

NEWS OF THE WEEK

A despatch from Westport, Connecticut, says that, as a gravel train was crossing the New Haven Railroad drawbridge, on the afternoon of the 1st, George H. Nordaby, brakeman, saw a woman and two men struggling in the water. Their boat had been struck by a squall and capsized, and the two men were unable to save the woman. Nordaby plunged into the water below, a distance of forty-five feet, and rose to the surface within three feet of the drowning woman and bore her to the shore. Eleazer Page, 17 years old, was drowned while boating at Quebec, on the 2d. A younger brother of Eleazer, who had been ailing for some time, died shortly after the latter left the house. The mother, while suffering from the loss of the younger brother, was informed of the accident. She fainted and it is thought that she will die.

On the evening of the 3d, 225 pounds of dynamite exploded in the Wilbur mine, at Kingston, Ontario, doing great damage and seriously injuring a workman named Dunn. All the men had left the mine only five minutes before.

On the evening of the 2d a coal train on the Leavenworth branch of the Union Pacific Railroad was thrown from the track by an open switch. Some mules from Lawrence, Kansas, Engineer J. Menden, Fireman Frank Davis and Brakeman Thomas Brown were killed.

A boat containing seven young men was upset in the river at Saco, Maine, on the afternoon of the 4th, and Albert Carter, aged 19, and Charles Michel, aged 17, were drowned.

A freight train and a gravel train on the Reading Railroad collided, on the 5th, in Williamsport. Both engines and a number of cars were wrecked, and Michael Joyce, brakeman was killed. The loss on property is \$20,000. It is said the conductor of the gravel train disobeyed orders. A train on the Newburyport Railroad struck a carriage at a crossing in North Beverly, Massachusetts, on the 5th. The occupants were M. O. Menard, wife and child. Menard and the child were killed and Mrs. Menard fatally injured.

Texas fever has broken out among the cattle in the northern part of Vermilion county, Illinois. It was introduced by Texas cattle sent there to feed.

Thomas Kane, of Abingdon, Illinois, fired three shots at his wife on the evening of the 3d, and she fell. Thinking he had killed her, he committed suicide by shooting himself through the head. At North Grosvenordale, Connecticut, on the 4th, a young Swede named Nelson kicked a boy named Anderson so brutally as to cause his death in a short time. They quarrelled over penny matching. On the evening of the 4th a number of drunken men raised a disturbance at Marianna, Arkansas. Marshal Ford arrested one of their number, and while on his way to jail, the crowd attempted to rescue the prisoner. Pistol shots were exchanged and one of the rioters was killed.

A car was thrown from the track on the Erie Railway, about five miles from Avon, on the 4th, by the breaking of a wheel. It contained six men and several trotting horses. The men were all badly bruised, and Thomas Whitson, a noted groom, was killed. The horse, "Henry H.," valued at \$3000, was fatally injured. "St. Jacob" and "Lida K." badly injured. The horses were on the way from Hornellsville to Rochester.

Great excitement has been caused at Geneva and Batavia, Illinois, by the deprecations of a painter, supposed to have escaped from some menagerie. Thus far it has killed about a dozen dogs and two cows, and has exhausted several bodies from a cemetery. Hunting parties are after it.

In January 1886, Richard Turbett, Abram McCahan and Amos Baldwin, employes of the Pennsylvania Railroad, lost their lives by the destruction of the railroad bridge at Duncannon. Suits were begun and a settlement was effected on the 5th. Mrs. Baldwin received \$4500; Mrs. McCahan \$4000, and Mrs. Turbett, \$1500, in addition to \$400 she received a year ago. The men were employed on a freight train, and while it was crossing a bridge it went down, caused by a heavy flood in Sherman creek.

Sheriff Owens attempted to arrest four desperadoes at Holbrook, Apache county, Arizona, on the evening of the 4th. He was fired upon and returned the fire, killing Andrew Cooper, and a half-brother, named Samuel Blevins, and wounding John Blevins and Moses B. Roberts, the latter mortally. A telegram from Syracuse, New York, says the mystery attending the murder of Mrs. Asa Stone has been dispelled by the confession of Edward Sheldon, a nineteen-year-old tramp, held on suspicion. He says he went to her house and asked for food. She refused; he stepped towards her. He stopped her; she struck him in the face; he knocked her down with a club, and, to stop her screaming, choked her to death. He threw her body into the cellar.

The business portion of Calico, a village in Southern California, was burned on the evening of the 4th. Loss between \$75,000 and \$100,000. The large heading factory of Frank & Adams, at the crossing of the Bee Line and Pan Handle Railroad, in Anderson, Indiana, was burned on the evening of the 5th. In addition to the factory two acres of heading and staves and three cars loaded with heading bolts were consumed. The residence of Thomas Trueblood was also burned. Loss, \$25,000; insurance, \$20,000. Trains on the Bee Line were delayed ten hours.

A despatch from Chattanooga, Tennessee, says that several years ago Marsh L. Polk robbed the State Treasury of several hundred thousand dollars while serving as State Treasurer. He was arrested and in a short time he was reported to have died. His body was shipped from Nashville to Bolivar, Tennessee, where it was buried. A Mr. Gamble, a prominent citizen of Anniston, Tennessee, has just returned home from an extended

visit in the City of Mexico, and says that while there he met Polk and talked with him, and found that he was in business there.

Martin Ryerson, the Chicago millionaire lumberman, died suddenly in Boston on the 6th of neuralgia of the heart. Dr. George B. Walker, a well-known physician, died at his home in Evansville, Indiana, on the 6th, from the effects of a surgical operation. He was in the 80th year of his age, and had practiced for fifty-two years. Rev. Alvin Woods, D. D., died at his home in Providence, Rhode Island, on the 6th, aged 94 years. He graduated from Phillips' Academy, Andover and Harvard, and was ordained in 1821. H. F. Williams, President of the First National Bank of Northampton, Massachusetts, died on the 6th of consumption.

Mrs. Charlotte P. Woodward, 67 years of age, committed suicide in Syracuse, New York, on the 6th, by taking rat poison. She was despondent over the dissipation of her husband and son. A despatch from Los Angeles, California, says the body of Rev. John Alonzo Fisher has been found. He committed suicide. "Morosness, caused by the failure of some of his plans, led to the deed." He was formerly a professor in Johns Hopkins University. Robert J. Ruth, a fertilizer merchant of New York, committed suicide in Baltimore on the 6th, by taking laudanum. He was 50 years old. He left specific instructions about the disposition of his body.

Philip Schemus, in jail at Louisville, for drunkenness, committed suicide on the morning of the 5th by cutting his throat and the main artery of his left arm with a tin bucket in which soup had been sent to him.

A despatch from Toledo, Ohio, says the tornado which visited that section on the 6th originated in Southwestern Michigan. It first struck the village of Sylvania, blowing down two gas well derricks and renching a boiler from its brick foundation. One farmer had fifty acres of fine timber blown down. A brick school house at Michie was destroyed. The track of the tornado was south by east along the line of the Toledo and Ohio Central Railroad, and was from one to two hundred yards wide. No fences or tall trees are standing. Corn is scattered and houses and barns are unroofed for miles. A severe storm passed over Worcester, Otsego county, New York, on the 7th. Amos Cornell was lifted off his feet by the wind, thrown against a barrel twenty-five feet distant and killed. Two other men were severely injured, and four houses and barns were destroyed. The crops were also damaged. On the afternoon of the 7th a tornado visited Binghamton, New York. It lasted only a short time, but trees and chimneys were blown down in all parts of the city. A rain and hail storm was experienced at Saratoga Springs on the afternoon of the 7th, and considerable damage resulted.

Richard Hensler perished by a fire in a boarding house in Tonawanda, New York, early on the morning of the 7th. Several other boarders were injured by jumping from windows. A fire started at Paterson, New Jersey, on the morning of the 7th, in Jackson's silk mill, occupying part of the Grant Locomotive Works building, and soon extended to the latter. Nothing remains of the Grant Works except the erecting shop, the foundry and part of the new machine shop. The loss on the silk mill is \$15,000, and 120 hands are thrown out of employment there. The loss on the locomotive works is estimated at \$150,000, and the number of hands thrown out of work is 600. A fire in Rawson, Ohio, on the 6th, destroyed 35 houses, a grain elevator and a number of stables, causing a loss estimated at \$75,000. The Lake Erie and Western track was so badly damaged that traffic was delayed. Rawson is a town of about 1000 inhabitants. A fire in the engine house of the Warren Fork Coal Company, near Somerset, Kentucky, on the morning of the 7th, destroyed the costly machinery used in mining. The loss is estimated at over \$100,000.

In Buffalo, on the morning of the 7th, Alois Proell, 60 years of age, attempted to murder his wife while she was asleep. He struck her with several blows on the head and inflicted injuries which make her recovery doubtful. Supposing he had killed her, he gave himself up to the police. A few days ago she had him arrested on a charge of assaulting their daughter, and he claimed that there was a conspiracy against him. While Manhall Eastray was at work at a saw mill in St. Helena Parish, Louisiana, on the 6th, two men, named Swearingen and Newman, approached and the former said they had come from Mississippi to kill Eastray. At the same time he discharged both barrels of a gun into Eastray's body. Eastray ran into the mill, procured a gun and killed Swearingen on the spot. Newman then fired at Eastray, but missed him, and was pursued by Eastray until the latter fell dead.

An attempt was made on the morning of the 7th, to wreck the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul train, conveying the Burr Robbins circus from Scotland to Yankton, Dakota. Old rails and telegraph poles were placed across the track, but, as the train was moving slowly, the engineer saw the obstruction in time to stop.

A "natural gas jubilee" was held in Toledo, Ohio, on the evening of the 7th, to celebrate the arrival of the new fuel in Toledo from wells in Hancock and Wood counties. A stand pipe was erected on each of the principal street corners, and each gave out "a roaring torch of flame as big as a haystack, burning under a pressure of 300 pounds to the square inch," the illumination making the city "as light as day." An open air meeting was held at which fifteen thousand people were present. Mayor Hamilton presided, and speeches were made by ex-President Hayes and General James A. Ashley.

During a steepchase at Niagara Falls, on the 7th, Lucy Lightfoot stumbled and fell on her jockey, Warder, injuring him so badly that he died the same night.

George Godin was killed and four others were severely injured by a railroad accident near Bathurst, New Brunswick, on the 6th. Two passenger trains on the Wisconsin Central Railroad collided at Schleichersville, Wisconsin, on the 7th, wrecking a locomotive and two coaches. The infant child of Mrs. John Past, of Granville, was dangerously injured.

The State Live Stock Commissioners of Illinois have discovered that the Texas Fever is rapidly killing off cattle in the southern section of Chicago. Professor Law believes that the shipping of Texas cattle to the North and East during the warm months "should be prohibited by the Government and by all the State authorities."

Thirty-three cows belonging to John Clay, a milkman in Baltimore county, Maryland, affected with pleuropneumonia, were killed and buried on the 6th. The State paid \$15 per head for them.

A heavy storm set in at Cheboygan, Michigan, on the evening of the 6th, and continued until the 7th. Trees were uprooted and the smoke stacks of several mills were overturned and other damage done. A large fleet of vessels are anchored in the harbor for shelter. No wrecks were reported.

Nicholas Kuebele, 25 years old, shot and fatally wounded Henry Becker, aged 70 years, in Shenandoah, Pa., on the 8th. Kuebele had been paying unwelcome attention to Becker's daughter, and was ordered out of the house. Refusing to go, a scuffle ensued, during which the old man was shot. In Omaha, on the 8th, Jacob Albic fatally wounded his wife and then shot himself dead. Jealousy was the cause. James Saddler was killed by Joseph Werts, in Newberry county, South Carolina, on the 8th. "Saddler had threatened to kill Werts on sight, but the latter got the drop on his antagonist and shot him dead in the road."

Twelve hundred sheep were drowned a few days ago by a water-spout on Careless Creek, in Meagre county, Montana.

Henry Esmond, charged with mail robbery, and Edward Powers, charged with murder, escaped from the United States wing of the prison in Sioux Falls, Dakota, on the evening of the 7th. They were seen by a deputy warden who came to lock them up, ragged and bound hand and feet with \$30 and two Winchester rifles.

A severe thunder storm passed over Lancaster and Chester counties, Pennsylvania, on the afternoon of the 7th. In Lancaster county the barns of John Eaby, in Salsburg township, and Amos Hook, in Millersville, were destroyed by lightning, with their contents. Four horses and a mule in George Mann's stable, at Manor, were killed. At Bart, the public school house was struck, and the teacher and thirteen pupils were stunned. In Chester county, the house of Kersey Rogers in East Goshen township, was fired by lightning and destroyed, with the furniture. Mrs. and Mr. Rogers and two children were stunned, and Mrs. Rogers was also injured by the pendulum of a clock striking her on the head. The Waterspout Mountain Hotel, at Bethel, Maine, was fired by lightning on the evening of the 6th and destroyed. Most of the furniture was saved. John P. Saunders was killed by lightning, in Rowley, Massachusetts, on the evening of the 7th.

An attempt was made to set fire to an Italian tenement house in Brooklyn on the morning of the 8th. Kerosene was poured in the hallway and lighted. A policeman discovered the fire and extinguished it.

N. Decker, living in Elba, Minnesota, sold a farm some weeks ago, receiving \$2,000 for it, which he kept secreted in his residence, thinking the bank unsafe. On the 7th, Mr. Decker being absent, his wife went to a spring for water, some ten minutes' walk from the dwelling, leaving a six-months-old child in the house. Upon returning she found the house in flames and the money gone. She barely escaped with the child. The building and contents were destroyed and there was no insurance.

Chaplain Drum, of Castle Garden, New York, on the 8th, received a telegram from Rev. Mr. Danner, of New Brighton, Penna., requesting him, if possible, to detain Mrs. Barnes, one of 400 Mormons who arrived on the steamer Wisconsin on the 7th, and prevent her from going to Salt Lake City. The request was made at the instance of a daughter of Mrs. Barnes, who lives in New Brighton. It is said Mrs. Barnes, who is accompanied by her second husband, desires to go to her daughter, but her husband will not consent.

Dr. D. A. Tait, of Philadelphia, and Miss Minnie Buechle, of Pottstown, Pennsylvania, were to have been married on the 8th. Dr. Tait and a number of his friends arrived at Pottstown on the evening of the 7th, and found Miss Buechle ill. She died on the morning of the 8th after an illness of less than two days.

The Hotel Arlington, at Saegertown, Pennsylvania, erected last spring at a cost of \$25,000, was destroyed by fire on the morning of the 8th. The guests, 25 in number, barely escaped, saving nothing. The furniture, valued at \$7000, was insured. A despatch from Koeher, Michigan, says that nearly every lumber camp in that part of the State has been burned. On the 8th a strip of country three miles wide by ten long was burned over. On the 8th a heavy storm scattered the fires. Full particulars of the fire at Saegertown, Ontario, on the 7th, show that nearly fifty families are left without shelter; that not a business man escaped the conflagration, and that only two or three carried any insurance, and these only for small amounts.

The shops of the Chicago, St. Paul and Milwaukee Railroad, at Yankton, Dakota, were burned on the evening of the 8th. Loss, \$60,000, insured. Fire, on the morning of the 9th, destroyed the Roaring Springs Bank Book Factory building and a wagon factory, at Roaring Springs, Pa. Several dwellings were damaged. Loss, \$35,000. A fire in Nashville, Tennessee, on the morning of the 9th, destroyed Timothy Brothers' dry goods store, causing a loss of \$30,000, and damaged the adjoining hardware store of Macy & Co. to the extent of several thousand dollars. A fire was raging on the 9th near Meadow Lawn, about 15 miles from Louisville, Kentucky, and many acres of pine timber have been destroyed. The farmers are obliged to stand idly by and see their possessions swept away on the account of the scarcity of water, there being hardly enough water for the stock on their places. The fires extended for a distance of about three miles square. The Erie Railroad station, Fulton & Board's grist mill, two dwellings, a store and a Blacksmith shop were burned at Washingtonville, New York, on the evening of the 8th. Loss, \$25,000.

Matthias E. Hermise shot himself with suicidal intent in Newark, New Jersey, on the morning of the 10th, because he was peculiarly embarrassed. He is not expected to recover. John Stetson was struck with a hatchet by Joseph Speir and dangerously, if not fatally, injured, in a quarrel about drinks, at Summit, New Jersey, on the evening of the 8th. At Schenectady, on the 9th, Frederick Knights, aged 35 years, shot and fatally wounded Miss Ida Wallace, whom he met in a restaurant. Knight's wife died in the almshouse a few months ago, after having separated from him on account of his intimacy with the Wallace woman. While drunk, on the 9th, Richard Hanley, a laborer, 45 years old, living with his family in a tenement house in New York, attacked his wife and Mrs. Margaret Clair, a visitor, and then set fire to the building. The fire was extinguished, and, during the attempt to arrest Hanley, he was shot in the wrist. Mrs. Hanley's recovery is doubtful. Mrs. Clair's wounds are not serious.

Jockey West, who was injured on the race track at Saratoga last month, died on the 9th. Charles H. Kinsnerhoff, of New York, 45 years of age, walked off the platform of a car on the Rockaway Railroad into Jamaica Bay on the evening of the 8th, and was drowned. Farmer Lyman, a resident of the southern part of Downer's Grove township, Illinois, was gored to death by a bull on the 8th. A despatch from Oswego, New York, says Patrick F. Callahan, a member of Company C, 11th U. S. Infantry, stationed at Fort Ontario, was drowned in the lake on the evening of the 8th, by the upsetting of a boat. Two others were rescued by the life crew.

Bird Legends.

Folowing are a few of the many bird legends that people with bright imaginations and ready inventions have connected with feathered musicians. The poor cuckoo, whose mournful cry sounds so desolate in the quiet wood, is always mourning for the death of a beloved brother. The cuckoo was originally a beautiful young maiden. She caused her brother's death unintentionally, and was changed into the bird whose sad cry is an expression of her bitter grief.

The owl was also once a beautiful young girl. She was a baker's daughter. One day a good man, passing by, asked for a piece of bread. She refused it, and as a punishment was changed into an owl. In Germany the swallow and the lark are sacred birds, and their morning song is considered a hymn.

The nightingale, you know, only sings at night. This was not so formerly. One night a nightingale fell fast asleep, and the tendrils of the vine it sat upon grew round its feet, so that it could not get away, and finally it died. Since then the other nightingales never dared sleep at night.

Gypsy Women at Dinner.

Both were sun bronzed, and both wore coral earrings, and their bonnets were back side in front. One was seated in a barrow; the other was squatting on a wisp of hay bands, by the side of a recumbent donkey, whose four legs hedged her in. She had utilized the flanks of the docile creature to serve as a dinner table. Bread and butter was spread on it, and about a quarter of a peck of turnip radishes. There was a bald, shiny patch on the donkey's hip, set round with hair, and this was made to contain salt. Every time his mistress dipped a radish into this extemporized salt cellar, and proceeded to "scrunch" it, there was an expression in the animal's half closed eyes that betrayed his consciousness of her enjoyment, and the satisfaction it afforded him.

THE MARKETS.

Table with market prices for various goods including PROVISIONS, FLOUR, GRAIN, and WOOL. Columns list item names and prices per unit.

She Knew it Then.

It was a frontier post, six companies, Colonel in command and Mrs. Colonel in command of him; the boys called her "The General." But Miss Mary, the Colonel's daughter, all thought was the loveliest creature on earth. Frank Moore, Post Adjutant, a noble fellow, proposed and was refused. Then came young Vancamp, just graduated from "the Point," with no end of ducats in the bank and his family, and he made fierce love to Miss Mary. The General backed him for all she was worth, and Mary did not dislike the lively, good looking and very rich youngster, while she was somewhat in awe of quiet, stern Moore.

One evening, after dusk, the adjutant walked up towards the Colonel's house. When within six feet of the porch, he quickly came to a "right about" and made his way back to his office. Ten minutes after, the corporal of the guard appeared at the door; with him, on a reeking, blown horse, was a ranchman. There was news to tell, the Reds were out, two families had been butchered, their homes burned, and stock carried away.

Moore again went to the chief's quarters, and entered, passing Miss Mary and Vancamp, seated very close together. The veteran was confined to his chair by old wounds. Frank made his report and received his orders. "If you have no objection, sir," he said, "I should like to go with my troop; office work is rather wearing, and I feel sort of rusty."

"Certainly, my boy, certainly. It will do you good. You have looked rather seedy the last while past. I'd go myself if I could. Give them Hail Columbia, Moore, but take care of yourself. I can't get such an adjutant every day."

"I think the trip would do you much good, Mr. Moore," spoke up the General. "A good riddance of bad rubbish," she said, under her breath.

"Thank you, sir, I'll attend to all details and we'll start at once," and he hurried out, pausing only to say "Good-by" to Miss Mary, to hold her hand a moment in his, and to look into her eyes with a deep steady gaze that made her blush and caused her heart to beat tumultuously. Then there were the calls, the orders, the hasty issuing of rations, "boots and saddles," and in half an hour they were off.

Vancamp did not go; fifteen minutes before the news arrived, he had been accepted by Mary. He told her he would resign, and pictured in glowing language the grandeur and pleasure of the life they were to lead.

The General was in heaven; the old Colonel growled a little, but was not ill pleased. He had hoped Moore would win his girl; he did not know that his favorite had tried and failed. Three days after came a courier, late one evening. A report from the captain commanding the expedition, told how they had one brush with the foe and were now driving them. All was well, except that Lieutenant Moore had been shot in the lung, and he was sent back with the courier.

"Too bad, too bad," cried the Colonel. "The best of the lot, I ought not to have let him go." "Where is Mr. Moore? Have him brought here," he said to the tired, dusty trooper who stood before him. "The Lieutenant is at McCarthy's ranch, sir, twelve miles up South Fork. He took to bleeding so, and got so weak he could not sit on his horse. I had to hold him on for five miles before we got there. He seemed determined to reach here with me, but he just couldn't do so. I left him there abed and insensible, but they're kind folks there, sir, and the women will do what they can."

Just then the General and Miss Mary entered the room. The trooper stepped toward the young lady and saluted. "Beg pardon, Colonel, and madam, and miss; but the Lieutenant, when we started back, wrote these few lines and told me, in case he could not reach her, or died on the way, I was to take them from his pocketbook and give them to you;" and the soldier took from his breast a folded paper—a leaf torn from a note-book—and handed it to the astonished, frightened girl.

She opened it, and read: "Mary, I have been badly hurt. It is a long hard ride back. I may die of the wound or of hemorrhage. You will forgive me when I say once more, I love you, and never loved a woman but you. What I saw the evening we started convinced me you have made your choice. He is young, but I think a good fellow. You will be very rich, but you must not refuse my little fortune; I leave all I have to you—there is no one living belonging to me. Your father has my will, though he does not know its contents. God forever bless you. Good-by. FRANK MOORE."

The girl dropped the paper and stood, white and still, as a statue. The General pounced upon the scrap, and while she was adjusting her eye-glasses, Mary was hearing from her father and the man such particulars as could be quickly told. "Where is he? Where did you say he was?" she asked with bated breath. "At McCarthy's ranch, twelve miles up South Fork, Miss." "Father!" and she turned to the Colonel with a command of air and speech totally unlike her. "Father, I must have the ambulance." "Go," she said to the trooper, "tell them to put the best mules to the ambulance, ask Sergeant Major Green to pick out six men for an escort, and not a moment is to be lost!" "Wh-wh-what my dear, why Mary?" spluttered the Colonel. "Hity tighty! what's all this, Miss, are you crazy?" boomed the General. "It means that I am going to Frank Moore; I'm going to him if I have to walk, and by myself. He's dying, he wants me, I know he wants me; and I'm going to him."

were Mary, and she left the room to prepare for her journey. The General raised a perfect cyclone, but her usually obedient daughter was deaf and dumb to commands, entreaties, arguments, threats, and considerations of what Vancamp might think, say, or do in regard to her actions.

Mary conquered. The General prepared to accompany her, and they were ready when the ambulance drove up, the grizzled old Sergeant Major himself in charge of the escort.

"They were soon at McCarthy's," said the General, loftily. "You have one of our officers here, wounded; can I see him?"

"How is he now—how is he?" gasped Mary, and kind Mrs. McCarthy looked close at her. "Deed an' I do think he's better some. I wudn't a-give two chips fur his loif win they carried him, bud I'm a good nurse, though I say it as shudn't, an' a bit of a docter beside, an' I've got him aisy loik, an' th' bleedin' stopped an' he come till his cincts."

"Can we see him?"

"Sure one on ye might, ef ye'd not excite him anyway an' jist cheer him up a bit, fur he don't seem t' try an' help himself th' lasts in the world." A motion toward a door made Mary dart through it before the General had time to rise from her seat. Mrs. McCarthy immediately placed herself in front of the door, and with: "Only one, mem; I cudn't be ansherable fur th' gintleman's loif ef I left two weerin in till be talkin' all to want to him."

The General sat down, speechless with rage and indignation. Mary entered a large room, and on the bed she saw the outlines of a figure; the single candle gave but little light. She drew near the motionless body, very white and pinched the face looked, surrounded by the heavy beard and thick, black curls. The eyes were closed. One hand was lying outside on the cover. She took it between her own trembling palms.

The man looked up, looked as though he could not believe his senses.

"Mary! Mary! can this be you? Have you really come to see me, or am I dreaming again?" he whispered.

"It is me, Mary, Mr. Moore—Frank! I came because I could not help it. I felt that I must come, must see you. And now I fear I have done very wrong."

"You could never do wrong, Mary," he whispered hoarsely again. "Never, in my eyes. Your kind heart brought you here to comfort me while I died. But what did Vancamp say? Is he with you?"

"You are not going to die, Frank; and Mr. Vancamp knows nothing of my coming."

"But you have accepted him? I saw you on the porch the night we left the post. I turned at once away, but I saw him kiss your hand and you permitted it."

"Yes, that is true," said Mary, with a deep blush. "I did accept him—I didn't know. Oh! that's impossible now; it can never, never be."

"Mary, tell me what you mean," gasped the prostrate man, in an agony.

"I mean," she replied in a kind of desperation, "that no power on earth or amount of fortune could make me marry Mr. Vancamp. I did not know until I got your note and heard that you were wounded—dying. I did not know; but I knew then that such a marriage could not be."

"Why, Mary? Come here, and tell me why."

"Because, Frank, because—oh! you must know," and she hid her face on the pillow beside his own.

Frank got well.

Vancamp resigned and got out.

The General got hysterics and no satisfaction.

The noble old Colonel got the son-in-law he wanted.

Defending the Coquette.

Why is the coquette condemned? She is an amiable being, her mission is to please.

There is nothing small about her. She does no business at retail. She distributes pleasure at wholesale, while her mischief is disposed of in job lots.

She is the enlivening element amid the heavy formalities of society. She stirs up the froth where otherwise 'would be a solid omelet that is served up to you.

'Tis the coquette that provides all the amusement, suggests the riding party, plans the picnic, gives dash in the private theatricals.

She is the soul of the house, the salt of the banquet; the subtle power of her personal presence is felt rather than defined everywhere.

She is a blessing to the community at large when she employs her time removing the glaring self-complacency of the average young man.

The man who has become possessed of the opinion that a woman dare not jilt him becomes, sometimes a useful citizen through the coquette's ministrations.

How could society dispose of that pampered son of fortune, possessing a dashing tally ho, unlimited ice-cream assets and superabundant sentiment in his composition, if the coquette did not take him under her wing for a season?

Ah, for the pleasures of life the coquette is only too rare. It is not every one who possesses the ability for such a career. It requires great energy, infinite tact, and a gay and airy spirit.

Some one attempted to be facetious when he said a coquette was a rose from which every admirer plucked a leaf leaving only the thorns for her husband, but history teaches the reverse.