

THE PILGRIMS.

"Whither, pilgrims, whither bound
Passing slowly with no sound?"
One by one they journey by,
Gliding, gliding silently;
Slowly, slowly, dim and gray,
Hold they on their ghostly way.

"Hither, children, making May
Of the solemn autumn day,
Who were they but now went by
While the dead weeds gave a sigh?
Who the pilgrims, dim and gray,
Stopped and looked upon your play?"

"We have wandered many hours
Here where some one hides the flowers;
We heard laughter in the grass,
But we saw no pilgrim pass."
Whispers one, pale-cheeked is she,—
"Shapes went by; they beckoned me."
—John Vance Cheney in Century.

MISS LATIMER'S ASSASSIN.

There was a man hanged under mob law in Southern Ohio several years ago. It was the first incident of that kind that had ever occurred in that part of the State, and the people thereabouts were naturally greatly excited over it. The man's crime had been a heinous one. He had shot down in cold blood, and without the slightest provocation, two women and wounded a third. The rest of the women and children were wrought up to a high degree of frenzy, and even after the desperado was hanged the sight of a strange man was enough to send them into spasms of terror.

Perhaps the person who suffered most acutely at the time was Miss Ellen Latimer. Miss Ellen was well-to-do. In her younger days she had spent two seasons in "society," in the nearest city, and in the top drawer of her bureau was a satin-lined rosewood box filled with costly jewels and other mementoes of that happy period. Then there was her silver; her knives and forks were the best in the country and her spoons couldn't be matched anywhere. In addition to that she always kept a little ready money on hand. All things considered, a villain who had plundered for his object could not find a more profitable victim than Miss Latimer.

Besides, Miss Ellen's mode of living was a regular standing invitation to ill-disposed persons to come and do their worst. Her sole companion was Harvey Hempstead, a half-witted boy of 12, whom Miss Latimer, in the goodness of her heart, had taken from the poorhouse when he was a little fellow and brought up as a sort of social experiment. Miss Ellen and Harvey lived in the red brick house that had sheltered the last three generations of the Latimers. It was a very lonesome place, being situated on the edge of a large field at the end of a lane that extended fully a quarter of a mile back from the main highway. Miss Latimer had often been urged to take some one into the great house for her protection, but even after the shock attendant upon the shooting and subsequent hanging she stolidly refused to do so on the ground that she couldn't afford to be bothered.

"I don't deny that I'm afraid," said Miss Ellen one day to her married brother, who had earnestly implored her to do something to insure herself against danger from possible robbers, "but I really think that Harvey and I are better off as we are. You can't trust anybody nowadays. I wouldn't dare to have even a hired girl around, and if I undertook to allow one of the farm hands to sleep on the place I'm sure we would be murdered before morning. There's Pat Henning, for instance. He's been doing chores around the house and barn for more than two years, yet I'm as afraid as death of him. The only really easy moment I have is when I see him lock the stable door at night and strike out across the field toward his own home. Harvey is 12 years old and strong, and nobody would touch a hair of our heads without our giving him a lively tussle. No, thank you, brother, I don't want anybody here but Harvey."

As the months passed and nothing further transpired to break the monotony of existence in that neighborhood Miss Latimer's fears gradually subsided, and she remarked that "she guessed it would be a cold day when another woman killer set his foot on that soil." But that hopeful view of the case was not shared by Harvey. Harvey Hempstead was a boy who said little, but who, when his weak mind was once set on any particular subject, never ceased thinking of it. He had never expressed himself very freely on the question of the hanging, but for all that not a day passed that he did not expect to receive some caller on evil bent before the night came, and he made preparations accordingly. That was the first thing he thought of when one Wednesday morning in May, Miss Latimer announced her intention of going to the neighborhood village to spend the day.

"Spoonin' he comes to-day—to-day—to-day, while I'm alone—alone—alone," lamented Harvey, in his drawing, disjointed way.

"Who?" demanded Miss Ellen, sharply.

"Somebody like him that was hanged—hanged—hanged," faltered Harvey. "Nonsense," returned Miss Latimer. "That's a thing of the past. You mustn't think of such stuff. If you get lonesome you can get one of Pat Henning's boys to come over and stay with you."

Patty Henning had brought the horse and buggy around to the door and Miss Latimer climbed into the vehicle and drove away, leaving Harvey looking

after her through a swirl of apple blossoms. The brown horse jogged leisurely down the lane and out into the highway. The air was redolent with the perfume of billows of apple blossoms in the orchards that lined the road and the scent of newly upturned earth. Miss Latimer had passed up and down that same thoroughfare a good many times in the last twenty years, and often under similar conditions, but somehow the flowers had never seemed so fragrant, the air so balmy, nor the sky so blue. She could remember but one other morning when all the elements of nature had conspired to produce so fair a scene and that was many years before when she had ridden over the same road—but not alone.

It all came back to her that bright May day with startling vividness. She could see him as plainly as if he were then at her side. She met him the first season she was in "society." She was young and pretty then, and he made no effort to conceal his admiration for her. Throughout those happy months she spent in the city he was her devoted admirer and when she came home in response to a call from her sick mother, he soon followed. He stayed a week, and it was arranged that he should come again in autumn for their marriage. She drove him over the smooth yellow road to the railroad station one radiant morning in May.

That was the last time she saw him. She never even heard from him directly, but three months later the news came through a natural friend that he had married a girl in a Canadian town whither he had gone on business.

Many times throughout the ensuing months Miss Ellen assured herself that her love for the man was dead, but as she drove slowly toward the village that spring day twenty years after their last meeting the flood of recollection that surged over her heart brought home the truth that affection such as she had given cannot die and that in her loveliness and loneliness she had lost the very essence of life.

In the meantime Harvey, being installed housekeeper at Latimer place for the day, set about his duties. He busied himself in the kitchen and cellar for an hour or more, then went into the woodyard and began to bring order out of the chaos of stovewood, which Pat Henning had split the day before. That done he went around to the porch, and, sitting down in the shade, rocked his long, lanky body slowly to and fro until the shifting shadows warned him of the approach of noon. Then he started into the house to prepare luncheon. Just as he stepped over the threshold he heard the clicking of the latch of the front gate, and, turning quickly round, he saw a man coming down the path. The man was a stranger, with a black beard, black clothes and a black straw hat.

"Good morning," he said politely. Harvey's tongue was benumbed and he could not answer.

"Is Miss Latimer in?" asked the stranger.

Harvey's voice was returning by degrees and he said, "No," very faintly. "Will she be here soon?"

"No, not till night—night—night," quavered Harvey.

To the boy's dismay the man sat down on the edge of the porch and began to fan himself with his slouch hat.

"That's too bad," he said in a tone of genuine regret, "but I'll wait till she comes if I have to stay a week. I must see her. My boy, I'm hungry. Do you think you could get me something to eat?"

Like a flash Harvey's ordinarily dull mind conceived the situation over which he had secretly pondered for many months and with equal agility the few rays of his concentrated intelligence planned a way out of the difficulty.

"I guess I can," said Harvey, forgetting in his enthusiasm to repeat the final word of his sentence.

In less than an hour after the black-whiskered man had eaten his luncheon he had fallen asleep on the sofa in the sitting room. As soon as his deep, regular breathing announced that he had fallen into a stupor from which he could not be easily aroused Harvey quickly pushed the narrow couch into the long dark closet that ran far back under the stairway; then locking the closet door, he took up his station beside it and impatiently awaited the arrival of Miss Latimer. It was 5 o'clock when that lady came home. Harvey heard the wheels when she turned into the gate and went out to meet her.

"Miss Ellen," he said in an awed whisper, "he came."

"I'll stay here and watch the closet door till you get back." Harvey needed no second bidding. Pat Henning had just started over to the Latimer place when he neared the little cottage.

"There's a man up there come to shoot Miss Ellen," he shouted, as soon as he turned the corner of the house. "Go for the Sheriff—Sheriff!"

Neither did Pat Henning wait to hear the end of the command. He caught the gist of Harvey's communication, and in an incredibly short time he had saddled his own sorrel mare and was off for the county seat, only stopping on the way to tell friends, or, perchance, strangers, whom he happened to meet that there was another desperado in the community and that he had assaulted Miss Ellen Latimer. Pat Henning was barely on the way when Harvey started across the fields at a steady lope. He reached the house none too soon, for the effects of the sleeping potion having worked off, the man who was imprisoned in the closet was emphatically demanding his release, and Miss Latimer was beside herself with fear. She had taken refuge in the back yard, but even there the threats and entreaties shouted out by the prisoner were distinctly audible, and it was plain, not only to her and Harvey, but to the neighbors who soon began to drop in, that her situation was critical. They held a consultation, and it was decided that it was best for no one to venture into the house until after the arrival of the Sheriff.

It was almost 10 o'clock when that worthy accompanied by his deputy, Pat Henning and three other men whom he had picked up on the way rode pell mell up to the front gate, and, hastily dismounting, stalked bravely toward the house. At the Sheriff's urgent request Miss Latimer continued to rusticate in the back yard until the trying ordeal should be over and the would-be assassin carried away in chains. She was surprised by the shouts of the men within, when the prisoner was dragged forth from the closet and the handcuffs clapped on his wrists. Then she watched for them to ride away, but for some reason they still lingered. She could hear the attention voice of the Sheriff raised in the noisy altercation with another person, whose voice was too low for her to distinguish either the tones or the words. Presently the officer appeared in the doorway. She could see by the light of the lantern he carried that he was flushed and vexed about something.

"Miss Latimer," he said, advancing toward her, "this man insists upon seeing you a moment. He says there has been a grievous mistake and that if he can only speak a few words to you everything will be all right. You needn't be afraid. His hands are bound. Will you come?"

"Certainly," said Miss Latimer. She took Harvey's cold hand in hers and the two followed the Sheriff into the house. The prisoner was sitting dejectedly on a low chair near the closet door. His head was bent, and only his profile was visible as she approached him. But there was something in the very air of the man that made her start and clutch Harvey's hand more and more tightly. She stood before him and he looked up. A smile passed over his bearded face. She leaned on Harvey for support then, but quickly mastering her emotion she signified her desire to speak with her assassin alone. Harvey discreetly looked out of the farthest window.

"Elle," he said, meekly, "I wasn't expecting such a reception at this after the lapse of all these years. I wasn't counting on being locked up as an assassin."

"No," she returned calmly. "Neither was I counting on your running away as you did twenty-one years ago. You are worse than an assassin. You murdered my heart. You—"

She was on the point of breaking out in a torrent of reproach and scorn, but in an instant she seemed to be riding over the yellow road again with him by her side and the fragrance of the rich, dark earth rising round them like an incense. The sudden transition of thought brought with it a corresponding change of heart, and the love thrills of the morning pulsed through her veins suffusing her comely face with becoming blushes. She drew a step nearer and laid her hands on his shoulders.

"Why did you come back, John?" she asked, softly.

He attempted to take her hand in his, but those useful members being for the time incapacitated for duty he only looked the eloquence his tongue could not utter alone.

"Why?" he repeated. "Because I love you."

"And was that the reason you left me?"

"Ellen, Ellen, be just—"

"As you have been?" she remarked. "As you alone know how to be," he went on. "I've been an idiot and a rascal. All men are if you'll give them half a chance. It's their nature. I didn't know my own mind. A man never does. Ellen, I haven't a word to say in my self-defense except that I love you. Neither have I a word to utter against the woman I married. She was a dear, good wife. But I love you and always have. Ellen, you'll have to be good to me. Haven't you tried to keep me by taking me prisoner?" he added facetiously.

"Do you know your own mind now?"

"I know it," wailed Harvey, whose ear had caught the final threat. "I know he was an assassin—assassin—"

"Hush, Harvey," said Miss Latimer. She stopped down and kissed the man's dark, wrinkled face—and, oh, what a tender kiss it was! Then she went to the door and called the Sheriff.

"I find there has indeed been a mistake," she said. "This gentleman is an old friend who called in my absence. Harvey drugged him and locked him up. I'm sorry to have troubled you. You may free his hands. These bonds are needed no longer."

"It was a mistake—mistake—mistake," echoed Harvey, who stood by her side.

There was much disappointment at the Latimer plate that night over being cheated out of a possible lynching, and even after the prisoner was freed the people still lingered, hoping that something would turn up, after all. Miss Latimer and her lover did not heed them. Long after midnight the two sat by the window, through which the apple blossoms were drifting on the night wind ever and anon and talked over the past and future. Harvey did not take the persistence of the neighbors so affably, however.

"It's all a mistake—mistake—mistake," he shouted from the kitchen door. "You'd better go home—home—home."

And at length they went. Pittsburg Press.

A Careful Little Financier.

It was a bank near the suburbs of Brooklyn in which a little girl not more than eight years old, made her appearance the other day, asking if she might see its workings. A polite little girl was not to be refused, and she was taken inside and shown the various departments of the institution. But that was not where the money was kept; could she see where the money was kept? Certainly, and she was taken to see the vaults. Still there was no money to be seen, and she was not satisfied. Could she see the money? Certainly, if that was what she wished, and the vault doors were thrown open, and, with a sigh of satisfaction, the little girl saw some of the money in which she was interested. "Do you think burglars could get in here?" she asked, finally. "Certainly not," replied the bank official who had been acting as conductor. "It would be very difficult for burglars to get into the bank, and they could not get into the vaults. But now," he continued, "you have asked me a great many questions, little girl, and I should like to know why you are so much interested in this bank." "Well," said the little girl, confidentially, "my papa put \$5 in this bank for me the other day, and I wanted to be sure that no burglar could get in and get it."—New York Times.

Florida Abandoning Oranges.

"Though Florida did considerable business during the past winter season," said Captain Frank W. Crosby, who has just returned from there, "in the way of entertaining guests from the north, it fell short of what was expected. The people of middle and northern Florida are satisfied that oranges will not pay, and they are steadily removing their orange groves and going into the business of truck farming for the northern markets. There is more ground devoted to garden truck now than to oranges, and with the increase of facilities in the way of and methods of transportation there is less risk about it and even more profit. People can hardly realize the loss caused by the freeze in Florida four years ago. Orange growers who were worth \$25,000 when they went to bed awoke the next morning to find that a freezing snap had occurred, and they were as poor as beggars. One night wiped out of existence orange groves that took ten years of time and thousands of dollars in money to get in shape. In the extreme southern part of the state the orange groves are still profitable, but in other portions they are risky."—Washington Star.

Refused Without Proposing.

Few women, outside of royalties, ever "popped the question" to a man, and perhaps only one has had the experience of being rejected by a man without having proposed to him. There was one, and the Hon. L. A. Tollemache tells the story in his "Personal Memoir of Benjamin Jowett," master of Balliol, Oxford.

The master's personality was potent and penetrating, and good women felt its fascination. An undergraduate was ill at Balliol College, and his sister, coming to Oxford to nurse him, was invited by Dr. Jowett to stay at his house. She received from him the utmost kindness and attention, and when leaving said, with much hesitation, that she would venture to ask a very great favor. She again hesitated; the master grew uneasy and looked interrogative. "Will you marry me?" at last she asked.

He paced up and down, blushed deeply, and replied, "That would not be good either for you or for me."

"Oh, oh," exclaimed the young lady, blushing even more deeply. "I meant to say I am going to be married, and would you perform the service?" She had been refused, poor girl, without having proposed.—Detroit Free Press.

Bott's Message in a Codfish.

In a large codfish recently caught on the Scotch coast was found a corked lemonade bottle, made in Elgin, containing a piece of paper, on which was written, "Schooner Lucio foundered 8 miles off Dunnet Head. God help us."

FOR THE YOUNG FOLKS.

THE SAND MAN.

The Sand Man drops in every night,
The Sand Man with his sand;
To sprinkle grains in little eyes
With unseen, unfelt hand.

He comes about the hour when all
The baby work is done;
When toys lie scattered round the room,
Abandoned one by one.

A hobby horse once rocked with vim
Stands quiet in his stall—
A consecrated space between
The trundle bed and wall.

A jumping-jack, an iron bank,
A painted rubber ball,
A rattle with a whistle on,
A bruised and battered doll.

A dozen little glittering things
So dear to babyland,
But now the Sand Man comes around,
The Sand Man with his sand.

Two chubby little fists are forced
In two small sleepy eyes,
To rub away the sand which sifts
Across some tired sighs.

And now the Sand Man yields his place
To a fairy with a rod,
Who beckons toward that mystic shrine,
The babyland of Nod.

The Sand Man drops in every night,
The Sand Man with his sand;
To sprinkle grains in little eyes,
With unseen, unfelt hand.

—(Charles Nelson Johnson.

A BEAR THAT LIVES IN THE WATER.

Next time you have a chance put some water from the edge of a standing pond under a high-power microscope, and perhaps you will see that most interesting little organism known as the water bear. It is a diminutive animal, often found in drinking water, and looks very much like a bear. The extraordinary thing, however, about this tiny creature is that he is found in the gutters of houses, where he is at one time dry as dust and scorched by the blazing sun, at another active and full of life under a refreshing shower of rain. The water bear has the scientific name of tardigrada, because he takes life so easy. He is always fat and plump, and spends his waking periods in constantly grubbing with his four pairs of legs among whatever rubbish comes in his way. Having eyes, brain and a nervous system, he is much ahead of most of his tribe, and he is altogether one of the most interesting and amusing little animals known to science.

A TRUE STORY OF A HORSE.

My great grandfather always attended church. It was a serious thing, indeed, that could keep him at home. As he lived a long distance from the meeting-house he used to take his family in a big wagon drawn by a certain pair of horses named Jap and Gyp. Why he sold Jap I do not know, but he did sell him to a neighbor, a farmer who lived not far away. This man never attended divine service.

One Sunday, shortly after the sale, my great grandfather started for church, driving Gyp alone. As he passed his neighbor's house he saw Jap feeding in a pasture adjoining the road. Jap was not behind his old master in the use of his eyes. He caught sight of Gyp, and galloping across the field he leaped the fence, and with a glad whinny he took his place beside his old mate, trotting along in the most demure fashion. Into the church shed with Gyp went Jap, and there he remained during the long service. Of course, this little incident did not go unnoticed, and it was not strange that it soon reached the ears of Jap's owner. "If my horse goes to church, I guess it is 'time I went,'" was his comment on the affair. And he did go.

WHO STOLE THE EGGS?

Sometimes a monkey is quite as smart at mischief-making as a boy. A French writer who has studied monkeys for many years tells this little story.

At the saintes, an island dependent upon Guadaloupe, a small detachment of infantry was quartered in a house in which it messed, and in which there was consequently a supply of provisions distributed all about. The supply of eggs was placed upon a shelf over a door, so as to put it out of reach of rats and other marauders.

One day the cook, upon going to get some eggs, came near falling to the floor with the entire stock upon observing that five or six eggs, placed at the top of the basket, consisted of nothing but empty shells. Upon examining them he saw that the thief, after making a very small hole at the point, had sucked out the contents and had then carefully placed the egg in the same spot whence he had taken it.

There was an African in the employ of the post, and as Africans are gourmands there was no one else to suspect. So he was accused and threatened with a flogging. He protested his innocence and swore that, if he were spared, he would do his best to discover the guilty person.

In addition to the African there was a monkey at the post, and the former, knowing better than the Europeans the malice of the monkey, said to himself at once, "It was that monkey that sucked those eggs."

He therefore set himself to watch, and after two or three days that the thief had allowed to elapse, doubtless in order that his crime might be forgotten, he saw the monkey climb up the door frame, put his hand up to the shelf and seat himself thereon. Thus master of the place, the animal delicately picked up an egg, made a hole in it with the nail of his forefinger, and then sucked out its contents.

Then, with all sorts of precautions, he repeated the egg, when the African, allowing himself to be seen, closed the door and seized the thief as he was about to jump to the floor.

The monkey was dragged before the captain, acting very much ashamed, and the African thus proved his innocence.

"HAIL OVER."

Notwithstanding the many games taught in the kindergarten, none of them can rival or rarely even compete with any that parents can remember to have played in their younger days. For instance, any father who can teach his boys and girls "Hail Over," when out-door games are in season once more, is advised not to forego the renewal of youth that the chil-

den's wild delight will bring to him. Our cities now include so many suburban homes within their limits that such games are among the possibilities of a great many families.

For "Hail Over" a barn or outhouse is usually a necessity to be sure it may be tried with one of the picturesque low-roofed houses as the center, but the wild racing that is a great part of the fun is hardly consistent with the flower beds or well-kept lawn of a "front yard." A party of six is the very best number to make this game properly exciting; twelve is better still. They must range themselves in parties of equal number, on either side of the building, each with a captain. A good-sized rubber ball is thrown over the center by the leader with the cry "Hail Over." It is caught on the other side and then there is a moment of breathless excitement for the party who have thrown the ball do not know from which side of the building the enemy will rush upon them, for immediately the ball is caught by this same enemy he and his have the right to rush around the building and whoever is not fleet enough to scud round to the other side and is hit by the well aimed ball is captive and is taken on the other side.

A game lasts from twenty minutes to half an hour, and when "time" is called the side which has the larger number is, of course, the winner. The young, older men—yes and women who have played this apparently simple game will remember the element which enters into it just verging on terror, but not near enough to it to do anything but sharpen the fun, even for a rather timid child. Then the scream from the girls and the shout from the boys when the enemy is fairly upon them and the wild scamper to escape the ball! Only try it on the next mild day.

Another bit of fun which mothers will remember to have whiled away many an otherwise dull hour will serve for a stormy day indoors. The fashion papers and fascinating advertisements of to-day give material for this amusement called "Fairy Dancers," for which the little girl of twenty years ago would have given a great deal; here they are, though, for her wee daughter, and clipping and cutting should go on as papers and magazine come to hand until there is an ample boxful from which to choose.

A BARON'S TAME LEOPARD.

Of all the cat tribe leopards are the easiest to tame and teach if they are captured while young. When these creatures are old their savage habits have become fixed, and it is almost impossible then to tame them.

Thirty years ago a curious and well-known sight on the streets of Berlin was Von der Madliern with his tame leopard, says Our Animal Friends. Baron Von der Madliern, when a young man, was for several years German consul in Egypt. While there an Arab friend presented him with a young leopard. It was only a few days old, its eyes not open yet. The young baron determined to make a pet of the leopard and train and treat it like a dog.

The leopard was never confined in a cage, but was always allowed full liberty, and was well fed and petted. He slept on a comfortable rug in his master's room, and if the night was cold crept upon his master's bed and shared it with him. Through the day, in doors and out, he followed Von der Madliern about like a faithful dog and displayed a dog's affection for his master.

He grew by and by into a handsome creature, one of the largest of his species, and finely marked. When he had been in Von der Madliern's possession about two years the baron was recalled to Berlin, and took the animal back with him. In Berlin the leopard occupied the same place in his master's house that he had done before, and followed the baron about the streets in the same way.

At first the sight of the savage creature stalking solemnly along beside the man created quite a sensation in the city, and people crowded to see him pass. But it grew to be an every-day matter, which only attracted occasional notice from strangers or children.

There go the baron and his leopard," they would say, and that was all. Old Berlin residents still remember the leopard, and speak of it even now.

The animal lived to be about fifteen years old, and died much lamented by all who knew him.

Drum Majors Are Passing.

"The drum major as he used to exist, the pride of the band and the glory of the procession, is a thing of the past," remarked a band master. "In his place, freaks of all kinds are now popular, from small boys with their twirling baton to fellows who carry a musket and go through all kinds of fancy evolutions while the band plays on. The drum major plays but little part in a band except for show. Though the small boys thought he led the band in its music as well as otherwise, he had no more to do with the music than has the letter P as far as sound goes in the word pneumatic. The brass band is led by its leader, and the only thing that was expected of the drum major was to look as important as he could. The fellow who led the Pittsburg band in the inaugural parade drew a larger salary for his ability and skill at handling the musket he carried than did any of the players in the band outside of the leader, who is always the financial, as well as the musical manager of the band."—Washington Star.

Weak constitutions that cannot stand a great amount of vigorous bathing will find an excellent use for the flesh brush in taking what might be called a dry bath. There are seasons when, from having a cold or some other ailment, one becomes particularly sensitive; and at such times a brisk brushing will do much toward keeping the skin clean and smooth and the flesh firm, and may with advantage take the place, say every other morning, of the regular daily bath. But the dry bath is only for unusual occasions, the proper use of the flesh brush being as an adjunct to the bath, not as a substitute for it.—New York Ledger.

The vineyards of Greece overtop in productiveness all other countries.