

Experiments made in tobacco cultivation throughout Europe have not given much promise of success.

The Harpers, the great New York publishers, are said to have on hand more than \$50,000 worth of accepted manuscripts.

Welsh newboys have a picnic in the opinion of the Chicago Herald. Imagine yelling "Ere's yer wuxtry Goleuids, Gwyllydyds, Genells and Serencyms! All 'bout der tur'ble accident."

There are yet a million acres of Government land in Kansas open to settlement, not a little of which is trapped over by "strippers" in order to take chances on getting land in the Cherokee Strip that is no better, and in many cases is worse, which they had to travel further to reach, and which is very uncertain property to its possessor.

Justice John M. Harlan, of the United States Supreme Court, and one of the arbitrators of the recent Bering Sea Tribunal of Arbitration, stated in a private conversation in St. James's Hall, London, at a Sunday mission meeting, that he personally believed that on the occasion of a future difference between England and the United States the intervention of strangers would not be invoked, but an equal number of the judges of the highest courts of both countries would be appointed to settle the difference.

A keeper at the London Zoological Gardens was employed on account of his supposed fondness for animals. He was soon found to be disliked by the animals, who exhibited their aversion in many ways. It was suspected that while outwardly treating them with kindness he must secretly hurt or annoy them. He denied having done anything of the sort, and his general manner seemed to bear out his protestations. A watch was set upon him, with a curious result. It appeared that he never spoke to the animals, and for that reason alone his presence was intolerable.

A Mexican paper predicts an immense invasion of that country by American tourists this winter, and says that the railroads are already preparing to handle the expected throng. It thinks that the prevalence of cholera in Europe is sure to thin out the ranks of tourists thither, and that they must have somewhere to go to escape the winter's cold. "The prediction," adds the New Orleans Picayune, "seems to be founded on reason, and the same causes will doubtless contribute to swell the number who will seek the delightful climate of our own State and of the Mississippi coast. We may prepare for a specially large invasion this winter."

Since the loss of lives on the coast of New Jersey at the time of the recent great storm there has been an agitation in the seaport towns and summer resorts along that coast in favor of an extension of the time of employment of the men in the United States Life-Saving Service. Four seamen of the wrecked schooner Mary F. Kelly were drowned at Asbury Park, for instance, within thirty feet of the shore, while hundreds of people stood on the beach unable to help them. Twenty-four seamen were drowned off the New Jersey coast in a range of ten miles, where there were then four unoccupied life-saving stations. The life-saving crews are discharged on May 1, and do not get employment again until September 1. It is argued that violent storms occur in August, and that the life-saving crews at least should be employed from the beginning of that month.

An electric funeral-car is a California innovation. About nine miles distant from San Francisco are four large cemeteries and a crematory, and it was to bring them near the city that an electric railroad company introduced the new hearse. Its first patron was a benevolent organization, one of whose members had died. At the time appointed for the mourners to leave the city the electric funeral-car, appropriately draped in black, was in readiness. The body was lifted by the pallbearers from an undertaker's wagon to the car, and the bearers took their seats in a section reserved for them. The conductor rang the bell twice, the motorman clanged his gong to clear the track of a mob of interested spectators, and the funeral procession started. The mourners in electric cars following the hearse. The run from the starting point to the cemetery was made in an hour. The car was switched off on a track inside the cemetery gates and the pallbearers lifted out the coffin. Then the funeral procession was reformed and moved slowly off towards the chapel.

**AFTER AWHILE.**  
After awhile, we often say,  
When shadows fall and clouds arise,  
There's sure to come a brighter day,  
With balmy air and sunny skies.  
After awhile a day of rest  
Will come to worn and weary feet;  
What seems the worst will prove the best,  
And bitter things be turned to sweet.  
After awhile the aching heart  
Will find a cordial for its pain;  
And as the flying days depart  
The joy of love will come again.  
After awhile the right will reign,  
And conquered wrong will lose its sway;  
While ancient error's icy chain  
Will break and slowly melt away.  
After awhile the clashing creeds  
That lead to strife and hate with men  
Will yield to our superior needs  
And love will prompt the lip and pen.  
After awhile the golden hours  
Will come with life's supernal days,  
And higher thoughts and nobler powers  
Will lead us into grander ways.  
—David Banks Sickle, in Chicago Saturday Evening Herald.

### MISS GWYNNE'S BURGLAR.

BY VIOLET ETVNGE MITCHELL.

IN the heart of Wales, nestling between two dark frowning mountains, and lulled to drowsy indifference of the big outside world by the murmurs of the not far distant sea, stands the little village of Cedy-glyn.

Just outside the village, on the main road—a tangle of did stand ten years ago—an old stone house in the middle of a large garden, which was surrounded on all sides by a high wall, also of stone. It was the pride of the owner, Miss Gwynne.

One night, in the early spring of the year, there was to be a wedding at Cedy-glyn—a wedding in humble life, but anticipated with great gloom by the invited guests, among whom were Miss Gwynne's servants, the coachman and his wife (who was also cook) and Ylva, their daughter, employed as a maid-of-all-work.

Knowing the disappointment it would be to them if they were denied the pleasure of attending the wedding, she had declined the coachman's offer to remain with her, allowing his wife and daughter to go, and laughingly assured him that with her father's gun for company she feared nothing.

Miss Gwynne retired at an early hour, having locked up the house. She lay for some time gazing through the window at the twinkling stars, lost in quiet retrospection.

I will tell Miss Gwynne tell the rest of the story in her own way, repeating as well as I can from memory the words as I heard them from her lips ten years ago.

I cannot tell if I dozed or not, but I was conscious of the moon shining dimly through the clouds, and I wondered how long I had lain there. Reaching out for my watch, which lay on the table, I was horrified to feel my wrist grasped and held by a firm hand.

with the grace of a French courtier. "You are punctuality itself. And how charming!—no hysterics—no distressing scenes. Allow me." He took the candle from my hand, and holding it aloft preceded me down the great oak stairs, talking fluently all the while, but pausing at every other step to glance over his shoulder at me with coquettish politeness.

"I wish to assure you," he remarked, "that I am no ordinary house-breaker. Burglary is with me a profession, though not the one (I confess) chosen for me by my parents. I saw, at an early age, that I must either descend to the level of the burglar, or raise him to the level of an artist. Behold, my dear lady, the result."

He stood at the foot of the stairs and looked up at me. "Shall we proceed to the dining-room?" he asked airily; "and, as I wish to give you no unnecessary trouble, let me say that I do not dabble in plated spoons; nothing but solid silver."

I opened the old mahogany sideboard in which Griffiths had, for years, placed the family heirlooms at night, and beheld my gentlemanly burglar stow them, one after another, in a capacious felt sack, which he carried in his hand.

"Charming!" he cried. "I am a connoisseur, I assure you, and I know silver from plate. These articles are really worth the risk of the enterprise. You ask me if I was not alarmed. No, I was not. Personal violence was not in his professional line, unless opposed. I summoned all my energies to outwit him. I thought much and said little, for I had no intention of allowing him to carry off my mother's silver."

After having rifled all the rooms of all the most valuable articles, he returned to the dining room. On the table the remains of supper still stood, consisting of a fowl, hardly touched, some delicately cut bread and butter, cake, and a glass jar containing some fancy crackers.

"I will make myself entirely at home," he remarked, sitting down to the table, and helping himself to a wing of the chicken.

"Really," he proceeded, "I have thoroughly enjoyed this evening. Not only have I met a most charming lady, but I have been able to prove to her that the terms gentleman and burglar may be synonymous."

He now began on the cake. I pushed the cracker jar toward him. "Try them," I observed.

Still smiling indulgently, and talking, he took out one of the crackers and began to nibble on it. It was very dry.

"I rose, and in absent minded manner placed on the table the remains of a bottle of old Burgundy, which had been opened the day before.

"Now, really," he prattled, "I'm a very harmless man five months out of six—I never steal unless other means fail, or a tailor's bill comes due. I'm a respectable citizen and—a church member in good standing when I'm not on one of my professional tours. I took up burglary more as a resource than from necessity. Candidly speaking, now, am I a ruffian?"

"No!" I replied, looking directly at him. "On the contrary, you are a very fine-looking man."

A glow of vanity spread over his face. "I poured out a glass of the Burgundy and pushed it toward him.

"England to Wales!" he cried with gallantry. "I don't generally drink," he added, "but these crackers make me thirsty."

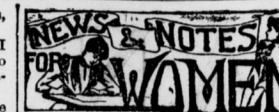
"If I could only find a wife suited to my tastes," he mused, "such a woman as you are, by George! I'd give up aesthetic burglary and settle down to quiet domestic bliss." He looked questioningly at me. "If—" he hesitated—"you could be sure I would abandon my profession—would you—do you think you could—condone my past and—marry me?"

"That is a matter for consideration," I replied.

He helped himself to another cracker. "Your proposal is so startlingly unique, I continued, 'to marry one's burglar! Really it is quite a joke.'"

"Isn't it?" he chuckled, evidently enjoying the idea of the oddity. "We are kindred spirits!" he exclaimed, convulsively, but was interrupted by a violent fit of coughing.

Seizing the bottle of Burgundy, he drained the only drop or two left.



Ivory white moire is immensely popular.

Stylish hats are still in plateau shape. The bell skirt still maintains its vogue.

Hard times have notably affected the attendance at Vassar College. Epaulettes appear to be quite as much a feature of fashion as ever.

Lady Isabel Morgesson has devised a woman's pocket that, she says, cannot be picked.

The English Queen's Scotch journeys cost her \$25,000 a year for traveling expenses.

Five men and a woman recently ran a foot race of 200 yards in Henderson County, North Carolina. The woman won easily.

Edward Terry, an English musical editor, says that women compose some of the finest dance music and some of the best songs.

The number of unmarried women in England and Wales exceeds the number of unmarried men by the majority of nearly 200,000.

At Ferndale, Mrs. John Jacob Astor's place at Rhinebeck, N. Y., the fair chateleine is often seen riding about her grounds on a tricycle.

When Queen Elizabeth of Austria entered Paris in 1751 she dragged after her a train seventy feet in length. It was borne by thirty-five pages.

## HOW ABOUT

# HARD TIMES?

Are you a supporter of the present financial system, which congests the currency of the country periodically at the money centres and keeps the masses at the mercy of classes, or do you favor a broad and

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