

Rosanne.

Towards seven o'clock on a summer evening in July, Rosanne should have been helping her mistress in the dairy, instead of which she was sitting under the shadow of the big water barrel at the kitchen door and writing to her sweetheart. She wrote to tell him how she had been given leave to go home next Sunday, and she did not stop to consider that she was at this very moment risking the loss of her holiday, by getting into disgrace for neglect of duty. But it was not Rosanne's way to think of more than one thing at a time, so as it occurred to her that John Gahan, who had called about the loan of a hay shaker, might post a letter for her as he went home, she acted upon the idea without further reflection. She had her paper spread out on the barrel stand, and craned her curly head over it at unlikely angles as she rejoined Dan McClean to meet her at Hunt's, in Kibbracken, where the gig would drop her next Saturday evening.

Meanwhile the dairy work had been going on well enough without her. Mrs. Conroy had a pleased smile when she saw the ripe yellow cream curl smoothly up under her skimmer, and added it to the rich contents of her great wide-mouthed gathering-crock. She thought they would have a grand morning tomorrow, and at least a dozen pounds of butter for Saturday's hair. But when she had finished, she recollected that Rosanne should have been there to carry the pigs their supper of sour skim milk; and after calling her in vain several times, she sent little Ned to find her, and bid her come along out of that this instant. Ned delivered the message with the pithy addition: "She's raging;" and so in frightened haste Rosanne finished addressing her envelope with wild slots, and overset the ink bottle, and rushed away to fetch the bucket. When she reached the dairy she was relieved at finding nobody there to scold her, and still hurry-driven, she filled her bucket and ran off with it across the yard. Rosanne rather liked seeing the pigs at their supper, they wriggled so all over with enjoyment, and she now leaned against the sty-door to watch them. She began to sing Norah Creina, but in the middle of the first verse she stopped abruptly. A frightful misgiving had suddenly seized her, come she knew not whence. She leaned forward and looked into the trough; she snatched up her bucket and examined it carefully; and then she perceived that she had indeed done a dreadful thing. In her haste she had emptied the wrong crock, and had thrown a week's gathering of cream to the pigs!

How dreadful it was she could estimate by the pride her mistress took in the row of rich, yellow-topped milk pails, the precautions with which she surrounded them, her wrath if any clumsiness imperiled them. What would that wrath be now? Rosanne made her mind up all in a minute not to face it. She would run away home. It was no such great distance across the fields; she might get there, she supposed, before it was quite dark. She thought her father would be glad to see her, and, if so, her stepmother must, perforce acquiesce. But at all events there was Dan McClean, who would be certainly "as pleased as anything," and make much of her and take her part, whatever happened—Dan's stalwart frame held up the whole fabric of Rosanne's future. Beyond a doubt she had lost her chance of getting a holiday in any other way, she thought, as she raced at full speed back to the house. For she had no time to hesitate, as the discovery might at any moment prevent her flight. Luckily, almost everybody was out in the hayfield, and she got up to her attic unperceived. There she collected her few most cherished possessions—the rest might be fetched afterwards—threw on her shawl and once more dared the creaking, clattering stairs and the passage that led by the awful dairy door. Fortune still favored her; she escaped all their perils and was presently scrambling through the gap in the briery hedge into the meadows at the back of the hay yard. She ran all the way through the first field, because she had such a vivid picture in her mind of what might be at that very minute happening within doors. She could almost see Mrs. Conroy's face as she stared into the empty cream crock and heard her terrible call, loud and peremptory: "Rosanne! Rosanne!" The mere thought of it made her scud along like a rabbit.

But at the end of the field she heard real voices, for the haymakers were returning to the house, so she slipped out of their way behind a smooth-sided haystack. When they passed she stole back to the foot path and on again. About Kilerumlyn farm the land was all down in meadow, and the fields were bordered by thick bosky hedges. Tall cocks threw shadows nearly across some of them, and the interspaces were very goldenly green with fresh-springing aftergrass, under westering sunbeams. On others the newly-mown swaths still lay in the soft waves, and the shorn sward underneath was paler, not having had time to thrust up any young blades since the sweep of the scythe went by. Along under the hedge the remnant of the meadow made a fringe with feathery crests, drooping and creamy plumes, tall stalks that unfurled white sunshades, and here and there a scarlet poppy. The drops of an early shower still twinkled beneath them, and Rosanne's crisp pink calico skirt grew limp and bedraggled as she brushed by. But she did not heed this, thereby, she wasn't sure that she much regarded—her new hat, with its wreaths of curious buff and crimson roses—rested safely on her head, and her head was full of pre-occupying speculations. She began to think that per-

haps, after all, no such harm was done. That is to say, it was, of course, a woful pity about the beautiful cream; but, for the matter of losing her place thereby, she wasn't sure that she wouldn't as likely as not quit being in service. And she thought it as like as not that when she came home given this way Dan McClean would again take up the notion of their getting married after the harvest. That was what he had wanted to do in the spring, if her stepmother had not put it into everybody's head that it would be better for them to get together a few pounds before they set up housekeeping. Rosanne now said to herself that she did not see any occasion for it. She wondered, too, what sort of a girl Maggie Walsh, her stepmother, who had just come to live at home, was apt to be. She had a presentiment that there would be little love lost between them. However, that didn't much signify—by reason of Dan.

Through three or four fields Rosanne passed without meeting anything to interrupt these cogitations. Now and then the voices of home-going hay-makers were wafted over a hedge, and a belated cornrake was heard from a long way off faintly "creak-creaking." The shadows lengthened silently all about, and the sunlit interspaces seemed as they shrank to grow more jewel-like in their glistening gold on green. In a sheltering corner a large olive-mottled frog started up out of the tangled grass, and went flinging himself on before her in a long series of expanding leaps; but at last she almost trod on him as he stopped and sat suddenly squatting. At the same moment somebody called her name loudly close by: "Rosanne, Rosanne."

A flappy white sunbonnet was looking at her over a gate in a hedge, a little way to the right; and in it she recognized her cousin, Martha Reilly, who lived near them at home. "And where might you be off to?" Martha said, as Rosanne came up to the gate, "and wid fine grandeur on you," she added, referring to the rose-wreathed hat.

"Sure I'm just streeelin' about a bit," Rosanne said, with rather confused unconcern. She regretted the encounter, and was not at all disposed to confide in Martha, who had the name of being "the greatest old gossip you'd meet in a long day's walk." "It's a fine warm evening," she continued, to account for her stroll.

"Warm enough, bedad," said Martha, "you might say so if it was in the hay you'd been. I come up yesterday to work above at Hifirthy's, and I was manin' to run over this evening and see you, ony southing delayed me. And what's the best good news wid you this long while?"

"I dunno is there any news in particular, bad or good," said Rosanne, with a guilty "I could an I would" in her mind, as she thought of the pigs' supper.

"Then you haven't heard tell about Dan McClean?" said Martha, suddenly craning her neck over the fopmost bar. "What about him at all?" said Rosanne, with a great start.

"You haven't heard?" Martha repeated, in a half-credulous tone.

"Can't you tell me?" said Rosanne. "I'll come over to you—just wait!"—said Martha. She launched her pitchfork across the gate, and began to scale its many bars with remarkable agility. She had scarcely flopped to the ground, on Rosanne's side of it, before she said: "He's took up wid Maggie Walsh, that's what it is."

"Took up wid her?" said Rosanne, staring up stupidly at her cousin.

"Ay, bedad, and so he has," said Martha, "but it come to my knowledge ony last Sunday. About gettin' married they are after the harvest—he and your stepmother's daughter. And he be all accounts as good as promised to you, Rosanne!"

"Who was telling you so? He never set eyes on her till she came home after Easter. Dan's no affair of mine. I don't believe any such thing," said Rosanne, rattling the rusty bolt of the padlocked gate.

"Sure they was all talkin' about it after mass," said Martha, "and that evenin' I taxed the young feller's comin' home. Earnin' money for your mother wid it, and she didn't deny it. Och, Rosanne, but you was a fine fool to let your stepmother pack you off to service that-a-way, wid Maggie just self, bedad! Deed now, what notion she had in her mind's as plain to see as the seeds in a ripe gooseberry. Puttin' you out of it was the way she'd have the chance of gettin' young Dan for her own girl—and that's what she's after doin' on you."

"She's welcome," said Rosanne, desperately. "Och, that's just talkin'," Rosanne, said Martha. "I was spakin' about it to your father on Tuesday. I'd thought he'd be none too well pleased, but he said nothin' agin it. I suppose she had him persuaded, poor man. And Dan's mother was axin' me had I heard tell anythin' about a young chap was courtin' you up here. Mark my words, that's the story your stepmother's been puttin' into their heads. But I told Mrs. McClean there wasn't a totum of Aruth in it as far as I knew. And there isn't in course?" Martha said, glancing again rather suspiciously at the grand hat.

"Maybe there is, and maybe there isn't," said Rosanne, defiantly. "It's no affairs of anybody's. Let other people mind their own business, and I'll mind mine. And let them please themselves—the pack of them—and they'll trouble me. I dunno which of them's the greatest liar; but it's little I trouble myself about them. And it's time for me to be runnin' back, or else I'll be too late. So good-night

to you kindly—oh, don't be delayin' me, you could torment!" Rosanne whisked the corner of her shawl out of Martha's detaining grasp, and ran away down the field. As she went she struck up Norah Creina, and sang it lustily as long as she thought herself within hearing; but her mind was not at all occupied with that gentle, bashful heroine. The sun had disappeared behind the rounded tops of Drumaree Wood while she talked to Martha, and the vivid lights had gone out among the haycocks and hedges. Everthing had grown dimly green, soft and cool, and when she left off singing, not a sound was to be heard. But her thoughts were traveling through the scorching, hissing, whirling chaos into which this thunder-bolt of tidings had shattered the world before her. Dan, and the little house of her own, and love and trust, and a fine wedding and the Aylesbury ducks Mrs. Conroy promised her, and her pride in old Tim Donagh's remark that she had got the best lad on the townland—all were swept away from her, and in their places seethed a flood of jealousy, rage and despair. As its first rush subsided, she recollected several things that seemed like disregarded warnings of Martha's news. She had wondered now and again that Dan had never managed to get over and see her be-tween the Easter; and then the last time old Biddy Donagh from his place was up at the farm he hadn't sent e'er a message by her at all. The reason was plain enough now. And with that, Rosanne bethought her of the letter which she had sent by John Gahan, and which might be delivered by this time. Perhaps Dan was at that minute of time laughing with Maggie Walsh over the suggestion that he should be wasting his evening streeelin' out to meet Rosanne Tierney at Kibbracken. Cock her up. This possibility was the cruel little barb of mortification by which the crushing bulk of her misfortune caught hold of her mind, and she raged herself for having ignorantly wrought it.

To be Continued.

Westerfield Scare

By six o'clock my story had been told to the superintendent of police, who was called out of his bed on purpose to hear it. Thanks to the description I was able to give of the fellow, both he and his wife were arrested about a week later at Liverpool. The man proved to be a very notorious character, who was "wanted," for certain other offences against the law, perpetrated in the south of England—to him punishment was meted out in due course; but the woman was acquitted, and it is chiefly from her after-confession that I am enabled to supplement my own narrative with the following particulars.

The woman in question was a native of Westerfield, and had at one time been employed as housemaid at Standish, the seat of the Derome family. She had afterwards gone to London, where she had fallen in love with and married a worthless scamp, who in days gone by had been a gymnast in a circus, but had latterly taken to more dubious modes of earning a livelihood. At length the hue-and-cry after him became so hot that he determined to go into close hiding for some time to come. In this emergency his wife bethought herself of the vault of the Deromes in her native town as a likely spot where her husband could lie by till the heat of pursuit should have somewhat slackened. Her residence at Standish had made her acquainted with the existence of the vault, and she was aware that the big old-fashioned key always hung on a certain nail in the armory. Having been somewhat of a favorite with the housekeeper at Standish, it seemed only natural, when she returned to Westerfield—where she gave herself out as a widow—that she should go up to the Hall to pay her respects to that personage. The opportunity was utilized by her for parloining the key, which a second visit, made on some pretext or other a day or two later, enabled her to replace on its nail before it had been missed.

By this time she had engaged humble lodgings in the town, and her husband had taken up his quarters in the vault, where he had a sufficiency of blankets and warm clothing, not to speak of a frequently replenished brandy flask, to keep him from suffering from the chills and damps of his strange domicile. His food, which was bought in small quantities at different shops in the town, so as to avoid suspicion, was conveyed to him by his wife at night; and as he knew exactly when to expect her, he placed his lamp in front of the grating as a guide to her through the intricacies of the churchyard, the light being shut in at other times by an extemporized curtain. Both the man and his wife were aware that that side of the churchyard was overlooked by one window only, but as they never saw a light in it, they had come to the conclusion that the room to which it pertained was unoccupied. But not every night did the lamp shine through the grating. Sometimes the man met his wife at the low wall by the river, where there were no railings, and where easy access could be had to the churchyard by day or night. It was only when he was too lazy, or otherwise disinclined for stirring out, that the signal was shown; whereby, as we have seen, came his own undoing.

It would seem that in the course of the man's professional career he had more than once personated an ape in a pantomime, and that he still retained the tight-fitting hairy dress and mask used by him for that purpose. Fired, and no wonder, of his long days and nights in the company of the dead and gone Deromes, it had seemed no more than a pleasant relaxation to

the fellow to scare and terrify the good people of Westerfield as they had never been terrified before and never have been since. When funds began to run low, an easy mode of replenishing them was found in the contents of Lady Dacre's jewel case. Doubtless means and opportunities were not wanting for disposing of the diamonds and other gems which came into his possession on that occasion; in any case, none of them were found on him at the time of his arrest.

A few last words and I shall have done. Not only were the rewards offered by Squire Dallison and Lady Dacre paid over to me, but the townspeople subscribed among themselves a further sum on my behalf, so that, altogether, I was enabled to put away more than a hundred pounds into the saving-bank. Three months later I married. My father lived for some years longer, and although before his death he came to understand that he was the last member of the Holditch family who was likely to fill the post of sexton to the old abbey church, he was never quite reconciled to the necessity, neither could he be made to understand why his only son should have so far degenerated as not to feel a pride in following in the footsteps of so many of his progenitors.

As long as he lived, Mr. Ayscough remained my true friend, and to him I owe much of the prosperity with which my later years have happily been crowned.

The End.

SOMETHING UNUSUAL

An Incident in the Life of a London Bus Conductor.

The sight of a white-haired bishop standing on the footboard of an English 'bus for the express purpose of taking the passengers' money and tickets, and otherwise acting as conductor, was one that might have been seen in a London street not very long ago. The situation a few minutes before had been almost tragical. The conductor was collecting fares on the top of this 'bus, when a lurch or jolt threw him from the roof to the street. The fall was a heavy one, and the unlucky man came down headlong. No one expected to see him on his feet again, but he picked himself up, staggered pluckily to the footboard of his 'bus, and essayed to resume his duties.

His face was white as death, his forehead was badly cut, and he quivered in every limb. Several passengers gathered around him and tried to persuade him to go off to the hospital in the next cab, for fear of any internal injury; but the poor fellow continued to grip the brass hand-rail, although with shaking fingers.

"No," he said, "I must keep at work. I dursn't leave my 'bus. I dursn't, indeed."

Then out from the crowd stepped the white-haired figure of Dr. J. L. Paterson, the learned Roman Catholic titular bishop of Emmanus, who said in his kind way, "Off you go to the hospital in that cab. Give me your bell-punch, cash-bag and tickets, and I'll look after these people for you to the end of the journey."

He tripped on to the footboard with a vigorous step that would do credit to a man thirty years his junior, fully meaning what he said. It was no wonder there was a disposition to cheer. However, the distinguished ecclesiastic's services in the capacity of 'bus conductor, although freely offered, were not called for. Passengers quitted the 'bus, and the driver drove it off to the yard, presumably, leaving the conductor free to secure surgical treatment.

PREHISTORIC MAN.

Said to Have Had a Third Eye on the Top of His Head.

Deep researches as to the structure of the human body have recently furnished some startling facts regarding changes which man is at present undergoing physically.

It is believed that man was formerly endowed with more teeth than he possesses now. Abundant evidence exists that, ages and ages ago, human teeth were used as weapons of defense. Unintentionally, traces of such use are often revealed by a sneer. The teeth are sometimes bared, doglike, ready, as it were, for action.

The practice of eating our food cooked and disuse of teeth as weapons are said to be responsible for the degeneration that is going on. The wisdom teeth, in fact, are disappearing. Human jaws, found in reputed Palaeolithic deposits, have wisdom teeth with crowns as large as, if not larger than, the remaining molars.

In ancient times a short-sighted soldier or hunter was almost an impossibility; to-day, a whole nation is afflicted with defective vision. It is almost certain that man once possessed a third eye, by means of which he was enabled to see above his head. The human eyes formerly regarded the world from the two sides of the head. They are even now gradually shifting to a more forward position.

In the dim past the ear-flap was of great service in ascertaining the direction of sounds, and operated largely in the play of the features. But the muscles of the ear have fallen into disuse, for the fear of surprise by enemies no longer exists.

Again, our sense of smell is markedly inferior to that of savages. That it is still decreasing is evidenced by observations of the olfactory organ. But the nose still indicates a tendency to become more prominent.

MAKING WALL PAPER.

The Interesting Process Briefly and Instructively Described.

The manufacture of wall paper is singularly interesting. First, a web of blank paper is set in a reel behind a blotching machine; two cylinders bring the free end of the paper into the machine, where a roller working in a color pan puts a large quantity of color upon the paper in blotches. Then a set of flat brushes, called figgers, brush quickly back and forth, thus spreading the coloring matter evenly over the surface of the paper.

As the paper comes from the blotching machine a workman takes one end of it, wraps it around a stick and places the stick across two parallel endless chains, and the paper is thus carried up an incline. When 18 feet of it has run out, the chains take up another stick that lies across them, and carry it up as they did the first stick; a third stick soon follows the second, and thus the work continues until the entire web of paper has been run out of the blotching machine.

The chains, in their working, hang the paper in loops over a system of steam pipes, and it is thus thoroughly dried before it reaches the end of the chainwork, where it is again wound into web form.

Wall paper designs are first sketched on paper, and then transferred to rollers of the size required. It is necessary to prepare as many rollers as there are colors in the design; thus, if the design requires printing in eight colors, eight rollers must be prepared.

When all rollers are ready the artist directs his workmen and

EACH ONE IS GIVEN A COLOR.

A workman to whom that color has been given takes a roller to his bench, sets it firmly in the grasp of a vise, and with hammers, files, brass, ribbons, and brass rods goes to work. Every bit of the design that is to be in green is traced out for him, and he carefully reproduces it in relief on the roller.

When his work is finished, the roller bears on its face, in raised brass, green stems, leaves, etc., and at the proper time and place will put the green coloring and shading, just where the designer intended it should be. In like manner the other rollers are made ready for use, and they are then taken to a press that has a large cylinder of the width of ordinary wall paper. There are grooves around the sides and the bottom of the cylinder, into which are fitted the rods on the ends of the rollers, and, when in position, the faces of the rollers just touch the cylinder. An endless cloth band comes to each of the rollers from below, each band works in a color pan, which contains, in liquid form, the coloring matter to be carried on the roller to which the band belongs.

Each roller is placed in such position that the part of the design upon it will strike exactly in the spot necessitated by the relative position of the other rollers.

When all is ready the paper that has passed through the blotching machine is placed between the cylinder and the first roller, the cylinder and the rollers revolve rapidly, and soon the paper is beautifully printed. At each of the endless cloth bands there is a steel scraper called a doctor, and it is the doctor's duty to prevent too much liquid from the other pans from getting on the rollers.

The wall paper press throws off ten rolls of paper a minute, and each roll contains sixteen yards. It is said that stamped paper for walls was first manufactured in Holland about the year 1555. Some of the very costly wall paper in use nowadays is beautifully embossed and hand-painted.

BRIEFLY MENTIONED.

There are 12,000 miles of railway in Poland.

Germany has about 25,000 physicians and surgeons.

A good ironer in a London laundry earns from \$2 to \$2.50 daily.

The number of penniless men in the Klondike is placed at 3,000.

There are over seventy miles of tunnels cut in the solid rock of Gibraltar.

A Chicago street beggar who died a few days ago left a fortune of \$40,000.

California produces about one-third of the almonds consumed in the United States.

In 1898 Russia had a mercantile marine of 2,998 vessels, of which 694 were propelled by steam.

Englishmen may now spend a fortnight in Paris or Switzerland for \$35 or enjoy a Norwegian tour for \$50.

A process has been invented and patented in Brazil for preparing coffee in (tabloids by a system of compression.

Japan has established at Yokohama an imperial commercial museum, modeled after the one in Philadelphia.

It is estimated that at the beginning of the new century England will have 82,000,000 tons of coal still unused and available.

A German army officer estimates that in the century just closing no less than 30,000,000 men have been killed in war in civilized countries.

Most of the pianos and organs in the South African Republic are brought from Germany, but some are from England and the United States.

CHEAP SILK.

In Madagascar silk is the only fabric used in the manufacture of clothing. It is cheaper than linen in Ireland.