

mystery about Mr. Rayner's room. This ill-cared-for little creature, instead of resenting the neglect she suffered, prized the liberties she enjoyed of roaming about withersoever she pleased, and sitting in the flower-beds, and in the mud at the edge of the pond, and making herself altogether the very dirtiest little girl I had ever seen, and objected vehemently to the least attempts at judicious restraint. The little notice she got was neither consistent nor kind. Sarah or Jane would snatch her up, regardless of her shrieks, to shut her up in an empty bedroom, if she showed her grimy little face and tattered pinafore anywhere near the house in the afternoon, when callers might come. But, if they did not see her, they forgot her, and left her to talk and croon to herself, and to collect piles of snails, and to such other simple occupations in her favorite haunts till tea-time, when she generally grew hungry of her own accord, and, returning to the house, made an entrance where she could.

The day after the violin-playing was very wet, and, looking out of the window during lessons with Haidee, I caught sight of her small sister trotting along composedly without a hat in the fast falling rain. I jumped up and called to her; but she took no notice; so I ran to fetch my umbrella and set off in pursuit. After a little search, I saw her steadily toddling up a side path among the trees which led to the stables; and I followed softly without calling her again, as, if irritated by pursuit, she might, I knew, plunge among the trees and surrender only when we were both wet through.

The stables were built much higher up than the house, close to the road, but surrounded by trees. I had never been near them before; but now I followed Mona close underneath the walls, where she began dancing about by herself, making hideous grimaces at two windows on the upper storey, and throwing up at them little stones and bits of stick that she picked up, all wet and muddy, from the moist earth. I seized and caught her up in my arms so suddenly that for the first few moments she was too much surprised to howl; but I had scarcely turned to take her back to the house when she recovered her powers completely, and made the plantation ring with a most elfish yell. I spoke to her and tried to reason with her, and told her it was all for her good, when one of the upper windows I have mentioned was thrown open, and Mr. Rayner appeared at it.

"Hallo, what is the matter? Kidnapping, Miss Christie?"

"Oh, Mr. Rayner, she will sit in the mud and open her mouth to catch the rain without a hat, and it can't be good for her!" I said piteously.

"Never mind. It doesn't seem to hurt her. I believe she is half a frog," said her father, with less tenderness than he might have shown, I thought.

For the child was not old enough to know that it was wrong to dislike her father, while he was quite old enough to know that it was wrong not to be fonder of his child.

"But you will get your own feet wet, my dear child," said he, in quite a different tone. "Come up here and sit by the fire, while I fetch your goloshes. You have never seen my studio. I pass half my time painting and smoking here when it is wet and I can't get out." He had a palette on his thumb and a pipe in his mouth while he spoke. "You don't mind the smell of turpentine or tobacco, do you?"

"Oh, no, Mr. Rayner! But I won't come in, thank you. I am at lessons with Haidee!" said I.

"Happy Haidee! I wish I were young enough to take lessons; and yet, if I were, I shouldn't be old enough to make the best use of my time," said he, in a low voice, with mock-modesty that made me laugh.

He was leaning a long way out of the window in the rain, and I had work to do indoors; so, without saying anything more, I returned to the house with my prize.

It was to his studio then that Sarah had taken his violin. I had never heard of this studio before; but I knew that Mr. Rayner was very careful about the condition of his stables, and I could imagine that this two windowed upper room, with its fire, must be a very nice place to paint in—dry, warm, and light. Could this be where Mr. Rayner slept? No; for in that case he would hardly have asked me to come up and look at his painting. And I should not like to think that he had made for himself a snug warm little home here while his family

asleep in the damp vapours of the marsh at the bottom of the hill. But that would not be like Mr. Rayner, I thought, remembering the pains he had taken to provide a nice dry room for me, the governess. Yet I should have liked, in the face of Mr. Reade's tiresome suspicions, to be sure.

That night I was so anxious to find out whether Mr. Rayner did really sleep out of the house, as he had been accused of doing, that I had the measures to leave my own bedroom door wide open, as well as that at the bottom of the turret staircase, and listen for footsteps on the ground floor, and the sound of a key in the garden door through which Sarah had taken the violin. But I had heard nothing, though I was awake until long after the rest of the household must have gone to bed. And I felt almost as much relieved as if it had been my own father proved innocent of a mean action imputed to him.

On the following night there was a high wind, which shook and swayed the trees and whistled round my turret, and made the door which stood always fastened back at the top of the kitchen stairs rattle and creak on its hinges. At last I could bear this last sound no longer. I had been sitting up late over a book, and I knew that the household must be asleep, so I slipped down stairs as softly as I could. I had got to the top of the back staircase, and had my hand on the door, when I saw a faint glimmer of light coming along the passage below. I heard no sound. I drew back quickly, so quickly that my candle went out; and then I waited, with my heart beating fast, not so much to see who it was, as because I did not dare to move. The faint light came along swiftly, and, when close to the foot of the stairs below me, I could see that it was a shaded lantern, and could just distinguish the form of a man carrying it. Was he coming up-stairs? For the next few moments I scarcely dared to breathe, and I could almost have given a cry of joy when, by some movement of the head, I recognized Mr. Rayner. He did not see me; he put the key in the lock, turned it, took the key out, went through and locked it after him so quickly and so entirely without noise that a moment afterwards I could almost have thought that I had imagined the dim scene. It had been so utterly without sound that, if my eyes had been closed, I should have known nothing about it. I made the door secure with trembling fingers, and went back to my room again, not only profoundly sorry that Mr. Reade's surmise was correct—for I could no longer doubt that Mr. Rayner did sleep over the stables—but impressed with an eerie dread of the man who could move about in the night as noiselessly and swiftly as a spirit.

When I awoke however in the fresh morning, with the wind gone down, and the sun shining in through my east window, all unpleasant impressions of the night before had faded away; and, when Mr. Rayner brought into the drawing-room after dinner a portfolio full of his sketches and panels, and was delighted with my appreciation of them—I know something about pictures, for my father had been a painter—I felt that it was not for me to judge his actions, and that there must be some good motive that I did not know for his sleeping far out of the damp, as for everything else that he did. He proposed to paint me, and I gave him a sitting that very afternoon in the dining-room, which had a north light, though there was not much of it; and he said that he must finish it next day in his studio, and, when I objected to neglect my lessons again, he said the whole family should emigrate thither for the morning, and then perhaps I should be satisfied.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The garb of old Gaul—"A man with uncertain legs," is the description of a kilted Scotsman given in a San Francisco paper.

He was a bank teller. He had been sent off on a vacation, his books overhauled, and he had been found \$9,000 short. The fact stared him in the face as he sat amidst the Board of Directors. "Now then," said the President, "I presume you acknowledge the embezzlement?" "I do." "And how did you use the money?" "In speculating." "In what?" "Well, I was a bull in railroad stocks; but there was too much against me. I didn't have a fair show to make anything." "Why—how?" "Well, while I was using \$9,000 of the bank's money to buy the stocks, the cashier was putting up \$20,000 to bear them, and so I lost all."

## A GERMAN ROMANCE.

Herr Rummel's Daughter Takes His Gold and Comes to America with a Girl Friend and the Father's Lover.

Ever since his birth there has lived in Munich, the old capital of Bavaria, a staid and respectable barber, named Johann Rummel. He reared a fine daughter, named Gretchen, who, when she became 18 years of age, had a firm friend in the daughter of a neighbor, named Bertha Kraus. Bertha had a sister who several years ago came to America and married a young farmer, Long, at Collamer. She prospered well and sent glowing letters of her new home to her people in Munich. Bertha also had a lover, who, being poor, thought he could win a fortune in the land of the free. Gretchen Rummel read many of the letters, and also became fired with a desire to come to America. Bertha Kraus was, of course, willing to accompany her, and the lover was eager to depart at once. None of them had money enough to support them during a week's journey, and Gretchen, whose father is considered wealthy, was looked to as a refuge in this, their time of financial trouble. She confirmed their good opinion by stealing about 1,500 marks, or \$75 in American money, from her father. The fond old father's surprise and grief can better be imagined than described when he awoke one fine morning in last July to discover that his daughter had fled with some of his money. Margaret generously paid the passage of both her companions to this country. They arrived in Cleveland, and went to the home of Mrs. Long. By this time Margaret had only \$75, so lavishly had she expended the money on her friends during the journey through the States. There was no room for her in Mrs. Long's family, and she took up her abode at a boarding house, the location which she has forgotten. To make the matter worse, she deposited her \$75 with the proprietor of the place, and went to Collamer to accept a position as servant in the family of a farmer. Meanwhile, Herr Rummel, in Munich, was wearing away his surplus flesh in worrying about the fate of his beloved daughter. A month after she had disappeared he received a letter from her stating that she was well and happy, but not mentioning the town in which she was living. He answered, directing his letter to Cuyahoga county, the only name he could decipher on the envelope. Of course it never reached the girl. Finally he resolved to go in search of his daughter, and started for this country, arriving in Cleveland last Monday. He sought out an old friend in this city, and, by inspecting the postmark on the letter from the girl with a microscope, they were able to make out the word Collamer. Yesterday they drove to Collamer and found the truant girl without difficulty. She was sincerely penitent, and her father was forgiving. The meeting between them is said to have been quite affecting. It was not long before the girl agreed to go back to fatherland with her parent, and they will leave the city tomorrow.—Cleveland Leader.

## The Deadly Oil.

Kerosene becomes more deadly every year as the hours of evening lamplight lengthen, and the frequent lighting of fires becomes a daily duty. The fact that these accidents are utterly unnecessary renders them the more lamentable. In the hope of preventing some of these accidents, we state a few facts which everybody ought to know.

It is not the kerosene that explodes, but the invisible gas that arises from it. If the oil is poured into a lamp that needs filling, this gas rises out of the lamp or can, or both, and explodes, often with deadly force, if there be any fire within reach.

Pouring oil from a can upon a burning fire or into a lighted lamp ought to be followed by a terrible explosion. Sometimes it happens that no explosion occurs, but the risk is frightful.

The only safe rule is never to pour oil on a burning fire or into a lighted lamp.

Now, you may give Bridget positive orders with regard to the fires, but when no one is at hand in the morning hours, the temptation is strong to assist the smouldering blaze by the aid of a little kerosene. She has done it without injury formerly, why not do it again? So the use of the can is tilted over the range or grate, there is a flash, a scream, and poor Bridget will never have a chance to disobey orders. Perhaps it would

be better, if Bridget must not be allowed access to the can at all—the suggestion is timidly made—to show her how she may avoid the fire with comparative safety. All she has to do is to pour the oil from the can upon the fire. It is not likely that she will suffer much injury from the comparatively mild explosion that may follow.

## LASSING A LIONESS.

A Hand-to-Claw Fight With the Violent Creature.

From Texas G. W. Palmer came to Colorado and began to hunt antelope and deer for a livelihood. He throws the lasso with the accuracy of a rifleman. Up on Hart's scramble Mountains a few days ago he halted before a half-eaten deer that had been killed by a mountain lion. With a knowledge of the beast and its habits, Palmer concluded that there were a hencess and her cub near by, and he determined to capture her, and, returning to his cabin, a short distance away, he procured several ropes. Fully equipped, he proceeded cautiously, and finally discovered the lioness with her cub beneath a precipitous rock.

It was then that he motioned to his son, who followed at his heels, to stop, and, instructing him to make his appearance at a signal from him, he left the path to mount the rock that sheltered the beast. Reaching the summit, he uncoiled the rope from his arm and prepared to make the battle. The signal was given to the brave young fellow, who made his appearance a short distance from the lair. The beast was about to leap forward, but the father sent the loop over her head. There was a brief struggle, in which the noose was slipped, but in a second more it was secure upon the hind legs. The end of the rope had been previously thrown over the limb of a tree whose boughs spread around, and the contest began in earnest.

After a terrible struggle, Palmer succeeded in suspending his prize in the air, and, fastening the rope securely, he sprang from the rock and proceeded to tie the remainder of the limbs. Accomplishing this, he thought it about time to bag the cub, and reached down to grasp it; but the little fellow turned as quick as a cat upon his back, and fastened his claws in his throat. He held on like a leech, while the father, who had found it impossible to extricate himself, shouted to his son to use a club. This was ineffectual, however, and throttling the infant lion with his left hand, he pressed down with all his might, and it was not until he had almost killed the animal that the son was enabled to release the claws from his father's neck. Yesterday Mr. Palmer arrived in the city with both of the animals, and caged them in Schloss's old building.—Leadville Democrat.

## A Thoughtful Husband.

A Detroit lady, who is subject to heart disease, took tea last Sunday with a neighbor, and while sitting at table her husband rushed in without a hat and in his shirt sleeves.

"Be calm!" he exclaimed hurriedly to his wife; "don't excite yourself; you know you can't stand excitement, and it might be worse."

"Good heavens!" cried the wife: "the children!"

"They're all right! Now, Mary, don't get excited. Keep calm and cool—it can't be helped now; we must bear those visitations of providence with philosophy!"

"Then it's mother," gasped the wife.

"Your mother's safe; get on your things, but don't hurry or worry. It's too late to be of any use, but I'll fly back and see what I can do. I only came to tell you not to get excited."

"For mercy's sake!" implored the almost fainting woman, "tell me the worst."

"Well, if you will have it, the consequence be on your own head, Mary, I've tried to prepare you, and you will know—don't excite yourself—try and survive—let our chimney's on fire, and the whole department and all the neighbors are in our front yard!"

She survived.

The statement is made that New York, Brooklyn and Boston contributed \$5,000 to Matthew Arnold's slender purse.

Ex-Gov. English, of Connecticut, who started out in life as a carpenter, is now worth \$6,000,000, and is the richest man in his State.