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

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MORRIS PARK, but it at a cost of $1,750,000, represents a large expenditure of money for the philanthropic purpose of improving the breed of horses. But, as large and expensive quarters have been provided for the book makers, one of the objects may be to improve the breed of men by giving them object lessons in the folly of gambling.

FOOLISH Skipper Charles T. Rogers, who undertook to cross the broad Atlantic in an eighteen-foot boat, made a lucky escape with his life after thirty-eight days of privation and suffering. When it is considered that a man engaged in such an undertaking is practically in the position of a shipwrecked mariner who has escaped the general catastrophe in a ship's boat, the foolhardiness of the venture becomes manifest.

A DESIRE to save a conditional subscription by the city of Knoxville to the new East Tennessee Railroad was the primal cause of the recent disastrous accident at Flat Creek, on this newly constructed line of track. The railway company has saved Knoxville's subscription of $225,000, but in attaining that end the lives and limbs of valued citizens have been sacrificed. There should be searching investigation of this affair.

MARINE engineers and constructors on the Eastern coast would doubtless like to look at the machinery of the cruiser Charlestown, with which the Pacific coast mechanics have been pottering for several months with dubious results. Her latest trial trip was intermitted, after a two-hours run, by the slipping of an eccentric. It is costing the contractors a pretty sum to learn how to put together a marine engine; but if they should get another similar job from Uncle Sam they may be enabled to do better work by reason of their costly experience with the Charleston's machinery.

THE savings banks returns for New York State show that there were nearly $24,000,000 more due depositors on the 1st of July, 1889, than there were on the same date of 1888, and that the average amount due each depositor was $386. These figures, no doubt, may be taken as an illustration of what is being done in other States, and such a healthy increase of deposits is a cheering sign. It has been said that no man who owns a foot of land is likely ever to become an Anarchist; and it is equally true that every man who has a dollar put away is prompted to array himself on the side of the conservative forces of the Republic.

AN ANCIENT COIN FOUND.—Edward Kennedy, employed on the Samuels' farm, in Windsor, Conn., has unearthed in one of the fields an ancient silver coin bearing the colonial stamp of Massachusetts. It is bright and the date and inscription are as plain as ever. On one side is the name "Massachusetts," with a tree in the centre, and on the other "New England, 1652, VI" (shillings). "The coin is one of the rarest of the colonial pieces. At the time it was struck the colonists had but little coin, because they had to send their money to England to buy supplies. Trade was carried on by barter, wampum, Indian corn and even bullets being frequently the mediums of exchange. Finally, in 1652, the Massachusetts Legislature authorized the coining of Pine Tree shillings, like that found by Kennedy."

IN view of the fact that the people of Great Britain are discussing at this late day the question of establishing a Court of Criminal Appeal, it has probably occurred to many persons that in this country we are apt to go to the other extreme—that supersedes writs of error and new trials for murderers tend to loosen the grip of justice and to lead the criminal element to believe that human life may be taken with impunity. Three years have passed since Mr. Weeks, of Brooklyn, was shot and killed in his house by a burglar, and although his murderer has been twice convicted he still lives, awaiting the final action of the Court of Appeals. Might not swift punishment in his case have deterred the murderer of Grocer Lucas from committing a deed which the law would speed by avenge?

NEW YORK has started with a committee of Finance for the World's Fair of 1892 which is fully capable of carrying it on successfully, and as the members have accepted service with a hearty spirit, the success of the enterprise seemed almost assured. If the selection of the site can be made to the general satisfaction of the members of the Finance Committee and the public, every other difficulty, including that of raising the necessary money, appears to be easily surmountable. There is a good deal of talk of erecting permanent buildings and maintaining a permanent exhibition. It would simplify matters to abandon this idea at once, and it ought to be abandoned, for the experience of the Crystal Palace and of the Philadelphia Permanent Exhibition sufficiently demonstrated that neither exhibitors nor the public care for a permanent or continuous exhibition. The expense to exhibitors if they undertake to freshen up their displays from time to time is prohibitory, while, if they neglect to do so, the exhibition loses all charms for the public. Illustrations in a small way may be found in the small attendance at permanent free museums, although the collections in these if brought together for a short season only would draw crowds to examine them. If the idea of permanence should be abandoned, there would be less trouble about choosing a site, and the estimates of cost could be reduced.

MR. AND MRS. BOWSER.

They Take a Sunday Trip to the Park.

"I think we'll go up to the park to-morrow," said Mr. Bowser the other Saturday evening as he finished his cigar.

"But won't it be dreadful crowded?" I queried.

"There you go! You are always ready to oppose anything I suggest."

"I am not opposing you, only you know that the boats are always crowded on Sunday, and that one is apt to meet with many lawless characters. I have heard you say that the place was in possession of a mob all day Sunday."

"Never! On the contrary, I have always boasted of how orderly it was. I guarantee that you can go up there alone and stay all day and you will be treated like a queen."

"Well, if you think we had best go, who——"

"Of course I do. I think a little trip on the water will do us all good, and at the island we will seek some sylvan retreat and enjoy the beauties of the surroundings."

"And you—you won't get mad?"

"Mrs. Bowser, what do you mean?"

"If things do not go right you won't scold and blame everything on me?"

"Have you gone mad? When did I ever blame you? If you suspect that you are getting softening of the brain let me know and I'll have a medical examination."

After dinner next day was made a start. I think Mr. Bowser started with the firm determination to keep his good nature at every hazard, but something occurred almost immediately to upset him. The street car was jamb-full and running over, but it stopped and we wedged our way in. In the squeeze some one stepped on Mr. Bowser's corn, some one else knocked his plug hat off, and a third person was heard to remark that if he weighed a ton he would charter a special car when he wanted to ride. This put Mr. Bowser in trim to say to the conductor:

"Does the manager of this line think we are a lot of hogs that we can be packed in an old car this way?"

"Don't know, sir."

"Then you'd better find out! It's an insult on decent people, and I for one don't propose to submit to it!"

"Thaz rize, ole fel'r!" shouted a half-drunken man from the front of the car.

"Go in, old bay window!" added a second.

"Ten to one on old Bowser," yelled a man from the rear platform.

We finally got down to the boat. It was black with humanity, and I didn't want to go, but Mr. Bowser elbowed people right and left and I followed. After being crowded, pushed, jammed, squeezed and knocked about for ten minutes I got a chair which a drunken man had just fallen off, and Mr. Bowser found standing room beside me.

"I told you I thought the boats would be crowded," I remarked as soon as I could get my breath.

"Well, that shows all you know about it. There's no crowd on this boat. She could carry as many again."

"But what a rough set of people!"

"No rougher than we are. You simply want to find fault and make me uncomfortable."

Just at that moment a tough came up, and looked Mr. Bowser over from crown to heel, and then said:

"You look like the bloke who threw mud at me little sister last May."

"Sir! You are mistaken!" replied Mr. Bowser.

"What 'er you doin' with all that stole on?" demanded the tough, as he brought his arm around and gave Mr. Bowser's hat a "swat" which sent it flying to the deck.

Mr. Bowser grabbed him and there would have been a fight had not a number of men interfered. When the hat was recovered it had a shoulderblade and three ribs broken, and in the brief clinch, the tough had torn away Mr Bowser's necktie.

"I am sorry we came," I said as I got a chance to speak to him. "You know I told you I thought it would be very unpleasant."

"Yes, of course you are very sorry! You can't bear to see me enjoying myself! I wasn't aware that anything unpleasant had occurred."

In getting off the boat at the island some one stepped on my dress-skirt and nearly tore it off, while Mr. Bowser's hat was crushed down over his eyes and some one picked his cigar-case out of his coat-tail pocket. We finally got out of the crowd and wand red away until we reached a shady spot, and then it did seem as if we might take some comfort. I began to express my smypathy for Mr. Bowser, when he turned on me with:

"When I want to be condoled with I'll let you know. Thus far we have had a real good time, and I don't want to hear any more kicking about it."

"This is the sylvan retreat you spoke of, I suppose?" I remarked as I looked around and saw cigar stubs, playing cards, pretzels, beer, bottle corks and a rusty old cork-screw lying on the grass.

He didn't say. He was going to, when a couple of young men came that way and stopped and asked Mr. Bowser for a match to light their clay pipes. He didn't have any, and one of them said:

"Well, yer needn't be so crusty about it. We are just as good as you are."

"And a blamed sight better, Jim!" added the other. "I've seen this old bungee up here every Sunday this summer, and he's always had a different woman with him! He's up to snuff and don't you forget it."

Mr. Bowser jumped up, but both of them piled on to him and I screamed and brought assistance. They split his coat up the back, tore his collar off and tore three buttons off his vest, and as they went away they threatened to come back and finish him off.

"Mr. Bowser," I said, after the crowd had started, "hadn't we better go home?"

"No, ma'am, we hadn't! I came up here to enjoy myself, and I'm bound to do so."

I coaxed and argued, but he was obstinate, and pretty soon something else happened. A gang of five or six men came along ripe for mischief, and one of them halted before Mr. Bowser and inquired:

"Shay, ole fel, I lost a dollar here about an hour ago, and you picked it up."

"You are mistaken, sir."

"Course he did," put in a second tough, "and he's got to give it up!"

"I haven't seen anything of your dollar!" hotly replied Mr. Bowser, and the gang was making threats, when I ran for help.

Before I got back they had rolled Mr. Bowser on the grass, taken all his change away, and cuffed him about until he presented a sad sight. Then the policeman who had come too late advised him:

"Say, old man, you'd better go home. You've had five or six rows within an hour, and I shall have to run you in if you don't leave. You are evidently a desperate character."

Mr. Bowser beckoned to me and led the way to the boat. On the way down he was pointed out as Sullivan and Kilrain, and every lady had a gibe at him. At the wharf he hired a hack to take us home, and not one word would he speak to me all the way up. When we finally got into the house he locked the door of the sitting-room and sat down in front of me and said:

"Mrs. Bowser, look at me!"

"Yes, it's awful. I was afraid it would turn out this way."

"And yet nothing would do but you must go!"

"Why, I didn't want to go one step!"

"Take care! You are to blame for this whole business! I have borne and borne, but the worm has finally turned at last. Make out a list of what furniture you want to keep and let us settle on the amount of the alimony."

We didn't settle, however. He felt better next day, and I don't think he will refer to the matter again unless I bring it up.

Doing Men's Jobs.

It is always interesting to see how a woman does a man's work.

There is a slat off the garden fence, and the woman who owns the fence thinks that she will fix it. She gets a hammer, and a saw, and some nails, and some old gloves, and fastens up the house for fear a tramp may come along while she is out. Then she looks up the street and down the street, to see if anybody is in sight, and then she climbs bravely over the wall, and catches her skirt in a sharp rock, and pulls down half a hundred stones after her, and springs to avoid them. She steps on a stick, and thinks it is a snake, and screams, and scares the hens half to death, and some of them run under the wood shed, and some of them fly up on the roof of the barn, and some of them scoot over the fence into Johnson's yard. Johnson's dog pulls out their tail feathers, and a feud springs up between the two families which will extend to the third and fourth generations of the tribe.

The woman gets the pailing in position, and holds it at the bottom with her knee while she nails it at the top. Any fool can drive a nail! Why, of course. She lifts the hammer and strikes with a will. The nail turns dexterously to one side, to avoid the blow, and the woman's thumb-nail turns black, because it was in the way when the hammer fell, and because she didn't happen to take it out of the way.

She has to go back to the house to get some arnica and some camphor, and by the time they have been applied, and that thumb has stopped aching, the tin peddler calls, and wants to give her five cents for the rags she has been industriously saving for a year, and which she has felt all along it was such an economical thing to do.

By the time the peddler has gone, the minister calls to talk to her about mission work in China, and by the time he has departed there is a boy to sell blueberries, and a woman with the "History of the Johnstown Horror," and by that time it is noon.

After dinner the woman starts out once more to fix that pailing. She takes some more nails, and feels determined to conquer. She pounds and pounds, and the nails all go in skewing and break off, and at last the hammer flies off from the handle, and it takes half an hour to put it on again, and all the nails she has brought with her to wedge it in place.

Then she applies herself to business once more, and attacks the pailing with renewed vigor. She nails it this time, and stands back to survey her work. Somehow it doesn't look just right, and she discovers that she has put it on wrong end up. She will take it off. That is easier said than done. When a woman does a thing she does it to stay done, and before she can get all these broken, and crooked, and skewed nails out, the pailing is split into kindling-wood, and the rails to which it is nailed look as if they had been subjected to a fusillade from a gatling-gun.

And as the last nail gives way before her frantic endeavors, she lets go, or rather the pailing lets go, so suddenly, that she loses her balance and falls backward into the ditch which some enterprising devotee of thorough drainage has excavated, and she wrenches her back, and tears her dress, and wets both of her feet, and crushes her hat, and scrambles out, just as Mrs. Jones, with whom she is at swords' point, rides by with company from the city, and laughs at her predicament.

Then that woman is mad, and she sticks a piece of wood in that fence, and vows it may stay there, for what she cares, till the crack of doom. Then she gathers up her tools and goes home. Next time when there is a fence to be mended, she will give the carpenter half a dollar for an hour's work, and feel that she is saving money.

The Deceptive Hand-Bag.

'Would you mind going into Silk & Satteen's store with me a few moments, dear?' asked Mrs. Younglove, sweetly, of her husband the other afternoon after they had started out for a half-holiday. 'I just want to get a few little things—only what I can carry in my hand-bag.'

The hand-bag was such a flat, diminutive affair, seemingly capable of holding so very little, that Younglove cheerfully complied with his wife's request.

When they emerged from the store, two hours and a half later, the hand-bag contained:

Two yards orange ribbon, 1 yard dress lining, 4 yards Torchon lace, 1 card hooks and eyes, 3 spools sewing silk, 1 spool twist, 1 spool basting thread, a card pearl buttons, 3 yards cardinal ribbon, 3 handkerchiefs, 1 pair kid gloves, 1 yard tulle, ½ yard nainsook, 2 pairs hose, 2 papers of pins, 1 cut-steel buckle, 1 yard watered ribbon, 3 fancy-work ornaments, 1 skein embroidery silk, 1 pair dress shields, 2 yards Hamburg, 1 yard insertion, 1 box button-fasteners, 1 box hair-pins, 1 pair hosiery supporters, 1 hair net.

'There, dear,' said Mrs. Younglove, sweetly, as they came out; 'you see I kept my word, and got only what I could carry in my hand-bag. You were a dear good boy to go in with me at all, and I wouldn't have asked you if I'd been a regular shopping round; I know how men dislike shopping.'

Avoid an angry man for awhile—a malicious man forever.

Emma Oran's Mistake.

And this is your final answer?"

"It is, sir."

"Farewell, then; and may your life be one of unalloyed happiness! May you never know what it is to have high hopes crushed, to love dearly and vainly!"

And bowing low, Rhyde Darran turned and strode down the beach, his face white and ghastly with the great woe tugging at his heart.

At last the dream was over, and the hope he had cherished of making Emma Oran his bride was dead.

"Oh," he cried, as he walked the sands in mad haste," "she loved me well till this Eugene Eyre came to Seaview with his city airs and honeyed words. He it is who has turned her love to scorn. And to-morrow she will be his bride. This is hard, hard to bear, as I know his great unworthiness!"

And the strong man groaned aloud.

After a while, when he had grown more calm, he said;

"I have nothing to bind me to this place now; father and mother sleep in the old church-yard, and I will go abroad and study my glorious art, and strive to forget this."

And when on the morrow the old church bell rang out its summons for the bridal party, Rhyde Darran, a sad and grief-bowed man, entered a carriage and was whirled away toward the metropolis.

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Three years have been numbered with the mighty past.

It is a bitterly cold January evening. From the frowning sky the thick snow is falling, and the tempestuous wind howls dismally through the city streets.

In the pale, sad-faced woman who cowers over the feeble fire, and busily plies her needle, in a wretched garret in New York, one would scarcely recognize the proud and beautiful maiden who had scorned the true love of Rhyde Darran so short a time ago.

Yet she it is. Want and sorrow have blotted out the haughty look from those magnificent eyes, and the smile of scorn is gone from her lips.

Too late she learned that she had discarded gold for dross; for he whom she married proved to be a mere adventurer, who deserted her when she had been a year his wife, taking with him the fortune she inherited at her father's death, and leaving her alone and nearly penniless, with a babe scarcely two weeks old.

A few months later she learned of his suicide, in a gambling den, where he had been fleeced by some of his companions. Without the courage to face poverty after he had once enjoyed the comforts of wealth, he put a pistol to his ear and ended his life.

Soon after this tragic occurrence, the young widow's child died; then life seemed a bitter mockery, and she prayed that she, too might die. But her life was spared; and an humbled, sorrowing woman, she strove to gain a living by needle-work, earning a scanty pittance, for her employers were harsh, cold-hearted men.

"At last the work is done," she sighed, wearily, as she laid it aside, "and I must hasten out with it, for I have not tasted food since morning."

And wrapping a thin shawl about her, she hurried out into the night and storm.

While waiting for her pay in the shop of her employer, she suddenly became interested in the conversation passing between him and a customer.

She felt her heart beat quicker as she heard Rhyde Darran's name pronounced coupled with the warmest praises of his genius and skill as an artist; that he had won a high name and princely fortune in the city, and on the morrow would lead to the altar one of the wealthiest ladies in the land.

More like one in a dream she received her pay and passed out, almost unmindful of the cold and storm.

What a power these words had to stir that woman's heart, and bring back memories of the time when she had dearly loved Rhyde, and to show her that that love was far from being dead.

Occupied with these thoughts she heeded not whither she went, and at last discovered that she had lost her way.

And a startling discovery it was, for the storm grew more furious as the hours went by, and the woman, being so thinly clad, was nearly benumbed with the cold.

But she struggled resolutely on. At last, however, nearly exhausted, she sat down to rest on a step somewhat sheltered from the chill blast, and then all was dark, till she awoke and found herself lying on a downy couch, surrounded by countless luxuries which wealth alone can procure, while a well-known face bent over her, and the joyous impassioned voice of Rhyde Darran cried:

"Thank God, the crisis is past, my darling, and you will live!"

And he tenderly kissed her.

Then cried the bewildered woman:

"Do I dream? Can it be that you forgive me? Can it be that still you love me as in the olden time, after what has passed between us?"

"I can and do forgive you, dear Emma," he answered. "I love you as in those old days, knowing the severe trials through which you have passed, and if you will be my wife, I shall be the happiest of men."

Reading the truth of his words in his honest brown eyes, and feebly saying that God was far too good to her, she placed her hand in his.

Then it was that he told her of his wanderings in Italy, and his vain efforts to forget her; of his return and long search for her, on hearing of her sorrows, and how he had at last found her on the steps of his own residence, nearly frozen to death, and of his great fear that she would not survive the severe illness that followed.

And when she asked him of the wedding of which she had heard, he told her the story was false.

So joy looked out of the blue eyes of the woman once more; and when her health was restored there was a merry bridal, and a happier pair than the rich and talented artist and his lovely wife cannot be found in the land.

The Nickel Trap.

The automatic weighing, electrical, and lifting machines and other devices for getting the public to drop nickels in a slot seem to be as popular as ever, and the company owning them is making a barrel of money every day. The best patrons of the weighing machines, according to a collecting affent, are actors and actresses. Many of the latter insist on being weighed at the ferry every night on their way home and often induce their escort to give up two or three nickels so that there can be no mistake.

When He Comes

BY SUSAN COOLIDGE.

If I were told that I must die to-morrow—
That the next sun
Which sinks should bear me past all fear and sorrow
For any one:
All the fight fought, all the short journey through,
What should I do?

I do not think that I should shrink or falter,
But just go on
Doing my work, nor seek to change, nor alter
Aught that is gone.
But rise and move, and love and smile and pray
For one more day.

And lying down at night for a last sleeping,
Say in that ear
Which hearkens ever: "Lord, within Thy keeping,
How should I fear?
And when to-morrow brings Thee nearer still,
Do Thou Thy will."

I might not sleep for awe; but peaceful, tender,
My soul would lie
All the night long; and when the morning splendor
Flashed o'er the sky,
I think that I could smile—could calmly say,
"It is His day."

But if a wondrous hand from the blue yonder
Held out a scroll,
On which my life was writ, and I with wonder
Beheld unroll
To a long century's end its mystic clue,
What should I do?

What *could* I do, O blessed Guide and Master,
Other than this?—
Still to go on as now, not slower, faster,
Nor fear to miss
The road, although so very long it be,
While led by Thee?

Step after step, feeling Thee close beside me,
Although unseen;
Through thorns, through flowers, whether the tempest hide Thee,
Or heavens serene—
Assured Thy faithfulness cannot betray
Nor love decay.

Let me keep on, abiding and unfearing
Thy will always,
Through a long century's ripe fruition,
Or a short day's;
Thou canst not come too soon; and I can wait
If Thou come late.

MY FATHER'S DESTROYER.

It was a soft, balmy evening in June. The full moon shed a flood of mellow light over every stick and stone, until old, familiar objects shone with a magic beauty, and the sleeping earth became a very paradise of loveliness. Now and then some wakeful bird broke into a subdued twitter of joy, and a gentle breath of wind just stirred the leaves into languid, fitful rustling; all else was hushed and still.

Suddenly the clang of the bell in the old church tower broke upon the silence. It was striking the hour, and solemnly tolled out twelve; but I could not think of sleep, for the blood coursed through my veins with all the wild joy of a happy passion. On that very eve I had held beautiful Viva Le Ray in my arms, and heard her whispered confession of love. I must think and think, before I could sleep, must calm my ecstacy of bliss; that was all I could see clearly.

I turned aside into the garden. There, seated 'neath a rose-embowered arbor, I rehearsed again and again the scenes of that happy evening. Again I felt my sweet love tremble in my arms, and again I heard the murmured words, 'Yes, I love you, Seldon.' Oh, the thrill of joy that filled my heart at the remembrance!

Then I fell to dreaming of the future. Having won my peerless Viva's love, I feared no opposition. We were equals in position and wealth, and our parents were on most friendly terms. I was just planning a bridal trip to Europe, when an uncanny feeling that some one was near woke me from my blissful dreams. Mechanically I directed my glance to a large syringa bush that stood opposite the arbor. Something peculiar about its shadow caught my attention. Breathless, I gazed intently at it. Yes, there was a man standing there. He evidently had not seen me, shaded as I was in the arbor, but was listening for any suspicious sound before making a stealthy advance upon the house.

My first impulse was to order him off the premises, but reflecting that he was most probably a burglar, and well armed, I kept silent.

Five, ten minutes passed away before my neighbor stirred. Then he silently stepped out into the gravelled walk. His face was distinctly revealed in the bright moonlight.

'Dark hair, blue eyes, long nose, scar on right cheek,' I noted as I made a rapid survey of his features. 'Good, I think I shall know you if ever I see you again, my fine fellow. But what on earth do you want? You are no common housebreaker,' for his whole appearance was totally different from that of a thief.

Even as I thought this, he quietly vanished up the walk.

'Felt slippers, I suppose; he knows his business,' I soliloquized, as I made a rapid detour across garden and lawn to the front door.

It was unlocked, and the hall lamp was burning brightly, though the church bell had struck three. At the sound of my step, my father appeared in the door of his study, which opened directly off the hall.

'Is the back of the house fastened up, father?' I asked, at the same time locking the front door behind me.

'Yes, I suppose so, Seldon; why do you ask?' he replied.

'Because I saw a man hiding in the shrubbery as I came in,' I answered.

'Did you see him plainly? What did he look like?' queried my father with some agitation.

'Yes, I saw his face in the moonlight. He had dark hair, blue eyes, a long nose, and a scar on the right cheek. He did not look like a burglar, but more like a professional man, say a lawyer,' I concluded. 'But let us go over the house together, and make sure that the fastenings are all secure.'

Silently we made the circuit of the doors, and saw that each one was safely locked and bolted. As we returned to his study, father remarked:

'I wished to consult you to-night upon an affair of much importance, but it is too late now. However, I shall slip a paper under the door of your room which I wish you to look over before you come down in the morning, as I want your opinion on the matter as soon as possible. It is not quite prepared yet.'

'If you intend to sit up later, let me stay with you,' I said anxiously. 'That fellow whom I saw may make some attempt against the house to-night.'

'No, go to bed, my boy,' father answered calmly. 'As long as my lamp is burning no burglar will attack us. I have some more writing to do, and your presence would only disturb me. If I am later than usual in rising in the morning, don't let them disturb me. I lost a good deal of sleep with that last fever patient, and would like to get a little extra rest. Good night.'

'All right,' I replied. 'Good night.'

My father was a physician with an extensive practice, and since my mother's death he had kept very irregular hours; so I thought nothing of his request that he should not be disturbed on that particular morning. If I had but known why he asked!

Once in my room, I rapidly prepared to retire. I did think, two or three times, of our mysterious trespasser, but having seen with my own eyes that all the fastenings were secured, apprehended no danger from that quarter.

It must have been ten o'clock in the morning when I awoke, for the sun was shining broadly in at my window. I rose lazily upon one elbow and glanced out at the summer sunshine. Suddenly I remembered the paper of which my father had spoken, and looked to see if it were under the door. Yes, there it was.

'What can it be?' I thought, and sprang out of bed to get it. Throwing on my dressing gown, I sank into an easy chair, and prepared with much curiosity to read this mysterious document.

It was written in back hand, wholly different from my father's flowing character, and was dated six months previous, but bore no address. It was as follows:

'When I was a young man, I entered a lawyer's office. While there, I chanced to be the only person in the office one day, when a well-dressed stranger entered.

'Where is Mr. Smith?' he asked.

'Smith was my employer's name.

'He has gone to Springfield,' I answered, 'and will not be back till to-morrow. Can I do anything for you?'

'Well, no. You see, Mr. Smith gave me this check the other day, and I now owe him eight dollars for making out some legal papers. It is after banking hours, and I am about to leave the city for some months, so it struck me that I would pay Mr. Smith with his own check, as I have but little change, and hate to leave small bills standing. But as he is not here, I suppose the matter will have to rest.' And he turned as if to go.

'Let me see the check. Perhaps I can cash it for you,' I interrupted, as his hand was on the door-knob.

'He handed it to me without a word. It was for ten dollars, and bore my employer's signature. I could have sworn to the writing, for I had seen it often before. The upshot of the matter was that I took the check, gave the stranger two dollars in change, and promised to pay Mr. Smith the remaining eight dollars.

'As luck would have it, a fellow clerk, named Will Rowe, entered as the stranger left, and said to me:

'Would it trouble you to let me have a ten? I promised to meet a little bill to-night, and forgot all about it till just now.'

'No, I am sorry to say that I can't,' I returned, 'unless a check on old Smith will do.'

'That will do as well as the gold. Thanks—I'll do as much for you some time.'

'The next morning Will came up to my desk and said:

'Do you know that check you gave me last night was a forged one? What is this?' he continued, drawing out a sheet of paper from the pile that lay at my elbow.

'On it were a number of imitations of Mr. Smith's signature of varying degrees of excellence, intermingled with scraps of my own writing. I sank back in my chair, utterly bewildered.

'This matter must be looked into,' said Will, sternly, as he started toward the door with the tell-tale sheet of paper in his hand.

'The fear of publicity gave me power to move.

'Stop!' I cried excitedly. 'My mother has heart disease. She must not have the shock of knowing that I am accused of this—this.'

'Forgery,' added Will, coldly.

'After some conversation I agreed to pay fifty dollars to Will if he would keep the matter quiet.

'To this day I have never known how that sheet of paper came on my desk, and I swear that my hand never touched it, nor put a pen-mark on it. Smith's signature and my writing alike were cleverly forged. To resume my story:

'From that time forth I was in Will's power. He has never ceased to dog my footsteps and demand heavy sums of hush money. Once I did not hear from him for over five years. I had left Mr. Smith's office, and begun practice as a physician. I was successful. My persecutor had disappeared, and I ventured to hope he was dead. It was then I married. But before my honeymoon was over, Will came back and demanded more money. My wife was a delicate, fragile little thing, and I dreaded for her sake the disclosure that would follow the refusal of Will's demand, so I paid him what he asked.

'I had ever lived in dread that some day he would yet reveal my secret. Oh, how I have suffered, and yet I am innocent! Many, many plans have I laid to rescue myself from this thraldom, but dared not risk a failure that would kill my wife and blast my reputation. But now my dear love is gone and our boy is well provided for. I shall not suffer much longer. I have thought of a safe plan—'

Here the writing changed abruptly to my father's usual hand, and continued thus:

'To-day I received an intimation that I must have two thousand dollars for Will to-night. It was he whom you saw in the shrubbery. This determines me to do what I have so long intended—depart from a life that contains so much misery. Be calm, my son, and read carefully the rest of this letter. For the sake of my reputation and your future, I shall take care that my death shall have the appearance of a murder; but I charge you to produce this confession if an innocent person be in danger of being convicted for my murder. Let no man, no matter how low, suffer as I have suffered for another's crime.

EDGAR L. BALLANTYNE.'

I had just finished this startling communication when Green, my father's valet, rapped at the door.

'Mr. Seldon, Mr. Seldon!' he cried. 'There's a man come for the doctor to go to a life and death case, but I can't make him hear me when I knock. I'm afraid he is ill.'

Hastily concealing the confession, I sprang to the door and ran down stairs. The door of father's room was locked, and no answer came to my repeated entreaties to be allowed to enter.

'Bring an axe, Green,' I said unsteadily. 'We must force the door.'

By this time all the servants had gathered in the hall, but as the door gave way to the blows of Green's axe, they all sprang back as if afraid to look within. With faltering step I crossed the threshold.

A strange odor of chloroform pervaded the room. Upon the bed lay something. Was it my father? Another step took me past the table, and I saw a pool of dark red blood on the carpet at my feet.

I could hear no more. Staggering out into the hall, I managed to stammer 'Send for the police,' when I fell in a swoon.

When I recovered consciousness I was lying in my own room, and poor Green was bending over me, applying restoratives as well as his trembling hands would permit. The sight of his white face brought back that still figure muffled in the bed-clothes, and that horrible pool of blood.

"They think they'll catch the murderer soon, Mr. Seldon,' said Green, by way of consolation. 'A policeman saw a man come out of the yard early this morning, and collared him; but the fellow got away. He saw him plainly, though, and the description is all over the country by this time.'

'What did the man look like?' I asked, with a queer feeling at my heart.

What if it were my father's prosecutor?

'He had a scar on his face, a long nose, and dark hair,' Green replied promptly.

Yes, it was he! I at once resolved that if suspicion could be thrown upon him I would do all in my power to have him convicted. Was he not virtually my father's murderer?

'Send the policeman who saw him up to me, Green,' I said. 'I want to ask him a few questions.'

The officer's account of the man he saw tallied exactly with the appearance of the fellow who was hiding behind the syringa bush.

'Here is fifty dollars,' I said to the policeman, 'and I will pay five hundred to the man who arrests the scoundrel and brings him to the jail.'

All that day I was in a fever of excitement. I remember but two incidents. One was that the doctors reported that my father had been chloroformed and then stabbed.

'Good!' I thought. 'No one will ever think he killed himself. That scoundrel shall swing yet.'

The other incident was a loving, sympathetic note from my sweet Viva. I dashed off some kind of a reply, then waited—waited.

At nine o'clock that night came the welcome news, 'The murderer is caught.'

'When will they bring him in?' I asked.

'On the eleven o'clock train,' was the reply.

When the news came that he was safely lodged in jail, my overstrained nerves gave way, and I reeled upstairs to my room staggering like a drunken man. Throwing myself on the bed without undressing, I tried to think, but all in vain. My thoughts would not obey me, and I soon fell into a heavy sleep.

In the morning I was awakened by Green.

'Here is a note for you, Mr. Seldon,' he said, 'and the messenger says it is very important, so I brought it up at once.'

'All right, Green,' I replied, and tore open the envelope.

It contained a half sheet of paper on which was written a few words to the effect that I was wanted at the jail immediately, and I lost no time in betaking myself thither, in spite of Green's urgent request that I would take a cup of coffee before I went.

'The prisoner wants to see you,' said the officer in charge, and conducted me at once to his cell.

To my surprise, he retired and left me entirely alone with my father's destroyer. I recognized him at once as the man whom I had seen in the garden. He began abruptly:

'I did not kill your father. He committed suicide because I have certain papers which prove him to be a forger. I had come to your house the night before last to receive some money, and saw him stab himself. Shall I tell my story and produce my evidence?'

Too astounded to answer, I sat silent. After a moment's pause the man continued:

'Or do you prefer to help me break jail and to pay me five hundred dollars to give you those papers and leave the country?'

At last I found my tongue.

'What, pay you five hundred dollars more for hounding my poor father to his death?'

'So he told you his little crime, did he?' the wretch said with a diabolical smile. 'Good! you at least know of your own knowledge that I have the papers of which you speak, and can judge what would be the effect if I were to produce them.'

Like a flash I saw myself the son of a proven forger! Thought of my father's reputation blasted, ay doubly blasted, for the suspicion of suicide would rest upon his name. I thought of my proud Viva and the pain it would cause her to know that her lover was enveloped in such a disgrace. I thought of all these things, and I yielded. Like my unhappy father before me, I was a moral coward.

'I accept your terms,' I said hoarsely. 'How can I help you to escape?'

A gleam of triumph shot from the fellow's eyes as he replied:

'I thought you would see it that way. Call on me again to-morrow, and bring a couple of fine steel saws so that I can cut the bars. Mail this letter for me, and there will be help waiting on the outside. When things quiet down a little after my escape, I'll send you word where to meet me with the money, and will give you those papers then.'

I put the letter in my pocket and left the cell. On the way home I had but one thought, one wish. I longed to rest with my father. I must help his persecutor escape. Oh, that I were dead before I did such a deed!

But I was spared the crime to which my cowardice had consented. That night a fearful storm raged over the city, and the jail was struck by lightning. Only one man was injured, and he was killed instantly. That man was my father's destroyer. He had fallen by Heaven's vengeance.

Americans and Money.

The American is constantly accused by Europeans of worshipping the "almighty dollar," and great was my curiosity to judge for myself of the justice of this charge. After calm observation of the ways of men in America, I came to the conclusion that the dollar was certainly not only the unit of the monetary system, but that it was also the unit of the metrical system. However, I soon saw that, if the dollar was coveted and held in great respect, it was not so much for itself as for the luxury it was the key to; in other words, that avarice was a vice almost unknown in the land. There is a lavishness in the American's way of expending his money that redeems his trick of taking off his hat to it whenever he sees it.—*Max O'Rell.*

NEWS IN BRIEF.

—M. Eiffel, whose name has been exalted by his great tower, is fifty-seven years old. His real name is said to be Bonickhausen, and his reasons for changing it are unknown.

—Something new in these automatic vendors is reported from Germany, where a machine has been introduced that sells articles at six pfennigs—a price for which there is no single coin. It is operated by inserting a ten pfennigs in change together with the purchase.

—A new work on "Half a Century of Music in England" draws the interesting contrast between the time when Lord Chesterfield warned his son against being a fiddler, even in the amateur sense, and the present, when a Prince of the royal blood is the most noted amateur in England.

—It is announced that M. Courton, a chemist, produced recently at the sitting of the French Academy of Sciences a sealed envelope containing a description of an apparatus by means of which objects may be seen at vast distances, the vibrations of light being transmitted through a wire.

—A singular craft is at Newport, R. I. It is a 35-foot cedar three-masted rocker-keel boat, and is the craft in which its owner, Captain Slocum, and his wife came to this country a few months ago, after being wrecked at Baranquilla in August, 1886.

—There is a whistling well at Logan county, Kansas, which warns people of approaching storms from 6 to 12 hours in advance. It is 155 feet deep, and sends out a strong current of air, which as it escapes through the aperture about the pump, whistles in a loud, flute-like tone that is distinctly audible to every person in the township.

—A novel service was held recently by the congregation Shearath-Tefilleh, of Orange, N. J. It was the consecration of a scroll of the book of the law presented to the congregation. The scroll is written entirely by hand, in Hebrew, upon parchment, and is 18 inches in width and over 200 feet in length. It contains the entire Pentateuch.

—The luggage of all travelers crossing the Swiss frontier into Germany is being subjected, it is reported, to a rigorous inquisition at the hands of the German Custom officials—a measure of which the German papers are complaining as injuring Germany's own interests by driving foreign passengers to avoid Germany altogether, and to travel to and from Switzerland only by way of France, Austria and Italy.

—A remarkable sight was witnessed at the Bailey depot, Cass County, Mo., recently. The sun was getting low when a train pulled in, and the engine began to let off steam. As soon as released the steam began to form, and in a short time a complete rainbow could be seen a few feet above the engine, and reaching to the ground on either side. It was a beautiful sight, and remained as long as the engineer released steam from the engine.

—A reporter of the Columbus (Ga.) *Enquirer* knows of two hogs that are confirmed tobacco chewers. They began the habit several months ago, and since have been putting on fat rapidly. "At first the porkers did not appear to relish the weed, but soon they became very fond of it, and now they seem to be perfectly miserable when their owner neglects to give them their daily allowance of tobacco."

—A man who has been working country towns in East New Jersey with the old swindle of selling alleged gold rings and making presents of gold watches began business in this line in Belleville recently. After he had gotten well under way some person in the crowd cut the traces of his harness, and when the fellow attempted the trick of driving suddenly away his horse started, but left the buggy behind. The man was compelled to refund the money to his victims, and finally slunk out of town dragging his buggy after him.

—A despatch from Union, West Virginia, says: While John Alle was working on the road, in Wolf district, he dug up a bottle three feet below the surface. The bottle contained a rude map of that section of the country and a piece of parchment dated 1827, on which it was set forth that a "treasure of gold was buried at Cold Spring, near Barney Johnson's cabin." The discovery soon became known, and, the locality of the old-time cabin having been pointed out, many persons having been digging there day and night in the hope of finding the money.

—J. Liebtenstein & Son, dry goods dealers in New York, recently received a letter from San Francisco, signed "H. B. Danner, Administrator," saying that $5000 had been bequeathed to an employe of the firm named "Hattie," and asking that her full name and address be sent to Mayor Pond, of San Francisco. The money was left by a Californian, lately deceased, who two years ago bought goods from the firm. He was waited upon by "Hattie," and, according to the letter, became very much smitten with her. Messrs. Liebtenstein concluded that Miss Hattie Minzesheimer was the young woman