## DANNY



## BY A.R. LEONARD AUTHOR 'OF HIS SON'S INHERITANCE, ETC.

His cars far out of the common. were abnormally large, and his big. bulging, expressionless eyes stared from a face as vacant as themselves. His nose was large, and so was his mouth, which was wide open most of the time, exposing the uneven teeth within the thick red lips, while his pushed back cap revealed a short crop of coarse red hair.

He was slowly parading up and down in front of a four-story-high stoop house in one of the atrectsnear the East river and abutting on Grand street; an old-time house, an imposing looking house, one that had seen many glorious patrician suns rise and set, until blotted out at once and forever by gross plebian darkness; a mansion that had become a mere house and regretted its abasement in a hopeless, despairing fashion. .

On the stoop and on the steps of the house itself were a half-dozen or so of women, who regarded him with looks of mingled terror and abhorrence. When I came close to him he paused in his walk and, pointing toward the stoop where the women were with one misshapen women were with one misshapen finger, said, with a look of keen enjoyment, as of one who expects soon to be present at a longed-for feast:

"There's a coffin goin' in there, empty, and comin' out again, full. all the time. There it goes again, went on in broken, irregular little jets of speech, uttered as confidently as though the ghastly subject of his words were actually apparent to my vision as well as his own, "empty, and there it comes out, full. It's a good coffin, too," rubbing his hands,
"a fine, beautiful coffin. Silver
handles—real silver—an' it's shined till I can see my face in it. You can see the corpse's face in it, too—such a lovely corpse—sure dead—sure dead. Do you like to look at your face in a coffin lid-say, do you? And he thrust his hideous counten ance so close to mine that I shuddered and shrank away from him as though he had been marked with the

plague. "An' it's got a silver plate on it there's the name," moving his finger slowly along in the air as though spelling out words; "an' there's the time the corpse was born (I don't like that—I don't like live people— 800n ?" dead ones-sure dead-sure dead), an' there's the time the corpse died-I like that!" And he cracked his hig, red, knotty fingers like so pistol shots and chuckled in

"Oh.

"Take it away!" I

"He is an idolt, if he is a mon-

In a moment the boy was sented

wearing an expression that rendered

me to think that something might

yet be made of even him, if placed in

see it go in. But mebbe it's onny a ghost coffin, an' not a real one. I ghost coffin, an not a real one. I and about twelve inches in length. It was perfectly made and correct in them is sure dead. Did you see it go in?" he asked, with startling above and bandles, six in number, ed upon" the darkened life. "At length "the Spirit of God m

no," I answered, striving to In addition it was covered with black there was light." And the morning myself away from him, yet velvet and had a tiny stivery looking came to Danny in this wise. fascinated to stay.

"Then it must be a ghost coffin," in an' out of a house. In, empty, an' to me could I discover. out, full; and nobody see it go in. look!" And he traced in the air rible thing across my lap. "Isn't it with one finger the flight of some beautiful?" object no eye but his own could see. "He carried on like that in front vehemently, for I am particularly brown thrust of our door the day our little Jimmie nervous in regard to all such articles, called her.

died," said one of the women on the stoop, with her apron to her eyes, the street." husband went down stairs to drive him away, but he was scared to you," urged the boy, who, big though go nigh the boy, he looked that he was now spoke in the tones of a small child grieved because of "An' he got into the house, where

my poor husband was bein' haid out," adult of some new and precious toy. asserted another, "an' wouldn't go adult of some new and precious toy. "Ah, no one else knows I made it onny for any of us, but kept walkin' onny you," he continued. "I round an' round the room where my husband was, crackin' his ugly fingers an' sayin'. Pretty corpse, pretty corpse, as if he were talkin' to a baby," and the woman children in the began to cry softly, much like a little baby. I was touched at once corpse,' as if he were talkin' to a baby," and the woman shivered at

"An' what harm's in the poor innocent, after all's said an' done?" queried an Irishman in overalls, who now approached us. "You're a stranger hereabouts, sir?" he went on, turning to me. I nodded.

Thin ye don't know that the unfortunate wan is 'Danny, the Funeral have done." He got the name long ago, whin he was no more than eight years old, by always tryin' to get into houses where there was did people, whether he knew the same or not. Sometimes he was refused, but more often he was let to a sight of what the proper hands.

he was longin' for. Afther a time "Do you think it's good?" he inhe was longin' for. Afther a time folks around here got to know him. folks around here got to know him, quired rapturously, "Really good? an' let him come an' go as he liked. I'll make you one just like it, if you Now he's hardly ever shut out, for say so. Or I'll make you a big one harmless as a babby, an' gives no trouble to anny wan. But choose, he's a terror when there's crape at the dure till he gets into the house an's let to a sight of the coffin."

an's let to a sight of the coffin.

Toward the end of this somewhat lengthy description of himself, Danny, for some imbecile reason known only to himself, began slowly to move away. On this the Irishman coffin wood, too—think of that! An of the relationship is a substitute of an old nall. The produced a cent, and gave it to him. the velvet's part of an old pall. Danny received the com without surundertaker's man said so when he prise, pleasure or thanks, and again gave it to me. The nails is real, too to shamble off. I would have -came off a real coffin, what fell all called him back and given him a to pieces as they was changing it dime or a quarter, for I pitied him, from one grave to another. I made but the irishman advised me not to the handles, too, out of tobacco lead "Wan penny at a time's enough for him, sir," he said. "If he had more the bad children around here wud get it away from him."

the handles, too, out of tobacco lead I picked up in the street an' melted. Then I cut them out with an old pen knife."

"But how about the plate Danger."



MNEW

yes," he replied carnestly. life into it again," he continued, his

SHE WOULD

COME AT LAST

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Hrough leve to light! On, wooderful that leads from darkness to the perfect of markets and from dolor of the more time. The morning, that comes singing of the more time, leve to light! On the lower more lightly organized to the thing appears and the lower in lightly organized to the thing appears. The total control of the cont to happen, it knows not what.
"I wouldn't dare tell him," said

one of the women in an awed whis-

er, fervently.

An instant he hestated, then swept very quietly to the tiny form, softly laid the watch and chain across the slight fingers, removed his hat and gently pressed his lips to the baby mouth, irresponsive for the first time. Then suddenly the boy the first time. Then suddenly the boy stood erect, the light came back into his face, his eyes became glassy and stretched his arm over the bed. "He's goin' back to his old ways." said one of the women fearfully. But no, he was not.

"I see two at her head," he asserted, in the tone of one repeating a lesson, "two in white, shining white, with eyes like hers. An' I see two at her feet—two in white, shining white, with eyes like hers. An' I see more more around her"—
moving his hand slowly in a circle—
"in white, shining white, all with
eyes like hers. An' they watch her,
day and night, so nothin' can harm her, till the time comes for her to

Danny's arm dropped listlessly his side, the rapt look vanished from his eyes and the darkness once more took possession of his face. He turned slowly and with dragging steps passed out of the silent house and into the empty world.

The days and weeks now passed over Danny's head much as usual, except that after his work was done he had nowhere to go, never having visited her home once since that black night, and so retired to his lit-tle hall room in the grocer's house and remained there until such time

on one side.

"Because," answered the gr who was kneeling beside Danny, "Leave him to find out for himself," advised a third.

"An' God be with him when he does find out," said the first speaker, feryently. When the ambulance surgeon had examined Danny, who was still in-

The boy advanced three or steps slowly, caught a glimpse of a steps slowly, caught a glimpse of a bed in the room beyond, and needed no voice to tell him what had haped the knees," he averred, "and the chest is also much crushed. He must chest is also much crushed. He must chest is also much crushed." be at once removed to the hospital."
This was done, and the boy lay in bed for many weeks, swathed in

bandages and often delirious.

"Who does he mean by 'her'?"
asked a nurse of the grocer, during one of his daily visits to the hospital. "He calls for 'her' constantpital.

"A little box of earth," was the answer, "having the impress of a baby's foot. The child in whom Danny was wrapped up died suddenly, and the boy dug up the mark her little foot had left in the turf and kept it as a memento of her. had forgotten it until now, but will go and fetch it to him at once." "Lose no time," warned the sur-geon, who was just then passing.

"The boy is sinking fast."
In less than half an hour the little box was placed on the bed beside Danny, where his hand could touch

"Too late, I fear," said the sur geon, laying a light finger on the boy's wrist. "He is almost gone." boy's wrist. "He is almost gone."
But, no! The closed eyes slowly
opened and their gaze fell upon the desire of his heart.
"Her!" he cried delightedly.

knew she would come at last!"
The old rapt look came once more into the dying eyes, a smile, loving as ever, played about the ashen lips, while the whole countenance was

suffused with light.
"I see," he said, in low and bro-ken tones, "two at the foot—two in white-shining white-two with eyes like hers! An' I see more-more-

all around—in white—shining white—all with eyes like hers!"

The voice ceased, but the glory on the face was lifted no more forever.

## French Foundling Asylums.

Charities and the Commons. What would become of an infant if it were deprived of public assistance when the mother is unable to provide for it? Ought society give up the feeble creature to premature death, or perhaps to abandonment? Great dangers threaten the new-born infant; if the mother has sinned, and if she is determined to hide her sin at any cost, the only means of saving from crime, from abortion or infanticide is by providing places where she can leave the child. Formerly this abandonment was left to chance; lately there has been established, at first in Paris, then throughout France, the system of go-called secret admission. All infants under seven months are received into the foundling asylums without any legal form. The expense of this compulsory assistance is borne either by the commune, the department or the State.

Charge is taken of these wards until they reach their majority. They are placed out in the families of neasants, and their frequent adoption by their foster-parents is a most encouraging phenomenon. However, in order that desertion may not become the general rule, but rather remain the last painful resort, the rupture of all relations between mother and child is demanded. The loving and tender mother must thus make a most painful sacrifice; only the most valid of reasons could force her to submit to this cruel separation. On this account the law for the relief of infants provides that all deserted mothers, narried or single, are entitled to pecuntary aid, in order to enable them to nurse and take care of their in

Youth's Companion.

## The Way to Tsouhsein.

The inhabitants of Chinese villages are very ignorant of the places in their own neighborhood; according to an interview with J. W. Garnett, the third secretary of the British legation at Peking, which The Manchester Guardian prints. Mr. Garnett returned a little while ago from a journey through the provinces of Shantung and Klangsu and a sample of the conversation that took place when he asked the way from one village to another is below:
"Is this the way to Tsouhsein?"

"Are you going to Tsouhsein?" "Yes; is this the way?"

"Oh, you are going to Tsouhsein, are you? Where do you come from?" "From Chiningchow. Please is this the way to Tsouhsein?"

"Oh, you've come from Chiningchow, have you? Are you going into the city walls of Tsouhsein?" Finally the native would admit that

he did not know the way to Tsouhacin. At the entrace of another village an ancient villager was asked what The

name of the piace was. After asking in turn who Mr. Garrett was, where he had come from, where he was going and why he wanted an inn, he considered the original question. when repeated by the patient inquirer, and finally closed the conversation by saving: "How should I know. I am not a

learned man."



"Much better. Are you goin' to die voice rising angrily, "the bad ghosts! Don't you see the mouth laughing at me—and the hand moving to the stoutly. The boy's face fell. side of the coffin, to get away. Bu "I'm sorry," he said briefly, and I'll kill it—for all the bad ghosts." side of the coffin, to get away. But began untying the strings of a parcel And he snatched the little box from I for the first time saw he carried my hands and began tearing the under his arm.

Presently he removed the enwrap- fingers. "I'll kill it—I'll kill it!" full. How did it get in? I didn't ping paper and displayed to view a and the expression of his counten-

At length "the Spirit of God movcover and handles, six in number, ed upon" the darkened life, "And "No, no," I answered, striving to ingeniously carved from thin lead. God said, Let there be light;

There came to live in the basevery neatly engraved with what was evidently intended for a ment of the house where he made asserted Danny, with great confi- name and date, although not a his home (under the stairs, general-"Onny a ghost coffin could go single letter of any language known ly, with the mops and the brooms) a young mechanic and his wife "I made every bit of it myself," he They had one child, a tiny girl of There it is again, right by you. Look, declared proudly as he laid the hor- three, with a dainty mite of a face framed in soft brown ringlets and lighted up by a pair of big, wistful, trusting brown eyes. The "wee brown thrush," one of the neighbors "or I'll throw it into the middle of

Every fine evening at abouto'clock, all summer long, her mother "But you asked me to show it to would take her up the stone steps to the sidewalk and leave her there to wait for the coming of her fath-And when he appeared, haif a non-appreciation on the part of an block or so away, she would give one little glad cry of complete happiness and run to meet slender arms outstretched to their widest extent and her baby face glorious beyond thought.

No matter how crowded the pavement might be with home returning toilers there was always a path made for her. None passed her without strous abortion." I argued to myself, "and as such is worthy of pity from smiling on her, although she had all persons blessed with their senses." Then I added aloud soothingly. eyes for none save her father, and some men as they drew near her 'Don't cry, Danny, but come and tell took off their hats as they might me how ever you made it. It's quite have done on entering a church.

And then, when she had reached as good work as an undertaker could

her father and was clasped close to his breast, what caresses of her small by my side, his hideous countenance arms about his neck, what soft strokit almost bearable, which change led | ings of his cheek with her dimpled hand, what pressings of her lips to his, what delighted coolings and rip-ples of laughter! And the father's countenance, all the worn, tired look faded out of it utterly and replaced

-big enough to hold you-if you "No, thank you," I returned hast-ily "Just tell me all about this Danny was seated on the lowermost

> pair of laughing brown ones, and beauty and completeness anything two lips, rosy as the gates of dawn, the children of the vicinity had ever were pressed to his astonished mouth dreamed or heard of. very first klss he had ever

by the hallowing radiance of perfect love, was a sight to make an atheist believe in God.

Early one morning shortly after the arrival of these newcomers, as Danny was seated on the lowermost step of the back stoop busily engaged in carving some no doubt more or less funereal design from a susplicious looking fragment of black wood with an old jack-knife, he felt a soft touch on his hand, while a voice close to his ear asserted with great emphasis:

"I like you!"

scouring the neighborhood in search of small nails, brass headed tacks, gray colored pieces of slik, woollen of small nails, brass headed tacks, gray colored pieces of slik, woollen or cotton, and strips of different of the back stoop busily engaged in carving some no doubt more or less funereal design from a susplicious looking fragment of black wood watching with ever increasing wonder and admiration as he skilfully fashioned these crude materials into tiny chairs, tables, cradles, etc., until at length the queen of his heart.

"I like you!" close to his ear asserted with great tiny chairs, tables, cradles, etc., unemphasis:

"I like you!"

In another moment his eyes met a
pair of laughing brown ones, and
pair of laughing brown ones,

fortunate would not know what to do ly. "To her?" repeated his questioner, In this manner the course of in bewilderment.

"The plant man advised me not to "Wan penny as a line"s enough for him sir" he said. "If he had more him sir" he said. "If he had more him sir" he said. "If he had more the bas pot." I saked. "If he had more get it away from him."
"What will he do with the one he has pot." I saked. "What will he do with the one he has pot." I saked. "If he had more get it away from him."
"What will he do with the one he has pot." I saked. "If he had more the window of the corner, sit, and look in at he window. The girls there know him an his ways, an' whin they see him they'll the corner, sit, and look in at the window. The girls there know him an his ways, an' whin they see him they'll the corner, sit, and look in a window of the said is the potential of the said of t