## OUTCAST MARCH

The March winds blowing cold, The scowling clouds frown down Upon the earth and fold In gloom the meadows brown

The intermittent rain Drives on before the gale, And 'gainst the streaming pane

Now bangs its icy flail. O outcast month of Mars! Disheveled, blown about ;

Sweet Spring puts up the bars, And Winter's turned you out. But I would not have you go: I wish each day were two;

For that there note I owe

On April 1st falls due.

Carl Currie.

## COUSIN GEORGE.

Whenever I am not engaged to Mr. Featherstone-Hope—I mean to say, whenever my engagement to Mr. Featherstone-Hope is temporarily fractured (it happens now and again), I immediately find myself permeated by the very highest of high spirits; the sort of exaltation-reaction-that comes when one has had a tooth out; one feels as if the whole world were before one, as if loss may be uncommonly like gain. (With the lover as with the tooth, one passes, metaphorically, of course, one's tongue over the gap and feels so buoyant, so free, so-well. I told Mr. Featherstone-Hope this after one of our reunions.)

"It's as if I stood on high altitudes," explained. "There's a sort of exhilara-

"Yes," he agreed gravely; "that's it." "Such as comes," I continued, "on reaching the top of a mountain-'Or the bottom of a glass of 'fizz,' '' he

'Nothing of the sort," I declared indignantly; "you don't understand in the

"Oh, yes, I do," he protested airily; "I know all about it." "You know !" I exclaimed, scornful but

"Rather," he declared with an irritating chuckle; "I'm just the same myself."
However, Mr. Featherstone-Hope's chuckles are not of much consequence (except that this one went near to resevering our newly cemented engagement); it was

the exuberance of spirit I was speaking of.

It happened that comparatively early in d history Mr. Featherstone-Hope and I had quarreled bitterly, irrevocably. I think it was the occasion on which, after looking at me critically, he told me that my nose was freckled, and I retorted that if he were not pleased with my nose as the nose of his prospective wife, our engagement had better be ended while there was yet time, as I had no doubt that my nose would continue to freekle as freely after marriage as before, and I had no desire to sail under false colors.

"Oh," he retorted flippantly, "there's no question of false colors about your

"Tom ! !!" 'Well 9"

"All is at an end between us," I said with dignity.

And then, instead of being contrite, he smiled and quoted that silly thing about there being as good fish in the sea as ever came out of it.

I always ignore platitudes-at least, Tom's platitudes—so I remarked that if he meant to call me a fish, I thought, for his sake, we had better part before I was tempted to prove forcibly that he was mistaken. I might be freekle nosed, but I was not cold-blooded (he probably knew that already), and—oh, well, the end of it was we did part (for the sixth time) NEV ER to speak again. And I immediately became permeated by that top-of-the-mountain feeling, and ran upstirs and did my hair in a most becoming way, quite an in-spiration; then I turned out some silks and sewed furiously for ten minutes (I don't sew much when I'm engaged to Mr. Featherstone-Hope; I chiefly 'spar,' and the silks get taugled), and then I remembered that Cousin George was coming back from Germany, and I felt glad.

It was while I was smiling over Cousin George, and wondering if he remembered that day when he came to say "good-by" to me and Letitia at Miss Delp's school, and suddenly found out that kissing was not "rot," that home came Aunt Selina from calling on Aunt Caroline-she's Cousin George's mother-and told me that Cousin George had really returned, and how kind and thoughtful he had grown, and how he had insisted on taking her, Aunt Selina, next day to the concert in aid of Shoeless Waifs, when he heard how much she was interested in the Cause.

"And I had been telling him, Patricia, that you were staying with me," she con-cluded deprecatingly, "and I said that you would have to come, also; but George is so good-tempered be did not seem to mind numbers, did not seem in the least disconcerted-not at all shy or awkward, you know. I think Germany has improved

"But I go to Aunt Theresa's to-morrow, Aunt Selina," I ventured. "I have thought of that, my dear. You can go on to Victoria Station from the concert, and your luggage can follow. Your Cousin George and I will see you into a handsom; I'm sure he won't mind that." Privately I, also, thought that Cousin

George wouldn't mind that. I decided when I went to bed that night that I could not travel in the blue cloth coat and skirt as I had intended; the blue muslin would be much better; after all, it is one's duty to dress rather smartly when one is going to a Shoeless Waif entertainment; some o the poor little creatures might happen to be there, and they're so fond of looking at pretty persons-frocks, I mean.

sin George came in good time next day to escort us, and as we said "Howdy-do?" to one another, I came to the conclusion that he had not forgotten that day

at Miss Delp's.

He was taller and broader now. But I did not tell him so. Somehow, there comes a period when it seems better not to ex-claim, "How you've grown!" when you meet your friends, and the period seems to be more definite with men than with women. I don't think I should mind it, but I felt that Cousin George might. So I only smiled, as we shook hands, and said how pleasant it was to feel that he really was in England again; and then I extricated my fingers from his grip.

It must have been rather a good concert, I think, for it didn't disturb me at all, and it kept Aunt Selina very quiet. Aunt Selina always says she is musical—but there-I say so myself sometimes; it depends who asks me. There was that longhaired Mr. —, but, after all, that's nothing to do with this-what an unreasonable

man he was, though. As I was saying, the gratefulness-that I could not permit this; delighted to see me," he said as we stepdifference between Aunt Selina and me is that she shuts her eyes when amateurs play Cavalleria Rusticana on the violin, and I my teeth. A mere matter of instinct, I suppose; in extremity we bring our strong-

"You're not listening a bit !"

I jumped. Cousin George, who had the corner seat, next mine, had wriggled around till we were almost facing one another; and I be came conscious that while my thoughts had been fixed on Aunt Selina's traits, my eyes had been fixed on Cousin George's

"Well, you shouldn't wear such pretty ties," I protested. "I am easily dis-tracted."

"'Tis a pretty tie, isn't it?" he asked, quite pleased. "I thought you'd like it." I smiled.

"Patty," he lowered his voice, "d'you remember how you used to help me cho

'And I say, d'you remember those times when we stayed down with Aunt Ethel?'

I continued smiling. 'And, Patty," he leaned over my program with an amiable grin, "d'you remem-ber—that last day at old Miss What's-hername's school? How you said you'd rath-

I ceased smiling. 'I remember nothing," I interrupted sternly. But at that moment I did rememplatform, and looked at it. Aunt Selina was sitting calmly beside me with her eyes shut, and for many minutes I was keenly conscious that somebody

was playing something.
When my eyes had become surfeited with platform, I turned them again on Cousin George. He was looking rueful. "Am I detestable in your sight?"

whispered abjectly. "Not-not entirely." I admitted softly, and I smiled on him again. And Cousin George took my vinaigrette and my purse and my bracelet into his possession—they were too heavy for my muslin pocket and my wrist-and fanned me with my pro gram as we listened to a fat little avowing fruitless attempts "from Love's sickness to fly." When the interval came, Aunt Selina was, I presume, still beneath the music's spell; at any rate, her eyes were still shut.

Cousin George," I said gravely. 'Patty."

'Have you paid your respects to Letitia ?"

"Letitia! Why no, I-I didn't think of

"Letitia," I continued severely, "was at Miss Delp's that day. You came to say 'good-by' to her, too, you know."
"She didn't stay till the end, though,"

he grinned. "She wasn't there when you when I—when you—"
"Cousin George," I said sternly, "I hope you clearly remember that I didn't—"
"No, you didn't," admitted Cousin George ruefully.

"Letitia is very handsome," I volunteered. "She and I stay a good deal with Aunt Theresa from time to time, just as we used to, you know, before you went to Germany; only" -I sighed regrets-"the parties are grown up now—nieces, and other girls; nephews, and other men."

There was a pause.
"I wonder—" began Cousin George nusingly, as he looked at me.
"Yes," I agreed; "a good many persons

"But—you are not—are you?—not—"
"No," I replied, "I am not." I did not consider it necessary to dilate on the fact that it was only yesterday my most genuine engagement was for the sixth time canceled. Cousin George sighed a sigh, the quality of which was complimentary.

"I," he said somewhat irrelevantly, "am going to stay with Aunt Theresa next week. I wish," he added impulsively, "I were going to-day." Dear Cousin George's worst enemy could not call him subtle. It was rather a short concert. Cousin George and I were interrupted in our talking by having to stand up and sing God Save the Queen. Then we began to make our way out. And then Aunt Selina stepped down a step she didn't know was there twisted her ankle, screamed, and fell into

Cousin George's arms. That is how it was that ten minutes later I came to be in a penny 'bus on my way to Victoria. Of course, Aunt Selina had to have the only cab we could see at the moment; of course Consin George had to go with Aunt Seliva; and of course I had

to catch my train. Some persons persist in saying that my life is so gay and so placid and so easy that I've never anything more serious than a split in my glove or a fly in my eye to trouble me; that for me things always tumble right-way-up—and so forth.

They'd experience jerks of astonishment,

thinking, if they could conceive of one-half the paralyzing moments Fate de-mands that I shall live through. How would they like it, I wonder, if they were called upon to give up their cooks who take to drink, their husbands who fail to get into Parliament, their babies who develop mumps, and little odds and ends like that-things one can foresee and be prepared for—and face some of my stagger-ing realities? How would they feel if they had been engaged to a man—had been what is extravagantly termed "all the world" to him during five distinct periods—had then quarreled past all possibility of reconcilia-tion, had parted, had "cut" him, and then found themselves face to face with him in

a penny 'bus, with—well, with worse to follow? Would they call that gay and placid and easy? "Oh! !" I gasped, as my eyes fell on Mr. Featherstone-Hope in the opposite cor-ner. Then I hoped he would consider that

the sound had been jerked from my lips by the jolt of the 'bus. He looked at me and lifted his hat about a third of an inch from his hair, and I thought that a smile crept about his mouth. I looked abstractedly through him and the window to the shops beyond, and felt that I was vindicating my dignity and upholding the bonor of my sex; and we rattled on in rigid silence (at least as rigid as is possible in a penny 'bus) within two feet of one another, while I began to enjoy myself, and oceans, metaphorically, rolled between us. It was the conductor who accomplished

my downfall. 'Fares, please !" -----My purse was lying, but for a layer or of material, against Cousin George's

heart!!

"I-I haven't any," I began faintly, overwhelmed by the situation. "I for-For just about six seconds the eves about twenty-of the 'bus were turned on

me. The conductor and I eyed merely one "Allow me, Miss." A voice beside me nade me jump, and I turned to see a florid young man, with bushy hair, several rings, and a soft hat, holding a silver coin soward

the conductor. I hurriedly protested-albeit with all

that I would leave my rings, my name, my ped into a compartment. word of honor-all these things as they voice I knew rather better than the voice of the be-ringed young man remarked with elaborate politeness: "We have met be-

fore, I believe; allow me to—"
"Oh, no!" I began. A terrible wavering took possession of me. On one hand was the young man, an utter stranger whom I should never see again to repay, on the other my bitterest enemy-and there was still my train fare to be faced, and-But by this time Mr. Featherstone-Hope was receiving his change. In my wrath I turned to the be-ringed young man, smiled upon him, and thanked him graciously; the conductor, all innocent of the blow i had dealt me, returned to his footboardand where, I ask, was my dignity then? and whose fault was it?

"I hope you enjoyed the situation," I remarked in freezing tones when, the be-ringed young man having got out, Mr. Featherstone-Hope moved to the seat be side me.

"Thoroughly," he replied cheerfully. 'To the very dregs." "There were plenty of dregs," I said

contemptuously. He smiled. "But where have you been?" he demanded. "Where are you going?"
"I have been," I replied haughtily, "to

concert in aid of Shoeless Waifs. going to Victoria." 'But why alone?" "I have until now," I continued coldly,

been under the care of my Aunt Selina am going to the care of my Aunt Theresa. "Without any money?" "It shall be restored to you," I said with

"That's a relief," he smiled irritatingly as he drew a deep breath. "Still, I think they might have trusted you with a six-

'Cousin George was carrying my purse and forgot to return it to me. He stopped smiling.

'Cousin George! Who's Cousin George?'

"Ye-es-so I gathered-but I don't see "He," I explained (self-respect surging back in me; I began to enjoy my-

I began to recover my temper. "My cousin," I said meekly.

"was at the concert." "Oh, he was, was he?" "Yes, he was. That," I added, "is why I went.

"I might have known as much," he said grimly. "Yes," I agreed. "At any rate, the fellow might have escorted you to Victoria." Mr. Feather-

stone-Hope became a little snappy in his I said severely. manner at this point. "Oh, you must not blame Cousin George," I protested; "he would much rather have come with me."

"You seem an adept at divination— helped by your power of self-appreciation,

"Oh, no," I explained amiably. I presume. "Oh, indeed !"

When we had rattled on for some moments without speaking I broke the pause. "Cousin George has grown such a fine fellow," I volunteered, "and just as goodtempered as ever. We talked a lot about those old times before he went to Germany. He just beamed," I added with a little laugh, "when I told him that I was not engaged." "Hum !"

"If he'd asked just one day earlier, said with an innocent smile, demanding pleased interest in return, "I couldn't demanding year." have said so. Wasn't it funny?' 'Oh, very !" grimly.

"Yes, that's just what struck me." "You seem to have hurried to give him the news."

"Oh, no. I merely tried to talk of things which interested him. Miss Delp always taught us to do that. 'Always, she used to say, 'talk of what is of interest to others; forget yourself." "You consider the subject interested

him?" savagely.
"I'm sure it did." "And you forgot yourself?" It occurred to me to sigh. Mr. Feather-

tone-Hope brightened. "Did you forget yourself, Patty?" I felt I'd like just to look at him

The 'bus stopped before his smile had "Good-by," I said tenderly. "I am going to take your ticket,' he

said firmly.
"Oh, no," I protested. "I shall graph to Aunt Theresa and she can just telegraph back and make it all right——" "I am going," he repeated, "to take our ticket." And he went.

"This is extremely ill-bred of you, Mr. Featherstone-Hope," I began haughtily when he returned. "You are taking advantage of my uncomfortable position. "No, merely your first-class ticket." "I am extremely angry."
"All right," he said cheerfully.

on, if you like saying that sort of thing." There really seemed nothing to be gained by being angry, and it is very wearing, so I stopped. 'You are very reckless," I remarked.

"You don't know that you'll ever be re-"No, and you see, too, I don't care. I'm indulging in a new sensation, and I'm pre-pared to pay for it."

"Nothing very new about taking a ticket, I should think."

"For you—yes. I am experiencing the temporary illusion that we are married, and that I have to pay for everything. Something like a late-in-the-morning dream, you know; it can be thrown off when one pleases. Still, for the moment, we are married."

"Oh, are we?"
"Yes." "In that case the ticket would. I think. have been third class," I remarked scorn-

fully.
"I'm afraid you are right," he said slow-"Still," brightening again, "we'll

imagine it's the honeymoon." "Would that really be first class?" I asked in tones of cold doubt.

"I'm afraid so. You see, there would probably be Aunt Selina and Aunt Theresa and Aunt Ethel, and-well, to put it shortly, your twenty-two aunts, who would fussing around the platform and expecting it of me, and I, being a nervous man, should be flustered into extravagance, which I should afterward repent, and as the say

ing is, 'throw it in your teeth.''
"Then," I said thoughtfully, regarding the one ticket, "your idea of a hone is to send your bride off by herself?" "Oh, no, I would go with her, I think," he said, drawing another ticket from his

pocket. "You are coming !" "I am sure your Aunt Theresa will be

word of honor—all these things as they flashed through my mind seemed so paltry compared with one 'bus fare. Then a settled my hat before the little strip of

"Your Aunt Theresa," he went on firm ly, ignoring my soliloquy, "is a kindly and a farsighted woman. She realizes my usefulness on occasion-she has, indeed, realized it on five-several occasions-up

to the present. I preferred to leave the topic. The train

moved out of the station.
"How any man," I said musingly 'could ever marry me and face twenty two aunts-'No one has," he suggested cheerfully

"Mr. Featherstone-Hope!"
"Well, have they?" he protested. "My Cousin George," I remarked thoughtfully, ignoring the question, "pos-sesses twenty-one of them already; in his

"Hang Cousin George!"
"Not for worlds," I objected. such a pretty necktie on this afternoon-" f allowed my eyes to meditate on the past. "Pooh! A lot you care for neckties."

"Yes," I agreed softly, "a lot."
"Some girls," he began scornfully, 'think of nothing but a man's frills an fripperies.'

'I don't suggest frills," I said humbly. "Suggest! You demand "Not frills," I protested. You demand!' "What's in a name? You judge every

man by his dress." "I do like to see a man neat and care "I shall always," he said thoughtfully, "bless my Aunt Matilda for teaching me

to be tidy and clean--' "Pooh, your Aunt Matilda !" "Yes, my Aunt Matilda. I admit," he said politely, "that in the matter of aunts you have the advantage of me; still, you must own that I am clean and tidy."

don't think I ever noticed," I remarked with an elaborate yawn. Before he went back that evening Mr Featherstone-Hope asked me if I didn't think it as well to go on again being engaged. That's the worst of it; there has grown to be something so inevitable about Mr. Featherstone-Hope, I feel as if I were doomed-I mean, fated---to marry him, and it just makes me wild to be able to do both---marry him and never

marry him, just to confirm my presentiment and trick Fate. "Perhaps in twelve months' time we might try it again," I said. "My nose by that time may have yielded to treat- this great Republic is helping to strangle ment, and --- '

"A lot of mischief may be done in twelve months," he said sententiously. "I am speaking of after twelve months,"

"Ah, I am not." he remarked. "I could see to it myself after, but the mischief --- ' "Mischief---" I looked around in the still twilight. "Aunt Theresa leads a simple, blameless life here?

"Oh, yes, you're right enough here, I suppose. The clock struck. Mr. Featherstone

Hope reached. by degrees, the other side of the gate. "Think of me," I said as I shook hands, 'as Ledged round about with relatives. Aunt Theresa here, and Aunt Ethel three miles off, and — 'I drew my hand away I heard the train coming through the cutting --- 'Letitia due to-morrow, and ---

Cousin George coming next week-'Cousin-"You'll have to run for it, I'm afraid." "But. Cousin -"There's the train! You'll have to run

I for it, really! Good-by, till---till---next When I got indoors Aunt Theresa asked me how she should manage to amuse Cous-

in George, now he was so grown up, and such a traveler. I promised to help her if I could.—By Lilian Quiller-Couch, in Saturday Evening

To Give His Skin to Flancee.

Z. D. Berry Offers His Cuticle to Cover Miss Bessie

Z. D. Berry, of No. 588 Greene avenue Brooklyn, is ready and will probably be allowed to give some of the cuticle from his own flesh to cover the body of his sweetheart, Miss Bessie Fisher, who was terribly burned in the Pierrepont apartments in West Thirty-second street, Man hattan, on February 1st.

Dr. Frederick H. Wiggin, of No. 55 West Thirty-sixth street, Manhattan, who has been attending Miss Fisher, announced Tuesday night that his patient's fiancee, Mr. Berry, had insisted on sacrificing as much of his own skin as might be necessary, but was unable to say how much epidermis if any, the young man would have

to part with. Miss Fisher is a daughter of George M. Fisher, a wealthy Brooklynite, of No. 47 Halsey street. His daughter, who is a pretty and accomplished society girl of the Bedford district, was visiting her sister, Mrs. Venette Pelletreau, in the Pierrepont apartmants, when she overturned a small alcohol lamp in her room while using curling irons. Her clothing caught fire, and when Dr. Wiggin was called in he entertained little hope of saving her life. Patients, one-third of whose bodies are burned, very rarely recover, and more than half of Miss Fisher's body had been badly

Dr. Wiggin adopted in Miss Fisher's case a somewhat novel method of administering oxygen. Instead of having the pa-tient take it internally, he applied it to the surface. thus preventing the growth of proud flesh and the poisoning of the sys-Miss Fisher has improved so much Wednesday that she was able to take

solid food. Mr. Berry, who is employed by her brother-in-law, Mr. Pellertreau, has been in constant attendance on his sweetheart since the accident. He and Miss Fisher have been engaged for four years and were

to have married in June. Mr. Fisher and his family have closed their house in Halsey street, and have taken apartments in the Imperial hotel, where the young woman has been treated since the day of the fire. His fiancee also has a

room on the same floor of the hotel. When the young people first became engaged their parents objected because of their youth. Miss Fisher is twenty years old, Mr. Berry being one year her senior. There are no objections now to an early marriage if Miss Fisher recovers.

"I see so much in the newspapers about subsidies. What does a subsidy mean, "A subsidy, Mary, is where I give you

\$20 for going to see your mother instead of having her come to see me." —Many a man praises virtue who never thinks of practicing it. Violations of Neutrality.

Richard Harding Davis Declares We are Helping England.

Richard Harding Davis has this to say about the attitude of this government to ward the Boers:

"When the Boer delegates visited Wash ington the President assured them that this government could in no way help the Republics of South Africa in the war which Great Britain had forced upon them, because it was in honor bound to remain

"At the time he said it this country violating the treaty of neutrality made be tween it and Great Britain on May 8th, 1871, and it has continued to violate it ever

since. "So far from remaining neutral, the neither of the belligerents in South Africa, and it is the only one which has continuously assisted Great Britain in carrying on her war. In this instance the sinews of war, as supplied by the United States, are

mules and horses. BRITISH USE OUR PORTS.

"This treaty still exists, and in our war with Spain the Queen of England in her proclamation of neutrality reminded the United States of this very agreement and warned us against its infraction.

"The British army officers visiting this country have made no concealment of their reason for purchasing 77,334 mules and horses. Each has come here openly, and on arriving has openly stated his military rank and the name of his regiment and the number of horses and mules he has been

ordered to obtain. "The headquarters of the British officer in New Orleans is as well known as the recruiting station for the United States army on the bowery. The newspapers of New Orleans are filled with their advertisements calling for 500 men for South Africa, horses and mules for South

Africa." HELPING TO STRANGLE BABY REPUBLICS. was going forward.

and who thinks that two to one is not

two baby Republics, that every field piece which is pulled to the top of a kopje to rake a Boer commando, or to shoot into a Boer village is dragged there by American horses, that the men who hunt and harass the tired troops of De Wet, the Washington of South Africa, ride forth to capture him on fresh mounts furnished them week ly from the United States, that without tiny Republics might fall to pieces, or drag for so long that the British people would sicken of it and might, at last, give the

Boer a share in his own possessions. "Let us insist that this administration, as the executive head of a law-abiding power, keep our sworn promise to remain neutral, and let us not with Great Britain have the blood of the Boer upon our hands. That is not our fight. What harm has he is such a corporation that can be sued. If done to us?

Looked Like Harrison.

Even to a Man Who Had Not Seen the Ex-Presi

The other morning a gentleman with white beard, closely trimmed, and quite an aldermanic girth, walked down Pennsylvania avenue to the Capitol. On the way he the process to keep in steam, strain the stepped into a shop kept by John Denham liquid through a fine sieve or strainer and to make a purchase. The shopkeeper add to it a peck of salt, previously dissolvto make a purchase. The shopkeeper looked at his customer closely.
"Did any one ever tell you," he asked,

rison ? said very often. Do you think there is a hanging over a slow fire in a small pot resemblance?"

The purchaser gave a little chuckle, as if he were intensely pleased, and then went and looked after him. Standing in the the Atlantic Coast line. "Al," said Denham, "did you see that man who was in

here just now ?" "I told him," said Denham, "that he looked just like ex-President Harrison." "Of course he did!" exclaimed Reed.

'That was Harrison himself ''

Never Heard, Spoke or Walked. Miss Ellen Leek, 65 years of age, died at Babylon, L. I., on Sunday of old age. Her case has attracted much attention in medical circles. She never heard a sound, never spoke a word, never walked a step and the doctors believe she hardly knew any sensation of pain or pleasure.

They do not think she ever realized any thing. The heart and other organs of the trunk always seemed normal, but there appeared to be a total absence of brain acti ity beyond what was absolutely essential

She was never able to feed herself and throughout her life had to be fed like any infant. She nearest approach to anything normal she is said ever to have attained nary infant of 8 to 12 months. For years she had not been out of bed except as she

was lifted out. While cases of such affliction as hers are not rare in children the sufferers seldom live more than a very few years.

The Lightest Substance. What is the lightest substance in nature?

The luminiferous ether, answers Pearson's

Weekly. This substance prevades the universe, and by means of its vibrations light is transmitted from place to place. Yet it must be almost absolutely without weight. The earth, the moon and the planets pass through it, but their motion is not perceptibly retaided by it. The calculations of astronomers on the motions of these bodies are based upon the supposition that they are moving through an empty space. Yes it is certain that the ether is a substance, for it is impossible that empty space should vibrate and by the different modes of its vibration should produce the colors of the solar spectrum, the green of the landscape the blue of the sky and the varied tints of The lightest substance nature and art. that has been actually weighed is hydrogen gas. It is less than one fourteenth of the her mother reached her she went into condensity of the air, and hence it is the best vulsions. It was impossible to quiet her

Innocent Man Free.

George Johnstone, Mistaken for Christopher Betchler. Served Eight Years in the Penitentiary

After serving eight years in the state penitentiary near Raleigh, N. C., because he was erroneously supposed to be an escaped prisoner, George Johnstone has succeeded in regaining his freedom. The proceedings in his case revealed a remarkable instance of mistaken identity. Fifteen years ago Christopher Betchler

was convicted of robbery in Shelby, N. C., and was sentenced to ten years in the penitentiary. Two years later he escaped.

In 1593, Captain J. M. Fleming, who was warden of the penitentiary when Betchler was received there, and who held this position until 1895, was in attendance at the Randolph county court at Asheboro as a witness. While there, a man known United States is the only country which as a witness. While there, a man known has openly disregarded its promise to help as George Johnstone, was the plaintiff in a case which involved the title to 700 acres of land on which gold had been found. Fleming saw this man and made inquiries concerning him and found that he had located in Randolph county in 1888. It was in 1887 that Betchler escaped from the penitentiary. Fleming was positive that Johnstone was Betchler and so declared on

the witness stand. The defendants in the land case had Johnstone arrested as an escaped prisoner. Johnstone sent out a writ of habeas corpus, but could not produce any witness besid himself to disprove the positive assertion of Fleming that he was Betchler, and the judge ordered that he be returned to the penitentiary. The arrest caused Johnstone to lose the land suit.

As soon as Johnstone reached the penitentiary he sent for a lawyer but had no money to pay him. He gave the lawyer the addresses of a number of people in Montgomery county and that of a man in Atlanta, who, he said, knew him. The lawyer wrote twice to each of these persons, but did not receive any answers. The lawyers then gave no more attention

to the case. Four weeks ago Colonel Ceburn L. Harris, who formerly knew the Betchler "There has been no evasion on their family well, went to the penitentiary to part. So the administration cannot claim examine the manufacture of brick which is that it was ignorant or deceived as to what carried on inside the stock. While in the yard he saw the man known as Betchler. 'A question of international law is in- Colonel Harris talked with the prisoner volved that has a sentimental interest. It and learned his story. Harris promptly has an interest for every American who said that he had known all the Betchler loves a fair fight, who believes in even odds family for fifteen years before the Civil war, but the prisoner was not Christophe Betchler.

A lawyer was employed, another writ of habeas corpus was issued by Justice Montgomery, and the prisoner was brought before him in the supreme court. Captain Fleming swore that he believed

the prisoner to be Betchler.
Colonel Harris then told of the young Betchler whom he had known. Harris asked the prisoner to exhibit his right leg above the ankle. The prisoner complied and Harris, after an examination, said that our help this war of an Empire against two the prisoner was not Betchler because Betchler had the scars of a dog's bite on his right leg, which he received when he was not over ten years of age, Harris himself, having killed the dog.

On this evidence Justice Montgomery discharged the prisoner. Johnstone's attorney is now awaiting the decision of the supreme court in another case to learn whether the states prison

so, the attorney intends to bring suit for damages for Johnstone's imprisonment. This Whitewash Lasts.

Houses.

Take half a bushel of unslacked lime, slack it with boiling water, cover during ed in warm water, three pounds of rice "Did any one ever tell you," he asked, boiled to a thin paste and stirred in while hot, half a pound of Spanish whiting and one pound of clean glue, previously dis-"Yes," was the reply. "I have heard it solved by soaking in cold water, and then

resemblance?"

"I should say so," answered Denham.

"I never saw General Harrison, but from ture, stir well, and let stand a few days, covered from dirt. It should be applied covered from dirt. It should be applied. kettle or portable furnace. The east end of the President's house at out of the shop, proceeding on his way to the Capitol. Denham went to the door liant whitewash. It is used by the govliant whitewash. It is used by the government to whitewash lighthouses. doorway was Al Reed, the district agent of pint of this wash mixture if properly ap plied will cover one square yard, and will be almost as serviceable as paint for wood,

the cheapest paint. Coloring matter may be added as desired.

brick or stone, and is much cheaper than

St. Helena. In the old days--not good old dayswhen East Indiamen went round the Cape, St. Helena was a great port of call and of

revictualing. It was prosperous then, and when in 1815 Napoleon the Great came there as a prisoner its prosperity was at its zenith. The government had no control over it. The island belonged to the East India company, and it was only by arrangement with the board of directors that it could have been used as a place of deportation for the mighty emperor. Why was it so well fitted for the purpose? It is in mid-ocean, a thousand and more miles from any

continent. Its coast rises up in precipitous rock from the ocean. Escape, save at the risk of a broken neck, would be almost impossinormal she is said ever to have attained ble. Only at one place, Jamestown, on was that when a child she learned to creep and for years moved about as does an ordition of the northeastern coast, could any boat hope to land, and even there only if the elements are kind. This is not always so. There is the roller season. Great come in from the south Atlantic, and often for days there can be little or no communication between an anchored vessel and the rough steeps at the end of an embarkation

Quay.
What St. Helena was between 1815 and 1821 it is now, a safe prison. Once a month a Castle Union steamer calls for a few hours, lands and takes off the mails, discharges one or two officials or recieves them homeward bound, and that if all.

Frightened Child to Death.

The two-year-old daughter of Carl Silber, of Somerville, N. J., died on Saturday of convulsions, caused by fright at old colored beggar, who looked in at the window. The colored woman is a repulsive creature, from whom the children run in fear and her name is used in the homes to frighten the children into obedience. She is the

hobgoblin of the place.

When she came to the kitchen window of the Silber house on Saturday and thrust her ugly face against the pane, the girl was alone. She cried out in terror, but before and she died in a short time.