ar soe'er from truth thou art, so far art thou from heaven. —[Chicago Inter-Ocean.

The old manor-house at Barton-Bridge, although one of the quaintest and most picturesque houses in this side of the country, was not half so well known as it deserved to be. Cut off from the highroad by a clump of ancient and well-wooded wych-elms, the few travellers who passed by the plantation gates plodded or drove wearily on up the steep hill beyond it, reached the top, admired the view away across the valley of the Bar, and little dreamed of what a curious old mansion lay hidden among the trees.

Its master and owner, John Trowbridge, was an old-fashioned bachelor, who had few friends, and their visits were few and far between, he always boasting that they were "enough for him, and enough was as good as a feast." It was a lonely place, too, ten miles from the county town, and six from the station; while the whole hamlet of Barton consisted of about a score of cottages, all clustered around the tiny church, half a mile down the valley below.

The Squire, therefore—as he was everywhere called—when not busy in his library, troubled his head about few things beyond his own domain, lived in a royal sort of cosy comfort on half his income, and gave up most of his life; and at others, that without her he didn't know what would become of Barton Manor.

Left an orphan when a mere child, with a fortune of \$200.000 accounts.

know what would become of Barton Manor.

Left an orphan when a mere child, with a fortune of £20,000 on coming of age, she had grown up at last to be as wilful, high-spirited and charming a young lady as could be found in all the country-side. In short, she was the old man's pet, and managed by dint of coaxing, flattery and scolding, to have her own way "in things little or big," as John Trowbridge often confessed. His favorite name for her was, "the little witch;" "a wee body, but with a mind and spirit in it big enough and determined enough to manage the most fussy and troublesome horse in the stable, or out of it."

These were the two who sat chatting together one wintry evening in November, on the day of her coming of age, when, contrary to all custom in such cases, and in defiance of his urgent entreaty, she had insisted on having no dinner party and no birthday celebration; but a quiet time "just for us two," she said; "and I can have you all to myself." Dinner was over, and the table was wheeled up to the blazing woodfire; Graves, the butler, had departed, and at last she could speak freely.
"My dear, dear uncle," said she, "there never, never was, and never will be, anything half so beautiful as the necklace you gave me this morning. I had it in my pocket all dinner-time, and was longing to look at it the whole time—but why did you spend so much money?"
"Why, my dear? Well, because you were the two who sat chatting

—but why did you spend so much money?"

"Why, my dear? Well, because you are such a naughty, ill-tempered, ugly little shrimp, and I determined that people should look at your diamonds tomorrow, if they wouldn't look at you. As to money, child, I only had them reset; they were my mother's fifty years ago, and her mother's before that — a wedding present from that old Jack Trowbridge whose eyes are now looking down at you from the other side of the room. 'Gentleman Jack' they used to call him when he came back from India and brought the diamonds with him."

"Look!" she said, taking them out of her dainty moroeco case, see how they

her dainty morocco case, see how the shine in the light of the fire! I shall be

her dainty morocco case, see how they shine in the light of the fire! I shall be as grand as a queen to-morrow night at the ball; and in that lovely dress from Paris, oh, uncle! the very happiest girl in Cornwall! What can I do to thank you—the dearest, goodest, wiscast of old uncles?"

"Well, Miss Grace Rivington say good-night, be off to bed, and lock up your necklace in a safe place, and keep the key in your pocket. You'll have a thousand things to do to-morrow; so go now and get your Beauty-sleep, that you may look your best at night. Half the women will go cray at the sight of your necklace and gay feathers; and all the men about your lovely face. But mind, the first quadrille is for me."

In less than an hour from that time the diamonds were safely locked up in an old oak cabinet, and the happy owner, like most of the household, sound asleep, and dreaming of all the joys of the coming morrow.

The morning came, as most to-morrows.

pair of eyes watching her from one corner of the room, among the curtains, where the mouse had sprung out!

For a moment she was utterly paralyzed with dread, and not daring, or able, to move, was about to cry out for help. Luckilly for her the cry was stifled, and then, with a sort of desperate courage, she turned back to her old position and again looked into the glass, as if nothing had happened. At the very first glance the two terrible eyes seemed to be fixed on her from among the dark folds of the curtain, and she shuddered as she looked. It was clearly some scounder who had hidden himself there for some plan of robbery, and her life for the moment was in his hand, and all depended on her success or failure in lulling him into a belief that his presence had not been detected.

After a minute of sharn thought her WARNED BY A MOUSE.

of starvation and misery, that Grace's voice prevailed, though he did not escape his taste of the pond.

"Let him go; let him go," she said, "and take him away at once before the Squire comes back, which he may do at any minute. And now, all my dear good friends, a thousand thanks to you, every once. But begone, all of you, for the clock has struck seven, and I have to be dressed before eight."

In spite of all difficulties, however, Miss Grace Rivington, in her white dress and wearing her diamond necklace, was the admiration of all beholders that night at the ball. She danced miny dances and not a few with Charlie Burton, who, after his marriage, told me this true story.—[Chambers' Journal.

SLAVERY IN CALIFORNIA.

How It Exists Among the Chinese on the Pacific Coast.

chiese slavery exists in California and thousands of celestials are in bondage.

This rather startling statement is vouched for by H. Jay Hanchett, of Los and the startling statement is vouched for by H. Jay Hanchett, of Los and the startling statement is the content of the variety of the carried and an old resident of the Pacific coast.

"The slave-owners are the six Chinese secret societies which carry on their operations both in California and China," said Mr. Hanchett, while smoking an after breakfast eigar in the Leland Hotel. "The modus operand is holding up to the coolies in China flowery descriptions of life in the new world. The ease with which affluence is acquired is painted in glowing clors and the glory of being able to return to China after a brief sejourn in California with enough money.

of being acceptance of the control o

After a minute of sharp thought her usual resolute will prevailed; her courage rose and her plan was formed. Without rising from her chair she drew up to her side a small writing table, calmly lighted a wax candle, and began writing a series of pretended notes, sealing and addressing each, as if for post. Over the fourth of these notes she seemed to take much trouble, and, as if not satisfied with it, began to read aloud short bits of it as she went on, with an occasional word of comment: "We depend on your being here, my dear Jennie, in good time tonight, whatever the weather be; and I send this by a special messenger to say that we shall keep you until to-morrow. I have heaps of birthday presents show you, and the loveliest diamond necklace." As she uttered these words she suddenly stopped and said, as if in a whisper to herself: "Why, what a goose I am! Old Foster, the jeweler, has never sent back the rings and necklace, though he faithfully promised I should have them in good time this morning. Jane must go for them at once or I shall not get them in time."

Then, having scaled up and directed the last of her pretended notes, she walked with trembling steps to the bell-rope, pulled it, waited for a moment, and next unlocked a drawer and took out her jewel-case. As she did so, the door opened, and the servant appeared, "Jane," said her mistress, "tell Richard to take this note to the Grange, and this to Jr. Forbes at once. There are no answers; but as he comes back, call at Foster, the watchmakers, with the other note, and ask for my rings and necklace which he had to clean. As it's getting late, he had better take the pony. The necklace he can put into this box; Foster has the key." And with, these words she handed to the servant her precious jewel-case. In another moment the door was shut, and Grace once more alone with the pair of eyes watching her intently from behind the curtain.

Jane was slightly puzzled, but being a well-trained servant, obeyed her mistress's orders. "Here, Richard," said she; "Miss de costs money. 'Nothing easier,' says the agent of the societies. 'I will pay your way, and you sign a contract to work for me when you get there. I will find work for you, will give you clothes and food and collect the money you earn. I when you have earned enough to pay me back what I have paid for your passage and other expenses you will be tree.'

"Well," Mr. Hanchett continued, "'the Chinaman agrees. He is brought to Lower California or Mexico or Canada, and smuggled across the border. This smuggling is done by experts who contains the continued of the contains of the contains

o Dr. Forbes ran thus:

"My dear Doctor: Don't be alarmed, though I beg you to come straight to the manor-hoase when you have read this. Say nothing to the servants, but make your way putely up to the Oak Room, where I wait your coming. Uncle is away at the magistrates' neeting. Lose not a moment. The second note was this:
"My dearest Florrie: A mouse has got into
the Oak Room, and here I am a prisoner; send
your two brothers at once to deliver me—at
once. Ever your affectionate, Grace."
Foster, the watchmaker, uterly and
hopelessly puzzled, read as follows:

oment.
"Grace Rivington."

The second note was this:

"Mr. Foster: Take the box which the bearer will give you to Barnet the parish constable; tell him to bring it here to the Manor House at once. G. Rivington."

at once.

G. Rivington."

Old Forbes was the first to recover from his amazement, and, after a moment's thought, to hurry down from his surgery and rush out of the house—armed with a case of instruments and his biggest stick—without a word to wife or servants, or to himself, but "What on earth is that witch of a girl up to now?" He ran as hard as he could, and in ten minutes, red-hot and breathless, reached the hall-door of the manor-house, where he was well-known.

NOTES AND COMMENTS

The Spanish Government has offered two prizes for the model of a monument to commemorate the discovery of America. The first prize is 5,000 frances, the second one 1,000. Both native and foreign sculptors are allowed to compete for the work. Models are to be sent to the Academy San Fernando, in Mad.id, within one year.

within one year.

One hundred millions of dollars invested in truck farming yields, from 535,000 acres of land, nearly \$77,000,000 worth of production, giving constant occupation to 240,000 men, women and children and 76,000 horses and mules. Truck farms, as a rule, are on lands far removed from markets, and this marvelous advance in capital investment and people employed is due entirely to the contemporaneous extension of railroad facilities.

facilities.

It may encourage the humble maiden of limited resources and busy life to know that during the life of the Dauish King's daughters the royal sire was comparatively poor, and consequently the two most popular and powerful women of Europe, the Princess Alessandra of Wales and the Caraina Dagmar of Russia, used to trim their own bonnets, fashion their own gowns, and do up their own laces, besides looking after several other things not nearly so easy of accomplishment.

accomplishment.

Ar church, the theatre, and other assemblies the Japanese take off their shoes. "At the large theatre in Trukiji, Tokio," says a correspondent, "the rush for shoes is sometimes tremendous. Imagine 2,000 people after a matinee crowding and elbowing and pushing to get at their shoes, so as not to be late for their supper! Further, imagine what anxieties and distress of mind the attendants must undergo who have in charge the task of getting the multitude properly shod. The famous problem propounded by Carlyle in the opening chapter of 'Past and Present' of 'getting the thousands of shirts on the thousands of shirts on the thousands of backs' doesn't offer more difficulties."

WILLIAM H. RIDEING (who has all his

WILLIAM H. RIDEING (who has all his life been familiar with steamship affairs) life been familiar with steamship affairs) gives in Scribner a clear account of the ingenious precautions and devices which have made ocean travel one of the safest methods of locomotion. He prints the following remarkable record for 1890: "Nearly two thousand trips were made from New York alone to various European ports; about two hundred thousand cabin passengers were carried to and fro, in addition to nearly three hundred and seventy-two thousand immigrants who were landed at Castle Garden. This enormous traffic was conducted without accident, and no more comforting assurance can be given than this of safety on the Atlantic."

the Atlantic."

THERE is no sweeter charity in all England than the Robins' Treat, which a Mrs. Louisa Birt, of Liverpool, provides semi-annually for 5,000 of the poorest little children she can find. A month in advance of the Treat agents are sent into all the dark courts, alleyways and back streets of Liverpool with invitations for the Robins. Absolutely no questions are asked, the messenger seeing with half an eye whether the dwellers deserve cards or not. At the last Treat, served New Year's Eve, the Finance Committee placed St. George's Hall at the disposal of Mrs. Birt and her 5,000 Robins. The treat was all that could have been desired, and not one birdling was permitted to escape until he was too jolly full to eat another crumb.

SAYS a Nebraska beet-sugar re "Here is a prediction that will startle but it will be fulfilled in every partic Within one decade the States wes Within one decade the States west of Ohio will produce enough beet-sugar to supply the entire demand of the country, and that notwithstanding the alleged cheapness of the cane product. The home-made and home-grown product will supplant the foreign article. Illinois, Nebraska and California have the best soil for the growth of sugar-producing beets. Capitalists have great confidence in the future of this industry and are investing large sums in it. I have just completed two refineries—one at Pomona, Cal.—the cost of each being \$600,000. We shall begin work on another plant at Norfolk, Neb., next month."

The census shows that there are twenty-

when the content of t

UNCLE WILLIAM'S PICTURE.

Uncle William, last July, Had his picture took, "Have it done, of course," says I, "Jes the way you look!" (All dressed up, he was, fer the Barbecue and jubilee The Old Settlers helt.) So he— Last he had it took.

Lide sho'd coaxed and begged and plead, Since her mother went; But he'd coupt and shake his head At all argyment; Mebby clear his throat and say, "What's my likeness 'mount to, hey Now, with mother gone way From us, like she went?"

But we'd projick'd round, till we
Got it figgered down
How'd git him, Lide and me,
Drivin' into town;
Bragged how well he looked, and fleshed
Up around the face, and freshed
With the morning air; and breshed
His coat-collar down.

All so providential! Why,
Now he's dead and gone,
Picture 'pears so lifelike!
Want to start him on
Them old takes he ust to tell
And old talks, so sociable,
And old songs he sung so well

'Fore his voice was gone!

Face is sad to Lide, and they's
Sorrow in the eyes—
Kieses it sometimes, and lays
It away and cries;
I smooth down her hair, and 'low
He is happy, anyhow,
Seni' there with mother now—
Smile and wipe my eyes.



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Belverson, Pa., Nov. 27, '90.

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