CHARITY cannot be letter employed

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out by the planters' gins.

brush of a whitewash artist.

ness. The danger is there.

struction of their homes.

News from Johnstown is of a most

work, and day by day is increasing the

number of workmen employed at pro-

ductive labor. It is also recovering

large quantities of material and ma-

chinery from the debris, which will help

of restoration. This activity furnishes

GOVERNOR GREEN tells a good story

at his own expense. A few days ago

while he was waiting for a train at the

Elizabeth station, he engaged the ser-

vices of a juvenile bootblack. As the

youth plied his brushes the Governor

grew sociaable, and pleasantly inquired:

edicts of the authorities, by the people.

are taken to keep the streets clean,

and there is a rigorous oversight of

A WOMAN dentist, says a New Eng-

land exchange, is somewhat of an in-

to detract something from its terrors.

AN Englisman in California pur-

the sanitary habits of the people.

JEAN'S LETTER. than to give the Johnstown people an The Strange Way in Which it was

opportunity to care for themselves. Written and Answered. They must have food, shelter and rai-This little Jean had resolved to write ment until they can earn these for a letter to the Holy Virgin, he, only six themselves, but the sooner they can be years of age, with trousers worn at the part in a way to earn once more the bet- knees, blonde hair thick and curly, and ter for them all. The Commission a pair of great blue eyes that still tried a pair of great blue eyes that still tried to smile a little, though they spent nearly all their time in crying. His feet, the child still clasped to his breast, the child still clasped to his breast. seems to be surveying the field from this to smile a little, though they spent wise point of view. ttle coat was well cut and of good material, but falling to rags; on his right THE following report of the output foot was a girl's boot, on his left a collegian's shoe, both of them too big of the cotton seed oil mill of St. Marf r him, too wide and too long, and tinville, La., for the last nine months, full of coles, displaying his toes in front will give some idea of the valrety and

and lacking in beels behind. the value of the products of cotton Within; too, he was cold and hungry, seed: Its output was 4,000 barrels of for it was a bitter winter morning, and oil, 2,300 tons of cotton seed meal, 340 he had had no food since mean the day bales of lint, and 1,100 bales of cotthe Holy Virgin, and since he could neither read or write, let me tell you ton-all this from the seed as turned now he did it.

Over beyond the home of this little CONEY ISLAND hasn't got any elelean, in the quarter of the Gros-Cailphant this year, and as a consequence tou, at the corner of the avenue, there the local editors of the big New York chanced to ie the stall of a Public the local editors of the big New York Witter one of these men whose busidailies are sore pressed for special sensaness it was to do the letter-writing of tions. The picture of a New York local ed-sil those people who could not write itor tearing out his hair in the effort to for themselves. In the case I speak of evolve a sensation in the presence of the the Public Writer was also an old soldier, a trifle crabbed, but a very good | with a stall like Father Bouin's. void created by the absence of the elephant and his trunk is worthy of the man, and whom Jean saw, on arriving before his stall, through the dingy glass of his little window, tranquilly smoking is pipe and waiting for customers. Good morning!' said Jean as he en-ICERERGS have become very plenti-

ful in the track of ocean steamers. The tered, for Jesn was very polite, good morning; and I have come, if you officers of the steamer State of Pennpleas, to get you to write me a letter.'
Ten soul! said Father Bouin, for sylvania and the steamer Wyoming, this worthy man, who was possibly the thing I am certain, they always reach which arrived in New York recently, saw bergs of great size. One of them bundred thousandth part of a Marshal was but eight miles away. It would of France in glory, called himself by this simple title, 'ten sous for a letter!'
Jean, who had neither hat nor cap, cost more to take a southerly route, but greater safety would be assured. The and therefore could not lift it, turned northern route is dangerous during the about with a civil: iceberg season, and sooner or later a

'Then excuse mel' But Father Bouin, finding him so

disaster of appalling character will genteel, laid his hand upon his shou der take place, if the Atlantic steamers do not charge their course. It is only a and stopped him. 'Are you the son of a soldier, little question of time and a little carelessné?' he demanded. 'No, only mamma's son,' responded

Jean, 'and she has no one but me." 'Good!-and you have not the ten encouraging character as to the resto-'Oh, no, I have not even one sou!' ration of the industries of the place, 'I see-nor thy mother, either! But The Cambria Company is actively at

tell me, little one, is it to make the soup come? 'Exactly,' said Jean, laughing, 'to make the soup come.'

'Bon! begin then-ten lines on a half sheet will that do you?'
And Father Bouin spread out his to lessen its lo-ses and hasten the work paper, inked his pen and traced at the op of the page in the elegant hand-

the best kind of relief for survivors, writing of a quartermaster, which in truth he had once been. 'Paris, Jan-uary 17, 18-,' then on the line be-Wask that keeps them engaged during the day and furnishes them with the means of living and of starting life 'Monsieur who?' he cried, 'quick, go anew is doubly beneficial. It helps

-how is he called?" 'He?-how-whit?' said little Jean. them to recover their former spirit of enterprise and hopefulness, and gives 'The gentleman.' them material aid towards a recon-

'What gentleman?' 'The one to make the soup come." This time Jean comprehended.

'Ah, a lady then?'

'Yes-no-o; this is-' Father Bouin lost his patience. In the name of goodness, little one he shouted, 'don't you know to whom you want to write a letter?'

'Oh, ye',' said Jean, 'I know-"How's Jusiness, Johnnie?" "Name 'Speak, then, and hurry about it!' aint John ni . " laconically answered the Jean opened his mouth, hesitated and turned red; not in the habit of aplad; "name's Tommy," Slightly taken back by Tommy's indisposition to be plying to Public Writers for corressociable, the Governor said nothing for pondence of this kind, he found it very

a while, but finally, deciding to impress embarrassing. However, he plucked the youngster to a slight extent, he rethe youngster to a slight extent, he re-'It is to the Holy Virgin,' said he, marked: "Well, Tommy, I guess you 'that I wish to send a letter-,' but don't know who I am, do you?" "Yes, stopped astounded, for Father Bouin knowed you long ago," said Tommy. had thrown down his pen, jerked his "Well, who am 1?" "Yer Bob pipe from his mouth and regarded him with an indignant air,

'Little one,' said he, presently, ope you are not making fun of an old LONDON is declared to be one of the man, and as you are too little for me to healthlest large cities in the world, the shap, march quick, get out of my shop death rate being only 16.6 per thou- for fear I may!"

Jean, still more bewildered, turned sand of population. There is a marked on his heels, or feet, rather, since heels absence of the so called "filth diseases" he had none; and Father Bouin, finding that cause so much mortality in New him so gently submissive, reconsidered York every year. This remarkable his words and looked at him observ-

salubrity is due to the rigorous enforce- antly. 'Name of names!' he growled, "how ment of the health laws by the authorisuch misery there is in this Paris! ties, and the cheerful and intelligent And your name, baby-what do you obedience to those laws, and to the

"Jean." The water supply is good, great pains Jean what?"

'Nothing but Jean.' Father Bouin's eyes filled, but he

lew his nose fiercely and continued: 'And I am to tell the Virght-

4 o'clock yesterday, and I want her, if the will be so kind, to wake her, for 1 povation, but that she is likely to make her mark in the profession is indicated cannot! A sudden lump rose in the old soldby the high standing of the young

ier's throat, but he was afraid to unwoman who has just been graduate.i derstaud; he choked it down and went from the Boston Dental College. According to the announcement of the But the soup-why did you talk of Dean, she stood No. 1 in a class of

oup awhile ago?'
'Why-I had to,' said Jean; 'mambetween 30 and 40, and in the race she ma, before she went to sleep, gave me had run she was so far ahead of her the last piece of bread.' classmates that she could hardly hear Then she-your mamma-what did the tread of the fellow next behind her. | she eat?'

"Nothing; and for a long time she The dentist's char is not exactly a ways said she wasn't hungry. synonym for everything that is com-'And you tried to wake her, you fortable and inviting, but the presence of a gentle woman operator promises

Yes, kissing her, as I always did. 'Did she breathe?' Jean looked up with a smile that

chased a gold brick for \$8,000, thinking made him beautiful. 'I don't know,' he replied, 'butthat he was getting ahead of an ignodon't we always breathe?" This time the blast of Father Bouin's rant Indian and would clear a bandnose was like the sound of a cavalry some profit on the transaction. It was his voice low and broken.

the Englishman and not the Indian trumpet 'And when you kissed her,' said he. who came out loser, for the brick did you-did you notice anything? 'Oh, yes,' said the child, 'how cold turned out to be only copper, though its quality had been tested in the pressible was-but then it's always very cold ence of the purchaser. That is one case. at our house.'

'Sol then she shivered, of course?' Here is another: A country minister 'No, not a bit-she was just as still sharpers, who told him that one of as she could be—with her hands crossed them had a debt to collect from a man an 1 pretty, and with her eyes wide open who would not pay, and offered him as if she were looking at the skies!' \$2,000 if he would help to collect it. 'And I.' murmured the writer \$2,000 if he would help to collect it. And I, murmured the writer to Then they got him into a gambling himself, I, who have food and fuel, they are the property and personnel himself, I who have food and fuel, and clothes to wear, fretted for fame room and persuaded him that he could ald in collecting the debt and earn his and riches, while here was one two housand dollars by taking part in | died of hunger! He drew Jean to him and lifted him

a game. The half-innocent, half- He drew Je guilty minister allowed himself to be to his knee. persuaded, and only discovered his 'Little one,' said he very gently, fault when he found that he had been 'thy letter is written, sent and reswindled out of \$900. Moral to both ceived-now take me to thy mother!' 'Yes,' said Jean, 'I will take you cases: Earn your money honestly;

don't try to get ahead of anybody else but—but what are you crying for?
in a barrain or to get some one el e's Does something hurt you? don't try to get ahead of anybody in a bargain or to get some one el e's Does something hurt your in a bargain or to get some one el e's Pather Bouin's answer was money without giving full value for it.

him in his arms and to striffe him with

'Yes, my little Jean,' he said, 'yes, I cry, and soon thou wilt cry with me, u whom I love as I would love my own! I, too, had a mother once who loved me dearly, and who said to me on her dying bed: 'Be an honest man, Bouin, and be a Christian!' An honest

and, speaking as if to some one who awaited his words, cried out solemnly: 'Be happy, old mother! Look down upon me and be at rest! Friends may jeer and laugh at me if they will, but where you are, I, too, now wish to ge, and to bring this little onewith me! Four little man, he shall never leave me; his letter, answered already, has made a double shot-it has given him a father and me a heart!"

*** That is all-I have no more to tell on; it is a story without beginning or end, though well worth the quarter of

hour spent in its recital. but there is now in Paris a man still young, a Public Writer also, but not This one is a writer of eloquent

Jean, as in other days, and when Father Bould, now a happy old man, and a Christian, calls always his 'little As for the name of the postman who carried letters like that of little Jean, I cannot tell you that either; but one

Joseph and Joseph's Papa.

their destination.

The small boy was fond of music, and there was an opera in town. It was Sunday night, but he stole out, having been refused permission by his mother, and got away down in front by the fiddles. He sat the listening delightedly, when he turns around and suddenly discovered his father all alone in the next occupied seat. He made no excuse. He looked up and nodded pleasantly. "How do you do, sir?"

"What? Joseph!" "Yes, sir,"

"Does your mother know you are "No, sir. She wouldn't let m come.

"And aren't you -well-ahem-A sense of justice struck the old man, and the small boy knew he was quite safe. So they enjoyed the opera to-gether, and then they started home. There was an awkward silence between them. The small boy waited for his father to speak.

"Abem! Joseph-we will not-it would be better-that is-you needn't allude to this matter before your mother. "No, sir."

There was another long pause. Again the old man spoke, hesitatingly: "Ahem! Joseph, how—how—did you et out of the house this evening?" "By the back door, sir." "Well-ahem-!-Joseph, we'll

m by the back way quietly, and not disturb the household. And they went in the back way, Next morning at breakfast the two

met without any sign. The mother Mr. Smith, I am sure I do not know whatever is to come of that boy

What is the matter, my dear?" "Do you know he actually came and sked me to let him go to the opera last

night - Sunday!" You refused, of course?" "Certainly; what a question!" Then the father sternly turned to the

Joseph, I am surprised. Are there note nough week days for you to go to the opera that you must go on Sundays? 'Yes, sir; and I was going to ask ou to give me some money to go to-

The old man looked at the small be who was ingenuously looking up in his face, and said nothing; but when they left the table he took him by the ear and said:

"You young rascal, I suppose you are going to bleed me for tickets every 'Yes, sir," said the boy, candidly. And he got them.

A Blind Detective. There used to be a young blind man who sold cigars at a stan i on Winter street or thereabouts, says the Boston Transcript., Ordinarily the sales were of single cigars or small packages of cigarettes, and the dealer, being expert in the handling of coms, had no diffi culty in making change. Sometimes paper money would be given him and then the blind man had to trust the honor of his patrons not to give counterfeits. One day a man came to hir who wanted to buy a lot of cigars, and offered a five dollar note in payment The blind man trusted his honesty, took the five dollar bill, and gave what change was due him in silver. The oill proved to be counterfeit. Some time afterward the swindler, feeling secure in the inability of the dealer to identify him, came back to the blind man's stand and bought a cigar.

'I should think,' he said nonchalantly to the dealer, 'that you'd sometimes have counterfeit money passed on you. 'O no,' said the dealer, 'nobody would impose on a poor blind man like

'So?' said the sharper. His victim had thrown him off his guard. 'Eyidently,' he thought, 'the blind man succeeded in passing the bill, and nobody discovered that it was bad until it got into the third or fourth man's hands. So here's a chance to get him

'Of course,' said the sharper again aloud, 'nobody would come such a game on you. By the way, I got a lot of cigars of you awhile ago that were Got any more of the same sort? 'Yes, sir.'

'All right. I'll take another five iollar's worth.' The blind man got up like a fiash and selzed him by the arms. 'So you're the man that passed the counterfeit five-dollar bill on me, are you?' he exclaimed. 'Help! thief!'

There was a crowd on the street, and the man had plenty of help to secure the swindler, who was promptly marched off to the station, where quite supply of counterfe't money was found on his person.

There is a restaurant in the Eiffel tower where wines, liquors and cigars cows. the operation of the high license law.

IN THE BLACK FOREST.

The Beautiful Legend Connected with One of its Remarkable Lakes.

The Schluchsee is the largest lake in the Black Forest and one of the most picturesque. During the spring and summer it is a great resort for invalids from Strasburg and Heidelberg, attracted to the neighborhood by the bracing quality of the air and the fine wa'er in this vicinity.

The lake itself affords excellent bathing, which is said to be a great restor-ative in cases of chronic disability or slow convalescence. The origin of thi curative power is explained by another characteristic legend, which, although it excites the ridicule of the physicians of today, has nevertheless the ment of accounting for a fact otherwise inex-plicible, like its sister stories of the Black Forest.

At the period of the Crusaders when so many good Christians left their homes and native land to go to the deliverance of the Holy City, there live The poor mother dead of hunger and in this country a brave warrior called misery, was indeed gone beyond all Conrad von Feldberg, He accompanielling. Who was she? I do not know. What had she suffered? I cannot tel; of Jerusalem, where his stout lance had laid many a fierce Saracen in the dust. Conrad was also the companion and friend of Tancred, and Raymond of Toulouse. After he saw the crescent things, whose friends simply called him go down before the cross, and had kissed the holy sepulchre with his plous lips, he prepared to return to the land of his fathers, where he was the poss-ssor of a lordly castle in the Black Forest, Here, too, a fair malden, to whom he was betrothed, awaited is coming with an anxious heart; and during her lover's long absence it was her daily custom to ascend to the top of a lofty tower, whence she could see the spot where they renewed their mutual vows on the

eve of his departure. The brave crusader reached the Rhine land in safety and arrived in the valley of the Schluchsee. One evening, as he was passing through the forest, he came to a lake which he did not remember having seen before. It was a lovely and peaceful spot. Night was at hand. The turf was cool and soft, and Conrad, weary from his long journey, could not resist the temptation to repose. He commended his soul to God and lay down on the green sward with

no thought of danger near.
At this era the Scluchsee was haunted by fairies, who had many traits in common with their neighbors, the Willis, or dancing spirits of the Mumnelsee. Soon a beautiful female arose from the tranquil wa'ers of the lake, She saw the young Crusader sleeping in the moonlight and gazed on his handsome features with admiration. Then she enveloped him in her long sea green tresses and began to chant a weird melody that had power to cast a spell over any one who should hear it even in slumber. While she sang her feet noved lightly to a magic measure and seemed to caress the smooth surface of

In a few moments Conrad rose like one in a dream and followed the fairy. who extended her white arms toward

Conrad felt the water glide beneath his feet, yet he did not draw back. Still the fairy sang her strange melody and still Conrad advanced. as he held out her arms to drag him down into the enchanted lake, a consecrated relic that he had always worn around his neck fell into the water. All it once the lake vanished, and with it the beautiful sprite who had risen from

its crystal depths, The good crusader, saved by plety, returned home and espoused the naiden of his cho'ce.

HOW THEY LIVE QUIETLY. Western Characters Who Have Set-tled Down In Peace.

There is a host of men in these parts who are leading quiet, respectable lives who did not use to be so respectable and quiet. They came to the West when it was the fashion to shoot a man f you didn't like the cut of his coat or ought his gramm ir too good. Being at Rome they did as the Romans did. But as custom changed they have con-siderably changed with it. Their blood still runs briskly, bowever, and you don't want to swear at them unnecessarily. Though they rarely talk about t, they are quite proud of their earlier career and like to have it understood that once upon a time they were ba-ad nen. One day last week a big, roughlooking fellow entered a Pullman car and began to smoke and sing vulgar songs. The colored porter begget him o desist, but he shouted back that he would smoke where he pleased and sing what he pleased and no blamed nigger coul i stop him. An elderly gentleman

sitting near called the porter aside and asked him if he knew the express agent 'Yes, sah,' answered the porter, 'I loes, sah; name o' Marshall, sah.'

'Well, you give him this card, and tell him to come here immediately. The porter went off, and presently obust, heavy, thick-set fellow entered, glanced about the car, perceived the

iderly man, and came forward. 'Do you remember me?' said the Herly man. 'I guess so,' was the rather hesitating inswer.

'Aren't you sure?' 'Do you see that fellow yonder, yell

ng and smoking?" Yes. 'Can you get away with him?' 'I ain't fearful to try.'

'Put him in the smoking car.' The robust fellow promptly went over o where the rough was sitting and uid: 'Pardner, you've get to get out of here. I'm told to put you out, Fightin's right in my line, if you say fight. I don't want no trouble, but it all lays

with you. Come, now, git!' For a moment there were signs of a pattle, but in another moment the rough thought better of it and meekly clowed himself to be led away. The obust fellow returned and reported hat it was all right. 'You've lost none of your nerve since

saw you last,' remarked the elderly Marshall smiled all over. 'I guess 'm some account yet, sir,' he replied, I hope your knowln' me am't going to lose me my job?"

'Oh, no, Take care of yourself; Marshall retired. Another traveler peaking to the elderly man, observed bat the express agent looked like a good fighter, "Good! I should say so, I knew

im in the Black Hills years ago wien I was sheriff there. He was punching cows. He has killed his man reveral Didn't it tickle him when told him he hadn't lost his nerve?"

(I hope she's out; the tiresome thing!)
"Miss Jones at home to-day!"
"No? I'm so sorry she's not in:
Give her my love. I pray,
and here's my card; and ask her, please,
To call and see me soon;
I'n sorry not to find her in,
This lovely afternoon."

(Good luck for once!) I do declare,
There goes the Widow Burr:
I'll just drop up and leave my card
And wash my lands of her:
And here to number "forty six"
Have moved those queer McKnights,
Their pew is right across from our's;
Their children look like frights.

But pastor said I ought to call— As if I'd time to waste.
Or strength to spend on any one
Who shows such borrid taste!
That's all he knows: I'll gently ring,
I hope they will not hear.
And if they don't, I'm very sure
My conscience will be clear.

'Tis just my luck! As true's I live
She's coming to the door!
"Mrs. McKnight, how do you do?
I meant to call before!
Your lovely children, are they home,
And are they well to-day?
It quite refreshes me to see
Your pew across the way."

"I hope you'll call"—(I hope she won't, From such a shabby room; She's not our set, that's very plain.) "I must be going soon; I've had a very lovely call" (That last was all a lie) "Mrs. McKnight; good afternoon You little dear; good-by."

I'd like to shake that horrid child;
I wish he'd not been born!
He crowded up so close to me
He stept upon my corn!
I'd like to shake such stupid folks!
Why didn't she tell the news?
Such calls as this would drive me mad,
Or kill me with the blues!

Twelve calls I'v made, and home at last

Too tired to speak a word:
Those hateful women talked so fast
I could not once be heard;
I'd be a fly upon the wall.
Or anything that crawls,
Before I'd be a woman,
Forever making calls!

—Mrs. Sarah De W. Ganneell.

ELAINE VALLEAU.

'Ha n't he anybody in the worldnybody at all—to look after him?' Elaine Valleau asked the question as the looked tenderly down into a sweet baby-face that nestled against her soft fur cloak in a most confiding manner. 'Nobody, as far as we know,' the matron of the hospital replied. 'He was born here, and his mother died soon after. She came here just the night before he was born, and we never could find out anything about her. Nobody

came to inquire, and the baby has been left on our hands ever since,' 'Poor little fellow!' Elaine murmured. oftly; and she laid her cheek against the baby's little face. 'He is such a pretty boy, Mrs. Johns! If you don't hink there would be any trouble about t, I think I will keep him.

'No trouble at all, Miss Valleau,' aid the matron, eagerly. 'It is very good of you, and I am sure Tito is a ncky boy to have found so good a The baby opened his round, dark eyes

and smiled what fond mothers call an any longer, augel-smile, One little hand was thrust Elaine's out with curious uncertainty, and the tiny fingers buried themselves in the fur of Elaine's cloak.

A soft baby chuckle and a kicking of the small feet accompanied this act, and child get those marks on his arm?' Oh,' Elaine answered readily, 'that the small feet accompanied this act, and Elaine felt that curious thrill which is nothing. He was born with those. very true woman feels when a friend ess child is laid in her arms.

'You are going to be my baby, Tito, she said, kissing the little one. And so the bargain was concluded. Society opened its eyes when it heard of Miss Valleau's astonishing freak. 'Awfully queer, isn't it?' said Mrs. Gossip to Miss Chat. 'But rich people always get cranky, they say. Of course, you know Elaine is tired of everything. She has been everywhere and had everything, so that there is nothing

left to amuse her. I suppose this baby s merely an occupation, and she wil tire of it soon enough. I fancy. 'I wonder why she doesn't marry?' Miss Chat said, curiously. 'She must have had plenty of chances.

'Oh, haven't you heard? She was engaged to be married a long while ago, but the engagement was broken off, and her lover married somebody elseout of spite, they say. I did hear, too, that he was very much in love with her, and that when the engagement was broken be went to the bad say that one time, when he had been drinking a good deal of champagne, some Spanish woman got hold of him and inveigled him into marrying her. Anyhow, he was married, and they say Elaine Valleau loves him still.'

So the tongue of gossip wagged; but Elaine knew, and cared very little. She had Tito, and he was as sweet a

He grew more winning every day. He was a handsome little tellow, and at which many people stood in admira-When Tito had learned to walk and them, in batches, they get mixed up.

talk, Elaine took him everywhere with

One day they were on the pier together at Nantucket and some one saw them. Elaine did not know that the dark eyes of Lloyd Caruthers were fixed upon her as she sat there under the shade of her lace parasol, watching means who had lost his wife, and who Tito with his bucketful of sand.

'Bring it to mamma, dear,' she said -for, in spite of everybody, she had what Tito has in his bucket. Lloyd Caruthers looked at the beautiful child with a savage feeling in his

'That is her child!' he said to himself. known she would forget me, and yet-Ot, Elaine! My lost darling! I would give my life just this moment to kneel when I found that our nurses had been about a third of an acre long, in a pool as you once did.' He caught his breath and turned

in her arms, and, quite unconscious of her observer, was kissing him in a rapturous manner, Caruthers would have gone away at once, for he dreaded while he longed to meet her. But for a moment he Was quite lost to his surroundings. till a servant came to announce that

His mind traveled back to the time

away quickly, for Elaine had the child

when he had been the accepted lover of this girl, who was and always had been to him the one woman in the world. He thought, with vain and bitter regret, of the trifling quarrel that had separated them. How wretched he had been was Lloyd Caruthers. since! His miserable marriage with Inez Fallero must have sunk him very

him to his senses. The scream came from Elaine's lips, and in the same moment that he sprang to her side, he saw Tito's white dress sink below the water that curled and dashed around the pier. "Save him-oh, save him!" Elaine cried, wildly.

A splash and a wild scream brought

low in Elaine's esteem; and now-

And in her terror there came to her no sense of recognition of the man so

'Don't be frightened!' he said, quickly. 'I can swim. I will get him.'

In the same moment be got off his coat and shoes and leaped into the bly.

'I did not love her. Love!' he re-

Lloyd grasped the child as the waves whirled him shoreward. Then receding, they caught them both, and it was all that Lloyd could do to hold the child

But Lloyd was a powerful swimmer, one night, when I was under the influ-and he gained slowly but surely the ence of liquor, I married Inez Faliero, shallow water along the shore.

sank exhausted at Elaine's feet, with me a life of torment and mortification. | portion of the new Amarican Museum me a life of torment and mortification. | then the scene faded away in the mist

of unconsciousness.

a sense of awful weakness, he saw be-side him the still, death-like form of little Tito. 'What are you doing?' he asked, with an effort, as he saw the well-meant but ineffectual efforts of the bystanders to is quite natural.' resuscitate the child, 'That is not the

cuted, and the little, bare arms were promptly raised and lowered till artifi-cial respiration was replaced by a faint,

fluttering sigh, and they knew the child was safe. Lloyd had not looked once at Elaine. but his eyes were fastened on the child's bare arm, on which there were a number of queer little spots, and one long,

red streak just above the elbow. This seemed to fascinate him. He stared at it steadfastily till Elaine's face came between him and the child, and she said in a low, uneven voice: 'I cannot tell how much I thank you, Lloyd. You always were a brave fel-

His eyes filled with tears when she called him by his first name. That was good of her. It was kind, too, that she acknowledged, by her praise, their previous acquaintance. 'I did it for you,' he said, huskily.

'It was nothing. I am very glad.' 'I think you would have done it for any one-for the child's own sake,' she said, gently.

And she took Tito up in her arms, for the child was all right now, and feeling wet and uncomfortable, he had begun to cry.
'I will see you again,' she said; and

Lioyd's heart bounded. He got up with an effort and stood there very wet and draggled beside her. 'I-t am going away,' he said, in a low tone. 'I don't think I'd better stay

Elaine's eves fell. 'Just as you think,' she said.

But you ought not to stand here, wet the care of a happier couple. 'I am going,' he said hurriedly. She held out her hand very frankly,

warmth, and her eyes were quite misty, very dearly. I shall not forget it. Lloy1 could not speak. He simply crushed the small hand she gave him in a fervent grasp and hurried away. The next day he had left Nantucket

and Tito watched his 'pretty mamma' with wide, curious eyes.
'Don't cry, mamma,' he lisped. 'Tito loves 'oo. Don't cry.'

But Elaine's tears would fall, and her heart ached sadly. 'I thought I had ceased to care much for him,' she said, in despair, 'but it is of no use. I shall love him always, and yet I have no right to love It is wicked of me, oh, I cannot help it! Oh, Lloyd, Lloyd, why did

From that day, somehow, Nantucket ceased to please her, and she went It was several weeks later that she had a note from the matron of the

hospital whence she had taken Tito: 'MY DEAR MISS VALLEAU," Mrs. Johns wrote, 'a most extraordinary thing has happened. Tito's father has turned up, and has been here inquiring baby as ever gladdened a mother's for him. In the first place, a very strange mistake has happened. know we have a great many babies can be done for you. here at one time-sometimes as many he and Elame together made a picture as fifty-and it often happens that in bathing the babies, as we do bathe

> mothers have to help us out. But, if you will remember, Tito had no mother, and there was at the same time another baby here who was an orphan. One of these babies was the I can't do it, yer honor!' had paid us to have this child properly

He has been traveling abroad for several years, and has just returned, intending to take this child away. But give him up.

Elaine let the note fall and burst into 'It is always that way,' she said-'everything I love is taken from me.'
With a feeling of utter despair, she

there was a gentleman in the parior to Elaine went down with a sinking heart. Her visitor was standing in the middle of the room, and she saw, with a strange fluttering of the heart, that it

lung herself on the couch and lay there

He came forward with a feverish manner as she stood still in surprise, and he said, without waiting to greet 'Elaine, do you know that it child you have adopted?'

to mention it, but I married a woman who was a drunkard and an opiumeater. I was well punished for my folly. I do not excuse it, but I have

'Your child!' she echoed.

Tito's little, struggling form had peated, with scorn. 'I loathed her come up to the surface again, and when I came to my senses.' But how could you -how could you - E'aine faltered.

'I have asked myself that question a hundred times. I do not know, When out of the water while he kept himself we quarreled, Elaine, I was wretched, affoat, It was a terrible struggle, such as what I had never done before, and none but they who have narrowly escaped drowning can well understand. But I look we accompany to the control of She is Tito's mother-the mother of It was a breathless moment when he my son. What a deprayed woman she 'I saved him for you!' he gasped; and She died finally from her own excesses, then the scene faded away in the mist and I put the child in the hospital. There was nothing else I could do, for When he opened his eyes again, with I had no one to take care of him. 'Your wife is dead, then?'

Elaine, softly, She died shortly after Tito's birth, 'And you want your child, of course,' she said, with a break in her voice. 'It

'I did mean to take him away from way! Take off his dress; lift his arms the hospital,' he said; 'but when I up and draw them down again. Be heard it was you who had him, I felt sorry I had ever made any claim. You He was too much exhausted to aid know, Elaine, there is no woman in them himself, but his orders were exethe guardian of my child than you." 'But I cannot take him from you,'
be faltered. 'He is yours.'

'Not if you want him,' Lloyd answered, hurriedly. And then, with a sudden burst of assion, he cried.

Do you think I have eyer ceased to ove you? You have grown dearer to ne every day since I lost you. Anything I have that you may desire, will gladly give to you-even my child. if you will only say that you forgive me, say you do not despise me. Elaine made a quick gesture toward

'Lloyd,' she cried, holding out her arms, 'I love you,'
He caught her to his breast with a vild and passionate joy. 'And you will forgive me?' he said, tremulously. 'Oh, Elaine, I did not dare to ask! Will you be my wife now?

Is that happiness still possible? She lifted her face and kissed him. 'Yes,' she answered, through her tears. 'I forgave you long ago. You have been punished sufficiently, I think.

Oh, if you had only come back to me sooner! 'But I did not dare,' he answered 'I felt too base. And that day at Nan-tucket—I thought that you were married, that Tito was your own child." 'Well,' she said, pressing her cheek against his breast, I have you now, and I am not going to let you go again.

He tightened his arms around her. 'You need not fear,' he answered The world could not drag me away.' 'Just as you think,' she said.

'But there is one thing I want to after was a wonderful thing for the gossisk,' Lloyd continued. 'How did that sips; but what anyone said mattered very little to Lloyd and Elaine. Tito went with them on their travels,

and a happier child was never found i

Irish Wit. 'The Irish are the most witty of all 'Thank you,' she said with real people, writes Edmund Kirke in the North American Review, and he tells 'You saved Tito's life, and I love him two anecdotes to illustrate the quickness at repartee which characterizes even the unlettered among them. 'Go to your captain and tell him you are the

> 'Plase, ver honor,' replied Pat, 'word hev me go to the captain wid a lie my mouth? When James Harper was mayor New York he required that applicants for position on the police force should able to read and write. Patrick Murphy, who could neither read nor

aziest rascal in the regiment,' said a

write, was auxious to be on the 'perisse,' and set himself to work accord-When he could scrawl his own name in 'coarse hand' he presented himself before the mayor, accompanied by sev-

On making his application he was told to write Patrick Murphy in a blank book. He wrote it, much to the surprise of his friends. 'Howly Moses!' exclaimed one, 'Mike, d'ye mind that? Pat's-a-writ-

'That will do,' said Mayor Harper

'I'll make inquiry about you. Come again in a fortnight, and I'll see what 'Plase, yer honor,' said one of Pat's amazed friends, 'ask him to write somebody else's name," 'That is well thought of,' answere Mr. Harper. 'Partrick, write my name.'

'Me write yer honor's name!' ex-

forgery, and I a-goin' on the perlissel A Monster White Dragon

caimed Pat, jumping out of the trap before it could spring. 'Me commit

A native paper at Sie-fu, China, publishes the following: "A white dragon was seen on April 12th, Dragons like water, and it had rained since about the middle of March straight on, ending when he came to get his child, it appears that the child was not here. The storm, which smashed in the roofs of baby we had supposed was his was the many of the country people's huts child of a poor woman. He knew it about their ears. Suddenly a power-What a fool I am! I might have was not his, because his own child had ful fishy smell became perceptible, and some peculiar birthmarks on one arm. People coming in from the fields reported the presence of a huge creature, at your feet and have you smile on me so careless. Tito is this gentleman's of water. The next day a few people child, and I am afraid you will have to ventured out to see it. It was quite white, with scales two feet in with horned head, claws and a long tail, just as represented in pictures. On the 18th of April fine weather returned and the dragon was gone. Foreigners do not talk about dragons, but we Chinese do. Few, indeed, have seen them. ticated to allow us to doubt of the power of this supernatural being to make himself occasionally visible

Happiness.

ted spirit, moderate in his desires, tem- | credit of having devised the method by perate in his appetites, diligent and faithful in his labors, affectionate and from the new marble statue of Liebig generous in his disposition, calm and in Munich. "Somebody dashed a dark self-possessed, interested in good objects liquid all over it in November last, for their own sake, and go to aid them spotting it in about 300 places. The by his own efforts, he possesses more of substances employed appear to have

The best of prophets of the future is the past.

Pray for a short memory as to all un-

NEWS IN BRIEF.

-A man with an artificial cheek, eve and palate has been attracting attention at an English watering place. It is said that he eats without difficulty

and speaks distinctly. -A New York jeweler has two jewels, apparently diamonds, in his window, with the simple inscription over them: "Which is genuine?" Two young men, after holding a heated discussion on the question, made the jeweler the umpire of a wager. The latter was compelled to acknowledge that both

ingenious advertisement. -Twenty-eight iron girders, said to be the largest ever used, will form a portion of the new American Museum girder measures about 62 feet in length, and weighs 40,000 pounds, treat difficulty was found in their

the site of the building. -A famous mayal dog is attached to the United States ship Adams. He belongs to no one in particular, but to the ship in general. He has been in service in all quarters of the globe. On one occasion, when the vessel was out of commission for months and repair-ing in the dry-dock, he betook himself to the receiving ship, hard by, but promptly reported for duty when the Adams was again for service.

-The oldest church structure still standing in North America is believed undoubtedly to be the original First Church erected in Selem, Mass., in 1634, and now carefully protected, still standing in the rear of Plummer (193), in that city. The dimensions, interior, architecture, and the material of this church all fully conform to the a scient, records, and amply prove it to be the original church of the fathers.

-Graham, who intended to make a in his new barrel boat, was induced to trip, ballasted to a passenger's weight. The craft proved to have been well fitted with a name—"The Torpedo"— for it bursted to pieces in the Rapids. Those who kept Graham from going inside of it were promptly comvinced of their unwisdom, for he says he will construct another and go over the Falls in it.

-A number of Chinese workmen at Manilla tried to see which of them could continue exposed to the sun on a plank for two hours, the one holding out to receive a wager of \$12. Several made the attempt, but all but one quickly abandoned it. This one contined intrepidly. The time counted from 2 o'clock. At half-past 3 the persevering competitor transferred himself to the ground. The two hours expired, and his companions thought he was lying down as a matter of choice, but on going up to him some time af-ter they found that he was dead.

-The Johns Hopkins Hospital was formally opened in Baltimore recently. It is said to be the most richiy enlowed, largest, and best institution of the kind in the world. It is open to the 000,000, and the seventeen buildings, with one or two exceptions, are connected by covered passages. Telephones connect the different apartments, and everything about the institution is erfully complete. There are buildings well as for patients and contagious di seases. The lecture room for clinical nstruction will accommodate 250 stu-

dents. -Among the antiquities recently acquired by the Christiania. Museum are some belonging to the middle iron age, found in two barrows at Larvix. The consist of fragments of a lance, a shield with fron bandle, a pair of shears or scistors, and a buckle of silver, besides a number of vessels (the most remark able of which is a glass beaker, ornamented with threads of glass fused on to the exterior), a wooden bucket caulked with tar, and many urns, Among the latter is a large one with a

long neck. The groves in the barrows -Whenever there is offered in the United States a prize open to the whole country for the family that has the greatest length, breadth and thickness Walker county, Georgia, through the Coulter boys, will be sure to take journalist in that State thinks. Of the six boys, going up by steps and commencing at the lowest, James is 6 feet 4, Mac 6 feet 6, Will 6 feet 6, Tom 6 feet 7, Oscar 6 feet 8 and Richard (feet 11. Their weights run from 200 to 262 pounds, making a total of 1367

pounds, and an average of 228 pounds. -The metric system of weights and measures continues to grow in favor. At a recent meeting of the French Academy of Sciences M. de Malarce population of the countries in which the metric system was compulsory was over 302,000,000, being an increase of 53,000,000 in ten years. In 1887, in ountries with a population of close on 97,000,000, the use of the system was optional; and the countries where the metric system is legally principle and partially applied (as in Russia, Turkey and British India) had in 1887 a population of 395,000,000, being an increase of 54,000,000 in ten

-Of the reported killing of "Old Clubfoot," the terror of the Sierras, by Trapper Hendrix, it is said, "this is about the ninth time in twice as many years that the gratifying news of bear's ago as 1871 a prospector named Smead killed him in Meadow Lake township, Nevada, after a desperate encounter, and exhibited the skin as a proof of the Sierra county, duplicated the feat six months later. Since then every county along the Sierra Nevada ranges has periodically set up a c'alin to a similar distinction. Clubfoot has as many lives as a cat, and it is a safe bet that he will turn up smilling again before the next State election.

Dr. Max Von Pettenkoffer and two other chemists, Dr. Adolps Baeyer and Dr. C. Zimmerman are entitled to the which the stains have been removed your child?'
'Yes,' he went on, hurriedly. 'You one with double his external advantation of potash. A paste of fine porcelain clay mixed with ammonium sulphide ges. was first applied to the stain, and after ward a similar paste containing a strong solution of potassium cyanide. Repeated applications of these pastes restored the marble to the original color.