

THE BREAKFAST.

I.
A ripple of laughter, and repartee bright;
Rustle of curtains that shook out the light
Of the broad sun, new-risen, o'er meadows and lakes,
And her eyes, and her red lips, and coffee and cake!
And who with the world that break-fast divide?
But a crust were a banquet with her at my side!

II.
A ripple of laughter—a rill of it, sweet
As the rills that toss lilies past meadows of wheat
When the June birds are singing o'er green fields and brakes;
And her eyes, and her red lips, and coffee and cakes!
And who with the world that break-fast divide?
But a crust were a banquet with her at my side!

III.
The light of her eyes, and the light of her face,
And the sun's light, gold-sifted through curtains of lace;
The breath of the morning o'er meadows and lakes,
And the blessing of Love over coffee and cakes!
Ah! who with the world would such breakfast divide?
But a crust were a banquet with her at my side!

—F. L. Stanton, in Atlanta Constitution.

NORAH'S SACRIFICE.

"Ah, how pretty she is!" he said. "Was there ever such a pretty lass, d'ye think, Norah?"
"Perhaps not," said Norah; and she took her milking pails and followed May, going on before with a light step and a gay song, toward the meadow where the cows browsed. But when she was quite out of hearing of Ned Wilton, sitting perched upon the stile, she muttered to herself: "Pretty! pretty! pretty! Ah, they ring the changes upon that, these men, as the old bell-ringer that knew but his one tune used to do, down in the church tower. Pretty! pretty! pretty! It's never 'good'; it's never 'honest'; it's never 'true'; it's always 'pretty.'"
Then she stopped and looked up and said with a quiver of passionate grief in her voice: "Oh, I'd give the world just to hear Ned Wilton call me pretty! What a fool I am!" and she went on with her pails toward the cows—Brown Bess and Lily White and Pretty Polly.

Certainly Norah was not pretty; and what there was in her face the man on the stile would have been the last to see. Had she been a queen, many would have seen something strangely fair and regular in her face. Had she been only a rich gentleman's daughter, some one might have dreamed of those deep blue eyes and that pure brow of hers; but red, and white, and fat, and dimples, were the recognized beauties of the locality, as indeed they are all over the world, to such folk as her lot was cast among; and Norah was spoken of as "plain." Two years before, she had taken into her foolish head to like Ned Wilton very much; and he, the farmer's son, had thought well enough of the dairy-maid to say some very pleasant things to her. She had had a sweet dream, but May Britton's coming broke it. Her beauty was very bright and rare, and Ned forgot the nice girl he had been so fond of chatting with, for the pretty one, who smiled and glanced at him. She was not as good as Norah; she had not half her earnestness and constancy; but the face was all to Ned. So May Britton wore a little plain gold ring that he had given her, and promised to be his wife in midsummer.

They lived upon the coast of Lincolnshire, and it was years ago. None of them knew how to write more than their names. The farmer's deepest lore was the market price of grain. The girls slept together in an upper room of the house, and on her wedding eve May spread out gown and shoes and cheap white reel, and, dancing about them, boasted that when the morrow's sun had set she would be mistress of the house and Norah her servant. And Norah, thinking of the old grandmother who had begged her not to lose so good a place, said nothing, but stood silent, pale-faced and wan, and felt a bitter hate rising in her heart. Ned was away at the town and would not be back before next morning—the morning of his wedding. The old folks were asleep below. How easy it would be in the dead of night to do this beautiful, boasting creature some harm—to mar her beauty or even to end her life!

The thoughts grew so and were so horrible that Norah could not be sure of herself. May, watching her, saw only a deadly whiteness creep over her lips, and with the first touch of pity in her heart folded her veil away, and said, unwisely enough, but meaning it kindly:
"No doubt the next wedding will be yours, Norah."
Then Norah, without a look, turned and left the room. She ought to be safe from herself, for fiendish thoughts possessed her; and, longing for solitude, she climbed a ladder that led to the tiled roof, and, seeking the shelter of the great chimney, sat down in its shadow and looked up at the sky. It was calm and full of stars. Its peacefulness had an instant influence on her. Repentant tears began to flow. She prayed as simple

children pray: "Please make me good!" And all the hate for May left her heart, and her love for Ned—her yearning, aching love for him—softened into a sort of tender memory. Soon, with her white, well-developed milk-maid's arms under her head, she slept, under the canopy of the stars.

At last she began to dream. They were going to church—May and Ned—and she heard the wedding bells; but going in at the door she saw, instead of gayly-dressed guests, mourners all in black, and a coffin before the altar, and gave a scream and wakened. Bells were ringing, but not wedding bells—the bells that tolled if there were any need of the men of the place—if fire broke out or robbers were heard, or there were any rioting in the town. What could it mean? Norah listened. A strange surging sound fell upon her ears. Lights gleamed in all the houses. The truth flashed upon her. Years before her old grandmother had told her how the old sea wall had been washed away, and a tide had risen and swept in upon them on that wild coast, carrying with it, as it went out, kine and flocks, and little dwellings, and even land itself; and how there was mourning throughout the land for those that it had done to death—men and women and children—so that many a house-hold long remembered it with woe. This had happened again. The sea wall was down—the floods were sweeping in. The bells were ringing as they had rung before in the ears of those who now lay in their graves—ringing to tell the same tale to those who were then unborn.

The house in which Norah dwelt was old and near the sea, far from all human aid, too; and its occupants were two very old people and two girls. The only one who would have aided them was far away, and the waters were rising even now above the windows of the lower rooms. She knew that the old people must be drowned in their beds if she did not wake them. She went down into the room where they slept, and cried out, as she shook them:
"The tide has risen again! The tide has risen again! Hear the bells!"
Then she led them, trembling and weeping in their helpless old age, to the roof, and found May already crouched there. She was crying also, and she turned to Norah and clutched her arm.

"Will the water rise so far?" she asked. "Shall I be drowned—I who was to be married tomorrow? Oh, it can't be, Norah!"
"Others will go with you," said Norah. "There are four of us."
"But no others besides me would have been so happy and so proud tomorrow," May moaned.

The old people shook and prayed, and cried softly. Norah, calm and silent, kept watch. The lights floating about told that boats were out. Help might come even yet, but the water was creeping up. It filled the house. It lapped the very eaves. Still it rose higher. Those upon the roof climbed to the very apex of its slope, and clung there, but the water reached their feet, and May was quite mad with terror, when a light glimmered close beside them, and a voice said:
"Good folks, there's room for some here. How many of you are there?"
"Four," said Norah.
"We've room for three," said the voice. "Is it Wilton's folk?"
"Yes."

Then a stout fellow strode over the roof and carried the old woman, and then the old man, and came back.
"We'll return for the other as soon as we can," said he; "keep up courage; and he seized Norah's arm.
"In with you!" he cried. "There's little time to spare."
And May gave a scream, and cried: "Don't leave me! don't leave me!"
Then Norah, in whose heart jealousy had lighted its fires but an hour or so before, felt that the angels had quenched it with the waters of love.
"Leave me and take her," she said.
"I'm not to wait," said he. "And she is to be Ned Wilton's wife to-morrow. Save her for his sake."

She commanded, she did not implore. The man who listened hardly thought of her sacrifice. He obeyed. May was in the boat.
"Keep courage until we come back!" he shouted, and rowed away.
Norah clung to the chimney side, and kept her feet firm on the roof, but they were ankle-deep now.
"Oh, dear, dear Ned!" she cried, "you'll have your love to-morrow. What's plain Norah to any one? Who'll miss her but a poor old woman, who'll follow her soon? But she, May, is half your life. Ned, Oh, God, be thanked that I can give myself for May for your sake!"

And in the starlight her face shone calm and sweet and happy as the water arose toward it. At last her feet lost their hold, and her strength was gone. She was lifted and whirled away; the long, brown hair, unloosened, swept far behind her; the marble face gleamed through rings of water that the starlight made a halo of. A voice sobbing through it said: "Ned, Ned, darling Ned, goodbye!" and there was nothing to be seen but the flood still rising and the sky spread out above it.

On the morrow Norah Abbot's body was found lying close to the old church, when by that time the water had retreated. And Ned and May, among others, came to see. May wept. Ned stood quiet, but with a strange regret in his blue eyes. The story of her sacrifice had thrilled his heart. He looked down at her face, on which the beauty of her beautiful love and unselfishness had rested in her dying moments, leaving an angelic smile upon the marble lips, and said, in a dreamy way:
"May, she was pretty. I never

knew Norah Abbot was pretty before." And then he kissed her.

FRANCE'S GRIP ON SPAIN.

The Relations of the Two Countries Have Long Had Peculiarities.

Ever since, and even before, the days when the kings of France and Spain met on the Isle of Pheasants and made the treaty of the Pyrenees, one of the chief aims of the French policy has been to obtain influence and control in Spain. It was for this that France fought her two most bloody and also most unsuccessful wars. The war with the Spanish succession was chiefly fought out in Bavaria and the Low Countries, but the object of France was control in Spain. Louis XIV., in fact, defied the world, and very nearly ruined his country by insisting on his policy of controlling Spanish affairs.

It was the same with Napoleon. Though, like Louis XIV., he did not try to annex any part of Spain after the manner of his annexation in Italy and Germany—he knew how dangerous it is to "spoil the face" of a Spaniard—yet he strained every nerve to obtain control of the Iberian Peninsula, and may indeed be said to have maintained the empire by his determination to make Spain a political satellite of France. But for the Peninsular war Napoleon might have escaped his final debacle. But no sooner was Napoleon finally overthrown and the Bourbons re-established than the secular desire to control Spain reasserted itself.

In 1823 a French army crossed the Pyrenees and occupied Madrid, and for the time France obtained complete ascendancy in Spain. The influence thus obtained had no doubt to give way to English pressure; but it reappeared again with Louis Philippe's scheme which so nearly produced a war with England and seemed to promise so much for French influence in the peninsula.

Napoleon III. always exercised a great deal of indirect influence in Spain, and was careful to maintain the old policy—that of possessing what Americans call "a pull" on the government at Madrid. It was, indeed, the fear of losing French influence in Spain that nominally produced the Franco-Prussian war. (The immediate cause of the war was a dispute as to the filling of the Spanish throne.) After the war France was for a time too busy at home to pay much attention to Spanish affairs, but it was with a sense of deep indignation and disgust that she learned that Alphonso XII. had visited Berlin, had accepted the colony of a regiment of Uhlans, and that Spain was apparently slipping under the influence of the Triple Alliance. Immediately the French statesmen saw the error that had been made, and it became at once the avowed object of the French foreign office to do everything that was possible to conciliate Spain and re-establish French influence at Madrid. Chance helped the French by the death of the king, and since then French influence over Spain has been steadily and zealously built up by every possible means.—London Spectator.

The Mother No Mentor.

I had taken a very toothsome but not highly finished dinner at the mountain farmhouse, and when I started on my way the daughter, who had looked after my wants at the table, informed me that if I had no objections she would "ride a piece" with me. I gave an immediate consent, and we were presently jogging along toward the Cumberland River.

"I presume," I said, bowing with as much gallantry as the circumstances would permit, "that if any of your beaux should see us riding together my life would scarcely be safe from their jealous rage."
"Well, I s'pose of Jim wuz here," she hesitated, "it mightn't be sich a picnic as it looks, for Jim's mighty bad about me. That's why he aint here now."
"Why?" I asked with considerably more interest and not so much bow and palaver.

"He shot a hole through the last feller I rid with and had to take to the woods till he gets well."
"Does your mother approve of your marrying him?" I asked.

"No," she responded easily. "Maw aint talkin' one way ner t'other. She's been married four times and has made such a dratted muss uv it every time that she says she aint a fittin' person to give advice on the marryin' question, nohow, even if I wuzn't old enough to do my own pickin' an' choosin'." which seemed to be such an unanswerable argument that I retired from the field.—Washington Star

Mr. Billtops and Himself.

"Mrs. Billtops says she doesn't wonder the children are the way they are," said Mr. Billtops, "because if anything happens to me I am 'way down, and anybody can tell it by just looking at me."
"I suppose that is so, and it makes me laugh to think of having it any other way. I've tried it time and again, but gracious me! I never hit it at all. Um-m—'I've made a pretty fair bluff at life and achieved—well, I won't say how much or how little success, but there's one thing I have never been able to do yet, and that is to achieve a victory over myself."
"I am still at it, and I expect to get there some day, but the best I've been able to do so far is to get a fence up around myself, and keep myself within certain bounds. And you heard what Mrs. Billtops said just now—it seems that when I come to the fence and look over, if there's anything the matter with me, I'm the most forlorn-looking object that ever was."
"So you see that as far as gaining a victory over myself is concerned I

Russia's Progress in Poultry Industry.

Russia has made rapid progress in the poultry and egg industry, which now occupies the fifth place in value of her exports, representing \$11,587,500 in 1894. Pheasants are successfully bred, and geese find a ready sale in foreign markets.

CONVICT STEALS A STEAMBOAT.

Desperate Escape of Henry Bradley from Governor's Island.

A daring and successful dash for freedom was made recently by Henry Bradley, a convict on Governor's Island, the Government reservation in New York Harbor. To regain his liberty he stole a government steamer, and in the exciting chase by an armed guard who followed on another steamer he gave his pursuers the slip. Armed guards watched over the prisoners, but at 7 o'clock a. m., while the other convicts worked on the dock, Bradley was alone on the steamer. Shouting to the guard standing on the landing ship that something had gone wrong with the engines, he said: "I'm going to see how she works." Immediately there was a puff of steam, the hawser was cast away from the boat and before the surprised guards could recover from their astonishment the General Fair had steamed out of the dock and was heading for mid-stream with Bradley for crew and passenger.

An outcry was at once raised, and four minutes later the Hettie Palmer, a government steam lighter, started in pursuit with an armed guard on board. Bradley, however, is an experienced engineer, and he was able to get every inch of speed that was in the General Fair. When he saw the Hettie Palmer leaving Governor's Island in pursuit he ran directly for the Atlantic dock at Brooklyn. With full steam on he ran in between a barge and a steamer moored in the dock, and without waiting to turn off steam, jumped upon the barge, from which he made his escape through the docks. During the run across Bradley exchanged his prison garb for the working clothes of the engineer of the General Fair. The guard on the Hettie Palmer landed and made a thorough search of the docks, but without finding Bradley.

An Ingenious Fraud.

A most ingenious quack who in the habit of "practicing" with great success on board the boats running between Dover and Calais has just been arrested in Paris. His method was as follows: He embarked on board the boat and during the crossing a woman, his accomplice, pretended to be violently seasick, so bad, indeed, that she collected around her a group of sympathizing passengers. The swindler then turned up with a small bottle containing, as he affirmed, a drug of marvelous efficacy, which he offered to the sick lady. She, having swallowed one mouthful, declared herself miraculously restored. The bystanders never failed to ask the quack for his secret, and he, giving himself out as an inventor who was going to England to dispose of his patent, said that nevertheless for humanity's sake he would dispose of a few bottles of his medicine just before the boat arrived in port for the sum of \$5 each. The silly people who bought them had thus no time to discover that the "drug" was only colored water, an unlucky discovery reserved for their return voyage. This chevalier d'industrie was arrested while walking in Paris, where he was recognized by one of his dupes.

Choc-talk.

Choc-talk is, in two principal respects, a perfectly secret language. It is absolute jargon to the untaught listener, and it is fairly easy to learn if one is possessed of common-sense and a little patience. But though choc-talk is learned or taught viva voce without difficulty, yet since it is almost impossible as a written language, it is extremely hard to explain it in print.

But if one cares enough to learn it to study the directions carefully, after he has mastered it, he will have no trouble in teaching his friends, and the fun of using it will amply repay him.

Firstly, then, each word of choc-talk is an indication of the English word which it represents, and is accomplished in the following manner: The first letter of the English word is pronounced, not sounded, but given its initial letter of a word is c, say see; if it is h, say aitch; if w, say double you; if a, say a. After the initial letter is pronounced, sound all the other consonants in the word, omitting entirely the vowels.

Wedding Put Off for Fifty Years.

Major D. H. Stewart, 75, married Miss Sarah Jane Evans, 71, at the Presbyterian church, Morgantown, W. Va., recently, with ring, veil, orange blossoms, etc. Both are wealthy. Stewart and Miss Evans were lovers in childhood, and were engaged fifty years ago. Miss Evans's parents parted them, so Stewart married, raised a family, was bereaved, met Miss Evans, found her still a maiden who loved him and had refused dozens of marriage offers proposed and was accepted. They are a handsome couple, and Miss Evans has always been a social favorite, going regularly into society even to the present.—Baltimore American.

Searchlights in Balloons.

Russia is experimenting with giant searchlights mounted in balloons and containing electric burners connected with dynamos upon the ground. The largest of these yet reported is of 5,000 candle power. At a distance of only 900 yards above the earth it will illuminate a circular area 500 yards in diameter to the brightness of day.

am still a poor, weak brother. But then I reckon there's a lot of us like that."—New York Sun.

THE KEYSTONE STATE.

Latest News Gleaned from Various Parts.

RAILROAD ABANDONED.

Brave Engineer Richards Defies Threats of Death From His Workmen—Williamsport Terrorized by a Man With a Large Knife—A Parrot, 100 Years Old, Had Been in One Family for Fifty Years.

New developments relative to the abandonment of the Delaware and Hudson gravity road have come to light. The proposal to abandon the road has been known to the officials for some time, but until Friday was it made public. The decrease in the shipments of coal for the last few years, and the heavy cost of transfers has reduced the profits to such an extent that the road became an expense, and the officials had to face the issue of running at a loss, or abandoning the road entirely. The canal between Honesdale and Rondout will also be discontinued, and although the output of coal will not decrease a cheaper route will be taken to deliver it at New York city. In ten years the number of boats on the canal has been reduced from 1400 to 250. The change will jeopardize the future of Honesdale, as the loss to the town will amount to \$12,000 a month, a large number of the taxpayers being employed on the canal and gravity. Waymart and Prompton will suffer most, as almost their entire sustenance comes from this source. The loss will be keenly felt in Carbondale, far more than 500 men will be affected. The locomotive shops will not be interfered with, but the gravity car and repair shops will be closed. The history of the road is interesting and dates back to 1825, when it was commenced, and was completed in 1828. Up to 1870 it was estimated that the canal had cost \$63,099.54, and the gravity road \$3,000,000. The first locomotive ever used in America was run over this road. This was the Stourbridge Lion, manufactured in Stourbridge, England, and now at the Smithsonian Institute, at Washington.

His Life in His Own Hands.

William Richards, of West Chester, a civil engineer, in the employ of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, is a hunted man. A few days ago he killed one colored man and wounded another during an attempt to murder and rob him, and now a gang of a couple of hundred colored men have notified him that his life must pay the forfeit. Richards has been working in a lonely locality, some distance above Pittsburg, in charge of a large number of colored men, who are known as dangerous characters. He made his home alone in a hut near the scene of the work. A few days ago the pay car visited the place and left the pay for the men. This fact was generally known, and it was thought Richards had the money in his cabin. That night three members of the gang went to the place and broke into it, but Richards met them at the door with a revolver. The first man was instantly killed by a bullet through his heart, and the second one was wounded, but was taken away by the third. Richards has been arrested by a coroner's jury, but sleeps with two revolvers beside him. He has received many threats against his life, but will retain his position.

An Alleged Jack, the Ripper.

The people of the northeastern section of the city of Williamsport are in a state of terror over the actions of an individual who declares himself to be "Jack the Ripper." Several persons who have been on the streets at night have been held up by the fellow who flourishes a large knife and makes all manner of threats. On each occasion the alleged "Ripper" has been frightened away by the approach of other belated pedestrians. Women are afraid to venture upon the streets in that section of the city after nightfall, and many of the residents have armed themselves and promise to give the "Ripper" a warm welcome on his next appearance. The police have made efforts to capture the man, but have failed.

Canal and Railroad Abandoned.

At a conference of the Delaware and Hudson Canal Company officials in Scranton, it was decided to abandon the gravity road of that company running from Olyphant to Honesdale, a distance of twenty-six miles, and the canal from Honesdale to Rondout-on-the-Hudson, a distance of 108 miles. This decision will be a bad blow to the town of Honesdale, as it depends largely on the gravity road and canal for existence. The canal, it is said, will be purchased by the Pennsylvania Coal Company, and its terminus changed to Hawley. It will be operated in connection with the Erie and Wyoming Valley Railroad Company.

A Hunter Accidentally Shot.

John Bower, only son of Calvin M. Bower, of Bellefonte, while on the way home from a hunting trip, was accidentally shot by a companion, whose gun was discharged by contact with a barbed wire fence. The load entered Bower's left shoulder above his heart. Bower will recover, but it is said he owes his life to a heavy padded corduroy coat which he had on, and which impeded the progress of the shot.

Rendered Homeless by Fire.

Fire broke out at Reading in the Italia quarter and two houses were destroyed and two families rendered homeless. Frank Stavagi has \$75 in notes secreted in a trunk representing the earnings of several years. This was destroyed. So was \$100 belonging to John Madont, a boarder. Stavagi's little daughter was painfully burned.

George W. Schaffer Dead.

George W. Schaffer, Treasurer of the County of York, died suddenly at his residence in East York. He was 56 years old. Mr. Schaffer was elected to the Treasurer's office in 1890. In 1892 he was appointed postmaster of East York (Freystown), and remained in that capacity until the office was discontinued. For many years he was engaged in milling and mercantile pursuits.

A Christening Starts a Riot.

While a christening in a Slavish home in Johnstown was in progress beer and whiskey started a free-for-all fight in which fifteen Slavs took part. Two of the participants, including the father of the child, were badly hurt. The other thirteen were arrested by the police and locked up.

"Unloaded" Gun Explodes.

George Wagner, aged 14 years, is lying at the point of death at his home in Dale from a bullet wound in his back, inflicted with a gun in the hands of a companion. It was another case of an "unloaded" gun. Wagner cannot recover.