"Only a friend" of a summer, "Only a friend," that is all! But, oh, the brightness and sweetness Of the day we can never recall. Only one warm, sunny morning One long, golden afternoon, Only a stroll in the starlit evening, Where the sea lay so calm, 'neath the moon "Only a friend" of a summer,
"Only a friend," that is all.

Only a sail in the sunlight, Over the waters so blue, But, oh, the tender light that shone In your dear eyes, so loving and true. Only a ride to the light-house, Only a ride—and yet, The sweet, peaceful calm of that afternoon, I shall never, never forget, "Only a frieud" of the summer, "Only a friend," that is ail.

Twas only by chance—a meetic. Of two, mere strangers before, Twas only a few words spoken By has to be dumb ever more; Only a sorrowful parting, In the morning chill and gray, And a promise made but to be broken By the heart that is breaking to-day. "Only a friend" of the summer, "Only a friend," that is all.

Only a heart that is breaking, Awoman's heart, breaking to-day For love she might have been sharing— While the world calls her happy and gay; O, must it thus be forever, Through each weary night and day; Must life flow on with laughter and song, While the white lips dumbly say—"Only a friend" of the summer, Only a friend," that is all.

#### AT THE MINES.

As the adventurous traveler turns from the narrow strip of prairie land, and follows the Old Rolton Shaft road, where it winds in and out among the snow-decked cedars of the mountains, he will come unexpectedly upon a small white wooden cross, standing, as if on guard, over a grave close beside the trail, its only surroundings being the moaning pine trees and the endless waste of snow.

On that simple cross, rudely carved by a knife in some friendly hand, is the name and date:

PHILIP M'GINN, April 7th, 1883.

jittle above, certainly not many aundred yards, but out of sight around the sharp spur of the mountains, are machinery, and surrounded by marks of never-ending toil,

Here and there, along the gulches and the canons, which are crossed in every direction by black-ash paths, can be seen the little wreaths of smoke curling up into the blue sky, showing where the dark-browned delvers in the

depths below make their humble homes. The snow lies trampled and dirty from the pit-house in every direction, and the great heaps of slack show the employment of a large force of workers.

Not one of them all to-day but as he passes that lonely grave beside the trail, his head and fee that, standing there, he is very close to If you have time to listen, I will tell the simple little story again for you. I was acting as foreman over the

night shift at the "Mohawk" mines all that winter; a hard, rough job enough it was, but was all I could get to do; and this boy McGinn, was a "helper" in Shaft No. 3.

I remember well the night he first came to us. It was in December, rough and blustering outside, so that even the thin boards of the little shafthouse afforded a small protection from the wind. I was huddled close to a roaring fire, trying to study out some plan for making the Snake river dam safer before spring floods should come. Close as I kept, the red flames roaring up the chimney, yet I would shiver, as a heavier blast would come sweeping around the edge of the mountain and shake the cabin as if it were in air.

Just then some one knocked at the low door, and without even glancing up I bade whoever it was come in. A burst of icy wind swept over me, a

foot shuffled along the floor, and I turned-to see a strange boy standing before me, his ragged, patched clothes covered with snow, his face red from the wind, and a pair of big blue eyes looking up anxiously into my face. "What is it, my lad?" I asked gently,

for something about his forlorn appearance had touched my heart with pity. His eyes feli to the floor, and he stood there for an instant twirling his ragged hat in his cold hands without saying a word. Then he gulped out, as if manfully trying to keep back the tears:

"Please, sir, I want some work!" His voice was honest, his face earnest, his words true.

"Sit down, my little man," I said kindly. "Where are you from?" He put his well-worn boots out tostraight into my face as he made an-

'From Trinidad, sir. I left there

this morning." "Trinidad?" I echoed, in surprise, glancing at the snow bearing against the windows almost like hail. "Why, that is fifteen miles from here!"

"I know it, sir." He shivered a "It was very cold, but they said I could get work here." 'You are rather young for the mines,"

I began, but he leaned forward eagerly. 'Oh, sir, don't say that! Father is dead, and I must work. I am strongindeed I am, and I must work, or what will become of Mary?"

I felt the tears in my eyes in sympathy with his. "Mary!" I said. "And who is Mary?"

"She is my sister, sir. She is out there now waiting to hear;" and he pointed over his shoulder to the door. 'Your sister out there in this storm!" and in surprise I started to my feet. "Yes, sir. She is peculiar, Mary is; and she would wait there till I came

"Then for heavens sake, bring her in; she shall share my fire anyway. Without answering, he opened the door and went out in the snow. In a few moments he came back again with the sister, a slight built, brownhaired girl of fifteen, as poorly dressed as himself, and shivering with the cold.

I took her small chill hand in my

own, and drew closer to the warm fire.

she looked up anxiously into my face. "Did you give Phil something to do,

sir?" she asked. To resist the pleading hope in her soft voice was more than I could do. Swept by a sudden thought of my own sisters, far off in an Eastern city, I bent down and kissed her white cheek

"He shall have work," I said gravely, "if I have to make a place for him." And the sudden light of happiness which sprang into the blue eyes was my

grand reward But this is McGinn's story and not mine, and I must hurry on its sad and tragic ending. I found the boy odd jobs to do about the shaft at first, and as he proved always able and willing, I advanced him in a few days and placed him upon the night shift as a "helper" at the foot of the shaft.

The girl and boy-for she was the elder of the two; and quite a womantook possession of an old, tumble-down shanty close to the trail. I helped them fit it up as best we might to keep out the cold winter wind, and there she kept house for the brother, and as the weeks passed by I used often to drop in there afternoons just to cheer her up a

She made the lonely place very pleasant in so many simple ways, and, indeed, they seemed quite happy together, as the flush of health came back on her clear cheeks and the light of hope and comfort brightened her eyes again. Often as I passed up the road to my work just in the edge of evening, I used to stop before the cabin and listen, while all unconscious of anyone outside she sang some old melody, the clear, sweet voice floating up the mountains across the snow like the notes of a lost bird, and making the work of the long night pleasanter, as I remembered.

The cold months of the winter rolled on into the dangerous spring-dangerous in all mines, but doubly so in-ours, because the rising waters of Snake river were only kept from flooding our galleries by an artificial barrier of earth and rocks. We watched with anxious eyes as, inch by inch, the waters, fed by the mountain snow, steadily crept up higher; the owners had pronounced it

safe, and we had to believe them. Such was the unchanged situation of things, when one night early in April, I pushed up the rocky path to my work, and, turning the edge of the pines, saw Mary McGinn standing in the door of situated the great Bolton mines, their her poor shanty shading her eyes with tall wooden shafts rising up in the midst her hands and watching Phil's stubby of the solitude, noisy with never-halting | little figure trudging away in the after-

> As I came up unnoticed, I spoke to her and marked the light of welcome in her eyes as she held out her hand to me. Oh. sir," she said looking up into my face, as if reading every thought, "! have wanted to see you all day. heard some of the men saying at the store last night, that the mines were unsafe while the river was so high. I asked Phil, and he laughed at me. But oh, sir, is it true?"

It was hard for me even to attempt a lie to her, yet could I tell the truth just then?

nounce them safe," I said gravely; "and they should know better than the rest

She read my face while listening to the words. "But you? you do not?" she cried.

I struck my tin pail against the post and drew a long breath. "Mary," I said, with a tenderness

new to me, "I am not satisfied, but I hope for the best," She stood there as if the news had

touched her very life. "Poor Phil!" almost in a whisper "and all I can do for him is to pray for

I bent lower and closer to hear the words. "And will you forget all the others?" I asked, longingly. "It makes men

stronger to think some one remembers them at home." She looked up into my rough face a moment with tear-dimmed eyes, then placed both her little hands in mine.

"I have always remembered you," she said, and, a shrill whistle came down the frosty air, recalling me to duty. I followed the impulse of my heart and kissed her cheek, now flushed with red. What I saw in the blue eyes is hard to tell, but I turned away happier-without knowing why-than had been in many years.

Twenty of us went down in the cage that night together, and I remember yet the last grand scene as we sank slowly into the shaft. The sun was just going down behind the ridge, and the distant snow-crowned peaks stood out like cathedral spires against the rosy sky, while across the skies a bridge of golden wire seemed suspended in the air; and then we dropped away into the black, damp depths below.

After seeing that the men were well at work, I led a small party up into one ward the heat of the fire and looked of the side tunnels to fix up some props which had fallen down.

It was hard work, pressed together as we were in that narrow space and breathing the hot, damp air, the room lit by the small oil lamps flickering on each miner's cap. They took turns with the timbers, and for over an hour nothing was to be heard save the heavy breathing of the men, and occasionally a low-spoken order.

I thought over my little talk with Mary as I stood there leaning against the rocky side, and was building aircastles and making her their queen, when suddenly we were startled at hearing swift footsteps echoing along the tunnel, and the next moment, with face ghastly white, under the glare of his hat-lamp, McGinn burst in among us, "Run!" he cried. "Run, lads, for the stables! Snake river has broken

outf" With pale faces and cries of fright, the men dropped everything to plunge into the darkness, and we stood there alone. I needed to ask no questions. I was miner enough to understand it all. "Come, Phil," I said, for the boy stood there panting for breath; "we

must get out of this!" He looked up startled at hearing my "You here!" he cried, "why didn"

must cut the barricade." Like a flash the whole situation burst upon me, and my cheek paled at the thought. Every life in the mine de-

you go with them? Don't wait, ser, I

For a moment none of us spoke; then pended upon that. Impulsively I stepped forward and clapped my hands on his shoulders.

"I had forgotten," I said. "We will go together, my lad," Hand-in-hand, to steady our steps over the wet rocks, we went down into the main gallery, feeling our way in the intense blackness, hearing the gurgle of the water, already sweeping to my waist.

We could distinguish some cries far off in the mine, and hear the frightened bats flitting about our heads, as we finally struggled up to the heavy timbers, and I hacked at them with an ax.

They would not start! The lives of every man in the stables hung with that barricade, yet still it clung there, fret. and as we toiled, the water kept creeping up, until it had reached the boy's throat. Like rain I showered my heavy blows, scarcely able to keep my own feet in the sweep of the current.

"For God's sake, lad!" I groaned in despair and agony, "what can we do?"
"I know, sir," he cried out, for I could not see him in the darkness, "and may God help me to do it!" And catching the lower timbers he clambered up.

What he succeeded in cutting I can only guess, but I heard a cry, and a crash, then down came that great mass, completely blocking the passage and sending an immense black wave over my head, and clear to the top of the

Oh, heaven, what a night of horror that was! I have wondered since that it day not turn my hair to snow. Back of me the black, gloomy, silent mine yawning like a grave; before me the barricade and on every side the eddying currents of the water.

In vain I called for Phil, and felt my way back and forth along the wet rocks. Nothing answered but the flitting of the bats and the gurgling of the

Sobbing, crying praying, half crazed the long night wore away; sometimes dreaming that I saw the boy's face in the darkness-calling to him only to have the echoes of my own voice come back in mockery. I think I was truly mad when the party of rescuers came at last, guided down the tunnel by my

In the flickering rays of their lights, the first thing my eyes saw was poor Phil lying crushed under the timbers At the sight and before they could reach me, I fainted dead away.

It was up in the pit-house, with a crowd of rough sympathetic faces about me, that I came back to life once more and looked eagerly around. "The girl?" I asked, for she was the

first thought, where is the girl?" They drew back silently, and then I saw her kneeling over a shrouded body in the corner. For her own sake she must be taken away, while the men did all they could with the poor battered tigure. The lads helped me to her

"Mary," I whispered, taking her cold hand in mine, "you cannot help Phil any more, now, Come, let us go home. She looked up at me, her face like death, but without a tear in the clear

eyes "It is so hard to leave him here, she said, piteously; "is it right?" "Yes, my girl," my own voice tremb-"I think so, and you must trust ling.

me, Mary." I led her out of the sad place, down the hill toward their little cabin. At the bottom she stopped and looked wistfully back, and as she did so, the tears broke forth at last. "Oh, Phil,' she sobbed, "you were

all I had in the world!" The heart came up into my throat at the pitiful loneliness of that cry, and I

knew I loved her. "Not all, Mary, I whispered, tender-"not all, if you will turn to me." She looked up into my face bending

over her, and I think, read there my earnestness. 'You were good to him," she said,

simply, "and I love you!" The early morning sun came out above the crags, and showered a gleam of gold across the brown bair, as I led her into the little house alone.

That is Phil's grave out yonder, by the trail, with the white cross and the paused to listen. snow-covered cedars standing silent trouble, has covered up the roughened according to his deeds.

# Montana Woman's Heroism.

A woman living near Glendive, Montana was the owner of a pet dog, which recently, was playing, when it gave a yelp of almost mortal terror, as a large eagle, with wings larger than a blacksmith's apron, swooped down and picked up the little cur in his muscular talons, With the true Western woman, brought up amid all the dangers of a rough border life, and with no tight-fitting skirs to prevent the free movement of her limbs, to think is to act. On the instant this noble representative of a noble sex flew iuto the kitchen, where her husband kept his shotgun, with which, in the early days, when bloodthirsty Indians were rampant on the plains, he had often gone out and shot fool hens. She bounced out of the front door, gun in hand. In an instant she directed her eagle eye into the air, where soaring about ten feet distant, she discerned the emblem of our national liberties with her yellow poodle grasped convulsively, but firmly, in its claws. For a moment she ran her trained eye along the barrel of the gun in the direction of the bird, closed her hauid orbs with a shudder, and banged away. When she opened them the eagle was prospecting interstellar space and the log lay scattered around in fragments all over the yard. She wept bitter tears, and as she picked up the pieces and told her youngest boy to grease the sausage machine, she swore in broken Missouri, and with many a sob, everlasting war on the shotgun policy.

Real foresight consists in reserving our own forces. If we labor with anxiety about the future, we destroy that strength which will enable us to meet

An Eventful Day.

"It's those worn-out shingles on the roof," said Mrs. Barr in the melancholy half whine which was habitual to her. 'The rain leaked in on the boarder's bureau all pight long; and she says she won't stay here if she isn't to be properly protected against the elements."

Janie tied the last puce-colored tulip to its stake and straightened herself up. "We must have the roof mended,"

"Who is to do it?" sighed Mrs. Barr. "And if Mrs. Lepell goes away what shall we do about the interest on your father's old note?"

"She won't go away, mother, never ar," said Janie brightly. "Don't fear," said Janie brightly. You'll see that things will come right." "But the shingles must be fixed right

away," said Mrs. Barr. "They shall be fixed, mother," said

"Who will do it?" impatiently repeated the widow "I will!" said Jame.

"That's all nonsense!" groaned Mrs. But Janie had never been more serously in earnest in all her life. Mrs. Barr went to the parish sewing

society that afternoon. Colonel Addison, from the Valley hotel, who was paying his addresses to Mrs. Lepell, the boarder, came with a spirited horse and a buggy to take her the sea beach.

"Now is my time," said Janie exultantly, to herself. But Mrs. Lepell came back before she had got 25 yards away from the

"Janie," she said, "I forgot to tell you that I left my three diamond rings in the little left hand drawer of the bureau. I might lose them in the water. I thought I would tell you in case of fire, you know, or any other accident " "Yes," said Janie; "but there won't

be any accident," Mrs. Lepell laughed, and ran back to the carriage and the impatient colonel. And not until then did Janie perceive that a tall, half-grown lad, lurking behind the porch rails, was waiting to speak with her.

'Who are you?" said Janie, briskly. 'What do you want? No, we haven't any old clothes. If you really want work you had better go on to the new buildings; about a mile up the road. I are say they can find something for

ou to do there." The lad mumbled out something. whether thanks or otherwise Jame could not discriminate, and shuffled away. And our heroine, slipping on mile by the wood path. "I want a few shingles," said she,

"What for?" said Ralph. "No matter," calmly retorted Janie. She nodded good-by and hurried away under the canopy of pink apple

'and a pound of shingle nails."

Ralph looked admiringly after her, "She's a regular clipper of a girl, that one I'd choose,"

Light as a thistledown, Janie hurried back with her precious bundle of shingles, and the pound of nails in her pock-

"Now I'll show him whether I can mend the roof or not," said she, as with a hammer added to her stock in taade she ascended to the garret and climbed an odd little ladder that led out through a rusty trap door to the steep

roof. The slant was abrupt, the old shingles were wet with the recent rain and slippery with green moss incrustations, but Janie Barr was not one lightly to be discouraged, and presently she found herself neatly balanced, with her feet braced against the broad gutter, one elbow leaning on the roof, and the other hand busily tearing away the old shingles and replacing them deftly with overlapping rows of new, fragrant

The click of the hammer, the ring of the nails was like music in her ears, Suddenly, however, as she sat perched like a squirrel on the slanting roof, the sound of voices struck on her ear.

"Three diamond rings! I heard her guard above it, and somewhere in the say so herself. In the left hand drawer years, I think, God has wiped away the of some bureau," said the same accents which half an hour ago had asked ber hands of toil, and rewarded the boy for charity. "And no one but a woman in the house,"

"Sure of that?" said a deeper voice. "Yes, plum sure," was the answer. other things for the picking up."

this side of Denver. Janie had listened in breathless hor-

ror. In an instant, as it were, she comhad once told her were worth thousands of dollars. And here she was alone and Hurriedly she turned over the crisis n her mind. If she were to re-enter

the house by the same way in which she had left it, she must certainly meet the ruffians, and any resistance which she could offer would be speedily overpow-Janie Barr was not one to hesitate long. While the thoughts yet careered "What, Bobo, art thou not beheaded?" through her brain, she sprang from the

eaves into the blooming boughs of the

great cherry tree which grew so close to

the house that its branches scraped the roof on windy March days. It was a hazardous thing for any one to do who was not swift of limb and accurate of eye; but Jane alighted, like a cat, in the fork of the tree, climbed lightly down until she reached its lower bough, and thence leaped breathlessly to the ground, springing swiftly across the meadows to Ralph Parsons' carpen-

ter shop. Ralph Parsons himself rose up out of the green hedges, directly across her

"I was drinking at the ice cold spring," he said, "when I heard your footsteps. What is 11?

She told him as well as she could for excitement and breathlessness

"Come," she cried. "Oh, do make haste! He paused only to blow a small wil-

low whistle which hung on his steel watch guard. "This will bring my workmen," he said. "It's a signal we have agreed upon, among ourselves, for just such an emergency as this. You and Jones, Janie, shall go around to the back door, Hall and Robbins will watch the front, and I'il go up and settle the fellows."

into his set, determined face. After all, it was something to be a man. The little campaign was skillfully conducted. The two thieves were taken redhanded, the diamond rings were delivered into Janie Barr's keeping and the ruffians were dragged to

Janie glanced with shy admiration

the nearest jail. "Oh, Ralph," said Janie, when all the little crowd was gone, "how can I ever thank you?"

He smiled.

"By letting me put on those shingles for you," said he. "I can't!" said Janie, laughing and blushing. "They are put on already. But I'll promise you my next job of carpentering."

"Will you let me be your carpenter always, Janie?" he asked. "Will you promise one day to be my wife?" The words had risen almost involun-

tarily to his lips as he held her hand in his—the words he so longed yet dreaded And Janie hung her head and colored like a carnation, and said "she would

see. And Ralph Parsons knew that he had won the day.

Mrs. Barr and the boarder were alike amazed when they returned home. "Our Janie to circumvent a gang of tell him my fears concerning him and burglars!" said the proud mother. "To save my three diamond rings!" ask his help or advice in the matter.

hysterically cried Mrs. Lepell. "But that isn't all I have done, mother," said Janie, laughing. have shingled the roof. And I have promised to marry Ralph Parsons next spring. Upon the whole, I think it has been rather an eventful day, mother, don't you?"

## Whistling.

I never knu a good whissler but hed a good constitution. Whissling iz composed of pucker and wind, and these tew accomplishments denote vigger, Sum people always whissle whare there iz danger. This they do to keep the fraid out of them. When I her hat and boiling the front door, ran was a boy, I always considered whissacross the back meadows to Ralph Par- ling the next best thing to a kandle to sons' carpenter shop, some quarter of a go down cellar with in the nite time. The best whisslers I hev ever herd, hav been among the negroes, (I make this remark with the highest respekt to the accomplishments of the whites,) I have herd a South Karoliny darkey whissle so natural that a mocking-bird

talk back to the old boy. A fust rate whissler iz like a middling-sized fiddle, good for nothing else; Janie Barr!" said he. "If ever I'm and although whissling may keep a able to support a wife, that will be the man from getting lonesome, it won't keep him from getting ragged.

would drop a worm out ov his bill, and

I never knu a bee-hunter but what was a good whissler, and I don't kno of any bizness on the breast ov the earth, that will make a man so lazy and useless, without aktually killing him, az

hunting bees in the wilderness. Hunting bees and writing sekondrate verses, are evidences of sum geenyus, but either of them will unfit a

man for a good day's work. I don't want any better evidences ov the general onesty there is in a whissle, than the fact that there ain't nothing a dog will answer quicker than the whissle ov his master; and dogs are as good judges of onesty as any critter that

It is hard to phool a dog once, and it is next to impossible to phool him a sekond time.

I ain't afraid to trust enny man for a small amount, who is a good whissler.

# A Scrap of Tartar Bistory.

The remarkable swordsmanship of the Tartars is proverbial. Their favorite weapon is a long, curved cimetar, quite different from that of the Turks. It is made of the finest steel, richly alloyed with silver, and a sword becomes an herricom in a family and descends to the first born so long as the family exists. When the last representative of a race dies his sword, which may have come down to him from a hundred generations, is broken And I wouldn't wonder if there were and buried with him. The blades of the weapon, which are beaten out on "Come on, then," said the other one; an onyx-stone anvil in the ancient Mo-"and step lively. We can't stand here jawing all day. The door is bolted, is Place), are very thin and the wonderan onyx-stone anvil in the ancient Mogul city of Taztchistzy (the Holy Wait a minute; I've got a little ful feats performed with them are asoker here as would start any staples tonishing. Once when Robo, the cousin of the great Mogul, was caught in a rebellion, his execution was ordered. The most skilful swordsman of prehended the full danger that mena- the empire was provided for the beced Mrs. Lepell's treasured gems—the heading, and the great Mogul and his three diamond rings that the boarder court assembled to see it. For a second the keen Tartar blade flashed in the sunlight and then descended upon the bare neck of Robo, who stood upright to receive the stroke. The sharp steel passed through the vertebrae, muscles and organs of the neck, but so swift was the blow and so keen was the blade, that the head did not fall, but kept its exact position, and not a vital organ was disturbed. In surprise the Great Mogul exclaimed;

"My lord, I am," replied Robo, "but so long as I keep my balance right my head will not tall off." The Great Mognl was so pleased with the deftness of the executioner that he ordered a bandage to be tied on, and Robo speedily recovered. He afterward bene a loyal subject, and was made cashier of the empire, because, as the Great Megul remarked: "He knows that if he keeps his balances right his head will not come off." It is one of those curious scraps of history that are often overlooked.

He was a likable man; sweet-temready-witted, frank, without grins of suppressed bitterness or other conversational flavors which make half of us an affliction to our favors,

### A Silent Witness.

Uncle Grinder was one of the closes fisted men that was ever permitted to live in civilized America. He was a bachelor, and rich, but not a farthing did he ever bestow on charity. He resided with his old housekeeper in some low-lying out-of-the way place near Morrisania, because of its cheapness and railed at us whenever we saw him for our extravagance in preferring a healthy place to live in.

We—bye the bye, 'we' means my-self and my cousin Ned, Uncle Grinder's two nephews and sole relativeswe, I was about to remark, should have cut him dead long before, but couldn't for we were in his power.

Ned and I had started in the world together, but at first, having little means to carry on our business; we applied to our Uncle Grinder, whom we didn't thoroughly know then, just for a small sum. He granted it, but with interest. What we considered sufficlent when we began trade sunk to the smallest dimensions. We obtained more at a higher interest. Then we had to ask for time-of course paying for the favor-until we got in a fearful tangle of embarrassment. Ruin confronted us.

"If we were only free of the usurer," said we, "we'd be all right!" Ned was a passionate fellow of a flerce nature, capable of strong feelings and of losing his head under the sense of wrong. And I, of a quieter dispo-

sition, felt some uneasiness about him, especially when he began absenting himself from my society, and on occasions taking more than was good for "He's up to no good," I reflected, "and it's all owing to rulnous debt. If anything, Uncle Grinder prefers Ned. I'll try once more to move him. I'll

I consulted Katie. Katie and I were engaged, but our union was problematical while I was in such straits. Didn't she hate Uncle Grinder-and give me a woman for hating as for lovng downright. She, who much liked Ned, agreed with me and my idea, so I started. It was an awful dark night. A fog hung like a curtain over the low fields through which I passed on the train. As we rushed through the Harlem tunnel a train coming in the opposite direction flashed past us. As it did so, chancing to look up, I saw a scene that chilled my blood with horror. In a

second it was gone.

"Horrible!" I cried, leaping up, alarming all the rest. "A foul deed is being perpetrated. I saw a man assassinating another in a carriage that just

What could we do? Nothing. We must go to the next station, where, on alighting, I acquainted the station-master with what I had seen. Then I went to Uncle Grinder's. His old housekeeper told me he had gone to town that evening on business. I didn't believe her. but I had to accept the intelligence. Next morning I was in town and read:

"Horrible tragedy—A man found illed on the rails of the Harlem road." I waited-I knew what would come. Having given my address to the stationmaster, I was summoned at the inquest and recounted what I had seen - a man crouched back on the seat, another with his knees against his chest, his hands about his throat. Could I describe the latter? No. Not only did he appear muffled, but he had his back toward

"We must view the body, gentlemen, said the coroner.

We went. The mutilated remains

were those of Uncle Grinder. Search was made for the assassin, but without resuit. The crime had been for robbery -as both watch and purse had disappeared. A week later I sat in my room wondering where Ned had gone, when the

door opened and he entered. I shall never forget the feeling that came over me when I looked at him. He was haggard, hollow eyed and like a ghost. "Look here, Ned," I said. "Don't speak," he put in, hurriedly "I'm off to South America, but I could not go without letting you know we are free-you are free by my hand. Yes, don't start-I killed Uncle Grinder. ] couldn't bear it anylonger. The miserable wretch drove me to it. I wentdown

disguised. I sent a false telegram call-

ing him to town. From the papers you

know the rest. His watch and purse 1

took to throw off suspicion. They are at

the bottom of the Hudson, I wouldn't touch a penny of the hateful money." "Oh, Ned!" I gasped, horror struck. "Yes, it is terrible, isn't it?" he interrupted. "But such men are better out of the world than in it, though I wish he had gone by better means. Good-bye. You can marry Katie now. Will you

shake hands?" I grasped the one hand he extended firmly. I couldn't help it. Poor Ned! Holding it I would have detained him, but he jerked it away, repeated his farewell and was gone. I never saw nor

### heard of him again. When Night Workers Should Rat.

For night workers the best regimen includes a hearty breakfast when they rise, which is generally from 12 to 3 o'clock; after this some moderate outdoor exercise, which should be followed by a short interval of rest and relaxation; then a good dinner, partaken of between 5 and 8 o'clock, at east an hour before beginning work. Il labor is to continue until 4 or 5 o'clock in the morning, a light nutritious repast should be eaten shortly after midnight, in order to fortify the system for work during the hours immediately following, when the vital powers are most enfeebled. When work is finished, and before retiring, work is ninshed, and before retiring, a simple lunch should be taken, in the form of a cup of good hot broth or best tea, or a glass of light wine and a couple of crackers; this will generally insure sleep by withdrawing the blood from the brain, where it has been concentrated by mental effort. In ordinary cases of wakefulness after night work, not confirmed by habit, a light meal of this kind will usually prove to be a remedy. By attention to these details, and by taking sufficient sleep, night workers can preserve their health under ordinary circumstances,