

A Memory.
Dear, it was a simple touch
Of your hand in clasping mine;
Fondly, in life's caress,
Falls on the stunted pine.
With a tender sympathy,
Dear, you smiled at me one day,
As the sun might gild a fern
Passing by its shaded way.

Great your life, and mine for what?
Fate spins not with you and me,
Yet you linger in my thoughts
For your sweet humanity;
And I like to dream my love
Speaks your mind a gentle ease,
As the little west wind stirs,
Reverently, the forest trees.
—Edith Livingston Smith, in Harper's
Bazar.

BROKE

I am not sure that Mildred had been crying, but I am sure she was on the very verge of tears. When I entered the room she was seated at a table on which was a lead pencil, and the witness of the blunt end bore evidence that she had been sucking it thoughtfully, probably irritably.

"Busy?" I asked.

"Busy!" she retorted in a tone that convinced me that she must have been sucking the pencil irritably.

"Anything the matter?" I suggested.

She shrugged her shoulders. Evidently something was the matter.

"Anything in which I can be of any service?" I inquired.

"No!" she almost snapped out the monosyllable. It is not often that Mildred is so ill-tempered.

"You can put some coals on the fire if you like," she said. This was presumably meant as a concession to my possibly injured feelings.

I obeyed promptly.

"Now, then," I said in an encouraging tone, "what is it? Tell me all about it, and we'll see what can be done."

"Oh, it's nothing," she rejoined. "It's all very silly."

"It's nothing and it's all very silly," I commented. "Explain the paradox."

She tapped on the table with the point of her pencil. She seemed to be considering whether she would explain or not.

"Look at that," she said at length, deciding that she would. She handed me a sheet of paper on which she had pencilled some columns of figures. "You might see if that totals right."

I added up the columns and the total was quite right. "Nineteen pounds seven shillings and eightpence farthing," I said.

"You are sure?" she asked anxiously, but not hopefully.

"Quite sure," I said. "And what does this amount represent?"

"It represents the amount of those horrid bills." She picked up the little pile of papers as though she hated it—as I believe she did.

"And these bills are unpaid?" I ventured.

"Every one of them," she replied bitterly.

"And I understand that you are the—or—debtor?" I continued.

"Oh, don't for goodness sake, use such an appalling word!" she pleaded. "I owe—all—those—bills."

"Why don't you pay them and get it over?" I suggested.

"I can't!" she declared.

It was exactly what I had supposed.

"The amount is not very large," I observed. "At the present moment I have no doubt that I owe a great deal more than—that is it—nineteen pounds seven shillings and eightpence farthing."

She ignored my confession of indebtedness in the most unsympathetic way. She was too interested in her own trouble to worry over mine.

"Look here," she produced a purse from somewhere, as though by sleight of hand, and shook its contents out on the table. There were two sovereigns, one-half sovereign and some old silver and coppers. "Count that up," she commanded.

I obeyed. "Two pounds fifteen shillings and fourpence," I said.

She glanced at another piece of paper. "That's right," she assented. "That's rather nice, isn't it?"

"Nineteen into two and a half won't go," I mused.

I picked up the bills and glanced at them. They all bore the names of various firms of drapers and milliners.

"You are quite certain that all these things are absolutely necessary?" I inquired. "There is nothing you can feel you might have done without?"

"Nothing at all. All men are alike. They all think that women can go about in rags."

"I like to see a woman well dressed," I assured her. "Only I was wondering—"

"Well, then, don't wonder," she advised. "You don't understand anything at all about it, and your wondering can't do a bit of good."

"Won't your father—" I suggested.

"I haven't asked him," she said. "I have already had my quarter's allowance in advance and that's all there is left of it." She pointed contemptuously to the little collection of coins.

"That was very improvident of you," I said.

She almost stamped her foot. "I asked you for advice," she reminded me. "Or, rather you forced it on me—I didn't ask you for it—and I won't be lectured!"

"It's very awkward," I said thoughtfully. "Very awkward, indeed. You seem to be hopelessly insolvent."

"And I shall owe ever so much more before long," she reminded me.

"Cannot you possibly avoid that?" I urged.

"How can I?" she demanded. "I must have clothes."

"That seemed conclusive, and I felt that it would be as impolite to argue as to lecture."

"The only thing to do," I said, "is to file your petition."

"What do you mean?"

"Become bankrupt," I explained.

That seemed to startle her. She stared at me to see if I meant it, and I tried hard, and I think successfully, to look as though I did mean it.

"Nonsense!" she protested.

I shrugged my shoulders. "It's unpleasant," I admitted, "but very often it has to be done."

"And have my name in the newspapers?"

"That is one of the conditions. You see, when you came of age last March, and so many people gave you so many presents, you ceased to be legally irresponsible. You can become bankrupt now quite as legitimately as can a stock broker."

"I won't!" she said, very emphatically.

"It may not rest with you," I reminded her. "One or more of these firms may apply for an order against you."

"Oh, but they wouldn't," she exclaimed.

"And," I went on, "even if they do not do that, they are almost sure to summons you in the county court. Surely you must understand that you can't run up bills in this way, without any means of paying them! At any rate, you can't do it with impunity! It looks so much like trying to swindle somebody."

"But I'm not trying to swindle anybody," she assured me. She was beyond the verge of tears now.

"Of course not," I agreed. "But in a county court they look upon every one as more or less of a swindler. The judge wouldn't know you so well as I do."

"Judges must be brutes," she avowed.

"It is not altogether their fault," I said. "Their calling makes them brutal."

"And what would happen then?" she inquired.

"It would depend on what sort of mood the judge was in," I said.

"I can't bear to see Mildred in distress, but I hoped to discourage her in her mania for running up bills that she can't pay."

"Do you think it would be of any use to apply to your father?" I said.

"I haven't," she replied. "I simply haven't. Things have been going rather wrong in the city lately, and his temper's really awful, especially on the question of money. He does nothing but talk about cutting down expenses."

Inwardly I wondered why fathers are always talking about cutting down expenses. It seems to be a sort of monomania that accompanies paternity.

"Then you are sure there is no hope from that quarter?"

"Quite sure," she replied.

I was silent for awhile. I was thinking out, scheming, reckoning ways and means, pros and cons—not that they needed much reckoning.

"As far as I can see," I said at length, "there is only one person who can get you out of the difficulty."

"And who is that?" she asked, without much enthusiasm. She evidently did not believe in the existence of such a person. She was entertaining confused visions of the bankruptcy and county courts, with possibly a prison cell in the background.

"Your husband," I said very calmly, although my pulse was beating at a tremendous rate.

"But I haven't got a husband," she replied impatiently.

"You are quite old enough to have one," I observed. "And you are too young not to have one—to look after you and pay your bills for you."

"And lecture me and talk about cutting down expenses," she retorted.

"Thank you. One of that sort in the family is quite enough for me!"

The husband I was thinking about wouldn't lecture you and wouldn't talk about cutting down expenses. He would be too fond of you; and he wouldn't talk about cutting down expenses, because things happen to be rather flourishing with him, and look like improving."

"And where am I to find this affectionate, flourishing paragon?" she inquired.

"If you will look straight in front of you he will be the first man you will see," I said.

"What?" she cried, not pretending to misunderstand me. "Marry you merely in order that you may pay my bills? You don't pay me a very great compliment!"

"No," I said, "not merely in order to pay your bills, but that I may look after you, and most of all, that I may be very—deliriously—happy."

"But I couldn't," she protested. "After all this." She waved her hands in the direction of the obnoxious bills. "Because it would be really marrying you for money, wouldn't it?"

"Not if you wanted me for love," I decided.

"But how would you know that I was marrying you for love?" she asked.

"I should know if you told me," I said.

"And besides," she objected, "you don't love me."

"Oh, yes I do," I assured her.

"Then why haven't you told me so before?" she cried, and there was joy in her voice.

"I was afraid that you would only laugh at me if I did," I explained.

"Oh, you are a silly!" she cried. "I understood that remark as an acceptance in full, and Mildred evidently intended it in that way."

Half an hour later I said: "I don't think we had better trouble about a long engagement. The sooner your husband pays those bills the better!" —Philadelphia Telegraph.

FEEDING LONDON GULLS.

Flocks of Birds Along the Thames—Sprats Sold by Hawkers.

There is a man to whom the sight of the coming of the seagulls on the Thames has suggested possibilities of trade, and for several hours every day he promenades the Embankment with a tray, on which are set out small paper bags full of sprats.

"They sell like hot cakes," he told a reporter. "People will always spend a penny on a bagful to feed the gulls with. They like to see them dart on the fish and catch them before they reach the water."

"I'm just a hawker, and make my living this way. It's a brisk trade while it lasts, which is most of the winter, and I'm not denying it pays pretty well. Even giving ten for a penny I'm able to make a living profit out of them."

It may be added that he provides a considerable amount of amusement for those who patronize the Embankment during the luncheon hour also. The feeding of the gulls is now a recognized pastime, and one which attracts a large number of visitors. The birds fly around the buttresses of the bridge in flocks, emitting a continuous chorus of hoarse cries. By Blackfriars Pier they perch on the railing of the deserted gangway, not single spies, but in battalions, all facing up-stream, all keenly awake to the chance passing of a morsel of bread or a sprat.

The fast ebbing tide carries the floating birds down with it. They shoot, passive and uninterested in their fate, through the arches by dozens, but once below the bridge they rise on the water, their wide wings spread out and up they swoop over the mass of cabs and buses, drays and trolleys that stream across the bridge, away to the edge of the Embankment again, where a newcomer has just opened a bag of sprats.

A fish is thrown up into the air, three birds dart simultaneously from different sides in its direction. A collision seems inevitable, yet apparently by mutual consent two of the birds turn aside with a sharp flick of the wing, and the third catches his prey with a downward flash. His gray back shimmers in the sunshine a moment and he is lost to sight again, indistinguishable in the swirling mass.

Some of the birds are tame enough to stand upon the parapet on the Embankment and pick up crumbs while men stand by and watch. But the weather is not yet severe enough to have taught them all fearlessness. For the present they wait until the food is thrown out to them, over the dancing water, with which at least they are thoroughly familiar. —London Daily News.

NEW BISMARCK MONUMENT.

Kaiser's Tribute to the Chancellor in Berlin Memorial Chapel.

The monument to Bismarck, the Iron Chancellor, ordered by the Kaiser for the memorial chapel of the Berlin Cathedral, where the dead Hohenzollern princes now rest, has just been finished. It is the work of Prof. Reinhold Begas, who also executed the national monument to Bismarck in Berlin, and his colleague, Albert Gerlitz.

In general style the monument harmonizes with the building, which is of the Renaissance school. It is described as resembling in its general conception the monuments of Michael Angelo; but as nevertheless displaying originality of thought and execution.

Two tapering pilasters frame it on either side. The main work consists of a base, rounded toward the spectators, bearing the single word "Bismarck," and supporting the life sized, seated statue of the Chancellor.

In accordance with a suggestion of the Kaiser's, the Champion of German Unity is portrayed in the armor of an old time German knight, which is partially veiled by the folds of a cloak. He is bare headed and rests his hand on his hip; his eyes seem to gaze into the distance, his head being turned slightly toward the right.

On either side of the statue and in the rear stand statues of History, a female figure poring over a scroll, and Fame, a youth with trumpet set to his lips and pointing slightly upward as if proclaiming Bismarck's deeds to the world.

With his right hand the figure of Fame draws back a veil from the design carved in relief which covers the wall space behind the statue. This represents the unification of Germany. Germany sits enthroned with the Genius of Peace behind her, holding the palm above her head. The German princes approach her in procession.

First comes a page bearing the imperial crown upon a cushion. Next is King Ludwig II. of Bavaria, King Albert of Saxony, and the Grand Duke of Baden, all wearing regal crowns and ermine robes. Then another page bears the sceptre and orb and behind extends a line of minor princes, who are finally lost behind the partially lifted veil.

The work is in Italian marble. It stands about fifteen feet high. All around it in the chapel stand the monuments to the princes and princesses of the House of Hohenzollern.—New York Sun.

STATE OF PENNSYLVANIA.

Latest News Gleaned From Various Parts.

While Patrick Maloney, a member of the Williamsport police force, was chasing a burglar from the Mosser tannery, at Newberry, at 5 o'clock the other evening, the man turned and fired, killing the officer with the first shot from the pistol. The man was evidently trying to gain entrance to the tannery and the policeman became suspicious. After chasing the man for a short distance and at Maloney's heels the burglar was shot down, dying almost instantly. It is believed that the man was one of the professional burglars that have been working in the city for several months. The murderer is still at large.

The towboat Cruiser, one of the largest in the coal shipping trade on the Ohio River, struck the pier of the dam near Sewickley and sank in eight minutes. There were twenty-two men on the boat at the time and they clambered to the roof as the vessel went down. The raging flood in the river made the work of rescue dangerous, but a steamer went to the aid of the imperiled men and twenty of them were taken off. It is believed the two missing men were drowned.

The Messerschert-Esenhower will contest at Reading is to be tried by jury in an unusual manner in order that the issues framed by Judge Bland, of the Orphans' Court, may be considered. Lee L. Esenhower, of this city, is suing the estate of Col. M. H. Messerschert, the late millionaire, of Douglassville and member of the Philadelphia bar, for \$100,000 which he claims that the writings offered by him were part of his will. The case is framed so as to hold the Messerschert estate liable to this sum. Mr. Esenhower asserts that the executors agree to pay him \$50 if the writings are found part of the will, while Mr. Esenhower himself agrees to pay \$50 if the writings are not found to have been written by Mr. Messerschert. The writings in question are letters promising Esenhower \$10,000 and Messerschert's estate in France. The two became acquaintances through traveling daily to Philadelphia. The estate claims that the letters are forgeries.

Jeremiah Zettle, of Poe Valley, is the champion trapper in Centre County. Since the cold weather set in last November he has trapped enough foxes, minks, wildcats and skunks to bring him an income of more than \$80 a month from the sale of their pelts, and he still has a good stock on hand. Mr. Zettle is a veritable backwoodsman of the most pronounced type. Tall and angular, he stands over six feet in his stocking feet, and notwithstanding the fact that he is well up in years still retains the vigor of young manhood. He can scent the haunts of wild animals almost with the accuracy of a trained hound. In speaking of the various animals Mr. Zettle said that wildcats were unusually plentiful and were one of the most destructive of any wild animal now frequenting these parts.

The home of George Shupp, at Edison, Berks County, burned down while the family was attending a church entertainment.

Within sight of his home, Mark Tarento, of South Bethlehem, aged 37 years, was struck by a passenger train and almost instantly killed. A companion who was with him escaped uninjured.

Theodore F. Labauch's large saw-mill in Lower Saucony was destroyed by fire of unknown origin together with its contents. The loss is \$10,000 partly covered by insurance.

Shamokin carpenters have decided to demand of contractors an eight-hour work day and ten per cent. increase. Their present pay is \$2.54 daily and contractors feel they cannot grant such concessions.

Franklin E. Eckman, of Lancaster, who fell a distance of twelve feet from a building a week ago, died from his injuries. Deceased was fifty-seven years of age.

Fire in the grocery store of L. G. Walker & Son, in York destroyed about \$1000 worth of property. The building in which the store is located is owned by J. J. Shellmeyer. The dwelling house of Mrs. J. Henry Burg, adjoining, was considerably damaged by smoke and water.

The model kindergarten at the Jamestown Exposition will be conducted by a Pennsylvania young lady, a committee from the National Congress of Mothers having engaged Miss Sylvia Ziebach, of Pottsville, for the purpose. She is the principal of a highly successful school of that character at that place.

Charged with starting a horse to death and with feeding cattle insufficiently, George T. Beecher, a North Middleton farmer, was committed to jail by Magistrate Hughes to await trial. A number of neighbors testified to Beecher's lack of care of his cattle.

John Rodgerson, aged 83 years, was struck by the "Queen of the Valley," the Central Railroad of New Jersey's express, near Macungie thrown fifty feet into the Swabian Creek and instantly killed. The man made his living by peddling among the farmers and lived a hermit's life.

Michael McGinley, of Rheems, stepped in front of a freight train at Rheems in an endeavor to evade a passing passenger train and was instantly killed.

Starting a fire in the stove in his father's workshop, Charles, the 4-year-old son of George Kershner, of Auburn, burned to death, and a 6-year-old brother was painfully burned. The building was all aflame before help came and it was impossible to save the younger lad.

Word has been received in York of the serious illness of Horace Keeey, a recent Democratic candidate for Congress from the Twentieth District, who is now at St. Augustine, Florida, for the benefit of his health. He has been stricken with an attack of pneumonia.

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FIGHT WITH LEOPARD.

Lieut.-Col. Hutchinson, of the Second Gurkhas, had a thrilling fight with a leopard which attacked his wife while on a shooting trip near Dehra Dun.

They were returning after a day's shooting, says a Lucknow correspondent of the London Express, and the beaters had gone on some distance ahead. Mrs. Hutchinson was walking about ten yards in front of her husband. She deviated slightly from the path and surprised a young leopard, which immediately attacked her. Col. Hutchinson instantly raised his rifle to shoot the beast, but dared not fire for fear of wounding his wife.

Then, seeing that the only way to save her life was to drag the leopard off, he dropped his rifle and attacked the beast with his hands.

The leopard first attempted to seize his arm, but missed, and Col. Hutchinson was able to keep it at bay while his wife rose and ran to call the beaters. Meanwhile the animal sprang again on Col. Hutchinson and a desperate fight between the man and the beast followed.

Col. Hutchinson eluded its springs with marvelous agility. He made several attempts to regain his rifle, but the leopard was on him before he could pick it up.

Then he thought of his revolver and was placing his hand on his hip to draw it when the leopard sprang on him again and seized his right arm. Desperate as the position was, Col. Hutchinson did not give in, and, although he was suffering terrible agonies, he grappled with the beast. They rolled over several times, the leopard still clinging to its hold on his arm.

At last Col. Hutchinson freed his arm and succeeded in getting his revolver. Then he shot the leopard in the eye. The animal let go its hold, but the shot had only blinded it.

Before it could spring on him again Col. Hutchinson had gained possession of his rifle and succeeded in killing the beast just as the first of the beaters came back.

Col. Hutchinson was by this time so exhausted from loss of blood and the struggle that he was in a state of collapse. He was carried back to his bungalow and his arm, which was terribly lacerated from the shoulder to the wrist, was attended to.

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NO IMPROVEMENT.

Yeast—"It is asserted that in these days, with the aid of machinery, 50,000 people can do the work performed by 16,000,000 persons seventy years ago."

Crimsonbeak—"I guess that's right. I notice there are a good many more people doing nothing now than there used to be."—Yonkers Statesman.

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