

EUGENE ARAM'S LIFE.

The Remarkable Career of This Famous Murderer.

A SCHOLAR AND A SCOUNDREL

The Hero of Bulwer's Novel and Hood's Poem Was Really a Vile Criminal Who Abandoned Wife and Children and Knew No Remorse.

Eugene Aram, the scholar and murderer who inspired two of the masterpieces of English literature—Hood's poem and Bulwer's novel—was hanged on Aug. 6, 1756.

Aram was born in 1704 in York-shire. By the time he was fourteen years old he was regarded in the neighborhood as a prodigy of learning. His fame for piety and gentleness as a scholar spread, and as a result he was invited to Knarsborough to open a school in 1734. There a strange development took place in Aram's character. He formed an association with a drinking, turbulent crowd of men, the opposite of himself, among them Daniel Clark, who kept a little cobbler's shop, and Richard Houseman, a tax dresser.

In 1745 Clark married a woman with a small fortune of \$1,000. Immediately he and his companions devised a scheme to rob her and her friends. Clark was to obtain all the goods he could on credit and hand them over to Aram and Houseman, who were to deposit them in a safe place. Then after the plunder Clark was to decamp, leaving his wife to shift for herself, and the property was to be sold and divided among the three men.

Clark went about procuring a wide variety of articles on credit. He pretended he was about to give a great wedding feast and borrowed silver tankards, salvers, spoons, etc., from whoever would lend them. As fast as the different articles were obtained Clark, accompanied by Aram and Houseman, carried them to a place called St. Robert's cave.

When Clark had "borrowed" about everything valuable his acquaintances had to lend, the plotters decided it was time for him to disappear. So in the early morning of Feb. 8, 1745, he, Aram and Houseman went to the cave to divide the spoils. Clark left Aram and Clark had quarreled a good deal during the progress of predatory operations. At the entrance to the cave the quarrel was renewed, and Aram pushed Clark away and rained down tremendous blows on his head and chest. Clark fell dead.

Houseman, terrified at the sight and, as he said, afraid of meeting the same fate, turned and ran away. Aram did not show a particle of remorse or fear. He gathered up the booty and carried it to his house, where he buried part of it in the garden. He buried Clark's body and heaped stones over the grave. In the afternoon he went for Houseman and threatened him if he disclosed the murder and made him believe he was equally guilty in law.

Clark's disappearance was not noticed for a day or two. Then the people from whom he had "borrowed" jewelry and plate began to make inquiries. Suspicion was directed to Aram in some way. The village authorities searched his house and found a bundle containing lattered plate and clothing stained with blood. Notwithstanding this, no action seems to have been taken by the authorities, nor was it suspected that Clark had been murdered. The neighbors began to jeer at the learned schoolmaster, however, and Aram suddenly left his wife and children and walked to London.

For fourteen years his family heard nothing of him. He spent the greater part of the time wandering about from place to place, at last finding a situation as usher in a school at Lynn. In June, 1758, a horse dealer who had known him in Knarsborough met him in the Lynn market. Aram denied his identity. By a singular coincidence, almost the day the horse dealer accented the now gray haired schoolteacher, a skeleton was found by some workmen digging a pit in Thistle hill, in Knarsborough.

A country town has a keen recollection of everything that has occurred to disturb it, and immediately the disappearance of Clark fourteen years before was remembered. Houseman still alive, got drunk first and then joined the crowd of villagers looking at the exhumed skeleton. "Clark," he said with drunken gravity, "was never buried here."

The latter, still too drunk to realize the gravity of his position, muttered that Clark's body would be found in St. Robert's cave. The crowd made a rush for that place, and soon a skeleton was exhumed.

"It did not kill him!" gasped Houseman, now thoroughly sober and terrified. "It was Aram. I had no part."

Houseman was taken to the village jail, and a warrant was sworn out for Aram. When the officers took him away from the school the pupils cried. The government used Houseman as a witness to convict Aram. The latter's speech in his own defense has come down complete—a masterly attack on circumstantial evidence, showing the intellectual power of the man. Aram made a half confession the night before his execution, followed by an attempt at suicide. According to the custom of the time, his body was hanged in chains, and it swung in Knarsborough forest until 1778. Years later, when the details of his crime were dim, his remarkable career attracted Hood and Bulwer, and thus the obscure, talented, perverted man became a part of English literature.—Exchange.

Beware the French "Tabac."
A suggestion: If you are a smoker and are going to tour France take your own tobacco and pipe or cigars, for no American can smoke the "tabac" sold in France. Cigars are obtainable outside the large cities, and the smoking of tobacco is of international quality—you smoke it in one country and smell it in another.—Outing Magazine.

Popping the Question.
"Hello!" said the corn. "Was that you whispering?"
"Yes," replied the ear. "I've been trying to catch your ear for some time."—Bohemian Magazine.

ITALIAN CRIME STUDY

Brooklyn Man Will Investigate the Mafia in Italy.

NATIVE HAUNTS TO BE VISITED

District Attorney J. F. Clarke will spend two months with an expert investigating Black Hand sources. Inquiry as to Effectiveness of an American Secret Police.

John F. Clarke of Brooklyn, district attorney of Kings county, N. Y., and his Italian expert, P. L. Corrao, who recently sailed for Italy on what is primarily to be a pleasure trip, but which they hope will prove of advantage to the public, will be gone for two months and during that time will study the operations of the Italian courts and police, particularly the way they handle that peculiar kind of crime hysteria known as the Black Hand and Mafia. Incidentally they will conduct investigations to learn how General Bingham's plan for a secret police ought to work in the United States.

Mr. Clarke has felt for some time that a more intimate knowledge of home conditions in Italy would assist him in his work. Brooklyn has a large Italian population. It was at Mr. Corrao's suggestion that he decided upon the scheme of spending his vacation studying the Black Hand and Mafia in their native haunts.

Mr. Corrao knows as much about Italian criminals and their ways as perhaps any other man in the United States. He has made a special study of the subject, and his place in Mr. Clarke's office has brought him into touch with them many times. Although a Sicilian himself, he does not attempt to minimize the extent of the operations of Italian criminals and even denounces those people who do so as really antagonistic to his countrymen.

"It is quite true there is a great deal of crime among the Italian population," he said to a reporter of the New York Post. "An honest man cannot deny it. Perhaps the only thing that the amount of Italian crime is not out of proportion to the large number of Italian citizens we have, but nevertheless there is a great deal of it, too much, in my opinion, who try to wink at that fact are really anything but friends of Italians. They are actuated by a few dollars that the barriers against immigration may be heightened, and solely on political grounds they deny the extent of Italian crime."

"Personally I have said that the only way to keep Italian crime in check is to increase the difficulties of entrance into the country for men who have demonstrated unfitness to be law-abiding citizens. If within a few hours of his arrival in America a man is found carrying a pistol, he should be deported at once. That kind of man is no good citizen. I would have every man who within a reasonable space of time after his arrival violated the law sent back to that place from which he came, whether he was an Italian or of any other nationality."

"On this present trip we are going especially to study the operations of the Black Hand and Mafia people, who are found more in Sicily than in the northern provinces of Italy. It is a peculiar characteristic of Italian criminals, by the way, that I can generally tell where they come from by the nature of the crime he commits. If I hear of a man being slashed in the body with a pistol, I am reasonable sure that the Italian police think of General Bingham's scheme for having a secret police to keep tabs on conditions without the knowledge of the regular police force. The Italian police are used in secret operations, and they ought to know how much such a plan would be worth. Some people here think it would be futile, because after making one arrest and having to appear in court and make his charge the secret officer's identity would be known."

"Then we shall find out what means the Italian police are taking at present to control Black Hand operations. Much can be learned from the way they handle the latest tricks of the criminals and we shall probably have chances to be present at the examinations of apprehended lawbreakers and witness the Italian system of examination and prosecution."

"An interesting phase of Italian crime is what is known as Pomaria. This is the unwritten understanding that seems to exist everywhere in certain classes that men who are arrested must not tell on their friends, though they themselves may not be guilty of participation in the offense. This freemasonry often makes it hard for the police to secure evidence, and we shall be glad to know what Italian police are doing to combat it."

"There is no doubt that we ought to gain a quantity of interesting information as to the Italian mind. And I am sure that the Italian police will be glad to extend every courtesy to us. It seems the logical thing to do—to go to the place from which the criminals come for information about them."

"Do we expect to find out just what are the Mafia and the Black Hand? Well, I don't see how we can. It is as well as we possibly can, I think, already. The best definition I ever heard of this kind of crime was that whenever a group of men decided to do a thing together, they constituted a Mafia or Black Hand band. There is no regular organization, no formal agreement—just a tacit understanding. Add to this that the Mafia is formed of two different classes of people, high and low, and has a more distinctive system of freemasonry, and you can describe the two forms of crime hysteria as well as any man."

New Rubber Forests.
It is reported that in the mountain regions of the Sierra Nevada, in Spain, extensive forests of rubber have been discovered.

much wanted.
The following advertisement, quoted from a Boston paper of a date early in the nineteenth century by Mr. Janson in "The Stranger in America," shows that the domestic problem is not one of modern manufacture. But what mistress of today would dare to impose such conditions on the hindrance in the kitchen?
"Much Wanted: A neat, well behaved female to do kitchen work in a small family in Charlestown, near Boston. She may pray and sing hymns, but not over the whisttable. She may go to meeting, but not belong to the congregation of midnight worshippers. Inquire at Repository office, near Boston."

Commoners Not Wanted.
No commoner, however distinguished, however great his worldwide fame as scientist, artist or musician, can hope to belong to the German imperial circle unless he first dowers by his emperor with the magic patent of nobility. No wife or daughter of a noble millionaire, however honorable the source of the husband's or father's wealth, can dream of being presented to the empress. The Prussian nobility form a caste entirely apart from the rest of society, and Berlin, socially speaking, is composed of many different worlds, none of which mingles with the other.—London M. A. P.

MAN WITHOUT A SOUL

The Uncanny Creation of Mary Godwin Shelley.

MONSTER OF FRANKENSTEIN.

The Interesting History of an Earlier Day Novel That is Frequently Alluded to in Literature and at Times Quoted Incorrectly.

Everybody, or nearly everybody, has heard of the novel of "Frankenstein," though it is not probable that many persons read it nowadays. There are so many allusions to it in our literature, however, that one absorbs some sort of notion of it so that he cannot help knowing that it is a weird and ghastly story about a monster, but whether or not Frankenstein is the monster even well informed people do not always know, showing that they never read the story.

Sometimes we hear allusions to "Frankenstein's monster," as in one of Charles Sumner's orations, where he speaks of the "soulless monster of Frankenstein, the wretched creation of mortal science without God," and sometimes the reference is to Frankenstein only, as if he were the monster. Of course Sumner, who was very particular in his use of figures of speech, was right. When Mrs. Deland in her novel "Stoney" makes Major Lee say that "Christianity is a Frankenstein," she suffers the major to talk nonsense.

The story of this weird novel and the circumstances under which it came to be written are decidedly interesting and may be told in a few words. The facts are as follows:
In 1816 Mary Godwin, afterward Mrs. Shelley, eloped with Shelley, and they took up their residence near Geneva, in Switzerland. They had Lord Byron for a neighbor, and the three passed much time together. Their conversation frequently ran on the occult and the mysterious, and Byron one day proposed that each should write a ghost story. All agreed and went to work, but it was not long before the two poets gave it up as a hopeless task. They could write poetry, but they could not write stories.

Mary persevered and completed her tale in the spring of 1817. When Byron and Shelley heard it read they were surprised and delighted. It was bound to be the novel of the century. The name of it was "Frankenstein; or, The Modern Prometheus." It was immediately sent to London for publication and met with a great success.

Frankenstein is a Swiss youth, a student at the University of Ingolstadt, deeply interested in the study of chemistry and natural philosophy. He resolves to penetrate the mysteries of life and death and wrest from nature the secret of creation. After prolonged study he succeeds and discovers how to impart movement and animation to lifeless matter.

He then resolves to mold a colossal man, making him imbue him with form and feature and imbue him with life. He carries on his work in a studio far from the habitations of man, labors long and secretly, and at last the work is completed. There in the great room lies the form and semblance of a human being, perfect in all his proportions. Frankenstein relates the story:

"It was on a dreary night in November that I beheld the accomplishment of my toils. With an anxiety that almost amounted to agony I collected the instruments of life around me that I might infuse a spark of being into the lifeless thing that lay at my feet."

"It was already 11 o'clock in the morning. The rain pattered dully against the window panes and my candle was nearly burned out when, by the glimmer of the half extinguished light, I saw the dull yellow eye of the creature open. It breathed hard, and a convulsive motion agitated its limbs."

Slowly the immense creature arose, and the artist, frightened at his own work, fled away. Then he returns to find his creation possessed of life and every attribute of humanity except a soul. Nowhere can it find human sympathy. It is out of harmony with all things about it, and after searching the world in pursuit of happiness it returns again to Frankenstein and demands that he make a companion with whom it can live in sympathy and love.

Frankenstein declines, and thenceforth the monster pursues him with hatred and revenge. It slays his brothers and sister, his friend and his bride. It follows him to Russia, to Siberia and into the Arctic ocean, and there creature and artist perish together. It is a most uncanny story to read of nights.

Sir Walter Scott reviewed the novel in the Quarterly, but while admitting its power, confessed he did not like it. "Our taste and our judgment revolt at this kind of writing." All the critics agreed as to its daring originality.—Exchange.

Tactical.
A musical conductor was trying the voice of a young woman who wished to secure a place in an opera troupe. The manager was standing by. The candidate was frail and timid. She finished her song with an air of distress.

"How is it?" asked the manager unconcernedly.
The conductor caught the pleading eyes of the girl, but he had his duty to perform. He struck three notes on the piano and left the rest to the manager. The three notes were B A D.

Newspapers as Pulpits.
"If I had the money, I would put the gospel red hot into all the daily papers. I would use the advertising departments and pay for the advertising." This new doctrine of evangelism was expounded recently by the Rev. A. C. Dixon of Moody church in a talk to the Congregational ministers in the Masonic temple at Chicago. Mr. Dixon gave instances to show that outdoor and secular hall religious meetings were better attended and more effective than meetings held in the fashionable churches.

An innocent heart suspects no guile.
—Portuguese Proverb.

SCORING FOR SOCIETY

Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish Roundly Condemns Its Methods.

PREDICTS A CHANGE SOON.

Prominent Woman Says Riches Are Not Enough and That Brains Should Count More—Tired of Being a "Ladder For Climbers."

Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish, wife of the former president of the Illinois Central railroad and for many years one of the bright particular stars in the social firmament at Newport and in New York, recently made a startling statement condemning present day society and its methods and declaring that some change will come soon.

Mrs. Fish remarks at the beginning that real hospitality is kindness and that if there was a little more kindness in New York society there would be more hospitality. She says she doesn't want people to come to her house because they give her things, but because she likes them.

"To be rich alone is not enough," says Mrs. Fish. She says many rich people are dull, while plenty of people have brains and money both, and these people, says Mrs. Fish, must not be barred. She predicts that the time will come when brains will count more than money and adds that money is ruining Newport now. She thinks it would be a great relief if the interesting people in the world could be brought out and made to show themselves and added:

"Nobody is more tired than I of these funny little people who think themselves queens. They're too absurd, too ridiculous. They are making Newport the laughingstock of the country today. Personally I am tired of Newport. It is dead, barren, spoiled. We are not going there this summer. We shall travel in Europe instead. What do we find in Newport now? Climbers? Yes, to be sure. Anybody who wants to get into society—and has enough money—only has to go there for four or five years and he or she will get into society—if they are willing to take the snubs and the insults which are dealt out to them day after day. I've seen plenty of it. I've seen them take the frightful rebuffs which some people are so fitted to give. Yet I've seen these same people succeed if they only took it long enough. Yes, there are plenty of people at Newport who have no business there."

"I truly think that society should be made to dignify the country, not to hold it up to ridicule. I would have our society made more exclusive, more dignified, would have it harder to be accepted. I would have it so that just the possession of mere money would mean little without birth, breeding, good manners, intellect. Yet look at the people who do get into society with nothing except money! How few know of the kicks and the insults they have endured just to get in!"

Mrs. Fish says she greatly prefers her country life at Garrison-on-the-Hudson to Newport because she can have with her whoever she pleases and no one can object as long as she is satisfied.

New York society, according to Mrs. Fish, is deadly most of the time, the average dinner being a bore. She says the same people go to the same houses always and that they would actually shudder to meet a stranger. She tells of inviting a man to her house to dinner who was not known to the other guests. One of the women asked her how the man came to be there, and two days later Mrs. Fish met the same woman with the man. This time the woman whispered, "Isn't he perfectly charming?"

Because Mrs. Jones invites some one man to dinner who is not liked Mrs. Jones will not be invited to Mrs. Smith's or Mrs. Robinson's, says Mrs. Fish, adding, "But these very people seem to climb up into society." Concluding she said:

"I'm tired being a ladder myself. In fact, it is very unwise to be a ladder. I have helped many of them climb. I have had all the experience I want. Those people who have climbed are the most unkind to those who have helped them climb. That's only human nature."

"Why? Because they want to kick the ladder when they get up. When a thief robs a house he knocks down the ladder so that nobody will know how he got in. So it is with these climbers. They don't want others to know how they got in."

"They hate the people who know their secrets. They have no use for the very ones who have helped them climb, because they know how it was done—and might tell."

"Nobody will catch me being a ladder again. I prefer to meet my friends from above. They didn't have to climb up. Neither did I."

In conclusion Mrs. Fish declares emphatically that New York society will have to change, saying that lack of money should not bar any person, "and the time is coming when these other qualifications will count or else there will be a social revolution," she concludes.

Every Day May Be a Sunday.
Sunday and Day are the names of two farmers at Martinton, near Morocco, Ind. Sunday has five sons and Day five daughters. Three of the Sunday boys have already married Day girls. With the other two brothers courting the remaining sisters, it looks as though every Day would be Sunday by and by.

Had Left For Parts Unknown.
In a murder trial in Texas some years ago the counsel for the defense was examining a witness regarding his qualifications to serve. The candidate admitted that he had once been a member of a jury which tried a negro for murder. It is not permissible in such cases to ask the result of the trial, so the counsel said:
"Where is that negro now?"
"I don't know," was the reply. "The sheriff hanged him at the appointed time."
The universe is not rich enough to buy the vote of an honest man.

WARNED BY SPECTERS

One Person's Three Experiences With Ghosts.

THE SPIRIT OF HIS SISTER.

How an Apparition From the Unseen World Aided the Brother in Deciding an Important Legal Question—The Phantom on the Grave.

Three times in my life, each instance separated by an interval of years, have the experiences here told been mine. I come of a family to different members of which have become visible at times those appearances which for want of a better name are known as "ghosts." It is at least possible that the superstition regarding the second sight of one born with a veil may have some foundation in scientific fact, for my uncle was thus veiled at birth, and all his life from infancy vacant space was peopled to him with forms, which he would describe so accurately in dress, appearance and manner that listeners would instantly recognize departed friends, gone over years before my uncle's birth in many instances.

It was not till he was a large boy that he realized that the forms seen by him were not visible to others. Pages could be written of his experiences, but I am not here to give hearsay evidence, but my own personal experiences, the sights seen with my own bodily vision.

The first instance was so early in my life that I do not recall it, but my mother relates the circumstances.

"Our home was in Brooklyn, and we had gone for the summer to Greenfield Hill, Conn. I was so young that I still wore dresses and was in charge of a nursemaid who was in the habit of receiving visits from Annie, a girl of her own class, so that I was well acquainted with Annie."

She died suddenly and was buried in the country churchyard, but I was not told of her death, being considered too young to understand.

As I walked with my nurse past the cemetery one evening in the edge of dusk her superstitious horror can be imagined when I cried, pointing directly to Annie's grave: "Oh, Maggie, there is Annie! She is waving her hand for us to come over to her!" I broke away from my nurse and ran to the cemetery fence. She caught me up and ran in a panic to the house, nor would she ever again pass the cemetery after dark.

The only idea in my mind was that of a familiar friend whom I had not seen for some time.

The second instance was at the most unromantic age possible to a boy—about thirteen. I was attending boarding school in Dedham, Mass.

A school friend, a boy of about my age, had left the school some days before for his home in the west, leaving in perfect health.

At about 9 in the evening I sat on the edge of the bed removing my shoes when the wall of the room seemed to part and open, showing the night outside, with the dim forms of the trees gently waving in the wind. As I sat spellbound at this strange sight in the rift of the wall against the background of the night stood my friend as I had last seen him, just as in life. He waved his hand to me in token of farewell, stood looking at me a moment, and gently the vision faded.

I said to my roommate, who had seen nothing: "Charlie is dead. I have just seen him." The next morning a telegram to the school said that he had died the night preceding.

In the third instance I had grown to manhood—a normal, healthy man, over six feet tall and weighing nearly 200 pounds. I am a civil engineer, the hardy outdoor life being far removed from dreams and morbid imaginations.

It was on one occasion necessary for me to consult a lawyer, and one evening I met the lawyer in his Boston office to talk over a matter of business. In the course of the conversation he asked me a question which I was undecided about answering. I stopped a moment before replying, for consideration, lowering my eyes, and when I raised them, there stood behind the attorney a favorite sister, dead many years.

Her eyes were fixed on mine, her fingers on her lips. I instantly absorbed the idea conveyed by her suggestive pose and did not give the lawyer the information he asked. As it afterward proved, it was greatly to my interest not to do so.

The lawyer shivered slightly as the visitor stood behind his chair and said that there was a draft through the room.

He never knew that the sensation of cold conveyed to his nervous system was a breath from an unseen world.

Science has proved that light, sound and color are all the results of vibration of greater or less rapidity. Some of these vibrations affect our senses and we see, hear or feel their effects. But what of the vast space filled with those vibrations which affect none of our senses, yet are unknown to science? Could our senses respond to them what secrets of the unseen might not be revealed, and who can say but the secret of these strange sights which sometimes greet the eye of mortals is hidden in this unknown range of vibrations, hiding a world that is all about us, mingling with and overlapping, surrounding and telescoping our common humdrum daily life and only in rare moments of attunement drawing the veil aside for a glimpse into the unknown.—New York Herald.

HER BIRTHDAY GIFT.

By Gray Allison.

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The rarely used doorbell rang out an unexpected rusty summons, and Mrs. Jordan, engaged in putting the breakfast biscuits into the oven, tilted the pan in her excitement until the carefully cut forms slid down to one end of the pan, an avalanche of dough.

"Marietta, go answer that bell." She thought Marietta had not noticed the episode of the biscuits, and she would not for worlds have the girl think there was a vulnerable spot to her stoicism or that she owned to curiosity. "If it's a woman, don't let her in, for there ain't a woman round here that hasn't sense enough to know better'n to call before breakfast."

Marietta, without waiting for the end of the monologue, had opened the door. "Here's a package for you," said the man from the station, grinning and pointing to the small box on the doorstep, "he's labeled to Mrs. Jordan."

The girl stared at the small figure in astonishment. "I'm Ned and I'm a birthday present to grandma and I'm hungry," he said, with no recognition of the need of pauses or punctuation, raising very blue eyes to meet hers earnestly.

"I guess he'll have to come in," said the girl in bewilderment. "I don't know anything about him, but maybe Aunt Ann does."

Mrs. Jordan, waiting in the kitchen door, gave a gasp of terror when she saw the small face under the leather sailor cap. "Bobbie!" she whispered faintly.

"No; I'm not named Bobbie. I'm Neddy's grandma." The small hands clung around her waist. "Papa said you would love me and be awfully glad to see me."

She sat down by the kitchen table and took the child in her lap. It was the first time she had ever been called grandma, and she had never known there was a child.

When Robert Jordan went to the city six years before to study book-keeping and during the first year married one of the chorus girls belonging to the "Froth and Foam Extravaganza," his mother's Methodist principles had refused to acknowledge that she any longer had a son. His letters, unanswered, finally stopped altogether. There had been no word from him, direct or indirect, until this small boy, with the eyes and mouth of her own little Bobbie, called her grandmother.

"I never saw you before at all," he said, softly patting her cheeks with the cold little hands from which he had removed the mittens, "but papa said you would love me dearly and that every time you made cookies you would make me a large cake shaped like a doggie, with currants for its eyes. Will you, grandmother, please?"

Mrs. Jordan trembled from head to foot at the vision of another little boy of long ago watching her put the currants in for eyes. She could fancy his childish voice saying, "Mind, mudder, don't make him cross-eyed."

"Where is your papa?" she asked, unbuckling the child's overcoat mechanically.

"Papa's gone away. He said he was going to stay with mamma and that I was to be your little boy. He sent you a birthday letter in my overcoat pocket. You do want me for your little boy, don't you?"

His childish mouth quivered apprehensively at her continued silence.

She left the letter unopened while she hugged him suddenly to her breast.

"Yes; I want you for my little boy. I have wanted a little boy for years and years—so terribly long," she said, crushing the words against his short, curly hair.

"Marietta, take the child upstairs and wash his face and hands before breakfast. He's all covered with train dust," she said, suddenly becoming conscious that the young girl had been standing silent in the kitchen door.

Left alone, she looked at the letter long and silently. The years rolled back—she seemed to feel with all the intensity of her young motherhood. She realized that the letter must tell her that her son was dead, yet the child, her child, seemed miraculously restored to her.

Bringing her glasses from a corner of the dining room mantel, she opened the letter.

She seems to have a horror of people getting married. It's getting unbearable. I wanted her to say I might marry you, but I'll do it anyway."
John Terry's strong hand closed on hers convulsively.

"Will you wear a veil and carry a big bouquet?" eagerly asked the child, overlooked by them both.

The man laughed good naturedly. "Hello, youngster, where did you come from? Yes, she can have the veil and bouquet, and maybe there will be a long train that you can walk behind and carry just like the picture of the princess and her little page. But you strike the town?"

"I'm Ned Jordan, and my papa's name is Robert Jordan, and I've come to stay with grandma, and I hope you are well," the child answered, with a polite timidity that caused him to rush through his explanations and wind up for lack of breath.

Terry gazed at the girl meekly.

"So? The old lady has relented at last, has she?"
"I don't think it's that," the girl answered softly. "I think Cousin Robert is—dead. She seemed wonderfully affected and more gentle than I have ever known her."

"Marietta!" Mrs. Jordan's voice called from the dining room. "Is that John Terry? Tell him to come in and have breakfast with us. It's awfully lucky to have a man call on your birthday. In forty-nine years young," she added, with a laugh that held a sob. "And I'm going to start in the fifties right. You might as well let John come on in. I'll bet he'll spend most of the year with you anyhow."

Terry, laughing, took the girl's arm and led her to the dining room.

"She's going to be married, and I'm going to carry her train for her, grandma," said the child excitedly.

"All right, Bobbie; come, sit in this chair by grandma, and let those people that are so much in love with each other sit by each other."

The child climbed into the chair and looked at her reproachfully. "I should think if I was your own little boy you wouldn't forget my name," he said.

"Yes, Bobbie, dear—I mean Neddy," she said, "how your head now while John asks a blessing on my birthday gift."

Holland's Source of Wealth.
When it comes to coffee, sugar, indigo, spices and tobacco all the nations of the world have to take off their hats to the little kingdom of Holland," said Mr. Karl Van Valkenberg of Amsterdam.

"Once in every two weeks the Netherlands company sells more coffee than all the rest of the world's markets combined. This fortunate situation comes about through the ownership of our island colonies. Sumatra, which is almost thirty times as large as Holland, sends its tobacco crop to the home government. Java, tremendously larger, is also ours, and to it we are indebted for our coffee. Borneo, which would make a dozen of us, is our source of coal supply, and from the islands of Banca and Billon we get vast quantities of tin. So you see that Holland's riches come largely from her insular possessions, Amsterdam and Antwerp cut the diamonds of the world."—Baltimore American.

Easily Grown Lilies.
Few people understand how easily lilies may be grown in abundance. The madonna or candidum lily is as hardy as a plum tree, multiplies rapidly and gives great stalks of superb flowers in July—fragrant beyond words to express. Plant them under your grape trellises or in your gooseberry rows. If a bulb gets injured in cultivation, there will be enough left. I have had 900 blossoms in a small bed about ten feet in diameter. You can grow the Japanese longiflorum just as easily and in the same way, only you must plant them much deeper, about six inches, and you must not plant them in manure. Our native meadow lilies can be grown in the same way or even in sod if it is moist. Bury them ten inches deep. The auratum and Easter lilies require very deep planting, and I cannot promise that they will give you good results.—E. P. Powell in Suburban Life.

A Temperance Tattoo.
Kim Kyong Syop is a big, strapping fellow, energetic in body and zealous in spirit, who is engaged in selling the Scriptures in Korea.

Five years ago he was worshipping evil spirits, says a missionary who sends home the story to the British and Foreign Bible society. For three years he sacrificed a cow to them each year. When Kim became a Christian he cleared out of his house and premises twenty-seven "devil's nests" made of paper and other trash.

On the ball of each thumb Kim has a black spot, and the missionary asked him if they were tattooed.

"Yes," said Kim. "I did that when I vowed to