

BY THE FIRESIDE.

I care not how, in reckless rout,
The rude winds blow the leaves about,
Nor how, in summer vales serene,
They toss the white above the green!
I have here, where no cold winds be,
A kindly cot that covereth me,
And one whose smiles can cheer and charm,
In the strong circle of mine arm.
Yain is the winter's icy art,
While her dear love doth warm my heart!

Within are lights and shadows shed
On sweet, wee forms tucked up in bed,
Hath glory such alluring gleams
As children smiling in their dreams?
O world of waste and wintry snow,
Give me but this—my dress'dle! glow,
A corner in the storm and strife
With love of wee ones and of wife,
And I shall yield all other art
For just that love that warms my heart!

An Interrupted Journey.

"Don't tell me stuff and nonsense,"
thundered a querulous voice, the words
punctuated by heavy thumps on the
board floor. "Tis a conspiracy to
leave me, and I'm no such fool as to believe
otherwise. Another of your little
games, Mariel! I, of all others, am to be
hurried and cuffed and dragged and
hustled and hustled, or left in this con-
founded hole. Oh, my foot! Take care
what you do! Have you no mercy? I'm
a Job and a Jonah in one."

By this time the cause of the hub-
bub had hobbled to the door and
brought himself into full view of the
coach. He was an old man, stout and
round-faced, yet not altogether ungen-
eral looking either, though his features
were drawn in places by pain. Indeed,
a glance at his left leg explained all.
It was banded and wrapped in cloths
and strings after the fashion of an
Egyptian mummy, and his foot was
slung to his haunches by two strong
straps of black ribbon. Gout, the de-
mon, after glancing merrily at him
from many a glass of old port, had left
the cup and fastened on his leg; and
now its talons, stuck deep into his
flesh, stabbed him with long, sharp
pains. Under his shoulder was stuck
a strong crutch, and his right hand held
a heavy stick.

"Now, Martha, look alive! Down
this step, and be hanged to it! If ever
they get me into this hole again they
may keep me altogether, and good luck
to them and theirs. Easy now! Have a
care what you're about."

When he spoke of Martha he referred
to a quiet-looking, middle-aged woman
who, carrying a huge bundle of wraps,
stepped outside and assisted him down
the step. But it was not she who drew
the attention of the spectators. For no
sooner had the old gentleman reached
the ground than he said:

"Where's Mariel? Trying to give me
the slip, I suppose. The girl will be the
death of me; I know she will. Job was
never persecuted with an ungrateful
niece."

At the mention of her name, a tall
girl stepped from the inn and, glancing
neither to left nor right, walked
straight to the coach and took her place.
But even the glimpse thus afforded
was enough to prove her no ordinary
girl. She was lithe and confident; the
pink of her cheeks was pale but health-
y, and her nose was aquiline without
a fault. But her most striking fea-
ture, that which dominated the others
and made one look at her and look
again, was her hair. It was red—un-
compromisingly red. It fuzed and
bristled and seethed around her deter-
mined face, and doubled and twisted
and tumbled over the crown of her
head and down her neck, and refused
to be imprisoned, even though all the
subtle arts only a woman knows had
been set against it. But she disappeared
into the coach, and the bystanders'
attention was once more centered on
the gouty gentleman. He was stand-
ing on leg and sticks, glaring fiercely
at the coach.

"Half a mile away, of course," he
said scornfully. "We might as well
walk to London when we're about it
as run half the distance after a rickety
coach. Why in thunder don't you draw
up to the door?"

To this demand the whip vouchsafed
no reply. He treated it with the silent
contempt a noted coachman is expected
to show towards a mere passenger.
But the hostler, whose arms were being
unmercifully racked by the unruly
mare, made haste to say:

"Better hurry up, sir. Coach waits,
sir."

The old gentleman, who had been
on the point of hobbling towards the
vehicle, halted and bent his scathing
gaze on the speaker.

"Coach waits, sir! It does, eh? I
suppose you're surprised it isn't on
the gallop down the highway and me
hullooing after it on one leg and a
stump of a tree." Here he flourished
the crutch in the direction of the un-
fortunate hostler till the mare caught
sight of it and tried to jump over the
tongue of the coach. "Coach waits,
eh? Oh, I am sure I'm very much
obliged to the coach."

The old butler, with a generous tip
fresh in his mind, whispered confident-
ly to the waiting passengers:
"Orrible sufferer, the old gent is, but
'earty enough at times, and good-
'earted, too, 'e is."

This foeman, fairly out of action, and
no new one appearing on the scene, the
gouty old gentleman resumed his hob-
bling gait towards the coach; and then,
after many cautions to his companions,
much lifting by the inn servants, and
grumbling and groaning by the sub-
ject of all their care, the door was slam-
med, the hostler set free the impatient
steed, the horn rang merrily, and a
start was made on the long journey to
London town.

Turning to the girl in the corner, as
the coach rattled on, the old man said:
"I hope you're satisfied, Mariel, now
that you see me kicked and dragged
about, all because of you and your go-
ings on."

"There was no need for you to drag
yourself about, sir," the girl replied,
coldly. "I could have returned home
perfectly well myself, unattended."

"On my soul, Mariel, I believe you
would have jumped at the chance to
run away with that scallawag Har-
wood. Little chance of your reaching
home had we not come with you."

The girl said nothing, but the refer-
ence to "goings on" and "scallawag" in-
stantly turned the attention of all the
passengers on the fair traveler, who
comported herself as uprightly in her
seat as in her walk. Obviously there
was a love story here, a more or less
romantic one, too, it seemed, with a
scallawag in it and an independent
young woman; and this good news and
the hope of further developments stir-
red the passengers, especially the fe-
male members, into something like an-
ticipation. Could it be young Harwood,
of Rodmer Hall, whose estate lay to the
London side of the great Moor? He
was something of a wild youth, to be
sure, as more than one of the passen-
gers knew by hearsay.

"Well for the young scamp I am a
helpless invalid or, egad, I'd ha' kicked
him out of my house," exclaimed the
gouty party, savagely. "And to think
of the confidence of him to ride to your
father's house. Ha! ha! egad, he soon
got the right-about-face there, ha! ha!
Oh, whew-w! confound that leg! I'll
have it cut off and be done with it. Sit
over, Martha, and give me a bit of
room. Job never had the gout, that I'll
swear."

It was 8 o'clock when the coach rolled
from the door of the Horse and Hounds
on its way to the Jolly Gardener, eight
miles distance, on the edge of the moor;
and from the Jolly Gardener to the next
halting-place was across a twenty-mile
stretch of bleakness. From time im-
memorial it had been the custom of
travelers by the coach to stop for a hot
dinner at the Jolly Gardener, preparatory
to the long, trying stage in front of
them.

At the Horse and Hounds the inquisi-
tive passenger noted that snow was
falling fast and that a biting north
wind was springing up, which cheerful
information he lost no time in convey-
ing to his fellow-passengers. But
thoughts of warm cheer soon to be
theirs prevented a too protracted con-
templation of the gloomy side of the
picture. Conversation for the first
time during the journey waxed general
and even the lady in the lap of the wo-
man in the corner did not cry when it
awakened amid unwonted surround-
ings. The cheery prospects affected
even the gouty gentleman. He looked
around with more satisfaction on his
companion than might have been ex-
pected. Turning to the girl at his side,
he observed:

"Well, Mariel, my lass, let's cry quits.
We'll say no more about it. In a few
hours I'll hand you into the keeping of
your father—egad, how I'd like to help
him to finish his bottle of port, but no
more for me! I'm taking you home
and, though you know, Mariel, my lass,
I can scarcely overlook—"

"Please say no more," the girl inter-
rupted laughingly.

"No more? Why, I haven't said a
word, not a word," the old fellow broke
out, gingerly running the tips of his
fingers along the coverings of his in-
valid leg and making wry faces the
while. "I'm surprised at my own re-
tience, indeed I am. Here, your
father and I have settled for years,
ever since you was a puss so high,
that you should marry—"

"Please, sir," exclaimed Mariel, in a
beseeching voice, "do not say any more
about it. I do not ask this for myself,
but for the comfort of our fellow-travel-
ers, who, I am sure, would rather we
discuss our private affairs in private."
(This was mistaken consideration on
Mariel's part.) My father's plans must
surely in part conform to his daughter's
determination.

Ere the old gentleman could reply to
this astonishing bit of treason the abrupt
stoppage of the coach threw all
inside into confusion. The vehicle had
been slowly climbing a hill, and the in-
quisitive passenger had merely time to
pull aside the curtain and to note a
peculiar blur of far-off light through
the snow when his head was knocked
against the window edge by the coach
starting at breakneck speed down the
hill. On the vehicle tore, each passen-
ger gripping aught that would help him
or her to retain the seat, and even the
gouty-stricken abandoned care of his
leg to clutch the cushions with both
hands.

Luckily for those inside, the trip was
as short as violent, but unluckily the
halt came as suddenly as the start.
When the passengers picked them-
selves up and threw open the doors to
know the cause of the unseemly speed
a lurid spectacle met their gaze. The
crumbling walls of the Jolly Gardener,
open as a woven basket, held their fill
of glowing coals, and, from the top, the
flame, a great broom of fire, swept the
sky. Near the stable which adjoined
the doomed inn, some men were strug-
gling with insane horses bent on rush-
ing into the flames, while others were
working tooth and nail to quench the
little tongues of fire that sprang from
all parts of the thatch.

It was fortunate that the wind blew
the flames in the opposite direction and
that the straw was covered with snow.
The passengers sat dumfounded. SMG
sat cold and gaunt with hunger, they
sat looking pathetically at the wild
scene.

"Egad, our dinner's well done by this
time," the old gentleman said sarcas-
tically. Turning in wrath to Martha,
he said: "Nothing to eat with
you, I suppose?"

"You said I was not to bring you any-
thing," answered the woman, meekly.

"I said? It's always 'I said!' On
my soul, you would think I was always
gabbling. How many tongues have I
to 'said' things with, I'd like to know?
Egad, I'll soon be passed saying any-
thing with the lot of you. Job never
did a coach journey in winter, I'll
wager my life."

A cry from one of the men who had
climbed on the roof of the stable cut
short this harangue. The next instant
Mariel sprang from the coach and van-
ished through the blinding snow in
the direction whence the appeal came.
The fire had attained its fiercest and
the heat became acute enough to set
the thatch on the stables ablaze in a
hundred places at once. Unless fresh
and willing hands coped with the in-
creasing danger naught could save the
sole bit of shelter left for the weeping
women and children of the inn. Snaatching
a bucket from the hands of a man
who faltered from long work, Mariel
said:

"On top with you. I'll carry water
and hand it up," at the same time run-
ning in the direction of the horse-pond.

For twenty minutes or more she
worked like a slave, refusing to be re-
Story 2

Heved; and she took her turn at the dip
with the coachmen, inn men and stable
boy till the thatch ran streams of water
into the muddy gutter and the inn lay
a huge mass of glowing cinders where
the snow was buried and swallowed
with many a savage hiss.

Mariel reappeared at the coach door,
but ere she entered the innkeeper
stepped up to her, his hat in his hand.

"A bit of something warm would be
no like it, but all I have to offer ye
to-night, my lady, is my best thank-
s and my wife's, too, and the child-
ren's."

She took his wet hand and, looking
him frankly in the face, said:

"I am sorry for your loss, sir, indeed
I am."

"Don't say a word about that, miss.
I started here in this world, and I still
have hands and health and I'll come out
all right. Thank ye, kindly, and if
you're passing this way I won't for-
get you and yours."

Five minutes later the coach was
jolting and rattling across the moor
drawn by eight horses still trembling
with the excitement of the night. It
must have been 4 in the morning when
matters reached a crisis. For an hour
or more the coach had been laboring
painfully and occasionally the sharp
crack of the whip sounded above the
howling of the gale and the creaking
of the joints. Suddenly there came
a wrench and snap, the coach lurched
to one side and then stood still. No one
stirred; all intuitively knew what had
happened, though they were too miser-
able to care. When the poor, shiver-
ing post-boy told them an axle
had given way and said he would bank
up the snow to the windward side to
keep the warmth, none spoke. In the
gray of the morning the wind dropped
and the sky cleared, and when the post-
boy looked out from his warm place
among the huddled horses he beheld a
cheering sight. Six horsemen were
plunging through the snow-drifts to-
ward the stranded coach. The post-
boy lost no time in passing the good
news to the passengers.

"Ere's 'elp," he said, triumphantly,
"six on 'em a'comin' on 'orses. I 'opes
as they've brought sumpin' to heat."
The glad tidings acted like magic;
every one stirred and tried to look
pleasant.

The post-boy started to meet the
party, to anticipate as far as possible
the arrival of the "sumpin' to heat,"
but he brought himself to a sudden
halt and was about to turn and make
for the coach when a gruff voice com-
pelled him to stand.

"Not a step, you cub, or I'll let day-
light, such as it is, and fresh air through
you!" the voice said. And the voice
meant what it said.

The boy stood shivering from cold
and fear. In a few minutes the riders
were alongside. All were masked save
one who led a horse carrying a side-
saddle.

"Is there a young lady with—with
blonde hair among your passengers?"
asked the young man who wore no
mask. Before the boy could answer
the gruff highwayman spoke up.

"Not so fast, young man. We haven't
agreed to let you go yet."

"Hang it all, you have my purse and
pistols! What more do you want?"
retorted the young man sharply.

"Your horses."

"Oh, very well, you may have 'em.
They shall be delivered to you as soon
as I get this young lady safely to my
house! Surely my word's good for two
horses?"

"Right! It's a bargain. And there's
to be no hunting us, or I'll put a bullet
through you, if I swing a thousand
times for it. Let's on to the coach!"

Poor passengers! Instead of helping
themselves they helped themselves.
It was a masked face that looked on
them and a voice said:

"Purses, please, and watches, and any
little bauble in the way of jewelry you
happen to be burdened withal. No
fuss or nonsense, now. Out with every-
thing, or I'll bundle you into the snow
to lumber you up."

He went carefully through the list
of passengers, refused to take the
purse offered to him by the woman
with the baby, and when he had gather-
ed his harvest he withdrew his head
and, speaking to Mariel, who sat next
the window, said:

"Let's see, your hair is blonde. 'That's
what he calls it. Red is good enough
for a common man like me. He's wait-
ing for you here."

"Who waits me?" she asked quickly,
paying no heed to his gallery.

"Mr. Blackhair I'll call him for want
of a better name. We picked him up
on the moor as we came along. I think
he was bent on a little coach-stopping
on his own account. He has a horse

saddled for you. We've lightened him
of his purse, pistols and some little con-
tent of himself, I'm thinking."

"The highwayman was pushed uncer-
emoniously aside and the face of an
agreeable-looking young man appear-
ed at the window.

"Harwood, as I'm alive," gasped the
gouty old gentleman, clutching his
crutch as though he intended to
slough. "Oh, you villain—you—"

In a moment Mariel was in her sweet-
heart's arms, and he had carried her
through the snow to the saddled horse.

"Where are you off to?" shrieked the
gouty gentleman, as young Harwood
nounced his own steed.

"Gretna Green, if need be," laughed
the young man, waving his hand.
"Pleasant journey, and tell Mariel's
father we will pay him a state visit a
few weeks hence, when we are rightly
settled. And Mr. Highwayman, send
for these beasts as soon as you like.
They are yours. I would like though
to redeem the pistols you've taken
from me."

"Oh, very well. Good luck to you,"
and the two horses bearing the lovers
dashed through the snow-drifts and
speedily disappeared from view.

As they vanished the gouty old gen-
tleman collapsed, and all that his fel-
low-passengers heard him say for the
rest of the journey was "I'm a Job
and a Jonah in one."

England's Cathedrals.

It was my privilege to see ten of the
cathedrals of England, and situated, as
some of them are, in small towns, one
comes on visiting them to know more
of the life of the people than the tour-
ist can attain who flies from one great
city to another, says a writer in the
Springfield Republican. Each traveler
will have his favorite among them, and
all have their excellencies and defects.

Some of them are partially spoiled
by the smoke of the town, and any res-
toration ought to be welcome that will
clean it off. Such is the case with
York and Lincoln, and, to a greater ex-
tent, with Peterborough, whose magnif-
icent facade, or rather architect's con-
ception of it, is best appreciated by
the study of a photograph. As the
English are not inclined to the apothe-
osis of dirt, they have in many cases,
removed the ugliness in recent years,
and Peterborough itself is now
made glorious within, in all the mar-
velous beauty of its cream-white stone.

When these buildings are not in smoky
towns the atmosphere, after the lapse
of ages, has sometimes heightened the
architectural effect, so that Ely grows
old gracefully, and Salisbury even
beautifully. Salisbury and Cant-
erbury seem well-nigh perfect. In Dur-
ham the marble columns are marred by
a puerile fluting; the towers of York
are not all finished. The wonderful
central tower of Lincoln has lost its
pinnacles; the greatest facade of Peter-
borough is out of proportion to the
building; the external effect of Ely is
too much like a fortress; the spires of
Litchfield are not mates in color and
are somewhat ornate; but upon Can-
terbury and Salisbury the eye rests con-
tently. And yet he is little to be envied
who would not find intoxicating joy in
every one of these, so great are they
and in their varied power so lying the
beholder above and beyond all inci-
dental defects, and it is quite to the
credit of the young woman from a
Springfield who is said to have burst
into tears at the sight of Westminster
abbey.

What Does Electricity Do?

The Mining and Scientific Press thus
sums up the uses to which electricity
is applied: It enters into the prepara-
tion of what we eat and drink and wear
and there are many articles of utility
now produced by its aid. The residen-
ts of many cities in the United
States have their houses protected,
lighted and heated by electricity. They
go to their places of business in cars
run by electricity, the elevator by
which they reach their offices in high
buildings, or the machinery in their
factory, is run by electricity. The bell
which summons them to church is rung
by electricity, and the church organ is
played by electricity. Electricity
brings the news to them from all parts
of the earth, stamps their letters, auto-
matically sounds the alarm in case of
fire, rings the door bell, cooks the food
and fans them while eating it. When
they go to the dentist their teeth are
drilled and filled by electricity, and
miniature electric lamps are now con-
structed for the use of doctors in diagnosing
diseases. The patient swallows a
lighted lamp which illuminates his
person so as to enable the physician to
make a correct diagnosis. The barber
cuts or shaves the hair by means of
electricity, the streets are lighted and
the farm cultivated by it. By means of
it we can talk to our friends 500 or 1,000
miles away, and hear their voices as
distinctly as though they were in the
same room. There are now some
eighty-five electric railways in the
United States, and 9,000 miles of track,
employing 25,000 cars.

Freaks of an Earthquake.

A queer happening attributed to the
recent earthquake that shivered up
through the Middle States from the
Gulf to the Lakes is that many wells
have gone dry, and not a few cisterns
and reservoirs have become empty
since the shock. In the case of the
latter it is probable that the cement
cracked, or the construction was
otherwise weakened, but the explana-
tion does not entirely explain the case
of the wells. The bottom of a well in
Lagro township, near Wabash, Ind.,
dropped off entirely, and nothing that
has been used to sound the depths of
the hole has touched the bottom. To
all appearances there is an immense
cavern under the well hole.

A NAVAL WONDER.

A Russian War Vessel that Holds the Palm for Speed

Very few vessels that have yet been
built have excited more interest than
the Sokol, the latest addition to the
Russian fleet. The guaranteed speed
of twenty-nine knots was alone suffi-
cient to account for this, it having been
two knots in excess of anything prom-
ised at the time the contract for the
vessel was made. It may be said at
once that the interest shown by en-
gineers and naval architects in the
progress of the vessel has been more
than justified.

The vessel is 190 feet long by 18 feet
6 inches beam. She is, of course, a
twin-screw vessel, and has three-stage
compound engines of the type ordi-
narily fitted by Messrs. Yarrow in ves-
sels of this class; having cylinders 18
inches, 26 inches and 39½ inches in
diameter by 18 inches stroke.

The boilers are eight in number.
They are of the well-known Yarrow
type, and it may be stated that boiler
arrangements are similar to those of
the Hornet, the vessel built by this
firm for the English Government, but
which was about two and one-fourth
knots slower than the Russian vessel.

It will be remembered that at the pre-
liminary trial the maximum mean
speed of 30 1-4 knots was obtained as
a second mean of three runs, with and
against the tide. Since then the offi-
cial three hours' run had been made in
the presence of Prince Oukhtomsky,
naval attaché to the Russian Govern-
ment, and chief of the Russian Com-
mission; Captain Behr, who will com-
mand the vessel; Mr. Poretchkin, en-
gineer-in-chief to the commission, and
other naval representatives.

The mean speed on the six runs was
29.777 knots. As the mean revolutions
per minute of the six-mile run was
105.15, the true mean speed of the
vessel for the three hours was 29.762
knots. The coal burned during the
three hours was ten tons seven hun-
dredweight, with an average air pres-
sure of 13.8 inches.

It will be seen, therefore, that the
palm for the swiftest vessel in the
world has once more reverted to the
Poplar yard, and the British Navy
once more loses the supremacy in
speed which it has held for some time
past.

The remarkable success of the Sokol
has not been due to a mere exercise of
what may aptly, if not correctly, be
termed the brute force of horse-power.
The maximum power exerted did not
reach 4,000. Exactly what it was we
are not aware, but, taking a line
between the spots obtained by pro-
gressive runs on the preliminary trial,
it could not have exceeded the figures
named.

In the case of the Sokol, although she
had been steaming about thirty knots
for three hours, the paint on the four
chimneys was as fresh as when put on.

ROUND-UP OF HORSES.

Five Thousand Animals Gathered Up

Five thousand horses in a single
bunch, rearing, running, snorting and
shying, urged on by two score pictur-
esque Indian and half-breed riders,
sending into the air a cloud of dust
that envelops and partially conceals
the vast band of cayuses as the rid-
ers with swish of ropes, with shouts
and yells, urged on the surging band
of half-wild creatures before them,
writes a correspondent from the
Jocko Indian agency. It is a picture
seldom seen now, and only possible in
the unrestricted range of the reserva-
tion, a picture, if seen, never to be
forgotten.

For five days these bronze riders
have scoured the northern range of the
reservation, driving before them every
horse that was found in this long
stretch of country. They have ridden
across the rolling ground of the lower
valley; they have searched the canons;
they have penetrated the dense tim-
ber of the foothills; they have climbed
to the open parks on the mountain side,
from valley and canon and hillside
they have driven the half-wild horses,
and have gathered them on the banks
of the Pend d'Oreille river for the cut-
ting out.

Five thousand tossing heads, 10,000
vicious eyes, 20,000 tramping hoofs!
Almost as far as the eye can reach are
horses, horses, horses. There are
steeds of every color and of every size.
Nearly all of them are the mean,
treacherous Indian ponies, some of
them shapely and handsome. It is
true, but in every eye is a flash of
wildness that betokens ill for the man
who attempts to tame the owner.
Here and there in a mass of horses
that is being urged onward at a trot
is a big, fine-looking animal that evi-
dences good breeding. But there are
not many of these. They are nearly
all cayuses of the cayuse order.

At one of the ranches on the back of
the river there are three big, well-
fenced pastures, and here the cutting
out will be done. On the reservation
there are now about fifteen thousand
horses, and of these it is estimated
that fully 2,000 have no right to the
Indian range. This will do much to
improve the condition of the range,
and it is for this purpose that the big
round-up has been undertaken.

The band of horses now being driven
toward the extemporized corrals has
been gathered in the region north of
the Pend d'Oreille river. As soon as
the cutting out has been accomplished
the riders will cross the river, and will
round up the stock between that
stream and Crow creek, and there will
be another separation at the Allard
ranch on Mud creek. In addition to
the removal of all horses, Agent Car-
ter has ordered that all cayuse stall-
ions may be disposed of in order that
there may be some improvement in
the grade of horses raised on the re-
serve. Thus the round-up will ac-
complish a double purpose.

NEARLY BURIED ALIVE.

The Narrow Escape of a Pennsylvania Boy

An accident that entailed a short de-
lay in the funeral arrangements was
the cause of saving the life of a little
boy who was supposed to be dead, and
who, but for the accident, would be
under ground.

The boy who has had this strange
experience is William, the four-year-
old son of Patrick Kelly, of Larksville,
Penn. The small town has been in-
fested with an epidemic of diphtheria
for a couple of weeks, and on a recent
Wednesday one of Kelly's four chil-
dren was stricken. In two days more
all of them had the disease, William be-
ing the last taken down. The others
had it only in a mild form, but he
grew weaker until finally the doctor,
who had been almost constantly at his
bedside, pronounced him dead.

In order to avoid further danger to
the other children the parents decided
to hold the funeral as soon as possible,
and it was arranged for the following
day at 2 o'clock. Next morning the
nurse who had charge of the case took
the little body from its bed and washed
it preparatory to placing it in its cof-
in. The parents had ordered a new
garment from a store in which to
clothe the body, but it had not arrived
when the body was washed. The un-
dertaker was ready to screw down the
lid of the coffin as soon as the body was
prepared, as, owing to the infectious
nature of the disease, it was dangerous
to keep the body exposed to the air.
As the garment had not arrived, the
undertaker was obliged to allow the
body to remain on the table, and, to
expedite matters, he went to the store.
On the way he met the boy with the
package. It appeared that he had
dropped the first package, and, the
paper bursting, the garment had been
soiled, wherefore he went back for
another, all of which caused a delay of
about ten minutes.

The undertaker hurried back to the
house, but he was not needed, for a
couple of minutes after he had left
the mother had gone into the room to
give her child a last kiss. As she bent
over him she was startled to see his
arms move, and as she stood wondering
the little fellow opened his eyes and
said, "Mamma, I'm cold."

The next moment he was fast asleep
and breathing easily. A physician
was hastily sent for, and, after exam-
ining the child, said it would recover
naturally. To a reporter the physician
added that the bath the nurse had
given to the body was the means of re-
suscitating it.

The child grew stronger all the
time. Had the errand boy not dropped
the package he would without doubt
have been fast in the coffin when con-
sciousness returned.

A Famous Criminal.

Jabez Balfour, who has just been
sentenced at London to fourteen years'
imprisonment, ranks with the eminent
criminals of the century. It is estimated
that \$500,000 has been spent in keep-
ing him out of the clutches of
justice. His victims furnished most of
the money.

Balfour's career will doubtless yet
illuminate a novel. After his fashion
he is delectable to the writers of the
fiction which is the mirror of truth of
the time. He built his success of un-
godliness on a foundation of godliness.
A professional philanthropist, he em-
ployed his opportunities to cozen
ministers, curates, widows and guar-
dians on promises that only the imma-
ture could have believed to be honest.
The so-called "Liberator companies"
were, in plain terms, swindles, but
their character was not developed until
Balfour and his co-partners had got
away with nearly \$5,000,000 of sav-
ings, the loss of which ruined, by ac-
tual record, nearly 40,000 persons.

Balfour escaped first to the contin-
ent and then to the Argentine, where
diplomacy and international