

A KEEPER SAND-BAGGED.

DARING ESCAPE OF CONVICTS FROM THE NEW JERSEY STATE PRISON.

TWO FIREBROS SERVING LONG TERMS GET AWAY WITH \$800 BELONGING TO CAPTAIN PARKER.

TRENTON, May 28.—Henry Jackson and Thomas Thomas, two thirty-year colored convicts at the State Prison, escaped to-night. They sand bagged, with a stocking full of sand, Charles Parker, the night door-keeper, in the office of the prison clerk, and left him senseless on the floor. After tying him securely and gagging him with an apron, and taking from his pocket the keys, two revolvers and \$800 in money, they left.

It was one of the most daring deeds ever perpetrated in the New Jersey prison. They were both sentenced in February, 1894, for 20 years. They were in the gang of firebugs which so long infested Red Bank, but which was at last broken up by the incarceration of a number of them. The two men who escaped were both intelligent young negroes, and they were trusted servants in the private apartments of head keeper Patterson. These apartments are located at the front entrance of the prison on the left, while on the right are the office of the clerk and the room for the reception of visitors. A side corridor leads to the centre, and the entrance to this is through heavy iron doors. None but trusted prisoners are allowed outside of these doors. At half-past 7 o'clock in the evening a portion of the prisoners pass through the centre up stairs to the school room. At that time the doors leading from the centre to the corridor are always locked. It was during this period that the convicts escaped. When the doors were locked to-night one of the oldest and most efficient deputies in the prison, Captain Charles J. Parker, was on guard on the outside of the doors in the main corridor. The two convicts who escaped were engaged, or were supposed to be, at their duties about the head keeper's department. They were usually allowed to stay out until the prison was lighted up inside; then they were taken to their cells. When Captain Parker had locked the doors, he turned and walked down toward the clerk's office, which is in a little extension of the building, to the right of the main entrance, and entirely isolated from it. As he was entering the office, and while his back was towards the keeper's apartments, the two negroes pounced upon him. One of them was armed with a stocking filled with sand, and with this struck the keeper on the back of the head several times, knocking him upon the floor in a senseless condition. They then tied his feet and hands with cord which they had in their possession, and knotted a big apron around his neck and mouth so tightly that he could not make an outcry. They then took time to search the deputy's pockets and found a roll of bills amounting to \$68 or \$70, and notes which it is believed will aggregate \$800 in all. Captain Parker was so dazed last night that he could scarcely tell the exact amount. They also took his revolver and keys to the entrance, and with the other plunder escaped. The keepers in the centre wondered why the doors were not unlocked by Captain Parker, and when an inquiry was started, Captain Parker was found lying on the floor where he had been knocked. He was still unable to speak coherently. The deputy was unbound and carried into the head keeper's apartments. Dr. Rice was summoned, and treated him. He found that he was severely bruised about the head and shoulders, but did not pronounce the wounds serious. The captain was in a dazed condition up to a late hour. Investigation showed that the convicts had not gone out in the prison garb alone. They had each taken a pair of trousers and an overcoat, the garments being part of the blue uniforms worn by the officers. One of the overcoats was a light, and the other a heavy garment. Word was at once telegraphed to New York, Philadelphia and all the cities in New Jersey of the escape.

It is not believed that the convicts knew about the money in the possession of the keeper. Jackson is a light colored man, about 20 years of age, five feet six inches in height, with a number of scars on his head. Thomas is also light, about 25 years old, with scars on the back of his left hand and on his neck and face.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

—James Hinds, a policeman in Madison, Indiana, shot and fatally wounded Carlos Aulte on the 26th. Aulte had been paying attention to Hinds's daughter for some time, against the wishes of her father. He is said to be an estimable young man, and the shooting, it is reported, has provoked intense indignation against Hinds.

—John Williamson, 60 years of age, a laborer on the farm of Jeff. Moore, was found in the public park in Sedalia, Missouri, on the morning of the 26th, almost dead from the effects of a dose of strychnine, taken with suicidal intent. He was given medical assistance and will recover. Soon afterwards a farmer in the vicinity of the Moore farm reported the discovery there of the dead bodies of Jeff. Moore and his son Charles. He also reported the place deserted. The Moores had been killed with an axe, and it is supposed Williamson committed the crime, intending to rob the house, and finding nothing of value and fearing detection, attempted to commit suicide. John Straling, living near Selma, Johnston county, North Carolina, was surrounded by a party of masked men while on his way home on the evening of the 24th, tied to a tree and shot to death. His neighbors accused him of murder and arson. A. N. Kimball was murdered in Jackson, Mississippi, on the evening of the 24th. There is no clue to the murderer. It is supposed the crime was committed for the purpose of robbery, as Mr. Kim-

ball was receiver of Public Money. A despatch from Albuquerque, New Mexico, says that on the afternoon of the 25th, a great crowd of Mexicans assembled at Tondri Brothers' Vine-house near Los Lunas, to witness a nearly every one became intoxicated. Vincent Artiga and two brothers named Conway became involved in a quarrel, when Artiga shot and killed one and fatally wounded the other.

A passenger train on the Atlantic Coast line was wrecked near Columbia, South Carolina, on the evening of the 26th by a washout. Several persons were injured, but none fatally. A freight train on the Louisville, Evansville and St. Louis Railroad broke into three sections near Huntensburg, Ill. The middle section ran back into the rear cars, striking cars loaded with race horses. Several cars were derailed and the horses were thrown against the partitions. Of the occupants of the cars, F. W. Hay had a badly bruised ankle, Pat Duffy's face was badly bruised and others were slightly injured. Among the horses Blarney-stone and Consolation were bruised.

The body of Arthur Davis, aged 10 years, was found floating in the Susquehanna river, near Berwick, Pa., on the 28th. It will be remembered that the boy was blown into a creek at Edwardsville and drowned, during a heavy rain storm. Adolph and Gustav Wilke, aged 20 and 18 years, were drowned near Sheboygan, Wisconsin, on the 26th. Their boat capsized. Jas. Quirk was killed in a mine at Tanner, Minnesota, recently, and when his young wife was informed of his death, she became violently insane.

—A despatch from Fresno, California, says that San Joaquin and Kings rivers are higher than ever before about Elkhorn. Many thousands of acres are inundated. The bridges over both the rivers have been washed away. The snow in the mountains has only commenced to melt.

—Ernest Koch, 19 years of age, was shot and instantly killed in Springfield, Illinois, on the evening of the 27th, by Policeman Laurer. Koch was one of a crowd of boys raising a disturbance and the officer arrested him, and followed by the crowd, went to the box to call a patrol. Koch took advantage of his temporary release and started to run. The officer commanded him to stop, but he kept on running, whereupon the officer shot him. The Kimber mystery was cleared up in Montreal on the 28th by the finding of the young Englishman's body in the reservoir. His throat was cut. Foul play is suspected. G. W. South-walt, an artist, was on the 28th found in his studio in Des Moines, Iowa, fatally stabbed. His pockets had been rifled.

—Jessie J. Jones, a farmer of Convo township, Lancaster county, Penna., was killed by being caught in a steam thrasher, on the afternoon of the 27th. While Mrs. George Graham and Mrs. Lucy Burger, with their children, were out riding near Urbana, Indiana, on the 27th, their horse began kicking and struck the little son of Mrs. Graham, who was sitting down in front, fracturing his skull. Mrs. Berger then leaped forward with her infant, and the horse struck the child in the forehead, inflicting fatal injuries. Mamie Lovely, aged 14 years, and Lillie Maine, aged 6 years, were drowned at Minneapolis on the 28th, by falling from an unsafe foot bridge.

—Jacob Epstein, aged 27 years, a Russian cigar maker, in New York, on the 29th, shot his wife in the back and then fired a bullet into his mouth. Epstein demanded money for drink which the wife would not give him. She was a hard working woman, and earned money by washing and scrubbing. The couple was married about eight years ago. The doctors at the hospital said that the man's wound was not necessarily fatal. The woman is in a critical condition. Epstein said he discovered acts of infidelity on the part of his wife, and that was the reason he shot her. Several days ago Leon Barlow and M. Goudine, prominent young men in El Paso, Texas, had some words about the latter's attention to Barlow's sixteen-year-old sister. The affair was patched up and nothing more thought about it until the evening of the 27th, when the two met in front of the Gem Theatre, when Goudine pulled a gun and shot Barlow twice, one ball passing through the lungs and the other through the liver. The wounded man died four hours after. When Goudine fired the first shot the firing became general among the crowd gathered in front of the theatre, and three disinterested parties were slightly wounded.

—The equestrian statue of General Lee was unveiled in Richmond, Virginia, on the 29th. There was a procession in which it was estimated 20,000 persons participated. An oration was delivered by Colonel Archer Anderson.

—A block of frame buildings in Seattle, Washington, was destroyed by fire on the morning of the 29th, and 200 of the 300 inmates barely escaped with their lives. It is thought that fire perished. The loss on property is about \$50,000; insurance, \$15,000.

—The Coroner's inquest into the case of the Longue Pointe Asylum fire in Montreal has been concluded. The jury could not say how the fire broke out, and made several recommendations how such buildings should be constructed. A statement was also submitted by Rev. Sister St. Charles showing that 91 inmates were missing, instead of 50, as formerly reported, viz., 6 men, 5 Sisters and 80 women patients.

At St. Paul, Minnesota, on the 29th, Gerhard Thaden and J. B. Toll, principals in the great real estate forgery case, were sentenced to the penitentiary for ten and eight years respectively. Partello, the other principal, was sentenced last March to eight years and five months. All had appealed to the Supreme Court, but without avail.

Two burglars broke into the store of Thomas F. King, at Drakesville, New Jersey, on the evening of the 26th, and secured \$200 in money. Mr. King heard them, and giving chase, fired several shots at them. One of the burglars was wounded, probably fatally. He refuses to give his name.

51st CONGRESS.—FIRST SESSION SENATE.

—In the United States Senate, on the 26th, Mr. Carlisle was sworn in as Senator from Kentucky for the unexpired term of Mr. Beck. Mr. Ingalls introduced a Wage Workers' Alliance bill (which he did not endorse) "to abolish landlordism." Mr. George, from the subjecting National banks and Treasury notes to State taxation, and it was placed on the calendar. Adjourned.

In the U. S. Senate on the 28th, the bill for the adjustment of accounts of workmen under the Eight-hour law and the bill providing for a register of labor were reported and placed on the calendar. The Original Packages bill was discussed. Mr. Carlisle was appointed a member of the Committees on Finance, Territories and Woman Suffrage. A conference report on the bill to simplify the laws in relation to the collection of internal revenue was agreed to. After an executive session the Senate adjourned.

In the United States Senate, on the 28th, Mr. Sherman, from the Committee on Foreign Affairs, reported an amendment to the Consular and Diplomatic Appropriation bill, providing for the appointment of three Commissioners to represent the United States in the Inter-continental Railway Commission, and also providing for a detail of army and navy officers to make surveys under the commission. The Original Package bill and the conference report on the Army Appropriation bill were discussed, but neither was acted upon. During the debate on the Original Package bill (which was taken up a second time) the Senate, finding itself without a quorum, adjourned.

In the United States Senate, on the 27th, Mr. Teller introduced a joint resolution declaring the determination of the United States Government to adhere to the principle of non-interference in the internal affairs of other nations. The Original Package bill was considered, and a substitute offered by Mr. Gray was adopted. The bill was then passed—yeas 34, nays 10. The River and Harbor bill was received from the House and referred. After an executive session the Senate adjourned.

HOUSE.

In the House, on the 26th, Mr. Burrows, of Michigan, was elected Speaker pro tempore during the absence of Mr. Reed. Senate bills were passed for the \$100,000 Public Building at Canton, Ohio, and increasing to \$275,000 the cost of the public building at Jacksonville, Florida. After passing several District of Columbia bills the House adjourned.

In the House on the 28th, the conference report on the Customs Administrative bill was agreed to, Speaker pro tempore Burrows counting a quorum. The River and Harbor bill was discussed until adjournment.

In the House on the 28th, Richard Vaux was qualified as a member from the Third Pennsylvania District, and took his seat. A bill was passed appropriating \$125,000 for the establishment of a military park on the battlefield of Chickamauga. The River and Harbor bill was finished in Committee of the Whole, reported to the House and passed. Adjourned.

In the House, on the 29th, the Senate bill for a general forfeiture of land grants was reported with amendments, ordered printed and recommitted. Senate bill for the relief of the widow of Rear Admiral McDougall was passed. The House went into Committee of the Whole on Public Building bills. A number were reported favorably to the House, but, pending action, the point of no quorum was made by Mr. Turpin, of Alabama, and the House adjourned.

How Patti Keeps her Good Looks.

Mme. Patti is a philosopher as well as an artist. "Good looks, which are nothing more than perfect bodily health," she says, "are woman's stock in trade, while her talent, whatever it may be, is her capital. I have treasured my looks, but in doing so I have forgotten many of the pleasures that the multitude of women enjoy. When I do not sing I go to bed as early as an infant, and I always sleep in a room without a fire. I have the window wide open, because I do not think it wise or safe to breathe again the same air. In getting fresh supplies for my lungs I frequently experience bodily discomfort. Then I rest, not momentarily, but whole days at a time. Our clothes and furniture are protected from wear by not using them. As I don't care to wear out I adopt the plan of a good housekeeper and save myself. I don't rock, I don't fret. I never read or allow people to tell me about the horrible or gawsonic, for those things distress and worry me, which agitation can do nobody any good, and does me a great deal of injury. I not only believe but know for a certainty that women fret away their youth and beauty. Care is a disease of the mind, and as insidious as any that preys upon the body. I have no home cares to bother me, and I don't permit my friends to provide any. Mind, I like women and I love society, but one can pay very dearly for social intercourse and friendship."—Home Journal.

"A Doctor's Don'ts."

Don't read in omnibuses or other jolting vehicles. Don't pick the teeth with pins or any other hard substance. Don't neglect any opportunity to ensure a variety of food. Don't eat and drink hot and cold things immediately in succession. Don't tamper the appetite with such variety of food as may lead to excess. Don't read, write, or do any delicate work unless receiving the light from the left side. Don't keep the parlor dark unless you value your carpet more than your children's health and your own. Don't endeavor to rest the mind by absolute inactivity; let it seek its rest in other channels, and thus rest the tired part of the brain.

Let parents beware of the candy which the children purchase as they go back and forth to school. Some of it is often strongly flavored with brandy or other liquors.

JUVENILE ATTENDANT CAVALLIERS.

A Mighty Useful Being for the Fashionable Married Woman.

Among the products of modern society there is none more remarkable than the juvenile attendant cavalier. A dozen rich and highly respectable New York matrons now provide themselves each with what she is pleased to call "a useful boy," and to do her justice, it must be acknowledged that she compels the young man to earn his qualifications. Mrs. Grundy has accepted him, and the husband heeds him not. Indeed, he is rather regarded by that individual in the light of an understudy, as he relieves monsieur of many of the social duties which would otherwise interfere with his own engagements, whether of business or of pleasure. There was a time when a married lady of personal attractions would scarcely have ventured to go about anywhere with a good looking young man who was not her husband.

Nowadays we look for the harmless, necessary "tame cat." The fashionable matron takes much pride in the appearance of her cavalier, and to qualify for the position he must in a measure be ornamental as well as useful. Furthermore, he must in no wise be awkward. He must be able to put a cloak around madam's shoulders as well as her maid, and to adjust her opera hood without ruffling her hair. It being part of his duties, too, to attend to her fans, bouquets, opera glasses, programmes, dogs and all such impediments, it is necessary that he should not indulge in the old-fashioned occupation of wool-gathering, while on no account must he permit himself to cherish the usual masculine aversion to "shopping," for when he is not dispatched alone to execute my lady's orders, which may range from a box at the opera to a box of pearl powder, he is required to be in attendance when she makes the round of dry goods emporiums.

To the onlooker the value of his presence on these occasions, appears limited, for it seems that he does nothing but balance himself on the edge of chairs, adjust his tie in every available mirror, and occasionally make mildly facetious and frequently impertinent comments on the goods. At the restaurants he secures luncheon, and being well drilled in madam's likes and dislikes he thus saves her the trouble of choosing her own fare, and the infliction of getting what she detests.

He is useful, too, in finding the carriage after the theatre or afternoon party, and added to all these services he is not exactly intellectual qualities are the advantages that he can be snubbed at will; that he never dare grumble like husbands; and that he never bores with the wearisome attention of older men. To what end do these perfumed dandies get run errands and act as footmen if not to play at being gay Lotharios? Their reward is that they get taken everywhere, and everybody has to treat them with some civility. Then there is the train of a pretty, or at least, of a popular woman, a distinction which all youths envy. They live on the metaphorical milk and honey of the land, they bask in luxury, and revel in all the best entertainments, pick up "good tips," and eventually, if they are smart, secure a rich bride.

Whittier's Advice to a Youth:

My acquaintance with the poet Whittier dates from a lovely summer afternoon just before my fifteenth birthday. I shall not try to describe the tall, noble figure and delicate yet commanding features with which we are all familiar, nor attempt, either, to repeat the sparkling conversation which ensued.

One thing especially impressed me at the time and will never be forgotten, says a contributor to the *The Writer*. Mr. Whittier said that his early ambition had been to become a prominent politician, and from this ideal he was persuaded only by the earnest appeals of his friends. Taking their advice, he united with the persecuted and obscure sect of Abolitionists, and to this course, he said, he attributed all his success in after life.

Then turning to me and laying his hand on my head, he remarked, in his gentle voice: "My lad, if thou wouldst win success, join thyself to some unpopular, but noble cause." My father chanced to mention, before leaving, that I had occasionally written scraps of poetry. Whittier kindly asked me to send him some verses on my return, and, armed with his autograph, I retreated to the carriage happier, I dare say, than I have ever been before or since.

Some days afterward I mailed to the poet a few rhymes which had seen light in a religious journal published in Boston. The reply, as dear a treasure to-day as it was then, spoke flatteringly of my effort and closed with the following advice:

"I would not advise thee to publish much for the present. In two or three years much will have been gained by thee. Study, experience, close observation of nature and patient brooding over thy verse will do a great deal for thee. I would, however, advise no young man to depend upon poetry. A profession or trade is needed; and brave work must be done in a world of need and suffering. With kind remembrance of thy father and with all good wishes for thyself, I am truly thy friend,
JOHN G. WHITTIER."

Heartless.

BY ANNIE L. BRAKENRIDGE.

Men say, "She has no heart" and pass her by:
"So cold, and passionless,"—but ask not why—
I know the secret and will tell it you.
A gentle merry maid, she had a heart,
Of her possessions rich, the richest part:
A heart that, true itself, thought all were true.
The hand that reached for it looked strong and white,
Yet felt its purity and weak its right;
She knew not and she gave all, trustingly.
Wearing of toying with it, dealing pain,
The hand that sought it tossed it back again
All bruised and bleeding. Laughed she bitterly.
And now within the darkness out of sight
She hides it close, lest some new grief should
Call her not heartless, who has borne such ill.
You say she mocks you? Nay, she would but try
If what you speak for truth be truth or lie;
Her heart is healed but scarred; she hides it still.
Call her not heartless who for light doth pray;
Pity her—help her heart to find the day;
We true, that she her trust need not conceal,
That love may find and all her worth reveal.

UNDER THE CHESTNUT TREE.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH.
BY ISABEL SMITHSON.

I believe that there is no spot on earth where chestnut trees grow, blossom and fruitfully as they do at St. Leger of the Ponds. They tower majestically above the ferns and buckwheat fields, and border the three ponds, the still blue waters reflecting their leafy branches. The village stands under the shadow, and the people live on chestnuts for six months of the year, while the greater part of their income is derived from the sale of the wood, in the form of stakes, planks, poles and barrel-hoops, or even as fire-wood.

A few years ago, I was commissioned to go to the cure of St. Leger, and give him the sum of one hundred francs, for the poor of his parish. The money had been sent me from Paris, by the "Baroness de Vircourt," with a letter explaining that her mother was very ill, and desired to bestow an alms upon the poor of her native village.

It was a beautiful day in the beginning of September, and I determined to kill two birds with one stone by carrying the money to the pastor, and then going in search of game, a few partridges, or even a rabbit. Accordingly, I set off, galloped and armed like a Nimrod, and leisurely traversed the few miles which separated my home from St. Leger.

The population of the village, numbered about one thousand souls. I found the pastor, a robust though venerable man of sixty-five years, seated in a plain lime-washed room on the ground floor of his tiny house. This apartment seemed to serve as parlor, study and sleeping-room all in one, and I judged from the appearance of it, and surroundings that the money I brought would delight the good man. To my surprise, however, the sight of the bank-note produced little or no effect.

"We have very few poor in this parish," said the Abbe Present, "in fact there is no one in want at present."
"No poor?" I exclaimed in amazement, and he replied with a smile.
"The truth is that all my parishioners are what you would call poor, but they are so accustomed to their poverty that they are unconscious of it, and content. In their opinion a diet of chestnuts and potatoes with black bread, and cold water is quite sufficient for week-days, and the addition of pork and cider on Sundays, constitutes luxury. Nevertheless, Madame de Vircourt's money will be very useful to buy medicine and wine, for the sick when winter comes."

"Unfortunately, that will not do," I said, "for my friend has charged me to distribute the alms within twenty-four hours, and I must abide by her wishes."
"And yet I am sure she would not like to have her money used without care and discretion," returned the pastor, "extend the time to forty-eight hours and I will go about and try to make good use of the hundred francs."
"Very well," I replied, "I will return here the day after to-morrow, to learn the result of your efforts. And now you tell me where in this neighborhood I am most likely to find game?"
"Keep along this road till you come to a narrow lane on the left; follow that and it will lead you to large fields of heath, and if you do not see some grey partridges there you need not expect to find any in this part of the world."

I took leave of him, found the heath-fields, and had two days of fine sport. Then I went back to St. Leger for news of the bank-note.
"Monsieur," said the Abbe, as I entered his house, "I have been able to dispose of twenty-five francs for you, and here are the remaining seventy-five."
I could hardly believe my ears, for it seemed incredible, that in a community of a thousand souls, there should be so few poor.

"Perhaps you would be more successful," added the pastor, seeing my surprise, "I should be happy to receive you as my guest if you would share my poor home, and possibly you might, in your ramblings, find means of using the rest of the money."
"I accept," I answered promptly, "for your parishioners are such original, and interesting people that I should be delighted to make their acquaintance."

The next morning, I took my gun and set off in quest of game and poverty. After an hour's walk, I reached a charcoal-burner's cabin; it stood in a grove of chestnut trees that was so thick, one would almost have thought it a forest, and its owner, a man of about seventy years invited me to enter; as it was beginning to rain. I accepted his offer, and seated myself on a tree-stump which did duty for a chair, and while my host, and I conversed I glanced round me curiously. In a corner of the room was a heap of straw and rags which evidently served as a bed; and I said to myself that poverty was to be found here, if anywhere. The charcoal-burner was called Misonflet, and when I told him my name and profession he exclaimed that he had known my father. Speaking of him with such artless expressions of affection and esteem that I could scarcely restrain my tears.
I resolved to give him enough money

to buy himself a mattress and a quilt, and was making up my mind how to introduce the subject, when the old man asked suddenly:
"Will you do me a favor, Monsieur?"
"Certainly," I said, "as many favors as you like."
"You are very good, Sir." I have a niece in your town, whose husband died three months ago, leaving her to support four children, and the eldest can hardly tell its right hand from its left. I want to give her a little help, and I have some money here that I have had no means of sending to her. Providence must have led you here to-day, for you will not object to taking this packet to her, ten francs, for Jeanne Vanthier 19, Coq street."

I took the packet from him with one hand, and with the other returned to my pocket the twenty franc piece, which I had just pulled out to bestow on him. How could I offer alms to a man who was giving to those still poorer than himself?
When I left Misonflet, chance led me to a cottage, which, though larger than the charcoal-burner's cabin, was hardly less poor-looking. I entered into conversation with a middle aged woman I found there, and learned that her husband had died a few years ago, leaving her with three children, one an infant in arms. If the children had not inherited from their father delicacy of constitution which made it necessary for them to have all kinds of expensive fare, it would not have been so hard for her to bring them up.

"Just think, Sir," she said gravely, "I was once on the point of begging bread for my little ones! But, thanks to the goodness of God, that time is passed, and we are able to live on our earnings instead of on charity. My eldest boy makes twenty sous a day, and my second, makes ten."
Again I put the twenty franc piece back in my pocket.
"Surely," I said, "every one about here is not so fortunate as you are. Is there no one in this parish who would be glad of a little help?" I explained to her the errand with which I was charged, and she stood thinking for several minutes.
"No, I do not know of any one in actual want," she said at last, "the good lady's money would only be wasted, the men would buy wine with it, and the girls, finery and gawgaws."
"It is to be given only to the poorest people," I said, and was about to take my leave of her when she exclaimed suddenly:
"I ought to have remembered the Bourdons! Old Bourdon broke his leg three days ago, and as he has a wife and five children to support—
"Where does he live?" I asked abruptly.

"At Martinsons, only a little way from here Sir," was the reply, and I hurried off in the direction she indicated. The "little way" proved to be three or four miles across freshly ploughed fields, and through heath and furze that reached to my knees. At last I arrived at a cottage before the door of which sat a man chopping wood and whistling a rustic air.
"I want to see a man named Bourdon," I said.
"I am Bourdon," was the answer.
"You have lately been so unfortunate as to break your leg, have you not?"
"No, it was a sprain, that is all."
"But it must have caused you to lose a great deal of time," I suggested, and the man answered cheerily:
"Oh no, not much. I have to go to bed a little earlier and get up a little later than usual, but that does not make much difference."

It was evident that he did not need my money, and I turned away from him in a rage. A little later I reached the cross-roads, in the centre of which stood the most magnificent chestnut tree I had ever seen. At the foot of this tree a woman was crouched, a poor old creature clad in rags and shivering all over.
"Are you ill, my good woman?" I asked.
"Yes, I have had chills and fever for the last three months," she gasped, and I thrust into her shaking hand my twenty franc piece exclaiming:
"Buy some quinine!"
She called down a thousand blessings on my head, and I returned triumphant to the Abbe.

"Well, are you satisfied?" he asked.
"Perfectly," was my reply, "I have found a rabbit, three partridges and a paper."
When I told him about the old woman with chills he laughed merrily.
"Is that how you carry out your friend's orders?" he asked.
"What do you mean, Monsieur?" I said in return, "do you not think that poor creature a fit object for charity?"
"Yes indeed, I do, but you were to give the money to the poor of St. Leger, and Madeleine Arbis, whom you met on the cross-roads belongs to the parish of Tuilleries."

That very evening I wrote to Madame de Vircourt, told her of the difficulties I had met with, and asked permission to distribute the money among the poor of my own town.
Her reply was favorable and I had only to go into two houses near my own, to dispose of the fifty-five francs. Alas! if I had had three or four times the amount I should have had no difficulty in getting rid of it, there were so many poor. It is true that these people did not possess less than the inhabitants of St. Leger; indeed most of them had a great deal more, but their small wretched homes were within sight of palatial mansions, and they saw people living on rich meals and wines, while they themselves had only bread and vegetables. It was the contrast that made their poverty so bitter and unbearable.

I have lately heard that St. Leger, has become the happy possessor of two factories, and has great prospects for the future, but I am afraid that if I were now to go back to the little hamlet under the chestnut-trees, I should find there more want and misery than I would be able to relieve.

RECEIVE (wealth or prosperity) without arrogance; and be ready to let it go.
The wretched condition of the convicts in the mining camps of Alabama has moved a woman to effort, Miss Julia Tutwiler being busily engaged in establishing schools among them.