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

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THERE is no danger of the World's Fair being held in Central Park, nor is there much reason to believe that it will be held within several hundred miles of that spot.

THE Czar wants the Kaiser to visit him next summer when the Russian army review takes place. He doubtless wants the Kaiser to see what a big lot of men he will have to meet in case of war.

THE sinking of the steamship Manhattan in a collission with a schooner, and the deplorable loss of life which accompanied the disaster, constitute another object lesson for the International Maritime Conference. The fact that sailing vessels have the right of way over steamers seems to inspire their skippers with an overweening self-confidence which often invites a serious calamity.

THE year of 1889 is keeping up its reputation for disasters. Closely following the great fires at Lynn and Boston comes a fire at Minneapolis, which caused the death of at least seven persons; the wrecking of a vessel on the Jersey coast, with the loss of several lives and now the loss of another ship in the Pacific Ocean and the death of nineteen of the crew.

ONE of the most gratifying features of the International Maritime Conference has been the unanimity shown by the delegates on all questions of importance. Even Great Britain, which went into the Conference reserving certain rights, has given her representatives greater freedom of action, and is not likely to put any obstacle in the way of adoption of the proposed changes. It seems assured that protection and safety of life and property at sea will soon be more effectually guaranteed.

BOXING derives such standing as it has obtained in this country through English example, and now the authorities of London have decided to prohibit boxing contests. It is not long since the people of England openly encouraged and permitted prize fights, and when these fell into disfavor, boxing was held to be a gentlemanly diversion by a very large part of the people. That it should now have lost its prestige, as indicated by the action of the London authorities, means, probably, that the professional boxers have so abused their privileges as to bring "the manly art" into disrepute.

POSTMASTER GENERAL WANAMAKER's report is receiving the very general praise that it deserves. It is remarkable for its thoroughness, showing that the Postmaster General has acquired a thorough knowledge of his department during the few months he has been at its head. He has closely scrutinized every portion of the department and in a lucid and convincing manner suggests changes which would doubtless be advantageous to the country. He finds the present system too cumbersome and points out how the defects may be remedied. Mr. Wanamaker is bringing the mind and method of a great and successful business man to bear on his department.

THERE is very little danger now that any American officer could be swerved from his allegiance by decorations or presents from foreign Governments, but Captain Cochrane, of the Marine Corps, and Lieutenant Aaron Ward, of the navy, cannot accept the ribbons of Chevaliers of the Legion of Honor, which the French Government desires to bestow upon them, unless permission should be given to them to do so by act of Congress. When the nation was young, fresh from Royalist rule—there seemed to be some risk that an aristocracy might be formed in imitation of that of the Old World, or that foreign nations, by the insidious bribery of titles, offices, &c., might undermine the Republic. It was, therefore, provided in the Constitution that "no title of nobility shall be granted by the United States, and no person holding any office of profit or trust under them, shall, without the consent of Congress, accept of any present, emolument, office or title of any kind, from any King, Prince or foreign state." It was a wise provision then, and, though scarcely necessary now as a measure of protection, is a wholesome provision for all time.

THE Governor of South Carolina in his message to the Legislature strongly recommends liberal expenditure for the support of public schools, in order to extend the school term and provide more efficient teachers. There are now enrolled in the public schools of South Carolina 89,761 white pupils and 104,503 colored pupils, making a total enrollment of 194,264. During the year the average attendance was: White, 59,347; colored, 69,892; not classified, 7190; total, 136,358. Teachers employed: White, 2528; colored, 1622; total, 4150. The average length of the public school term throughout the State was 3.4 months. The Constitution of the State requires a minimum school term of about six months; but the condition of the State finances has not made it practicable to pay the necessarily increased expense. This condition of affairs will be better understood when it is remembered that nearly the whole weight of school taxation falls upon the white population, who are also at the expense of maintaining private schools. The failure of the colored people to pay for schooling does not apparently arise from any disinclination to take advantage of their opportunities to obtain edudation. The attendance of negro children is quite as punctual as that of white children.

A BRAVE WOMAN

She Proposes a Plan for Her Family's Safety.

James Bodwell was one of the first settlers in Bingham in the State of Maine. The whole region of the Kennebec was at that time infested by various tribes of Indians, some of whom seemed disposed to dwell peaceably with the whites, if possible, on the land occupied by their fathers, while others were exceedingly anxious to exterminate the pale-faced intruders.

Mr. Bodwell's family consisted of himself, his wife, and three children—the oldest, Hannah, being 15 years of age, and the others, a boy and girl, 10 and 6 respectively. A cabin had been built, several acres cleared, and the seed sown.

Many of the neighboring Indians had called at the cabin, inquired after the crops, and taken a great interest in the children; and although they had often requested to take the smaller ones to their camp, and as often been refused, they appeared friendly and willing to do what they could for the family.

Hannah's features were finely formed; her eyes were dark, and her beautiful brown hair, generally hanging in tresses over her shoulders, always called forth from the Indians expressions of praise and admiration. After an acquaintance of several months an Indian chief desired to take Hannah to his camp and make her one of his family. To this proposition Mr. Bodwell, of course, refused to accede, giving as a reason that his daughter was at that time too young to be taken from her parents, and suggested to the chief that while he felt it his duty as a father to retain Hannah in the family, he yet wished to live on terms of peace with his (the chief's) tribe, and hoped that the refusal to comply with his request would not be considered a mark of disrespect, nor be the means of creating an unfriendly feeling between them.

The savage chief sat a few moments in silence, and then, heaving a sigh, replied that he was sorry they would not do as he wished them to, and that he should not visit them but once more, yet there would be no trouble between them, and none of his tribe should injure him.

After the chief had left the cabin, Mrs. Bodwell said: "James, I believe that Indian means mischief."

"Why do you think so?" inquired her husband.

"Because he said he should visit us but once more, and I fancy that would be to kill us," she replied.

"I fancy not; he wouldn't do that."

"I hope not; but then it would be just like the Indians."

"Be like some of them, I know; but I think there's no danger."

"I'll tell you one thing, now," said Mrs. Bodwell in a decided tone, "I shall not go to bed to-night. I mean to be awake if they come prowling about here. They'd scalp us and take Hannah and the other children off with them.

It was evident that Mr. Bodwell himself was somewhat alarmed; yet, wishing to appear as cool as possible, he inquired: "Suppose they should come, what would you do if you were awake?"

"I'd show fight in some way or other."

"Yes, but there are a lot of them and only a few of us."

"There are guns in the house," exclaimed Mrs. Bodwell, "and we know how to use them."

"Father," exclaimed Hannah, "how much powder is there in the house?"

"A good quantity."

"I know what to do, then!"

"Yes, you women always contrive something," replied the father in a sarcastic tone.

"I know it'll succeed."

"Then explain yourself."

"You know," said Hannah, "that when an Indian wants to enter a house he goes to door and demands that it be opened, and those who come with him, if any, stand just behind him. Now, my plan is to put some powder under the ground round the door, and then explode it when they demand admittance."

Mr. Bodwell shook his head as he exclaimed, "impossible!"

"I think that it can be done," replied the daughter.

"I know it can," said Mrs. Bodwell.

"You can try it if you wish," was Mr. Bodwell's reply, as he proceeded to get the powder.

After digging a suitable hole they filled it with powder and small stones, and laying a fuse so that it could be lighted from the inside, the mine was pronounced "complete" by Mr. Bodwell, who, though he distrusted the scheme when it was first suggested, was now almost in ecstacy over it.

As night approached the muskets were loaded, the doors barred and the lights extinguished. Mr. Bodwell took his station at the "lookout," as the orifice in the wall was called. Several new holes had been made to fire through and it was understood that after the explosion, if any human forms were seen, the muskets should be discharged at once.

The evening hours passed slowly away, and yet no visitors. Night was well advanced. When all nature seemed asleep the listening ear caught the sound of a footstep in the distance, then another, and still another. Mrs. Bodwell's fears were about to be realized. A form was visible in the starlight, and then a second, and so on until between twenty and thirty Indians stood before the door. They were close together, and most of them stood on the mine.

The chief advanced, and striking on the door with his club, exclaimed: "Paleface, open door. Me break it."

All was still within the cabin.

Again the Indian knocked, and demanded that the door be opened.

Mr. Bodwell pointed his musket through the orifice in such a manner that the muzzle was in line with the head of the chief. Then giving the signal for Hannah to touch the fuse, he aimed and fired, and as the victim fell the magazine exploded, and twenty Indians met their fate while on a mission of cruelty and death.

Those not killed by the explosion took to their heels, but bullets from the remaining muskets brought two of them to the ground.

Everything was quiet now, and as the rays of the sun lighted up the eastern hills the gallant family unbarred the door and stepped out to gaze upon the scene. It was terrible to look upon the mangled forms of the redskins, but the reflection that their own lives were saved was sufficient to vindicate the slaughter that had been made.

That day Mr. Bodwell was visited by three pioneers, who were exploring the country with a view of settling. They assisted him in burying the bodies of the Indians, and remained a number of days to protect him and his family should other savages seek revenge.

No further trouble, however, was experienced. The explorers settled in that immediate vicinity, and in a few years Hannah married a son of one of them. And although she has now passed from earth, her life was one of industry, virtue and happiness, and she had the satisfaction before she died of seeing her oldest son inaugurated Governor of his native State.

An Old Time New England Dinner.

BY H. MARIA GEORGE.

"The greatest dinner that I ever helped about," said Aunt Hannah, with a flutter of her immaculate cap string, as she finished wiping the dishes and replaced the dinner service in the corner cupboard, "was the Lafayette dinner, as we always called it afterwards. I never see this blue set without thinking of it, for mother used it the first time that day, and the distinguished Frenchman ate from one of these very plates, and he ate as if he was hungry, too, and praised all of the dishes as he was in duty bound. I shall never forget the time."

"Tell us about it, Aunt Hannah, won't you? what you had for dinner and all? Mother always said the blue set had a history, but I never knew what it was."

"It was in 1825, well nigh sixty-five years ago," Aunt Hannah went on, "and I was twelve years old that very June. We had been expecting him (the marquis) for several days; he had been in Concord ever since the 22d, and we had a man there who was to let us know when he was to start, so that we shouldn't be taken unawares, for we were determined to show our patriotism in honor of the man who had helped General Washington win the independence of our country. And among other things we were going to have a big dinner.

"Well, the night before, just about sundown, the man came galloping into the village with the announcement that the marquis would start the next morning at 8 o'clock from Concord. You can hardly imagine what a stir the news made in our little village. Everybody was at once making arrangements for the event. The minister's wife came to our house to see what mother was going to do. It seems that there was a committee of women appointed to see to the furnishing of food and the setting of the tables, and mother and Mrs. Wellman were on the committee. Mother said right off that she should prepare some hot victuals; if any one wanted to bring cold victuals they might, but she shouldn't for one. Mrs. Wellman thought as mother did, and said she should go home and heat the brick oven at once.

"I shall have things all ready and heat ours early in the morning,' said mother, 'who was already picking over her beans so as to put them to soak over night. I helped her; we picked over a good half bushel, I remember. Enoch, my older brother, was sent up to Mr. Thompson's store after some pearl-ash, what you call saleratus now. But he came back without any as the trader was out of the article. 'I won't borrow,' declared mother, so she built a fire in the fireplace and we children cleaned a corner of the hearth and burned corn cobs on the hot bricks till we had a flaky heap of cob ashes. These mother took and steeped in water till all the dirt had settled, then poured off the clear liquid into a gallon glass bottle, when she had something that was nearly as good as boughten pearl-ash.

"It was eleven o'clock when we went to bed that night, and we were up the next morning by four. The oven wood had been prepared and placed in the big brick oven ready to touch off, and it was roaring good when I was delegated to 'pile in the wood,' which was not play, I tell you. After two hours of hot fire I announced that 'the black was all off,' and Enoch shoveled the coals out and I swept the oven with a new hemlock broom. Then with the aid of a long-handled crook mother stowed away the beans and bread; there were ten big pots of beans and six of brown bread. Later she put in a dozen pies, a couple of dowdy-puddings, and a loaf of dyn-bread, as we called it, a rich, plain cake.

"We had spoon victuals—soup, bean porridge, or pudding and milk—for breakfast, and father ate before the rest of us, for he was a member of Captain Currier's company and had rode off on White Dan, our driving and work horse, to meet Lafayette and escort him along the route. I can remember watching his martial figure as he went down the road, and wishing that I was a man so that I could ride like that and show my respect to the hero. But I had other work to do, and so did mother too Enoch was busy with a lot of other boys erecting an arch over the street, which was decorated with roses and other flowers that the girls made into bouquets and garlands, and the boys tied on with strings or with loops of winter evergreen.

"Beyond this arch, in front of the church on the green, the men had built a long table of boards which was covered with webs of tow and linen brought out from some of the housewives' laundries. They looked white and clean, and all the good housekeepers in the village brought out their best ware, and I must say that I never saw a better display of crockery. This blue set in the closet wasn't such a sight behind the rest either; anyway they concluded it was handsomer than the minister's wife's and it was placed at the head of the table, so you see Lafayette must have used one of the plates, for there hasn't been one of them broken."

"How many plates were set, Aunt?" asked sister Nelly.

"I think, I am quite sure, there were over two hundred. There was a show of them, I tell you, and didn't we get tired washing them and clearing up after dinner. There was another table, too, a small one, where they had cold victuals, and any one who did not have a seat at the long table, could help themselves. You see nearly the whole town was out, and we didn't know how many there would be in the general's suite and escort.

"Early that morning while the beans and bread and pies were baking in the brick oven, we fried a lot of doughnuts in a shallow, wide-mouthed bail kettle swung out on the crane over a good fire. We fried a good half bushel, and to close with, mother let me fry a plate of real Dutch crullers which I made all myself—my first cooking experience by the wholesale. We found the receipt in an old manuscript recipe book of the date of 1788, which grandmother must have brought from New York when she married grandfather. I can remember just how it read:

"Take of butter milk one-half a cup and two cups of muscavado, a piece of sweet butter as large as a walnut, a teaspoonful of salt, and a tablespoonful of ground cass (cinnamon), just as much wheaten flour as will make a running dough; roll it even, not above a pie thickness, cut in strips which tie over in lover's knots; have a skillet with sweet, home-made lard, and when the fat is hissing hot, fry your crullers." I learned every word of it so that I could repeat it. There wasn't a word said about pearl-ash or saleratus though, and as I was afraid they would be heavy, I just put in a teaspoonful of mother's home-made pearl-ash, and I had some of the handsomest looking doughnuts you ever set eyes on. Wasn't I proud of that plate of crullers, all my own work without a bit of help! Mother told me that I might keep them warm in the oven and present them to General Lafayette with my own hands if I wished to. And so I kept them ready for the occasion.

"Enoch was sent down the road to report as soon as he caught the first glimpse of the procession. It was after twelve o'clock when he rushed in shouting, 'They are coming! They are just below Deacon Watson's, and I saw Lafayette, mother!'

"Wasn't there scampering then, hurry was no name for it! Mother had her beans and bread out in no time, and Enoch and I helped her carry them up to the table. I tell you it was a sight, that loaded table.

"Well, by the time everything was on the table, the marquis and his company had arrived and everybody was stretching forward to get a good look at Lafayette. There was a great bustle and a good deal of hurrahing, and after a little time Squire Woodman made an address of welcome and several of the older girls sung a song. Then the general got out of his carriage and shook hands with everybody and kissed all the babies very gallantly."

"Tell us how he looked, aunt? Was he large or small, and was he handsome? I have seen his picture, of course, but a portrait never gives us any idea how a man looks."

"I shouldn't call him handsome by any means, though he might have been so when he was younger, but his seventy years gave him a majesty and dignity that was more effective than mere beauty. Leaning on a staff, memento of bloody Brandywine, great frame, massive head, ears exceeding in spread common mortals, eyes radiant as a sunbeam, and the sweetest smile in the world, genial, yet grand of mien, he moved among the throng, friend and companion of all. Especially did he have a kind word for an old soldier, and there were two or three of those present, though but one of them had ever seen the illustrious man before. This one was a little squat, eccentric person who had a funny, squeaking voice. Just as Lafayette was about to sit down he rushed up and grasped the visitor's hand, whining out, 'How d'ye do, Gineral Layfayette? I thought I know'd ye. We were at Monmouth together.'

"The marquis shook his hand warmly with his genial smile, and said something about Monmouth being a hot battle. When Parson Wellman said grace the general bowed his head very low and his face grew grave. I think he must have been thinking of the old times and the many sad changes since. But he ate heartily as though he relished the food set before him."

"But the crullers, Aunt Hannah, how about those? You have forgotten them."

"No, I had not got to them. The general ate so plentifully of the beans, bread and pudding that I was half afraid he wouldn't care for the doughnuts at all, but I went and got them and carried the plate to him, though I blushed fearfully I can assure you. Said the general, 'What are these, my little girl?'

"'They are Lafayette crullers, sir,' I answered. 'I fried them purposely for you.'

"At this he smiled and thanked me, and took one of the crullers, and he ate three of them before he arose from the table. And we have called them Lafayette crullers ever since."—*Cottage Hearth.*

Origin of Mother Goose.

"Sing a Song of Sixpence" is as old as the sixteenth century. "Three Blind Mice" is to be found in a music book dated 1609. "The Frog and the Mouse" was produced in 1580. "Three Children Slid upon the Ice" dates from 1639. "London Bridge is Broken Down" is of unfathomed antiquity. "Girls and Boys Come Out to Play" is certainly as old as the reign of Charles II., so is "Lucy Locket Lost Her Pocket," to the tune of which "Yankee Doodle" was written. "Pussy Cat, Pussy Cat, Where Have You Been" is of the age of Queen Elizabeth. "The Old Woman Tossed in a Blanket" was written in the reign of James II., and is supposed to allude to him. Some of these skippy verses were incorporated with "Mother Goose's Melodies," and suggested some of them. Mother Goose was a real, and not a fictitious, person. Her maiden name was Goose; she came of an excellent family, and was born in Boston. Her daughter Elizabeth married Thomas Fleet, a printer. They were blessed with a son, to whom Grandmother Goose became very much attached. It was for him that she composed and sang the ditties.

Mr. Fleet, her son-in-law, was a shrewd fellow. He saw that money could be made out of the nursery rhymes, and so he issued them in a book under the title of "Mother Goose's Melodies," and they became widely known and instantly popular.

"Little Jack Horner is said to be founded on fact, and it is a very old jingle. There are several versions of the story, but the accepted one is that the Abbot of Glastonbury had offended Henry VI. by building his kitchen so substantially that the destroyers of the monasteries were unable to throw it down. In a rage, the king sent for the abbot, who, hoping to appease the monarch, sent to him his steward, John Horner, with a wonderful pie, the interior of which was composed of the title deeds to twelve manors. But as John Horner sat in the corner of the wagon that carried him to the king, he was induced, by curiosity to lift up the crust and to abstract therefrom a title deed, which, on his safe and successful return home, he showed to the abbot, and did him that the king had given him he deed for a reward. The deed was hat of the Manor of Wells.

Footpad—Hold up your hands!

Pedestrian (calmly)—I have been out shoping all day with my wife."

Footpad (sympathetically)—By Jinks! Here, take this quarter.

—An eccentric Detroit millionaire got into an argument with a woman, out of his tenants, and she slapped his mouth with a dishcloth.

We've Always Been Provided For.

"Good wife, what are you singing for? you know
we've lost the hay;
And what we'll do with horse and kye, is more
than I can say;
While, like as not, with storm and rain, we'll
lose both corn and wheat."
She looked up with a pleasant face, and answered low and sweet:
"There is a Heart, there is a Hand, we feel,
but cannot see;
We've always been provided for, and we shall
always be."

He turned around with sudden gloom. She said: "Love, be at rest:
You cut the grass, worked soon and late, you
did your very best,
That was your work; you've naught at all to do
with wind and rain,
And do not doubt but you will reap rich fields
of golden grain;
For there's a Heart and there's a Hand, we
feel, but cannot see;
We've always been provided for, and we shall
always be."

"That's like a woman's reasoning; we must
because we must."
She softly said: "I reason not; I only work
and trust.
The harvest may redeem the hay, keep heart,
whate'er betide;
When one door shuts, I've always seen another
open wide.
There is a Heart, there is a Hand, we feel, but
cannot see;
We've always been provided for, and we shall
always be."

He kissed the calm and trustful face; gone
was his restless pain!
She heard him with a cheerful step go whistling down the lane.
And went about her household tasks full of a
glad content.
Singing to time her busy hands, as two and two
she went:
"There is a Heart, there is a Hand, we feel but
cannot see;
We've always been provided for, and we shall
always be."

Days come and go 'twas Christmas-tide, and
the great fire burned clear,
The farmer said: "Dear wife, it's been a good
and happy year;
The fruit was gain, the surplus corn has bought
the hay, you know."
She lifted then a smiling face, and said; "I told
you so,
For there's a Heart, and there's a Hand, we
feel, but cannot see;
We've always been provided for, and we shall
always be."

—*Exchange*

TRACED BY A BOOK.

"But where shall I meet you again?" asked Colonel Mackay.

He was a colonel by courtesy, like so many Western men, and a real estate agent by profession.

He had just taken Burton Halleck for a drive about the latest additions to that thriving young city, Fort Raynor, during which he had descanted most eloquently on its advantages as a place of investment for Eastern capital, some of which Halleck represented; and now he had set him down in Main St., according to request, and was on his way to keep an engagement at his office.

"I don't want you to miss seeing our new gas well," he went on, cordially. "Discovered by boring last month; throws up a column of fire half as high as a house, and is bound to make the city a manufacturing centre. They're already talking of glass works. Land is bound to boom in its neighborhood right soon, sir, now I tell you," enthusiastically. "This business of mine won't take more than half an hour, and if you'll just let me know where to pick you up then, I'll spin you out to the well at a two-forty gait—eh, Molly, girl?"

He paid Molly, his trim bay mare, the friendly attention of flicking off a fly as he ended, and leaned forward from his buggy, elbow on knee, to see if gas wells seemed more attractive than corn-lands and corner-lots to this possible purchaser.

Halleck, standing on the sidewalk, paused irresolute.

His father had lately been seized with the Western fever, and he had been persuaded to go and spy out the land for a good location; but, so far, he had failed to take a reasonable, business-like interest in the matter. Still it would no doubt be as well to see the place thoroughly, since he was there.

"I might wait at my hotel," he was beginning, rather doubtfully, when the colonel cut him short very decidedly.

He did not intend to allow any rival agent to secure the desirable firm of Halleck & Son for the town, and old Enderly was sure to be at Halleck's hotel by this time. Something must be done.

Glancing up across the busy, sun-steeped street, he caught sight of a row of plate-glass windows, lace-draped and inviting of aspect, and had an inspiration.

"Oh, don't bother to go 'way back there in this heat for such a little while," he said. "Just step over to the Young Men's Christian Association rooms yonder," pointing where those well-known letters ran in glaring gilt across the second story of a handsome brick building, "and amuse yourself till I come. The ladies here have just been giving a book-social, and got quite a library together for the reading-room. Any young man is welcome to pass the time there. Or, if you didn't care to read, you might talk to the secretary. He's generally on tap, and it's his business to entertain strangers."

"A book-social?" repeated Halleck, idly amused at the fussy, friendly little man's unconscious air of giving him the freedom of the city. "What sort of thing is that?"

"Oh, a new idea of the Ladies Auxiliary! They fitted up the rooms, you see, and then gave a social, and instead of paying at the door, everybody that came had to bring a book for the reading-room. They've fixed a very comfortable place, altogether, and the association's doing finely."

And he might have gone on still further; for, he told himself, the young man seemed an uncommonly steady sort of fellow, and would perhaps regard a flourishing Y. M. C. A. as an attractive feature of a town.

Halleck, however, unconsciously broke the thread of his discourse by saying he would detain him no longer, accepting his latter invitation with thanks, and adding that he would wait in the reading-room, sauntered across the hot street toward it.

It was very comfortable. The resources of artistic furnishing, as understood in Fort Raynor, had evidently been taxed for its benefit.

Stained-glass squares bordered the large windows, and bars of many-colored light from them lay here and there on the dark moss green carpet.

Pictures of very doubtful merit adorned the pearl-gray walls. A large, open book-case held an exceedingly motley array of volumes, new and old.

There was a writing table at the public service; another table covered with papers and magazines; a third set about with chairs and littered with books, among which stood a large bowl of pale amber glass, crowded with crimson and white carnations, whose clean, spicy fragrance pleasantly penetrated the air.

And everywhere the hand of ministering woman had left its trace in articles of fancy-work, pretty and ugly, appropriate and inappropriate.

The secretary was apparently not "on tap," but was busied at his desk; a couple of visitors were engaged in reading.

Like them, Halleck found a comfortable chair by the book-table, but, unlike them, did not begin to read.

The coolness, the quiet, the half-home-like air of the place, the care shown for the welfare and comfort of any wayfaring young man—all were certainly attractive.

"I wonder," perversely mused Mr. Halleck, with the cheap cynicism of a too much petted sex, as he glanced about in a critical way with his keen, handsome gray eyes—"I wonder when women in general will think enough of other less lucky women to fit up such pleasant places for them instead of men?"

For it is extremely natural for a man to seize any occasion to blame "women in general" for anything or nothing, when one woman in particular has left a sore spot in his heart.

The reader nearest Halleck, a tall, lanky young countryman, suddenly pushed away his book with a little, half-audible groan of disgust.

"I'm goin', Bob," he gruffly informed his neighbor. "I heard so much about Browning's po'try last month at our Literary that I made up my mind that I'd come here and read it first morning I was in town and had time; but I'll be switched if I can make head or tail of it. It's harder work than breakin' new prairie. I give it up."

And he rose with a worn-out aspect and left the room.

Halleck smiled a little at this glimpse of Kansas culture. Browning's poetry! Certainly, whoever selected that for such a library as this must have had exalted ideas. Or perhaps it was one of the "book-social" contributions, given because its owner did not care to keep it.

With an idle curiosity he took up the rejected volume and read the title—"Men and Women." It had been familiar enough to him once, and the sight of it now touched him with a sharp pain, while still he went on glancing at page after page with an odd, half-unwilling fascination.

The lines seemed to come to him in the music of a girl's pretty, unusual vibrante voice; there seemed to bend with him over the book a dainty, golden-brown head; an impetuous, dimpled, little hand seemed to point out beauties here and there with a swift appreciation; an arch, earnest April face seemed to look up with a flash of triumph in the dark, hazel eyes at having won some disputed point of interpretation.

She had been so full of sweetest life, his Lucie, so intense of feeling, so bright of intelligence, and so determined that he should share her pleasure in her favorite poet, and they should be one in that as in all other things.

"The good stars met in your horoscope,
Made you of spirit, fire and dew,"

he found himself reading out of "Evelyn Hope," as he had once read to her; and then turned some pages in haste.

Now Miss Willard was not "his Lucie," he reminded himself, bitterly. Their engagement was broken by mutual consent, they had drifted apart. He did not even know where she lived now.

He had quite over-lived the whole episode; could never again feel pain, or joy, or anger because of it; and to prove this to himself, he began to read just where the book happened to open at "A Lover's Quarrel."

It was the height of foolishness to let himself shrink from the sight of a harmless poem like this. Surely he ought to be able to read it without remembering how Lucie had looked when they read it together that last day on the porch, when the apple blossoms were drifting down in scented showers, and she wore a dress of pink and white like them, and her face—

He would read Browning:

"Dearest, three months ago,
When we loved each other so,
Lived and loved—"

Only a little more than three months ago they, too, had lived and loved—and quarreled. It seemed about such a trifle looking back now!

"Not from the heart beneath,
'Twas a bubble born of breath."

There had been a few angry words, a parting in wrath, a week's chill, indignant silence, and then, when he came, repentant, to make his peace, he found she had abruptly ended her visit to her cousin.

And as she had been too proud to leave any word that might hint of hope to him, so he, smarting under the sting, had been too proud to ask her new address—for he knew her family were all set to leave the New York town where they lived—or to try to seek her out, and thus all their happiness had ended for a hasty word.

"See a word, how it severeth,
Oh, power of life and death,
In the tongue, as the preacher saith."

There was a dreadful applicability in the rippling rhymes.

From them he turned for relief to a mechanically close inspection of the page on which they were printed, and which was marked here and there with light pencil strokes—"a heart in dots and underlines."

Lucie was an inveterate marker of her pet books, he remembered. Must he always remember her ways, her words, even her tricks of marking poems?

These, now— Why, these were marked just as they had been in the copy he had read with her! It must be—it was—the same book!

The name on the fly-leaf was hidden by the printed library label, but there were her delicate, familiar little marks at the well-known passages, the stain where she had shut in a cluster of violets he had brought her one day, the absurd little profile of the poet Gigadibs that he had teased her with by sketching on the margin!

For one instant his heart leaped with a sudden, tender joy at the recognition that seemed to put him in touch with his lost love once more; the next he grew angry with the girl who had cared so little for this book that she could give it, with all its traces of her own inner nature and its associations of the man who had loved her, to be handled and read and curiously examined by any one who chose.

Had loved her, indeed! No, loves her still, he owned to himself, bitterly, in the swift self-knowledge brought by the words of the master-poet and the thronging memories evoked by the familiar volume.

He recollected how, woman-like, Lucie had been won't to treasure the merest trifles that were associated in any way with her friends. She had returned all his gifts, of course, but if she had ever really cared for him, surely she would have valued this book a little.

"A valuable book, did you say?" questioned the secretary, in his high-pitched voice, just then, of some one by his desk, at the other end of the room and quite out of Halleck's sight.

He was rather hard of hearing, the secretary, and the inquirer was obliged to raise her voice also—a pretty, unusual, girlish voice, which Halleck recognized with a start.

Neither the speaker nor he could see each other, for the secretary's desk occupied a recess near the door, and the big book-case stood boldly out between.

"No, valued," she explained, with a touch of anxiety evident in her tones. "It is quite a shabby book, but I value it for certain associations. There was a mistake made in giving it to the library. I had put it away out of sight, and my mother thought I did not want it any longer, especially as she had given me a complete set of Browning not long since, and so she brought it to the book-social with other books. I was not at home, or I would not have allowed it. I want the book back very much indeed, and I will gladly give you a new copy in exchange, or pay for it, just as you like."

A short pause followed, in which Halleck heard the rustle of papers, as if the secretary were looking among his rules and regulations for one to cover this case.

"I'm awfully sorry, Miss Willard," he announced, at last, "but I can't find anything authorizing me to dispose of any of the association's property so. If you will see the real secretary about it—I'm only his assistant, you know—perhaps he might do it for you. He'll be most happy to, if he can, I've no doubt," he ended encouragingly. "I'll speak to him as soon as he comes in, and I expect him any time now."

"Thank you—I shall be very much obliged! Tell him I'll call this afternoon. And please be sure that the book doesn't get lost or mislaid. Browning's 'Men and Women' it is, you will remember?"

There were more regrets and assurances from the martinet assistant secretary—an exchange of good-mornings—the opening and shutting of a door.

Halleck started to his feet, caught up his hat, and followed Miss Willard at a safe, respectful distance.

He had checked his first hasty impulse. He would not try to speak to her or claim her recognition here; but they would meet in a few minutes, and she cared—she cared!

The slight, gracefully-erect young figure in its white gown was easily kept in sight along the street, tolerably crowded though it was.

Halleck observed to himself that there was evidently a good deal of business astir in Fort Raynor, as Colonel Mackay had said; and were ever skies more blue and sunny, or air more sweet and pure, than here in Kansas?

For all the world brightens to a man when looked at through happy eyes, and any town seems pleasant and prosperous when graced by the presence of the woman he loves.

Yet Halleck had time for doubts and fears enough while Miss Willard, unconscious of his proximity, pursued the even tenor of her way home.

He examined with a jealously critical eye certain men who bowed to her, and it was a face more anxious even than hopeful into which she looked up just as she entered her gate and turned to close it after her.

Her own face grew pink and startled, and then pale and proud. But she stood serenely calm, with her large, lacy white parasol making a soft and becoming background for her pretty, high-held brown head and smiling, pleasantly surprised countenance; and there was only a bright, cordial courtesy in her face and manner as she spoke.

"Why, Mr. Halleck! Who would have thought of meeting you here out West? Won't you come in?"

She was moving aside to let him enter, but he was motionless, resolute.

"Perhaps," he said, very quietly. "Lucie, I was in the reading room when you called there just now, and could not help hearing what you said. I thought, since you wanted your book back so much because of its associations, you might be willing to take back the lover who helped make them. Was I right? Will you let me in now?"

There was a moment's pause; and then slowly, shyly, a small hand opened the gate, and Halleck entered.

Colonel Mackay had never been able to make up his mind whether corner-lots or gas wells proved most "fetching" to Mr. Halleck.

He was sure it was one or the other however, and he has long since forgiven the broken appointment made on that memorable morning, as Halleck not only decided to settle in Fort Raynor, but built one of the prettiest houses in town to receive his bride.

Superstitions in Ireland.

It is very unlucky to meet in the early morning a barking dog or a bare-footed woman.

When a corpse retains animal heat over-long another member of the family is to die within the year.

If the stacks are not circled each night by the noiseless barn owl a blight will fall upon next season's crops.

Any three idle strokes of a stick in the ashes or a spade or other farm tool in the soil making a figure resembling a coffin is certain to portend death in one's family.

The linnet pours forth the most melancholy song of all Irish birds, and I have seen honest-hearted peasants affected by it to tears.

When the nest of the thrush or mavis is built unusually high in the thornbush this betokens a great calamity to a neighborhood.

Over in Connemara to this day a funeral procession on its way to church will halt at some distance away and cast together a huge pile of stones.

One of the oldest of all Irish superstitions is the belief that if you chase and catch a butterfly you imprison the wandering soul of your grandfather.

An Old House Servant's Honesty.

An Irish woman went into an emigrant office in Fall River, Mass., two or three weeks ago, and asked for a draft for two pounds, directing that it be sent to an address which she gave. The woman said that she had been a servant in a well-to-do family in Ireland 40 years ago, at the time of a famine. She gave food to the suffering poor from the larder of the household, without the knowledge of her mistress. The fact that she had given away what did not belong to her preyed upon the servant's mind, and she resolved to pay back the value of the goods whenever she became able. Later she removed to this country, and saved what little money she could spare until she got together the $10, which she forwarded to her old mistress. In the 40 years the mistress had been greatly reduced in circumstances, and she wrote that the money was indeed a treasure to her, and that she was deeply touched at her servant's honesty.

NEWS IN BRIEF.

—At the beginning of this century only about twenty million people spoke the English language, and they lived mainly in England.

—It is estimated that 150 men and boys in a southeastern Ohio county are engaged in hunting skunks. There is a good demand for the pelts.

—Dentist's advertisement in a Reading, Pa., daily: Teeth filled and extracted without pain by the use of vitalized air, and made fresh every day and perfectly harmless.

—With a view of testing a new tooth pulling machine which he was about to purchase a Williamsport dentist allowed himself to be operated upon, and the lower part of his face was nearly torn away.

—There are more than 40,000 Chinese in San Francisco. They form nearly one-seventh of the city's population, and it is computed that they send $12,000,000 a year from their earnings to China.

—The oldest Morse telegrapher in the world is J. D. Reed, the statistician of the Western Union Company at New York. Mr. Reed is 71 years of age, a Scotchman by birth, and is as vigorous and cheerful as a man of twenty-five.

—American wild turkeys have been successfully acclimatized in Austria on that portion of the estate of Count Breuner which is known as the Danube meadows, and great flocks of them are to be seen in his forests.

—A small flint stone idol was recently brought up by a sand pump near Boise City, Idaho, from a depth of 320 feet beneath the surface of the earth. Scientists who have seen it believe it to be the work of antediluvian man.

—A singular accident happened to a Boston horse. The animal, in falling, got his leg into a cesspool opening at the curbstone, and it was not until a portion of the curb had been removed that he was extricated. He sustained no injury whatever.

—The habit of asking for samples in the dry goods stores has grown so common in New York that most of the larger shops there have a special department now devoted to satisfying this class of customers.

—George Fredericks, who lives near Leetonia, O., was badly scared recently by something he thought was a ghost at his bed-room window. Investigation showed, however, that the intruder was only his old white horse.

—It is a curious fact, brought out by the New York Commissioner of Labor Statistics, that prison estimates of the amount of food needed to sustain life are more liberal than estimates for persons dependent on public charities.

—Numerous methods of cheating the automatic weighing machines have been devised, but it remains for particular ingenious lads to think of attaching a string to the nickel with which, after obtaining their weight, to withdraw the coin.

—According to the French papers the Madrid Gallery has lately received as a gift from the Duchess Dowager de Pastrana 225 pictures, among which are said to be works by Van Dyck, Rubens, Teniers, Mengs, and other fine works.

—According to London advices Frank Slavin is anxious to arrange a match for a limited number of rounds with John L. Sullivan, or he will fight the big fellow to a finish for from $5,000 to 10,000 a side, under London prize ring rules.

—That remarkable story from near Stirling, N. J., about the "colored boy and his fatal muzzle" turns out to have been a canard. A resident of New Providence, N. J., writes the New York *Tribune* that, "from beginning to end, the story did not contain one word of truth."

—Carpenteri, Cal., has a grape vine of the Mission variety, which has a girth of six feet at its base, and at the heighth of six feet branches out in every direction for a hundred feet. It was planted forty-seven years ago by a Spanish girl. This season its product is estimated at four tons.

—Tax stamps have been established in Switzerland to enable the poorer classes to pay their taxes in small instalments instead of handing out a lump sum. The taxpayer can buy weekly a few twenty-five or thirty cent fine stamps, and so gradually clear off his debt to the government.

—The town of Cullman, a thriving Alabama village, makes the boast that it has not a negro within its borders. It was named after a rich German who wished to found a colony of his own race in the Alabama fruit growing region. It has a population of 2,500.

—A vocabulary of physical terms, styled "Butsurigaku Jutsugo," has been issued in Japan. It gives the authoritative Japanese equivalents of an important group of Western scientific terms. In all thirty-six Japanese gentlemen have been engaged in its preparation for the past six years.

—A Maine contemporary tells of a merchant in Augusta, who examines every package left in his store, whether he has any business to or not. Recently an acquaintance, knowing this fact, left a paper bag of hornets in the merchant's store, to be "kept safely until called for." The merchant explored as usual, with results that may easily be guessed.

—The present estimated population of the United States is 64