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Queen Mary at Fotheringay.

Ah! wearily, and woe is me!
Wearily the time drifts on;
The life whose love of life is gone,
Nor heartsome sports the hours engross,
And nervelessness round consumes the day,
The brooder listens, or gaze across
The dreary flats of Fotheringay.

Hear though distant forest glades
The jaunter ride by the banks of Nenne,
Mirthsome madrigals of maids
And disciplined notes of English men.
I'd rather be the dove they kill,
Suiting their talons with my blood,
Than, being a haggard, at their 'will
Return obedient to the hood.

What love what royal clemency,
O sister Queen, Elizabeth,
Can gloomy bastions testify,
This captive woman witnesseth?
My pains four roods of prison ground,
Four faithful pledges left alone,
My Maries four that hover round
Their Mary's shadow of a throne.

O Mary mother, maid divine,
That sittest in the bright serene,
A sorry plight on earth was mine
To be a woman, and a queen!
Soon may these mortal prison bars
Before my white winged souls be riven,
Soon may it rear above the stars,
And win the beatific hill of heaven.

AT AUDIERNE.

Sir Arthur Selwyn, Bart., Lady Matilda Selwyn, Georgina Saville, Saville House, Hampton, Surrey, England. Thus did three travelers inscribe themselves on the register of the Hotel Rathfoulier at Audierne, whither they had been conveyed in an antiquated berlin from Quimper-Corentin.

Very easily satisfied were they, this loving young couple, who had taken flight to the continent immediately upon the pronunciation of the nuptial benediction, and this gentle girl, younger sister of Lady Matilda, who knew nothing of life save through the pages of the romances of Richardson and Miss Burney. While waiting dinner the new comers amused themselves by looking out of the windows of the dining room, and were delighted with the gay aspect presented by the docks of the little Breton village. It was at the close of September; the cod fishing off the coast of Iceland had been favorable, all the fishermen were returning to port, none having lost the number of their mess, that great trifecta, the sea, having for once shown herself clement.

While the two English women prattled in that soft accent which on feminine lips transforms the rude Saxon idiom into birdlike warbling, a man entered and seated himself at the table. Very strange in appearance was this personage; his attire was negligent, his beard straggling, his hair hung down to his shoulders, his nose was aquiline, his mouth disdainful, his big blue eyes melancholy and troubled—at least so thought Miss Saville. A few moments later the host of the hotel bustled in and hastened to present the stranger.

"My guest, the physician of Audierne," he said, with something of emphasis.

And as Sir Arthur bowed slightly, he added: "A fellow countryman."

No matter in what part of the world found, for a native born Briton the tale of "Encore un compatriote" breaks the ice; the baronet unbent and extended his hand to the doctor, who appeared in no sense overpowered by the condescension.

"God forgive me," murmured Lady Matilda, "but this village doctor seems to consider himself on a footing of equality with a baronet. One must come to France to see anything so extraordinary."

Whatever he might think or be, the doctor expressed himself in choice terms and the purest English. His somewhat ferocious physiognomy lightened up as he talked. He was enthusiastically in love with Brittany, and he praised her scenic beauty with persuasive eloquence. He made interested listeners of the little English party. Dinner was long over, but no one cared to leave the table. Who, in the course of a life, has not a remembrance of one of these long and seemingly endless chats with a fellow countryman far from home, who may happen to be the improvised friend of an hour's acquaintance.

As the clock struck 10 the doctor quickly rose.

"The pleasure of speaking my mother tongue once more has made me forget the flight of time," he said, "and I must bid you good night. But do not fail to visit, before you leave, the famous caves of Douarnenez."

"That is impossible," replied Lady Matilda. "We have only one day to devote to this place, and to-morrow there is a Pardon at Penmarch that has rather excited our curiosity."

"Much obliged for your Pardon," exclaimed her sister, who bore the pet name of Gregory; "but I would much rather visit the caves."

"Nothing easier in the world," said the doctor. "I am going to see a patient at Trogueur to-morrow and can offer you a seat in my pony chaise. We can readily push on to Douarnenez."

"I accept gladly," responded Gregory, giving herself no uneasiness, notwithstanding the stormy glances shot at her by her sister.

"Very well, then; that is settled," pursued the doctor, "To-morrow at 7 o'clock I shall be at your disposition."

Hardly had they returned to their sitting room when Matilda broke forth in wrath.

"You naughty, rattlepated, ungovernable girl, have you lost your senses? Have you become a fool, that you thus arrange to go riding about the country at day-break with a complete stranger?"

"Why should I refuse a proposition made with so much good grace?" retorted the young woman, "and one authorized by our English usage? I'm sure Arthur won't blame me for it. Will you?"

"Not at all," replied Sir Arthur. "I must confess that this melancholy looking gentleman has made a conquest of me. He has the style of a perfect gentleman, and I think you may safely confide Gregory to his care. It is a little singular, but that man's face is not wholly unknown to me. I've certainly met him at my club."

"The more reason for being on one's guard," said Lady Selwyn. "One does not lightly abandon home and friends to hurry one's self in a seaside hole like Audierne."

"Why, my dear," said the baronet, "when a man gives himself up to eccentricity they are capable of anything."

"But this is a case that passes the limit. Believe me, this exile conceals himself for some grave reasons."

"Oh, say right out that he has committed a crime and have done with it," cried the impetuous Gregory. "Good night, I'm going to bed now, so that I may be up by sunrise to-morrow."

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Long before the appointed hour the little Englishwoman was watching at her window. The doctor was punctual to the moment. Gregory stole away softly, trembling lest his sister should venture to assert her authority. But Lady Matilda slept peacefully beside her lord, and no one hindered the girl from mounting the doctor's pony chaise which set off at a smart gallop. The doctor no longer wore the attractive air that had marked him during the conversation of the previous night; his face was sorrowful as if painful thoughts had haunted him all through the hours of darkness. Georgina remained silent and just a little frightened, gazing at the landscape which gradually revealed itself with the rising of the morning mist; the sterile moor and the stretches of heath reaching far beyond the line of sight. Hardly a dozen words had been exchanged between the yald when Trogneur was reached and the doctor drew rein to call on his patient.

While the young lady waited for him glancing at a volume of Tennyson that she had brought with her with a view to killing time, two washerwoman were hard at work in a neighboring pond, beating their linen with wooden bats to get out the dirt.

"Say, Jeanne," said one, "who's going to pay the fees of this fine gent that's doctoring Magloire? The poor coot hasn't got a cent."

"Fees for the doctor of Audierne!" ejaculated the other. "That shows, my dear, that you haven't been very long in this part of the country. Why, girl, his science, his remedies and everything else he gives for nothing; night and day his little trap is rolling along the roads; he is at Penmarch, at Pogoff, at Douarnenez—no matter where, so long as there is some unfortunate to be helped. Seems to me that our good God sent him here to be a blessing in our villages where life is so hard and wretched.

Georgy allowed her book to fall from her hand and became an eager listener.

What! This man was rich! He might live in luxurious ease, and yet he had thrown himself into this barren country as one enters La Trappe or La Grand Chartreuse. What could have led his steps thither? Charity, despair or remorse? Here was a mystery that the romantic maiden would gladly be enlightened upon, but the sphinx seemed indisposed to part with her secrets.

The sick call ended. The doctor resumed the reins of the light vehicle and in half an hour they stopped at the Hotel de Norvege. Gregory hurried down her breakfast so that she might rush to the beach.

The gray mists had disappeared, a radiant sun illuminated the bay in all its fifty-four kilometres of circumference. The "Du Raz" uplifted their heights within easy reach like so many embattled fortresses, while at the verge of the horizon the Daretz hills sank away into the waves like the foothills of Pausilipus in the bay of Baiae. The wives of the fishermen were squatted out on the strand mending nets; children played around in hosts like kittens sunning themselves, and the seafaring men, justly luxuriating in their rest after hard labor, consumed tobacco with much and becoming gravity.

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Georgina was delighted. She entered each of the caves opening along the coast, eager to see, collect and carry away all of ocean's treasurers that were unroided before her gaze; the solitary crabs in their grotesque shells, the sea anemones in their yellow glitter and all the host of marine worthies had an undescribable charm for her. She laughed merrily, when her feet, slipping on the treacherous moss, splashed the water that was hidden in the caves' rifts; she shrieked with fear when long-legged craw-fish or lobsters in the throes of digesting heavy meals came within her purview, wrapped up like monks in long, brown cowls. The doctor, following slowly after her and smiling at the childish delight of the girl, examined his watch at length and said:

"We had better hurry. We have been amusing ourselves too long. You must know that this is no longer pleasantery with us. The tide fills these caves completely when it rises to the full."

And when the girl insisted upon gathering a fresh collection of sea shells, he cried.

"For the love of heaven, no more imprudence! Here we are at the extremity of the shore and in order to return to Douarnenez we must double Point de la Chevre. Half an hour longer and it will be impossible."

Both quickened their steps but the wind drove the waves along with uncommon force. In vain they sought refuge on the narrow path that skirts the caves; whirlwinds of sand and drifts of sand blinded them and clogged their pace. Shudderingly, in spite of herself, Georgina recalled the beautiful scene in "The Antiquary," which a short time before she had read in the terrace of Saville park to the placid murmurings of the Thames.

Suddenly she observed her companion grow pale. They had reached a spot where the beach, making a sudden turn, formed a point in the sea. There, an hour previously women were singing happily and children were playing in the sand; nothing now was visible but a vast stretch of troubled ocean.

"Poor child," cried the doctor, in distress, "what a sin of me to have brought you into this terrible danger. But all is not lost. We can call for help, and possibly we may be heard."

And with his sturdy voice he sought to dominate the tempest. Her feeble treble was joined to his shout, but none heard their call. They ran from edge to edge of the narrow spot of beach which was left to them, but which was being constantly encroached on by the tide. The waves became mountainous and fairly rushed upon them. Five minutes more and they would be engulfed.

"Alas!" moaned Gregory, benumbed with terror, "what an awful fate, to die thus, a girl of 16 and only at the threshold of life. Save me, doctor, for the love of God!"

Without answering, the doctor dragged the girl to one of the adjacent caves. Imminent danger inspired him with a desperate resolution. He determined to climb to the utmost height of the natural arch and there fight to the last the incoming of the waters. The horrified girl found her strength failing her; ten times she essayed to scale the jagged points of granite and as often she fell back with lacerated and bleeding hands. At length by a marvelous exertion of strength and address, the doctor managed to raise himself to the summit of a rock which commanded the whole sweep of the cavern, and drew Miss Saville up after him to a point of precarious safety, when a single false movement might precipitate them into space or dash them against the rocky sides of the recess. Already the sea began to wash the base of the cliff. Stopped for an instant by the narrow opening, they returned the next moment with monotonous and terrible regularity. The flood gradually gained the victory, the hollows and channels of the soil were first filled, then the rocks were swiftly gained on by the advancing sea and in turn disappeared. Mollusca, crabs, lobsters and shell fish of all sorts recovered from their torpor and began a busy quest for food, a whole submarine world sprang into activity and a crystalline light like that of an aquarium filled the cave. An enormous breaker struck the rock on which the doctor and his trembling companion had taken refuge; a second would inevitable topple it over. Gregory closed her eyes that she might not see the approach of death.

Several moments of unutterable anguish were spent when the doctor said:

"Be brave, child; we are now safe. The tide will rise no higher to-day. It will remain at flood for an hour, then it will begin to fall, and in two hours we will be able to walk hence dryshod, while in three hours Point de la Cherve will be released from its watery embrace."

Yes, but how are they to live during that time, bent double and cramped up on their risky perch, suffocated by the heavy, foul air, their position growing momentarily more perilous? The active vigilance of the doctor never deserted him. Carefully he drew from his pocket a phial of cordial and forced a few drops between Gregory's clenched teeth, and at the same time briskly rubbed the stiffening arms of the senseless girl who was, despite herself, rapidly falling into lifelessness.

How slowly and painfully the hours dragged along. As soon as the tide permitted, bruised and stiff with their double imprisonment, they descended from their sore but saving perch, crawling along the wall like lizards, Gregory too feeble to walk and her companion no longer able to carry her. Happily their absence had awakened general uneasiness, and search expeditions were organized on their behalf. They were soon discovered and taken to the Hotel de Norvege, where they dried their dripping garments before a roaring wood fire. Miss Saville insisting upon starting back to Audierne the doctor was compelled to dread this that her brother-in-law, Sir Arthur, and her sister would be in a state of normal terror because of her protracted absence.

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Night had fallen. The pony chaise rolled along the silent country road. The villages were already in slumber. How good it felt to live after having sat face to face with death, saved by him, and to be alone with him in this starry night following a day of tempest! They approached Audierne; at the end of the road the steeple of the village church uplifted its gray profile.

"I shall never forget this day," whispered Gregory—she did not dare say "I shall never forget you."

"And I," returned the doctor, "shall never recall it without emotion. In five minutes we shall separate; perhaps to say good-bye forever, but in my exile I shall often invoke the image of my fascinating companion of a dangerous day."

Never to meet more! Gregory felt her heart turn to ice; she completely lost her head and sense of propriety.

"Why should we ever part?" she asked in a choking voice, "One word and my hand is yours,"

Not joy but a sad astonishment was it that transfigured the features of the physician.

"You dear innocent child," he answered softly, "look at me. I am more than double your age. Can you not see that wrinkles are already creeping into my face? My heart is still more seared with scars. My life is finished; yours is only about commencing. Forget me, or rather, if you sometimes do me the grace to think of me, let it be in your prayers."

"But what matter the years which you so cruelly oppose to me," she cried, "when I love you?"

"You are imprudent," he replied, with emotion. "Do you know the man whom you think you love? Do you know that he hides in his exile a past that nothing can efface? He is as dead to all of his blood as though he were already deposited in the tombs of his ancestors. Shudder, well you may; for the man beside you has blood on his hands!"

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It was too much, the day had been too full of emotion, and the over excited girl swooned. When she returned to her senses she was on her couch and Lady Matilda was seated by her side. As she seemed to interrogate her with a glance. Gregory, glad of a chance of easing her aching heart, poured out the whole history of her day's adventure. Hardly had she concluded when Lady Selwyn cried:

"Now I remember all! The doctor of Audierne is none other than Lord Henry Fitzroy, whose adventure caused such a terrible scandal in London society. I had good reason to dread this man. He had been fatal to all with whom he has come in contact. Lady Otney, one of the most beautiful and virtuous women of the court was his latest victim. She eloped with him from her ancient spouse and they fled to a feudal manor in Scotland which the Fitzroys have possessed for centuries. One evening, while walking on a terrace at whose foot flows the Clyde, the dishonored husband suddenly sprang upon them with a drawn pistol, which he fired at the lady. In frenzied rage Lord Fitzroy seized Lord Otney and flung him into the Clyde, an impetuous river that never gives up its prey. Lady Otney lost her reason and her betrayer took refuge in France, where he puts to good use a science that he had studied for occupation in his leisure, but the good that he does to-day can never blot out the evil of his past. At your age, my sweet sister, one becomes easily consoled; before long, I trust, you will have forgotten this unhappy hero of romance."

"That will never be," cried the unhappy girl, whose cheeks were already glowing with incipient fever. "At the very threshold of life my heart is murdered, my first affection disdained. I feel deadly ill, but don't try to have me cured. Why should I live any longer? Of what good am I in this world?"

She was seized with delirium and for six weeks she lay a sufferer from brain fever. The doctor of Audierne frequently called to enquire about her; it will readily be understood that she was not under his care.

As soon as she became convalescent Miss Saville returned with her family to England. Never was the subject of the strange attachment that sprang up in the caves of Douarnenez mentioned by the two sisters. Gregory had declared her intention of leading a single life and resolutely declined many offers of marriage.

Six years later, on Christmas eve, Gregory beheld her sister, Lady Selwyn, mortally prostrated under an attack of congestion of the lungs.

"Dear sister," whispered the dying woman, "had you died at Audierne, who now would there be to care for my two little girls?"

Miss Saville understood from that moment that she had no longer any right to dispose of her destiny, and she solemnly promised her sister to be a mother to her orphan children.

She kept her word. Her romantic visions gave place to inflexible reality. The fond dreams of the past she retained, but as a soft and melancholy memory. Many years after she learned that the doctor of Audierne had died on the field of honor attending the victims of a fell epidemic, and the lips of the old maid murmured a prayer for the soul of the guilty one who had so nobly expiated his sin.

A SURGEON'S LIFE.

A Page From the Experience of the Father of Surgery in His Day.

I have always maintained that it is impossible for any man to be a great surgeon if he is destitute, even in a considerable degree, of the finer feelings of our nature. I have often lain awake for hours night before an important operation, and suffered great mental distress for days after it was over, until I was certain that my patient was out of danger. I do not think that it is possible for a criminal to feel much worse the night before his execution than a surgeon when he knows that upon his skill and attention must depend the fate of a valuable citizen, husband, father, mother or child. Surgery under such circumstances is a terrible taskmaster, feeding like a vulture upon a man's vitals. It is surprising that any surgeon in large practice should ever attain a respectable old age, so great are the wear and tear of mind and body.

The world has seen many a sad picture. I will draw one of the surgeon. It is mid-day; the sun is bright and beautiful; all nature is redolent of joy; men and women crowd the streets, arrayed in their best, and all, apparently, is peace and happiness within and without. In a large house, almost overhanging this street so full of life and gayety, lies upon a couch an emaciated figure; once one of the sweetest and loveliest of her sex, a confiding and affectionate wife and the adored mother of numerous children, the subject of a frightful disease of one of her limbs, or, it may be of her jaw, if not a still more important part of her body. In an adjoining room is the surgeon, with his assistants, spreading out his instruments and getting things in readiness for the impending operation. He assigns to each his appropriate place. One administers chloroform, another takes charge of the limb; one screws down the tourniquet upon the principal artery, and another holds himself in readiness to follow the knife with his sponge. The flaps are soon formed, the bone severed, the vessels tied, and the huge wound approximated. The woman is pale and ghastly, the pulse hardly perceptible, skin wet with clammy perspiration, the voice husky, the sight indistinct. Some one whispers into the ear of the busy surgeon: "The patient, I fear is dying." Restoratives are administered, the pulse gradually rises, and after a few hours of hard work and terrible anxiety reaction occurs. The poor woman was only faint from the joint influence of the anæsthetic, shock, and loss of blood. An assistant, a kind of sentinel, is placed as a guard over her, with instructions to watch her with the closest care, and to send word the moment the slightest change for the worse is seen.

The surgeon goes about his business, visits other patients on the way, and at length, long after the usual hour, he sits down, worried and exhausted, to his cold and comfortless meal, with a mouth almost as dry and a voice as husky as his patient's. He eats mechanically, exchanges hardly a word with any member of his family, and suddenly retires to his study to prescribe for his patients—never, during all this time, forgetting the poor, mutilated object he left a few hours ago. He is able to lie down to get a moment's repose after the severe toil of the day, suddenly he hears a loud ring of the bell, and a servant, breathless with excitement, begs his immediate presence at the sick chamber with the exclamation, "They think Mrs. —— is dying." He hurries to the scene with rapid pace and anxious feeling. The stump is of crimson color, and the patient lies in a profound swoon. An artery has suddenly given way, the exhaustion is extreme; cordials and stimulants are at once brought into requisition, the dressings are removed, and the recusant vessel is secured.

The vital current ebbs and flows, reaction is still more tardy than before, and it is not until a late hour of the night that the surgeon, literally worn out in mind and body, retires to his home in search of repose. Does he sleep? He tries, but he cannot close his eyes. His mind is with his patient, he hears every footstep upon the pavement under his window, and is in momentary expectation of the ringing of the night bell. He is disturbed by the wildest fancies, he sees the most terrific objects, and, as he rises early in the morning to hasten to his patient's chamber, he feels that he has been cheated out of the rest of which he stood so much in need. Is this picture overdrawn? I have sat for it a thousand times, and there is not an educated, conscientious surgeon that will not testify to its accuracy.

Japanese Fashions.

The dress of Japanese women and children is uniformly of bright-hued calicoes, fresh and clean, their heads covering a gayly lacquerred bamboo hat of native manufacture. Every woman must have elaborate inlaid silver breastpins with which to fasten her loose upper robes. Some bamboo hats are exquisite specimens of plating; the finest qualities are made of carefully prepared strips of bamboo, costing in Bantam but a mere trifle, while in Paris they are retailed at a profit of nearly 1,000 per cent, as true Panama hats.

THE POTENT STEAM WHISTLE.

Stanley and Other Explorers Scaring the Natives Out of Their Wits.

When a traveler takes a steamboat for the first time upon an unexplored river he usually finds that the whistle is as potent as a howitzer would be in keeping unfriendly natives at a respectable distance. The cable informed us recently that when Stanley reached the big town of Yambunga, on the Aruwimi River, the village was depopulated in a twinkling by a blast from one of his steamboat whistles. When they found that nothing had hurt them, however, they came back. The scare they got may have accounted for the friendly reception they gave Stanley. When he visited this town several years ago the people would not sell him a particle of food. They had abundance, as he was able to ascertain, though they pleaded that they were in a starving condition. This time, however, they sold him plenty of eatables, and did what they could to speed him on his way.

Nothing impresses a savage more than a big noise, and nothing inspires him with greater terror than a noise he does not understand. Baron Von Schwerin says that firearms are chiefly useful to the Congo natives for the noise they can make with them. He thinks the native with a gun in his hand is not half so much to be feared as when he is armed with his lance. Flintlock muskets and gunpowder are two leading articles of import into the Congo region, but as yet the natives use them merely to contribute a regular Fourth of July racket to all festive occasions. Whole kegs of gunpowder are sometimes burned to celebrate a victory in war or the advent of a new chief. Sometimes the wretched guns burst, to the great personal injury of the men who handle them, but these tragic incidents do not shake the native faith in the white man's shooting iron as, on the whole, a very innocent and most enjoyable plaything.

But these puffing steamboats that are evidently things of life are great sources of terror on first acquaintance, and when the strange swimming monsters emit an earthly shriek everybody within hearing feels that it is high time to take to the woods. Grenfell, Wolf, and other Congo explorers, triumphantly proved the efficacy of the steam whistle on occasions when the natives were determined to be hostile at short range; and when Capt. Everill ascended the Fly River in New Guinea two years ago, meeting many unfriendly tribes, a blast from his steam whistle was usually enough to cause a lull in the showers of arrows that everywhere greeted him.

Love at Last.

Out of a small brown house on the outskirts of White Plains a young girl stepped one evening in June. She was dressed with one white cap and apron of a lady's maid, and looked cautiously about her as she walked stealthily along the lane. She had not proceeded very far before a man stepped from behind one of the trees that stood on another side of the road and confronted her.

"Dolly," he said, in a trembling voice, "what does this mean? I saw you coming out of that house where they tell me only an old woman lives. I heard a man's voice and saw his shadow. Tell me what this means? I demand it!"

"Can you not trust me, Edward?" the girl stammered, trembling; "I can not, dare not, confide in you!"

He stood silent looking at her for some minutes, then turned sadly away, never looking back, and was swallowed up in the night. The next morning Mr. and Mrs. Perkins were discussing a late breakfast in the back parlor. Mr. Perkins exclaimed suddenly in looking over his mail: "Why do you know that fellow you made me work to get clear from the charge of house breaking proves to be a son of old Murderer Larkins, who escaped from justice ten years ago, and for whose recapture there has been ever since a reward of $5,000 offered."

"Nonsense!" cried Mrs. Perkins, conclusively. "Why, you forget my man is Dolly's father!"

"As if that hindered it!" impatiently ejaculated Mr. Perkins rising. "I tell you my lawyer has evidence that your man is a house-breaker, and the son of a murderer, and you've made me make a fool of myself, and it ain't the first time."

"But do consider, dear," replied the wife in a mollifying and convincing tone. "I've had Dolly years, and she'd be as afraid of a house-breaker or a murderer as I would myself."

Mrs. Perkins here evinced some indications of bursting into tears. Mr. Perkins, knowing his own weak point, hastened to avert such a painful climax.

"After all," he said, conciliatingly, "it is likely to end in the security of both men. A detective is!"——

At this moment the conjugal confidence was interrupted. Dolly herself stood before them.

She looked excited, and asked permission to "go out for an hour's airing."

When she was gone, the master of the house said severely.

"The girl must be watched. Let this be the last time she goes out alone."

Mrs. Perkins perceived a certain look in her husband's eyes that caused her to meekly respond:

"Yes, dear."

"How ridiculous men are!" she petulantly exclaimed to herself, when alone. "As if I would keep poor Dolly in to prevent her from such absurdity as seeing murderers!"

Meanwhile Dolly, by a circuitous route, but with great speed, hastened again to old Mrs. Prim.

She entered unbidden at the rear of the cottage, where no opening was visible to the uninitiated.

Within, an old man crouched in the most obscure corner of a darkened room.

In a plaintive minor key, he cried:

"You can't come in, whoever you are—you've no business here. Keep away! Mary, Mary! come and send them off."

The poor wretch shook like a palsy, and was only induced by the presence and urgency of old Miss Prim to remove his skinny hands from his haggard face.

He was a vivid illustration that the wages of sin are something more than physical death.

"Oh, grandmother," cried Dolly. "I did not mean to frighten him, but there is need for haste, indeed—indeed there is!"

"There is none," responded the old woman, heroically. "Do you suppose I am not ready for this? Do you think I have bid and guarded him these ten years to let him outwit me now?"

Looking about, Dolly then for the first time perceived evidence of preparation for flight.

The old woman went up to the trembling wretch and said, comfortingly,

"Don't be afraid. I saw a man around here last night, but he shan't lay a hand on you."

With the confidence of a sleep walker or a monomaniac, the old woman led her charge forth toward a wood at the rear of the cottage.

She appeared to have utterly forgotten Dolly, who was left sitting there blankly, entirely alone.

Some words of the old woman still rung in her ears.

Was Edward there, her Edward, the representative of a law and justice that would destroy all of hers?

Dolly was no sophist to question the rectitude of her position. If her hands fell listlessly in her lap, if her blue eyes filled with tears, it was because she had lost her lover, not because she had helped to evade justice.

"In this dejected attitude she sat, too much engrossed in mourning after her lover to see him enter.

"Dear, faithful, true girl, I have found you out at last," said a voice that electrified her.

Dolly, the whilom, proud, piquant Dolly, threw herself in an attitude of supplication at the feet of her lover.

"Do not—oh, do not!" she cried, "hunt him down. If you could see him, if you knew of his repentance, his misery—oh, spare him."

"Why, bless your dear heart," answered the detective, raising Dolly in his arms, "I wouldn't touch him if he'd eaten my grandmother. How could I know? I was in hot pursuit of the five thousand dollars reward to set my little wife up in housekeeping in a style worthy of her. Now she will have to be content with something plainer. But not you are my prisoner, I can lock you up in jail if I will. Now beg me not to!"

"Can you tolerate me, knowing all? Can you overlook my being?"——

"If you will ask with your arms around my neck, I think I can hear it," answered the detective. "In fact, I don't think I could tolerate your being the least bit in the world different from what you are!"

Two hours later they appeared before Mrs. Perkins. Dolly beaming, Edward looking like a shorn Samson, and asked her consent to a speedy marriage.

That evening Mrs. Perkins triumphantly explained to her husband that he was altogether mistaken about Dolly having anything to do with the murderers.

"How do you know, dear?" he asked.

"Why, she is actually to be married in a week to the detective who is here hunting them."

This was conclusive, and Hon. Mr. Perkins ejaculated "Oh!"

A Gambling Debt of Two Dollars Pays Twenty Thousand.

"I was talking with a gentleman from Nebraska recently, and he was telling me of the wonderful jump real estate has taken in some parts of that State, but one incident he quoted was particularly interesting. He said that about two years ago a former regular army officer, an acquaintance of his, called on him with the deeds of some property in his city and asked him where the property was located. It was in the evening and the gentleman told the officer to stop with him all night and they would look up the property in the morning. They had a pleasant evening, going over old army life and swapping stories of life on the frontier when they were both young and lively and were liable to bet a month's salary on a poker hand. In the morning they looked up the property, which happened to consist of five acres of good land within the limits of the city.

"What do you think it is worth?" asked the officer.

"About twenty thousand dollars," was the answer.

"I've been offered ten thousand dollars for it," said the officer, "and I'm glad I met you. Now do you know how I got that property?"

"I haven't the slightest idea, unless you bought it," answered the gentleman.

"Well, I took it for a two dollar poker debt when I was on the frontier years ago."

Great Scott! A twenty thousand dollar property for two dollars. Join the army and go West and play poker.

Honor Among Gypsies.

It may be strange information for those who regard gypsies as outlaws that no people living are more regardful than they of the law and the rights of others. But that is true. Go where you will along the quiet countrysides of our land, where, as the sunny days of the year return, they bring these welcomed cavalcades among the farm and village folk for the annual dickerings and duckerings, and you will find that no gypsy family or band pitches its tents, builds its fires and puts its beasts together without an actual legal bargained right to do so. Sometimes the price is paid in money, sometimes in tinkering, sometimes in dicker of horse or mule, and sometimes even in free fortune telling for the farmer's family. But it is always paid. From the Pemaquan of Maine across the continent to Los Angeles, and everywhere north and south where farm homes are in all that mighty distance, the gypsy camp fires are annually relighted above the ashes of the last year's cheer on this clean cut, canny plan.

A Dummy Waving a Handkerchief.

It is a custom among railroad men whose homes are situated within view of their passing trains to be always on the platform of the cars and to salute their wives or other members of the family, who are generally at the window at the time when the trains pass. The conductors and brakemen have come to regard it as a duty on the part of their families to be at the window. A certain conductor on the Delaware, Lackawanna and Western Railroad, whose home is near Orange, N. J., is very particular to have this custom observed and only discovered recently that his wife, for an indefinite period, has been circumventing him by having a dummy dressed in her clothes near the window with a fluttering handkerchief that gave her husband the idea she was there waiting to salute him.

LUTIE'S LOVER.

The Story of a Scarlet Shawl.

Lutie, my sister, worked in a fashionable millinery store, and I made a few dollars every week on fancy baskets and picture frames, which I sold in the city. It was an awful come-down for me, who had known what the comforts of an elegant home were, but there was no help for it, since papa died and left us almost without a dollar.

Lutie came home one night in the rain from her work in a very excited condition. She looked flushed and her eyes were full of a strange fire. I did not ask her what the matter was because I thought she would tell me if she wanted me to know. At supper time a boy brought a note for her. She turned very pale as she said:

"Take this back where you received it, and tell the writer never to send another."

I was at a booth, some months later, looking after my little stock, when I saw a tall, fine looking man approach me and examine the baskets eagerly. I was surprised at the interest he took.

"Would you mind telling me who made these baskets?" he asked.

"My sister and I made them," I answered, curtly.

"And this lining is so queer. Is your sister Lutie Ludlow?"

"Yes," I stammered.

"I thought so," his face flushing. "When I have an opportunity, Miss Ludlow, I will explain this," and he disappeared in the crowd.

I felt that there was some trouble brooding, so I ran home to tell Lutie. She listened to my story with a pale face.

"I love him, Bess," she sobbed. "He is the son, the only son of a lady for whom my old employer worked. I met him at first when I took home bonnets to his mother, and afterwards he got to joining me in the street. I was foolish, mad, blind, Bess—at least for a while. He wooed me and won me against my will. I couldn't help it, Bess. But very soon I saw how wrong it was to meet him clandestinely"——

"Well, dear," I said pityingly.

"Ah, Bess, well may you pity me! For then he offered to marry me at once. He wanted me to elope that very night. But I told him I would enter no family against the wish of its head, and his mother would never consent. And then I broke away from him.

"The very next day I was sent to his mother's to fetch a bonnet she wished altered. He must have told her of his offer to me, and the bonnet was only a trick to get to see me. She sent for me into the parlor, a look of mocking pity on her proud face.

"I'll try to repeat what she said; I'll make it as short as I can, Bess. It was her duty to warn me of the danger I was in, she said. Her son had no right to trifle with me, as he had been doing. He—he already—had a wife of his own.

"True, Bess! Why, his own mother told me so."

"Nevertheless, it may be a falsehood. I saw the man to-night, and his face isn't the face of a villain. If he comes, Lutie, you had better see him"——

"I can't," she interrupted. "Oh, I can't! The shame would kill me. I must go away."

But she had no time to go. He was there, the next day, when we came home from church. Lutie found him in the sitting-room awaiting her. I had passed on into the dining-room which was next to it, when the sound of his voice startled me.

"Lutie, Lutie, have I found you at last?"

"Leave this house, sir! This intrusion is unpardonable," cried Lutie.

But his eager tones drowned her indignant words. He came up close to the table, behind which she had entrenched herself, and rested his hand on it.

"I cannot—I will not," he answered masterfully; "not till you hear me, Lutie. You need not explain. I know what sent you fluttering out into the world, my precious, little dove. Seeing that she had spoiled all my life for me, my poor mother confessed the wrong she had done me. For months I have been trying to trace you. You saw my mother. Her desire for my worldly welfare, her anxiety to see me marry a fortune, caused her to seek to separate us. I have no wife, Lutie, and I shall never have one unless I can get you."

Only Lutie's sobs answered him.

"My mother," he went on, "waits to receive you, with open arms. Come back to me, Lutie, poor, tired, storm-worn little dove, come back to your shelter. Precious, pretty, labor-worn little hands," and I knew he was kissing them, "your toil is all ended, Lutie, Lutie, have you no word of welcome for me? Look up, dear. Oh! I have searched for you everywhere, and at last, the dear old shawl, that I used to like so to see you wear, was my clew to your hiding-place. I knew the queer spots and the brilliant colors the mutant I caught sight of those baskets. I was sure; an odd sort of feeling convinced me that I wasn't mistaken. And it was so. I have found you at last. Lutie look up and speak to me. Tell me that you have cared for me just a little through all the dreary months of our separation."

"I have cared for you always," answered Lutie, softly, and at that moment I realized what a shocking thing I was doing in listening.

Turning Rags Into Rugs.

I was waiting for a train at Red Bank recently when there came trudging along a descendant of the lawgiver with a heavy bag on his back. It was full of something knobby, and as he stopped to rest I asked him if he had been raiding a muskmelon patch. He grinned and opened his bag and showed me that it was full of balls of carpet rags. He had been gathering them up from the farmhouses, giving cheap trinkets, ribbons and other favorite feminine gear in exchange. When he took them home to Essex street his sons would weave them into rugs and sell them. There was money in it, he said. There was a profit on the trade and a profit on the sale of the rugs. And having rested, he went plodding off through the red dust, a type of the patient persistency of his race. He proposed to walk as far as Perth Amboy and fill another sack if possible before he wasted any money on a railway ride. "A man, 'said he, "has to be his own Anti-Poverty Society in these hard time," and I guess he carries his ideas out.

NEWS IN BRIEF.

—There is a rich man in the Black Hills, who dates the beginning of his fortune from the day when he sold his wife for $4,000.

—Engine No. 13 has been running six weeks on the Staten Island Rapid Transit road and in that time has killed five persons.

—A thirty-two-foot spruce log was recently sawed into boards in a Puget Sound mill, and made 6,400 feet of lumber without a knot.

—The remarkable story comes from Colorado that a flock of snowed-under sheep lived two weeks and grew fat feeding on each other's fleece.

—A cycler in Great Falls, New Hampshire, has on hand a suit for $5000 damages, brought against him by the father of a child he ran into with his wheel.

—San Diego, California, has one of the wisest Chinamen in the world. He is a laundryman, and he has kept an advertisement running in the local paper for fifteen years.

—Celeryville is one of the familiar names for Kalamazoo, Michigan, where there are two thousand acres of celery under cultivation, with a stated average profit of $400 an acre.

—Several books of county records in Iowa, which had long been missing, were recently found in a Davenport saloon, where they had been pawned for liquor by a former official.

—In boring a well near Pine Grove, Esmeralda County, Nevada, steam of a temperature not enough to cool potatoes was struck at a depth of nearly sixty feet below the surface.

—The widows of seven clergymen occupy a single pew in a Detroit church; but, it is explained, there are only two of them, one the widow of three, the other of four divines.

—The Swedes in Orange, Massachusetts, where there are about two hundred of them, have arranged for evening school to study the English language, which is spoken by very few of them.

—A great tree, that is said to have stood for 150 years at the corner of two streets in Concord, New Hampshire, has been cut down, as it had become so much decayed as to be dangerous.

—A Providence, Rhode Island, undertaker, whose wife died lately, embalmed the body with fluid of his own manufacture and so successfully did it work that he has placed the body on exhibition.

—There is a negro man living near Coleman, Georgia, who is the father of thirty-four children. He is 84 years old, has his third wife with a babe at her breast, and is as active as most men at 50.

—A Canajoharie editor has an eye to business. He offers his paper for a year to "the farmer who will lay the largest egg on his editorial table," well knowing he would get more than enough eggs to pay for his paper.

—The bones of a mastodon were found by workmen on the Minnesota and Northwestern Railroad, not far from Galena, the other day. One tooth, weighing seven pounds, and a huge tusk were a part of the find.

—A soprano in Buffalo seems to have a voice of power rather than of sweetness. To a newspaper that had published one complaint from him on the subject a correspondent sends another, saying, "Your first dose has not abated the noise; the lady up stairs yells worse than ever. If you fail us all hope is gone."

—At Scranton, recently, a baby carriage which had been left standing on the sidewalk by its juvenile attendant while he gazed in a show window, was started off by a gust of wind and rolled beneath the feet of a horse. The animal kicked the little vehicle to pieces, but luckily didn't injure the child occupant in the least.

—In Germany and Switzerland, it is stated, the principals of all schools are required to dismiss their pupils at noon every day on which the thermometer at 10 A. M. registers 77°. If that plan were introduced here and the thermometer placed within reach of the ingenious boy of the period, there would be frequent holidays.

—It is announced that State prison convicts in Minnesota will soon start a new weekly paper in the interest of the prison library fund. It is to be called The Prison Mirror. The prisoner will be editor in chief and another will be treasurer and business manager.

—A cheerful view, if not a strictly correct one, is taken of a seeming misfortune by a Texas paper, which observes: It is a good thing that the cattle in Texas are dying off, for when they die off they decrease in number; when they decrease in number they become more valuable; when they become more valuable their owner becomes wealthier. Therefore it