

his sisters, and the two strangers playing lawn-tennis. None of them noticed us that time; but, as we were returning, I observed that Mr. Reade jumped up from the grass where he was lounging in the midst of the adoring girls, as I thought contemptuously, and shook out of his hat the leaves and grasses with which his companions had filled it; as for them, they were too much occupied with him to see anything outside the park.

Haidee and I had to go the village shop with a list of articles which I felt sure we should not get there. But it was one of Mr. Rayner's principles to encourage local trade, so we had to go once a week and tease the crusty and ungrateful old man who was the sole representative of it by demands for such outlandish things as wax-candles, bloater-paste, and flosselle. I had been tapping vainly for some minutes on the little counter, on which lay four tallow "dips," a box of rusty crochets-hooks, and a most uninviting piece of bacon, when Mr. Reade dashed into the shop and greeted me with much surprise. When he had asked after Mr. and Mrs. Rayner, and heard that they were quite well, there was a pause, and he seemed to look to me to continue the conversation; but I could think of nothing to say. So he roamed about, digging his cane into the cheese and knocking down a jar of snuff, which he carefully scraped together with his foot and shovelled back, dust and all, into the jar, while I still tapped and still nobody came.

"He must be at dinner," said I resignedly. "In that case we shall have to wait."

For I knew Mr. Bowles. So Mr. Reade seated himself on the counter and harpooned the bacon with one of the rusty crochets-hooks.

"Convenient places these village-shops," said he, not thinking of what he was saying, I was sure.

"Yes, if you don't care what you get, nor how stale it is," said I sharply.

He laughed; but I did not intend to be funny at all.

"I came in only for some"—here he looked round the shop, and his eyes rested on a pile of dusty toys—"for some marbles. I thought they would do for the school-treat, you know."

I thought it was a pity he did not return to his lawn tennis and his fiancée if that was the errand he came on, and I was determined not to be drawn into another *tele-a-tile* with him, so I turned to leave the shop. But he stopped me.

"Old Bowles can't be much longer over his bacon, I'm sure," said he, rather pleadingly. "I—I wanted to ask you if you were any better. I thought last Sunday you were looking awfully ill."

"Last Sunday?"—and I thought of those girls. "I was never better in my life, thank you. And I am quite well. Mr. and Mrs. Rayner have put me into the turret to keep me out of the damp. It was very, very kind of him to think about it. It is the best room in all the house."

"Best room in the house? Then Mr. Rayner doesn't sleep in the house at all," said he, in a low voice, but with sudden decision.

I got up from the one chair and turned to my pupil, who was deep in an old story-book she had found.

"Come, Haidee!"

"No, no; that is revenge—it is unworthy of you," said he, in a lower voice still. "Don't let us quarrel again. Mr. Rayner is an angel. No, no, not that!"—for I was turning away again. "He has his faults; but he is as near perfection as a man can be. Then you are very happy at the Alders now?"

"Yes, thank you."

"And you have no great troubles?"

"Yes, I have—Sarah."

"Sarah? That is one of the servants, isn't it? A gaunt, shrowd looking person? I've often met her on the road to and from Beaconsburgh."

"Yes. She goes out when she likes, I think. She is a very important person in the household, much more so than Mrs. Rayner."

"Oh! And she is a trouble to you?"

"Yes; I'm afraid of her. She doesn't like me. And whenever I used to give her letters to post I never got any answers to them."

"Does Mr. Rayner like her?"

"Like her? I don't think any one could like Sarah, except of course, her young man. That doesn't count. But Mr. Rayner thinks a great deal of her."

"So the young man's liking doesn't count?"

"Of course Tom Parks is prejudiced in her favor," said I, preferring that the talk should remain personal.

"Surely it is a compliment to a woman that a young man should be prejudiced in her favor?" said he, preferring that the talk should become abstract.

"He must have finished by this time!" I cried; and a vigorous thump on the counter did at last bring in Mr. Bowles, who declared it was the first sound he had heard.

I was sorry to find that he had several of the things I wanted, as everything he sold was of the worst possible quality; and, while he was doing them up, Mr. Reade found an opportunity to whisper—

"You got my flowers?"

"Yes, thank you; it was very kind of you to send them."

"Bring them," corrected he, "What did you do with them?"

I remembered the fair-haired girl and my resolve to be discreet.

"I put them in water, and when they were dead I threw them away."

"Throw them away?"

"Yes, of course; one doesn't keep dead flowers," said I calmly; but it hurt me to say so, for the words seemed to hurt him. It is very hard to be discreet.

He said no more, but took his parcel and left the shop, saluting me very coldly. I had taken up my parcel, and was going out too, when Haidee's soft voice broke in.

"You've got Mr. Reade's marbles, and he has gone off with mamma's wool and curtain-hooks, Miss Christie."

I had not noticed this.

"How stupid of him!" I exclaimed.

He had marched off so fast that I had to run down the lane after him before he heard me call "Mr. Reade!" We laughed a little at the embarrassment he would have felt if he had produced a ball of wool and curtain-hooks as the result of the morning's shopping, and I if I had gravely presented Mrs. Rayner with a bag of marbles. And then, remorseful and blushing, I said hurriedly—

"I did keep one of the roses, Mr. Reade—the one with the note on it;" and then I ran back to Haidee, without looking up. Whether he was engaged or not, I could not be ungracious about those lovely flowers.

Then Haidee and I went home to dinner. I had met Mr. Reade quite by accident, and I had done nothing wrong, nothing but what civility demanded, in exchanging a few words with him; but I was glad Haidee was not one of those foolish prattling little girls who insist upon chattering at meal-times about all the small events of the morning walk.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

What Millionaires Eat.

Joseph E. Brown, of Georgia, is the wealthiest and one of the oldest of the United States senators. He is also one of the plainest men to be found anywhere. He may be called a "home granny." He wears long white whiskers and store clothes. He is fond of old-fashioned things, especially olden time dinners. The other day he sat in the cloak-room on the democratic side of the senate with a number of his old senatorial friends, smoking and joking. Finally the conversation turned on dinners and good things to eat. Senator Butler, of South Carolina, knows a good dinner as well as any man, when it is served out to him, and in his most elegant terms he told of how he liked canvas-back duck and santerne, and Canada grouse and champagne, and terrapin and gold old sherry, and how he wanted it, served up hot, with a royal old crowd of boys about him. Then several other senators named their favorite dishes. Senator Brown looked on and listened, while a stream of water trickled out of his mouth. Finally he broke in:

"Well, gentlemen, you may talk of your terrapin and champagne, and your crowds, and all that, but you may just dish up old Joe Brown and his old woman puddle duck and sweet potatoes."

And he wiped his mouth on his coat-sleeve and fairly worked his jaws at the sight of it.

Brown—"Confound it! Did you see me kiss this lady?" Boy—"Well, I'm not stone-blind." Brown—"Here's fifty cents—you needn't say—." Boy—"Oh, it's all right. I've made over \$10.00 off of her this summer and fall."

JOCKO FOUND DEAD.

The Famous Orang-Outang that Bore the Name of Darwin's Missing Link.

The famous female orang-outang, Jocko, supposed by many to be Darwin's missing link, was found lying dead in its cage by Frank Edwards, its keeper, recently in Herzog's Dime Museum, Baltimore where it has been on exhibition some weeks past. Jocko's death was a great shock to the managers of the museum, who were paying \$200 a month for the privilege of exhibiting her, and will be a much greater shock to the owners. Jocko had been suffering from a severe cold, contracted during a late trip from Chicago, but did not seem in any danger. Dr. Alexander Hill, the surgeon who some time ago entered into negotiations with the husband of the fat woman for his wife's body, took Jocko's remains and dissected them and embalmed them. Death was found to have resulted from pneumonia, superinduced by congestion of the lungs.

As soon as it became known that Jocko was dead an immense crowd flocked to the museum, and for a time a riot seemed imminent. The crowd refused to leave the museum until they had seen the dead animal, and shouts of "Bring out your dead monkey!" caused Mr. Herzog to hasten to Dr. Hill's office. As soon as the embalming was completed, he put the body in a wagon, and drove with all speed to the museum, where it was placed in a sitting posture upon its old cage, amid the plaudits of the spectators. Ever since crowds have continued to flock to the museum to see the body. The only mourner seems to be its little dog companion who had been with it since it was blind, and wails piteously because its old playmate will not notice it. Jocko will remain on exhibition until Wednesday, when the body will be taken to New York, where the skeleton goes to one of the medical colleges.

This orang-outang was one of the most intelligent of its species. So much did it resemble a human being, that it got the name of the missing link. It came from Borneo in 1881, and was purchased at public auction by Reiche Bros., animal dealers of New York, for \$2,500. P. T. Barnum bid \$2,000. Charles Bradenburgh leased the animal during its lifetime for \$200 a month. It is said that Jocko was afterwards purchased by the Philadelphia Dime Museum people from Reiche Bros., subject to Bradenburgh's lease. If this is so, it really belongs to Barnum, who has a controlling interest in the Philadelphia Museum. The brain of Jocko was not touched here, but was left to be examined by the New York experts. Something interesting may result from the examination.

A Small Boy's Painful Discovery.

"I don't altogether like this young man Millikin who comes to see you so often. I hear that he is nothing but a poor dry-goods clerk," is what the head of the family said to his daughter one day at the dinner table. "He is a very nice young gentleman," replied the daughter; "besides, he is something more than a 'poor dry-goods clerk.' He gets a large salary, and is manager of one of the departments, and expects some day to have an interest in the business."

"I hope he may," responded the old man, "but he strikes me as a very flippant, impertinent young man, and in my opinion he should be sat down upon."

"Well, I have invited him to take tea with us this evening," said the daughter, "and I hope you will treat him politely at least. You will find him a very different person from what you suppose him to be."

"Oh, I'll treat him politely enough," he said.

That evening Mr. Millikin appeared at supper, and made a most favorable impression upon the old gentleman. "He is a clever young fellow after all," he thought. "I have done him an injustice."

It was just here that Bobby spoke out. Bobby was a well-meaning little boy, but too talkative.

"Papa," he ventured, "you know what you said to-day at dinner about Mr. Millikin, that he was an impertinent young man and ought to be sat down upon—"

"Silence, sir!" shouted the father, swallowing a mouthful of hot potato.

But the little fellow wouldn't silence. "It's all right," he continued, confidentially, but in a whisper loud enough to be heard out doors, "he has been sat down

upon. Sister sat down on him last night for two hours."

After this the dinner went on more quietly, owing to Bobby's sudden and very jerky departure.

CHINESE SMUGGLERS.

Ingenuous Devices for Eluding the Custom House Officers.

The Custom House searching force detailed for duty on the China steamers is an interesting study. Their suspicions are awakened by the most trifling circumstance. They have found opium in the pockets of Chinese shoes, in pairs which had false bottoms and hollow staves, in logs of wood, hollow broom handles and other unexpected places. The water-pail plan for a while was a favorite with Celestial smugglers. The pail was used for washing off the outside of the vessel or the decks, and filled with dirty water it did not look much like an opium receptacle. After being used it was allowed to stand on the mail dock until it was, as the result of an apparent accident, placed on some waggon and carted away. Then the Chinese tackled the chocking logs or blocks usually placed under the freight gangplank. One day the end of one of these blocks attracted a searcher's attention. It had been sawn off and smeared with grime, and looked like any other log which might naturally find its way to a ship, he used in rough service and then tumbled about the dock. But the peculiarity which attracted the attention of the searcher was a bright screw-head in the end of a log. Several blocks or logs of similar shape were at once taken in charge by the Custom House officials. The happy thought resulted in the discovery of a wooden box filled with opium fitted into the middle of each of the logs and held in place with a screw. The broom trick was near to that. A cargo of brooms went to Honolulu and were thrown on the wharf. The consignee, a China merchant, came down and saw them on the wharf. A charge for freight was made on them which the consignee refused to pay. There is where he made a mistake. The brooms lay on the wharf over night. Some one stepped on the pile and broke one. That revealed the trick. The lower end had been hollowed out and filled with opium and then the brush part was made over it.

A monotonous duty which sometimes comes to the searcher is to sit on the roof of the long shed over the mail dock for hours or on the elevated "bridge" of a steamer, to see that no opium is thrown on the shed roof from the ship. While the Peking lay at the dock, one attempt to smuggle the drug ashore in this way was detected. But if the searcher who sits on the "bridge" has a weary time, much more monotonous is the lot of the men who stand at the foot of the gangplanks, hour after hour, to search every one who comes from the ship, paying attention especially to the Chinese. This monotonous watch is maintained from the time the vessel first touches the dock until it sails again. To prevent any smuggling by water another searcher is compelled to sit, with relays, in a boat moored off the steamer some rods. Persistence cannot be better exemplified than by the Chinese attempts to smuggle fabrics ashore. How the traders wear several coats of silk, one outside of the other, over the gangplank, has often been alluded to of late. One or more of these coats is invariably taken from the "trader" by the searchers and a protest is always made, but about every trader tries his luck.—San Francisco Call.

The Ink Plant.

There is in New Grenada a plant, *Corymbia Thymifolia*, which might be dangerous to our ink manufacturers if it could be acclimatized to Europe. It is known under the name of the ink plant. Its juice, called *chanohi*, can be used in writing without any previous preparation. The letters traced with it are of a reddish color at first, but turn to a deep black in a few hours. The juice also spoils steel pens less than common ink. The qualities of the plant seem to have been discovered under the Spanish administration. Some writings, intended for the mother country, were wet through with sea water on the voyage; while the papers written with common ink were almost illegible, those with the juice of that plant were quite unspelled. Orders were given in consequence that this vegetable ink was to be used for all public documents.—New York Star.