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B. F. SCHWEIER. THE CONSTITUTION—THE UNION—AND THE ENFORCEMENT OF THE LAWS. Editor and Proprietor.

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A Contumacious Subject.

Upon his throne the mighty king—
His gallant courtier kneeling round—
Impatient, tapped his signet ring
And said some new, diverting thing
For his amusement must be found.

Then spoke an old and trusty knight:
"May I my king's indulgence crave,
To bring within the royal sight
A subject who denies the right
Of any king to call him slave?"

"How now?" the angry monarch said,
"Who dare deny our sovereign power?
Go, fetch him here, alive or dead;
The fool shall bow or lose his head
Within the passing of the hour."

The knight retired with solemn stride,
Then came a page, all sleek and trim,
To say the queen would sit beside
Her lord and see this traitor tried
If he, the king, indulged the whim.

The queen came in and took her place;
The baby boy upon her breast,
Unheeding of the treason case,
Looked heavenly on the monarch's face
And snatched away his jeweled crest.

He crushed the king's symbolic rose,
Upset the sceptre with a crash;
He even tweaked the monarch's nose
And kicked him with his tiny toes,
The while he pulled his fierce mustache.

All others at the king's behest
Their serfdom hastened to declare;
The babe alone, with freedom blest,
Defied the king who ruled the rest—
Most potent for the weakest there.

COL. MARDEN'S SUBSTITUTE.

Colonel Marden was generally looked upon in Townsend as a pleasant man, a good townsman, contented with a world that, save for one misfortune, long ago forgotten, had used him well. Few then had sufficient ability themselves to measure the ability that had made him a power in the town—that would have made him a power throughout the land had it not been for that which he had "forgotten."

Only the death blow to his ambition. When the Grand Army of the Potomac had disbanded, Colonel Marden, with a Confederate bullet in his side, had resumed his practice of the law. Still in the twenties, he was sent to General Court, and before long to Congress. He was spoken of as one of the rising men of New Hampshire.

It was then that the bullet began to assert itself, and the end of it all was that Alfred Marden had to give up all active work, accept the position of Register of Probate, and resign himself to spending the rest of his days in his native town, only occupying himself with the light duties of his office. Downright idleness would have been intolerable to him.

A quiet, unenterprising town was Townsend, but it was his native place, and the big, gray stone house had stood on the square since the days when it was in the midst of green fields, and half the town was "Squire Marden's" farm.

"A smart man, and a good one," everybody said of the present Squire. Everybody but one or two. "A good man, and a smart one," said that one or two.

He had always been interested in the Academy and had done much for it. But the offer he had last fall overshadowed everything else. It was made to the graduating class, and conduct—in school and out—and recitations throughout the year to be considered. What boyish heart did not throb as the Colonel spoke to them that memorable Monday.

Think of it. The lucky fellow was to be sent to Dartmouth, and then would receive a law education in Colonel Marden's own office. Not only gratuitously, but, for five years after graduation, in receipt of a handsome salary as clerk. He meant, Colonel Marden concluded, to give the winner of the prize precisely the same advantages he himself had had. Nobody heard the sigh as he sat down, though, indeed, it would have been difficult to have heard anything as the boys took in this magnificent offer and clapped, cheered, and pounded in the unmistakable fashion boys have of manifesting their approval.

No wonder every one of the twenty made up his mind that he would win the "Judreship" as it grew to be called, or that for the next few weeks there was such perfection of recitations and conduct that Mr. Aiden thought the millenium had set in. Every one, no matter how hopeless the case, from Sandy Magee, always at the foot, up through the whole scale of ability and perseverance to the two who, after those first few weeks, began slowly to distance the others.

Arthur Rand was a minister's son, and the struggle it would be to his father to send him to college was a large factor in his determination to win. He was a pleasant, gentle-mannered boy, naturally painstaking and methodical, not quick, but with an indomitable power of "sticking at it" that had always insured him victory.

Sam Allen was the eldest of half a dozen who had grown up somehow in the big farm-house just outside of the village. His father was a hard-working farmer with no thought beyond his daily labor, and considering he had done enough by his children that they were clad and fed in plain, homely fashion. Too much "eddication" was bad for soul and body, and he had the prejudices of his class against lawyers.

Sam had had hard work to get permission to go to the Academy at all, but for more money—even to give him his time—to be expended on his education, that his father had refused to consider, and his nay was indeed nay.

But when Sam had come home last September, brimming over with the great news, Mr. Allen had relaxed, for to his hard grasping nature the idea of his son getting an education at another's expense was irresistably attractive, and he had promised the eager, trembling boy he would give him the last year at the Academy and his time should he win, with the proviso that if he failed he should settle down to farm work without any more "pestering of him." And Sam on his side promised.

He had all the support of the others though, not only in the sympathy that is so great a help in our endeavors, but one and all strove to lighten his chores that he might have more time to study. In solemn conclave, Jerry proposed to take on himself the milking and wood-chopping, Billy to pump water and feed the hens, while the girls agreed not to call upon him for a single errand and to put their money together, hardly earned by berry picking and dandelion gathering, to buy a student lamp like Colonel Marden's so that Sam could study by a good light, and they would not speak a single word all through the evening, so the kitchen, the only room warmed, could be quiet; which was, perhaps, the greatest sacrifice they could have made, for the whole family were born talkers. The only reason these amiable plans fell through was, because next day, Sam being informed promptly vetoed them. The girls, however, persisted in part, and even took the pains to call upon Colonel Marden to find out just the name of the lamp, and where it was to be bought. And somehow, the colonel was so kindly interested, the whole plan came out, with Sam's stern refusal.

Sam was quick, but he had depended so much on his ready wits that his memory was poor. He was careless and hasty of temper, though speedily over any outbreak. What he lost on examinations he made up on recitations, and his averages were as high as Arthur's. If he had heavy odds against him it was equally to Arthur's credit that the wood box at home was always well filled, and that the paths about the modest little parsonage on the other side of the common from the big gray house, were shovelled more cleanly and more promptly than anywhere else.

June came, and opinion was divided among the Academy boys as to which would win, Arthur Rand or Sam Allen. The usual examinations were over and nothing was talked of but the decision. As to the two mostly nearly concerned they hardly ate or slept in the momentous time.

The thirtieth had come. The company too. The big hall could hardly hold another one. Everybody was impatient for the moment after the valedictory.

That came at last, too. Colonel Marden had risen, was advancing to the front of the platform.

He was beginning. Hush!

"It is difficult to award the prize. Many have done well, but there are two so far ahead and so evenly matched that I cannot at present decide. I want to give them a further trial, with, moreover, a special view to seeing which has the greater aptitude for the calling that will be his. During vacation I propose taking both into my office. The decision will be made so that the successful one can enter college at the beginning of the term. The two are Arthur Rand and Sam Allen."

So the expectation and suspense were over for the time, and in the hubbub that followed more than one boyish heart hid its disappointment.

On the following morning the two boys appeared at the Probate Office. Colonel Marden explained briefly the outlines of the business and set them to work. It was arranged that one week one was to copy—all papers relating to the registry were duly entered in the big volumes ranged round one side of the fire-proof vault—while the other attended to the more active duties.

But if Colonel Marden had been puzzled before, he was doubly so now, as the weeks went on and the two young fellows seemed so well matched.

Arthur never forgot where he put a paper. Sam's heart went to his boots more than once when queried as to the whereabouts of this or the other petition or license. Pleasant and kind as Colonel Marden invariably was to his young clerks, both soon found that there was much about him suggestive of his military life. He demanded an exactitude to the minutest detail, an unquestioning obedience to orders, and was impatient at the least dereliction or delay.

Sam was quick at grasping the routine. Arthur, when his week came for active business, would often sit biting his pen, afraid to ask about what had already been thoroughly explained. Sam's prompt "Yes, sir," at any brief command often called a brief nod of satisfaction, and his disordered desk a frown and a glance at the neat array on Arthur's. Arthur looked nervous when his turn came to answer the mail, Sam when it was for him to copy and put away documents. "A place for everything" he certainly had, but he changed the place too often for the rule to be a golden one.

The natural outcome of it all was that there was a quarrel. It was a trifle that was the outward cause. Sam hung his hat on Arthur's nail. The latter put his own over it, thereby causing the new straw, bought by Mandy's strawberry-picking money, to fall on a pile of inky rags. Discovery came at noon.

"I say," began Sam indignantly, "I call that mean business; you did it a purpose."

"It wouldn't have happened if you hadn't been so clumsy with the ink bottle," Arthur made answer, calmly.

"I'd rather be clumsy with my hands than my head," retorted Sam, thus unpleasantly reminded of Colonel Marden's silence that morning on finding a pool of ink on his desk. "I don't have to tell anybody to wait till the colonel comes in or ask him questions eternally about answering letters."

"And I've never sent off a letter of administration with my own signature instead of the judge's. Maybe you think though you're a judge yourself already," sneered Arthur.

"I'm judge of a decent fellow, and if you don't leave my hat alone in future I'll knock yours off your stupid head," threatened Sam, putting on his blackened headgear and walking off with wrath in his heart and a more settled determination than ever to win, if only to spite Arthur.

It lacked but one week of the two months and neither boy, reviewing the time, could tell if he had the advantage. It seemed to both—nay, to all, for everybody in town was hanging on the result—that a straw would turn the scale either way. Each kept a watch on the other, painful in its intensity. It seemed to be in the very air. Colonel Marden, meantime, kept his own counsel.

Then something happened. The straw fell. A will disappeared, not to be found this time, after a brief though annoying delay, but hopelessly and finally lost.

It was one of unusual importance, and, in response to the many calls to look at it, Colonel Marden could only produce, with apologies, the copy in Sam's hand—fatal evidence—in the "Wills" volume There was search and low. Colonel Marden looked annoyed, Arthur elated, and Sam downcast. It was no use repeating he was sure he had replaced the paper, as indeed he had kept watch and guard over his besetting fault the last week. For once Colonel Marden expressed himself unreservedly.

"Indicative of carelessness that might lose you a case or cause you to overlook a fatal flaw on your adversary's side, Sam," he said gravely; and the boy felt that just at the last he had made a fatal misstep.

No wonder, too, that Arthur was correspondingly elated, as the will still refused to "turn up." The last week was slipping by, and every night he drew a sigh of relief at the thought of the clean record of that day. The door had opened at the sesame of carefulness and perseverance.

Colonel Marden—this was Wednesday—had sent him to look up an estate in a certain unused index, whose dates were those of the last century.

The volume opened of itself, and between the leaves lay a thick folded paper. Arthur's heart gave a bound that almost stifled him, as with a kind of premonition he caught it up.

Yes, it was the lost will.

"In the name of God, amen. I, John B. Thornton, of Dalton, County of——"

He had reached thus far by a kind of fascination.

"Isn't it there, Arthur?" called Colonel Marden's voice. There was the sound of a chair pushed back. "Perhaps——"

The thoughts rushed through the boy's brain as he stood there, transfixed, will in hand, and struggled with the temptation.

How had it found its way to this volume never before taken down—certainly not by Sam. Could the Colonel himself—no, impossible. One of the lawyers? Yes, probably. They were always more or less in and out. He must have had it, then, in consulting the old index, carelessly left it there, and Sam was guiltless, and he would be even with him again more than even, for he was "smarter," Arthur reluctantly acknowledged, and they were there that Colonel Marden might see which was the smart one.

The quick, firm step was near the door.

His advantage would be gone in another moment. Only three days more. He could not give it up. Oh, he could not! And it was not his business to bring it forward, either. Very likely Sam had left it there, after all. He was forever leaving things in unheard-of places.

Of course he would not do anything so mean as to hide it outright, put it in his pocket or destroy it. He would just leave it there and give Sam the same opportunity of finding it. The struggle was succeeded by a glow of self-righteousness that he had not put it forever out of his rival's way, when, too, that rival was so hateful and mean a fellow.

Twenty pages lay upon Sam's hopes and ambitions, as Colonel Marden turned—no, he never turned, wheeled into the room.

"Yes, sir, I'll have it in a moment," Arthur made answer, so coolly as to surprise himself. Yes, he would have been a fool to have done differently.

Surer yet was he that he had chosen well when Saturday came. It was court day, too, when the court meeting at Paulsboro' the Register would be away all day in attendance. He was in the office a short time in the morning, and it was just as he was going that he said:

"By the way, Arthur, I heard at the last moment that the Loring case may be called. Get the papers ready, and if necessary I will send for them. Don't fail. I promised Judge Baxter to attend to it. You understand?"

"Yes, sir," responded Arthur, easily; but his heart sank.

Still, he had the morning before him, and the papers might not be sent for, after all. He knew enough about Colonel Marden by this time to feel that after that "Yes, sir," it would be an unforgivable thing to fail him. There was nothing particularly difficult about the case, only a puzzling technicality that had occurred again and again, but which he had been unable as yet to master.

But he would look it up. Surely there was time.

And perhaps he might have succeeded, though his brain fairly reeled with his efforts; but everything seemed against him. There were more callers than usual, several of them old farmers who persisted in telling him their story from beginning to end, and there were papers called for and ceaseless momentary interruptions of "The Colonel in?" till noon came, and he had not yet mastered that knotty point, while every moment the "Probate Directory" seemed to grow foggier.

He remained in the office through the dinner hour.

Perhaps, after all, the papers would not be sent for. This, as the afternoon wore on, became the hope to which he clung most fondly.

Three o'clock and he began to breathe easier; four, and he relaxed his efforts. The office closed at five. Half-past, and tipping back on his high office stool, he gave a glance of unconcealed triumph at Sam, duly met and interpreted.

Quarter of five. A week from now he would be in Hanover, a freshman, with a little pin, his society pin, on his waistcoat and coming home vacations to see the fellows of his class plodding on in stores or rusting out their lives on farms, like Sam Allen, who once had actually thought he could get to college over his shoulders. Well, he would meet him kindly—

The door opened. A boy in uniform entered, he had a yellow envelope in his hand.

"Here! Give it here!" called Arthur, and tore it open.

"Send papers at once, without fail!"

The express went at 9.15, and he had been trying in vain all day. There lay the papers, to be sure, but they might be useless, and Colonel Marden receiving them at this junctures—he was a quick-tempered man, too, beneath his self-control—it would be fatal.

For a moment Arthur buried his face in his hand. He must take the chances.

He took the papers, folded them once, twice, to fit the big envelope. Sam looked up.

"Give 'em here," he said, gruffly.

Not understanding the motive, but grasping at the action as at the proverbial straw, Arthur gave them, mechanically.

Sam spread them out, looked them over, asked shortly for other papers, made a correction here, an addition there, flung one into the waste basket and replaced it with a different blank. Then, without a word, he tossed them all back.

When Arthur returned, out of breath, from the express office, Sam had his hat on, that same inky hat, whose stains were plainly visible.

"I say that was immense of you," began Arthur. "I'm no end sorry we can't both have the place."

"You needn't be, and I don't want your thanks," responded Sam, sternly. "The Colonel's a brick, he'd hired us both and he promised the judge. If you were such a fool as not to be able to make out the papers, it was my place too, that's all;" and off he went, with a dreadful slam of the door.

The hardest part of it all was at home, telling them who had believed so in "our Sam." He spoke with as much indifference as he could muster. Next week he would begin to pick the potatoes. He made a brave show of interest in farm work to his father. That was all that he was fitted for, blunderer that he was.

Only—how he hated it. Involuntarily the picture of a student's room at Hanover came to him again. But he had promised, and it was all at an end.

It was no use. The bread was choking him. Why did not somebody speak—why, for pity's sake, were they all looking at him, was their bread choking them, too?

He pushed his chair back and went to his own room. What, such a baby as to cry—never! Arthur must not see him with red eyes. The first thing they fell upon was the burnished student lamp. He flung himself on the bed and the cry came.

The boys were to be at Colonel Marden's house at eight that evening. Arthur was already in the library, with the look of triumph on his face that he tried decently to cover as Sam entered; he had not come at his usual pace.

He took the chair to which the Colonel pointed and sat looking into the fire. He must not cry here. He looked almost sullen. Mercifully, Colonel Marden began at once.

"I have made my decision," he said. "It may relieve you, Sam, to know that I found the lost will to night, in an old index which you had never touched." Was there the least possible emphasis on the "you?" Was it chance that for a moment his glance rested on Arthur? "So you are exonerated. Perhaps the man I fit out as my substitute to fight the good fight will only be like myself, in the rank and file; perhaps he will be a leader of men.

"Be that as it may, I want one who can put self away for the welfare of another, who can be true to cause rather than party, magnanimous to an enemy, and with whom outward considerations can weigh nothing against his own instinctive sense of right. I gave you a complete examination in that, too, and one of you failed. My choice is—Sam Allen."

The face by the fire was transformed. What, to go to college, not to disappoint them, not to dig potatoes and pick apples and hoe corn after all! What would they say at home, Jerry and the rest. He was unconscious that he had risen, half in the involuntary act of racing to tell them, but fettered by something else. He was looking at the man before him. Yes, they spoke truly who placed his goodness even before his brains, and they—he and Arthur—had stupidly forgotten that. If he could only live to be like him; to be truly his substitute. He cared as little as he realized that the forbidden tears had come, so thick that everything was in a mist, that he was stretching both his hands out, blindly, gropingly. For what, he had no idea. Perhaps for instinctive seeking for help in the resolution of that moment.

As in a mist, too, came Colonel Marden's concluding words:

"I am sorry for your disappointment, Arthur. It was a hard test, my boy, and not one in a thousand would have done differently. But what I want in my substitute, highly as I prize intellect, is not one-half so much what men know as 'smartness,' as what they instinctively feel as honor."

Courtship in France.

This is the way they court in France: One lady says to another: "My daughter is eighteen. She has so much." Every girl has a dowry, if it be but 500 francs ($100). "You have known her from a child. "You see so many young men, cannot you think of one to suit her?"

Of course the lady can; for men are as eager in France to marry as the girls are to get husbands. It is an increase of fortune, and a patent of respectability in all stations, in all professions. The young man is spoken to, and, of course, the young lady named to him. A party is given, and they meet. Then the girl, supposed to be in entire ignorance up to this point, is asked how she should like so and so for her husband. Then the mamma of the bridegroom comes one evening when the house has been set in order, and everybody dressed in his best. And after the first salutation she rises, and in a solemn voice asks the hand of Mlle. Estelle for M. Achille. Then the mamma on the opposite side of the house accepts the offer. Estelle weeps and throws herself into her future mother's arms, while the son-in-law embraces the mother of his intended. The papa's shake hands, the betrothed lovers, released from the maternal arms, mutually bow to each other, and the servants bring in tea. The bridegroom comes every evening with a groom comes every evening with a grand bouquet, which he offers to mademoiselle, flirts an hour or two with the mother, bows to the daughter and goes off.

The bride-elect has only to embroider quietly by her mother's side, to smile, to blush and simper. Then the negotiating lady come in great state, preceded by an enormous trunk (mamma and the bride receive her, never, of course, heeding the trunk), and presents the bride with a *corbeille*—namely, the wedding dress, a veil and wreath, two or three Cashmere shawls, ditto velvet dresses, a set of furs, a set of diamonds, a watch, a fan, a prayer book and a purse of gold. These come from the bridegroom. In return the lady gets a bracelet from the bride, with many thanks for the presents and the husband. At last comes the signing of the contract. The bride takes one step into the world. She receives her visitors and speaks, nay, converses with all except the intended—that would be improper. She gives tokens of her affection to her unmarried relatives, bought from the purse in the *corbeille*. The wonders of this *corbeille* are displayed in one room, while the trousseau of the bride, given by the mother, is exhibited in another. Embroidery, linen, cambric, laces, etc., are here lavished on the personal clothing of the bride, made up in dozens and dozens of each article, with piles upon piles of table cloths, sheets, towels, etc., all marked with embroidered marks and tied with pink and blue ribbons. Then comes the civil ceremony, and two days after, the last scene of all, at which we have assisted, in the Church of St. Sulpice.

People who suffer from nervous debility accompanied with dyspepsia, ought for a time to live largely on milk.

NEGRO SUPERSTITIONS.

Southern Darkies Who See an Omen in Nearly Every Animate Object.

The belief has prevailed among the Southern negroes for many years that the hand of a dead friend will bring continued prosperity to its possessor, and no doubt if the many colored graveyards in that section were made to give up their dead the skeletons of not a few would be found to be minus the right hand. The Southern blacks also believe that the big toe of a deceased friend, carried on the person, will keep away disease, and that the toes of an enemy can be used as charms to conjure their living enemies. Thus it is they originated the lines:

Wid dis honey too,
I'll bring dem woe,
'For daylight in de mornin.'

Voudoo doctors—and there are plenty of them in the Southern States—carry on an extensive traffic in human bones and other portions of the body. They use the skull to perform a mystic ceremony for the sick, or to bring luck to a poverty-stricken family; the ears are employed in another ceremony, the outcome of which is to find out what your enemies are saying about you, and the other bones all have a mission to perform while the voudoo is humbugging his victim. The voudoo doctor is usually a naturally smart darky, with a good flow of conversation, and as much inventive genius as a Bowery confidence man. In Washington of late the voudoos have become rather scarce, as the police arrest them as vagrants whenever they put in an appearance.

The country negroes in South Carolina, Georgia and portions of Florida have a very pretty and somewhat poetical superstition. During the stillness of the night, when the gentle swaying pine trees are singing their weird requiems, whole families will sit about their cabin doors and listen to this music of the forest. In its changing melody they hear the voices of the dead friends predicting good or evil for the future or revealing secrets of the tomb.

No reward could induce the negro surfman on the North Carolina coast to walk along the beach at night, especially during a storm, when the lightning is flashing and the huge white-capped breakers come sputtering in on the sandy beach. They imagine they can see in the phosphorscent light the forms of sailors who were lost at sea, riding in astride of the huge billows. On account of this superstition it has been found impossible to induce negro coastmen to enter the life-saving service, no matter how well adapted they may be for the work. The tedious night parol along the desolate seashore is what they object to. The average seashore negro would almost rather die than to encounter the vague form of a departed sailor man in the surf or on the beach.

There are many minor superstitions among the colored people. If a cow stops in front of a house and bellows it is a sure sign that some one on the premises will die. If the cow bellows twice the party marked for dissolution will die in two days, two weeks or two months. Should the animal bellow five times, which is a rare occurrence, a death will occur in less than one week. When a cock enters the house and crows therein, it means that the family will have visitors. To crow just outside the door indicates that the residents of the house will be suddenly called away on a mission. Sometimes an overfed hen will make a sound which resembles the faint crowing of a young rooster. This is regarded as an evil omen, and the luckless hen is always decapitated when the owner is at all superstitious. Scintists say the sound is caused by indigestion. The darkies have a verse they repeat in this connection. It is this:

A whistling woman
And a crowing hen
Will never come
To any good end.

The owl usually hoots three times. When this uncanny bird forgets itself and increases the number of hoots to four or five, the plantation negroes regard it as an omen of sickness, starvation or death. To kill a cat means that the person who did the killing will have seven years of bad luck. To catch a water snake on your fishing line is a sure sign that your enemies are trying to entrap and kill you. Thus the negro says:

Catch a snake,
Let him go,
For death is a comin'
Sho and sho.

To see a flock of crows hovering about your house is a very bad sign, and to drop your Bible while going to church indicates that the devil is after you. To see three white horses at the same time is an omen of death, and to find a toad frog in your path is a certain sign that a marriage will shortly take place in your family. The average Southern darky sees an omen for good or evil in nearly every animate and inanimate object, and they believe in these omens almost as religiously as they do in the Bible.

Queer Love Letter.

Charlie had a queer smile on his face as he left me in the morning. I told him that I had intended to make a call with Mrs. Wickliffe, but had nothing to wear. He laughed and told me that I must get along for awhile with what I had; that he was making too little money to buy anything.

"I won't be home at the usual time," he said at the door, "for I am expecting some friends." I wondered at his manner, and after he had gone sat down and had a good cry by myself.

After I had sobbed myself into a better frame of mind, I went out and got down Charlie's common coat to mend it. I emptied out the pockets first and then got out my needle. What a mixture there was in those pockets. Three or four handkerchiefs, broken cigars, pencils, buttons and part of a letter. A letter!

I looked at that letter suspiciously. Then I did a mean thing, I opened it and read it.

It was penned in feminine chirography and ran as follows:

DEAR CHARLIE:—The dresses are all ready and the navy blue is exquisite. I shall come on Thursday, the 10th. Be sure and meet me at the station, and for goodness sake! keep the whole thing a secret.

There the sheet was torn off. I read these lines over and over, lost in wonder. What woman has a right to address my husband as "Dear Charlie?"

I was so startled by the letter that I know Mrs. Wickliffe must have noticed it when she came in.

"Are you not going to see the bride with me?" she asked.

"I can't," I stammered out. I forgot when I promised to go that I had nothing to wear!"

"Why, my dear child, where is that handsome silk I saw your husband buy?"

"You must be mistaken," I faltered.

"Oh, indeed, but there is no mistake about it, my dear. I saw him pay for it, and have it cut off; it was at Drayton's some three weeks ago; the handsomest navy blue, $3 a yard.

The words of the torn letter flashed across my bewildered mind: "The dresses are all ready, and the navy blue is exquisite."

A sudden suspicion, a suspicion sharp as death itself, possessed my soul; a suspicion that some other woman had come between me and my husband. The room and its occupants seemed to reel before my eyes, but I controlled myself with a desperate effort.

"My husband must have bought the articles for another party," I said. "Ah, there is baby's voice. Pray excuse me for one moment, Mrs. Wickliffe."

She went away with a pitying look in her eyes, leaving me as miserable as a woman can be.

About 3:30 I gave baby a sound dose of soothing syrup, and tucked him away in a crib; then I locked up the house, and, arrayed in my rusty alpaca, I sallied forth.

I must know the truth. I went to my husband's office first. He had just left. With the terrible suspicion in my soul growing into a torturing certainty, I bent my steps, through wind and rain, toward the railway station. There was but one in our little country town, and the afternoon train was due at 4.

I truged on, and reached the depot just as the train came steaming in. The very first man I saw was Charlie, his hat pushed back, his handsome face in a glow of eager expectation.

What I felt at that moment no words can describe; only a woman's foolish, fond, jealous heart may know. I shrunk out of sight, and concealed myself behind some bales of cotton.

In came the train, and in two minutes a little lady, all befrilled and closely veiled, appeared on the platform.

"Oh, Charlie!"

"Ah, my dear, here you are!"

And he took her in his arms and kissed her, and carried her off to a waiting carriage. A porter followed with her trunk, and then they whirled away together.

Standing there, like a guilty creature, in the wind and rain, with my woman's pride and my woman's love both outraged and insulted, I looked down towards the sullen waters of the river below the town. There was a cure for all my pain. But I remembered baby.

I must live and endure for baby's sake. I turned my back upon the sullen water and my face homeward, and groped on through the mud and rain, blind and almost unconscious in my misery.

The cottage was all alight when I came in sight of it, every window in a blaze. What if it had taken fire! The thought winged my weary feet. I rushed on breathlessly.

Charlie confronted me as I burst open the kitchen door, with baby in his arms.

"Well, bless my soul! Jennie, where under the sun have you been? I found the house all locked up and the poor child screaming itself to death, and I had to break open the window to get in. What has happened, Jennie? Good heavens! you are ill."

I caught a glimse of a face beyond him, a woman's sweet face, and as I recognized her my overstrung nerves gave way.

Charlie caught me as I fell, and when I awoke to life again his arms still held me; his dear, faithful arms.

Kitty—my sister Kitty—who had been off in Europe for years, stood near by, with baby in her arms.

With my head on Charlie's shoulder, in pain and humiliation, I made my confession. His handsome eyes looked at me, full of grave tenderness, when he understood all.

"Jennie's a little goose," said Kitty as she kissed me and cried over me, and then I heard the explanation of the mystery.

Kitty was coming home, but she wanted to keep her coming a secret in order to give me a great and glad surprise. She was obliged to remain for some weeks in the city with the family for whom she had been governess for a number of years. Knowing this, and wishing to make my surprise doubly pleasant, Charlie purchased material for a couple of handsome dresses and expressed it to Kitty that she might have them stylishly made up.

I said that a day badly begun rarely ends well, but I must take it back. No day that ever dawned ended more joyously than that.

Suspicious of His Boots.

It does look as if after a man got married he lost all capability of looking after himself. We knew a man who had been married several years and he hardly knows how to button his collar now, and would wear his coat inside out if his wife didn't keep an eye on him. Once this young man noticed his boots were pretty well worn. He said to his wife:

"Haven't I got any other boots I can wear? These are awful."

"Yes," she said; "there is a pair of side button boots in the closet there."

He fetched them out.

"How does it come that I've had these boots all this time and been wearing these worn-out ones?" Then he put them on. "Yes, I knew there must be something the matter with the blamed boots. They don't fit me at all. I can't walk in them." And he made faces as he stamped up and down the room. "They are not my boots, yet they are a man's boots. Madam, who is so familiar in this house as to have a pair of boots—"

"Well, dear, they'll perhaps be more comfortable if you'll put the right boot on the right foot."

Gold in Ancient Cemeteries.

The gold which is now being dug out of the ancient cemeteries (huacas) at Hilandia, Central America, and other places near Tereira, has led more than 1,000 workmen to that spot, and a town has sprung up there within the last four years which now contains more than 50,000 inhabitants. Public attention is being turned to those regions, as the ancient burial places and deposits of the wealthy Cacique Caracal have not yet been discovered, and it is believed that his treasures were immensely more valuable than any which has yet been unearthed.

IN THE HOLY CITY.

What an American Bishop Saw in Jerusalem and Vicinity.

Bishop Watterson, after a protracted trip to the continent and to the Holy Land, gives his experience in Jerusalem. He says: After spending nearly a month at Rome I landed at Alexandria, and left Egypt filled with feelings of intense eagerness to be among the historic scenes of the Holy Land. Landing at Jaffa I journeyed to Jerusalem, where I venerated at sacred places both in and around the Holy City. I said mass in the Chapel of the Holy Sepulcher and was obliged to sleep in the church all night to be able to do so, as Turkish soldiers close it at certain hours in the evening, and will not allow any one to enter until a certain hour in the morning. I then went on to Nazareth through Samaria, taking country routes everywhere, for otherwise one misses many very interesting localities. The only evidence of modern civilization I could see in the Holy Land was a telegraph running between Jaffa and Jerusalem and Nazareth. Otherwise the country is just as it was two thousand years ago, as far as progress is concerned. Children and grown people wear the same cut clothes, and everywhere one could see maidens dressed just as we are familiarized with pictures of the Virgin Mary. On one occasion I telegraphed to Nazareth for horses, where they are less used, and, therefore, fresher than at Jerusalem. After four days the horses came in charge of a dragoman who had formally been a Bedouin, but who has for some years been a convert. He was a very good fellow, but too anxious to part with his horses to satisfy my notions. I was continually obliged to keep in the lead in order to press on.

"One day I said to him: 'I see now why you became a Christian; you are too slow to be a good Bedouin.' He laughed and said nothing, but on the last day of our journey from Mount Carmel to Nazareth, when I was pushing on to get under shelter before nightfall, he said:

"'You told me the other day that I became a Christian because I was too slow to make a good Bedouin. All that I have to say is that I could make as good a Bedouin as you do a bishop.'

"I appreciated the retort none the less because it took him so long to consider it."

"What were your most striking observations in the Holy Land?"

"Ah, that would take a book to tell," sighed the bishop. "It is impossible to convert the people from Mohammedanism under the present form of government. The Turks are as watchful to-day as they were three hundred years ago. All the converts have either to be taken under immediate protection or sent off to France or Italy. There can be no progress in any form for the Holy Land until the Turkish Government is got rid of. It would have never existed were it not for the apathy of Christian nations. Russia is very desirous of possessing Palestine, and she is making more headway there than any nation. The sisterhood which has obtained a footing in the Holy Land is growing in influence. Mohammedans and Jews alike attend their schools, but the nuns, are not allowed to teach religion. During my whole four weeks in the Holy Land I could see nothing to indicate that this cradle of Christianity enjoyed ever so slight a share of its inheritance."

When in Jerusalem Bishop Watterson and another prelate assisted the Patriarch of Jerusalem in the ceremony of tendering to the young Prince of Naples, the Crown Prince of Italy, a religious reception into the Holy City, which the young man, according to ancient custom, entered on foot. It was a great sight, an immense procession of monks and the religious accompanying the Patriarch and the Bishops.

Planting Bananas in Florida.

The banana flourishes best in a very moist, rich soil, but will not endure standing water about the roots. The best possible location for a bananapatch is on the bank slooping down to a lake or "bayhead." The "springy" nature of the soil in such a location agrees perfectly with the roots of the banana, provided they are not planted far enough down to reach standing water. The preparation of the land for bananas does not necessarily involve thorough grubbing of new land, as on rich hummock or bayhead tracts, the simple cutting of the trees and undergrowth, and "budding" the palmettoes, is all that is really necessary. On rich new land of this soil the plants may be set immediately after the land is cleared, with no other preperation. The palmetto tops, and most of the brush and logs may be left upon the ground—cutting up brush, in the first place somewhat. All this rubbish will decay just about as fast as the roots of the plants need it, and much of it can be knocked to pieces in a few months with an ordinary hoe. The plants may be set then in true Honduras fashion, of which a friend gives the following *modus operandi*, in the words of a native: "In de fus place, said he, "we chop down de treesand burns all of dey tat we can; den we cuts de banana sprouts into pieces wid an ax and makes little holes vid a mattock about so far apart, (the distance illustrated by stretching out his long arms), den we chucks dem in, and *away de goes*.

Money in Cuba.

Money in Santiago de Cuba is a scarce article, and to change a $5 gold piece would take a day's travel, and invariable the change (if American) would have a hole punched in each piece. This is done, I am informed, to keep the money in the country. I do not remember of seeing on the island of Cuba a piece of American money in circulation without a hole in it. American paper money is of no value for general trade in Santiago, and Cuban paper money will not pass at all. Money being so scarce the greater part of the trade is carried on by barter among the general public, and the money is held by the few exporters and garler dealers.

A French Wit's Revenge.

That was a neat compliment that a French wit paid to an enemy who had come and scribbled "Coquin" (blackguard) upon his door one night with a piece of chalk. Next morning the wit went to the fellow's house, and said, in the politest way possible: "Monsieur, you left your name at my door last night, and I have come to return the visit."

NEWS IN BRIEF.

—The first iron ore to be discovered in this country was found in Virginia in 1715.

—Books in their present form were invented by Attalus, king of Pergamus, in 887.

—A child in Michigan has picked with her own hand and pasted on cardboard and exhibited at a church fair 2,125 specimens of four leaf clover.

—The highest steeples in the world are those on the Cologne Cathedral and are 511 feet high. This cathedral is the largest piece of Gothic architecture in the world.

—Cotton was planted as an experiment in the Carolinas as early as 1621; but cotton growing as an industry, was not engaged in to any extent until after the Revolutionary war.

—A Gilboa (N. Y.) man has made a queer looking machine, which he guards with jealous care. He believes he has discovered perpetual motion. People come miles to see the "machine."

—A pair of rubber hands have been attached by a Newark, New Jersey, doctor to the wrists of young Walter Alexander, whose hands were cut off by coming in contact with the machinery of the Belleville Rubber Works.

—Peter McIntyre, of San Francisco, who was burned a couple of months ago, has had 100 pieces of skin taken from other persons grafted upon his shoulders and arms, and the last graft has not yet been put on.

—Miss Fay's spiritualistic seance at Blackburn, England, came to a sudden end when some one in the audience struck a light, and Miss Fay was found to have climbed to the roof, while the "spirit" that was floating in the darkness over the heads of the audience was an inflated linen bag.

—Fire and smoke issuing from the show window of a dealer in spectacles in Torquay attracted the attention of a passer by, who entered and aroused the proprietor. The sun's rays had become focused through the glass of a pair of spectacles which were shown in the window, and thus ignited a shade.

—Exactly when shoes were first worn is a matter of uncertainty, but it is known that in 1462 the English wore long pointed foot coverings. The Jews of an ancient date fashioned shoes of various materials, such as linen, wool-fibre and skins. The present style of shoe is traced back to the year 1663

—A traveler from the islands of South Burmah says that it is no uncommon sight to see monkeys among the rocks at low tide, gathering and opening oysters. They open them by striking a sharp blow with a stone at the base of the upper valves, which dislocates it, and then with their fingers they extricate the oyster, of which they are very fond.

—In carrying out the extension of the Via Genova the foundations have been uncovered of a house belonging to a distinguished Roman lady, Æmilia Paulina Aslatica, sister-in-law of Scipio, who vanquished Hannibal, at Zama. In excavating for the foundations of the new Banca Nazionale, fragments of a large marble calendar were dug up, on which were noted the games to be celebrated in April in honor of Ceres and Cybele on the Palatine. Near the Porta Pinciana an inscription has been found indicating that a temple to Silvanus had been built on that spot.

—The six-year-old son of a Kentucky man is acquiring notoriety as a weather prophet. The child is small for his age, and can not yet talk plainly, but has developed barometrical powers to a wonderful degree. Since he was four years old his parents, who are respectable and reliable people, declare that he has foretold every rain, hail storm or snow storm, and even the light showers and sprinkles so plentiful in the spring of the year. One day recently, while the sun was blazing down with intense heat, the child came into the house from the yard, where he had been intently gazing at the heavens, and predicted a heavy rain-storm, to be followed by a profuse fall of hail. In the afternoon his prophecy was verified by a heavy storm.

—A Pennsylvania man is the owner of a calf that is attracting much attention. Its hind legs are six inches shorter than the fore legs, are double-jointed and are larger in proportion. Each is supplied with two distinct, perfectly-formed feet. The hoofs of one foot and half the hoof of the other foot on each hind leg is used while walking. The other half of the hoof on each inside of the foot projects horizontally exactly like the spurs of a game cock. The body of the calf is large and well formed. The short hind legs give the calf the appearance of a giraffe when running in the pasture.

—A "bearded pebble," as he calls it, is in possession of a Norwick (Conn.) man. It came from Crab Ledge, near Nantucket, is about as large as a hen's egg, and on its smooth surface is a mass of filaments that resemble nothing so much as hair. The stone has been out of the water for nearly two years, and yet the hairs, which are over an inch long, look vigorous and lifelike. It is said that a Massachusetts collector has one of these stones that has been out of the water forty years in which time the hairs have doubled in length.

—A shepherd boy was killed by a bear recently in the mountains of Savoy. The villagers decided on getting up a hunt after the bear, and they started in search, but