debris at the bottom of the hill among the rocks and stumps. It was not yet daylight, and darkness added to the horrors of our condition. The car was smashed to

Every person on board was more o. 1 sourt, but only two died as a result of the

njuries. Clothes for Princess Beatrice's Baby For the exclusive benefit of lady readers publish the following details of the lavet: op, much the same as the one used monogram and crown finely wrought.

There is not a space where a pin's point could be inserted that is not covered with embroidery. The lace veils are all of Honiton lace, of large size. The dresses made low, ton lace, of large size. The dresses made low, with long skirts, are of the finest muslin, with row upon row, reaching almost to the waist, of lace and work insertion, edged with Valenciennes, with robings down the front, just the same in form as the christen.

A Good Story Revamped.

thetic wife, after tacking across a wet deck,
"Mary, thank God, they

Wanted Them at the Old Price.

his checkered career.
"What's marriage license worth, Billy?"
e asked of Clerk Hill.

o raise the price on me in my old age. If a man would take six marriage icenses at one time he could get them at educed rates, but when he takes them at ong intervals, like you do, it only amounts to a retail business, and I have to charge

roduced \$1.50, and was served with a cense with a red seal and blue ribbon.

minimite variety of Oliver Wendell Holmes' manner of handling the language of compliment. A Boston lady who sent him a bouquet of roses on Christmas received in return the following note: "Many thanks, lear Mrs. P.—, for the beautiful roses; and f the gardens were as full of flowers as your heart is of kind feelings they would eave no room for sidewalks."

H. R. H. the Comte de Paris has taken

man? Of course he looked after himself. You could not expect him to consider

curled over his head like that on a Grecian statue, the curved lips, the quick intelligence and kindly smile that lit the whole face, all these things helped to make his appearance not so much handsome as charming, and to women captivating to a dangerous extent. His dress, too, which consisted of riding-breeches, boots and spurs, a white waistcoat and linen coat, with a very broad, soft felt hat looped up at one side, so as to throw the face into alternate light and shadow, helped the general effect considerably. Altogether Ernest was a pretty fellow in those days. Jeremy was lounging on an easy-chair in

Ernest was a pretty fellow in those days.

Jeremy was lounging on an easy-chair in the veranda, in company with the boy Roger Alston, and intensely interested in watching a furious battle between two lines of ants, black and red, who had their homes somewhere in the stonework. For a long while the issue of the battle remained doubtful, victory inclining, if anything, to the side of the thin red line, when suddenly from the outgrape to the vert of the black.

the side of the thin red line, when suddenly from the entrance to the mest of the black ants there emerged a battalion of giants, great fellows, at least six times the size of the others, who fell upon the red ants and routed them, taking many prisoners. Then followed the most curious spectacle, namely, the deliberate execution of the captive red ants, by having their heads bitten off by the great black soldiers. Jeremy and Roger knew what was coming very well, for these battles were of frequent occurrence, and the casualties among the red ants simply frightful. On this occasion they determined to save the prisoners,

red ants simply frightful. On this occasion they determined to save the prisoners, which was effected by dipping a match in some of the nicotine at the bottom of a pipe, and placing it in front of the black giants. The ferocious insects would thereupon abandon their captives, and rushing at the strange intruder, hang on like bull-dogs till the poison did its work, and they dropped off senseless, to recover presently and stagger off home, holding their legs to their antenns and exhibiting every other

their antennæ and exhibiting every other symptom of frightful headache.

Jeremy was sitting on a chair oiling the

Jeremy was sitting on a chair oiling the matches, and Roger, kneeling on the pavement, was employed in beguiling the giants into biting them, when suddenly they heard the sound of galloping horses and the rattle of wheels. The lad, lowering his head still more, looked out toward the market-square through a gap between the willow-stems. "Hurrah, Mr. Jones!" he said, "here comes the mail"

comes the mail."

Next minute, amid loud blasts from a bugle, and enveloped in a cloud of dust, the heavy cart, to the sides and seats of which

heavy carr, to the sides and seats of which the begrimed, worn-out passengers were clinging like drowning men to straws, came rattling along as fast as the six grays reserved for the last stage could gallop, and

vanished toward the post office.

"There's the mail, Ernest," hallooed
Jeremy; "she will bring—the English
letters."

Ernest nodded, turned a little pale, and

nervously knocked out his pipe. No wonder; that mail-cart carried his destiny and he knew it. Presently he walked across the square to the post-office. The letters were not sorted, and he was the first person there. Very soon one of His Excellency's

there. Very soon one of His Excellency's staff came riding down to get the Govern-ment-house bag. It was the same gentle-man with whom he had sung "Auld Lang

Syne" so enthusiastically on the day of Jeremy's encounter with the giant, and had afterward been wheeled home in a wheel-

"Hullo, Kershaw, here we are, 'prim

"Hullo, Kersnaw, nere we are, primos inter omnes," 'primos primi primores,' which is it? Come, Kershaw, you are the last from school—which is it? I don't believe you know, ha! ha! ha! What are you doing down here so soon? Does the 'expectant swain await the postman's knock?' Why, my dear fellow, you look allow you must be in love, or thirsty. So

pale; you must be in love, or thirsty. So am I—the latter, not the former. Love, I do abjure thee. 'Quis separabit,' who will have a split? I think that the sun can't

be far from the line. Shall we, my dear Kershaw, shall we take an observation?

' No, thank you, I never drink anything

"Ah, my boy, a bad habit; give it up

Kershaw, and always wet your whistle in the strictest moderation, or you will die young. What says the poet?

He who drinks strong beer and goes to bed mellow Lives as he ought to live, lives as he ought to live Lives as he ought to live, and dies a jolly good fellow.

Just then some others came up, and somewhat to Ernest's relief, his friend turned the light of his kindly countenance to shine elsewhere and left him to his

Byron, I think, is it not? ha! ha! ha!"

passed through his brain.

ticularly wooden-looking pony, from the sides of which his legs projected widely, and waving in one hand the Colonial Office bag addressed to the Administrator of the

"My dear fellow, I am so sorry, and I

have been troubling you with my nonsense. Forgive me. There, you wish to be alone.

A few seconds later Mr. Alston and

Jeremy, from their point of vantage on the granda, saw Ernest coming with swift strides up the garden path. His face was

drawn with pain, and there was a fleck-of

blood upon his lip. He passed them without a word, and, entering the house, slammed the door of his own room. Mr.

Ha! ha! ha!

sure of that. Eva looked sad now that he was gone. There had been some talk awhile back of Mr. Plowden, the new clergyman; but she supposed that Eva had given him his quietus, as she heard no more of it now; and so on, till the "postman is at the door waiting for this letter."

Little did Ernest guess what it cost portorothy to write her congratulations and wishes of happiness. A man—the nobler animal, remember—could hardly have done it; only the inferior woman would show such unselfishness.

This letter filled Ernest with a sure and certain hope. Eva, he clearly saw, had not had time to write by that mail; by the next her answer would come. It can be next her answer would come with the next her answer would come with the next her answer would come. It can be next her answer would come with the next her answer wo

tween meals.

mes the mail.'

easily.

glance.
"What is the matter, my boy?" he said

"What is the matter, my boy?" he said kindly at last; "nothing wrong, I hope?" Ernest looked at him blankly. "What is it, old chap?" said Jeremy, seating himself on the bed beside him, and laying his hand on his arm

asying his hand on his arm.

Then Ernest broke out into a paroxyism of grief painful to behold, Fortunately for all concerned, it was brief. Had it lasted

much longer, something must have given way. Suddenly his mood changed and he

way. Suddenly his mood changed and he grew hard and bitter.

"Nothing, my dear fellows, nothing," he said; "that is, only the sequel to a pretty little idyl. You may remember a letter I wrote—to a woman—some months back. There, you both of you know the story. Now you shall hear the answer or to be more correct the answer or to be

more correct the answers.

"That—woman has a sister. Both the and her sister have written to me. My—her sister's letter is the ongest. We will take it first. I think that

orgest. We will take it risk. I timik that we may skip the first page, there is nothing particular in it, and I do not wish to—waste your time. Now listen:

"By-the-way, I have a piece of news

for you which will interest you, and which you will I am sure be glad to hear; for, of course, you will have by this time got over any little tendresse you may have had in that direction. Eya' (that is the woman to

whom I wrote, and to whom I thought I was engaged) 'is going to be married to a Mr. Plowden, a gentleman who has been acting as locum tenens for Mr. Halford.'"

Here Jeremy sprang up and used strong language. Ernest motioned him down and wendon: "'I say I am certain that you will be glad to hear this, because the match

is in every respect a satisfactory one, and will, I am sure, bring dear Eva happiness. Mr. Plowden is well off and, of course, a clergyman, two great guarantees for the

uccess of their matrimonial venture. Eva

tells me that she had a letter from you last mail' (the letter I read you, gentlemen), and asks me to thank you for it. If she can find time she will send you a line shortly; but, as you will understand, she has her hands very full just at present. The wedding is to take place at Kesterwick Church on the 17th of May' (that is tomorrow, gentlemen), and, if this letter reaches you in time Lam sure that you

reaches you in time, I am sure that you will think of us all on that day. It will be very quiet, owing to our dear aunt's death being still so comparatively recent. Indeed, the engagement has, in obedience to Mr. Plowden's wishes, for he is very retiring, here kent quite secret, and you are also

been kept quite secret, and you are abso-utely the first person to whom it has been announced. I hope that you will feel duly dattered, sir. We are very busy about the

rousseau, and just now the burning

destion is, of what color the dress in which Eva is to go away in after the wedding shall be. Eva and I are all for gray. Mr.

shall be. Eva and I are all for gray. Mr. Plowden is for olive-green, and, as is natural under the circumstances, I expect that he will carry the day. They are together in the drawing-room settling it now. You always admired Eva (rather name of the contraction of the contraction

momentous question. Good-by. I am no clever at writing, but I hope that my new

make up for my want of skill. "Now for the inclosure," said Ernest

What

LOCKSLEY HALL IL- LIXTY MINUTES AFTER

Now that well-nigh eighty winters whiten both our heads with snow; Let me turn, a few brief moments, to those scenes of long ago.

When about the beach we wandered we were happy, you and I;
And you loved me, or you said so—that at least
I'll not deny.

'Twas the spring time, when the iris changes on the burnish'd dove, And a young man's lively fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love.

But it is not always spring time; youthful fancies soon are past;
And an April love, though ardent, may not stand a wintry blast.

You were quick to think me fickle, though I knew your fears were wild;
For you thought yourself a man, and me a shallow-hearted child.

I was but a lesser You; and the you kindly did

As to you like moon to sunlight, for as water unto wine.

Wiser than your fancy fathomed, wiser than

your song hath sung—
I, a child, had even then a prudent dread of your sharp tongue.

Though subdued the chord of self when love took up the harp of life,
Yet I felt you loved yourself much better than you could your wife.

So said I, for both our sakes, 'twere better far

that I retired; Although a future baron, yet you were not one

And you—you quickly eased your grief and took another to your breast. As in spring the wanton lapwing gets himself another crest.

And we went our separate ways held our sepa

ate careers—
Toiled and struggled, failed or triumphed through the slowly lengthening years.

I, in simple cares and duties, led my quiet lif

All my griefs and my few triumphs folded close within my heart.

You have won a world's applause, have seen its

The grand old gardener and his wife, from yon blue heavens above us bent, Must smile to hear your sage conclusion: "There is something in descent."

Honors come, but wisdom lingers, and you hear

a burdened breast,
Full of sad experience, moving toward the stillness of your rest.

Now I see you old and formal, fitted to you

'They were dangerous guides, the feelings."
Youth is vain and age is wise—
Ah! that Love's pulse slacks at fourscore is
matter for surprise!

And the world, for whose advancement rang your bugle "Forward," then, "Chaos, cosmos! Cosmos, chaos!" seems unto your later ken.

Ah, that he who ever foremost cheered the people's standards on Now would "hush this cry of forward till ten thousand years have gone."

Ah, that e'er the trumpet's voice that loude cheered the brave assault, cheered the brave assault,
'Gainst the hordes of wrong and error, now should sound a piping "Halt!"

I am but a simple woman ; yet I feel a thrill of

Weakness that is born of weakness; phantas

that are but real
To an old man's failing faith that withers from
his youth's ideal.

Not in vain the distance beacons. Forward le the great world range, Sweeping on, and ever upward, through the ring ing grooves of change.

Set the flag of Human Rights unfurled above Wrong's dread abysm; t the common sense of most to averta social cataclysm.

Robber lords and despots tremble; they who have

If there comes a hungry people, like a lion creep

ing nigher,
Tyrants nod and wink no longer. Larum! Let
them mend their fire.

But howsoever these things be, you scarcely no

will care to know; Enough we've had of Locksley Hall—now, Alfred,

We Owe No Man a Dollar.

Oh, do not envy, my own dear wife.
The wealth of our next door neighbor,
But bid me still be stout of heart,
And cheerfully follow my labor.
You must know, the last of those little debts
That have been our lingering sorrow
Is paid this night! So we'll both go forth
And shake hands with the world to-morrow
Oh, the debtor is but a shame faced dog,
With the creditor's name on his collar;
While I am a king and you a queen,
For we owe no man a dollar!

Our neighbor you saw in his coach to-day.
With his wife and his flaunting daughter

With his wife and his flaunting daughter, While we sat down, at our coverless board, To a crust and a cup of water. I saw that the tear drop stood in your eye, Though you tried your best to conceal it; I knew that the contrast reached your heart, And I could not help but feel it; But knowing now, that our scanty fare Has freed my neck from the collar, You'll join in my laugh, and help me sho That we owe no man a dollar!

This neighbor, whose show has dazzled

In fact, is a wretched debtor:

I pity him oft, from my very heart,
And I wish that his lot were better.
Why, the man is the veriest slave alive,
For his dashing wife and daughter.
Will live in style, though ruin should com.
So he goes like a lamb to the slaughter.
But he feels it the tighter every day.

That terrible debtor's collar;
Oh, what would he give could he say w
That he owed no man a dollar!

You seem amazed, but I'll tell you more, Within two hours I met him. Sneaking along with a frightened air, As if a flend had beset him. As if a flend had beset him. Yet he fled from a very worthy man. Whom I met with the grandest pleasure; Whom I called by name and forced to stop. Though he said he was not at leisure. He held my last note, so I held him fast, Till he freed my neck from the collar. Then I shook his hand as I proudly said: "Now," I owe no man a dollar:"

Ah! now you smile, for you feel the force
Of the truths I've been repeating;
I knew that a downright honest heart
If that gentle breast was beating!
To-morrow I'll rise with a giant's strength
To follow my daily labor;
But ere we sleep let us humbly pray
For our wretched next door neighbor;
And we pray for the time when all shall b
free

From the weight of the debtor's collar; When the poorest will lift his voice and co "Now, I owe no man a dollar!"

"But, father," she-protested as the old

man ceased speaking, "you do not seem to understand the case."

"Oh, but I do. Yor shall never marry Wilham, even if he is my confidential

"That is all, Heien—say, no more. Four days later she wrote him from Toronto, saying: "Will and I arrived here safely, and were married at once. We have \$60,000 of your money. Is all forgiven,

or shall we settle down here?"

He telegraphed his forgiveness.—N. I

Abigail C. Garrett, who has just been granted a divorce from her husband in Cincinnati, is but 21 years old now, yet she

has four children, and has been married

seven years. Her husband was 35 when he induced the child to marry him.

That is all. Helen-say no more

Father, vou-

eyes, In fact, is a wretched debtor;

the people yoked
Well may dread the storm they've tempted, fear
the wrath they have invoked.

As I catch those tremulous echoes of that old

with your little hoard of maxims preaching down a grandson's heart.

trophics at your feet; laurel and the lordling's crown upon your ample forehead meet.

(From the Minneapolis Tribune.)

me rest a little from your well-worn
"sandy tracks,"
e rest; and for your delica. summon up
some soberfacts.

THE CHOICE OF

A NOVEL

And so Ernest posted his letters, and

then, partly to employ his thoughts, and partly because it was his nature to throw himself into whatever stream of life was

lowing past him, he set himself to master

the state of political affairs in the country in which he found himself.

This need not be entered into here, further than to say that it was such as

might with advantage have employed wiser heads than his, and indeed did employ them. Suffice it to say that he contrived to make himself of considerable use to the English party, both before and after the

mexation of the Transvaal to the ominions of the Crown.

Together with the proclamation by which

annexed to Her

the Transvaal was annexed to Her Majesty's dominions was issued another that was to have a considerable bearing upon our hero's fortunes. This was none other than a promise of Her Majesty's gracious pardon to all such as had been resident in the Transvaal for a period of six months previous to the date of annexation, being former British subjects and offenders against the English criminal law, who would register their name and offence

who would register their name and offence within a given time. The object of this proclamation was to give immunity from prosecution to many individuals formerly deserters from the English army, and other

people who had in some way transgressed the laws, but were now occupying respectable positions in their adopted country.

Mr. Alston read this proclamation attentively when it came out in a special number of the Gazette. Then, after thinking for a while, he handed it to Ernest.

on?" he said.
"Yes," answered Ernest; "what of it?"

What of it? Ah, the stupidity of youth! Can't you very well see that it takes your neck out of the halter? Off with you and register your name and offence with the Secretary to Government, and you will be

clear forever from any consequences that might ensue from the slight indiscretion of

t?"

Mean it? Of course I do. The pro-

clamation does not specify any particular offence to which pardon is denied and you have lived more than six months on Trans-

CHAPTER XXVII.

FOUND WANTING.

Ernest reached the Government office

Exhest reached the Government omce and registered his name, and in due course received "Her Majesty's gracious pardon."

When this precious document was in his pocket, Ernest thought that he now for the first time realized what the feelings of a slave

inexpectedly manumited must be. Had it not been for this fortunate accident, the

consequences of that fatal duel must have continually overshadowed him. He would, had he returned to England, have been liable at any period of his life to a prose-

thin for murder.

His first idea on getting his pardon was
be return straightway to England; but
nat silent fate which directs men's lives,

driving them whither they would not, and forcing their bare and bleeding feet to stumble along the stony paths of its hidden purpose, came into his mind and made him see that it would be better to delay awhile.

In a few weeks Eva's answer would surely reach him. If he were to go now it would be even possible that he might pass her in mid-ocean, for in his heart he never doubted

out that she would come.

And indeed the very next mail there came

letter from Dorothy, written in answer o that which he had posted on the same lay that he had written to Eva. It was only a short letter; the last post that could

only a short letter; the last post that could catch the mail was just going out, and his welcome letter had only just arrived; but she had twenty minutes, and she would send one line. She told them how grateful they were to hear that he was well and safe, and reproached him gently for not writing. Then she thanked him for making her his confidante about Eva Ceswick, She

writing. Then she thanked him for making her his confidante about Eva Ceswick. She had guessed it long before, she said; and she thought they were both lucky in each other, and hoped and prayed that when the time came they would be as completely happy as it was possible for people to be. She had never spoken to Eva about him; but she should no longer feel any diffidence in doing so now. She would go and so her

in doing so now. She would go and see her very soon and plead his cause; not that it wanted any pleading; however, she was

This letter filled Ernest with a sure and

preakfast on a garden path smoking and directing Mazooku as to the erection of his

directing Mazooku as to the erection of his "parasols" over his favorite melons. "Mazooku, you lazy hound," said the latter at last, "If you don't put that tuft

right in two shakes, I'll break your head with your own kerrie!" "Ow Inkoos," replied the Zulu, sulkily,

gain trying to prop up the tuft, and mut

"Do you catch what that fellow of your

is saying?" asked Mr. Alston. "He issaying that all Englishmen are mad, and that you are the maddest of the mad. He con-

siders that nobody who was not a lunation

would bother his head with those, weeds that stink (flowers), or these fruits which, even if you succeed in growing them—and surely the things are bewitched or they

would grow without 'hats'" (Ernest's parasols)—" must lie very cold on the

stomach."

At that moment the particular "hat" which Mazooku was trying to arrange fell down again, whereupon the Zulu's patience gave out, and cursing it for a witch in the most vigorous language, he emphasized his words by bringing his fits straight down on the malon, smashing it to nices. Where-

he melon, smashing it to pieces. Where

pon Ernest made for him and he vanished

swiftly.

Mr. Alston stood by laughing at the scene, and awaited Ernest's return. Presently he came strolling back, not having caught Mazooku. Indeed, it would not have greatly mattered if he had, for as that swarthy gentleman very well knew, great, indeed, must be the provocation that could induce Ernest to touch a native.

uld induce Ernest to touch a native. It

was a thing to which he had an unconquer-able aversion, in the same way that he objected to the word 'n nigger' as applied to a people who, whatever their faults may

e, are, as a rule, gentlemen in the truest

As he came strolling down the path oward him, his face a little flushed with

ne exertion, Mr. Alston thought to himsel that Ernest was growing into a very hand-some fellow. The tall frame, narrow at the waist and broad at the shoulders, the

eloquent darkeyes, which so far surpass the loveliest gray or blue, the silken hair which

nse of the word.

cution for murder.

ooting your own first cousin."
"By Jove, Alston! you don't

And Ernest went like an arrow.

nnexation

Transvaal was

himself together. Lots of time for consolation afterward."

Meanwhile Ernest, having got into his room, sat down upon the bed, and again read the note which was inclosed in Florence's letter. Then he folded it up and put it down, slowly and methodically. Next he opened the other letter, which he had not yet looked at, and read that too. After he had done it he threw himself face downward on the pillow and thought awhile. Presently he arose, and going to the other side of the room, took down a revolver-case which hung to a nail and drew out the revolver which was loaded. Returning, he again sat down upon the bed and cocked it. So he remained for a minute or two, and then slowly lifted the pistol toward his head. At that moment he heard footsteps approaching, and with a quick movement threw the weapon under the bed. As he did so Mr. Alston and Jeremy entered.

"Any letters, Ernest?" asked the former. "Shall not! shall not! Alston, you use strong language. Who will prevent me?"
"I will prevent you. I am your superior officer, and the corps you belong to is not disbanded. If you try to leave this place you shall be arrested as a deserter. Now don't be a fool, lad; you have killed one man, and got out of the mess. If you kill another, you will not get out of it. Besides, what will the satisfaction be? If you want revenge, be natient. It will come. I have former.
"Letters! Oh, yes, I beg your pardon; here they are," and he took a packet from the pocket of his white coat and handed

he house. On the veranda he paused and

rust, and are quite tough and strong; they are simply sheets of paper of a peculiar quality dipped in melted asphalt and then rolled upon a cylinder. MADAGASCAR, until quite recently a bar

was ursuccessful, the man becoming more violent each moment. He was taken to the Seventeenth precinct station house on a stretcher, but when he got there it took several policemen to hold him down. He was evidently shagerously insane, and was sent to Bellevue hospital, where the surgeons consigned him to a padded cell. Dr. Schulte, pastor of the church, says the young man has been a regular attendant there for several years. He is Cornelius Hendrickson, a clerk out of employment, living with a relative at No. 138 Essex street. His mind has been affected for a number of years, softening of the brain having resulted from an old sick-

stopped.
"Why didn't you turn out?" shouted "Why didn't you?" replied the woman

'll give an inch !' I'll give an inch!"

The man dropped the lines, lighted a cigar and leaned back on his seat. The woman dropped her lines, lighted her pipe and wrapped the old buffalo robe around

ner feet. Thus they sat for eight m when the man grew impatient and called "What's the price of hogs out you

Oh, you've got all the pork you want your sleigh," she replied. I'm glad I'm a widower!"

"And I'm glad I'm a widder!"
"Eh? 'Are you a widow?"
"Sartin, and I own 225 acres of the est land in Greenfield. So you are a

Yes'm. Madam, pray excuse me. I'll erfully turn out."
Oh, don't mention it. I'm perfectly ling to haul into the snowbank

Ah! madam, allow me to hope that will overlook my—"
Oh, certainly. Fine weather ut "Oh, certainly. Fine weather ut attended. Good-bye."
"Good-bye madam. Wish you a safe ourney."—Detroit Free Press.

Precocious Wisdom. From the earliest age the children of th poor are initiated into the mysteries of sawning, and they look upon it as a ecognized feature of every day life, says a London News correspondent. In an infant school in South London the other day the teacher was explaining to the children the parable of the prodigal son.

Said the teacher—And now all the prodigations of the children the parable of the prodigation.

gal son's clothes are gone and he has no ood. What must he do To which a little girl, 3½ years old, imme iately responded: "Why, pawn his little diately responded: 'gal's boots and fings.'

For a Returning Sinner. Husband-My dear, that is a long mott wife—Yes, John.

He reads on it : 'While the lamp holds out to burn
The vilest sinner may return.
"Is it to be hung in the vestibule of th

in the hall."—Harper's Bazar. While Patti was in Kansas City sh

War, though his popularity is more civil than military, is a cause of uneasiness to Germany. He has taken no step to alarm ly one so far. But as he says nothing hile devoting all his energies to the reor-anization of the armies of France, his very ilence is suspicious and makes his enemies

'I shall shoot him," was the cool reply

Shall not! shall not! Alston, you us

another, you will not get out of it. Besides, what will the satisfaction be? If you want revenge, be patient. It will come. I have seen something of life; at least I am old enough to be your father, and I know you think me a cynic because I laugh at your 'high-faluting' about women. How justly, I warned you, you see now. But, cynic ono, I believe in the God above us, and I believe too, that there is a rough institution. ieve, too, that there is a rough justice i

rho can wait."

Ernest's eyes glittered coldly as he nswered:
"I cannot wait. I am a ruined man

ot go !"

thought for a moment.

"The boy means business," he thought to himself. "He will try and bolt. How can I stop him? Ah, I have it," and he

set off briskly toward Government House, saying aloud as he went, "I love that lad too well to let him destroy himself over a (To be continued)

Kissing in Church.

affected for a number of years, softening of the brain having resulted from an old sickness. He was hitherto mild and harmless in his demeanor. He was from home all Christmas Day and attended the Christmas night service at the church. Nothing out of the way was then observable in his conduct. New York Star.

After They Found Out. A Detroiter who was driving out on the

forse and "pung" entered the other end of the cut. As they both held to the road

"I've got seven miles to drive, but I'll stay here all winter before I'll turn out!" "And I've got five dozen eggs here, and I'll let them freeze as hard as rocks before

noon, and I will introduce you to two charming specimens of indigenous beauty. Like roses they bloom upon the veldt and waste their sweetness on the desert air. Mater pulchra, puella pulcherrima, as Virgil says. I, as befits my years, will attach myself to the matter, for your sweet youth shall be reserved the puella. Ha! ha! ha!" and he brought the dispatch-bag down with a sounding whack between the ears of the wooden pony, with the result that he was nearly sent flying into the sluit, being landed by a sudden plunge well on to the animal's crupper.

beautiful native wood. He reached it down. "Look," he said, "that is the lady here. "Look," he said, "that is the lady here. Is dok on? Who would have thought that she was uch a devil? Tells me to forget her, and talks about her duty? Women love a little joke!"

He hurled the photograph on to the floor, and tread it as he had treaded the letter, grinding it to pieces with his heel. "They say," he went on, "that a man's curses are sometimes heard wherever it is they arrange these pleasant surprises for the animal's crupper.

his palelips quivering with intense excite ment, and his dark eyes flashing and blaz

rb his honeymoon

curled over his head like that on a Grecian | Alston and Jeremy looked at one another, "What's up?" said the laconic Jeremy.
Mr. Alsten thought awhile before he
asswered, as was his fashion. terests, could you?" "If he had cut me out fairly, I should not have a word to say. Every man for himself in this pleasant world. But, mark my words, this parson and Florence have forced her into this unholy business, and I will have his life in payment. If you don't believe me, ask Jeremy. He saw something of the game before he left."
"Look here. Kerphey", the way look "Something gone wrong with 'the ideal,' should say," he said at length; "that is he way of ideals."
"Shall we go and see?" said Jeremy measny.

"No, give him a minute or two to pull imself together. Lots of time for consolation afterward."

"Look here, Kershaw, the man's a arson. He will take shelter behind his loth, he won't fight. What shall you do

"Ernest, you are mad; it won't do, you shall not go, and that is all about it. You shall not ruin yourself over this woman who is not fit to black an honest man's

hem to him.

Mr. Alston took them, looking all the while fixedly at Ernest, who avoided his

this world. It is in the world principally that people explate the sins of the world, and if this marriage is such a wicked thing, as you think, it will bring its own trouble with it, without any help from you. Time will avenge you. Everything comes to him who can wait."

lready, all my life is laid waste. I wish o die, but I wish to kill him before I die.
"So sure as my name is Alston you shall

not go!"
"Sosureas my name is Kershaw I will go!"
For a moment the two men faced one
another; it would have been hard to say
which looked the most determined. Then
Mr. Alston turned and left the room and

Kissing in Church.

Worshippers at the German Baptist
Church on Fourteenth street, between First
and Second avenues, were treated to a sensation yesterday morning. In the middle
of the service a tall, slender, sallow-faced
man of about 30 years rose in a pew in the
centre aisle, clasped a young lady who sat
next him by the waist, drew her face to his,
and frantically empraced by. and frantically embraced her. They were the only occupants of that pew. Other members of the congregation looked on amazed and inactive. The young lady screamed, but the man, not relaxing his

grasp in the least, sent forth a succession of earsplitting shouts. The pastor, Rev. G. A. Schulte, who had suspended his sermon at the first outery, left the pulpit and came down the aisle. When he tried

to take the young man out of the pew he found he had a big contract on his hands. Others came to his assistance, and the lady was released. She immediately fainted from excitement and terror. The pastor walked the young man up and down the aisle, exhorting him in sooth-ing tones to calm himself. This treatment was ursuccessful, the man becoming more

to snine elsewhere and left him to his thoughts.

At last the little shutter of the post-office was thrown up, and Ernest got his own letters, together with those of Mr. Alston and Jeremy. He turned into the shade of makes her look leads to the shade of makes her look leads to the shade of makes her look leads to the shade of th olden road the other day came to a spot here the snow was badly drifted on each de of the track just as a woman driving a

DEAR ERNEST: I got your lorence will tell you what there I am going to be married. Think what you will of me; I cannot help my mayself. Believe me, this has cost me great suffering but my duty seems clear. I hope that you will forget me, Ernest, as henceforth i will be my duty to forget you. Good by

my dear Ernest, oh, good-bye "Humph!" murmured Mr. Alstoneneath his breath, "as I thought, clay, and tremely bad clay, too!"
Slowly Ernest tore the letter into smal fragments, threw them down, and stampe upon them with his foot as though the

certain hope. Eva, he clearly saw, and certain hope. Eva, he clearly saw, and had time to write by that mail; by the next her answer would come. It can be simagined that he waited for its advent with some anxiety.

Mr. Alston, Ernest and Jeremy had taken a house in Pretoria, and for the past month or two had been living in it very comfortably.

One morning—it was a particularly way across he was overtaken by his friend on the staff cantering gayly along on a particularly wooden-looking pony, from the that parson!" groaned Jeremy, who was it his way as much affected by the news a

Government.

"Hullo, my abstemious friefid," hallood, as he pulled up the wooden pony with a jerk that sent each of its stiff legs sprawling in a different direction. "Was patience rewarded? Is Chloe over the water kind? If not, take my advice, and don't trouble your head about her. Quand on a pas ce qu'on aime, the wise man aimes ce qu'il a, Kershaw. I have the first friend.

"Curse you!" said Ernest, turning on him fiercelly, "why didn't you stop where you were and look after her, instead of coming humbugging after me?

Jeremy only groaned by way of answer. Mr. Alston, as was his way when perplexed, filled his pipe and lit it. Ernest paced swiftly up and down the little room, the price walls of which he head.

on a pase e qu'on aime, the wise man aimes ce qu'il a, Kershaw. I have conceived a great affection for you, and I will let you into a secret. Come with me this afternoon, and I will introduce you to two charming specimens of indigenous beauty. Like roses they bloom upon the veldt and waste their sweetness on the desert air. Mater pulchra, puella pulcherrima as Mater pulchra, puella pulcherrima as

being landed by a sudden plunge well on to the animal's crupper.

"Woho! Bucephalus, whoho! or your mealies shall be cut off." Just then he for the first time caught sight of the face of his companion, who was plodding along in silence by his side.

"Hullo! what's up, Kershaw?" he said, in an altered tone: "you don't look well. Nothing wrong, I hope?"

"Nothing, nothing," answered Ernest, quietly; "that is, I have got some bad news, that is all. Nothing to speak of, nothing."

ing like stars.
"You are right," he said, dropping his fist on the table. "It is with the man that I have to deal.' "What man?"
"This Plowden. I feel that I shall dis-

What do you mean ? "I mean that I am going to kill him or is going to kill me, it does not matter Why, what quarrel have you with the a soap factory.

hurch, my dear?"
"No, John; I'll hang it on the chandelie

visited the "points of interest." These consisted, commented the organ of a rival sity, of three rendering establishments and

country are making the mistake of calling the recent Chanceller of the English Exchequer Lord Churchill. There is a Lord Churchill in the English peerage, but Lord Randolph Churchill is an entirely different person. Lord Churchill is only 22 and has never held a higher office than page of hopes to the Oneer. page of honor to the Queen.

Take a back seat, all you Hamilton to boggan slides, please. Tuxedo has just put into operation the longest slide in America. The much-vaunted Montreal slide is 1,600 teet long, the one at Saratoga 1,600 feet, while the Tuxedo slide is over 4,000 feet from top to bottom, and the tobogganers go down the mile in half a minute. One man

CURRENT TOPICS.

GEN. BOULANGER, French Minister of

EDITORIAL Writers in various parts of the

leasy.

nas broken his leg on it, too. THE difficulty of sighting rifles in the ark in warfare has been ingeniously overcome by the use of luminous paint. A small luminous bead is clipped on to the rifle over the fore sight and another over the rear sight when used at night in reply o an enemy's fire, forming two luminous ights. The English War Office authorities have had some of these sights under trial for the past six months, and have now given their first order for some.

Nor many years ago the seeds of the cotton boll were thrown away. Now olive oil is made of it that the chemists cannot tell from the best Italian product, save by the freezing test. Oil cake is made from the refuse, and the husk is employed as fuel in the above processes. Even the ashes are made into the finest quality of toilet soap. If cotton isn't king, it is royally connected.

It is high time to settle the year's outstanding accounts. He is a wise man who opens the new year free of debt. The

wisdom of Micawber—not his folly—is most pertinent at present: "Annual income, twenty pounds; annual expenditure, nine-teen, nineteen six; result, happiness. Annual income, twenty pounds; annual expenditure, twenty pounds, nought and six; result, misery." If men would live within their incomes the United States and the prisons would see fewer of despair-

The usefulness of asphalt paper appears to be demonstrated by its constantly multi-plying applications. In thin sheets it is found admirably adapted for wrapping silks or other fabrics that need protection from moisture, also for lining cases, packing boxes for pianos, etc., and, rolled up into pipes, for conveying water. Asphalt tubes are but one-fifth the weight of iron, will not

barous country, whose dusky inhabitants displayed a taste for cannibalism and thuman sacrifices, is progressing with giant strides in the acquisition of what we are pleased to term civilization. Queen Ranavalo, having been given to understand that every respectable nation possesses a national debt, has just caused a Malagese land of \$3.000.000 to be floated at Paris. loan of \$3,000,000 to be floated at Paris, mortgaging the Customs revenue of six of her principal ports as security for the payment of the interest. The French are clever people, for it appears that of the \$3,000,000,\$2,000,000 are to be handed over \$3,000,000, \$2,000,000 are to be handed over to M. Grevy's Government in payment of the war indemnity; another half a million will probably be retained by the Paris financiers as commission and expenses incidental to the issue of the loan, and the National Treasury of Madagascar will obtain the balance—that is, if any remains.

An interesting account is given by Mr. Richards, superintendent of the motive power of the Boston & Providence Railroad, of a visit made by him to the famous Krupp steel works at Essen. He saw a 10-ton crucible steel casting being poured, and an enormous 70-ton steel casting being very gradually cooled, the outside being warmed with coke fires until the invite warmed with coke fires until the inside has partly solidified, when the block is hammered into shape to form the main hammered into shape to form the main piece of an immense gun. The enormous array of furnaces in which the crucibles are heated and the perfect manner in which such a large number of men—in some cases as many as 800—all lift their convend crucibles out of the furnaces and 0-pound crucibles out of the furnaces and your them into the mould in rapid succes-tion is described as a wonderful sight. The scrupulous care bestowed upon the minutest detail was a noticeable feature bout their manipulation of steel. If, fter extended trials, a certain practice or proportion of ingredients has been found-

opportion of ingredients has been found give the best results, that practice is solutely and exactly adhered to, nothing n the whole range of the vast operation f the establishment being left

Matters have been so arranged in co

nection with the restoration of the Scottish Parliament Hall, Edinburgh Castle—the cost of which is to be born by Mr. William elson—that the work will now be projected with. The building is a work of ceeded with. The building is a work of the fifteenth century—an entry in the Exchequer Rolls giving the date of construction as 1434—and is the same in which kings and nobles deliberated throughout the reigns of the Scottish Jameses and their successors, on to the time when in 1648 Cromwell was entertained there by the Earl of Leven. The works will comprise the cleaning and completion of the head. he cleaning and completion of the handsome hardwood roof, which is almo entire, the removal of the modern "garde

robe "excresence on the south front, and the opening out and completion of the larg windows on that elevation, where the original rybats are still visible rivate stair leading from the Hall to kitchen on the lower floor, recently discovered by Major Gore Booth, constructed the thickness of the west gable, will also be repaired; and it is understood that it i Mr. Nelson's intention to complete the Hal and fit it internally in a manner resembling what its original appearance must have been, so that when finished it will doubtles add much to the attractions of the vene able castle. The Hall, as is known, is a present occupied as a military hospital but it is understood that an arrangement is been come to, under War Office sand tion, whereby military patients from the castle—of whom at present there are only about a dozen—will be received into the

about a dozen—will be rec Edinburgh Royal Asylum. A Cautious Daughter, Mrs. Peterby—Why did you cut an tem out of the paper? Miss Peterby—Because I want pa and he boysto swear off on New Year's. Mrs. P-What's the item got to do with

Miss P—Its got a great deal to do with it. If they read that whisky is a sure remedy for the cholera they will never draw nother sober breath Peaches and Persimmons.

In the New York market peaches ar noted at "\$2 a dozen and very scarce." mong persons of moderate means peache at that rate are always scarce. There i more solid comfort in a quart of persimmons at 25 cents a quart than in a peck of 2-a-dozen peaches. — Cincinnati Comme

Sir Douglas Stewart's grouse shootings of Grantully and Loch Kennard

"A country parson," in encouncing a storm the past season in the voyage across the Atlantic, was reminded of the allowing:
A clergyman was so unfortunate es to be

storm increased his alarm. Disconsolate and unassisted, he managed to stagger to the forecastle again. The ancient mariners

"Mary, thank God they're swearing per Harper's Magazine for January,

ductor and brakemen in a second were at the brakes, but unfortunately for us the air-brakes were frozen stiff and the other brakes would not catch. It is impossible to describe the scene. There was hardly

I can compare it to nothing else. One or two tried to rise, but the speed was so great that they could not stir off their seats. They seemed drawn to the seats, as a piece of steel to a huge magnet.

Only one voice was heard to whisper, in a tone of absolute despair, "hang on," and each clung to his seat as a drowning men clings to a straw. The cars were swaying from side to side with a motion that felt like the feet. it was in reality not a minute, from the time that the cars broke loose till they reached the switch upon which we had him all night. Two miles in one minute, When we reached the switch it was half clered by the cars broke loose till they reached the switch it was half clered by the switch it was half clered by the switch it was half

embroidery worked on the muslin is with dots exquisitely embroidered in centre of each. The under blankets it the finest thick downy flannel, stitch cround and worked with a monogram of the control of cushions trimmed with fine embioid and lace. The bibs tied up in dozens w white satin ribbon, are of muslin com-pletely covered with embroidery and edgel with Valenciennes lace, and have the same

ing robe in which Her Majesty, as well as many of her own children, were christen al. —London Figaro.

A clergyman was so unfortunate reaction.

A clergyman was so unfortunate reaction.

Caught in a severe gale in the voyage out. The water was exceedingly rough and the ship persistently buried her nose in the sea. The rolling was constant, and at last the good man got thoroughly frightened. He The rolling was constant, and at last the good man got thoroughly frightened. He believed they were destined for a watery grave. He asked the captain if he could not have prayers. The captain took him by the arm and led him down to the forestall where the tare were cipicity and

etail rates."

Without saying more the old gentleman

It is speed that was constantly increasing. It was very early in the morning and not yet daylight. There were about twenty passengers in the car. "It went through us like an electric shock," said Mr. Tillie, "when we felt that the train was detached, and every person on board supposed that his end had come. The conductor and brakemen in a second were at the brakes but unfortunately for us the

brakes would not eatch. It is impossible to describe the scene. There was hardly time to realize the awfulness of the danger which threatened us. Fear seemed to freeze every pulse. There was not a single cry or shout or any expression of emotion. The pace was terrific. It was like a flash of lightning. It can compare it to nothing elements.

closed by the snow. Our car ran off on the switch, but the baggage car kept right on the main line. There was a 'crack!' we elt ourselves in mid-air, and then we were ring stunned and wounded in a mass of

castle, where the tars were singing and swearing. "There," said he, "when you hear them swearing you may know there is o danger."
He went back feeling better; but the

A very aged man from the southern por-tion of the county stepped into the county clerk's office on Saturday for the purpose of getting a license to marry for the sixth time

ssinet is wicker, with the usual and ed Queen herself and her own children. It is overed with white satin, and over this is the finest book muslin, edged with a rilling of the same, bordered with Scotch appears on everything, "R. N." (fewd nursery), and the crown. The pillows and sheets are bordered with fluted nursely, edged with lace, and crisp bows of disk white satin ribbon are introduced on deep the control of white satin ribbon are introduced on the bassinet here and there. The back t is of the new three-tier kird, most convenient for use, triamad exactly to match, with satin and muslin and embroidered frilling. The tiny ivory brushes bear the "R. N." monogram and crown on black lettering on the back; the sponge bags are of white india-rabber cloth, drawn on white satin ribbon, the cushions trimmed with fine embroiders.

were swearing as ever. "Mary," has he crawled into his berth, to his

ic asked of Clerk Hill.

"A dollar and a half," replied Mr. Hill.

"That's mighty steep. This is the sixth ime I have had occasion to ask this question here, and I have always heretefore got icense for \$1, and I don't think you ought or raise the price on pair to the write on the price of t

Age cannot stale nor custom wither the inite variety of Oliver Wendell Holmes

Fifty thousand tons of soot were taken from London chimneys last year. Its value was set at \$204,000—as a fertilizer.