

Her Guilty Secret.

Joshua Hurd married late in life a woman of thirty-five. For a space of a week after their marriage everything went on lovely. Mr. Hurd was very affectionate and Mrs. Hurd was as proud and happy as it was possible for him to be.

At the end of that time Joshua's morose disposition received a morose impetus. One day Mrs. Hurd was missing from the house and nobody knew where she was.

High and low Joshua sought her, questioning every one he met, but receiving no satisfaction. He went in a frantic haste around to all the neighbors, asking for his wife.

He felt sure that she had eloped, and as the wives do in story books, when he reached home, Mrs. Hurd was working in the parlor as easy and contented as usual.

Joshua overwhelmed her with a current of questions, but she gave him only laughing replies.

A week went by, and the mysterious absence occurred again. This time it extended over nearly all the afternoon, and Joshua's indignation reached a white heat.

He searched the premises very thoroughly, he cross questioned the neighbors and made himself obnoxious to everybody he encountered by a display of his difficulties, but he got no light on the subject of Mrs. Hurd's mysterious absence.

At dinner time she appeared, quiet and serene as ever, and to all Joshua's indignant entreaties that she would tell him where she had been she only laughed and declared she was the silliest old noodle she ever saw.

Then Joshua took refuge in dignified silence, and his wife kissed him and called him a bear and went off to ride with Katie Evans, a young girl favorite of hers.

At the end of another week the mysterious absence was repeated, and as time passed on strange things occurred with wonderful regularity.

Joshua grew nearly insane with the wild and dreadful suspicions which had crept into his mind. He felt himself fully justified in watching his wife closely.

And after two weeks of the most persevering surveillance he was able to trace her to an unoccupied chamber over the coachhouse. The door was always locked, and the wooden shutters of the windows always closed.

He said nothing to his wife of his discovery, but he resolved to be quiet and relentless as the grave the next time she indulged in one of her secret sessions in the chamber of the coachhouse.

That time soon arrived. Joshua made confidants of two gentlemen, old bachelors, who had warned him of the evil to come when he married the Widow Bedford.

There was no way of getting into that chamber of secrets except through the chimney. Mr. Hurd did not want to effect a forcible entrance because he feared in that event he should not find out his wife's secret.

Mr. Hurd had been closeted in her secret chamber not more than half an hour when Mr. Hurd's friends planted themselves in the passage outside the locked door, while Mr. Hurd clung on a long ladder to the roof of the coachhouse and made preparations to descend the chimney.

The chimney was rather small, and Mr. Hurd was not the leanest man in the world, and the consequence was that after descending about eight or ten feet the aperture narrowed, and Mr. Hurd stuck fast.

Frightened half out of his senses he should be obliged to remain there and perish, Mr. Hurd made vain efforts to extricate himself, but he was very soon convinced that it was useless to wriggle in the expectation of getting any farther down the chimney, so he directed all his efforts in the aim of going up.

On the top of the house he dismissed himself of all apparel except his underclothes and again essayed the descent. This time he was more successful than he had hoped for or even desired, for the chimney grew suddenly wider just below the narrow place, and Joshua shot down the opening like the last kernel of corn through the hopper of a gristmill.

There was a small fire on the hearth, and the frantic leap given by Mr. Hurd to avoid scorching his feet scattered the coals in every direction.

At sight of the sparsely clad, nearly apparition thus suddenly materialized upon her notice Mrs. Hurd uttered a piercing scream and fled to the door, which she unlocked in mad haste and precipitated herself into the very arms of Mr. Hurd's sentinel.

"Don't kill me!" cried Mrs. Hurd, "I have hidden myself with terror and recognize my husband. I did all this for you, Joshua. I wanted to keep you happy. It was getting gray—and,

oh, dear, dear, dear, dear!" And she burst into a fit of passionate sobbing.

"Getting gray!" cried Joshua. "My love getting gray? The woman is insane!"

"My hair!" screamed she. "It was my hair that was gray, and I'm a young woman yet. And I dyed it! I knew my husband was dreadfully down on make believes, and I wanted to keep it from him. Oh, dear, dear, dear, dear!"

"The great mogul!" cried Joshua, leaping from the floor like a very boy in his exceeding great joy. "Why, bless you, Susannah, you needn't have been so private. I dye too. Forgive me, Susannah, and henceforth we will dye for each other."

Mr. and Mrs. Hurd are an extremely happy couple now. They still continue to dye, but Mr. Hurd dyes Mrs. Hurd and vice versa.—London Evening News.

Morgan's Elegy in a Graveyard

My whistles toot the parting of my day—
My loving herds wind slowly o'er my lea;
My plowman homeward plods his weary way—
With my consent—and leaves the world to me.

Now fades my glimmering landscape on my right,
And all my air a solemn stillness holds,
Save where my beetle wheels his droning flight,
And drowsy tinklings lull my distant folds.

Save, too, that from my ivy-mantled tower
My moping owl does to my moon complain;
Like helpless men, he grumbles at my power
And frets beneath my solitary reign.

Below my rugged elms, my yew tree's shade,
Where heaves my turf in many a mouldering heap,
Each in his narrow cell forever laid,
The rude forefathers of my hamlet sleep.

Mark that I say each in 'his' narrow cell—
All but those cells I claim as mine alone;
I deed to them the holes in which they dwell;
'Tis generous, as they themselves would own.

Let not ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys and lowly destinies;
They cleared the forest and enriched the soil
And put things into proper shape for me.

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid
Some *Carnegie* who live on frugal fare,
Who, for some streak of hard luck, never made
Himself three hundred times a millionaire.

Some *Rockefeller* that, with dauntless breast,
Controlled the goose oil of the neighborhood
And taught a Bible class, may be at rest
Here where the worms consider goose grease good.

Some *Russell Sage*, who yearned for more and more,
And never had ten plunks, at once, may lie
There where my briars are all tangled o'er,
That mound so nearly hidden from the eye.

Some mute, inglorious *Schwab*, who never bucked
The bank at Monte Carlo, may be here,
Where broken pickets from the fence obstruct
The path that once was often trod and clear.

But there's no *Morgan* here who might have run
The earth if luck had favored him a bit;
God had material for only one,
And I, it is needless to remark, am it.

If I to dumb forgetfulness a prey
This sacred, anxious being e'er resign
I wonder if the earth'll whirl away
And briars o'er me shall learn to twine.

When I am numbered with the mighty dead
And poets shall my wondrous tale relate,
If chance by lonely contemplation led,
Some one shall come to ask what made me great.

Let all the bards and all the sages say:
"Oft have we seen him butting through the throng,

Brushing with careless hands the crowds away
And generously helping God along."

And when they raise the shaft where I lie cold,
And wish to make an epitaph for me,
Let this be carved in letters big and bold
High on the marble where all men can see:

The Epitaph.
Here rests his head, at last, upon this earth;
He now belongs to what he made his own;
He took the world for what he thought it worth—
And God once more is running things alone.

S. E. KISER.

The President's Yacht.

Washington, July 10.—The United States ship *Mayflower*, which has been made perhaps the handsomest yacht in the world, for the use of the president, has had about \$100,000 expended on her.

The navy department says the vessel is to be used only temporarily by the president. He will probably sail on her to the West Indies to observe the evolutions of the consolidated squadrons under Admiral Dewey.

The *Mayflower* was placed in commission a few days ago at the New York navy yard. She is of steel, of 2,700 tons displacement and seventeen knots speed. She was built in 1896 by J. and G. Thompson, of Scotland, for the Ogdén Golet estate.

Early in 1898, when the war was imminent with Spain, the vessel was purchased by the government, and was one of the first used as an auxiliary cruiser.

After the war the *Mayflower* returned to the navy yard, New York, and after minor overhauling, performed miscellaneous duty until late in '99, when the work was begun to convert her for the use of the governor of Porto Rico.

When first overhauled the beautiful interior fittings, such as bath tubs of solid marble, silk tapestry paneling, decorations and carvings were left undisturbed, except where required to be torn out to provide crew accommodations.

The original state rooms were left

intact, providing commodious quarters for her officers.

The interior finish is in pure white enamel, with just touch of gilt. The walls are in tapestry, as originally, and numerous panels of metal fabric are fitted for decoration and ventilation combined. The governor's quarters, which will now be assigned to the president, including a living cabin, dining cabin, smoking room, reception room, library, lavatories and a guests' room. The floors are laid in hard wood, highly polished; the furniture is of the best, without being extravagant.

Electric lights abound, there being a large storage battery on board to provide for the running of electric fans, for lights where desired and for other purposes where required at night without the noise due to running an electric plant. On the whole the president's quarters are such as might be expected of a suite in the best equipped hotel, and the size and stability of the vessel is such as to insure comfort not far below what might be expected on an ocean liner.

Money Cut no Figure

New York, July 11.—A peculiar case of deportation involving the right of a patient with an incurable malady to land in this country for the purpose of consulting a specialist is the compulsory departure of *Guilomb Sangerius*, a wealthy Spaniard of Havana. *Senor Sangerius* arrived here from Cuba June 7.—A physician of the United States marine hospital service boarded the steamer after she had passed quarantine inspection. He noticed that *Senor Sangerius* had trachoma, a disease of the eye, and ordered him isolated in the marine hospital for aliens. *Senor Sangerius* protested and explained that he had come here for the purpose of consulting noted specialists. He appealed to the humanity of the physicians, but they told him that they could only obey the law, and *Senor Sangerius* boarded a returning steamer, under protest.

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