there was a gleam of light which in-

Placid I am, content, serone, I take my slab of gypsum bread, And clunks of ole-margarine Upon its tasseloss fides k spread. The cop I cat was now in ind (II). By may eacking, feathered hen; But from the Lord know what 'tis made In sewark by unfeathered man.

I wash my sluple breakfast down With fragrant cheeps so cheap; Or with the best black let in town — Dried willow leaves—I calmly sleep.

But if from man's vile are 1700 -And drink cure water from the pump, I guip down infuso in, And miscous relatorin, And wright g pol, matrices, And shing distourcese, And nard shelled orphysocercline, And double burrelies kolpode, Non-loricated ambrocile; Anti-various successions

And various anima cube;
Of shitded high, and few degree;
Fornature just beats all creation.
In multiplied adulteration.
Joseph A. Chapjean, in the Boston Herald.

ROEBUCK'S STORY,

Rosbuck told me this story one day as I sat in his studio in the Rue Notre Dame des Champs. I don't pretend to say whether the story is true or not, but I know that he believed that he was telling the literal truth.

He was a tall, cadaverous American from one of the far Western States, and was totally uneducated except for the most elementary branches taught in the district school of his native village. He had been a house and sign painter by occupation, and when he was nearly thirty years of age he came to Paris to study art, with the design of becoming a landscape painter.

The students at the academy liked Roebuck well enough, though they used to play a good many jokes on him. They decided that his name did not suit him, so they translated it into De Chevreuil. One of them painted he De Chevreull arms on the where Roebuck usually sat, and we all took to calling him De Chevreuil. I say all, but I ought to except my-self, for, being his fellow-countryman, I declined to take any share in casting ridicule on the man.

Roebuck had begged me to come and see a picture that he had just finished, and to give him my honest opinion about it.

Let's talk about something else for a little while," said I, as I took up one of Roebuck's pipes and filled it. Who says you haven't any imagin-

"All the chaps at the academy," he replied. "I don't mind, for it isn't true. Isn't dreaming imagination?" suppose it is."

"Well, then, I'm just chock-full of imagination, for I dream all night And dreams come true, too, times," he added. "A mighty queer thing happened to me not long ago that convinced me of that, though there was something in it that I can't

Tell me about it." I cried, catching at the possibility that there might be the means of leading him to forget my promised criticism of the

"Have you ever been at Rouong?" asked my friend. I told him that I had once spent several days in Ronen. "I went down to Havver last week to see Weatherby off in the Normandie, and on the way back I stopped over night at Rouong, for they told

me that there was some swell architecture there, and, if painting don't turn out as well as I think it will, I may take to architecture myself. I took a back at the churches and such, and in the evening I started out for a walk through the town.

"Now, there is a dream that I have had ever since I can remember. I dream that I'm in an old European city, though I never seem to know the name of it. Somewhere in that city there is a small open square, with two streets leading out of one end of it. They start pretty close together and then widen apart like the sides of a V.

One of these streets-the one to the left-is a wide, modern street, pretty well lighted, and with a good many people in it; but the other street is narrow and dark. The houses have sharp-gabled roofs and the upper stories project over the lower. There are no street lamps in it, except one or two that are a long way apart and give mighty little light. The street hasn't any sidewalks, and there is a gutter down the middle of it and more smells to the square inch than there are in Chicago. The looked up this street a hundred times in my dreams and I'm afrald to go up it. It looks as if there couldn't be any one in the street except robbers and murderers and it's my belief that most all the houses are empty.

"Now, when I was in Rouong this time that I'm telling you about," re-sumed Roebuck, "I walked along down one street and up another without paying any attention to the direction I was taking. By and by I got into a part of the town where the houses were particularly old, and where there didn't seem to be but very few inhabitants. All of a sudden I came to an open square that was as familiar to me as Lincoln avenue in Montanopolis,

It was the very place I had dreamed about so often. There were the two streets leading out of one end of it. The big street was lighted up, and there were people here and there in it, but the small street was just as dark and deserted, as I had always seen it. There wasn't a soul in it, and the blackness and silence of it frightened me.

"Just then a woman came towards me, though I didn't notice where she came from. She was midling well dressed, and, to my mind, looked like a lady though I know I ain't much ladge of dadies. I was standing looking at the narrow street and wondering if I was awake or dreaming when the woman walked straight up to me and says: "You are an Englishman. are you not?"

Now, I knew well enough that I

wasn't an Englishman, but I couldn't see as I was called upon to set the woman's mistake right, so I just said: 'Well, supposing I am, what then?' 'Why,' said she, 'then you will halp me I am an Englishwoman in terrible distress and danger. My sister is here, lying very ill in a house where I believe the people are thieves and I believe the people are thieves and murderers. I implore you, come with me and help me to take her away!"

"'Why don't you get a policeman?" the point in front of me. Suddenly, I replied. 'That's what you want. If you say so I will find one for you.'

you say so I will find one for you. The words are reasons why that door of the room where we had been woman. There are reasons why that door of the room where we had been lighting and had shut it again. Probbave man you look to be you will bly the little man had plucked up brave man you look to be you will come with me if ust, we are lost.

"I'll come ma'am, if you insist upon R,' said I 'frough I tell you in advance that if there is any fighting to be done you'll have to count me out, for I haven't got my scolver, and I'm not a fighting man, anyway."

"She said there wouldn't be any some one coming down the flight

'She said there wouldn't be any call for me to fight, and that, as soon as it was seen that she had a man with her, she and her sister would be allowed to go. She said it would be better if I were to follow a short way behind her, instead of walking by her side. That suited me well enough, so the woman went on walking pretty fast and I came along about two rods

"I tell you it gave me a chill to go into that narrow, dark street. You see, I have been afraid of it for going on to twenty or twenty-five years. Besides, the place was cold, for I don't believe the sun ever got down into it, the houses were so high and so close together. Nobody met us, and I didn't see the least sign of life in the street. We went, as I should judge, pretty near an eighth of a mile, and the only street light we passed was an oil lamp hung out from one of the houses on n Iron bracket.

"The woman stopped at the door of house on the left and waited for me in the shadow, When I came up, she said: Take my hand, for there isn't any light and the stairs are long."

"It was a great big room, with pueer, old-fashioned furniture, and not much of that. In one corner there was a figure in armor standing leaning on its sword. The chairs and sofas covered with elegant velvet, but it was threadbare and in places hung in rags. The tables had had their egs gilded when they were new, the gilding was mostly gone, and the marble slabs were stained and cracked. There were two tall candles burning on the mantelpiece, where there was an old-fashioned clock which sald it was 11:20, though probably it lied. "'Sit down,' said the woman, tak-

ing off her hat and throwing it on a chair. I noticed then that she spoke with some sort of foreign accent, and it came into my mind that she wasn't English, after all.

'Where is your sister?' I asked.

"She burst out laughing."
"My sister! Oh, you shall see her presently. Meanwhile, sit down and

"This made me pretty mad, for I was pretty sure now that she hadn't any sister, and that she had brought me into a trap. I didn't stop to ask myself what her motive was, though for the life of me I can't see any point in laying a trap for a poor artist.

What I had to do was to get out of that room and that street as soon as possible. So I said: "That'll do, ma'am. You can't play any game on me," and I turned to the door. Just then two men burst into the room, making as much noise as a lot of medleat students coming into a sick room to see an operation. One of them was a big, red-faced fellow, who was sure enough an Englishman. He even had ton boots, such as men used to wear in Hogarth's time, though I don't pretend to know when that was. The other man was smaller, but a deal wickeder looking, and I judged that he was a low-class Frenchman.

"The big man had a drawn sword in his hand, and as soon as he was in the room he called out to the woman, I have caught you at last, and I'll attend to you when I have killed this scoundrel! The woman shrieked and fell on her knees. The man paid no attention to her, but came towards me, cursing like an Alderman, while the other man kept crying out, 'Down with him! Down with him!

"Now comes in what is to me the queerest part of the whole business. Considering I wasn't armed, and considering that neither of the men had a pistol what I ought to have done as clear enough. Any man brought up as I was in a continuaity where rough-and-tumble fighting was the National amusement, as you might say, would have thrown the first thing that came handy into the big man's face, and then knocked him and his companion down before he could have companion down before he could have used his sword. But I didn't do anything of the sort. I sprang into the corner of the room where the figure in armor stood and snatched the sword that it had in its hand. Then I put my back ugainst the wall and pulled one of the markle-tonyest tables in front of marble-topped tables in front of me, and said very quietly to the man: 'Unless you beg this lady's pardon and mine on your knees I shall do you the unmerited honor of killing

"Well, the big man came on, and for the next five minutes we had some of the prettiest fencing you ever treamed of. I told you I had never had a sword in my hand before, yet there I was fending as if I had been at it all my life, and I felt just as confident that the fellows sword would never touch me, and that I should kill him, as I ever felt of anything since him, as I ever felt of anything since I was born, Good gracious! how I did enjoy that fight! Presently the man stopped to get his breath, and I bow-cel very politely to him, and said that perhaps his comrade would take his place while he was resting. However, the little man didn't seem to hanker after fighting, and he kept in the background and confined himself to telling the other to cut my heart out, which was an easy line of policy for

"We went to fencing again, and I could see in the man's eye that he was setting frightened. This time, however, I didn't waste any time in airs and graces. Before we had fenced two minutes I ran him clear through the body, and he was dead before I could fairly draw out my sword. Then turned and bowed to the womannot as a free and independent American citizen bows, but after the style of some ridiculous French dancing master and saying to the smaller man. Fellow, open the door and show the light! I walked out. The man did is I ordered him, but before I had gone down the first flight of stairs the door was shut and I was in darkness again.

tantly disappeared. I knew what it

some one coming down the flight above, but making hardly any noise. The man had evidently taken off his boots, which would help him to move faster than I could; besides prevent-

ing him from making any noise. waited, hardly allowing myself breathe, till I judged he was close to me, and then I lunged with my sword. I felt the sword point strike him and pierece deep into him. There was a yell and the man fell heavily the stairs, while his sword went rattling down to the bottom.

"I wasted no more time with him but drawing out my sword I wiped it as well as I could in the dark on the inside of my coat. It seemed to mo that those stairs had multiplied since climbed them-when, of course, they hadn't-and that I would never reach the street again. However, I came to the bottom at last, and out into the Not a soul was to be seen. ran at the top of my speed down the dark street till I came to the little open square. I made a few more turns and found myself in a well-lighted and crowded street, where I soon ploked up a cab and got back to my hotel, carrying the sword hid under my

overcoat. "The next morning I did my leval best to find the house where I had been that night, but I couldn't find it, though I walked till I was dead ired. Then, thinking that I had better get out of Rouong before the police should hear of the affair, I took the noon train to Paris.

"My idea," said I, "is that you dreamed the whole thing,"

Roebuck got up, and unlocking a closet, brought out an old-fashioned rapier. "There," said he, "is the sword brought away with me. I couldn't very well dream solid steel and brass,

I looked at the weapon. On the hilt was a coat-of-arm's partly obliterated with rust. I rubbed it with my handkerchief until it was so plain that it could readily be perceived. It was the arms of the De Chevreuil family, I gave the sword back to my friend,

calling his attention to the coat-ofarms, which he had not previously noticed. "If you were really a Do Chevreuil," I said, "this would have been the sword of one of your ances-Go to some doctor who has made a study of heredity and tell him the whole story. Perhaps he can explain it, but I am very sure that I can't." I left Paris the next day for a month in Switzerland, and when I returned I found that Roebuck had gone to America. I have never heard of him Often after he had gone I thought of going to Charcot and telling him the story just as Roebuck told it to me, and asking him if there was any theory by which he could explain it. But, of course, I never did anything of the kind, and now Charcot has gone where he is done with theories .- Pall Mall Gazette.

Hunting in Great Britain.

Although a good many of those whose apparent desire it is to curtail or destroy the sports and amusements of others would have it otherwise, it is a fact that hunting, whether of stag, fox or hare, is in a more flourishing condition at the present moment than fewer than twenty-two packs of staghounds in the United Kingdom, 188 of foxhounds and nearly 200 of harriers and beagles, while in each succeeding year followers of hounds get more numerous, until it has actually become a serious question with some masters, How can we keep down our fields?

The cub-hunting season, which is practically at an end, has, excepting with the Earl of Yarborough's and a few other packs, been scarcely so suc-cessful as usual, owing to the dry state of the ground and the consequent lack of scent; but the great desideratum was rain, and now that we have had that in abundance, the prospects of the regular season are rosy.-Lon-don Telegraph.

An Ancient Pennsylvania Farm. The Lovett family have had, in direct line of descent, continuous possession of a farm at Emile, four miles from Bristol, in Bucks County, for 212 years. The present owner of the manor, Joseph L. Lovett, has in his possession the original deed for the iand, bearing the signatures of the Duke of York and William Penn. The old Penn farm, at Penn's Manor, is but a short distance from the Lovett farm, and the latter at one time included the farm owned by the Penns. The land his done justice to the flat-tering reports sent back to the old country by the first settlers who land-ed with Penn on the shore of the Delaware, and has yielded prolific crops to reward the labors of its owners. The present owner planted a grove of chestnut trees some years age. They were grafted and bare an excellent quality of nuts this year, the land being especially favorable to the nurture of the trees and fruit. Forty of the nuts were sufficient to fill a quart the Philadelphia market for from \$12 to \$15 a bushel.—Philadelphia Record.

Not a Bit of It. "Ther," remarked Dismal Dawson, ther goes another of the fellers that is livin' off of us pore workinmen." 'He don't look like no plute," said

verett Wrest. "He ain't. He's one of them joke writers."-Indianapelis Journal.

Spaulsh Superstition About Tuesday. There is a Spanish proverb that "On Tuesday one should neither travel nor marry," and this superstition is so ingrained that, even in Madrid, there are never any weddings on Tuesdays, and the trains are almost empty.

Jewish Footwear, "I climbed down slow and cautious, holding my sword in my hand with leather, linen and wood.

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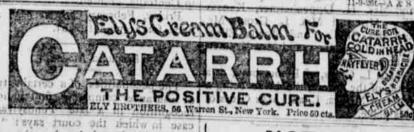
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