

TWENTY-TWO YEARS

AT HARD LABOR IN SOLITARY CONFINEMENT.

THE DOOM OF SHELLENBERGER.

DOYLESTOWN, Pa., May 22.—J. M. Shellenberger the forger and embezzler, was placed on trial before Judge Yerkes to-day. Shortly after 11 o'clock Sheriff Comly brought the prisoner from the jail in a hack and took him into the court house by the rear entrance. He was at once placed in the prisoner's dock, and was the cynosure of all eyes. He appeared haggard and care-worn, and during the continuance of his trial wept almost constantly. As soon as he took his seat in the dock he bowed his head and held a handkerchief to his face until called upon by the Judge to stand up and receive his sentence. He recognized none of his old-time associates among the members of the bar, and tried to keep his face concealed as much as possible. The prisoner's groans could be distinctly heard in every part of the court room, and unfortunately the man's condition was pitiable to behold. Among the audience were many ladies and many of his former neighbors, friends and clients. District Attorney Stout read the bills of indictment to Shellenberger, and he pleaded guilty to the 13 bills, charging him with forgery, embezzlement and false pretense. After hearing the testimony of about 18 witnesses, and an eloquent plea by Shellenberger's counsel for a light sentence, the prisoner was then sentenced to undergo an imprisonment of 22 years at hard labor and solitary confinement in the Eastern Penitentiary, at Philadelphia. This is the longest sentence ever enforced upon a criminal in the Bucks County Courts.

A TORNAO IN OHIO.

CLEVELAND, Ohio, May 19.—A special from Wooster, Ohio, says: A terrific cyclonic rain and hail storm passed over parts of this county between 3 and 4 o'clock Sunday afternoon, doing a tremendous amount of damage. The storm swept a section three miles in width and eighteen in length.

The most serious damage was done in and near the villages of Congress and Rowesburg. In Congress every pane of glass facing north and west, unprotected by blinds, was broken by the hailstones, which ranged in size from a pea to a hen's egg, and fell to the depth of eight inches on the level. Entire orchards and strips of oak timber were blown down or twisted to the ground. Many houses, barns and outbuildings were unroofed or blown down.

The hailstones were so large and fell with such force as to be driven through roofs covered with oak shingles. At Rowesburg hail fell to the depth of from 8 to 12 inches on the level and drifted to the depth of 32 inches. Hundreds of sheep were killed by the hail.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

—The work of turning the creek into the burning Neilson shaft, at Shamokin, Pa., was continued on the 19th. Six men, who went into the shaft to ascertain the condition of the 750-foot level, were nearly asphyxiated by gas, and it was with difficulty they were resuscitated. People living in the vicinity of the mouth of the shaft have vacated their dwellings, fearing an explosion. It is thought that all the bodies have now been recovered from the Hartford mine at Ashley, Pa. A despatch from Castine, Maine, says that Captain Melvern Grindle and his brother, Frederick, were drowned on the 18th by the capsizing of their boat off Sandy Point, while going from the Penobscot to their vessel.

—Charles Eberhard, John Carr, William Davis, Mrs. Eberhard and John Carr were going home from a dance in Chicago on the evening of the 17th, and as they walked along they sang. Pete Devitt, a notorious "tough," was on the opposite side of the street, and made some insulting remark about the singers, which they resented, and hot words across the street followed. Devitt finally dared them to come to the middle of the street. The three men left their ladies and accepted the challenge. Devitt at once drew a long knife and began slashing right and left. He first thrust the blade into Eberhard's breast, and then laid open his groin for six inches. He then stabbed Carr in the side and Davis in the neck. Devitt was arrested.

—Lemuel Bryan was shot and killed near Raleigh, North Carolina, on the evening of the 17th. The only person with him was a man named Bob Pulley, who fled when the shot was fired, and says he does not know who did the shooting. Bryan was found dead the next morning with a bullet through his heart.

—Harmon J. Kneeland, a well known attorney in Birmingham, New York, cut his throat with a razor on the 20th. On a pane of glass in one of the windows in his room he had written the words, "I am innocent," in blood. A few months ago Dudley T. Finch was thrown from an Erie train near this place and killed. Kneeland, who was on the train at the time, was deeply affected, and never fully recovered from the shock. His conduct on the 19th was somewhat strange, and it is believed that he was slightly deranged. Kneeland will probably recover.

—Mr. Collin, of the firm of Collin & Kilpatrick, contractors, was shot and killed near Ploech, Nevada, recently. Two men employed by Collin quit work and demanded their money. Collin told them that they could not quit, and that he would not pay them. One of the men got a rifle and the other, taking out his watch, said they would give Collin just eight minutes to settle, holding the watch in his hand, while the other held the gun in close proximity to their victims. Collin did not appear to weaken, and at the end of eight minutes the man shot and killed him. The tragedy is said to have been witnessed by a number of people, but no attempt was made to avert it and no arrests were made.

—Charles Meredith, aged 13 years, elevator boy at the Leland Hotel, in Harrisburg, was crushed to death on the evening of the 19th by being caught between the elevator and the doorway on the fifth floor.

—W. H. Shaw, a contractor in Wentworth, New Hampshire, got drunk on the evening of the 19th, and attacked Mel J. Emory, 22 years of age. He knocked him down and then kicked him twice in the head. Emory did not live over 10 minutes. Edward Fladung shot and killed his wife in San Francisco on the evening of the 19th, and then shot himself. The wound is fatal. His wife had left him on account of a domestic quarrel. Miss Florence McKeogh, while out horseback riding near Hot Springs, Arkansas, on the 19th, was fired upon from ambush, one of the shots passing through the back part of her body behind the shoulders. Her right arm is paralyzed and she can hardly speak. The would-be assassin is still at large.

—Two policemen in Boston went to a house on the 20th, to search for stolen property. Their ring at the door was responded to by a man supposed to be William Grossman, who, upon learning the errand of the officers, placed a revolver in his hand and blew out his brains. In his pockets were found 24 bank books, not one representing less than \$800. On the 17th, a plumber cleaning the drain pipe in the bath room found 42 gold and silver watches, which he turned over to McDonald, the lodging house keeper, who said one of his lodgers dealt in jewelry. On the morning of the 20th, the plumber told the police, with the above result. Grossman left his room only at night, and the officers say he was a burglar.

—In a runaway accident at Plainfield, New Jersey, on the 20th, Miss Marion Dumont and Miss Mollie Lawrence were thrown out and badly injured, the latter, it is feared, fatally.

—A despatch from Kirkwood, Delaware, says that a freight train on the Delaware Railroad plunged through a drawbridge over the Delaware and Chesapeake Canal on the evening of the 19th. The engine and seven cars went over. The engine fell fully sixty feet on top of several canal boats, two of which were sunk. No one was hurt.

—By the breaking of an emery wheel at McCormick's reaper works, in Chicago, on the morning of the 20th, one man was killed and three others were badly injured.

—The Minglewood mine at North Lawrence, seven miles west of Massillon, Ohio, is on fire.

—A landslide on the east branch of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, near Conduence, Pa., on the evening of the 19th, carried away a portion of the track and delayed trains for some time.

—A despatch from Stockton, California, says that the warm weather has raised the water in the Sacramento and San Joaquin rivers, and the levees are in great danger. Several bad breaks have occurred, flooding 4000 acres of grain. The water is four inches higher than ever before. Several breaks occurred on the 21st in the Union Island levees, flooding 12,000 acres, half of which is in wheat. The Moxie dam, at the outlet of the Moxie Pond, near the forks of the Kennebec river, in Maine, gave way on the 20th. The pond is six miles in length, and the breaking of the dam is expected to cause a rise of from five to ten feet in the lake, and it will be difficult to drive them out.

—A despatch from Hamilton, Ohio, says that near Monon, Indiana, on the evening of the 20th, a young woman on the vestibule train which left Chicago on the evening of the 20th, tied a rope around her neck, fastened the other end to the railing of the car and threw herself off. As soon as the act was discovered the train was stopped, an engine sent back and the remains were found in a pool of water. No one knew her. A ticket to Cincinnati was on her person. She was seen to drink from a whisky bottle on the car, and was heard to say that she had no friends in Cincinnati.

—The Susquehanna river at Wilkesbarre was 16 feet above low water mark on the evening of the 21st, and rising rapidly. The lowlands on the west side of the river were inundated.

—A freight wreck occurred at Elizabeth Furnace, near Altoona, Pa., on the evening of the 20th, resulting in the demolition of 17 cars and an engine. Engineer Boyd was killed. Brakeman Hauser and Fireman Baker were injured. The accident was caused by the east-bound train crashing into the east-bound freight as the latter was crossing the switch from one track to another. Travel was delayed nearly nine hours by the disaster. Six washouts were reported on the Upper Coos Railroad, New Hampshire on the 20th. A wrecking train that started out to make repairs went through an undermined bridge near Stratford and two men were killed. A construction train on the Lake Erie railroad ran into a freight train at Allequippa, Pa., on the 21st. Thomas Rogers, an engineer, was killed, and a conductor and brakeman were badly hurt. A landslide occurred on the Delaware and Hudson Railroad at Douglass, New York, on the evening of the 20th, and a freight train ran into it. The engine and eight cars were wrecked.

—David Ransley shot his wife in the neck in New York on the morning of the 22d. The doctors say she will recover. They were not living together, and Ransley went to the house where his wife was boarding and got admission by telling the people that the water pipes had burst. He was accompanied by two men, and during the excitement all three escaped. Private Tigue, of Battery F, First Artillery, was shot and killed on the 22d, at Fort Monroe, Virginia, by Private Manning, of the same regiment. A detective was returned to Chicago from a fruitless trip to Mexico in search of the man who drove Dr. Cronin to his death.

—Five men, Austrians and Italians, were killed by a fall of rock in one of the shafts of the Calumet and Hecla mine, at Calumet, Michigan, on the 21st. Two trains on the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul Railroad collided near Deadman, Iowa, on the evening of the 21st. Fireman H. C. Davis was killed. A limited train from Chicago, on the Chicago and Alton road, near Kansas City, on the Chicago and Alton road, was run into by a freight train near Kansas City, on the morning of the 22d. A sleeper and a dining car were demolished, but only three of the occupants were injured, and these not severely.

—The water in the Susquehanna river at Wilkesbarre, Pa., is rising. On the evening of the 22d it was 19 feet above low-water mark. Great damage has been done to crops on the west side of the river, which in many places for three miles square is under water.

—A panic was caused in a public school in Burlington, Iowa, on the 21st, by a mad dog, which ran up the steps and into the hall of the building where the children were congregated. The scholars fled to their rooms and the doors were shut by the teachers. The dog roamed up and down the hall uttering horrible yelps, and holding the frightened inmates of the building at bay for half an hour, when their cries attracted the attention of a butcher in the neighborhood, who came and killed the animal.

—A despatch from Boston says that Clarence F. Jewett, President of the C. F. Jewett Publishing Company, has disappeared, and that crooked transactions in the matter of an over-issue of stock, in the neighborhood of \$75,000, have come to light.

61st CONGRESS.—First Session

SENATE.

In the United States Senate on the 19th, the Naval Appropriation bill was reported. The Silver bill was discussed by Messrs. Dolph, Teller and Mitchell. After an executive session the Senate adjourned.

In the United States Senate on the 20th Mr. Ingalls, by request of the Wage Workers' Political Alliance of Washington, introduced a bill "to abolish metal money." He disclaimed all responsibility for it. Mr. Stanford introduced a bill "for loans on public lands." The bill to subject imported liquors to the laws of the several states was discussed. Mr. Cameron's resolutions of respect to the memory of Judge Kelley were taken up. After eulogies by several Senators, the resolutions were adopted and the Senate adjourned.

In the U. S. Senate on the 21st, the Vice-President presented the resignation of Sergeant-at-Arms Cassano, to take effect on the 30th of June. The Silver bill and the Imported Liquors bills were discussed. Adjourned.

In the U. S. Senate on the 22d, the credentials of Calvin S. Brice as Senator from Ohio for the term beginning March 4, 1891, were presented and filed. Conference committees were appointed on the District of Columbia and Pension Appropriation bills. The Silver bill was discussed by Mr. Daniel of Virginia. After an executive session the Senate adjourned.

HOUSE.

In the House, on the 19th, the Tariff bill was resumed in Committee of the Whole. An amendment was offered by Mr. Funston, of Kansas, striking out the clause imposing a duty of 1 1/2 cents per pound on silver ore, and all other ores containing lead. The amendment was defeated—yeas, 94; nays, 126. Several amendments offered by Mr. McKinley to the tobacco sections were adopted. Mr. Henderson, of Iowa, offered an amendment restoring the present rate of duty on wool and woollens. Pending a vote, the committee rose and the House adjourned.

In the House on the 20th the entire session was devoted to the consideration of the Tariff bill.

In the House on the 21st, the Tariff bill was reported from the Committee of the Whole, the previous question was ordered, and, after a few amendments had been adopted, the bill was passed by a strict party vote, one Republican, Mr. Coleman, of Louisiana, voting against it. The Speaker appointed a conference committee on the Anti-Trust bill, and the House adjourned.

In the House, on the 22d, a bill was passed amendatory of the Census act, which punishes any supervisor or enumerator who shall receive any compensation in addition to that provided by the act. Conferences were ordered on the Army and Military Academy Appropriation bills. A bill was passed appropriating \$90,000 to supply a deficiency in the appropriation for public printing. Mr. Quinn, of New York, introduced a bill reducing to one cent an ounce the postage on drop letters in cities of 100,000 population or over. Adjourned.

A Handsome Clock.

One of the most beautiful and costly clocks ever made was sent many years ago by the East India Company as a gift to the Emperor of China. The case was made in the form of a chariot, in which was seated the figure of a woman, with her right hand resting on the top of a tiny clock, which was placed in the side of the carriage. Some of the wheels in the body of a bird were concealed in the body of the lady's finger. Over her head was an umbrella that concealed a silver bell. This, although it seemed to have no connection with the timepiece, struck the hours, and it could be made to repeat by touching a diamond button fixed below the dial of the clock. At the feet of the lady's figure was a golden dog, and in front of her were two birds that were apparently flying before the chariot. This exquisite clock, with all its necessary parts, was made of gold, and was most elaborately ornamented with precious stones.

A MUSICIAN'S ROMANCE.

How a Diplomatic Young Man Secured a Start in Life as a Teacher.

"Diplomacy is a great quality," said a friend who formerly lived in a very small Ohio town. "A man can do nearly everything by the proper use of diplomacy except to rob a bank. I was just reading something about a volunteer organist that set me thinking about a neat little bit of diplomacy that lifted a good man from misfortune's ditch and put him in the way of doing something for himself. He was a musician with a small traveling show which came along and went to pieces in our town. The other people of the company got out of town by hook or crook, but this poor fellow couldn't make it. He got acquainted with several young fellows of the town, however, and to one of these he confided that he would make a living by teaching music if he could only get a start.

"The young fellow asked him what he could play, and he said he could play all the kinds of horns in a band, the banjo, guitar, zither, violin, flute, piano and organ—in fact he could play any kind of musical instrument ever made.

"Then an idea struck him, and he asked what kind of organists they had in the two churches. The young fellow said they were pretty good; his sister was one of them. Thereupon a scheme formed itself in the musician's mind. He told his friend that if he could get a chance to play the organ next Sunday he thought he could surprise the folks, and maybe pave the way to getting a foothold as a teacher. He suggested that the young fellow present the case to his sister and have her get sick the next Sunday and send a note of apology, and suggesting himself as her substitute.

"This was all carried out in proper form, and when the time had arrived and the minister had apologized for the substitute the musician seated himself at the little organ and began. He started off with a voluntary in a sweet, expressive strain and worked it up to a noble burst of music which, in varying phases, swept along and held the congregation enchanted. Nobody had ever suspected the poor little organ capable of anything half so grand, and you may be sure that the musician overlooked no points. From that time on the church service was simply an accompaniment to the music, and when it was finished, and the organ poured forth another flood of harmony for the congregation to retire on, everybody just stood and listened, and before the stunted musician left the church he knew all the good people in town and was made a social lion.

"It was easy enough after that. Being a man of good address and discretion, and possessing gentlemanly refinement as well, he quietly went to work and soon had a lot of the best pupils in the town. Then the young fellows went after him for banjo and guitar lessons, and afterward they organized a band and made him leader. Everything came his way, and he married the daughter of one of the rich men of the town, and, well, he runs the biggest music store in the place now. All accomplished by a bit of diplomacy."

The Tame Deer.

A few years ago some men were hunting for deer on the prairies of Nebraska. One day they shot a doe which had two young ones with her.

The young deer, or fawns, were so frightened that they did not know which way to go. One of them ran right up to the hunters and was caught. One of the men, whose name was Gray, took the fawn home and kept him. He soon got quite tame, and would go to his master when called.

As soon as he was fully grown, a harness was made for him, and he was taught to draw a buggy like a horse.

It was a curious sight to see Mr. Gray riding through the streets of the village in a carriage drawn by such a queer-looking horse. It not only attracted the attention of the people, but the horses, as they passed, would look very shyly at the deer's long horns. Some of them were frightened. Mr. Gray had two children, a boy and a girl, who learned to drive the deer, and who grew to be very fond of him.

One night the people were awakened from their sleep by the cry of "Fire! fire!" and the ringing of bells all over the village. The fire proved to be in Mr. Gray's stable, and had burned so much before it was seen that it could not be put out.

The poor deer was tied in the stable; he could not get away, and was burned to ashes in the flames. The children mourned over their loss for a long time. Every one felt sorry for the tame deer, and well known all over the village, and had become a great favorite.

Stingy When Writing.

It is a strange fact that most women are niggardly with their stationery. They may entertain their friends sumptuously, and wear the costliest raiment. They may even be extravagant in other respects, but in the matter of stationery they are absolutely stingy, and will cross and recross their pages rather than use another sheet of note paper. In affairs of this kind men are, as a rule, lavish and careless, and refrain from the discourtesy and unkindness of inflicting an almost unbearable letter on their friends.

Browning.

The clearest eyes in all the world they read
With sense more keen and spirit of sight
more true
Than burns and thrills in sunrise, when the
dew
Flames, and absorbs the glory round it shed,
As they the light of ages quick and dead,
Closed now, forsake us; yet the shaft that
slew
Can slay not one of all the works we knew,
Nor death discern that many-laureled head.
The words of words whose life seems lightning
wrought,
And mounded of unconquerable thought,
And quickened with imperishable flame,
Stand fast and shine and smile, assured that
thought
May fade of all their myriad-mounded fame,
Nor England's memory clasp not Browning's
name.
—Alfred Charles Bohnburne.

THE SEACLIFFE COTTAGE.

The owner of a cottage at Seacliffe, on the lake shore, being called to Europe by business, would leave his premises in charge of a reliable party, who, by caring for the property, can obtain it, rent free until the owner's return in three months. Best of reference given and required. Address for one week, A. W., Seacliffe P. O.

"Just the thing! Oh, Winnie, Irene! Just the thing! The fates are propitious! Do listen!"

And Bertha Langdon rushed into the room where her two elder sisters sat busily engaged—Irene painting at a small easel, and Winnie doing crewel-work. Bertha flourished the morning paper in her hand with all the glee of a child; then throwing herself upon an ottoman, began to read aloud the advertisement which had attracted her attention. Her sisters glanced up, quite interested.

"There may be something doubtful behind all this," observed Winnie. "I'll consult Mr. Jones."

Mr. Jones had been the family lawyer in the days long since past, when they had been rich and influential; and since their descent into poverty, he had maintained the relation of adviser and father confessor to the orphan sisters.

Winnie, the eldest, was twenty-five, tall and stately, the Martha of the family, more than supporting herself by the dainty needlework which she executed. Irene the second sister, was a born artist, and contributed her share toward the family exchequer by the sale of her pretty little pictures, which a good-natured art dealer kindly disposed of. And Bertha, the youngest, just turned twenty-one, taught school for a living.

The three sisters lived together harmoniously, sharing their common expenses between them. But the warm summer weather was upon them now; Bertha's school was closed, and the three looked longingly toward the cool and distant retreats, far from the hot, dusty city of New Orleans, where their home was made. But, alas! their purses were not full enough to authorize such a demand upon them; and they had made up their minds to pass the summer in their small suite of rooms at the very top of a great boarding house, right in the heart of the city. And here fate had put into their hands such a chance as might never occur again—"if every thing should be all right," sighed Winnie, the business manager and prudent one of the little family—"if Mr. Jones only advises it."

So she tied on her hat and went at once to the lawyer's dingy office on Camp street, bearing with her the important advertisement. The old gentleman read it attentively.

"My dear Miss Winnie," he said, in his slow, decisive way. "I see no possible objection to your taking the place, provided you are not already too late. I happen to know the owner of the only cottage there on the beach, and those are his initials 'A. W.' It's all right, my child. Of course I'll drop him a line to introduce you and smooth out all possible difficulties."

So he proceeded to write the letter, while Winnie hurried home, quite elated. The reply to said letter (addressed to Mr. Jones) arrived soon, and stating that all was satisfactory, gave the Misses Langdon possession at once. The trunks were soon packed, and the trio set forth on the 3.00 P. M. train, too happy and care-free for anything.

What a trip that was, "over the lake"; they were almost sorry when the train halted at Seacliffe; they had never been there before; but "there wasn't but one cottage on the beach," Mr. Jones had assured them, and leaving their trunks at the station, they took their small handbag and prepared to walk. In a short time they encountered an old negro who pleaded for the privilege of carrying the valises. They were glad to relinquish them, and the party trudged onward. All at once it occurred to Winnie that they had not ascertained the name of the owner of the cottage. A awkward predicament, surely. She stated the case to the old negro, who stared at her blankly.

"Don't know nuffin 'bout no cottage, missy!" he answered "less its Abner Weeks' place; dat are's on de beach for a fact."

"Abner Weeks," cried Winnie. "O yes, that must be the place, for the initials are A. W. Is it far?" The negro grinned.

"No, missy, 'tain't so far," he answered, "but 'pears to me you ain't a gwine to stop dar for long." But Winnie scorned to discuss the subject with her colored servant, and the walk was finished in silence.

The negro halted, at last, before a

ruinous old red house, with a broken porch and a straggling China tree in front. A group of hens were scratching industriously in a heap of refuse near by; two can scrappy porkers were breaking the evening silence with their horrible squealings, and a fat negro sat in the open door, leisurely smoking a cob pipe.

"Dat are's de place," chuckled the negro, triumphantly.

"Great heavens!" ejaculated Winnie, aghast. "Surely their is some mistake!"

"Dis yere am de place, suah, missy," repeated the man. "Shall I take dese yere tings inside? Dere's Aunt Deb in de door."

The sisters stood staring blankly at each other.

"We've got to sleep here to-night," panted Winnie, angrily, "and if I get back to New Orleans alive I'll tell Mr. Jones what I think of him. The idea of sending us to such a place."

They passed through the broken gateway, the fat negro arose and executed a profound salaam, while the negro explained the situation. It seemed to please her wonderfully.

"Done rent dis yere place, eh?" she cried, with an unctuous "yah! yah!" her mouth distended to its full extent, her teeth gleaming like ivory.

"Abner Weeks is smarter an' pearter dan eber! I see him, to git dis place off'n his hands. He is gone for suah 'long o' Massa Waldron, gone to be a witness in a big law suit ober de water. But come ladies, walk right in; Aunt Deb will do de honors" (with another profound salaam) "to de best of my debility."

Bertha burst into a merry laugh. She was always discovering funny points in the darkest landscape.

"Girls, it will be no end of fun," she cried. "Let us stay a day or two. Renee, you will find plenty of material for studies here. You might paint Aunt Deb."

The old negro turned sharply. "Paint? Lawd! Now, honey, ain't you 'shamed? Does you speck old Deb'll go to paintin' in her ole days? No—no—no paint nor powder goes on dis yere skin! De Lawd He made me black, and black I reckon I'll stay."

Laughing merrily the three ladies entered the house. It was bare and poorly furnished. But Deb provided a couple of clean, white beds and while the ladies bathed and donned fresh linen dresses, she repaired to the old kitchen a few rods from the house, and in an incredibly short time brought them in supper—a meal fit for the gods. Such fried chicken; such coffee—none but the real old Southern "mammy" knows how to prepare. The result was that the three sisters concluded to remain for a time, paying old Deb for their board, though they had not expected a servant thrown in when they had set out for the cottage, whose rent was to be simply "caring for the place."

"Caring for it!" laughed Bertha, "why it has never known a care." And she laughed at her own execrable joke. The next morning, bright and early, they went for a walk on the beach, and soon came upon such a delightful place. A large raised cottage, like a marble structure, surrounded by a green lawn dotted with gay parterres; a cottage with bay windows "and all the modern improvements."

"What a lovely place!" cried enthusiastic Bertha. "How I should like to live there." A footfall made her start. She turned to see a gentleman standing near; a tall, handsome man, with a pair of saucy, dark eyes fixed upon her. He removed his hat with a courtly bow.

"The Misses Langdon, I am sure!" he said, "I am Arthur Waldron, and this is my cottage. I suppose you have just arrived, and wish possession at once. I leave here in a few hours; you can make yourself at home immediately. Truth to tell, I expected you yesterday. Mr. Jones' letter mentioned that you would probably arrive on the evening train, and I sent the carriage to the station for you."

The whole situation was at last explained. Abner Weeks, the proprietor of the old house below, was to accompany Mr. Waldron to Europe as witness in a certain lawsuit, and his initials being the same as Mr. Waldron's the ladies had made a slight mistake.

In a short time they were snugly domiciled at the Waldron place, and the long summer days passed like a dream, bringing the vacation to a close. Mr. Waldron came home on the same day, and when they parted he promised to call upon Bertha at their city lodgings.

When I was "over the lake" last summer I visited my old friend Bertha Langdon—Mrs. Waldron now. She says the greatest happiness of her whole life was the result of a slight mistake.

Artificial Teeth an Old Idea.

False teeth are popularly supposed to be a somewhat modern invention, but this belief has received a rude shock from certain discoveries made in the ancient Etruscan city of Jalsica. In one of the tombs recently opened there a skull was found in which was a full set of natural teeth fastened into the alveoli with golden ligatures. The tomb dates to the fifth century before Christ, and the workmanship displayed in the fastenings of the teeth is of a high order.