

NOT FOR LOVE.

CHAPTER I.

They were old friends. It was easy to guess that, from the way in which they kept silence, not in embarrassment, but in a pleasing consciousness that there was no need for making conversation.

It was delightful to sit out there at the top of the six broad steps leading down to the lawn, with the June sun like a fire behind the dark cedar. Hester, with her fair smooth hair, light blue eyes, and pale, regular features, was not an uninteresting object to one who admired her peculiar style of beauty. The hands she had loosely clasped on the open volume of Carlyle that she had been reading, were almost a picture in themselves, their ivory and pink tints shown up by the white leaves of the book.

Paul Forrest, who sat looking at her so thoughtfully, was also fair, tall, slight, with features thin almost to sharpness. He looked what he was, a moderately clever, gentle manly man, with a slight tendency to think too well of himself.

"Do you remember, Hester," he said abruptly breaking the silence, "that you once told me—before there was anything of that kind going on—and he made a gesture with his hand towards the figures of a young man and a girl who were strolling to and fro on the lawn—that you did not believe in love; that in your opinion the feeling of which poets and novelists write has no existence, save in their imagination. Have you changed your mind?"

"Certainly not."

"Then how do you account for that?" And again he indicated the pair on the lawn.

"Easily," Hester answered, looking where he looked, with an amused smile. "Christie has filled her head with romances of all kinds ever since she was twelve. She expected to 'fall in love,' as she calls it, and was quite prepared for it when Ted came on the scene. As for him, why he saw that she was pretty, and fancied at once that he had her for a wife would be the height of human bliss. Imagination is the root of it all."

"I do not quite agree," said Paul, after a pause.

"You did once."

Yes; when I was younger and had seen less of the world. I think now that there is something in it; but I believe that many men and women go through life without ever falling victims. I shall be one of those, and you another."

Hester assented.

"And that brings me to what I wished to say to you to-night. I intend to marry. I need a wife, both as a companion and friend, and to keep my house and receive my guests. In return, I can offer her a comfortable and happy home for life."

"Yes," said Hester, angry with herself as she felt that her pulses were quickening their beat, while the young man before her was as cool as if he were speaking on the simplest business matter. His next words disturbed her even further.

"Will you be that wife, Hester? We suit each other, we enjoy each other's society and our views on most subjects are alike. Do you say? Would you like time for consideration, or will you give me your answer now?"

"Let me think for five minutes only, and then I will answer you," she said, quietly, shading her face from his gaze, and turning her eyes towards the setting sun.

It was at this moment that the girl she had called Christie said to her companion, with a laugh:

"Look at Hester and Paul, up there, on the steps. Don't they look like lovers having a quarrel?"

"There was something in this idea so ludicrous that both laughed heartily.

"Poor old Forrest!" said the young man, lightly. "He's a cut-and-dried, prosaic, matter-of-fact old chap; yet I like him. He's only thirty but he's as unromantic as a cabbage."

The five minutes over, Hester raised her head.

"Very well," she said, calmly. "It is a bargain."

"Of which I have the best," he answered, pressing before he released her soft fingers.

Soon after he took his leave. Hester's eyes followed him down the drive, and then his image was drowned by a rush of tears.

Below, on the lawn, a different farewell was being said.

"There goes Forrest. That means I must be off, if I mean to catch the same train. Good-bye, my sweetest."

Then Ted sighed, and looked in Christie's eyes in such a way that she averted her face.

"Don't be a goose, Ted," she said.

"How severe you are to-night, my darling! Good-bye. Do you think Hester's looking? Just one! You look so lovely to-night, with that touch of red from the sun in your hair, that I don't know how to tear myself away."

They were very young and very happy, consequently they said many things that if Hester could have heard them would have made her shudder with disgust and curl her lip in contempt.

If she had lifted her head then she would have seen the girlish figure of her sister held in a close embrace by a tall, dark, and cold.

Ted kissed the fair cheeks until they turned of a rosy red, then darted off, while Christie ran towards the house.

Her light feet flew up the steps, then came to a full stop.

"Why, Hester, what's wrong?" she cried, approaching the elder girl, but restraining her natural impulse to place a caressing hand on her shoulder. Hester would not like it.

"I should be very fond of her if she would let me," she had once told Ted, rather pathetically; "but she always holds me at a distance. I only remember her kissing me once, and that was when I was quite a child."

be trusted, and never in all the years we have known him have we heard anything of his discredit. There, dry those eyes, foolish sentimental child. You have your way of being happy and I have mine."

Christie followed her sorrowfully into the house, but said no more. She had never, so far as she knew, influenced Hester to the smallest extent in her whole life.

The two girls lived with their grandmother and aunt, who allowed them perfect liberty, and never thought of interfering in their affairs.

There was an odd household, of which no member sought the confidence, consulted, or took the advice of any other.

On this evening the grandmother had gone to bed, and her daughter had a class of youths in the school-room.

There was no one to notice the agitation of the girls, or to comment when Hester went upstairs, and Christine sat down, sad and thoughtful, in the drawing-room.

"How cold and calm she is!" mused Christie, but she did not understand her sister.

Hester was far from calm as she sank on her bed, and leaned her hot brow on the cold iron of the foot.

"How unconcerned he was!" she said, aloud. "He did not even care whether I said 'yes' or 'no'. I am a piece of furniture that pleases him, and he has made a bid."

A burning tear or two came to her eyelids, and then retreated.

"Why did I yield so easily?" she asked herself. "Because I know he would never have asked me again, I suppose. And what then? Anyone who could read my thoughts would think I wanted to be his wife. Well, he will be easily contented. I have only to look well, to dress well, and receive his guests in a way that will do him credit. And I must never be ill, or tired, or dull, or he will repent that he married me. If I were ill, what would he do? Send for a doctor, I suppose, and go away until I was well again."

A bitter smile crossed her face, and then came another thought:

And if he were ill, what then? Why, I should nurse him, wait on him, smooth his pillow, read to him, pour follow, until he could not do without me. I am honest, but when we are married he will be ill."

She went to the glass to straighten her hair, which she usually wore brushed perfectly smooth. It was loose now, and the rough, light locks about her forehead almost transformed her. The reflection was of a really beautiful woman.

"He shall not be so indifferent. I will make him—I—"

She broke off, and, with a sigh between a laugh and a sob, covered her flushed face with her hands.

"Idiot!" she muttered. "After all, there is such a thing as love."

CHAPTER II.

It was on an August evening in the following year that Paul Forrest, wearing a rather depressed and gloomy air, sat on the window-seat in a prettily-furnished room reading a letter, and looking from it to his young wife, who was occupied with some needlework.

"Christie writes in very good spirits," he said, as though that fact were rather an injury than otherwise.

"Yes, I envy her," Hester answered, coldly. "Those two are perfectly suited to each other."

There was a long silence, then Paul folded the letter, and with a hand that was not quite steady, restored it to its envelope and gave it to his wife.

And so she is afraid you are not happy?" she said slowly. "Is that why you were so unwilling to let me read what she said? Hester, I have seen it for some time."

"Seen what?"

"That you are unhappy. I am afraid, she paused, then added—"I am afraid that we made a grand mistake!"

"I have long been of that opinion!" Paul glanced at her quickly, and compressed his lips.

"What are we to do?" he asked. "We can't go on like this! It is nearly a year now since we took that step that I shall never cease to regret. Let us understand each other now, once for all. Would you be happier if we were to part?"

"To part?" She started violently, and her face became ashen. "Is that what you mean? Would you?" she inquired, almost inaudibly.

"Leave me out of the question. I see this is a new idea to you; take a little time to consider, and tell me to-morrow what you think. At any rate, we will do nothing hastily; we have learnt that lesson, both of us."

His brow grew darker and more gloomy as there rose before him the dark, handsome face of a man who had of late been a frequent visitor at his house. Yes, undoubtedly Hester had learnt to love, while he—

He rose suddenly, and walked to the door.

"I am going out," he said, quickly. "If I am late, don't sit up."

Left to herself, Hester laid her work aside. She was very pale, and her lips quivered.

"And this is the end," she said to herself. "After all my struggles, after all I have done, he is longing to get rid of me. I have striven so hard, tried every means, every art I know. I have made myself as fair as I could to please him; have been gentle, loving, as I never was to anyone before. Then I have been distant and cold; and now he has tried to rouse him to jealousy. And now he asks me if we had not better part! Oh, will nothing move him? Will he always turn from me?"

She looked at her watch. It was ten o'clock; so she rang and told the servants to go to bed. And, in spite of Paul's words, she determined to await his return.

She had nothing to divert her thoughts, which revolved round the same point, Christie and Ted, at whose foolish romance she had laughed in her ignorance, were perfectly, blissfully happy, while she and Paul, who had thought themselves wiser in their generation, were obliged to own at last that they had made a great mistake.

Hester was not given to weeping, but in those lonely hours she cried loud and miserably. Strive as she might to win his love, Paul did but grow more weary of her—that was the burden of her grief.

The clock striking twelve roused her. Would she be fair in Paul's sight with her eyelids swollen with shedding tears? She ran upstairs and concealed, as far as possible, the traces of her agitation.

Her husband had not returned when she went down again. She took up a book and tried to interest herself in its contents.

For a time she contrived to fix her attention on the page, but at last she laid it aside and began to walk to and fro.

"How late he is! Where has he gone?" she asked herself. "He tells me no more of his doings—perhaps even less—than he did when we were only friends. But I will be patient, and surely some day I shall be rewarded."

her fancy drew her a picture of her husband, bleeding and half-dead, being carried to a hospital.

And then another. He was fighting more and more weakly with the suffocating water, and there was no one at hand to aid. And his body would be washed away down the river, unseen, and she would wait and wait for weeks, months, years, always trying to hope he would come back until her mind would give way under the strain.

Two o'clock. Certainly some desperate thieves had noticed that he carried a watch, had followed and surprised him, and on his resisting, had thrown him to the ground, subjecting him to savage kicks and the most brutal ill-usage.

She went to the window, opened it, looked out, and listened. There was the steady tread of the policeman on his beat, but no other sound. Every house looked blank and dark and dead.

When three struck, she was standing at her front door, listening with strained senses, while before her loomed like some dread spectre, the vision of a future without Paul. Oh! for some kind soul to speak to her, someone who would suggest cheering possibilities to account for his absence!

She went again, snatched up a lamp, and then, as she passed, she saw a man in a dark coat, who she recognized as the policeman, who had been with her when she was carried to the hospital.

At last! A step coming down the deserted street, which was not the policeman's regular tramp—and yet it did not sound like Paul's brisk tread. Would it pass the house? She pressed her hands to her breast as it drew nearer. No! There was the click of the gate-latch. It was he, for he shut the gate after him. Then came the sound of the key in the door.

Hester stood by the door, her face like white marble, when Paul came in.

"Hester!" he cried out, and then sprang forward for he saw that she swayed, and could scarcely stand. She tried to speak, but vainly, and her head fell forward on his shoulder.

"When she came round, she was lying on the sofa, with her husband bathing her face with cold water. She sat up, and looked at him anxiously."

"Oh! Paul," she said with a sob, "I was beginning to think something terrible had happened to you. What kept you so late?"

"Kept me? I have been walking; that is all. Why did you sit up?"

Hester's eyes were still intent on his features.

"Something is the matter. Are you well, Paul?"

He shook his head. He was still on one knee beside her, and she laid her hand, that trembled, on his shoulder.

"I am your wife, dear," she said, with a strange timidity. "If you have any trouble, I ought to know it."

"Never mind me," he returned. "Were you really so anxious, Hester? I am glad."

"Tell me," she entreated, more earnestly, without heeding his interruption, "what does it mean, Paul? Why did you go and walk about all these hours, until you are quite worn out?"

"I was worried," he said, abruptly, and tried to rise, but his wife held him by his arm.

"I must know," she persisted, an excited flush tinged her cheek. "Are you unhappy?"

A light gleamed into Paul's mind. Was it possible that he had been again mistaken? He looked eagerly into his wife's face which was so pale and so sad.

"Have we been at cross-purposes all this time? Hester, I have been driven half-mad to-night by an idea that I am ashamed to confess. I love you, my darling; and you—"

"You never let me guess it," Hester said, as his arms stole round her; "or I should have owned long ago that I loved you before we were married."

Fertility from Swine.

Economy and neatness may be combined in cleaning the hogpen by loading the manure on the wagon or sleigh and drawing directly to the field. Hog manure is unfitted in two ways for the garden—it contains too many food seeds, and is injurious to ground intended for cabbage, as it produces a rot in that vegetable. Applied to the fields, its effects may be seen many years longer than that of common manure. If drawn directly from the pen, its fertilizing value would doubtless be much greater, thrown out in a pile it is leached by rains and melting snow, and scratched and scattered by fowls searching for cherished seeds and insects. Not much income is usually expected from this source, and with good reason, for, aside from the waste above referred to, proper procedure is not usually taken to prevent loss by way of the floor. Some pens are made self-cleaning, having slanting floor and a space just above at the sides, so that by the rooting and moving about of the hogs most of the manure is worked outside.

A little labor may thus be saved but nearly all the manure is lost. Better prevent waste at either side or through floor, by using absorbents (straw, leaves or muck) sufficient to take up the liquids, and bring the whole into good condition for handling. A two-horse load may be collected at a time, and its value to fruit-trees, vines or cereal crops may be better estimated after a trial.

The character of food used, especially at the time of fattening, is such that the waste product of the hogpen is nearly or quite equal in richness to that of the poultry-house, and may be made much greater in quantity.

The Feather Boa.

To keep the maidens warm And ward off the raging storm, See the chickens, chickens, chickens Striped of ten their small pin feathers. How the chickens, chickens, chickens Can they live through all the weathers When it thickens, thickens, thickens And the breezes 'gin to blow And the ground is white with snow? But these many little mickles Of galloway's growth, Both the woman, nothing loath, Hang about her though it tickles. With in undulations quivering round her jaw, jaw, jaw, With tufts and tallets worming in her maw, maw, maw, She goes fleetly on her way, Acknowledging the sway And the universal regnum of the boa, boa, boa.

Of the tickling, prickling fad, the feather boa.

The Stenographer Bright.

(The following verses may be read either with or without the lines of nonpareil print.)

The stenographer bright Will with great precedence dig Nifty his high calling each day; And will sit down at night Neath his own vine and fig, Use his wealth in a contented way.

Though he works for all men, He but works for the one Dearly fees his labor will bring; And the work of his pen And his brain's but the fun Damental part of the thing.

AVENGED BY HIS GHOST.

The Story of a Remarkable Murder in Tennessee.

The River Gave up the Dead and Added to the Testimony of the Spectre—Tried and Acquitted, the Murderer Forty Years Afterward Confessed on His Deathbed.

In 1851 William Gamble and Lebanon Mercer lived near the Tennessee River, the one below and the other above the old town of Reynoldsburg, the county seat at that time of Humphreys county. Gamble was indebted to Mercer in the sum of \$147 by note, and was unable to pay the same upon maturity. He gave Mercer a note for about \$200 for only two months, having removed in the neighborhood, as collateral, with the understanding that it would be paid upon presentation, and when paid Mercer was to return to Gamble the difference. White-man could not pay on demand, and Mercer reported the fact to Gamble, who demanded the return of the note, as it was largely in excess of the amount due. Mercer declined to give up this security, whereupon they agreed to meet the next day at White-man's and arrange it, Gamble being under the impression that he could get White-man to pay at least a portion. White-man, like Mercer, lived on the river, and the latter went to the place agreed upon in a "row."

Gamble lived a mile or two from the river, and went on horseback. They failed to find the matter, Mercer refused to give up the note, and they separated in anger.

The next day Mercer's skiff was found adrift in the river, and the conclusion was reached that he had been drowned. As he was a wealthy man for that section, and was known to have had several hundred dollars on his person, a liberal reward was offered for the recovery of his body. The river was dragged and cannon poured and fired up and down the stream for miles, but without avail.

Three years elapsed. The widow of the drowned man had remarried, his estate had been wound up, and the matter forgotten.

One evening a young man named Hindman, who had been living in the State and vicinity for only two months, having removed from northern Ohio, was walking through the meadow towards home, after the day's work was done. He was suddenly joined by a stranger, who appeared so abruptly, coming, as Hindman expressed it, "out of the ground," that he was greatly alarmed.

"You do not know me?" said the stranger.

"No," said Hindman, "but I suppose you are one of my neighbors."

"No, I cannot say that I am, or ever have been, your neighbor. Look at me well. Look at my clothes, the texture and fit. See this slit in my boot leg?"

Hindman was now thoroughly alarmed, and mechanically more than critically made the examination as he was made. When it was completed they resumed their walk, and the stranger said:

"My name is, or was, Lebanon Mercer. Three years ago I was murdered by William Gamble, and my body buried in a slough near the river. He killed me because I would not give him up the note on White-man, and mechanically more than critically made the examination as he was made. When it was completed they resumed their walk, and the stranger said:

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that he staid over night with Gamble a few months after Mercer's disappearance, and it was the subject of conversation. Gamble expressed the belief that Mercer had not been drowned, but had fled the country on account of some shady transaction in which he had been engaged. That there was a good deal of company at Gamble's house that night, and Gamble occupied a room with him; that during the night he was awakened by a scuffle in Gamble's bed. The latter was on his knees in the middle of the bed and appeared to be desperately struggling with an imaginary person. He heard him say: "By God, Mercer, I am going to have it!" Giving a sudden lurch he came near falling out of bed and awakened. The next morning, when they went out to the stable to see about the stock, Gamble walked into the stall where the peddler was, and, with a huge bowie knife in his hand, made the witness on his knees swear that he had heard. He had never spoken of it on that account until recently, and then to Hindman.

A man living on the premises testified that Gamble came home the night of Mercer's disappearance long after everybody had retired, and that his clothes were very muddy with a peculiar colored clay, and that he accounted for his absence by stating that he was with his brother-in-law and got the mud on him in pushing his wagon up a certain hill. The brother-in-law could not remember anything of the kind. The neighbors testified that this mud or dirt on the clothing of the corpse found was similar to that found on Gamble's clothing, and was peculiar to a morass or low place at the mouth of a certain stream where the steamboat had grounded, and did not exist elsewhere on the river except near Clinton, five miles above. Other witnesses testified that he had gone to this morass after the waters receded, and had discovered an indentation in the mud six feet long, nearly 2 feet wide, and 12 inches deep; that had been partly filled with drift and loose mud; that at one end they had found nearly a handful of short black hair and at other points what appeared to be woolen and cotton lint.

The prisoner offered his character in defense and rested. The magistrate committed him to prison without bail.

At the ensuing term of the Circuit Court, the Grand Jury having brought in a true bill, the prisoner, to the surprise of every one, announced himself ready and the trial proceeded. The State introduced the same witnesses used in the magistrate's court and rested. The defense offered as witnesses learned scholars who ridiculed the ghost theory and proved a complete alibi by accounting for Gamble's whereabouts every moment from the time he left Mercer until the following morning. The jury brought in a verdict of "Not guilty."

In nearly forty years after the murder of William Gamble, an old man, died on Trace Creek, in Humphreys county and on his deathbed confessed that he had murdered Mercer at the time and place named by the spirit; that he had buried the body in the morass, after killing him with a hammer taken from a wagon as he went round to head him off; that the witnesses who proved him to be guilty were, one of whom he had subsequently killed to prevent him from annoyance.

A Bishop's Motto for 1892.

The Bishop of Ripon's motto for 1892 is prefaced by the words, "To-day if ye will hear His voice," Psalm xcv. 7; and, "Son, go work to-day in My vineyard," St. Matt. xxi. 28.

Three days, I ween, make up our life, When shadow and sunlight play; And to-day is past, and to-morrow, And the day that is called to-day.

And the day that is past is dear, most dear, For sorrow and memory meet; But we scarcely grasp the hand of to-day, For we fly to-morrow to greet.

And to-morrow is robed with robes as fair As hope from the future can borrow; To-day, to-morrow, our vain hopes sing, Till we live our life in the morrow.

Three days, I ween, make up our life, But two are not ours at all, For, yesterday, laden with good or ill, Has passed beyond recall.

And to-morrow sits shrouded near God's, And her veil none can tear away, But to-day is the golden day for men, For God's work may be done to-day.

Lord! teach us to-day to hear Thy voice, And to see Thee in every duty; The things that things we have to do Will be bright with heavenly beauty.

And if to-day we go thy will, Tho' we sow ourselves in sorrow, We shall ree the harvest of likeness to Thee When we see Thy face to-morrow.

Useful Things to Know.

There is a time for everything in this world, and so it is that the best time to get fitted to shoes is in the latter part of the day. The feet are then at their maximum of size. Activity naturally enlarges them. Much standing tends also, to enlarge the feet. New shoes should always be tried on over moderately thick stockings. Then you give a margin of room by putting on thinner stockings if the shoes feel all ease.

Oil of wintergreen and olive oil mixed in equal parts and applied externally will give almost instant relief from rheumatic pain. On account of its pleasant odor this liniment is very agreeable to use.

Oilcloth should never be scrubbed, but washed with a soft woolen cloth and lukewarm water in which a little milk has been dissolved. Soap and hot water destroy the pattern and color.

Woolen waists may be washed in cold water without ripping, and chudans may become rivals to those done by the French dry cleaner. Old woollens which have suffered much from different baths of varied temperature may be always partially, often wholly, restored in this way, though such need a little more patience and sometimes more than one washing.

The Latest Fad.

Bed pockets are new, too. They are made of handsome silk or ribbon, and hang by ribbons from the head of the bedstead as they reach the sleeper. There is a place for the handkerchief, place for the watch, one for the jewels,