

# TALMAGE VISITS US.

### HE STOPS OVER AT THE STRICKEN CITY IN HIS WESTERN JOURNEY.

Words of Hope and Encouragement to the Survivors—Wreck of a Once Beautiful City—The Gorged Graveyard—No Bibles Burned and Christian Faith Still Abundant—Money Still Needed.

To the Editor of the New York World:

When I first came here on Friday I was impressed with the courage and pluck of the survivors of the catastrophe. They will, with the help of outsiders, rebuild their city, and in five years it will be a more prosperous place than it ever was. They are an honest people and can get any amount of commercial credit they ask for. Many of the citizens temporarily absent will return, and comfortable homes, large storehouses and great factories will stand where now are awful ruins. The stories circulated about the Johnstown people having lost their faith in God and given up the Christian religion because of this calamity I denounce as false and scoundrelly. The pastors tell me that there was not one such case. On the contrary, there is more prayer and Christian devotion than ever before. Even infidels pray. One of them, the afternoon of the disaster, in the upper room of a house which was rapidly filling with water, was overheard to say: "Oh, God! if you can give me any aid at this time I will be very much obliged to you." All that story published through the land about the people of Johnstown in disgust burning their Bibles is a hemispheric falsehood.

The work that has been done here by their own ministers and physicians and good men and women, and without compensation, should be spoken of everywhere. In applauding outside workers we have neglected to appreciate the Johnstown Howards and Florence Nightingales, who may be counted by the score, though they saved nothing from the wreck except the clothes on their persons. Let all the people North, South, East and West and on both sides of the sea understand that in their gifts to the flooded districts they did not do too much or give too quickly. Not 5 per cent. of the anguish has been told.

My heart is wrung with what I saw on Friday. Can it be possible that this is the beautiful and hospitable Johnstown that I saw in other days? Where once was a street suggesting Euclid avenue, Cleveland, is a long ridge of sand strewn with broken planks and twisted iron. At the moment when a great freshet which had been raging for hours had begun to abate a wave from twelve to twenty feet high rolls over the already angry waters, and on that surmounting wave floated 800 houses, twenty-eight locomotives from the round houses and hundreds of people, many dead, many dying, a mass of helpless and appalled humanity. Two thousand dead discovered and two thousand missing makes me believe that the story of how many thousands perished will never be told until the resurrection trumpet shall be sounded.

To show how accustomed to scenes of death this district has become, on Friday, while a human body was being taken out of the ruins and I stood looking aghast at the spectacle and the laborers, no crowd gathered and workmen a hundred feet away did not stop their work. Such an avalanche of wretchedness never slipped upon any American city. Horrors piled on horrors, we augmented woe, bankruptcy, orphanage, widowhood, childlessness, obliterated homesteads, gorged cemeteries and scenes so execrable—it is a marvel that any one could look upon them and escape insanity. No fear that sympathy for Johnstown be overdone! The two and a half million dollars contributed is a small amount compared with the thirty millions by this flood demolished.

Was the work of devastation as great as I supposed? Far worse. Types cannot tell it. Only the eye can make revelation. But the worst part of it cannot be seen. The heart wreck caused by the sudden departure of so many can be open only to one eye, and that the All-Seeing. Think of one family of fourteen all dead except one, and that the wife and mother, and she the witness of their drowning! I saw the grave trench in which 200 were buried and the whole graveyard like a National cemetery, in which the unrecognized dead have a particular number placed above them and are recorded in the undertaker's rooms with a description of the body and clothes. I can well understand how many of the survivors who had buried their kindred before this disaster occurred thanked God that they were gone, saying: "Oh, I am so glad that they escaped this."

Long after contributions of money have ceased Johnstown will stand in need of the sympathy of all nations. Let those who to-night have roofs over their heads and their families around them, or the bodies of their departed in garlanded sepulchres give at least one prayerful thought to the shattered homesteads of Johnstown and those who know not in what depth of river or what pile of debris the beloved form of father or mother or husband or wife or child may be slumbering. Among the Johnstown people who have been heroic, assiduous and self-denying I mention Rev. David J. Beale, D. D., who has presided over the morgue, and been inspiration and hope and cheer to all people. On the night of the disaster, having escaped with his family from the top-most window of his home and climbed across the roofs of

floating houses, he entered the window of a tall building where there were, on the three floors, 250 people, and he spent the night going from floor to floor praying with the distressed and frantic, and uttering words eloquent with good cheer. But room would fail to write not the five, but the five hundred, acts of this tragedy of centuries. T. D. WITT TALMAGE.

### CLEANINGS FROM EVERYWHERE.

Pithy Paragraphs of Late News in Condensed Form.  
From present indications ex-Senator Mahone will be the choice of the Virginia Republicans for Governor.

Dr. McDow, the slayer of Captain Dawson, was expelled from the South Carolina Medical Society Thursday.

Hon. Russell Errett, Chief Clerk of the State Senate, ex-Congressman and ex-Pension Agent, was stricken with paralysis on Tuesday, at Frankfort on-the-Main.

James Cardinal Gibbons, Archbishop of Baltimore, has written a book entitled "Our Christian Heritage," which will appear next October.

Jim Bacon, sent from Westmoreland county to Dixmont Hospital eight years ago, escaped from that institution last Sunday. He was captured in Greensburg Thursday night.

Henry Brown, a head roller in a Pittsburgh iron mill, makes \$50 per day. He goes and returns from his work behind a spanking team, driven by a colored coachman.

Hubert Golden, detective of the Erie police force, was fatally shot at that place, Thursday. While at the camp of the Beaver Falls Fishing Club Louis Craft, a member, exhibited his revolver, and while handing it to the officer accidentally discharged it, the ball piercing the officer's lung.

George Bruze, aged 60 years, living near Toronto, O., died a week ago, and his wife gave out that he had committed suicide with rat poison. Lena, his 10-year old daughter, however, says her mother administered the poison in berries, and told her not to eat any of them. Bruze partook of the berries, was taken sick, and at different times was given a biscuit and a cup of water dosed with arsenic. He died a horrible death. His wife is under arrest.

### TAKE A SMILE.

There is one good thing about a pig. He noses business.

A man doesn't feel the least inflated when blown up by his wife.

It is no sign that a hen meditates harm to her owner because she lays for him.

A man convinced (by his wife) against his will is of the same opinion still—mighty still.

Hopeful Tom Cooper, he of the red head, has been appointed collector of the port of Philadelphia.

In Russian society the question "who is who," is never asked. It is always "vitch is vitch."

The reason the small boy does not wear a bathing suit is because nothing is good enough for him.

The fellow who writes, "And so I love the old piano still," voices the sentiments of an astonishingly large number of people.

Over \$16,000 has been subscribed for the Johnstown sufferers by the Knights of Pythias lodges throughout the country.

Cats are a good deal like human beings, after all. Their purr strings are loose if you only smooth them the right way.

"Will you have them stewed or fried, eh?" "Tuesday or Friday?" You everlasting idiot, I ain't ordering oysters a week ahead.

"So you had had your clothes made by Worth. Did you get a good fit?" "No, my husband had the fit when the bill came in."

"What do you like best?" said Mr. Diffy Dent to his girl, as they stood together at the soda counter. "Oh, I like ginger ale!" she answered; "and champagne. Anything that—that"—She didn't finish, but she blushed; and Diffy popped that night.

The only way of solving the problem, is marriage a failure? is to try it. It reminds one of the story about the toadstool and the mushroom. How can you tell a mushroom from a toadstool? By eating it. If it is a toadstool you die; if it is a mushroom, you don't.

W. A. Iles, General Auditor of National Tube Works, at McKeesport, Pennsylvania, died at Beach Haven, N. J., on Saturday. Chiefly by his efforts, coupled with that of W. Dewees Wood and sons, the McKeesport free reading room and library was established and supported.

On Friday there were two sections of Philadelphia Express east. On one of these were two hundred men, who have been at work in the Conemaugh Valley, for the company. Almost one hundred of these belonged in this city. On Saturday a paymaster came from Philadelphia and paid the men off for their work.—Lancaster Intelligencer.

A celebrated divine, who was remarkable in the first period of his ministry for a loud and boisterous mode of preaching suddenly changed his whole manner in the pulpit and adopted a mild and dispassionate mode of delivery. One of his brethren observed it and inquired of him what had induced him to make the change. He answered: "When I was young I thought it was the thunder that killed the people; but when I grew wiser I discovered that it was the lightning; so I determined to thunder less and lighten more in future."

# CONVICTED BY DREAMS.

### REMARKABLE INSTANCES OF THE SUPERNATURAL IN CRIME.

#### Spiritualism in an English Court in the Reign of Charles I.—The Strange Case of an Irish Murderer in the Year 1751—A Dream Confirmed to the Smallest Particulars.

Law reports of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries contain numerous references to supernatural occurrences in court and on the scaffold. One of the most remarkable records of this kind is connected with a murder trial which took place in England early in the reign of the first Charles. Sir John Maynard, one of the first lawyers of the century, is the authority for the supernatural events of the trial, and in his quaint preface to his notes he says he thought good to report "the evidence which was given, which many persons, that the memory thereof might not be lost by miscarriage of papers or otherwise." One Johan Norkeit, a farmer's wife, had died, and at the coroner's quest evidence was given proving that the woman's throat had been cut from ear to ear. At first the jury favored a verdict of fejo de se, and the body was interred, but rumors became general pointing to foul play, and the body was exhumed. Thirty days after the death the jury assembled before the body and four suspected persons were brought in. The only evidence against the prisoners was that they had slept in an adjoining room and that no one had passed through that room, therefore, if she did not murder herself, they must be the murderers.

What took place at the remarkable post mortem inquiry may best be described in the words of a witness at the subsequent trial, who was described as "ancient and grave person, minister to the parish where this murder was committed." This estimable gentleman said, "They the prisoners, did touch the dead body, when upon the brow a ring of light which was before a livid and carion color, began to have a dew or gentle sweat arise upon it, which increased by degrees till the sweat ran down in drops upon the face, the brow turned and changed to a lively color, and the dead opened and shut one of her eyes, and shut it again." The prisoners did several times. She likewise thrust out her tongue or marriage finger three times and pulled it in again, and the finger dropped blood on the ground.

Naturally enough such remarkable evidence as this was received with some suspicion by the court, although the witness, to again quote Sir John Maynard, "was a sober and honest man, of many years of age, as could be guessed. His testimony was delivered gravely and temperately, but to the great admiration of the auditory." Ample confirmation of an obviously impartial character was, however, forthcoming, and the "admiration" changed to horror, so much so that the prisoners were convicted, and two of them suffered death at the hand of the common hangman. Neither of the victims, one of whom was an aged woman, could ever be prevailed upon to confess any complicity in the crime.

In 1751 an Irish murderer was convicted largely upon dream evidence. A Waterford physician named Rogers dreamed that he saw a man murder another man on a green spot on the summit of an adjoining mountain. He was able next day to describe both men with perfect accuracy, and did so to many of his friends. One of the men was exceptionally strong, the other weak and puny, but it was the latter who in the end was convicted. Rogers was persuaded the parish priest to accompany him to the spot, which he found without difficulty, but where there seemed to be no traces of a murder or struggle. Hence, Rogers got rather laughed at. Next day, however, two men entered the saloon, and Mrs. Rogers at once recognized them from her husband's description as the murderer and the victim. Much alarmed, she fetched her husband, who was also certain they were the two men. When they rose to leave Rogers begged the one he expected to be murdered to remain, but without avail. He nearly fainted with fright after the men had left, and finally persuaded a neighbor to accompany him to the green spot on the hill, where, sure enough, the tragedy of the dream had taken place in reality. The murderer was tracked and caught and Rogers was the principal witness. His recital of his dream was so vivid that the prisoner at once confessed, adding that he killed his companion exactly as foretold in the dream.

The weapon used was a knife, and as eight stabs were seen by Rogers in his vision, so the murderer admitted that he drove the knife up to the handle in his companion's body exactly that number of times.—N. Y. Graphic.

#### A Common and Stupid Superstition.

The following instance of a curious belief held by country folk may interest some readers. An old man in this parish (in East Kent, England), who is in full possession of his faculties, and, moreover, has a considerable stock of knowledge of things connected with the farm and garden, informed me the other day of the following remarkable fact in natural history, says a writer in the "Spectator." He told me, quite seriously, that if a hair be taken during summer from the tail of a horse and placed in a running stream it would before long become a "water snake or an eel," the result depending, it appeared, upon the "breed of the horse." The root of the hair becomes the head of the new creature! This experiment he had tried, and though, somehow, he had not seen these hairs grow to full maturity, he had undoubtedly seen life developed in them. I feel sure my old friend thoroughly believed all this—he is too old to have studied biology at a board school or he might be wiser. Perhaps this belief is held elsewhere, but I do not remember ever meeting with it before.

#### A Voodoo exorcism.

At an early hour on a recent morning the neighborhood of Customhouse, between Rocheblave and Dorgenois streets, was the scene of considerable commotion caused by the finding of a voodoo calf. The evil-doing charm was a hollowed calf's head on a large dish placed on a small ladder in a lot near the edge of the sidewalk. The head was surrounded with lighted candles, boiled corn, peaches, etc., and 15 cents in silver half dimes was found in the calf's mouth. A negro man came along, and seeing the money took it in charge, and shortly after Officer Davis came along and kicked the fetish into the street.—New Orleans Picayune.

#### A Natural Inference.

Fond Mother—See the baby, Henry. He's holding out his hand to you. What do you suppose 'little tooties' wants?  
Fond father—I don't know; but as everybody says he takes after you, I suppose 'little tooties' wants some pin money.—Judge.

# THE YOUNG FOLKS.

### MRS. WHITE'S PARTY.

Queen Marguerite went to a party As Mabel and I went to bed; She wore a white gown, And a pretty gold crown; On the top of her hair little nest.

She didn't come back till next morning, And her crown had tipped over her nose, And her eyes were as bright As the stars are at night, And her face was as fresh as a rose.

She laughed as she told us about it, And of all the strange folks who were there; How she danced on the lawn With a pink and blue fan, And a pumpkin with snails in its hair.

How Dash, in a hat trimmed with daisies, Played "tumblebug" with a wren; How the man in the moon Sang a Japanese tune, While an elephant waited with a hen.

Her dolls played croquet with a rabbit Whose ears were embroidered with thread, Where they'd revelled in spots He had tied them ink notes, Which gave him a pain in his head.

Fresh chocolates blossomed on bushes That had traveled for miles upon miles; Young grasshoppers pumped Lemonade as they jumped, And recited a lesson with smiles.

Who the ice-cream looked very delicious, And was baked till 'twas softer than dough, She had only a taste, Because she made haste When some peacocks screamed out, "You must go!"

It was quite an unusual party, But yet not so strange as it seems, For your friend, Mrs. White, Has a party each night, At her house in the Country of Dreams.

—Anna M. Pratt, in Youth's Companion.

### IN WAR AND PEACE.

Ruthie and Ray went out and crept under the umbrella-houses to eat the sweet, fresh doughnuts which mamma had given them. How very nice and cool it was here, and how good those cakes tasted!

"Let's eat out here forever!" sighed Ruthie, contentedly, taking a mouthful from a doughnut in each hand. "Yes, let's," answered Ray. "But forever is a long time."

Just then a flock of geese came around the house. "Quack! quack! quack!" they screamed as they espied the umbrella-houses, and the white one with the gray topknot, and lots of yellow baby geese waddling after them. On they came, straight toward the umbrella-houses.

The old gander was ahead, with his long neck stretched out, and his red bill wide open. "I guess they want the doughnuts," said Ray, putting his hand behind him and tipping his house in front of him.

"I'll guess I'll come into your house," said Ruthie, scrambling for a place beside him. "Quack! quack! quack!" and the geese stooped before the umbrella-houses, and stretched their necks toward it.

The old gander blarneyed a little further, and snatched the doughnut from Ruthie's left hand. The old goose, with the great, gray wings, wanted one, too, and so she snatched the other.

And the gray goose, and the white one with the gray topknot, waddled around behind Ray and seized both of his at once.

Then Ruthie and Ray began to cry, the geese began to quack, and together they made such a noise that mamma came running in haste to see what the matter could be.

She drove the geese away, she gave the children more cakes, and so the war was over, and peace came again to the umbrella-houses.—Youth's Companion.

### BE A BOY.

My dog Bravo is a splendid old fellow. I tell you! Four years ago, when papa went to the State Fair, he brought him to me. He was a puppy then.

He is part Newfoundland and part mastiff, and weighs over a hundred pounds. Uncle Frank made me just the nicest little wagon, and Uncle Charles made me a real leather harness that fitted beautifully.

It is nice to have somebody in the family that can make wagons and harnesses. In the winter I have a sled, instead of a wagon.

Bravo makes a nice horse, and I think I had rather have him than a real pony—no, I mean I had almost rather, for sometimes he runs away, especially if he sees a rabbit.

Last week I was going over to Bonnie's through the woods' path, and a rabbit ran out before him. Bravo saw him, of course, and wanted to catch him. I couldn't stop him, so I just clung to the wagon and let him go.

Oh, how he did run! I think if he was a horse he would beat Goldsmith's Maid. It was all well enough as long as he kept in the road, but when the rabbit took to the woods he followed, and the wagon turned upside down with me under it. The thills broke short off and away went the dog.

It didn't hurt me much, but it was wedged between the tress somewhat and I couldn't get out.

You see Uncle Frank had made it deep and long, so that I could haul big loads in it.

Did I cry? Well, I guess I did, and I screamed, too, as loud as ever I could. Pretty soon Bravo came back, but he couldn't get me out, although he scratched and scratched around the wagon.

Then what do you suppose that dog did? He just ran home and barked and barked until he made father come back with him. He made father come back with him. He made father come back with him.

Isn't many dogs would do that, sir, and I forgave him for tipping me over. He was sorry, I know, for he has behaved famously ever since, and—there he is now. I guess I'll try it again.—E. H. S. in Youth's Companion.

# THE EMPIRE GOV'N.

Take a large-sized tabloids, Stitch two sides together, Run a pucker round the top On a ribbon lather.

Put some armholes near the neck, Put the belt below them, Just to touch the shoulder blades, So as not to show them.

Let the skirt be flowing loose, Let the waist be dipping, Let the fragrant Southern breeze, Mast and yard arms tapping.

Take some buttons on the back; Two or three is plenty; For you know an empire gown In the waist is scanty.

Put some lace about the neck, Sew it there or pin it; Then to make the gown complete, Let the girl get in it.

### IN THE WAY.

EROCY on me! how you startled me! I declare, you are always in the way!"

Miss Eliza Hannaway had gone to the window in the half-light of an autumn afternoon, merrily humming and on drawing the heavy curtain, a little figure that had been curled up in the corner of the deep window seat started up.

"Reading! Tomnyson?—no, Shakespeare! You are always fooling away your time!"

Then Alma flashed out: "You won't let me do anything else with it. I would like to help any of you, but you won't let me."

"I guess not, indeed. We don't want anything spoiled." Alma, taking up her book, went meekly to her own room.

There were four Misses Hannaway—Eliza, Matilda, Agnes and Alma—but the oldest three looked upon Alma as an intruder, a waif, a burden thrown upon them most unwarrantably.

Their mother was a Haynes, who had doubled their father's income when she married him. They were all handsome women, and notable housewives. Little Alma's mother was nobody—a girl who stood in a store. After the first Mrs. Hannaway died there was never any deficiency in the housekeeping; the widow's wardrobe was kept in spotless order, and all Ridgewood wondered at the capacity of the three girls.

But, like their mother, they were smart, active, bustling, but without any of the softness that vents itself in caresses and tender words. They loved their father in their own hard fashion, but they had a sort of contempt for his gentleness, his quiet ways, and his tender heart. When he married a mite of a blue-eyed girl, they were furious and when baby Alma had the audacity to appear, their wrath knew no bounds.

Very soon the little wife drooped under the continual ill-temper and fault-finding and faded away, meekly and uncomplainingly, as she had lived. Then the father took the wee babe into his heart of heart. For seventeen years the two were inseparable.

A close student, devoted to books, Mr. Hannaway found keen delight in training Alma's quick intellect, and leading her along the dry paths of knowledge, made delightful by loving converse and clear explanation.

Being a man of moderate fortune, Mr. Hannaway allowed his older children all the privileges of society, and his pleasant country seat was a favorite resort for young people. Suitors came, but went away. There was something about the three handsome, smart girls that did not attract lovers, and when their father died they were all still unmarried.

If they had never loved Alma before, before it added nothing to their affections to find their father's will left her an equal fourth of his estate. They felt themselves defrauded, her mother having done nothing to their father's property, but they were too polite to turn the child away, though they made her feel herself an intruder every hour.

Utterly desolate when her father was taken away, Alma turned to her books and her music for comfort, shutting herself in the library for hours, reading or practicing upon the piano that was her last birthday gift from her father.

"I do not care to go into the parlor whenever I want you to play for me, darling," he said, "so we will have a music-box of our own in the library."

And the library was now her very own. Every article it contained was left to her in her father's will, and she could feel that here, at least, she had a right to be.

But books and music, after all, will not feed a starving heart, and Alma drooped and faded visibly. There was never a day when she was not made to feel that she was not welcome in her father's house, and a favorite form of torture was to taunt her with her mother's poverty, and remind her that she had no right to money that came from the Haynes estate.

Yet, although they gave her but little peace in her life, the sisters met in most indignant council one morning over a little note:

"I am going away where no one will tell me every day that I am 'in the way.' Mr. Carter will send me my quarterly payments and see to my business. I will never trouble you again."

"ALMA."

Mr. Carter, Alma's guardian, would give no information as to her whereabouts, but introduced the family lawyer and had a settlement made of Mr. Hannaway's estate, that gave Alma certain lots in a neighboring city, and other property, amounting to one-fourth of the property left the sisters. The library was emptied, and its contents, with those of Alma's room, stored away.

It was useless to rage; the terms of the will were plain, and Alma disappeared from her home, while her guardian took strict care of her interests.

"Bless me! What can the stage be stopping here for?" cried old Mrs. Hunter, taking off her glasses and staring at the unthought apparition at the gate.

"Stopping here!" said Tom, a tall, fine-looking farmer of thirty-five or six. "Sure enough, mother, there it is, and a little lady getting out. Mother!"

"Oh, Tom!" The exclamation fell from both as they caught sight of the lady's face, and a moment later, both whispered softly: "Helen!"

"It must be Alma, Tom," the old lady said, bustling to the door. And a moment afterward Alma was folded close in a motherly embrace, feeling hot tears dropping on her face as a tender voice said: "You must be Helen's little girl come to see her grandmother at last."

"Yes," she answered, "May I stay? I will not give any trouble."

"Trouble!" cried Tom. "You could not give us trouble. It will be like having Helen back again."

And with the welcome a new life opened for Alma. The farm was very small; the house old, shabby and poorly furnished; but her grandmother and her uncle could not sufficiently show their love for the pale child who appealed to them so strongly.

In this atmosphere of love, in the pure, sweet air, Alma gained health and new beauty, and Tom, smiling roguishly, noticed that Charlie Willard, the young lawyer of Trent Haven, found a great deal of business in the immediate vicinity of Hunter's farm.

"That young city chap," that has set up a sign over in the village is uncommonly fond of milk-mother," Tom would say. "I saw Alma carry out a tumbler full four times to-day," or, "What can a young lawyer find so very interesting in feeding hens. I saw young Willard twice at the hen-house when Alma was feeding the hens."

But Alma did not heed the mild teasing. A new, glad happiness opened to her when Charlie Willard joined her in her walk or stopped at the farm. A man of twenty-five or six; he had been a close student, had traveled at home and abroad, was cultured and refined. He had met many fair girls, but never one so sweet and gentle as this little maiden who was the grandchild of old Mrs. Hunter. He wondered sometimes when she fully comprehended a Latin quotation, or spoke with easy familiarity of the works of German and French authors, but Alma was reticent about her past life, and Charlie, who had been but a year or two at Trent Haven, never doubted that her life had been passed at the old farm.

Love's young dream glided the long winter evenings and glorified the opening of spring.

It was a quiet wooing, Uncle Tom keeping watch over his darling, grandmother gently sympathetic, and Charlie entirely devoted.

But with the summer days there came a change. Charlie came less and less to the farm, and when there he was dull and dull, never chatting in the old bright way, nor planning for the future, with half hints of his hope as to who would share it. Alma wondered; Tom grimly watched for a chance to ask an explanation; grandmother was sure the poor fellow was ill.

But one June day when Alma was in the woods, trying to still the dull pain at her heart, by getting very tired, Charlie Willard joined her.

"Alma," he said, gently taking her cold, trembling hands in his own, "I was going to run away, like a miserable coward, but I have resolved to speak out. I must go away, because my life here has become unbearable."

She tried to speak, but no words would come.

"Oh," he said, with almost a groan, "do not let me think I make you unhappy, too! Listen, darling—you are my darling, my heart's love, Alma! When I was trying by every device to win your heart, I was a rich man. I thought I could take my fortune to a luxurious home, give her all money could buy for her love, take all care from her life. But I have lost everything at once. My lawyer in New York writes me that the investments involving all my property have proved absolutely ruinous. I must work my way to even competency, and I cannot ask you to bear the burden of poverty with me."

"Yet I will be your wife," was Alma's answer, "if you will let me share your life and your troubles."

"But, dearest, I have nothing. My practice here is a mere farce, and I must go where there is a thicker population, and earn my bread."

"Let me go with you."

And to Charlie's amazement, Mrs. Hunter and Tom repeated Alma's wish.

"My niece can meet her own modest expenses," Tom said, "and she loves you. I am sure she will be a help and not a burden."

And Charlie, dearly loving the sweet girl, gladly made her his wife. He scarcely understood himself, though Alma could have told him how she came to be selected as the city of their future residence; but on a lovely evening in July the young couple found themselves upon the platform of the G— station, and Alma gave a hack driver some directions in a low voice.

"We are going to a friend's," she told Charlie. "Hotel bills are formidable."

The "friend's" house was a handsome one, evidently newly furnished. Two servants were in the hall; the open door of a dining room showed a tempting repast already spread.

Drawing her husband into the drawing room, Alma for the first time told him the story of her life.

"The lots that Mr. Carter secured for me proved to my very valuable, and he has bought this house for me, and invested a handsome sum in secure investments for me. This is our own house, Charlie, and I trust we shall find happiness here. I am sure, darling, you will never let me feel that I am 'in the way' here."

Charlie's answer need not be recorded. It was ten years ago when Miss Eliza Hannaway said to a dear friend: "Yes, the Hon. Charles Willard's wife is our stepmother, not our own sister. She was a miserable, whining thing who cheated us out of our father's property, and I never could guess what any one saw to admire in her. She was always 'in the way' here, and after running away she never let us hear anything about her till she sent wedding cards."—New York Ledger.

#### A Timid Shah.

From an anecdote told of his visit to Berlin it would seem that the shah of Persia is of a somewhat timid temperament. At the Berlin aquarium the director, who possesses a number of animals of one kind and another, brought forward a pet chimpanzee, which he wished the shah to caress, but the latter recoiled in terror, exclaiming "Dangerous!" At last, however, his fears were allayed, though the worst of it was that while he was amusing himself with the one animal another of the same species approached of its own accord and thrust its claws into the royal clothing—an act which caused a return of the earlier alarm.—London Globe.

#### A Costly Temple.

It is estimated that when the rebuilding of the Honganji Temple, Kioto, is completed the following amounts will have been expended: For the Temple of Daishi about \$3,900,000, for the Temple of Amida about \$2,480,000, for the entrance about \$1,000,000, and about \$3,500,000 for various other buildings. The total is \$11,180,000.—San Francisco Call.

#### Our Lady Physicians.

Women doctors in the United States number 9,000—about one to thirty-three practitioners of the sterner sex. Many female medics earn over \$5,00