Yet tears they shed. They had their part Of sorrow, for when time was ripe The still affection of the heart Became an outward breathing type, That into stillness passed again And left a want unknown before, Although the loss that brought us pain, That loss but made us love the more,

With farther lookings on. The kiss, The woven arms, seem but to be Weak symbols of the settled bliss. The comfort, I have found in thee. But that God bless thee, dear, who wrought Two spirits to one could mind. With blessings beyond hope or thought, With blessings which no words can find. -Tennyson.

AN AERIAL FLIGHT.

I stood on the latticed roof of the rickety grape arbor, partially supporting myself by the tips of my fingers as I clung to the second story window sill.

Marie leaned as far out as was consistent with safety and rested her hand caressingly on my shoulder. Although my love for the maiden was intense, I could not for a moment forget the uncertainty of my foothold, neither could . I forget that the sleeping room window of my sweetheart's father was directly

"Never!" he had said, when I offered myself to him as a prospective sonin-law. "Never! No daughter of mine shall marry a penniless inventor."

During the many stolen interviews which had followed the adverse decision of the obdurate parent we had discussed the situation from all points, and ever with the same results. At last we had decided to separate for a season, that I might the more fully devote my time to the solution of the problem by evolving from my mental workshop some practical creation which would bring to me both fame and fortune.

Marie was a modern woman in every respect. She had been caught on the psychological wave that was sweeping around the world and was familiar with all the 'osophies and 'clogies that accompanied the movement. She was an adept in mind reading and fairly proficient in the later science of telepathy.

"Watch for messages, dear Jack," she whispered, as she gave my shoulder a gentle pat and drew herself within the window. "You will hear from me often. Perhaps I may need you. Who

At this point the brittle frame bedown and started out on my mission.

confidant, was fully as enthusiastic as myself over the many experiments and inventions I had essayed, and when he heard my story he entered heartily into my plans, which, if perfected, would revolutionize modern traffic and travel. One month later found us in the heart of the Rocky mountains and far from the beaten trail of prospector,

Our pack animals were already beginning to show signs of collapse, so severe had been the fatigues of the moun-

sportsman or adventurer.

Realizing the imprudence of farther advance skyward, we were about to turn back and seek some gheltered valley in a milder atmosphere, when I felt a gentle pressure on my shoulder. Involuntarily I turned, expecting to see my comrade beside me, only to find him several feet away, pulling with all his might the cinch strap on one of the pack animals. I lifted my foot to the stirrup, and again I felt the pressure on my shoulder, this time more forcibly than before, and a voice-I could swear it was Marie's-sounded in my ear:

"Turn to the right." In an instant her parting words flashed upon my mind, and almost unconsciously I turned in the direction indi-

What could I do? Our plans were already made. Should I yield, how could I explain to Ted in a satisfactory manner this sudden change in our move-

Suddenly, without waiting for the dreaded explanation, I shouted to him as I sprang to my saddle, leaving him to follow, as I was quite sure he would.

As I drew near the mountain a zigzag seam, which reached from the summit downward, developed into a well defined cleft, broadening at the base, leaving an opening a few feet wide, through which I recklessly plunged without a thought of what danger might await me.

Scarcely half a dozen steps brought me out into an open space.

In ages agone some terrible subterranean upheaval had partially cleft the peak, and through all the countless years that had followed the action of frost and water had gradually worn and crumbled the sides of the gorge until there was formed an open circular space several feet in diameter and nearly surrounded by a solid wall of rock.

It is needless to go into details concerning the progress of the work. There were the usual seasons of experiment and failure, of hope and despondency, but through it all the great creature grew, until it nearly filled the little circular space.

A long, slender, hollow body, fitted up with a motor and comfortable scats; a huge pair of outspread canvas wings and kiss the royal hand. and a fan shaped rudder, altogether unlike any other aerial sailer that had yet made its appearance. And during all the time occupied in the construction of this birdlike navigator I had been so often encouraged and advised when apparent failure confronted me by the same voice that had led me to the spot that it really seemed as if Marie was as fully identified with the success of my undertaking as myself.

"All aboard!" shouted Ted as we took our seats and opened the valves that controlled the mysterious power. Straight as an arrow and as swift we arose from the little inclosure. The sky was starlit and clear, and the whole panorama of the rough and ragged country was fast disappearing before we thoroughly realized that our venture was a success. We moved at a fearful then with a portion of his little means pace, judging by our aerometer, which clicked with the regularity of a clock as it marked the miles and degrees.

At dawn our aerial navigator was safely anchored within the rock inclosure, and we were wrapped in our peared almost as creations of fairyland blankets under our tents. Ned was soon snoring, but, excited and unnerved as I was, I could not sleep and at last threw the blankets aside and entered the inclosure to feast my eyes on my treasure.

I closed my eyes and soon was lust to consciousness until the familiar pressure of finger tips on my shoulder awakened me to the well known voice sounding

in my ear: "Jack, Jack, come quick!" There was an earnestness in the tones I had never yet heard, which brought to my recollection Marie's parting words: "Perhaps I may need you. Who can

Evidently Marie was in trouble, and I must go to her, and we began making preparations for our departure.

Our most valuable belongings, with food and water sufficient for the journey, were packed within the ship's lockers, and our tents stored within the inclosure. As darkness approached we unbitched the anchor chain from the staple in the wall of rock and started.

At midnight we were hovering over Marie's home. We dropped downward until I could outline the house and grape arbor. With a few hurried words to Ned I sprang lightly to the roof.

The window was open, and the next instant my sweetheart was leaning outward, with her hand on my shoulder in the old familiar manner, pouring her woes into my ears.

"Just think of it, Jack. Papa is determined that I shall marry Cousin Tom. The cakes are baked and in the pantry. The guests are all invited for the wedding tomorrow and the license is on the library table. What can we

Of course there was but one thing to do, and that we did without delay. Marie stole quietly down into the library and secured the license. How simple a matter to erase one name and substi tute another. And while she was about it, with her usual forethought she confiscated the brine's cake. This, with her wardrobe and jewels, was passed through a window, and then I signaled

The ship settled down like a huge bird on the grape artor. Marie gave a little shrick as we stepped on board, causing Ted for an instant to lose control of the lever. There was a crash of splintering pine as the grape arbor gave way beneath our combined weight.

Straight upward like a rocket we arose for 1,000 feet or more. As we turned the searchlight on the wreck we saw a figure clad in a long, white nightrobe gazing at us, and a voice, trembling with rage, called:

"Marie, come down here!" "Poor papa."-Chicago Tribune.

THE EXTORTED KISS.

To the north of Europe, at the entrance of the gulf of the Baltic sea, neath my feet cracked ominously, and stands a city resembling in its site "the without further farewells I clambered | queen of the Adriatic." This second Venice is known by the name of Stock-Ted Brown, my college chum and holm, where in former days reigned two of the wisest and best of monarchs, by name Gustavus the Great. The first, because of his patriotism, skill and genins, had rescued his country from the subjugation of the Dane, and the second, by his indomitable energy and military knowledge, had exalted her to the first rank among the nations of the world. The latter dying in 1643, the crown devolved upon his daughter, Christine, then scarcely 15 years of age.

It was a morning of July, 1645, in Stockholm. The air was resounding with merry ringing of bells, the roaring of artillery and the shouts of the populace, for it was the natal day of the youthful queen. Nobles, squires and the learned of the land had congregated to pay their homage to their youthful sovereign, and the peasant from the most distant regions of Sweden had contrived to make his way to Stockholm to gain a glance of the fair creature whose fame sounded throughout the world, and whose learning had been ex-

tolled by Descartes and Samaise. The court of the palace was thronged with auxious spectators, and the troops were ranged in due order to greet the appearance of the queen, when suddenly the windows were thrown open and the flower of Sweden-ladies, nobles and officers—appeared in the most gorgeous uniforms. All eyes were directed to one point, and a universal cry arose of "She comes!" But Christine was not there. It was the young and handsome Count Lagardie, the favorite of the queen, who appeared and, having waited till the enthusiasm of the populace had sub-

sided, read as follows: "A bold and insolent peasant having dared to insult her majesty, it is deemed expedient that he should suffer punishment, but in consideration of the day, and that no cloud should mar the festivities, the queen ordains him to re ceive 15 blows in the presence of the assembled multifude as a warning to future offenders."

The chief of the pelice, with his assistants, having conducted the prisoner into the center of the court, executed the sentence. The poor fellow with difficulty refrained from giving vent to his sufferings, and the people looked on with amazement and pity at so sudden and ignominious a punishment. It appeared that this man was a poor young miner who had come from Nerberg to Stockholm to share in the sports and pleasures of the birthday of his queen. His crime arcse from his ignorance of the laws of etiquette. It had been told him in the province of Westmanland that on this day it was the custom of the sovereign to be not only accessible to her court and the nobles of the land, but also to the meanest of her subjects; that all had the privilege to approach

Kiss the hand of a queen, the hand of Christine-she that was the idol of his life, whose portrait was the only ornament that graced his smoky cabin -it was a happiness which he had never hoped to enjoy, and the young miner resolved at all hazards, all trouble and fatigue to journey to Stockholm and share in the royal condescension. From Norberg to Stockholm was a long and fatiguing journey, and his means were not the most ample. But this was nothing-the image of Christine was to him as the leadstar to the mariner, and he reached Steel holm the evening before

the royal birthday. Having arrived, he directed his steps to the church of St. Nichclas to ask of heaven many years of giery and happiness to the youthful sovereign, and purchased a smart costume, in which having attired himself he rambled about the city, feasting his eyes on the many wonders which for the first time he had beheld, and now to him apor romance.

The morning dawned bright and beautiful, and the forts of Fredericksburg and Waxolm announced that Christine had reached her sixteenth year.

Awakened by the roar of artillery, Carl started from the ground where, like many others, he had passed the night in slumber, and, although yet early, found the streets thronged with thousands of inhabitants, evincing their euthusiasm in every possible manner. As the day were on Carl, mingled with a train who were proceeding to the palace, and from his smart attire and handsome figure contrived, although unintentionally, to pass the guard and enter the vestibule. The poor fellow, bewildered and delighted with the magnificence which on every band surrounded him, kept wandering about, regardless as he was ignorant of all etiquette, jestling and pushing aside nobles, lagies, officers and other function-

aries-in short, all who impeded bim. At length, having entered the great gallery, his simple costume attracted the gaze and called up the astonishment of the assembled multitude. Murmurs upon murmurs rose all around, but still Carl kept advancing. He was ignorant of the storm then gathering and had proceeded as far as the door of the hall of audience when the officer in waiting demanded his name and business. He was about to reply when, catching a glance of Christine, his enthusiasm knew no bounds, and pushing the officer aside he rushed into the royal presence. seized the hand which at that moment was extended to the president of the senate and pressed it to his lips.

At sight of Carl and his boldness Christine uttered a scream and withdrew her hand, while a hundred arms were in a moment raised to chastise the peasant slave who had insulted the officer and aspired to an honor reserved but for the titled and the rich. And such was the crime for which he was thus disgraced-a crime arising from his ignorance and which merited not so ignominious a punishment.

When the last blow had fallen, he bounded from the hands of the guards, and casting his eyes toward the palace exclaimed, "I swear before God, Christine, that a day will come when I shall kiss thy royal hand!" Then, regarding his punisher with a look of ferocity, he dashed wildly through the crowd. .

Stockholm, but he was never again heard of at Norberg. Five years after this two prisoners, the one a young man of some six and twenty years, accused of robbery, the other the head of a band of highwaymen, together confined in a dungeon of

The next day the miner had quitted

the fort of Fredericksburg, were thus conversing: "Ah," said the young man, "what I regret most is that I shall never again

behold her I love." "Child," replied the robber, "in a few years then wilt be liberated. Do not despair, for if she thou lovest is really faithful you may yet be happy. Listen. Our young and beautiful queen once ordered 15 blows to be administered to the shoulders of a poor fellow who, struck with an unconquerable passion for her, dared to respectfully press his coarse lips to her dainty fingers, and for which he was disgraced as if he had committed a crime of the most daring character. But he swore before God that a day would arrive when the hand which had been refused him should be pressed to his lips and the mouth which commanded his punishment would sue to him for mercy.

"That day so much desired seemed as if it would never arrive, but it came at last. It was during the chase when the queen in her ardor became separated from her companions, and she found herself alone in the middle of a deep forest. Suddenly she was surrounded by a band of robbers, who seized her courser, ignorant of her quality. 'Re spect me!' she cried. 'I am your queen!' The words fell like lightning on my heart. The hour of retribution had arrived. 'Look on me,' I said. 'Do you not remember me? I am Carl, the poor miner who once presumed to kiss thy pretty hand, and for which you ordered him to be scourged in the face of all Stockholm on thy natal day, but I swore before God that a day would arrive when I should press it to my lips. It has arrived, and my oath shall now be accomplished.' I advanced toward her, but my heart failed me, and I wept like

" 'Prostrate thyself,' said she, recovering her wonted dignity and courage. 'Those whom I permit to salute my

hand must approach on bended knee.' "She extended to me her hand, and kneeling I pressed it to my lips, proud and happy that I had fulfilled my eath. I departed, first having conducted her to the right path. The next day I and my companions were surprised and taken. But, never mind-I still hold it as a truth, for experience has proved it, that in love we should never despair. There is always a favorable moment, and all that is necessary is to be watchful, and when it does arrive to permit it not to air. escape us. Do not despair. I hope yet

to see many happy hours." The jailer opened the door of the prison and pronounced the name of Carl. "Along, my lad!" cried he to the

Carl was about to reply, but was prevented by the keeper continuing: "Hush! It is useless. The gallows is ready, and the executioner awaits you." -New York News.

THE SWEET, SAD YEARS.

The sweet, sad years, the sun, the rain-Alas too quickly did they wane! For each some boon, some blessing bore. Of smiles and tears each had its store, Its checkered lot of bliss and pain.

Yet cannot I the wish restrain That I had held them evermore— The sweet, sad years! Like echo of an old refrain That long within the mind has lain, I keep repeating o'er and o'er,

Although it idle be and vain.

"Nothing can e'er the past restore, Nothing bring back the years again"-The sweet, sad years! -Canon Lell in Leisure Hour.

LOVE'S MESSENGERS.

The rose shall be my messenger, The herald of devotion. Each petal sweet shall be the seat Of tenderest emotion. And in the heart of each fair rose, Deep hidden in the core, There rests my soul, my inner self, To love but you e'ermore.

Each rose will die, each petal fade

And wither fast away. Each freighted Leart that speaks my love Will anguish and decay.

Not so with love—my soul that's hid Within each rose's core. That love will breathe and speak and live Forever, evermore.

'Twill live for you and speak to you When reses cense to be. 'Twill breathe the rose's fragrance rare For thee, my sweet, for thee Then haste, my messengers of love, Tell her my each emotion. Oh, petals sweet, at her dear feet Eespeak my fond devotion. -William Manley in New York Tribune.

SIMILIA SIMILIBUS CURANTUR.

N w this here "pome" is writ for fun Leastways, it's not for money), And when with reading it you've done You'll vote it awful funny. Besides, what's more, it's very clear, As shall appear hereafter, There's naught for giving health that's As good as killing laughter.

But just read on, and when you've done You'll find yourself much better. My muse will make you die with fun If I will only let her. Leastways, you'll have a perfect fit (Laugh here), as said the tailor, If her exhaustless well of wit Doesn't dry up and fail her.

My jokes can't fail to make you well. For they are simply killing (Laugh here), surpassing philter's spell For heart's distempers' stilling. Don't see the point? Laugh all the same-The joke's on you! (Now snicker.) If you'll just follow up the game, You'll die with mirth the quicker.

Some say this life's but one huge joke, If people only knew it. (Now, here in a double up and choke And you will never rue it.) Now, don't take time to eatch your breath, But rone and scream with laughter,

And how I've tickled you to death I may explain bereafter. -En ile Pickhardt in Boston Globe.

A BIT OF JEALOUSY.

Near the Parc Monceau is a pretty little house that seems to hide in a bush of clematis the home of a young and charming with m of ze

of baptism good her the control Land. and the sacrament of marriage made her the Countess of Viry. She had as a net and constant companion a delicate little Mexican poodle, all white and woolly, to which was given as its sole nourishment a lump of sugar in the morning and a sweet biscuit in the evening. His name was Nito.

It was 4 o'clock. Louise was running along the pebbly paths of her garden, flitting among the rosebushes like a butterfly.

Nito playfully pursued his mistress with barks of delight, at times seizing with his teeth the ruffle of her blue muslin dress, and, propping himself upon his paws, pulled at it with all his

In the midst of their play M. Jacques de Beauchamp entered the garden. The little widow, perceiving him, hid herself behind an orange tree. But Jacques ran to her and, surprising her, kissed her on the forehead.

"Ah, M. de Beauchamp," she cried, "that is not nice of you."

shoulders and thick black hair. Her teeth were so white that when she laughed they glistened like pearls. How well she carried her widowhood and in a way to honor herself! The young maiden is generally too timid and bashful. She blushes and casts down her eyes at the least word of compliment. The widow, on the other hand, has the right to hear everything, and when one speaks to her of love she knows read ly what Louise leaned upon the arm of M.

de Beauchamp, and they went into the parlor, followed by Nito, who threw some jealous glances at him who was to be the future hasband of his mistress. Of course the poor little animal could not have known that It must have been a jealous instinct.

Louise and Jacques agreed so well that they had planned to be married. Nevertheless each of them had a defect. M. de Beauchamp was jealous and Mme. de Viry was coquettish.

"Louise," he said to-her, "you will drive me to despair. You say that you love me, but how can I believe it when I see you smiling at every admirer and giving to every comer so sweet a reception? When I see you in society so full of life and gayety and hear your ringing laughter from the midst of a circle of ardent admirers, it is impossible for me to tell you the tortures and anguish

"And what can I do, dear?" replied Louise. "I am gay, it is true, but is that a crime? And why should I be coid to those who approach me only to say pleasant and agreeable things?" "You are a coquette, and your laugh

makes me despair, because if you laugh thus against my wish it must be only to show your teeth. You know very well how aderable you are when in laughing with a fixed purpose you throw back your head and show your pretty white neck."

"But what must I do to preve my love for you? It is becoming desperate. Ask of me what you please, but do not ask me not to laugh any more. I am only happy when I am glad and free to be light hearted." M. de Ecauchamp assumed a solemn

"You said to me one evening that you would make for me the sacrifice of your life. I do not ask so much as that, But listen. Do you wish to make me the happiest man on earth?"

"You have but to speak." "Even at the price of suffering?" "Yes, at any price "

"Well, then, make me the sacrifice of one tooth." "What are you demanding of me? It

is barbarous. "Only a tooth. The smallest one in the front. And afterward you may

laugh as much as you please.' "But you will think I am ugly and will not love me any more. "I swear to you there is no other way

to assure my happiness." The counters rang the bell. John, her valet, took her orders and came back a quarter of an hour later with a gentleman carrying in his hand a leather case such as is used by surgeous. "Who is that person?" asked M. de

Beauch, mp. The countess answered: "It is Mr. James, the American den-

tist " The little countess entered her boudoir, followed by Nito, his tail between his legs, as if he understood that some thing serious was about to happen. Louise returned shortly afterward. ashamed and humbled, and gave to M. de Beauchamp a little tooth as white as milk, which he carried to his lips and covered with kisses. Seeing this tribute | find it for me, but I vemon't elsturb of affection, Louise ran away.

Jacques had the tooth set in a medallion and carried it religiously around

his neck as a sonvenir. From that day the little countess became very sad. Only upon rare occasions was her face lighted up by a smile. She kept aloof from society as much as possible, but when she was forced by her social duties to appear among her

prison door.

Jacques did not easily recognize her. In fact, she was greatly changed. "Poor countess!" said some evil minded ones. "She is getting old. How changed she is! She seems to be mourn-

ing the dead." And Jacques felt his love diminish little by little. He began to understand that what he loved in her was especially her smile, her playfulness, her gayety, and he also became sad. The more he tried to regain his love, which seemed to be leaving him, the more he realized that he himself had killed his passion. One day he went in despair to Mme.

de Viry. "Louise," he said, throwing himself at her feet, "do you love me still?" "I have swern to love you always, and the stiller you are the better," she

"Will you prove to me the sincerity of your words?" "I ask nothing else,"

answered.

"Well, then, if you love me have the dentist put in a new tooth." "What folly is this?" said Louise, weeping. "I was right when I said that you would not love me any more. That is just like you men. And you reproach us for being capricious."

"Louise, I beg you to forgive me. I curse my jealousy-my fcolishuess! ' "So you really are regietting the weakness with which I acceded to your

"I am desolate and full of remorse." "You recognize the cruelty of your nureasonable request?"

"Would you be happy if I had disobeyed you?" "I would give anything for that,"

The little countess gave a burst of

laughter, which showed all her teeth "What does this mean?" asked M. de Beauchau p, holding in his fingers the medallion in which was incased as a souvenir the little pearl of the sacrifice.

The countess opened the mouth of Nito, saying: "Here is the victim." "Ah," cried M. de Beauchamp. 'You never loved me." - Waverley

OFF AT THE METER.

Vernal Choice was a pretty and commodious villa and Dovecettam a select and salubrious suburb. To the happiness of Mr. and Mrs. Maurice Greenlately made almost complete by the arrival of the veriest cherub that ever came down from heaven-there were Louise was of medium height. She but two drawbacks. The first was of had very small hands and feet, white Maprice's making He had a ridiculous fad about gas fittings. He believed them to be in a chronic state of hakiness. He told his long suffering wife almost daily that more gas escaped through unsuspected eracks and defective joints than served to illuminate the cozy rooms of Vernal Choice.

Mis. Maurice Green's Englear was burglars. Nothing could shake her couviction that when a burglar took his "dark suburban way" his objective would be, by decree of fate, Vernal Choice. Thus it came to pass that nightly, while Maurice was turning off the sas at the meter-he would on no account allow any one clse to do it, as "gas is such a fickle thing"—his little wife was on her knees in the bedreem, not, as might be supposed, saying her prayers-though she made the same kneeling serve both purposes -- but timidly peering under the flowered terra cetta valances for the burg lar that never

Semetimes it would harven that the gas repredent just as ale was in the act of raising the curtain that neight reveal the tragecy of her life, and then, with a little scream, she would seek the matches-sile never could put her hand readily on the matches-and light the delicately shaced cancle on the dressing table, cre proceeding with her search and her devetions. At such times, when Maurice ascended from the underground regions where the res neter meted out its cole to the century of his wife above stams, she would rate him right soundly for so get the a little body for what she styled his "abstite fad" about turning the gas off.

"What oo a lew extra feet of gas signify, when there precious lives might some night be sacrificed for tack of a light?" she would exclaim, with as much dramatic terver as of the Lac been before a row of feethights and a crowded pit instead of a blue tintou, corrugated canale and a milary scornial

When Maurice wished to be wither ing, Levis averys straiterry a literative in his claice of words. Let ever failed to jeck-jech the largier netical He said it was "the merest accusing e." and that there were "crowds of costner erriss to crack than Vernar Choice, Jen-

Ars. Green, as a rule, deigned no answer. The linea start and venceron how a man of land of some - checks upon the neterogram. L-crain may to its use. The generally remained from saying so, hexever, blo the martine little wenth sie was, him, resignanty filling the this's receing before allo tecking the little elerth, with smilely croomings, in its bruside cot, retired by the mi, his naving families to how out the corregion o cancie.

It was winter and it was midnight. Mutate but a con, thus has the taby. The "little clerth," he had, had a "touch of trendles," and lis hard treathing as he sach bear, restressly in his little cet plantary to to co the met through the carkings.

"I worder," hat mute. Mis. Green, es the hy listering to the trembied breathing of the contract of the Land and the mais and reces of her lashand on the other-"I wetter if the little pet is warm cheegh. I in at alices about his little class, a age han. I o take him into my bea, only branice acesn't like it. The fathe follow hacks the clothes off so. What can of I do in prevent him from take our interest hereby thought! Lines that halfe ween Winp in the same beneath. It's eather in the middle drawer or the crossing table or in the valuette, I know. Four Linurice! Le venie viring y 40 and him tonight der the victio. I'm good I succeeded in presentation had to their in Lis Gressing joined. These masty in hisenza colos nero care, and l'in so aprico uncover him in reaching ever to Laty.

I'll slip into the next mem n vs. lt. " Thus solvequizing she quietly get of bed-fer where they came in tear flew out-poshed the tarma back bea crothes gently against ber lastand's tack, so friends they saw her keeping apart from | that he would not miss her, and proceedthe others or sitting in a corner with a ed to feel for the matches. The little serious air, her mouth closed like a receptacle at the bed head was empty.

Not a match, "Oh, dear, dear, why will Maurice insist upon turning the gas off at the meter, especially when Laby is unwell?" she sighed as she slipped into her cressing gown, which fortunately was hanging on the brass

knob at the foot of the bed. Slippers she could not find. Nil desperandum! the knew to a foot where the wrap was, or at least she thought she did, and she would know it the moment she laid a tinger on it. The lit the chernb in the cot coughed in a class ing manner. Light or no milit, the wrap must be found, and without finiter or lay the little mother walken gingerly into the next worm,

No the trade fail to find the wardrelt, as it to the first arrange or the histure creating a challeng the retin. When its consistent epit, it was prostble to view ears, il titur die berech

cor, for it consisted of a three quarter lingth mirror in which Mrs. Green was went to inspect the "liang" of her latest costume.

"I'm almost sure it's in the dressing table drawer," must d Mrs. Green, growing accustomed to the darkness and assisted by a suspicion of moonlight that shed a pale, uncertain light both through the skylight on the landing and the window opposite the wardrobe. Acting upon this thought, she ignored the warerche for the present, crossed the roem to the dressing table, and after sundry clickings of little brass handles and tentative pulls at wrong drawers at last opened the right one, but failed to "I will reproach myself for it all my

feel the wrap. "It must be in the wardrobe after all," she thought, and accordingly closed the drawer with some noise, tripped acress the dark room, opened the wardrole door with some difficulty and bur-

ied herself in its spacious recesses. Maurice was a heavy sleeper, and consequently apt to be a bit bemuddled on first awaking-more especially in the dark. On this particular night, after apperently dreaming for a full fortnight of "excursions and alarums," he awoke with a violent start. The room, to him, was pitch dark. There was not even the suspicion of moonlight on this side of the house. Besides, the blinds were down. He sat up, every nerve and sin-

ew tant now. He was fully awake. "By jingo," he breathed, and he felt the cold swear start to his brow, "she was right! They've come." He put out his hand to wake his wife. He felt her form under the bulging bedelothes at his side. , He could hear the baby breathing huskily. There was only one other person in that house unaccounted for. That was the little servant maid. But why should she be trying drawers in the spare becreen? No, they I ad come, after all. Airs. Green was right. It was

Macrice witherew his hand, which rested on the billiock by his side, with the thought: "I'll not waken her, poor soul. She'd be scared to death. I'll know the werst first." So thinking, and with a sert of infatuation-which was perhaps bravery-to get a glimpse of the marander, he stole cut of led, Enttened up his dressing jacket, took the little I cosine chair by the back, and thus armed, his least beining like a muffled orem, stealthily turned the cor-

ner between the two rooms, A faint light came through the landing skylight. heavens! The villain was at the other end of the room, right opposite the occi. What he was acing be could not make out, for he looked like a man seen through mist. The wretch! Just then the chait along the landing took Manrice shrewdly on the bare ligs. The miluenza asserted it self. Le nought against it obstantely ter a mentant. It but augmented the force of the expression. Lake a thunder-

boit Leynerz a. There was a muffled exclamation in the room. An trice tashe riceward with uplified clair. The burgher, too, had seized a chair and was making at him with equal fury. Crash! The house seemed to have faller. There was a tearful clatter of falling glass, a piercing strick, the sound of a Loay falling on the feer, and all was still the fer the wail of the ingittened take in the room he had left.

What had be done? He kneeled down, careness of breken glass, and his bind rested en a late feet. Eick with apprehensien, Le greged eisewhere and encountered a practical head and a few cmiling pies. "A match, a match, my kingdem for a maich!" Le would doubtless have said had he not been to terribly

Just then a rectangle of light anpeared and increased until, pale and trembling, stood the little main in the acceively, a faithing cip in her hand, amaz a to see the following talleau vivalit: A varorebe ecci swalling upon its langes, with its long mirror mashed to tragments; a chair, with a tricken leg, lying cross by; a horrified to an Then taged their and cressing packet, kneeding at the feet of a prestrate woman in a cent hand, a creaming gown and plais, who was none other, than the

horrifica man's wife. Manaice Creen Level trins the gas off at the natur has except when he takes his wife also hereby away for the summer fachesy and trees still looks ancer the last for possible burgins legal relieving to a the night, last Amaline has never carea to chair her since he mistook his own fand reflection in the waterche mitter ter naesperate bargaar. - Leruen Lu-Lita.

ATKINSON DENOUNCES LYNCHERS

Georgia's Governor Would Arm Prisoners to Prevent Their Murder. Atlanta, Ga., Oct. 28 .- Mob law was severely condemned by Governor Atkinson in his message to the Georgia legislature, which convened here yesterday. The message bristled with a scorehing and sensational attack upon the lawless spirit that fosters the lynch law in this state. He says that to exterminate the practice of lynching, the crime must be

made odious and shameful. He advocates stringent legislation against mobs, and insists that the legislature pass a law laying every county wherein such a crime is committed to a large indemnity to the relatives of the mob's victim.

The northern lynchers are spoken of by the governor. On this subject he

"There is no excuse to say that the northern people, who have less to pro-voke it, lynch. Let us not take them as a standard, but rather show a higher type of civilization in our state and erect here a standard to which they may aspire."

The governor says he is in favor of the arming of the prisoners and allowing them to protect themselves from go-to landor-caltain. It's better,

rriday, Oct. 29. John Patterson, 12 years Ad, of Wieand killed.

The Absentminded Man.

An amusing case of absentminded ness was experienced by a young south sider the other evening. The young man is usually of a bright nature, but for some time past his friends have been noticing that he does some peculiar things. Not long ago he was at a reception, and a few minutes before closing time he went to the coat box and secured his hat and coat. Then he walked up stairs to the dancing floor and picked up another coat and walked home with it on his arm. Arriving at his home, he found that he had one coat on and another on his arm. The next day he found the owner of the extra coat, and mutual explanations followed and all was well. But that has been eclipsed by his latest exploits. He had finished his tailet and started for the street. As soon as he made his pr pearance he was greeted with suntes from everybody who saw him. the walked down the street and could not imagine what made the passers by ships at him. Finally he reached the restimrant where he takes his meals, and then he realized that he was carrying something in his hand. He locked at it and found that be had carried the lighted lamp from his 1com and had walked several blocks along the main street-

with it in his hand. Another case is cited concerning the same young man. At the office where he is employed he has occasion to answer many calls at the telephorie. One evening he was reading a book in his room when an alarm clock rang in the adjoining room. The absentminued youth got up and commenced to veil 'Hello! Hello!' and when the ocenpant of the other room inquired as to the cause of the yelling the young man said in a sheepish manner, "Oh, I thought it was the telephone bell ringing,"-Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph,

Talk It Over.

I have learned some things in the coarse of a long business life and still have a great many others to learn. But the chief thing I have learned

can be condensed into one nugget of wisdem in three words, Talk it over. If thy business enemy offend thee, don't smite him on the cheek. Take him by the Luttonhole in a friendly manner and talk it over.

Some one tells you that Smith, down the street, has said or done something to your detriment. Perhaps he has, and perhaps he has not. If he has, your best policy is to prevent his repeating his remark or deed in the future. If he has not, you don't want to do him an injustice, even in your own mind.

Put on your hat, leave your temper at home, go down and make a friendly call. Be neighborly, frank, epen. Tell him the truth and ask him for equal frankness. Nine hundred and ninetynine times out of a thousand the whole matter will be explained and straightened out in five minutes, and you will part as personal friends rather than as personal and business enemies. You will with feel better, you will live side by side in Larmony; the earth will be brighter, the sanshine clearer, your own heart lighter and mankind take on a more friendly aspect. Don't get mad and rush to your desk and send a scorching letter; be a man and a Christian und go yourself.

Talk it over. - Hardware.

The Youthful Kaiser and Mr. Frith. Although Professor Knackfuss is usually credited with assisting the kaiser in the production of his surprising pietures, the German monarch owes his earliest, introduction to the mysterics . of art to an English painter. The first time the kaiser handled a brush was at Windsor, when Mr. Frith was painting the picture of the Prince of Wales' marriage for the queen. All the royal personages gave sittings to the artist, and the kaiser, then & little 4-year-old prince, spent several mornings in the room where the picture was being painted. To keep the child quiet, Mr. Frith gave him some paints and brushes and allowed him to dabble on one of the

unfinished corners of the canvas. As the natural result of this very injudicious proceeding the prince's face was in a very few minutes covered with streaks of green, blue and vermilion. The sight of his smeared face terrified his governess, who begged the artist to remove the colors, and Mr Frith, armed with rags and turpentine, had nearly completed his task when the pungent spirit found its way into a scratch upon the child's check The future kaiser screamed with pain, assaulted the eminent painter with his fists, and hid himself under a large table, where he yelled until he was tired Mr Fiith declares to his "Reminiscences" that the little prince showed a nost and rgiving spirit and revenged himself afterward by sitting so badly that the painter failed altogether to produce a satisfac-

tory likeness -- London Characte -Death of the Duckess of Teck. Richmond, Eng., Oct. 28.-The Princeas Adelaide, Duchess of Teck, cousin of Queen Victoria, sister of the Duke of Cambridge and mother-in-law of the Luke of York, died at the White-Lodge here yesterday. Her death was entirely unexpected. It was supposed that she had recovered from a complaint which caused her considerable suffering.

Engineer Foyle's Body Recovered. Poughkeepsie, N. Y., Nov. 1. - The body of John Foyle, engineer of the New York Central train wrecked ata Garrisons on Sunday of last week, was yesterday brought up with grappling irons from the big hole made by engine when it plunged into the much at the bottom of the Hudson.

[Contin ed from page 2.]

leubic, the control this back a somier on v Less sheres the gold lace gift ered. No recent had be passed through the gate than he staggered and fell. The soldiers crowded round, and by the flickering light of a lantern they recognized the Parisian. He was deadly pale and covered with blood. One hand was pressed tight; to his side, and with the other he still grasped the sergeaut's

"You!" exclaimed the captain on recognizing him. "Who let you out of your prison?"

"I let n yself cut, captain," answered the Parisian in a weak, breken voice. "I should have gone back when the s cotting was ever. Hound the sergeant out there on the plans-he was wounded in the leg-and I wanted to get him back. I ve man and it, but-I've got a bullet in my sine. I cen't think I shall though-than-having-12 French bullets through my skin. There-goodbyall of you"- And with these words, ner, Mich., was attacked by pigs in a pen be expired. - From the French of Paul d'Argency in Strand.