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VIRTUE LIBERTY INDEPENDENCE

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

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MR. PARNELL has plenty of generous friends in the world. They have contributed in round numbers a hundred thousand dollars to aid him in his legal struggle with the London *Times*.

THE MILITIA FORCE of the country has been increased nearly 10,000 during the year, and there are now only four States and Territories without an active militia sufficient to entitle them to receive ordinance and quartermasters' stores from the United States. There are Arkansas, Arizona, Idaho and Utah.

THERE were 2436 desertions from the army last year, or more than 10 per cent of the whole force, according to the report of General Schofield. This would seem to indicate that what the military service needs is either more severe punishment for desertion or a lot more recruiting offices.

BOTH Minnesota and Dakota report important discoveries of coal, which, if confirmed, may make the growth of the Northwest even more remarkable than it has already been. Good coal in large quantities in that region would supplement the riches of the agriculture, which has already made the State of Minnesota and the coming State or States of Dakota the most rapidly growing communities in the Union.

OFFICIAL returns of the vote at the last election have been received from 29 States, which indicate that the popular vote for President will be closely divided, with a probable plurality for Cleveland of less than 50,000. The Prohibitionists in these 29 States polled 184,664 votes, pretty well distributed. The Labor party has over 100,000 votes, one-half coming from the two States, Kansas and Missouri

NO MORE fiendish crime can be recalled than that of the incendiary who started the fire in Calumet and Hecla mine at Ishpeming, Michigan, cutting the bell rope to prevent an alarm being given, and disconnecting the water pipe. Scores of miners were imprisoned, and it was only by chance that no more than six or eight lost their lives. Human ingenuity has not invented a form of punishment to fit this crime.

A LOCOMOTIVE on the Lehigh Valley Road is said to be unlucky because it has been in five wrecks this year, and on the evening of the 6th, ran into a coal train and had to be again sent to the shop for repairs. That is a bad way of looking at such accidents. There is no such thing as "luck" on a railroad, but there is mismanagement, carelessness, disobedience of orders, and some one or all of these may be set down as the rational causes of all the so-called ill luck of the Hercules.

A JURY AT HEMPSTEAD, Long Island, has decided that the conduct of a coursing club in running down and killing rabbits with dogs is not cruelty to animals. It is true that rabbits, if they are to be killed, could hardly be killed more expeditiously. The records in one of the trails showed a rabbit killed 17 seconds after the start. But the cruelty consists in doing the killing merely for sport. In America, as in England, there are people who say: "What a beautiful day, let us go out and kill something!"

HRONEK, the Dynamite conspirator, in Chicago, has been convicted and sent to the penitentiary for twelve years at a good season to admonish other Anarchists, who are reported to be organizing, drilling and making or listening to incendiary speeches. It is a hard matter to deal with them unless they commit some overt act, but it is worth while to keep a sharp eye upon them and trip them up at the first opportunity. That is the way to prevent another Haymarket massacre, which cannot be repaired by the hanging of any number of conspirators.

NATURALISTS who went down to the seashore after the great storm of the 25th ult. were rewarded by getting specimens of various sea animals that are seldom found on the coast. The disturbance of the waters seems to have been widespread, and the sand was cut away from the beach in vast quantities, leaving what are known as the mud banks exposed for long stretches. Star fishes, which are generally so scarce as to be considered curiosities on the New Jersey coast, were washed up in great numbers, and on the beach at Sea Isle City alone, hundreds were picked up of all sizes from an inch to ten or twelve inches in length.

THIS is the season when every man, woman and child, whose circumstances are not those of abject poverty, should begin to go down deep into their pockets, remembering those who are less fortunate. "If thou hast much, give plenteously; if thou hast little, do thy diligence gladly of that little, for so gatherest thou thyself a good reward in the day of necessity." It is a good plan, however, not to think so much of the reward; but give spontaneously, freely, gladly. The mere pleasure in such giving is sufficient reward.

LARGE as will be the water supply of New York when the new aqueduct is finished, the maximum being given at 300,000,000 gallons per day, it is estimated that ten years hence the population will have so increased that the daily supply will be short 70,000,000 gallons. This is the estimate of the Chief Engineer of the Croton aqueduct.

MISCHIEVOUS RATS.

They are of the Rodent Variety.

"I don't know whether people out in Colorado are bothered yet with what we used to call wood rats," said a former resident of that State, now in business in Harrisburg, Pa., "but a few years ago, when I went there, these mischievous little rodents kept us in a perpetual stew. The wood rat is a natural born, irreclaimable thief. What he steals for no one has ever found out, for, he doesn't crib things to eat, and he distributes his booty about the country without any regard to his personal benefit. When he steals something from one spot he will put in its place some article he has filched from another place. I remember once I was building a shanty in Pueblo, and had a keg of nails sent in from Denver. I knocked the head out of the keg and left it in the shanty the over night. The next morning there wasn't a nail in the keg, but in their place was a miscellaneous collection of articles, consisting of table knives, spoons, a tin saucer, several stones, a number of chips, a buckskin glove, and, worst of all, a set of false teeth. We knew at once that the mischievous rats had been at work, and I set out to see if I could gather up at least a portion of my nails about the neighborhood. I found a man who had lost a spoon and had found a pile of nails in his kit. The owner of the buckskin glove had not been remunerated for its loss with nails, but some one's woolen sock lay in its place. By and by the whole community was out looking up missing things and collecting nails at my shanty. I got back half of them, and the articles that had been left in their place were all restored to their owners, except the false teeth. No one in the whole neighborhood had lost any teeth. The finding of the teeth came to be the talk of the country, and in a few weeks a Judge in a town twenty miles away sent a man over to look at them, as he thought they might be a set of teeth of his that had mysteriously disappeared, stating that they had been taken from a tumbler of water in which they had been placed overnight, and that a dead bird had been left in their stead. The teeth proved to be the Judge's. The rats must have had a high old time with the Judge's teeth before they reached my shanty with them and dumped them in the nail keg.

"It used to be a favorite pastime with the wood rats to carry all sorts of refuse and garbage into houses and scatter it about. I have waked up more than once to find some moist and sweet-smelling tidbit from the swill tub lying across my face, or a number of them piled on the bed cover. This peculiarity of the wood rat naturally led to constant annoyance and misunderstanding, and new-comers into the region, unacquainted with the ways of the animal were frequently mystified and sometimes frightened by occurrences. I remember the case of an Irish family that had newly arrived in the neighborhood, where they had purchased a little property. They had not been there a week before the rats began to make trouble for them. Denny Ryan, the head of the family, placed his pipe on the table, and, as is his custom, he started to go to bed one night. When he arose in the morning the pipe was gone, and where it had lain was a tallow candle. Denny had no such thing as a tallow candle in his house, and no one in the house had touched the pipe. This aroused his superstitious feelings. He related the circumstances to some acquaintances with much awe. They saw probable fun in store for them, and did not inform Denny as to the cause of the mystery. One morning, a few days later, Denny found his lost pipe in his boot, and the sock he had left there when he went to bed was gone. Denny declared that there were leprechauns or something in his house. He was thoroughly frightened and wanted to sell his property. A number of Eastern men had got possession of some land next to Denny's, and his holding, they believed, would in time be highly valuable. Unknown to any of Denny's acquaintances, they made him an offer for his property. It was less than he had paid for it, and in spite of his superstitious fears about his house he refused to take it. A day or two after that Denny found his stove half full of potatoes, not one of which had been in the house before, and the kindling wood he had placed in the stove the night before was piled on a table in the sitting-room. Without waiting to entirely dress himself he hurried to the parties who wanted to buy his property and closed and clinched the transaction at once. When his friends, who had been keeping him in ignorance of the ways of the wood rat for the joke of the thing, heard of what he had been induced to do by the land sharpers they attempted to force them to cancel the sale, but as everything they had done was regular they stuck to their bargain. Denny's friends, however, chipped in and made up quite a sum of money for him. If the wood rats hadn't bothered Denny he would have been a rich man in a year or so, for his property became worth many thousands of dollars.

"The wood rat is about the size of a common house rat, with a tail nine inches long. It is gray on the back and white on the belly. There's devilitry enough in one of them to fill a woodchuck. You seldom see one of them, numerous as they are, for they lay low in the daytime and never come fooling around a house at night if any one is astir in it."

The Mormon Problem.

Mormonism promises to cause much trouble yet. Elders of that church are making headway in their work of proselyting, and the newspapers frequently report companies of converts being conducted to the West by these elders. Mormonism is not on the decline, as we are accustomed to think, but rather on the increase. Alabama, Tennessee and other Southern States are overrun with emissaries of the Church, and they report converts by the score. It is claimed by the leaders that 10,000 persons have been added to its membership during the past year. They are establishing colonies in Arizona, Idaho, New Mexico and elsewhere, and are adding largely to the older settlements. They are not discouraged by either prosecution or persecution, and they are predicting with great confidence that the country will soon be forced to recognize their religion on an equality with others. The leaders evidently depend very much upon their claim that their religion is misunderstood, and that it is entitled to full recognition.

The fact is Mormonism is not merely a religion; it is a form of government as well. By its members its authority is recognized as not only independent of, but superior to the Government of the United States. The orders of the priests and prophets are considered above all else and the danger lies in permitting an independent power inside the National Government, as the Highland tribes at one time were independent of Scotland. Unless checked in its growth Mormonism will spread its roots in the dark until its mere voting power will be a formidable menace to the communities in which it flourishes if not to the nation itself. Once a power in politics it will be the harder to eradicate. It is easy to despise and underrate Mormonism now, but it would be better should the dangers be recognized and the proper prevention applied.

It is proposed as a means for solving the Mormon problem that a readjustment of the boundary lines between the Territories be made, and involves the dismemberment of Utah in such a way that the Mormons and their possessions be distributed among three States. It is probable that the Constitutions of Colorado and Nevada, as well as the one Idaho would adopt, in the event of her admission, could be made to embrace a provision which would meet all the technical difficulties which would attend the admission of Utah by itself.

HERO OF THE RAIL.

Dangerous Duties Performed by the Locomotive Engineer.

The locomotive engineer is the popular "hero of the rail," and the popular estimate in this respect is substantially just. Others have to brave dangers and perform duties under trying circumstances, but the engine runner has to ride in the most dangerous part of the train, take charge of a steam boiler that may explode and blow him to atoms, and of machinery that may break and kill him and try to keep up a vigilance which only a being more than human could successfully maintain. He must be a tolerably skilful machinist—he cannot be too good—and have nerves that will remain steady under the most trying circumstances. If running a fast express through mid night darkness over a line where a similar train has been tipped off a great cliff (and a brother runner killed) by train wreckers the night before, he must dash forward with the same confidence that he would feel in broad daylight on an open prairie. But he does not "heroically grasp the throttle" in the face of danger, when the throttle has been firmly shut, nor does he "whistle down brakes" in order to add a stirring element to the reporter's tale, when by the magic of the air brake he can, with a turn of his hand, apply every brake in the train with the grip of a vise in less time than it would take him to wrench the whistle pull.

When there is danger ahead there is generally just one thing to do, and that is to stop as soon as possible. An instant suffices for shutting off the steam and applying the brake. With modern trains this is all that is necessary or can be done, and, when the engine is urgent sary on many engines, and formerly was on all; this would, in fact, be done instinctively by old runners, in any case, but this also is done in a second. After taking these measures there is nothing for the engineman to do but look out for his own safety. In some circumstances, as in the case of a partially burned bridge which may possibly support the train even in a weakened condition, it may be best to put on all steam. The runner is then in a dilemma, and a right decision is a matter of momentary inspiration. Many lives have been saved by quick witted runners in such cases, but there is no ground for censure of the engineer, who, in the excitement of the moment, decides to slacken instead of quicken his speed. The rare cases of this kind are what show the value of experience, and of men of the right temperament and degree of intelligence to acquire experience lessons readily.

PROBABILITIES OF ACCIDENT.

But the terrible cloud constantly hanging over the engineer and fireman of a fast train is the chance encountering an obstacle which cannot possibly be avoided, and which leaves them no alternative but to jump for their lives, if indeed it does not take away even that. To the fact that this cloud is no larger than it is, and that these men have sturdy and courageous natures must be attributed the lightness with which it rests upon them. On one road or another, from a washout, or inefficient management, or a collision caused by an operator's forgetfulness, or some one of a score of other causes, there are constantly occurring cases of men heroically meeting death under the most heartrending circumstances. Every month records a number of such, though happily they are not frequent on any one road.

On the best of roads a freight train wrecked by a broken wheel under a borrowed car may be throwe in the path of a passenger train on another track just as the latter approaches. This has happened more than once lately. No amount of fidelity or forethought (except in the maker of the wheels) can prevent this kind of disaster. There is constant danger on most roads of running off the track at misplaced switches, many switches being located at points where the runner can see them only a few seconds before he is upon them; but the chance is so small—perhaps one in ten or a hundred thousand—that the average runner forgets it, and it is only by severe self discipline that he can hold himself up to compliance with the rule which requires him to be on the watch for every switch target as long before reaching it as he possibly can. He finds the switches all right and the road perfectly clear so regularly, day after day and month after month, that he may easily fall into the snare of thinking that they will always be so. But, like other trainmen, the engineman finds enough more agreeable thoughts to fill his mind, and reflects upon the hazards of his vocation perhaps too little.

A Healthy Sign.

The recent large purchases of steel rails are a healthy sign. They indicate that the railroads have been deterred from filling these requirements by the tariff issues in the Presidential campaign, and by the uncertainties attending this discussion previous to the Election.

There are 3,581 telephone stations in the city of Brooklyn.

GRAY-WHISKERED JOKES.

Lew Dockstader Tries to Tell Which of all Chestnuts Fell First.

The minstrel joke which is associated with my earliest recollections of the profession is the weathervane conundrum. I may say at once that all the old minstrel jokes took the shape of conundrums, the end man firing the questions to the interlocutor, who, after repeating it with a good deal of elaboration, would then announce his inability to answer. The squib to which I allude was brought on in the following fashion:

Bones—Can you tole me de reason dat dey never put a hen on top of a wedder-vane?

Interlocutor—No, Bones, I can not. What is the reason?

Bones—Because it's too much trouble to go up after de eggs.

But it is easier to point out an entire class of jokes among which the chestnut of chestnuts is probably to be found than it is to put your finger on the individual chestnut. And I am inclined to think that that class of jokes is the one which compares the human being in some way or other with the animal creation. Men have been wolves and foxes, monkeys and puppies almost since the world began. There is the puppy joke, for example, which has held the minstrel stage ever since I can remember, and which every year is renewed in some way or other, but is always the same joke. One of the old versions ran something in this fashion:

"Eph, I heard somebin' about Pompey yesterday. He went down to see his gal night afore las' and his gal has got a pooty little dog and she was huggin' and kissin' the dog and Pompey got jealous. Sez he to de gal: 'Jane, why don't you kiss me like you do de little dog?'"

"What answer did she make?"

"Why, she tole him dat she didn't kiss ebery puppy dat came along."

This form of witticism brought on the uncomplimentary reference by implication, such as, for example, the joke in Robson's play of "Oars," This was either taken from the minstrel stage or the minstrel stage took it from the play, I don't know which. It arises during a game of bowls. A pretty girl is doing the bowling. A young man is complaining of his head aching, and the girl says something about the ball she is bowling. The young man misunderstands her, and asks if she refers to his head. She says no; she was speaking of that other wooden thing. There is no doubt that Southern's famous witticism about the dog and his tail certainly came from the burnt cork profession. It was usually told somewhat after this style:

Bones—What makes a little dog wag its ta il?

Tambo—Because he is glad to see his master?

Bones—No. It's because de dog is stronger dan de tail. If de tail was de strongest it would wag de dog, wouldn't it?

I am not sure but what the most venerable chestnut in existence is the looking glass chestnut. The old form was about as follows:

"Sambo, you've told me considerable lies an' I see it's no use tryin' to get truth out ob you for I see de villain in your face."

"Does you? Well, I never knew my face was a looking glass before."

Now that retort courteous certainly dates back to the time of Shakespeare any way. Every one will remember how in "As You Like It," where "Orlando" and "Jacques" have their war of words in the forest "Jacques" finally declares with a significant nod that he was looking for a fool. "Orlando" replies promptly that if "Jacques" will look in the brook he will find him. The old grumbler says that he will see his own face therein and of course "Orlando" catches him.

THE HUSBAND'S PART.

How a Man Should Assist His Wife in Her Housekeeping Work.

A man should first of all help his wife in planning her work. Let every husband give his wife the benefit of his practical business experience, and advise with her how she may best arrange and time her several duties that they may least conflict.

In the second place the husband should give the wife the full amount of money necessary properly to care for the home.

Third, he should see that she has the best tools that can be had to lighten her labor.

Fourth, he should by every possible means shorten her hours of labor. If he finds that she is obliged to work earlier and later than he, then he should at once give or procure for her such assistance as will make their working hours equal.

Fifth, realizing that for her labor she receives no direct compensation, he should, at least, be careful to give continually that reward of of coadial praise, which costs him nothing and so much pleases her.

Finally the man must recognize that many of the domestic duties are essentially proper to him, and not to the woman; such are all that require great physical exertion. Therefore, not only should proper implements be generally furnished for the woman's use, but all the materials she must use should be provided and made easily accessible. Plenty of coal, wood and kindlings should be kept near the place where they are to be burned, water should be supplied so as to be handy and abundant, plenty of hooks, shelves, closets, etc., should be arranged to the best advantage.

At house cleaning time the man should move or get moved the heavier articles of furniture; he should attend to cleaning and putting down of carpets, the setting up of stoves, and the like; in a word, he should assume the responsibility for all the heavier and more disagreeable duties connected with good housekeeping, and be willing, on occasion, to take a hand in those which are lighter.

But if he won't do these things which he ought to do, let him at least have grace enough to keep out of the woman's way while she is doing them for him, and refrain, when they are done, from rewarding his overworked helpmate with cross and complaining speech.

—The increase of capital by national banks in Alabama in the five years from 1882 to 1887 was $2,663,275, or about 113 per cent.

Chrysanthemums.

Ragged wanderers out in the cold,
Waving defiance to Autumn's blasts,
Tossing and shaking your straight rough hair.
Out 'mid the unquiet breezes there,
Like tattered pennants on swaying masts.

Red and yellow and white and pink,
Smooth and jagged, quiet and gay,
What are you saying as you are playing,
Dancing and bowing, nodding and swaying,
To and fro' on this Autumn day?

You motley crowd in harlequin garb,
You stragglers bold, with spicy breath,
Who come at the end of the long procession
(Patient victims without transgression),
Of blossoms marching on to their death.

What are you calling out to the wind,
As he flies on his course past your garden places,
That makes him stop on his blustering way,
And, half in earnest, half in play,
Strike with rough hand your saucy faces?

You are hardy and strong, oh flaming flowers,
As you carelessly laugh to the wind and the sky,
But stronger than you, or the wind, or the rain,
Is the law—the beginning of mortal pain
No matter how beautiful, all must die.

A BETROTHAL BROKEN.

There are three girls in our family—Constance, Juliet and Ismay, and it is I, Juliet, who am writing this little history. I think that looks have a great deal of influence over the people's fate. If I had been as handsome as my younger sister, I should now be Mrs. Lorraine, instead of a forlorn maiden, gazing hopelessly toward a forlorn future. But perhaps matters may improve as time goes on; the wound in my heart may heal, and my feelings become blunted. Just now I feel very sore.

Constance is my senior by four years. She married the year after she came out. I was fifteen at the time, and Ismay only twelve. The Lorraines were our oldest and dearest friends, and Ismay and I studied with the girls under the same governess at their house. My father was the squire of the village where we lived, Mr. Lorraine the rector, and there were no other families of consequence within five miles.

I think I began to live my life when I was sixteen. It was in October; Guy Lorraine had left Rugby and was going into residence at Cambridge. We young ones had been spending a month at the seaside under frauleins care, but the holidays were at an end now, and I felt somewhat gloomy as I wandered alone in the rectory garden. To lose Guy and begin lessons to-morrow! It was too bad.

I was a medium-sized girl in those days, with a round face, a tremendous mop of red hair, blue eyes, and a decidedly *retrousse* nose. I remember that October gloaming as distinctly. The scarlet geraniums in the parlor glared. It was a last flicker before winter. The Gloire de Dijon roses bloomed everywhere, and stocks and asters made a gay show, but a feeling of autumn and decay hovered in the air, and the leaves on the trees were changing hue rapidly.

I was attired in my usual white flannel frock, rather dilapidated—I was never tidy—and one of Guy's hats, which I had taken out of the hall. As I stood by the dial on the lawn a white figure lounged in at the gate and made for me. Of course it was Guy. He was a wonderfully handsome boy, tall, slight and dark, with clear-cut features and an eagle nose. I am an artistic soul and love beauty. That evening I was painfully conscious of being a fright, and I began to straighten my crumpled frock and push back my towzled wig.

'Don't do that, Ju,' said Guy, as he approached. 'I like you ever so much better when you are untidy.'

'Then you must like me always.'

'I do six days out of seven. Sunday's an exception.'

'And I always look so nice on Sunday!'

'Nice! You're a perfect object, with your hair in a tail and your best frock on. If you only knew what a contrast you are to Ismay, you'd leave your pew and come and sit with us.'

'Indeed I wouldn't: I'd chose some one civil, not you.'

'Ah, you're jealous of Ismay, and I don't wonder; but I'm not going to talk about her just now. Do you know I came home especially to see you?'

'I wondered what had made you leave the river so early, but I'm not surprised to hear that I was the attraction.'

'You conceited monkey. I should enjoy boxing your eyes, but I haven't time. I want to talk seriously.'

I giggled outright, but he pulled my hand through his arm, and we marched off in silence. After a moment's pause, I opened my mouth to speak, but he broke in suddenly.

'Ju, you know I am going away to-morrow.'

'Well?'

'Are you sorry?'

'No, I'm very glad. I hope you'll come back improved!'

'You tiresome creature! why won't you be serious?' and he threw down my hand.

'I am serious. You're asking me stupid questions, and I'm answering them seriously.'

'Oh, Juliet, why won't you understand? Don't you know I am sorry to leave you?'

I nodded.

'Of course you are.'

'And you must know the reason why, Ju. I am fond of you.'

'I know that too.'

'You're really past all endurance. Must I explain everything, just as if you were a baby? I'm not fond of you in that way.'

'Which way?'

Guy took me by the shoulders and shook me.

'You know what I mean perfectly well. I'm going to marry you.'

I made a courtesy.

'I must really tell mother that I'm provided for; she was very glad when Connie married in her second season, but I've done a great deal better. Actually, Guy, I'm engaged two years before I'm out.'

Guy was leaning against a tree looking very sulkily at me.

'I'm quite in earnest,' he growled, 'but if you're only going to make fun of me I'll go.'

'You are going, that is to say, you're going to-morrow, but not just this minute, Guy.'

'Oh, Juliet, and do you really love me?'

'I don't want to say yes, and I don't want to say no.'

'But you won't marry any other fellow while I'm away?'

'There is no other fellow that I know of. I will write and tell you if one turns up.'

'And you're the sweetest girl in the world.'

'Guy, I'm positively growing vain. I wish frauleln thought the same.'

'Will you ever be in earnest, Juliet. I know you will never marry me when you're grown up. You make fun of everything, and you will turn out a good-for-nothing flirt.'

There was a pause, and I tried to look forward into the future. I glanced at Guy. His dark eyes were melancholy, ludicrously so, perhaps, but I was touched. He looked so sincere, and I felt unworthy of the adoration expressed so plainly in his face. I was perky, odious, and hated myself.

'Are you sure you mean what you say?' I asked hesitatingly.

'Yes,' he said simply, and I knew he was speaking the truth.

'And if you meet prettier and nicer girls than I am, you won't like them better than me?'

'You are the prettiest and the nicest girl in the world.'

'I don't want you to say that; I want you to say you'll never love any one but me.'

'I shall never love any one half so well.'

And so the romance of my life began. When I was seventeen my father gave his consent to my engagement with Guy, and we were to be married when I was twenty. The course of my love ran very smoothly; Guy took honors at Cambridge in his third year; I was quite well and was taken to town for my presentation. I staid with Connie, but I made not the slightest sensation. I was not pretty, and, with one exception, I positively hated and teared the young men. I was also conscious of being the plainest in the family. I think Ismay grew more beautiful every day.

'How she is growing up!' It was Guy who spoke, and he was referring to little Ismay, who was crossing the stepping-stones to come to us.

I sat on the river bank, and Guy lounged at my feet. Something in his voice made me glance down at him.

'She is the flower of the flock. Far prettier than Connie.'

'Then you don't include yourself in the beauty competition, Juliet?'

'I never thought of comparing myself with Connie, and she is nothing to Ismay.'

'But you are the best of the three, Ju.'

'I feel annoyed at your remarks. I wish people would never allude to my looks, and that they would not try to console me for my lack of beauty by telling me I am amiable—which isn't true—or that I have the beauties of the mind, or nonsense of that sort.'

Ismay came up and seated herself by Guy. Two more beautiful faces could not have been imagined. His, clear, dark and classical; hers, equally perfect, with a complexion of pearls and roses, with golden hair, and dark gray, lustrious eyes.

'I hope I am not *de trop*,' she said calmly, seating herself and spreading out her muslin skirts; 'but I thought Ju's voice sounded cross, and I am come to make peace.'

'Don't trouble to create discord,' I said with impatience.

Guy glanced up, and then murmured something about the golden apple.

'Do you remember Paris and the apple?' asked Ismay, looking straight into his eyes. 'If I had been there I think I should have given to one.'

I was accustomed to hear such remarks every day, and only laughed; but Guy had not seen much of Ismay in the last year, and he stared with astonishment at the audacious beauty. She returned his gaze for a few seconds, and then cast down her eyes. That was only acting. Whatever Ismay was, she was not shy. I tried to talk to Guy as I did when we were alone. Then I used to chatter by the hour together—rigmarole, he used to call it—a one-sided conversation on every imaginable topic, which I knew amused him, although he rarely spoke, but he was quite content to listen in silence. But I felt a trifle constrained with that graceful white figure before my eyes, and when I glanced at Guy his eyes were on Ismay, he had apparently forgotten me. I rose abruptly.

'Where is Juliet going?' asked Ismay of Guy.

He raised his eyes languidly.

'Are you tired of the river?'

'Yes;' and I turned to go.

He rose also.

'Aren't you coming, Ismay?'

'No; and I am vexed at you for leaving me. It is nearly a year since I've seen anything of you, and I wanted to hear all the news—where you've been, what you've done, and everything.'

She sat pouting on the bank, and he stood irresolute before her.

'There's really no reason why you should dog my footsteps,' I said magnanimously; 'pray tell Ismay everything worth telling. I am going home.'

And home I went; and all the way I wondered what those two were talking about, and mentally scolded myself for an unreasonable feeling of grief which had stolen into my heart.

That same evening, I went and sat alone upon the stone balustrade of the tennis lawn. I was alone for what seemed to me a very long time. The rosy after-glow melted into the blue-gray sky; the moon launched her silver boat, and here and there a star flickered in the heavens. The corn crake was busy in the hay fields, and the scent of the roses and honeysuckle in the veranda stole to me on the air. I think I looked nice that night; not beautiful—I could never be that—but as pretty as most girls. I wore a white frock and a pearl necklace, and my fair hair was twisted into a big heavy loop. Guy's voice roused me from my revery.

'You resemble Ellen Terry as you sit there. Look up at me.'

He placed his hands on my shoulders, and I looked into his eyes. He laughed and sat down beside me.

'You have a queer expression in your eyes to-night, Juliet. What is the matter?'

'I don't know. Something is going to happen.'

He sighed impatiently.

'You seem very queer, too, Guy.'

'Do you believe in love at first sight?'

'Yes, in many cases. Is that what is making you sigh so? Have you fallen in love with some one at first sight?'

'Oh, I don't know—that is to say, I haven't. Are you in love, Juliet?'

'What a question!' I exclaimed indignantly, although I was half laughing. 'If you wish me to say I am in love with you, I shan't.'

'I wish to heaven you were not!' he exclaimed vehemently.

The blood rushed into my cheeks, and I sprang up passionately. Before I had time to make my escape, Guy threw his arms round me and kissed my lips over and over again. My head rested on his shoulder, and my eyes slowly filled with tears. No wonder I wept, though I knew not then that that was the last time my love—mine, alas, no longer—would kiss me.

'Dearest Juliet,' he whispered, 'forgive me, my darling! You know I love you better than any other woman.'

'Except one,' said a soft, clear voice close by.

Guy dropped my hand, and I glanced round with an uncomfortable sense of having been discovered in a ridiculous position.

It was Ismay. She was lovelier than ever in the pale moonlight. Her face was that of an angle, and her white draperies enveloped her like a mist. She laughed gently at my look of dismay.

'I didn't mean what I said, Ju, and I haven't been eavesdropping. I just sauntered up and overheard the end of Guy's speech. It seemed only natural to make the remark that I did. It came in so well.'

Guy said nothing. We three returned to the house together, Ismay talking to us both; I replied in an incoherent way, but he said never a word. That night a dreadful fear crept into my heart, and until morning I lay awake staring hopelessly, blankly, at a terrible phantom which grew clearer and more distinct every moment; and I had not even relief in tears.

Thank Heaven, that horrible state of uncertainty did not last long. The agony of the next two days was almost too much for my endurance; but when the last crushing blow fell, it was not so painful as those fruitful doubts. It stunned me, but I knew the worst. there was nothing, either evil or good, that could touch my heart after that. Let me pass over the next forty-eight hours. I said I was ill, and remained in my room. I refused to see Ismay; she made my head ache, I said. On the evening of the second day I went out. It was growing dark, and I crouched down beside the balustrade in the Italian part of the garden, which was laid out in terraces. Below my balustrade a bank sloped some six feet or more to another terrace, and a garden seat was placed at the foot of this bank. I felt expectant, I was lying in wait. In my black dress and in the waning light no one could distinguish me in that shady corner, and there I waited. The night was very still. That hateful corn crake was still croaking in the meadows, and I abhorred the perfume of roses that filled the air, for in my mind it raised up the vision of bygone love and happiness. What mockery!

I had not long to wait. I heard voices in the distance, and then two forms emerged from the shadow and came slowly toward the seat below my eyes. I feared they might continue their walk; but, no; they stopped, and Ismay, for it was she and Guy, seated herself. He glanced round for a moment, then threw himself at her feet.

'You are humble,' she said: 'you may sit beside me if you wish, or perhaps you think that is your proper place?'

'Yes,' he said, 'you were made to be worshipped. I had read of such women, but never believed in them, and here I discover one in a little girl I have known all my life, and to whom I have scarcely ever given a thought.'

'Juliet occupied all your thoughts.'

'Juliet!' he sighed; 'yes, and she ought to occupy them to the end of time. There is not another girl in the world like my old love, and she is better than you, my goddess.'

'And yet you love me best?'

'Who could blame me for loving you? I adore you. You are so beautiful and gracious; you are an angel—a Venus!'

'And you are profane. Call me an angel or a Venus separately, not both at once.'

'But you remind me of both. You are neither saint nor sinner, but the most charming combination of both.'

'If Juliet were here she would say I was all sinner.'

'Don't talk about Juliet. Let me think of you and of you only; the rest of my life must be devoted to her.'

I heard Ismay's sobs. I could not see, it was so dark, but I knew that he was kissing her and bidding her farewell forever, and each tender epithet cut my heart like a knife. Slowly and noiselessly I rose, and stole silently along the terrace to the steps and stood beside them without either being aware of my presence.

'And now good-by forever, dearest,' said Guy; and he would have risen and left her, but she clung to him and sobbed convulsively. 'You must think of Juliet; I am bound to her.'

'You are not!' Could that be my voice? 'For the last two days I have suspected this, and that is why I have been an unseen witness to this scene. Guy, you are free. I am thankful to have found out the change in your love before it was too late. Good-by.'

I turned to go, but he sprang to me and caught my hand.

'Juliet, are you angry?'

'No, I am relieved.'

'Then you never loved me?'

He spoke eagerly, a note of joy in his voice, and my heart stood still. How anxious he was to believe that all my love and devotion had been nothing—as his love, nothing.

'No, I never loved you,' I replied slowly; and as I uttered that lie, I turned and walked slowly away, and he breathed a sigh of relief. I never spoke a word to Ismay or she to me, but I know my sister knew my falsehood, and my secret is safe in her keeping.

They were married, and they are happy—at least she is. Sometimes I glance up and see Guy's eyes fixed on me in a way which recalls the past, but that is only my foolish imagination, for surely he can only look back with amusement to the time when he preferred me to the flower of the flock.

Equal to the Occasion.

The old man's step was heard at the gate and the welcome bark greeted him as he came up the steps.

"Leap from the window, George," the girl hastily exclaimed, "the distance is short."

"But the dog, the dog!"

"I'll fix the dog."

And George leaped from the window and the girl hastened to the door.

Flinging her arms about the old man's neck, she exclaimed:

"Oh, Papa, I'm so glad to see you. The evening has been so lonesome. And Nero, poor fellow. Come in Nero, and I'll give you some lumps of sugar."

And Nero came in.

NEWS IN BRIEF.

—The way to get out of a small place is to be very efficient in it.

—Dr. H. D. Cogswell, the San Francisco philanthropist, accumulated the nucleus of his immense fortune as a dentist.

—John Shaw, of Shamokin, was carried to the polls wrapped in blankets to vote for Harrison and Morton, and died the next day.

—The total number of immigrants arriving at New York for twelve months ending June 30 was 550,000 persons. This number is 60,000 in excess of the previous year.

—It is asserted that a clean sweep of the departments at Washington would result in the removal of more Republicans than Democrats, and this after a four-years' Democratic Administration.

—A remarkably attractive lobster was caught at Norwich, Conn., a few days ago. Its upper parts were of the delicate tinge of old-fashioned blue china, and beneath the color was a beautiful bluish white.

—An elevator in a New Hampshire factory stopped suddenly, the engineer having shut off the steam, and the lad who was riding on it became so frightened lest it should fall that he was attacked with heart disease and died.

—Carroll D. Wright, Commissioner of the Department of Labor, asserts that no girl under 16 years of age should be allowed to work, and that the country would be better off if none under 20 were allowed in factories.

—There are cities in Asia the date of whose origin is not actually known, but it is known that they are older than Rome or any other city in Europe. Jerusalem and Hebron in Palestine and Damascus in Syria are all many centuries older than Rome.

—A difference between our national weather prognosticators and the much-abused Wiggins, as noted by the Boston *Budget*, is that "the first does not inform us of what is coming, and the other alarms us with stormy predictions that do not materialize."

—A citizen of Brunswick, Ga., recently found a piece of solid limestone lying on the ground and pushed it aside. It was a cedar bush growing. There wasn't a particle of earth on the rock, but the cedar was as green and vigorous as though planted in the richest soil.

—An assistant to a Connecticut plumber poured a small quantity of water into a pot of hot lead, in order to satisfy a doubt in his mind as to what the effect would be. He wasn't seriously injured, but is likely to carry a reminder of the experiment to the grave with him.

—Seven boa-constrictors from Cuba arrived at Berlin. A few days later one of them laid four eggs and died in the performance. On opening it ten more eggs were found of the size of a man's fist. Out of the four eggs four snakes emerged about twenty inches in length.

—Labor statistics collected in Connecticut show that long hours, slow payments and child labor go together. In the counties in the State where the largest proportion of the laborers are children the hours are longest and the hands are paid once a month.

—A Kansas living at Pawnee Rock had sold part of his household goods and machinery and taking the balance in his wagon with his family, started for Western Illinois. He got as far as Great Bend and camped for the night. About dark it began to rain and the water fell in torrents all night. Early Sunday morning the granger harnessed his team, turned them west, and by night was at home, ready to begin sowing wheat Monday morning.

—Colder weather has brought relief from yellow fever to the people of Jacksonville, and while they will find now do as speedily as may be is to stamp out as far as possible all the breeding and lodging places of the fever germs which have wrought so much mischief. Unless this shall be done, the chance of depopulation for that section of Florida will certainly be increased and the costly experience of this year will have been undergone without avail.

—The case of M. Chauffat, a Frenchman, is attracting medical attention in London. On one occasion last year he slept continuously for 13 days and a half, and, at the latest advices from England, he was lying asleep at the Alexandra Palace, having fallen into a sort of trance six days before. His appearance is generally normal, but at times his limbs are set in uncommon rigidity. No respiration is perceptible, and there is a constant twitching of his eyelids.

—A Nebraska man who was troubled by skunks, hearing that music would move them to enter a box or barrel, procured a musician, and sure enough the animals took refuge in a box previously prepared, the music an leading the way. It is not certain what sentiment it was that moved the animals or whether it was some peculiarity of the musician that influenced them. Any way they went to their doom submissively.

—A San Francisco lady had three canary birds, and one of them sick-sickened and died. The dead bird was taken from its cage and laid upon a table, where its companions critically examined it. From the day of its death both the other birds remained silent and never piped a note for over thirty days, when one commenced to sing and the other followed suit, and both are now singing away as cheerfully as formerly.

—The New Haven (Conn.) News prints the following case involving a r