The Empty Nest.

We found it under the apple tree,
Torn from the bough where it used to swing,
Softly r[illegible] its babies three,
Nestled under the mother's wing.

This is a leaf all shriveled and dry
That once was a canopy overhead;
Doesn't it almost make you cry
To look at the poor little empty bed?

All the birdies have flown away;
Birds must fly, or they wouldn't have wings;
Don't you hope they'll come back some day?
Nests without birdies are lonesome things.

Deep in the mother's listening heart
Drops the prattle with sudden sting,
For lips may quiver and tears may start;
But birds must fly, or they wouldn't have wings.

A DIAMOND WOOING:

A NOVEL

(BY THE AUTHOR OF "GARTH.")

The last words were spoken in a sharp, ringing tone; and at the same moment the girl drew a long knife from beneath the overskirt of her dress, and stood with it in her hand. Surprised at her action, I hesitated half an instant—in that half-instant Slurk had thrown himself towards me and grasped me round the body with his long, powerful arms. Almost simultaneously with his attack, I felt myself borne down by a heavy weight from behind, and my arms pinioned. The struggle for a minute or two was tremendous, but I felt that I was overpowered. A hand was pressing hard against my windpipe. Kate stood there with her knife, a new and strange expression on her face; but she did not stir.

At length a panting voice close to my ear—a voice which I knew well, and which, heard now, so amazed me that I almost ceased to resist—said:

"I've got him safe here, Slurk; have you got his legs?"

A grunt from Slurk intimated that he had.

"Now then, Kittie," continued Mr. Birchmore; "be quick there, will you?"

Kate came towards me with her knife. At that sight I uttered a yell of animal rage, and made one more desperate effort to be free.

"Hold him tight, can't you?" said Kate, in a voice that I scarcely recognized as hers; "I don't want to hurt him."

They mastered me; and then, with a rapidity and deftness that showed the practiced professional, Kate made a circular cut through the breast of my coat and drew out the diamonds.

"That's all right," remarked Birchmore. "Now the rope!"

She went to the basket, and took from it a coil of fine rope. The two men threw me upon my face; and bound my hands and my feet securely. I made little resistance, but submitted in sullen silence.

"Don't forget his revolver," said Birchmore, when this was done; and turning me over, they took the weapon from my pocket.

"How do you feel now, young gentleman?" inquired the fellow, addressing me with a smile. "This is the result of plotting to throw unfortunate valets into deep pits, and of flirting of strange young women. I warned you, you remember, to keep out of our way but idle curiosity has been your ruin.—Kittie, put on the diamonds; he says they become you!"

Slurk grinned at this sally, but the girl said, moodily: "Don't bother the boy, Jack; he behaved like a gentleman all through; he'd make a great deal better husband than you do! Heigho!"

"Well, captain," continued Birchmore, "what are your orders? Shall we lower away now, and be off? It's nearly half-past 1, and we've a good distance to go before 3."

"Listen to me, Mr. Gainsborough," said Slurk, also speaking in English, though with a foreign accent; "we've got what we wanted out of you, and we don't want to do you any more harm than is necessary. But we must have time to get safe away, and to do that we must allow twenty-four hours. We shall leave you at the bottom of this pit, with some provisions; and I shall loosen your arms enough so that you can feed yourself. After we are safe I will write to your friends at the farmhouse, who are very honest persons, I believe, and they will come here and get you out. That is the best we can do for you. Now, then, Jack!"

They loosed the cord a little round my arms; then, taking it by the slack end, they lowered me into that dark chasm until I rested at the bottom. Then I saw Kate's face above the edge, between me and the sky, with something wrapped up in paper in her hand.

"Here's some sandwiches for you, my poor boy," said she. "I'm sorry to say good-by to you in this way, really! But I don't suppose you'd have me now, even if Jack weren't my husband already. Well, good-by, don't flirt too much with that silly little Christina when you get out. There are the sandwiches."

She let them fall beside me, nodded, and was gone. I lay on my back, with nothing to look at but the narrow strip of blue sky overhead. It was quite cool where I lay, on a bed of sand and rubbish, and it was still as death. I was buried alive to all intents and purposes, and the chance of my ever being disinterred rested upon a basis of probability so narrow that I judged it wisest not to hope. I lay there, gazing up at the sky, and thinking over my adventure—beginning at the beginning, with my meeting with Birchmore at the hotel, and tracing the progress of the conspiracy step by step to its conclusion here. It was very ingenious, and very well carried out. It had taught me a lesson that I was likely to profit by, if I ever got out.

I don't know how long I lay there—probably but a short time. All at once another face intervened between me and the sky. It was not Kate's this time; it was a very different one—Christina's.

After peering anxiously downward for several moments, she asked:

"Is Herr Gainsborough there?"

"Yes."

"The Herr is not badly hurt?"

"Not a bit, Christina."

"Gott sei Dank!" she exclaimed, heartily; and adding: "It is all well; you will be helped out immediately," she vanished.

Soon other faces appeared, with beards and helmets—the faces of the "Polizei." In a few minutes, by the aid of ropes and stout arms, I was drawn up once more to the light of day, blinking like an awkward bat.

Before me stood nearly a dozen persons; a squad of police officers, with their swords and carbines; Herr Rudolph and Christina; and three prisoners—a woman and two men, whose faces were unpleasantly familiar to me.

Some little official ceremony of identification, and so forth, having been gone through with, we all started for our various places of destination. The trial took place not long afterward in Dresden; the prisoners were all convicted, and sentenced to—I don't care to remember what. They were a dangerous gang of thieves, whom the public of several countries had long been vainly endeavoring to capture. But, meanwhile, I went back to spend the night at the farmhouse of Herr Rudolph. I need not say that I scarcely had the courage to look him and his daughter in the face. Herr Rudolph was a most excellent and blameless person; and as for Christina—! I knew not in what terms to begin my apologies to her.

It appeared that my little friend Heinrich, in Paris, had had his suspicions of the man calling himself Birchmore from the first, and in writing to his father and sister, had mentioned as much. When, therefore, the Birchmore party unexpectedly turned up at the farmhouse, along with the owner of the diamonds, a good deal of perturbation was created. Afraid openly to warn me, in the absence of direct evidence, Christina had done what she could indirectly to excite suspicions in my mind. Failing in this, the girl had actually gone down to Schandau, on the evening of my interview with Kate in my chamber, and laid her information at the police bureau. The next morning she met the officers by appointment at some distance from the house, and they followed us to Kohlstein. After seeing the whole party of us to the top of the Stein (Birchmore followed a few minutes after myself and the others), they formed a cordon at the foot of the path, and one of their number went up to reconnoitre. Peeping over the edge of the plateau, he saw Birchmore just making his attack, and immediately signalled to those below to approach. Thus it happened that the thieves, as they were making off with their plunder, found themselves confronted by an impassable cordon of six loaded carbines. Resistance was out of the question, and they surrendered at discretion.

"And what can I do, Christina," I said, "to show how much I thank you? Of course, I don't speak of cancelling the obligation—that nothing could do; but I should like to leave you something to—to remind you that you saved my life and my diamonds. Would you wear a diamond ring for me, or a pair of ear rings?"

"No, many thanks, Herr Gainsborough," replied the little maiden, gravely. "You owe me nothing; and as for diamonds, I shall never like them, since I have seen them the cause of so much trouble and danger."

"But unless you let me do something, Christina, I must think you refuse to forgive me for my inexcusable impertinence and stupidity."

She looked down at her bare feet, and smoothed her apron.

"Well, lieber Herr, I would not like to have you think that, truly; I do forgive you with all my heart; and just before you go away to-morrow—just when you are ready to start—perhaps, if you please, I will ask you for something."

"You shall have it, whatever it is," I answered.

So, the next day, when the drosky was at the door, and my trunk packed and put on the box, I left Herr Rudolph conversing with the driver, and went back into the house to find Christina. She was standing in a shadowy corner of the kitchen, so absorbed in scouring plates that she did not appear to notice me until I spoke.

"I am come to say good-by," and blushed, with downcast eyes.

"Herr Gainsborough will not be offended? It is something I have no right to ask—only—it will show I am not unforgiving—and—it would be better to me than the diamonds."

"What is it, dear Christina?"

She looked up in my face, shyly and yet frankly, and said:

"Kiss me!"

CHAPTER IX.

This (as nearly as I can recollect it) is the story told me by my friend Tom Gainsborough, as we sat over a decanter of claret after one of his inimitable little dinners. When it was over, I gave a grunt, and flung the butt-end of my cigar into the grate.

"There's one thing I don't understand about this story," I then remarked; "and it has misled me all along. Your description of that creature, Kate—her eyes and eyebrows, complexion, hands and nationality—all persuaded me it was the present Mrs. Gainsborough. Yet it appears she was nothing of the sort!"

"I should think not, indeed!" exclaimed Tom, laughing. "They are as different brunettes could possibly be. It is not my fault if you were misled by a description—you who know so well how incurably vague the best descriptions are. Were you to see them side by side, you would acknowledge that they are as little alike as you and I are. As to the American part of it—the truth is, they were not really Americans at all: Birchmore and the girl were French; and I in my ignorance mistook their French accent for the Yankee twang. When, several years later, I met some real Americans—and married one of them—I realized my error."

"Humph! Well, I dare say you were not more stupid than the majority of your countrymen would have been in your place. But another thing—was all that mesmeric business genuine, or a part of the conspiracy?"

"Conspiracy, of course! It was the stock expedient of the gang—and a very ingenious one, I think; for of course the mesmerized one might turn up anywhere, and if she were not discovered, well and good; while if she were, all she had to say was that she was in a mesmeric trance. As it happened, the latter alternative occurred in both their attempts on me; but I give the girl credit for turning it off excellently well. In fact, she took a real artistic interest in her business. You see, she had been trained as a rope-dancer in her childhood, and afterwards she was on the stage for a time. She certainly had marvellous dramatic talent, and thoroughly enjoyed 'taking a part.' The realistic element that entered into her performances no doubt rendered them much more exciting than ordinary stage-work, and perhaps, sometimes, she almost deceived herself."

Ah! I should not wonder. Well, and what was the meaning of that confusion about the steamboat and the train, and Birchmore's explanations?"

"A mistake on their part—that's all. Accidents will happen, you know. I dare say my unexpected questions disconcerted them greatly; but I was unsuspicious enough, Heaven knows. What I admire as much as anything in their management of the affair was the skill with which they made me believe, from the outset, that I was forcing my company upon them, when in reality it was they who were leading me round by the nose."

"Missus Gainsborough say de tea ready, sah!" said the sable servitor, opening the door.

"Let's go up at once!" I exclaimed, rising from my chair. "I shall hereafter feel a new interest in looking at Mrs. Gainsborough's diamonds!"

THE END.

Over the Falls.

It has been stated that nothing has ever gone over the Niagara Falls and lived. Somebody has an ephemeral tale about a dog going over in the misty past and coming out all right. But here is a true story, and the eye-witness is at our elbow in the person of Mr. John C. Clark, who was present and saw what he talks of. In 1828, when the schooner Michigan was sent over by Capt. Rough on a speculation, there were two bears on board and a horse. He knows nothing of the horse, but he assisted another lad in taking the bears out of the water. They were quite alive, but very docile, and were led by the ears like dogs. They lost them, however, through the avarice of some men. The lad who assisted Mr. Clark was Robert, son of George Hamilton, of Hamilton. Here we have something that can be relied upon. But every bear—two or four-legged—cannot go over the Falls and live.—*St. Catharines News.*

Speeches to be lived down, if possible: She—"Let me introduce you to a very charming lady, to take down to supper." He—"A — thanks — no. I never eat supper"

The Department of Agriculture at Ottawa has received a cable message from London stating that the Imperial Government had no intention of placing Canada on the scheduled list with regard to the importation of live stock.

THE OGRE OF ESSEXTON.

CHAPTER I.

The Brown estate was the fairest in all Essexton, noted for its fertile acres, its splendid mansion and the hospitality of its former owner—Zachary Brown—now gathered to his fathers.

The heir and successor, A. Hedley Brown, had been in possession nearly two years when the event to be related occurred.

He expected nothing from his uncle, and expressed regret rather than pleasure that he was made sole heir. His means were slender, but sufficient to provide comfortably for his bachelor wants. A little in the city among friends was more to him than much in the country among strangers.

Although a man of honor, with character above reproach, Hedley Brown, as he was called, was extremely indolent, despondent and morose, and without a spark of ambition. Therefore, he hesitated about changing a social club life for the dreary routine of a farm, extensive and magnificent as it might be. The property was bequeathed on the condition that the nephew dwelt upon the estate, and took up the work where the uncle had laid it down; in any other event it was to be sold and the proceeds divided among several charitable institutions.

But he accepted the trust, and entered upon the fulfilment of the condition. He believed in great freedom in dress, and when on the farm and superintending the cultivation of the broad acres, wore the regulation blue overall, tucked in boot leg, woollen shirt, and a hat that would make a brigand of any man.

Thus attired, and armed with a heavy stick, he strode around the farm, and in the fruit and berry season was obliged to give his whole attention to poachers and marauding small boys. They made his life active, if it was not agreeable and peaceful. While one company of urchins attracted his attention on one side of the orchard, and drew him in pursuit into an adjoining woodland another besieging party entered at the other end, shook the tree, and bore off the fruit.

With the natural kink in his temper made more snarly by this continual warfare, life as it ought to be, and as he wanted it, was circumscribed and hedged in. His only relief was in flight to the city, where he remained so long that he feared the charitable institutions referred to would question his fulfilling the condition relative to a permanent residence.

For nearly two years Brown had been running between city and country, tired of the one, but afraid to stay long in the other. Of his neighbors, none very near, he knew nothing. He did not cultivate their acquaintance, and they stood aloof. But their tongues were busy, and they wagged continually concerning the strange man who ruled the Brown estate.

CHAPTER II.

The summer school in Gateway, a town adjoining Essexton, closed its doors, and the teacher, Miss Catherine Langdon, an orphan, poor in worldly goods, but rich in beauty and accomplishments, was free. Her father's sister lived in Essexton, within a mile of the Brown estate, and with her she was to pass the interval between the summer and fall terms.

Katy Langdon was "modestly bold" and daring, and when she learned that no one in Essexton dared to venture upon the Brown estate, she determined to test the accuracy of the reports by making a berry excursion upon the land hedged in by "warning placards" and barbed wire fences.

Unmolested she entered the berry pasture, basket in hand, and began the blueberry harvest, keeping a sharp lookout [illegible] prietor might emerge at any moment.

Thus plucking and watching, she was unconscious of the approach of any one from the opposite direction, until the person stood almost in her presence. She sprang to her feet and faced the intruder. Certainly the handsome man before her could not be the "hideous creature" who terrified marauding youth.

He wore no coat, but his dress otherwise, to the jaunty straw hat and shining pumps, was faultless—the dress of a city gentleman who had removed his coat for greater comfort. He carried a long whip and cut and slashed the blueberry bushes as he strode along.

"I beg pardon, ma'am! Have you seen a cow wandering this way?"

"A cow? Oh, dear, no! I've not been looking for cows; but I'm expecting every minute to see the ogre rush out of that house over there."

"The ogre?"

"Yes, the ogre, the man who lives there—who owns this pasture. That's what they call him. I'm staying at Mr. Jepson's, and I've heard so much about the ogre that I came a-berrying on purpose to get a glimpse of him. Then I'll run."

"Then they call Mr. Brown an ogre, do they?"

"Yes, sir. He throws stones, chases people, uses dreadful language, and acts awfully if any one so much as steps on his land."

"Madam, I am somewhat acquainted with Mr. Brown, and I am very sure that he neither swears nor throws stones. His neighbors slander him."

"Well, Mr. Jepson says he looks like an ogre, anyway; that he is black as an Indian, and dresses hideously. Do you live near him?"

"Yes, ma'am; over there," swinging his whip to describe a complete circle; and lifting his hat he walked away, whipping the bushes as he went.

The ogre hunter continued to gather berries and to watch, but her patience was nearly exhausted when a movement in a tangled thicket near startled her, and immediately an uncouth figure of a man appeared. He was fifty feet away, but that was too near, and she quickly turned and ran. She had seen the ogre.

"Ma'am ma'am 'scuse me. I didn't mean ter scare ye! Stop a minute!"

Looking over her shoulder and seeing the ogre where he first appeared, making no effort to pursue, she paused and looked suspiciously at the stranger standing by the pasture fence.

"I hope, ma'am, ye'll 'scuse me. I was tew sedd'n! Don't be scart. Ye're welcome ter all ther berries ye kin carry off. I seed ye from ther house, an' I thought I'd lik ter get a look at one sensible woman which knowed how to pick berries. Why, ma'am, ther women folks around here just break ther bushes so's ter pick off the berries in the shade. 'Tis tew bad! By an' by there won't be any left! 'Taint right, an' I won't hev it go on! Ye're welcome ter all ye want; come every day if ye want ter. Do ye live 'round here? Don't remember seein' ye, afore!"

"I am staying at Mr. Jepson's."

"I wanter know? Mr. Jepson's a new man—come last spring, an' I ain't sure I know him by sight, but I hear he's a real likely sorter man. I wish I knowed him better. 'Spose ye live off in some city?"

"Oh, no—in Gateway."

"Ye don't say so! Why, I know lots o' folks in Gateway. P'raps ye know Si Blinker?"

"No."

"Wal, no matter; he's quite a man there. If I mought ask, what's yer name P'raps I know yer father."

"My name is Langdon—Katy Langdon. I have no father. I'm the school teacher over there."

"I wanter know! Wal, I allus said ther richest folks in ther world were the ones as hed edication. Why, ma'm, money ain't nowhere—nothin'! D'ye like fruit? Wal, ye see that tree over there agin the wall—ye'll go by it when we go out—ye'll find the apples the nicest ye ever tasted. Won't ye help yerself! An' a little further on is a plum tree. Ye're welcome ter all ye want; and if ye'll tell Mr. Jepson ter come over an' bring his folks, I'll let 'em hev an' welcome all the fruit they kin carry home. Good day t'ye, ma'am."

"Mr. Jepson's folks" could hardly believe Katy Langdon's story of her encounter with the ogre, and her description of the man tallied exactly with the terror-inspiring keeper of the Brown estate.

"He did look dreadful," said Katy, "and his voice was so queer—a kind of whistle—like that of an old person without teeth."

"Old!" exclaimed Mr. Jepson; "Mr. Brown is a young man, the nephew of old Zachary."

"The man I saw," asserted Katy, "was at least 60 years old. But I saw another man—a young man—handsome, stout, light-haired, who asked if I had seen a stray cow. Who was he?"

Mr. Jepson didn't know, but supposed him to be a city boarder at some farm house in the neighborhood.

CHAPTER III.

On the Brown estate, some distance from the mansion, was a cottage that had been vacant since the heir came into possession. About the 1st of August the town's people were surprised to learn that two young men from the city had taken up their abode in the cottage, and were to remain during the season, engaged in hunting, fishing and such pastimes as the place afforded.

A black serving-man and steward, employed by the young men, was talkative and communicative, and hence the history in detail of the occupants of the cottage was known to all residents and guests.

They were simply city men—clerks of slender means, who sought recreation and health-helps, and were known as Sylvester Clemford and Alfred Brown. The two bachelors were soon in the full employment of country life—riding and roaming up and down the Essexton woods and fields.

The number of summer guests was large, but there were few such dashing men as Clemford and Brown, and hence no picnic or lawn party and no frolic of any kind was carried on without their aid. They listened to much talk concerning the "ogre of Essexton." They learned that he had horns—that Calaban was an Adonis in comparison—that he was a monster, a villain, a savage, illiterate, uncivilized and terrible.

No one said anything in favor of the ogre except pretty Katy Langdon who stoutly defended him when he was a subject of conversation. As she was the only woman in Essexton who had spoken with the ogre, her account of the interview was an interesting feature of every entertainment. She had discovered in the person of Alfred Brown the "handsome man" who whipped the bushes and inquired for a stray cow on the day when the ogre presented himself. Was he a relation of the owner of the Brown estate? When asked this question, Brown replied:

"All the Browns may be related, but no ogre was ever a member of my family. Whenever I've seen Mr. Brown, I did not look upon him as an ogre, and I do not believe he will prove to be one."

This, and the fact that Brown was as eager as any one to solve the ogre-mystery, evoked the speculation as to relationship. When the result of Katy Langdon's adventure was known there was a great desire on the part of the summer boarders, as well as many of the towns people, to see the ogre at short range. For several weeks the ogre had been seen very little, and then at a distance. The more adventurous invaded his estate and boldly walked across the fields, but the ogre kept in his stronghold and appeared not. [illegible] not come to them, they would go to him, ostensibly to ask permission to picnic in the berry pasture.

When it became known that the ogre was to be bearded in his den, every unoccupied person was self-invited to join the invading party. Brown, who had become a leader in Essexton society, was delegated to summon the ogre, and to make the request for picnic ground. At the appointed time a large company met at the place of rendezvous, and in one body marched upon the estate. Assembled around the door of the mansion, Brown lifted the bronze knocker—a dragon's head, a fit ornament for the portal of an ogre. The door opened! There he was, wearing the same uncouth garments.

"We called to ask permission to picnic in your berry pasture. Will you allow us?"

"Allow ye! Why, ter be sure! Mr. Brown's been away for some time; I'm his foreman; but that don't make no difference; he'd be glad to have ye, if ye won't tear up no bushes, an' break down no fences, nor nothin'; an' of course ye won't; ye beant that kind o' folks. Won't ye come in, all ov ye? Room enough! We've been a-pickin' grapes an' peaches ter day, an' there's more'n we know what ter dew with. Now, won't ye? Right this way, all hands! Mr. Brown wouldn't like it if I didn't give ye a bite all 'roun'."

The guests filled the lower part of the mansion, and fruit was passed on rare old china. The foreman, whose name proved to be Kinton, shook hands with all and acted the host in a manner most quaint and amusing.

"I think I've seen ye afore," said Kinton, laying his hand on the head of a roguish boy. "Warn't ye down in the medder a while ago shakin' that yaller pippin tree? Now, warn't ye? But, lor', how ye kin run! I'd a hed ye if I'd a-been younger. Here, ye young scamperer, have another peach. When ye want anything, apples, pears, plums, if ye'll come ter the house an' ask for it like a man, ye'll get more'n ye kin carry off, and welcome, too."

Thus the talkative overseer commended himself to his guests. The company adjourned to the pasture, Kinton accompanying and pointing out the attractive features of the farm. Before another day had dawned all Essextown was busy with the gossip—the discovery made by the picnic party. The wise-acres said, that they knew "Twan't so," that no nephew of the respected Zachary would demean himself by the acts attributed to him. After all, there was no ogre, only an eccentric, kind-hearted old man, whose laudable zeal in defending his master's property had aroused the ill-will of boys and poaching men. The ogre question was settled. There was no ogre, and Essextown accepted the fact and dismissed the ogre.

CHAPTER IV.

The summer season in Essexton had come to an end. The cottage was closed, and its bachelor occupants had departed—Clemford to resume club life in the city, and Brown—Brown had gone away, too, but came again and again, and was a guest at Mr. Jepson's. Miss Catherine Langdon had written to the school committee in Gateway that other engagements compelled her to resign the office of teacher. The "other engagements" were not specified, but the town's people knew that her wedding with Alfred Brown was arranged to take place at Christmas.

* * * * *

Christmas had come and gone, and the wedding was an event of the past. Alfred Brown and bride had returned from the wedding trip and were staying at a city hotel. A few days after their arrival Brown exclaimed: "Kitty, I have friends and a farm in the country, and I wish to visit them and introduce you! Shall we go?"

"Where are they?"

"In the western part of the State. Beautiful place in the summer! I know you will like it even in the winter."

Snow was on the ground and frost coated the car windows, and Mrs. Brown did not know whither she went till the train stopped at Essexton.

"Why, this is Essexton!"

"Of course it's Essexton! There is the carriage waiting for us!"

Astonished she entered the carriage, and they were driven rapidly away.

"Alfred Brown, what does this mean? You never told me— Why, we are turning into the Brown estate. Is Mr. Brown your friend?"

"Certainly, he is; he's the best friend I have—except you."

"But last summer—"

The carriage was at the door of the mansion, and Kinton and the housekeeper appeared to receive them.

"Is Mr. Brown at home?" inquired Brown.

"He is" responded Kinton, in great glee. "He has just this minute come!"

Kinton led the way, ushered them into one of the parlors and withdrew. Brown took her hand in his.

"Katy, I have deceived you, but I hope you will forgive me. Listen to my story: Alfred Hedley Brown, known as Hedley Brown, the owner of this estate, and plain Alfred Brown, who occupied the cottage with Clemford last summer, are one and the same. When I returned from the city one day last summer, I saw a white figure in the berry pasture, and as the person appeared to be on the watch, I left the mansion under cover, crept along by the hedge, through the cornfield and entered the pasture on the other side. You remember that I inquired for a cow. I learned from you that I was considered an ogre. That was unpleasant news, but it has resulted in my good. You said that you wanted to see the ogre. I determined to accommodate you, and hurrying back to the mansion, changed my clothing, put burnt cork on my face to represent an unshaven beard, placed a plum in each cheek and then returned to the glen from which I appeared to you, addressing you in Kinton's vernacular.

"That was love at first sight on my part, and I resolved to give the summer to winning you if it should be possible. I had two objects in this disguise. No woman would marry an ogre, or a man called an ogre, and further, I wanted to win a wife without the aid of money or position. You thought me poor, but you were willing to cast your lot with mine and to work with me, if need be, for bread. All is yours and here we make our home."

The historian need not dwell on the scene that followed. Suffice it to say that Alfred or A. Hedley Brown was not required to sue long for pardon for the deception practiced. Kinton appeared and announced that a reception would be given in the evening. This was a surprise, for invitations had been sent out.

"I tell ye, Mr. Brown, I couldn't help it, noway. Yer see, I thought, of course, Mr. Jepson knew all about it, an' so I says, says I, 'Mr. Brown's a-comin' home termorrer with his wife.' 'What!' says he, 'is Mr. Brown married?' Then I knowed he didn't know nothin' about it. Then he says, 'We must give him a house warmin'. What could I dew? I couldn't tell him not ter come, an' so I says, says I, 'I guess he'll be glad ter see ye.' I see him agin this mornin' an' he says the folks has all heard on't, an' 'll all come. But we're all ready for 'em. I knowed yer want ter dew the squar' thing, an' so the housekeeper's been cookin' as tight as she could jump. Such a pile o' stuff, for won't it be a warmin'! I tell ye, I wouldn't a-missed livin' ter see this day for a tew dollar note!"

The reception and what it disclosed was more than a nine days' wonder. The people refer to it still as an event in Essexton history to be underscored and made much of. But they never suspected the true identity of the ogre.

KEEPING THE SABBATH.

Strict but Queer Examples of Scottish Islanders.

A correspondent of a Glasgow paper describes his experiences in the isolated island of St. Kilda. When he awoke on Sunday morning he desired a little water to wash with, and was supplied with a cupful, and informed by the servant that Mr. Mackay, the Free Church minister, had declared that the drawing of water on the Sabbath was a violation of the Fourth Commandment. According to his account, the day's exercises at the Free Church are severe, to say the least. There is a sermon of two hours' length in the morning. This is followed by a short interval for refreshments. A bell then rings up the congregation for a two hours' sermon in the afternoon. From the church the St. Kildians proceed to the Sunday School, and are then allowed another short interval for tea. In the evening there is another religious service, at which the spinsters and bachelors each repeat a psalm. If, through the severity of these religious exercises, any St. Kildian goes to sleep, the minister takes him to task by name, thus: "Lachlan, waken your wife, she won't nod much in hell, I think." The church is rough in the extreme, there being no flooring. A stove was recently sent, but the conscientious scruples of the islanders would not admit of its being placed in the church, so it was returned to the donor.

Speech Restored by Earthquake.

(From a Savannah special despatch

A strange incident of last week's earthquake shock is the recovery of the power of speech by Miss Mamie Martus, daughter of a retired officer of the regular army. At the close of the war her father was put in charge of Forts Pulaski and Jackson, below the city. While at the former fort the daughter, then a bright intelligent child, had an attack of meningitis which left her voiceless. The best medical skill was obtained and the father took his afflicted child travelling, but nothing did her any good. She was dumb, but had all the other senses. During the excitement of the first earthquake shock last Tuesday night she in her fright attempted to call her brother. He was frightened himself when he heard her whisper his name. Since then she has gradually regained her voice and now talks with perfect fluency. She says she was almost delirious with joy when she found that she could speak. Her voice was low and her throat sore for three days and she had trouble in finding words to express her thoughts. It was much like learning a new tongue, except that she knew the words, but had forgotten how to pronounce them. City physicians are deeply interested in the case. Their explanation is that the recovery was due to intense mental excitement.

No Use.

Hotel Guest (to pretty waiter girl)—This steak is not very good.

Pretty Waiter Girl—Teaercoffy?

Guest—This steak—it's tough and—

Pretty Waiter Girl (to another pretty waiter girl)—Charley was asking after you this morning, Jen. (To guest)—Did you say teaercoffy?

Guest (gloomily)—Coffee.

Pleading for His Lawyer.

Judge—Have you anything to say before the court passes sentence upon you?

Prisoner—Well, all I got to say is, I hope yer Honor 'll consider the extreme youth of my lawyer, an' let me off easy.—*Puck.*

Another mouse that sings like a canary is reported. The little fellow was captured by Dr. Caldwell, of Santa Rosa, Cal., who found it in a wire trap, singing lively. He kept it for several weeks and then released it, but the next morning it was in the trap again. Again he let it go, and again it came back; and now mousie goes in the trap each night and is released each morning. When it sings it sits on its hind legs and moves its head and throat like a canary. Its song is rather sweeter than the ordinary canary's.

LETTERS THAT TOLD ON HIM.

Amusing Missives in a Breach of Promise Trial.

At Brighton a jury has awarded £50 damages in an action for breach of promise brought by Miss Kate Fisher, of Soho, London, against Mr. C. R. Crane, surgeon, of Brighton. Counsel then read extracts from several letters sent by defendant to the plaintiff. In the first he wrote:

"My mustache has grown inconveniently long, and wants trimming, and if you are not here I shall have to trim it myself." (Laughter.)

At Cardiff he "longed so much for her fond embrace which he enjoyed so much," and added: "You must imagine I am kissing you every night before you go to bed." (Laughter.)

In another letter, just before coming home, he wrote:

"I am sorry I cannot come earlier, but you shall have a few more. You had better wash your face in brandy or spirits of wine, for I mean to make it so sore that you will not be able to rest it on your pillow for some time to come." (Renewed laughter.)

From Guildford he wrote:

"Mother is just off to a prayer meeting, and I am going to look up acquaintances. I shall be thinking of you all the evening, especially up to 10 o'clock. Mother will come to you to-morrow."

On another day he wrote;

"Darling Kate, how kind of you to send anything to enliven life here; you had better send yourself, labelled this side up." (Laughter.)

On the 19th of December, 1882, he said: "If you could feel how my heart leapt unto you there as I watched your tearful and sorrowful face when the ship left."

On the 4th of March, 1885, the defendant wrote from Claremont terrace, Preston Park, that he was "sorry he had caused her so much anxiety. It was better to tell the truth instead of saying he had an affection for her which he had not."

For the defence it was contended that the defendant was in a consumption, and that therefore the plaintiff had a lucky escape in not marrying him.

The Old Ball Player and His Son.

Plunkins was a champion baseballist when the national game first came into prominence, nigh twenty years ago. Both hands are crippled up and he has some sixteen different kinds of rheumatism, so he doesn't go out to see a game very often now, but there is a spark of the old fire left in him yet.

The other day he learned that his youngest boy, Johnny, had played hookey from school, and, whip in hand, he awaited the lad's return, resolved to administer salutary chastisement. At length he caught him slipping warily into the back yard, accompanied by a baseball club taller than he is.

"Aha!" said Plunkins, trying to get a firmer grip on the rawhide with his stiffened fingers, "been running away from school, have ye? Don't want to let the schoolmaster teach your young ideas how to get 'emselves off properly, eh? As the twig is bent the tree's inclined, but you're bent on foolin' away your time, I see, and you ain't inclined to study. But if you don't want to be taught at school (spitting on his hand as he grabs him by the collar) I'll teach ye.'

Johnny began to whimper and moan, "Can't have any fun."

"Fun!" roared his father, "what d'ye call fun?" and he raised his whip to strike.

"Pla-playin' baseball," sobbed Johnny.

"Baseball?" said Plunkins, suspending his arm in the air, "where did you learn to play baseball?"

"Oh, I know'd ever so long ago."

"And you belong to a nine?" The arm dropped to his side.

"Yes, the 'Daisy Cutters.' And we've been playin' the 'High-Lows,' of Dundas.

"But it's wrong to run away from school, Johnny. Couldn't you have put in a sub?"

"Nary sub," said Johnny, emboldened by seeing his father sit down on the sawbuck, and the rawhide lying at his feet. "I'm short stop. You see it was just this way. The 'High Lows' took the bat, and Stub-toed Joe led off with a corking hit into the right field. Pinky Jones put a fly to centre field, which Slit-nosed Mike got under and muffed."

"He muffed it, did he?" sneered Plunkins, as he breathed hard and his eyes began to glisten.

"Yes, but the ball split his finger."

"Good enough. But go on."

"Fog-horn Pete drove a pretty one into left field and filled the bases. Frenchy made a wild pitch and Gridiron Sam scored and the two Harlems advanced a bag."

"A bag? What's that?"

"Oh, you ain't fly, dad. A bag's a base, don't cher know?"

"Yes, yes, I might have known. Go on."

"Furgy drove a mowing machine—"

"Mowing machine?"

"Yes, a grass cutter—about half a foot out of Slim Jim's potato grabbers, and the two High Low's crossed the silverware."

"The silverware?"

"Yes, the plate. Furgy was doubled with Skinny on his line fly to Little Red and Dickey Bird gave up the ghost on a swift bounder to Plunkey."

"Plunkey?"

"Yes," said the boy, with a grin, "that's me."

"And you took it in?" cried the father.

"Out of the wet," said the boy, placidly.

"Come to me arms, me son!" exclaimed Plunkins, springing to his feet and embracing him passionately. "I was afraid you was foolin' away your time at school and gettin' no edication, but I see I was mistaken. Why, boy, you are fit to enter college this very minute. Come right along into the house and tell about the rest of the game to your mother and me," and they went in together locked in a fond embrace.

No Cheap Telephones Before the Year 1900.

It will be a long time before telephoning becomes cheap. Bell's first patent, the one upon which all the others are founded, is dated March 7th, 1876. Patents are seventeen years in duration, and this first patent will thus run out in 1893. But there are other patents of more recent date upon parts essential to the operation of the instruments. For instance, the Blake transmitter was not patented, until 1881, and it is so broad that it may be said to cover almost any transmitter which might be constructed. This will practically secure the monopoly until 1898. Then there have been many other patents of date up to a very recent time, which, while not absolutely essential to telephoning, would defeat competition even if every patent on essential parts were out of the way. Thus the Bell Company controls patents upon switchboards and other apparatus used in making connections which would put competition by those who have not the right to use them at a great disadvantage. The nineteenth century will see no change from the present conditions, and it is impossible to foresee what other improvements will be patented which will in the future be considered necessities.—*St. Louis Republican*

A Single Trial

Is all that is needed to prove that Polson's NERVILINE is the most rapid and certain remedy in the world for pain. It only costs 10 cents for a trial bottle. A single trial bottle will prove Nerviline to be equally efficacious as an external or internal remedy, and for pain of every description has no equal. Try a 10 cent sample bottle. Sold by druggists. Large bottles 25 cents. Avoid substitutes.

ARE WE LIKELY TO LIVE LONG?

Methods by Which You May Tell Whether You Are or Not.

If any one would know whether he is likely to live long or die soon, let him inquire whether old age runs in his family or not, for the good tissues of long life are apt to be hereditary, and he may commit a great many excesses or other errors without killing himself if he comes of a long-lived stock, says the "Fortnightly Review." In like manner he may get much help toward a knowledge of the disease to which he is prone, and which excesses or other errors are likely to light up, by inquiring what diseases his forefathers or kinsmen suffered or died from.

Some diseases are notoriously reckoned to be directly hereditary in like kind; for example, epilepsy, phthisis and insanity. When a person has one of them we are not at all surprised to learn that his father or mother had it; indeed we are apt to treat the discovery as a sufficient explanation, and to think that no more need be said. But it is not really an explanation; it is merely an indication of the direction in which the exact explanation has yet to be sought. If it be a sufficient explanation, how does it happen that all the children of the same unsound father or mother do not suffer in the same way?

How is it that twins, living under the same conditions, have not always, as now and then they have, the same diseases at the same ages? In calling a disease hereditary it is not really meant that the disease itself is actually inherited by the offspring, who, in that case, would be born with it; what is meant is that the latter inherits a certain organic constitution which, being likely to undergo that pathological development in the ordinary circumstances of life, is therefore described as a constitutional predisposition or tendency to the disease. We do not in the least know what is the intimate nature of the predisposition, but we know that it may be greater or less in different persons and that it is thought to be so great in the cases of the diseases mentioned, and so likely to be transmitted to children as to be a serious objection, if not an actual bar, to marriage.

Those who, having fallen in love, are aware of the existence of them in their families are therefore not a little troubled sometimes with scruples of conscience and anxiously ask medical advice whether they shall marry or not. In the end they commonly marry, whatever the advice given them, having persuaded themselves that the epilepsy was not real epilepsy, but a form of violent hysteria; that the lung mischief was not constitutional phthisis, but the accidental consequence of a neglected cold; that the insanity was not the outcome of family degeneracy, but an accidental blow on the head, which was thought nothing of at the time. Would the earth ever have been peopled had cool reason been potent enough to quench the hot passion of love?

The Baby as a Lever.

Black—How do you get along at your new boarding-house?

White—Very well, indeed. I am well lodged, well fed, and everything is made comfortable for me.

Black—I am surprised.

White—Why so?

Black—Because I boarded there myself and I was half starved. I can't understand why they treat you differently.

White—I'll tell you. You remember the landlady's baby?

Black—That squint-eyed little brat. I do. I can hear him yelling now.

White—The baby is not handsome, I admit. It cries considerable I allow, but I can't make it any handsomer nor improve its temper, therefore I make the best of it. I call it a pretty little darling, a sweet little thing. I make excuses for the noise it makes by saying all children are so. The other boarders laugh at me, but the laugh is on my side when they are sawing away at tough round steak and I am luxuriating on tenderloin. It doesn't take much effort to smooth over the rough places of life.—*Boston Courier*

"Blood Will Tell."

Yes, the old adage is right, but if the liver is disordered and the blood becomes thereby corrupted, the bad "blood will tell" in diseases of the skin and throat, in tumors and ulcers, and in tubercles in the lungs (first stages of consumption) even although the subject be descended in a straight line from Richard Cœur de Lion, or the noblest Roman of them all. For setting the liver in order no other medicine in the world equals Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery." Try it, and your "blood will tell" the story of its wonderful efficacy.

A modern miracle was related by Lord Wolseley in a recent lecture. One of his officers, who happened to have a glass eye, was one day examining a prisoner, a zealous follower of the Mahdi. "Why do you believe in the Mahdi?" the officer asked. "Because he can work miracles," replied the man. The officer immediately took out his glass eye, tossed it up in the air, caught it, and put it back into its place. "D'ye think the Mahdi could do that?" he asked.

"Men must work and women weep,
So runs the world away!"

But they need not weep so much if they use Dr. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription, which cures all the painful maladies peculiar to women. Sold by druggists.

Sets of pocket handkerchiefs, stamped with military rules and regulations, diagrams and other information important for the soldier to acquire and remember, are being sold for the use of the French soldiers and are officially encouraged by the French Government. By purchasing eight cheap, ornamental, and, of course, useful handkerchiefs, the French soldier is provided with a complete pocket-manual of military instruction.

Perfection is attained in Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy.

Young man to photographer—I didn't want a whole figure. I told you plainly before I posed that I wanted only half a figure. Photographer—Wal, 'tis only a half figger—the front half of ye. If ye'd said ye wanted a quarter figger, like the pickshur to the lef', ye could 'a had it.

Louisville has 40,000 colored people, many of whom are prosperous and some of whom are rich. Some of the best real estate in the city is owned by colored men there are three or four large furniture dealers, and many coal yards, groceries and saloons owned by negroes.

I CURE FITS!

When I say cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time and then have them return again. I mean a radical cure. I have made the disease of FITS, EPILEPSY or FALLING SICKNESS a life-long study. I warrant my remedy to cure the worst cases. Because others [illegible] reason for not now [illegible] treatise and a Free [illegible] Express and Post Office [illegible] for a trial, and I will cure you. Address [illegible] G. ROOT,

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