Begging. Battling with hunger How many we meet, Footsore and trozen, Wand'ring the street; Weary and dreary, Pleading for bread, Houseless and starving-No rest for the head: Cold-cold-nothing to eat, Ragged and shivering, Wand'ring the street.

Battling with hunger, Wearisome-sad, From morn until eve Scarce " a bite " to be had; The outlook all gloom. Trudging through snow, In misery creeping, Onward they go, Cold--cold--nothing to eat; Wretched and hungry. Wand'ring the street.

Battling with hunger, Battling for bread, Battling for bare life, Wishing life sped; Hearts sadly aching, Hard in their pain, Groveling in gutter. Begging again. Cold-cold-wretched and sad; All alone in the world. Scarce " a bite ' to be had

Battling with hunger, Hard is their fate, Pleading and tramping Early and late: Oh, list the prayer Of the wandering poor. And don't thrust the beggar Away from your door Cold-cold-out in the rain. To eke out a living Begging again

## OUR HAUNTED HOUSE.

"Do buy the house. Charlie; I am not at all airaid of ghosts!" My husband leans against the worm-eaten fence and looks thoughtfully at the dull, old-fashioned house, with its shutters flapping from broken hinges, its gar-perches overgrown with vines, its gar-

shutters flapping from broken hinges, its porches overgrown with vines, its gar-den full of rank weeds, and the river singing beyond its garden gate. "It is very cheap, Amy," he says, at length. "They only charge me for the land, and nominally nothing for the land, and nominally nothing for the land, and nominally nothing for the land, and escrited place, and I in the city all day? Why, all sorts of noises can be heard here day and night, and I have heard good, intelligent people, with con-sciences, say they had seen the spirit of a woman, with a little child in her arms, walking all about these grounds at walking all about these grounds at evening. Nobody else would dare buy it. Why, it has had no tenants for a year. I fear it will frighten away your friends, and that you yourself will have to succumb to the spirit-influence of the place."

to succumb to the spirit-influence of the place." He stops, seeing the expression on my face. I can bear anything better than the allusion to spirit-influence, or to the belief of the progressionists. Charlie is a good business man; but he has read a great many scientific works written by men who thought they were very wise on the subject of spiritualism; and he has investigated, or, rather, invested a great deal in the same. He has pro-gressed to such an extent that he can sometimes hear raps on the headboard, and feel cold shivers down his back, and in mosquito-time he often feels pinches from unseen soirit-fingers. I do not like to read scientific books' and during the short time we have been married. I have employed my time, in-stead, in practicing waltzes, making pies and embroidering baby-clothes. Still, Charlie worships me. I believe it is God's unseen law of recompense that there should always be some one to amore, even a women with freekles, wide mouth and a figure like a Dutch doll. A tall events, my will is always law; ythe rose brambles that have thrown their arms across the front door, and to-gether we enter the vacant echoing rooms. The cellings are dim with valls

thing I did was to open all the windows wide, and let in the summer's sun. Martha Ann, my one servant, cleaned away the mold and cobwebs, and fresh paint and paper changed the rooms as if by magic. Charlie lett his scientific researches after business hours and pruned the trees, cut the grass, trimmed the ragged vines, rehung the shutters, and made a small paradise out of the reclaimed lawn.

vines, rehung the shutters, and made a small paradise out of the reclaimed lawn. When all was completed, there was no place for ghosts in those wile, sunny rooms. My bedroom was the pleasant-est room of all, facing the east, and looking out upon the pear trees, the hollyhocks and the river. Pink had been my color when a girl, so I took a fancy my room should be all pink. The duil drab paper, with green vines wan-dering about and clutching aimlessly at nothing all over it, was changed for a delicate pink and white. The carpet was pink and white, the color under the cheap muslin pillow shams was pink, the lace curtains hung over pink shades, and were looped back with pink rib-bons, making as a whole too rose-hued a bower for any specter to fancy. I believe I was as entirely happy, after getting settled that first week, as any one could be who had lived in rented houses all her life, and owned one of her own for the first time. I had but one distaste for the place, and that w s for the basement, which, covered with clinging vines, was rotten underneath. It had formerly been a cellar-kitchen, but was now fallen into disuse, and full of refuse piles of lumber, old cans and unused rubbish. The heavy vines grown over the broken bricks had made it a damp and noisome

heavy vines grown over the broken bricks had made it a damp and noisome place, and I never cared to explore it, or to put it to any use, except the por-tion directly under the trapdoor going down from the kitchen. I had Martha Ann clean away a space here, and fill a cupboard with canned fruit, vegetables,

I grew to have a dread of this dark and cheerless cellar, and never came out of it without shivering, though I would not own it even to myself.

of it without shivering, though I would not own it even to myself. It had scarcely been my receptacle for fruit a day before I began to miss things in a most mysterious manner. Before I could realize it there would be a glass of jelly, a pie, a loaf of cake, a melon. or a plate of peaches gone. I could ac-cuse no one but the ghosts and Martha Ann, and she had always heretofore been the soul of truth and honor. Twice I fancied, when in the cellar, I had heard a sigh and a rustle of glostly garments, and I could have sworn I heard the wailing of a y ung child several times; but I would have died rather than own this to my husband. "Martha Ann," said I, one day, com-ing up in great haste from the cellar, "d oghosts like pickled figs?" "I am sure I don't know, ma'am!" Martha Ann's eyes are as wide, as In-nocent and unquailing as ever. "Well, you know that jar of pickled figs my cousin saving till mother came to visit me? Woll they are two third.

has my cousin sent me from California, that I was saving till mother came to visit me? Well, they are two-thirds gone, as well as that pie that was laid away expressly for Charlie! What am I to think." I to think.

Ito think." I am angry and excited. Martha Aun says nothing, as usual, but I see her tears are quietly falling over the dish-apron she is hemming. I am rather relieved the day after when she asks me for a month's vacation to visit her sick grandmother. I do not like to accuse her of theft, and I would like to be alone to ferret out this mystery. I have fresh bolts put on the cellar-doors, and the chinks in the bricks filled in. The trap-door I keep fastened down with heavy weights, still the depredations go om-pies, cakes, ice-cream left in the freezers, cream off the milk, a portion of every available thing is missing from day to day. I am too proud to confide in Charite,

day to day. I am too proud to confide in Charlie, but my life is getting to be a burden. One bright September day I sit down in the kitchen in tears, with my feet in the oven, and would fain cover my head with my apron, like Affery Flintwinch in "Little Dorrit," to shut out the faint wails of some child that I am sure are coming from the cellar. Martha Ann will not be home for two weeks; I am tired out and discouraged; Charlie will be home in half an hour to a five o'clock dinner, and the spirits have eaten all the cold roast and tarts that I have laid away for that especial banquet.

that I have laid away for that especial banquet. I shall be forced to tell him that for my hardihood in making him buy this haunted house, he is destined to go on haif-rations generally. I think with a sob, when I hear a faint step below and see the trap-door slowly rising, and the blanched face and thin shoulders of a woman, with a skeleton child in her arms coming into view. arms, coming into view.

long as my money lasted, I used to go out at nights in my waterproof and buy things; but after you came I dared not leave, and the baby has been grow-ing sick in the damp weather." I pour her out a cup of strong tea, that is steeping on the range, but she sits nolding it in her hand, untasted, staring at me with her mild, faded eyes. "Oh, Amy, I am afraid to ask you, but how is my mother?—have you seen her?"

her?" "Yes, I saw her last week at prayer-meeting "—" and she looks like one who has been struck with death," I was going to say, but stopped, seeing Grace was quivering all over with fear and expec-tancy. I dared not tell her that her mother was now sick in bed, and that out of ner life all hope had gone, with the loss of her only child, or how my heart had ached for the poor widow, out of whose faded face even expectancy had vanished. "Come," said I, " the baby is warm now, let us go and lay it in the bed; and Charlie and I are all alone, and you may rest assured no one shall know of your being here."

Charle had have an abole, and you may being here." I carry it to my own pink room as be-ing the most retired, and it is with joy I hear Charlie's step on the stairs. He takes in the situation at a clance, and being a practical druggist, and a better nurse and doctor than our little town affords, begins instantly to mix some medicine for the little sufferer. He is tenderer than any woman to-ward anything little or weak, or needing care: so for two days he does not go to his office, but watches with Grace and me beside the dying child; but what can mustard-baths and drugs, and careful nursing avail where a damp basement has undermined the constitution of so frail a little blossom? On the third day the little life goes out to complete its being in another world. Poer Grace will not believe that the little child she has cherished through such awful days and nights of want and distress is really dead. She holds it in her arms all night, and in the morning we dress it in the dainty lace and linen robe of a hap-pier baby yet to come, who, too, alas? may never need the graty finery. And Charlie digs a little grave under the pear tree, close to the sunny wall, where the catchfly and sweet allyssum grow so rank, and lays the little creature tend-erly under the September eaves ard grasses. Another conspicuous character is an old lady named Almira Thompson. She has a claim. In fact she has presented a claim 'to every Congress since the forty-third, and is daily in attendance both in the gallery and the committee room to see how it is "coming on." This claim is for services alleged to have been rendered as a hospital nurse. Al-mira has a temper of her own, and woe be it to the Congressional solon who re-fuses to treat her with consideration. When the House is in session she goes to get a scart next to the "prayer fiend." The latter shuns her because, as she alerly under the September taves ar

grasses. Poor thing, it would have been so pretty, had it had proper nourishment, and air to breathe, with its delicate features and pretry rings of soft hair. Grace, follows us silently back to the door, and pausing on the step, lays her hand upon my arm, looks into my face beseechingly, saying: "I must go to mother now, if you will do me one last favor, Amy, and go with me."

When the House is in session share alon. When the House is in session shares to goes to the gallery, and frequently manages to get a seat next to the "prayer fiend." The latter shuns her because, as she al-leges, she is crazy. It is amusing to see the old man try to "out" Almira dead She will sometimes sit by him and talk at him fifteen or twenty minutes with-out being able to elicit a response. Then Almira will get mad and take hold of him with both hands, turn him round so as to face her, whereat the old man, powerless to resent her muscular force, will deign to make a reply, resume his position in which he has been disturbed and feign sleep to dodge her attentions. Almira knows every member of Con-grees; can give a good outline of their fine points and sometimes proves really an advantage in the gallery. If she happens to be near any one who is will-ing to listen to her she will point out the leading members, either praise them or abuse them as she sees it, and recount many interesting episodes of Congressional debates. She has an es-pecial liking for Fersis Finch, the file clerk of the House, because, forsooth, he consigns her elaim to the catacomb of the files with each recurring Congress is striking. She is a tall, well-preserved old lady, of about sixty, straight as an arrow and as proud as Lucifer. Her eye is coal black, fashing and expres-sive. Her hair is gray, worn in a pro-fusion of curis, which hang over her forehead. She bears evidence that in her youthful days she must have laid claims to superior beauty, for she even yet possesses more than ordinary good looks. She wears a faded gray dress and an old shawl. On her head she wears a modest and matronly white cap. Nobody seems to know where she lives or how she is supported, but from her appeals for aid her livelihood is sup-posed to be precarious. Another character who, up to a few months ago, was a daily visitor to the capitol, is Col. Maurice Pinchover. This man has a grievance. He seems to be hunted with the phantom of Col. Tom Scott, The me." Charlie hurries off for a down-town car to his office, and Grace and I walk down the quiet street toward her mother's little cottage. None of the people who meet us recognize in the slender figure, clad in my new drab walking suit with my gypsy turban and long veil, the Grace Woolson of a year ago. I tremble on nearing the house, for I see the windows are open wide. ago. I tremble on nearing the house, for I see the windows are open wide, and two or three are watching by a bed where Grace's mother lies breathing faintly and moaning at intervals. I see Grace fly up the garden-walk and stop, with clasped hands and bent head on the threshold, and I hear her mother's faint voice saying to the woman who is fan-ning her:

"Do not trouble yourself about me; I shall never be well again, and nothing can cure me now but a sight of my daughter's face."

can cure me now but a sight of my daughter's face." I see Grace grope forward. I hear her califig, "Mother, mother!" I see those two poor women in each other's arms, and I turn away blinded with tears. And Grace's mother did not die, but seems entirely happy with her lost dar-ling all to herself again once more, the color coming slowly back into her whitened checks, and life getting back into its old grooves. Her return was a nine days' wonder to our gossiping town; but the little grave under the pear-trees tel's no tales, and though she will never be exactly the same pretity. blooming Grace Woolson again, yet this aftermath of her life is something to be thankful for, in its great content and peacefulness.—Emma N. Bayley.

## Diseased Milk.

Several medical men of promisence, both here and in England, have lately maintained that tuberculosis is often maintained that tuberculosis is often imparted to human subjects by milk from diseased cows, and Prof. Otto Bollinger, of the Munich university, one of the highest authorities in Germany, has sustained their position in a paper recently read in that city. He said that repeated experiments show that the milk of tuberculous beasts has a very decided, contagious influence, and re-produces the disease in various animals, and that its noxious properties canno be expelled even by bolling. While the tuberculosis of man is not completely

#### CAPITAL CLAIMANTS. RELIGIOUS NEWS AND NOTES.

Some of the Odd Characters Found in Washington. Trequent visitors at the capitol cannot of the front seat of the left hand Senate railery. He is known as the "prayer field," In rain or shine he is punctu-ally on hand. At ten minutes before welve o'clock he shambles in, takes his seat and quietly awaits until the chap-hain begins his prayer. Then he rises, throws his body back to an angle which may some day lose him his balance, poises his head even to a more extreme backward angle than his body, and rocks on toe and heel until the amen is uttered, to which he responds. Then he resumes his seat and generally re-mains until the session closes, particu-harly if there is a debate. In appear-ance this character is striking. He is this frame is angular; face spare and shutkee. He has little tuffs of gray side whiskers, otherwise his face is al-mys cleanly shaven. He dresses in han black, wears a cloak and carries a cane. His eyes protrude well out of their sockets and have a restless look. If he happens to come fi hate, no matter who may be in his seat, or how much difficulty he may encounter to reach it, he will crowd his way to the place and oust any one who may be in it. He is who keeps most zealous vijil over to de character is Powell Cuthert. a Virginian by birth. Of hate years he genes to have gone a "little off" on re-ign. He hes a nincome which cannot be alienated from him in his lifetime barely sufficient to keep him, and finds particient mis the character is and bardy named Almira Thompson. She Some of the Odd Characters Found in Washington.

There are 100,000 church members in the British army. The Baptist missionaries in Japan have ordained their first preacher. In the last twenty years the Methodist missions have received upward of \$10,-

000.000 The sixth of next May is the date pro-posed for the great council of the world's 20,000,000 Methodists.

The Methodist freedmen's aid societ

has disbursed in twelve years \$700,216. It receipts last year were \$74,693. The English Congregationalists have 170 churches and 156 ministers in active work in the Australian colonies and New Zeahand

work in the Australian colonies and New Zealand. The Lutherans are displaying great activity in church building. A denom-inational paper mentions the dedication of twelve German churches. The Rev. Mr. Marshall, a Baptist mis-sionary in Orissa, India, writes that 400 Hindus in that place have renounced caste and become Christians. Many of them are men of wealth. Konr Chinese were admitted to the

Four Chinese were admitted to the Second Presbyterian church, of Indian-apois, by Dr. William A. Bartlett at the last communion, the first Celestials to join a church in Indiana.

The death is announced of the Rev. Thomas S. Berry, president of Simpson centenary college, a Methodist institu-tion in Iowa. Mr. Berry was delegate-elect to the general conference.

The daughter of Chancellor Haven Syracuse university, formerly president of the Michigan university, is on the Pacific ocean, journeying from San Francisco to Japan to become a missionary.

Principal Bancroft, of Phillips acad-emy, Andover, says the truths of the Bible engage the special attention of the Chinese youths who are industrious stu-dents of that institution, often winning their hearts. their hearts.

There are now in the United States 5,889 priests, twenty-four Catholic sem-inaries, 663 colleges and academics, 2,246 parochial schools, containing 405,234 pupils. The estimated Catholic popula-tion is 6,143,222.

The freedmen's aid society (Metho-dist), in its several schools and colleges, taught last year 2,510 pupils, of whom 453 were in the biblical, twenty in the aw, sixty in the medical, and 1,020 in the normal classes.

the normal classes. The Rev. Alexander Keith, D. D., a Scottish divine of advanced age and much celebrity, died recently. He was author of "Evidences of the Truth of the Christian Religion," which was pub-lished in 1823, and which for many years was a text-book. Dr. Keith was born in 1792.

years was a text-book. Dr. Reth was born in 1792. The Rev. Dr. Elsner, of Samrodt, Prussia, has celebrated a very uncom-mon anniversary, the sixticth anniver-sary of his being made doctor of philoz-ophy by the university of Breslau. He has been pastor in Samrodt fifty-five years, and is eighty-five years of age. I The thirty-one universities and col-leges under Baptist control contain 267 instructors and 4,659 students. In their libraries they have 190,490 volumes, with property worth \$7,336,000, and en-dowments amounting to \$3,243,640. Besides these universities and colleges, there are forty-nine academies, female colleges, etc., 2,313 students. The New York Methodist book con-

colleges, etc., 2,313 students. The New York Methodist book con-cern has a net capital of \$1,080,568. The net profits for the year were \$71,155. The sales of publications amounted to \$825,634, against \$912,726 the previous year. The Western book concern, at Cincinnati, has a net capital of \$474,178, the profits for the year being \$27,867. The sales fell off \$35,873 from the pre-vious year. vious year.

#### The Lesson of the Bath.

The Lesson of the Bath. The of the most valuable discoveries made by Archimedes, the famons scholar of Syracuse, in Sicily, relates to the weight of bodies immerseel in water. Hiero, King of Syracuse, had given a lump of gold to be made into a crown, and when it came back he suspected that the workmen had kept back some of the gold, and had made up the weight by adding more than the right quantity of silver; but he had no means of proving this, because they had made it weigh as much as the gold which had been sent. Archimedes, puzzling over this problem, went to his bath. As he stepped in he saw the water, which his body dis-placed, rise to a higher level in the bath, and to the astonishment of his scrvants home through the streets of Syracuse ("I have found it! I have found it!") What had he found? He had discov-red that any solid body put into a ves-red that any solid body put into a ves-red of water displaces a quantity of water equal to its own bulk, and there-fore that equal weights of two sub-stores that equal weights of two sub-stores that equal weights of two sub-stores one light and bulky, and the the procured one lump of gold and mother of silver, each weighing exactly the same as the crown. Of course the lumps were not the same size, because in a weight. He first put the gold into a bain of water, and marked on the side of water cuse. Mex taking out the gold, he put in the silver, which tho could be avent the solution in the side to which the

of the vessel the height to which the water rose. Next, taking out the gold, he put in the silver, which, though it weighed the same, yet, being larger, made the water rise higher; and this height he also marked. Lastly, he took out the silver and put in the crown. Now if the crown had been pure gold, the water would have risen only up to the mark of the gold, but it rose higher, and slood be-tiween the gold and silver marks, show-ing that silver had been mixed with it, making it more bulky; and by calcula-ting how much was displaced. Archi-medes could estimate roughly how much silver had been added. This was the first attempt to measure the specific gravity of different substances; that is, the weight of any particular substance compared to an equal bulk of some other substance taken as a standard. In weighing solids or liquids, water is the usual standard.—Harper's Young People.

# A Mining Expert's Terrible Experi

A mining Expert's Terrible Experi-ence. Nearly a week since Louis Blanding, one of the best known miring experts on the coast, passed through this city on his way from San Francisco to ex-amine the Santa Anita quartz mine, which is situated near Washington, twenty-one miles above here. Day be-fore yesterday he returned here, hav-ing accomplished his object. His ex-periences on the trip were of an inter-esting nature, and it is by mere chance that he was enabled to live and relate them. After a tedious journey through the snow he reached the home of one of the owners of the claim, and together they forced their way for three miles further to the mine. Lighting candles they entered the tunnel, which has been pushed toward the heart of the moun-tain a distance of 130 feet. Twenty-five feet from the head of it they came to a winze fitly six feet deep. Over this winze is a windlass. Mr. Blanding ex-amined it carefully, and observing no weak spots in its construction, had his winze is a windlass. Mr. Blanding ex-amined it carefully, and observing no weak spots in its construction, had his companion let him to the bottom. He inspected the ledge, made measure-ments, secured a sack of specimens, and putting one foot in the bight of the rope, shouted to the man above to hoist away. After ascending thirty feet he ceased to rise. "What's the matter?" he asked. "The windlass is broken," was the reply.

reply. "Fix it and hoist away."

reply. "Fix it and hoist away." "I can't. The support at one side is broken down. One end of the drum has dropped to the ground. My shoulder is under it, and if 1 stir the whole thing will give way." was the startling reply that came back. The candie at the top had been extinguished. Mr. Blanding recognized the urgency of having a cool head in such an emergency, and told the other party to take things easy. He dropped the candlestick, sack of speci-mens and the hammer to the bottom of the winze. Then bracing jone of his shoulders against one side of the hole and his feet against the other, worked his way up inch by inch, the owner taking in the slack of the rope with one hand. Thus he ascended ten feet. Then the sides of the winze grew so far apart that this pian could no longer be pur-sued. There was but one salvation. The remaining ten feet must be climbed "hand over hand." Releasing his feet from the knot, he put the idea into practice. Exhausted by his previous efforts in walking to the mine and en-ploring it, it seemed to him he had climbed a mile, and stopping to res. found by the voice that he had yet fire feet to go. With another superlumas effort, another start was made. After what seemed an age, one of his hand. effort, another start was made. After what seemed an age, one of his hands struck the edge of the covering on one side of the mouth. His body and limbs were suffering the agonies of crangs and soreness, and his brain began to reel. All sorts of frightful phantoms filled his mind. With a final effort he reached up and found he could get the ends of one hand's fingers over the edge of a board that answered for part of the covering With the despair of a man who faces a fearful death and knows it, he let go the rone altogether, and who faces a fearful death and knows it, he let go the rope altogether, and vaising the other hand obtained a pre-carious hold. His body swung back and forth over the dark abyse an instant, and as he felt that his hands were los-ing their hold, he cried, "Save me quick, I am going!" Just then his companion, who is a man of streat strength dropped the col

man of great strength, dropped the end of the drum, and grasping his coat collar, drew him out on the floor of the turner of the strength of the strengt of the strengt of the strength of the

of the drum, and grasping his coal collar, drew him out on the floor of the tunnel. The mining expert was utterly pre-trated as his rescue was effected. He was carried out of the tunnel, his cloths wet with perspiration, and laid in the snow. When partially recovered he was assisted to a house three nils away. His whole frame was so racket with the 'physical and mental tortur, that for several hours he had no use of some of his limbs. Two days after he returned to the mine and with an im har broke the windlass into 1.000 pices, then fished the sack of specimens out of the winze. During a whole lifetime of mining adventures in some of the dep-est claims of the world, he says he had never been so near the door of death a never been so near the door of death a he was at the Santa Anita, and he hope never to pass through the like again.-Nevado Transcript.

## Frozen Seed.

Researches made by Messrs. De Car-dolle and Pictet, of Geneva, on the de-gree of cold to which seeds of plans can be subjected without impairing their vitality, present very remarkable results. It is not the first time that such experiments have been tried, but the means now available for maintai-ing a low temperature for a long time impart to present investigations a de-gree of certainty never before possible. ing a low temperature for a long time impart to present investigations a de-gree of certainty never before possible. Seeds of cabbage, mustard, cress sid-whent were separately inclosed in gins tubes, hermetically sealed, and were then exposed during six hours to a course of refrigeration, in which the temperature was reduced to fifty degrees below zero of centigrade. No precau-tions were taken to restore them grade-ally to the ordinary temperature. They were sown, and all except seven grain of wheat, which had been damaged, germinated in the same time as seeds which had not been refrigerated. Ar-other experiment was made with thir-teen different kinds of seeds. It last two hours, and during half that period the temperature was brought down to eighty degrees below zero. They all germinated except three sorts, which were proved to be bad, by the fact that non-chilled seeds of the same kind did not grow. not grow.

so Charlie takes his knife and cuts away the rose brambles that have thrown their arms across the front door, and to-gether we enter the vacant echoing rooms. The cellings are dim with vails of cobwebs, the spiders run up the walls at our approach. The house has a ruin-ous, moldy smell, but it does not oppress me as it does Charlie. Already in my mind's eye I see what it will be like, cleaned and aired, with open windows and cheerful furniture. I ran through the house, exclaiming: "What a beautiful wide hall!--this room facing the south shall be our sit-ting room. I will rout all the ghosts with sunshine. See those hollyhocks smiling over that picket fence, and those summer pears all rotting on the ground --what a shame!--and all those rose-bushes choked in the long grass!" Charlie shakes his head. "If you had heard all I have about this hones, you would be in no haste to

Charlie shakes his head. "If you had heard sil I have about this house, you would be in no haste to live here. You know the Widow Wool-son's daughter that has been missing son's daughter that has been missing from town a year, and supposed to be murdered? Well, Geoffry Clare was passing here one night, only last week— and you know, whatever else he will do, he won't lie—and he told me he saw Grace Woolson's face as plain as day over that garden fence." I checked him suddenly again. I have

over that garden fence." I checked him suddenly again. I have never had but this one secret from my husband, that three years before I met him I had fallen hopelessly in love with handsome Geoffry Clarc. He had soon forgotten me for preity Grace Woolson, who had afterward disappeared so mys-teriously that no trace of-her could be found, although I er mother and Geoffry had searched for her many months. I think I loved him no longer, and sometimes thanked God for taking my future out of my unskillful hands, yet the mention of his name always made me wince.

.

the mention of his name always made me wince. As Charlie's only objections were on my account, and as we were not rich enough to buy such a home as we mig. have chosen, within a week he had paid the small sum required for the haunted house, and we had moved into it, bag and baggage. I liked the place, which was neither town nor country, but was embowered among its trees, just at the terminus of the pavements. will such a grand old garden and such glimpers of wood and water. The first

woman, with a skeleton child in her arms, coming into view. Can I believe my eyes? Yes, it is the shrunken, faded form of Grace Wool-son, which I know in an instant, though the sunken eyes and claw-like hands and skeleton figure, make but a silhouette of the rosy, dimpled girl I remember. I am not a nervous woman, and I have expected this ghost to appear so long, that I do not scream or faint away when she comes toward me, and the pathetic, drooping air with wnich she holds out the visionary baby, and then bursts into such a human agony of tears, would make one feel tender and akin to even a hobgoblin. "Oh, Amy," she gasped, "you are a good woman, and will you try and save my child's life? If it had not been dy-ing I should have staid hidden always, but I knew you would help me if you could. I was sorry to take your figs and things, and would not if I could have kept from starring; but for mother's sake I have hidden in your ceilar three months, for I knew she and Geoffry Clare would find me if they could."

"it's is fild, then?" I asked, not with any ider curiosity, but much as one would frame a question to fill a

<text><text><text><text><text><text>

and that its noxious properties canno be expelled even by boiling. While the tuberculosis of man is not completely identical with that of the cow, it is ex-actly similar; hence, there is constant danger to any community where milk is freely used. The professor enjoins upon farmers the necessity of taking the strictest care of their stock, and upon people generally the greatest care as to the quality of milk they use. Rigid measures should be adopted everywhere to exclude distempered cattle from dairies. This has been done in the as-sociated dairy established recently in Munich, and will have, it is believed, excellent hygienic effect. All cows are there kept under the closest medical supervision, and at the slightest symp-tom of tuberculosis are immediately re-moved. It is estimated that nearly ten per cent. of the cows kept in towns are more or less diseased—a proportion which must be much increased in New York, where, in all probability, more unwholesome milk is sold than in any city on the globe. If the tuberculosis theory be true, it is singular that one-half of our population has not unsound iungs. ungs.

The uniform green color of the vege-table world is due to chlorophyll. This substance, however, exists only in mi-nute quantity in plants, the leaves of a large tree containing perhaps not more than 100 grains. It appears to be a di-rect product of the action of the sum-light upon vegetation, as it does no exist in plants kept in darkness. The ohanges in the color of leaves in antumn are supposed to be due to the oxidation of their chlorophyll

There are five Chinese students in the Morgan school, at Clinton, Conn., and one of these, Wing Ilo. at the last ex-amination stood at the head of his class.

money, and reduced him to penury. He carries with him, usually, a tin case about two feet long and six inches in diameter, in which is adrawing of some kind. Originally it might have been a tracing of a plat of ground and the cross sections, but whatever it was in its primitive state it is unintelligible now, by reason of all manner of additions which have been added to the tracings by the mischierous. One day last sum-mer, when the House was engaged in an exciting political debate, Pinchover

by the mischievous. One day isst summer, when the House was engaged in an exciting political debate, Pinchover came to the capitol with a woolen shirt, saturated in blood, and which he de-clared was the shirt worn by him when he was assaulted by Tom Scott on the plains of Colorado. Pinchover also has a chim. All that he has ever yet suc-ceeded in explaining is that it is for \$1,000,000, and is connected with a mine of some kind, which Scott robbed him of. Since the present session begun he has not put in an appearance, and it is believed that he is over to the Eastern branch. At times he is dangerous. Journal Clerk Smi h on one occasion filled the tin case he carries with mucil-age. When Pinchover discovered it he became ungovernable and would have dne Smith bodily initry has he not field incottinently out if ime. Another persistent claimant who comes to Congress every year is John C. McConnel. His claim is for \$17,200, and has made its appearance in every Congress for years. It has for a basis the alleged fact that the claimant ren-dered service to the United States in re-deruing 300 me in Maryland for a Massachusetts regiment. Last rummer General Bragg, chairman of the war claims committee, in reporting adversely upon it said: "This claim has been re jected at the wird department and the treasury department when all the par-lies who knew of the transaction were iving and the vouchers now alleged to have been lost were in existence. It has since been rejected by the committee on war claims, and now presents itself to this committee having only one merit in its favor-unblushing persistence. It has the this raid on the treasury should cease. The committee report adversely." *Washington Star*.

North and South Carolina and Ten-nessee are preparing to celebrate the centennial anniversary of the battle of King's mountain, the turning point in the revolutionary war in the South, which occurred October 7, 1780, and legitimately led to the final victory at Yorktown.

"What do you think of my new shoes, dear?" said she the other even-ing after tea. "Oh i immense, my dear, perfectly immense," said he, without looking up from his paper. Then she began to cry and said she thought if he thought her ieet were so dreadfully large he needn't tell her of it.—Boston Post.

Jefferson Davis's memoirs will be ublished by the Appleton's early in the

### Chair Boarders.

<text>