling skeletons of their former beauty, that stand as though keeping guard over the last retreat of a proud but fallen

But the story has not to do with the dreary, deserted mansion; rather with the people who once filled it with life and light and laughter, who lived, loved and vanished from their place, but whose deeds form the warp or woof of many stories that cluster round the ruins of their former hearthchivalrous-of sweet charity, mercy and romantic love from the women, for they

were generous, noble and lovely. Especially lovely and beloved was Evelina, the daughter of the house and the only child. In her all the beauty of a handsome race seemed to centre and bloom afresh. All the graces and witcheries of generations of lovely women might be reproduced and enhanced in the person of this beautiful girl—beautiful in character and disposition no less than in form and among banks and garlands of roses and

She had many suitors, but she hesitated long, gracious equally to all who would honor her with their name and fortune, and not a few who would bestow name and title for the happiness of calling her wife and, incidentally, sharing her own regal fortune.

But she turned them all aside, gently, regretfully may be, until her fancy was captivated by one who seemed the least likely of all her suitors to meet her favor. He was a grave and taciturn man with bent shoulders and iron-gray hair, generally considered old, though men older by several years considered themselves gay gallants still. He was 50 when he astonished the county by proposing to and being accepted by Evelina. How it happened that she fell in love with this self-contained, undemonstrative elderly man is like the blessed mass—a mystery. But love moved, consequently it remained, and the him she did, and the whole county was invited to the betrothal feast.

Dozens of lovely women, dressed a trifle ever from the sight of men.

That night his duties being over, gaily, as southern women are apt to be and as they were wont to be at that period, filled the drawing room and dining hall of the mansion. Pale-colored silks vied with wonderfully colored satins, handsome laces veiled wealth of glittering gems and though there were many jewels of price worn that night none equalled in beauty and value the magnificent gem placed on the hand of the bride-elect by her grave, elderly lover. Pausing near her mother in the course of the evening, Evelina held up her hand, making the gem flash and sparkle in the

"Ah!" ejaculated the elder woman, "it is indeed superb. It is well worth a king's

"A king's ransom!" The girl smiled. It was worth far more than that to her, for it represented more. Its deep lights and flickering shadows meant much. Not the mere dross of vulgar wealth, of which it was the symbol:

was the outward and visible sign of the inward, invisible grace of a good man's love. The great, wistful eyes of Alec, the handsome olive-skinned waiter who flitted noiselessly among the guests bearing his silver salver of cakes and ices, rested upon the bit of stone gleaming upon his young mistress hand and many conflicting emotions agita-

ted his mind. sistently. He would be free, free as his master, to go where he listed, to study and that held the heavy lid in place. For sev-

had decamped only to be brought back to punishment and increased labor, or, worse still, were driven back from the fastnesses of the swamps by cold and starvation. Alec wished for no freedom to hide like a beast in swamp or thicket--better his master's rule and his master's mansion than that.

But in a flash his mistress' low exclama-tion solved for him the problem of "how." The little glittering stone on his young mistress' hand should be his. He would become possessed of it, this king's ransom. and escape, nobody being injured. Evelina, to whom he was deeply attached, would not grieve over its loss. She had many more jewels, and no doubt her future husband would replace its loss by a second gem equally as brilliant.

Many schemes for becoming possessed of the ring chased each other through his busy brain. The first that seemed most likely to succeed he was forced to abandon forthwith-that of making love to Amanda Jane, Evelina's maid-and persuading her to steal tne coveted treasure for him. By a few adroit questions he learned that the ring never left the white girl's hand. Then an awful resolve formed itself in

his mind. He would enter her room in the solemn watches of the night and take it by stealth if he could, by violence if he must, and then away to liberty and a new life!
But Fate and Evelina together frustrated
this plan, for shortly before the night when he resolved to put it in operation the young woman left home for a round of visits in the neighboring counties. She was absent many weeks and did not return until preparations for the approaching wedding

overfull of urgent duties. The marriage day was close at hand and still he could not raise his courage to the point of executing his purpose. Each day he promised himself that he would wait no longer, that the coming night he would do the work, and the morning would find him far on his journey toward a new life. Still, he never acted, and the chain of days slipshiftless youth and reposed through what had every indication of proving a trying and troublous time of manhood. Through the proper hour arrived, and as he sat waiting on the door step of his cabin it seemed that midnight would never come.

Farther down in the quarter a field hand years. Weeds and grass have long since strummed a banjo and a couple shuffled obliterated all trace of what was once order-nimbly in the glare of a small outdoor fire. ly parterres, gay with flowers. Sagging galleries creak dismally in the wind, stategalleries creak dismally in the wind, scally sweeps of steps lie moldering, having fallen from their high estate. Doors sway the control of t

Now! The great mansion lay in shadow and profound repose pervaded the homestead. Creeping through the shadows Alec gained a small side door left conveniently was almost paralyzed with fear by beholding his master standing at the top, a lighted candle in his hand. Not waiting to inquire how the slave had gained admittance or why he was prowling in midnight dark-ness through the halls, when in all reason he should have been asleep on his cabin bunk hours since, the judge shouted in agitated tones:

"Run, Alec, run! Saddle Cannon Ball and fly for Dr. Sage. Your mistress is ill -dying. I'll skin you if you lose a mo-ment!"

Catching the infection of the judge's exstone still. Deeds of blood, perhaps of ad- for the nearest physician, who lived five be resigned." enture and chivalry from the men—for miles away. It was indeed true—the lovethey were adventurous, hot-headed and ly young daughter of the house, the fair ride-elect, lay dying. A sudden malady developing from an indisposition too slight, as she supposed, to notice had attacked her, and ere the man of medicine could arrive

she was seemingly beyond medical aid. There was mourning where festivities were expected and grief where joy should have reigned supreme. Loving hands dressed her in all the white bravery of bridal attire and bore her below to the ferns, where the guests who expected to congratulate her as a happy bride paid her the last homage of a sad farewell. For three days she held silent court in the dim, flower-scented dusk of the grand room and then all the servants of her father's house and all the slaves on his plantation were oidden to take a farewell look at their dear young mistress ere she was borne to join the silent company of generations of noble kin who lay in the family vault beyond the

Alec stood at the open hall door admitting the black people in twos and threes as they filed silently in and with scarcely a se passed on. He had looked at the girl lying there many times and his hungry eyes devoured the waxen hand among the laces on which the coveted treasure still gleamed. Her betrothed husband had signified his desire that it should not be remer ere she who wore it was hidden for-

sat again on his cabin step and still his mind dwelt upon the "king's ransom" shut away from sight upon a dead hand, while he, a living being, full of the possibilities of keenest enjoyment of life, languished in the vile bondage of slavery. The thought burned in his mind like living fire and he experienced the depth of despair. Yet to become possessed of the ring were easy now that she could make no resistance. To enter the vault, to lift the lid from the casket and slip the ring from her hand would be the work of a few mo-

ments. Then he would be free-free as his master-forever after. Alec's hair straightened and stood endwise upon his head, the dew of terror burst forth and trickled down his face, his knees trembled and his gorge rose in a very collapse and ecstasy of fear. He could not!

And yet-and yet! Without his own volition, not knowing whither he was going, Alec found himself wandering in the neighborhood of the big tombs that loomed white and shining in the watery light of a young moon. The moss-hung cedars cast trembling shadows across it and the entrance was in fitful darkness. Leaning against the big, bronze gates he peered into the dusky recess from which a flood of cool, moist air, heavy with Alec was a slave, the son and grandson of slaves, and though his owners were always kind, his work light and his privileges very many, strange thoughts had entered his mind of late and dwelt there per-He would go to some land where eral moments he labored as swiftly and the condition of master and slave did not exist. But how? Many sleepless nights had this question cost him, and still so distractingly hopeless seemed its solution.

He must run away. Opportunities for flight were not lacking; but other slaves

very heart with terror, he took the dead hand in his and essayed to slip the ring therefrom. Here an awful difficulty confronted him, the finger, slightly swollen, held the jewel immovably in place. It would not yield. In a frenzy of fear his hand sought his pocket, a small knife was pulled forth and before he himself fully realized the awful sacrilege of the acts h had severed the finger adorned with the

ring completely from the waxen hand! A slight wind sprung up, rusting the cedars and stirring the shadows cast within the tomb. The bronze gates stirred thereby fell together with a soft click. In a very panic of terror, the man fled-never pausing to replace the coffin lid or close the gates. Flying in the very abandon of fear, he reached his cabin and lay crouching for many hours in the farthest corner, his body in the last throes of endurance, his mind tottering almost to its fall.

The judge sat alone in his library. All but he had sought their rooms to find what repose a new and poignant grief admitted, but he desired no rest. His lamp burned dimly on the table, the fire fell low in the grate, and watery gleams, the first harbing-ers of the new day, flickered through the undrawn window drapery. His body was weary, his heart sore, and this new visitation seemed almost too much of sorrow for his heart to bear. In the stillest hour, just before the dawn, the judge was disturbed by a soft tapping. Again, and again, but still it failed to rouse him from his lethargy of woe. Then a voice, softly plaintive, insistent, reached his ear and penetrated his conscionsness:

"Father! Oh, father!" The judge flew to the window and threw wide the sash, and the sight that met his view almost paralyzed his heart with mingled emotions, for before him on the grass stood Evelina, the daughter for whose death he was even then bowed in grief, returned from the very tomb to lift from his heart the awful load of sorrow her untimely death had caused.

"Oh, father, let me enter, I am chilled. chilled!" and, with a quick movement, she stood within the room. With trembling hands the judge raked the remnants of the fire together and heaped fuel thereon. A bright blaze sprung up and warmed the strange couple before it into new life. The judge pressed wine upon his child and with tears and laughter begged her to assure him that it was indeed herself, so miraculously returned, restored to his arms from the very tomb.
"It is indeed Evelina. But why did you

place me in the tomb, dear? Did you believe that I was really dead?" "You seemed dead, indeed, poor child, and your mother's heart is well-nigh brok-

"But we will mend it again. Come, let

us go to her."
"Rather will I summon her that we may, both hear the wonderful story of how you

came back to life." "I do not think that I ever quitted life, father. It could not be. Out there," she said, with a gesture toward the tomb, "my consciousness at first was of a chill wind blowing upon me and a sensation of coldawful, deathlike. Then it seemed that someone took my hand, and a sensation of roundings. I was in the tomb; my grave been ill, perhaps had died; I was dead, yet conscious of my position—alone at night in the vault. Then I thought that although citement, the darky flew, shoeless and hat- a disembodied spirit I would visit my home miles in a degree of longitude decreases toless, and was soon tearing over meadows and see you and my mother, perhaps makand through growing corn on a mad race ing you understand that I wished you to

> gown a thin red thread was now flowing. With a horrified glance her father caught her hand, exclaiming: "Your hand, my daughter! Who has done this to you?" "Oh, my ring!" and father and daughter looked into each other's faces with mingled

emotions. rectly with his butler's cabin, the judge pulled it violently. Alec heard the summons, and through force of habit prepared to obey. Shortly he entered the library, a limp, dejected figure, and when his eyes rested upon the occupant of the easy chair he fell face downward in a paroxysm ofremorse and fear.

"Oh, miss! Oh, miss!" he ejaculated, 'I knew you would come to punish me, but I meant no harm! Forgive, please, for God's sake. I'll give it back if you'll forgive and go away. I did not know you'd care! Oh, Missy 'Lina, have mercy!' And the slave grovelled and chattered at the astonished girl's feet.

By degree the judge comprehended the situation, especially when the abject slave produced the missing finger and ring and offered it to her in fear and trembling. Little by little he was induced to tell his story, how he desired freedom and how his mistresses' words suggested a means of obtaining it; how he had stolen into the tomb that night and secured the treasure, even how he intended to fly and begin life anew, free, with the proceeds of the sale of the

When he had finished there were tears in

"You can punish me, master," Alec concluded, rising and standing submissively

"I will indeed punish you as you deserve. You have mentioned your desire to me and it shall be gratified. You did an awful deed, but out of evil good has come. Your deed has restored to me my daughter. Take your freedom. It is yours.

When the doctor, hastily summoned. confirmed the opinion that Alec's deed had restored Evelina from her deathlike trance the grateful parents were not nig-gardly in proving their gratitude to him nor was the happy lover behindhand in proving his joy. A handsome gift of mon-ey from Evelina's husband and a snug piece of land, together with his freedom, placed Alec on easy terms with the world. He was industrious and prospered, and is to-day one of the foremost men among his

While his family has grown and flourished, that of his master has dwindled and passed away. The vast estates have depreciated or passed into other hands. The old family mansion, where the preceding events transpired, has for many years remained vacant, mainly through an unex-pressed but no less superstitious dread of what had happened there.—Chicago News.

A disastrous conflagration occurred at the Manordale stock farm near Harrison City, Westmoreland county, Friday night about 11 o'clock. The large barn and creamery were totally destroyed and thirty head of well bred cattle were cremated The loss to the owners will amount to \$10,-000. It was partially insured.

---You ought to take the WATCHMAN.

A Scrap of History.

How Portugal Lost the Philippine Islands.

We who see Portugal in the period of her decay and almost total eclipse, says the Brazilian Bulletin, cannot understand how so small a nation, occupying so insignificant a portion of Europe—"only a veranda," as one of her writers has said—should cut so important a figure in the world's history as she did in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries.

Early in the eleventh century Prince Henry, Henry, "the navigator" of Portugal, obtained from Pope Eugenius IV a bull which gave to Portugal all discoveries between Cape Hun, in Morocco, and India. In 1472 St. Thomas, Annobon and Prince's Island were added. When the equator was passed and Fernando Po gave his name to an island in the Bight of Biefra he seized 500 leagues* of the African coast, and the King of Portugal took the title of

"Lord of Guinea." Very early in the days of discovery and conquest, toward the end of the fifteenth century, the most Catholic sovereigns of Spain, Ferdinand and Isabella, and equally Catholic Majesty, John H. of Portugal, fell out about the ownership of the

land yet to be discovered.

Like faithful children of the Church they referred the whole matter to the Holy Father at Rome, Pope Alexander VI, a Spaniard, who cut the Gordían knot by giving them the earth and setting the limits of their respective possessions. An imaginary line was to be drawn from pole to pole, 100 degrees west of the Azores or the Cape Verde Islands; all west of this line was to belong to Spain, and all east of it to Portugal. King John was not satisfied. and the treaty of Tordeselhas was made in 1494, giving to Portugal all lands east of an imaginary line drawn 360 leagues from the most western point of the Cape de Verde Islands and all south of the Cape of Good Hope. To Spain was allotted all lands west of this line, ignoring completely

all other nations Fernando de Magalhaes, or, as we write it, Ferdinand Magellan and Ruy Faleiro, both Portugese subjects, who had differences with their King on account of some pet-ty pensions, offered their services to Spain. Both had served two years with Albuquerque and knew all about the Portugese posessions in the East.

Magellan represented to Charles V. who then ruled over Spain, that he was sure the world was round, a theory then credited by few. He declared his ability to find a shorter passage to the East than any known to the Portugese, and would prove that the Moluccas, rich spice islands were within Spanish territory. Charles V had a small fleet fitted out and sent Magellan with his companion in charge, well equipped for those days. He went south against the express stipulations of the treaty and discovered the straits which bear his name. His fleet crossed the broad southern ocean, passed the Ladrones and the then unknown Philippines, inspected the Moluccas and re

turned by way of Cape of Good Hope. Magellan lost his life, and out of the five vessels which comprised his fleet only one returned, under the command of Sebastian del Cano, who brought Magellan's written report of the expedition and a map of the pain thrilled me through. I awoke fully, route, showing that all the spice islands and, sitting up, could not realize my surthe 180 degrees belonging to Spain under clothes were my bridal costume; but could the treaty of Tordeselhas. In the map not understand. Then I remembered I had Magellan had deliberately cut 40 degrees of longitude and brought the whole archipelago within Spain's half of the world. He concealed the fact that the number of ward the pole.

Portugal protested and declared war, e resigned."

which continued two years, when the celebrated "Congress of Notabilities" was held girl's life current to renewed action, and in a small frontier town to discuss the matdown the shimmering folds of the satin ter and discover the real facts. Portugal was at a manifest disadvantage. Magellan was the first and only man who had sailed around the world, and his map of the southern seas was the only document extant. Spain refused to give up her alleged rights, and Portugal held on to the islands This matter was finally compromised by Going to a bell that communicated di- an indemnity of 350,000 cruzados of the gold of Molucca, which Portugal paid to Spain for the supposed 17½ degrees of Spanish sea which she held. A new line was drawn from pole to pole, starting from the Ladrones. This division gave to Portugal all west and south of the line, which was supposed to be 180 degrees from the other line drawn, 360 leagues west of Cape de Verde. This treaty was approved by Pope Julian II in the bull, Ea quoe pro bono pacis, and the matter was settled.

Years afterward a Spanish expedition dis covered the Philippines, so named after Philip II, who was then King of Spain. These islands, though many degrees within Portugal's line, were taken possession o by Spain. Portugal protested, and would undoubtedly, have obtained possession of them had it not been for the disaster to the Portugese arms in Africa, which threw Portugal into the hands of Spain, where she remained for sixty years. This period is known in Portugese history as the "Sixty Years of Captivity."

When Portugal finally regained her independence she was much weakened and was more interested in setling the boundaries north and south of her valuable South American colonies; so the Philippines re-Evelina's eyes and a moisture in those of mained with Spain through laches rather than by right. Had Portugal retained them it is more than likely that they, like many other of her Eastern possessions would have fallen into the hands of th English, and their whole history would have been changed.

*171/2 degrees wore reckoned as league.

Sulphur Water Instead of Oil.

Last Friday, at a depth of 820 feet, a stream of genuine sulphur water was struck at the oil well that was being drilled at Osterburg, Bedford county. The stock holders and also the people of the neigh-borhood are jubilant over the find. It may be that there will be no further drilling and the search for oil may cease, as the company's stockholders may be contented with the discovery of sulphur water of high test. The well is flowing at the rate of 125 barrels a day. There is much demand throughout the country for this water, and it is claimed that, if the company that owns the well would establish a hotel or sanitarium at the well and use the water for medicinal purposes, more money could be made than if oil should be dis-

----Mrs. Hendricks-See here, Dinah, I gave you four flannel undershirts in the wash this week and you have brought back only three. How is that? Dinah-'Deed, I dunno, ma'am, 'less'n dey shrinked. Flannel does shrink some-thin' awful, ma'am.—Brooklyn Life.

-Susie-"Papa, what makes a man always give a woman a diamond engage-Her Father-"The woman."

Boston

Hear the rush and hear the rumple, As we pass along the street! Some are coming-some are going-Hastening on with eager feet-What a throng of human beings, Many are the types we meet; High and low together mingle In the surging, crowded street.

I wonder, as I hurry along with the throng, where they are all going; but it is Saturday afternoon and there is much to be seen and heard here in Boston—the 'city of culture.' I am on a rush to hear Melba sing—another is off to see Richard Mansfield; I meet a friend on her way to hear the Symphony concert. Thus, day after day, even Sunday is no exception!

But the rush is now toward the churches

where sermons and sacred music take the place of drama and opera-and it seems there is no getting out of the rush, for on reaching Boston theatre, I take my place in the line. Now my elite friend, no doubt you feel like picking up your skirt and taking a wide sweep around the long line that hold "rush" tickets, but were you here, I am perfectly certain you would occasionally find yourself in the "rush"for many who pass into the theatre on a "rush ticket" to-day, may occupy a box to-morrow, and although, while pushed through the door and up the stairs, we gasp and struggle, and wonder if we will be—flat—the rest of our days, yet we

will be tempted to try it over again. So, from day to day, without cessation, the very atmosphere is saturated-for example, walking along a day or two since-I hear borne upon the breeze the clear notes of a horn a step further, music of a different sort-fainter, sweeter; and glancing into a window, I see a young man drawing a bow back and forth across the strings of a violin; cross the street—I am now in front of the New England Conservatory of Music, from which floats a conglomeration of singing, piano practice, mingled with the majestic tones of the pipe organ, etc., etc. I enter the elocutionary department of the Conservatory and am greeted by the ghostly words: "Hamlet, I am thy father's spirit!" Escaping out of sound of the sepulchral tones, I stand in the corridor, the conservatory sounds like a great musical bee-hive, as

Far and near the music ringing. Like the humming sound of bees-Up and down the scale they're singing,

While fingers press upon the keys. A word about the Conservatory, for it is worthy institution. No less than twelve hundred students study here, of which number more than four hundred young ladies board in the building, while there are many young men from outside. Voice and all musical instruments are taught by as great teachers as can be found in the country. Mr. Chadwick, the musical director, is considered the first of composers. There are two weekly recitals, musical and iterary lectures by Mr. Louis Eltson, Hezekiah Butterworth, editor of Youth's Companion, and others. The management frequently brings celebrities to the Conservatory, among the musicians of note I have heard Paderewski, and in the literary line, Mrs. Mary Livermore, Julia Ward Howe and others. There are many ways in which the students are helped to complete their studies-the beneficent society, of which Mrs. Mary Livermore is president, has aided many. Then the jolly times the students manage to have! Every holiday is celebrated. During the holidays there was a Christmas tree, Washington's birthday a Martha Washington tea party, and I have joined many sight seeing parties starting

we are not satisfied until after climbing flight after flight of steps we stand on the summit. What a scene spreads itself before us! It is well worth the climb. Among the points of interest is the Old North Church. As I gaze, the lines of

Paul Revere come to me-"But mostly he watched with eager search The belfry tower of the old North Church: And lo! as he looks on the belfry height. A glimmer and then a gleam of light. He springs to his saddle-the bridle he turns But lingers and gazes, till full on his sight, A second lamp in the belfry burns.

Do you imagine we ever feel satiety No, the body may be conscious of that feeling, not the mind. Our taste may become like the epicures' hard to satisfy, craving only choice morsels. But send us to some quiet place for six months, and like the epicure, who after a period of starvation will relish even a stale piece of bread, so will we actually enjoy talent of the very mediocrity. Such is the happy adjustment of things in this world. Thus it is possible to be happy away from Boston, Athens of America.".

MARY LEE.

The Pope in Feeble Health.

Remarkable Scenes Attended Upon the Mass at St. The Rome correspondent of the Daily

News describing the thanksgiving mass at St. Peter's cathedral says: the pope came into view the people whispered. He had the appearance of a ghost when his face, overshadowed by the glittering tiara, became discernible with the dark eyes peering from the deep sockets. His trembled violently and a sad smile played over the colorless lips.
"With his left hand he waved sad greet-

ings, while the right did its feeble best to mark the act of blessing. During the mass he sat with folded hands. Twice he rose and he was supported while he knelt in prayer, reading the benediction. His voice carcely audible. 'He tried to raise himself, but fell back

and pronounced the remainder in a recumbent position. A loud cry, like the bursting of a storm, broke from the congregation and the pope, stretching his hand in benediction, was carried out."

The Rome correspondent of the Daily Telegraph, who found the contrast between the glittering ceremony and the debilitated figure of the pope "more painful than mov-

ing," says:
"The whole ceremony was unduly hurried. The pope remarked to an attendant afterward: 'Ah, how weak I feel. I wonder if this will go down to history as my

Unreasonable Woman? This is the story of a love that was too

last appearance at St. Peter's?"

beautiful to last.
"Oh, me!" the young wife is exclaiming bitterly. "Here is my husband beating me with the stove lifter, when but six short months ago he was asking me to re-

cite poetry before company."
Yes, it is doubtless the terribly intense ssion that soonest fails, the sweetest wine making the best vinegar.

——Father—"Tommy, stop pulling that cat's tail." Tommy—"I'm only holding the tail; the cat's pulling it."

First Sight of India.

Bombay Is a City of Monstrous Contrasts and Strange Sights.

The first sight of India is amazing, enrancing, stupefying. Of other countries you become aware gradually; Italy leads up to the Levant, and Egypt passes you on insensibly to the desert. Landed in Bombay, you have strayed into a most elaborate dream, infinite in variety, blurred with complexity, a galleng of complexity, a gallery of strange faces, a buzz of strange voices, a rainbow of strange colors, a garden of strange growths, a book of strange questions, a pantheon of strange gods. Different beasts and birds in the street, different clothes to wear, different mealtimes, and different food—the very commonest things are altered. You begin a new life in a new world.

It takes time to come to yourself. At first everything is so noticeable that you notice nothing. When things begin to come sorted and sifted, Bombay reveals itself as a city of monstrous contrasts.

Along the sea front one splendid public building follows another—variegated stone facades, with arch and colonnade, cupola and pinnacle and statuary. At their feet huddle flimsy huts of matting, thatched with leaves, which a day's rain would reduce to mud and pulp. You sit in a mar-ble-paved club, vast and airy as a Roman villa, and look out over-gardens of heavy scarlet and purple flowers toward choking alleys, where half-naked savages herd by families together in open-fronted rooms, and filth runs down gullies to fester in the sunken street. In this quarter you may see the weaver twirling his green and amber wool on a hand loom-a skeleton so simple and fragile that a kick would make sticks of it; go to the street corner and you see black smoke belch from a hundred roaring mills, whose competition cuts the throat of all the world. In the large, open space Parsees bowl each other underhand full-pitches and cry, "Tank you, tank you," after the ball; by the rail squats a Hindoo, who would like, if only the law would let them, to marry babies and burn

widows.
Yet, for all its inconsistencies, Bombay never lets you forget that it is a very great city. If it had no mills it would be renowned for its port; if it had neither it would be famous for its beauty. And if it were as ugly as it is fair it would still be one of the most astounding collections of human animals in the world. Forty languages, it is said, are habitually spoken in its bazaars. That, to him who understands no word of any of them, is perhaps more curious than interesting, but then every race has its own costume, so that the streets of Bombay are a kaleidoscope of vermillion turbans and crimson, orange and flame color, of men in blue and brown and emerald waistcoats, women in cherry-colored satin drawers or mantles, drawn from the head across the bosom to the hip, of blazing purple or green that shines like a grasshopper. If you check your eye and ask your mind for the master-color in the crowd it is white-white bordered with brown or fawn or damson legs .- London

Why Robin Has a Red Breast.

One of Christ's Comforters When He Hung on the

Birds played a part at the crucifixion, according to legend. After Jesus had been nailed to the cross, two birds came and alighted on the extended arms of the instrument of death. One was a magpie with a beautiful aigrette on its head and a long, waving tail, then the handsomest of out from the Conservatory, for there are birds, but the wickedest, chirping insults many historical points we must visit before at the suffering Jesus. The other bird was Our trip to Bunker Hill was of interest; which approached the cross timidly, uttering cries of grief. With its it tried to wipe away the blinding sweat and blood from the face of Jesus' while with its beak it tried to pluck away one of the thorns which was piercing Jesus' fore-head. A single drop of the blood fell on the breast of the pitying little gray bird, and gave the world the Robin-Red-Breast. And to it Jesus said: "Blessed be thou little bird, which sharest my sorrows. May joy accompany thee everywhere. Thine eggs shall be blue as the sky above; thou shalt be the 'Bird of God,' bearer of good tidings. As for thee,'' said he to the magpie, 'Thou shalt be an accursed bird. pie, "Thou shalt be an accursed bird. Thou shalt lose that brilliant aigrette and the beautiful colors on which thou pridest thyself so highly. Funereal bird, thy message shall be only evil and the rain from heaven shall always fall into thy nest."

The peasants of France, in accordance with this tradition, pierce the head of a magpie with a thorn whenever they catch one. In Spain the swallow is considered the good bird, and they say there that when the Roman soldiers pressed the crown of thorns on Jesus' brow the swallows came and tried to remove the thorns with their beaks. The Russians say that the swallows took away the nails which the executioners had brought, but the sparrows carried them back again. The Danish say that at the moment of the crucifixion the stork, moved with pity, cried "Styrkhain! Styrkhain!" (God give him strength!) and since that time the stork has been considered sacred. It is also stated that Longinus, the Roman soldier who pierced the side of Jesus with a spear, was converted on account of the blood which fell upon him. This was due to the cleansing power of that blood, according to the church. and his eyes were thus opened to the beauty of holiness.—From the Philadelphia Inquirer.

Cost of Living in England.

Living, in a word, is cheaper for the

English poor than for our own, and dearer for the well-to-do than in America, because there are here two standards of living. The unit of value for the well-to-do in England is the sovereign, or the five-dollar piece whereas our American unit of value in housekeeping and practical affairs is a dol-lar. The unit of value with the English poor is a sliding standard that runs from a penny down to a farthing, just as in America it is a nickel. No American of middle circumstances who has made his home in London will dispute my statement that it costs more to keep a family there than it does at home. Men's clothing, wines and liquors, servants, flowers and a very few minor articles are cheaper in England, but these advantages are offset by the higher cost of all other necessaries. The cheapest cut of beef is twenty-five cents a pound, the best fish sell for as high as fifty cents a pound, butter is thirty cents a pound, cof-fee is forty cents, strawberries never go lower than eight or ten cents a basket, and good small fruits generally are very much dearer. Peaches are a quarter of a dollar apiece, milk is eight cents a quart, cream is fifty cents a quart, oysters fetch a dollar to a dollar and a half a dozen, bread is about as cheap as at home, loin of pork is twentyfive cents a pound, the cheaper mutton pound, and English mutton fetches seven cents more. These are all West End prices but they are not high prices. They are the quotations of a very careful buyer.— Julian Ralph in Harper's Magazine.