Times Supplement.

LOUISBURG, N. C.

OLD-FASHIONED ROSES. BY JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

They ain't no style about 'em; And they're sorter pale and faded; Yit the doorway here without 'em Would be lonesomer, and shaded With a good 'eal blacker shadder Than the mornin' glories makes And the sunshine would look sadder. For their good old-fashioned sakes. I like 'em 'cause they kind o' Sorter makes a feller like 'em ; And I tell you when you find a Bunch out whur the sun can strike 'em It alwus sets me thinkin'

O' the ones 'at used to grow And peek in through the chinkin' O' the cabin, don't you know. And then I think o' mother. And how she used to love 'em, When they wuzn't any other, 'Less they found 'em up above 'em! And her eyes, afore she shut 'em, Whispered with a smile, and said We must pluck a bunch and put 'em In her hand when she was dead.

But as I wuz a-sayin', They ain't no style about 'em, Very gaudy or displayin', But I wouldn't be without 'em, Cause I'm happier in these posies And the hollyhawks and sich Than the hummin' bird 'at noses In the roses of the rich.

MARTYR TO HIS PRINCIPLES. Father Keller, Who is in Prison for Assisting

the Poor and the Oppressed. Until the middle of March last Father Daniel Keller, while one of the oldest priests of the south of Ireland, and within his district one of the most popular, was not known to the world at large. There are so many priests like him who do their duty faithfully that the individual is lost in the class. He was the parish priest at Youghal, county Cork. Youghal is one of the parishes of the Ponsonby estate, which extends over three parishes in the county, namely, Killeagh, Inch, and Youghal. It is a smart village on the Bay of Youghal, and the terminus of a line of railroad from Cork.

Father Keller has been unable, as he expressed it, to remain silent and inactive when he saw the poor and the weak oppressed by the rich and the strong. The tenants of the Ponsonby estate were rack-rented. Father Keller had joined with Father E. Murphy of Killeagh, in support-ing the action of their flocks in adopting was simply to pay to the treasurer of the league such rent as the league experts arrival in New York, just a year before said should be paid, leaving the league to settle with the agents of the estate.

Father Keller acted as treasurer for the tenants. For this he was arrested on March 18 and taken to Dublin by the way of Cork. The news of his arrest preceded him. He was met at the station in Cork by an immense throng of people, includ-ing the mayor and municipal council. The mayor presented him with an address, while the crowd cheered enthusiastically. A like demonstration was made at every station along the line to Dublin. Archbishop Croke, who made an address at Thurles, voiced the sentiment of the people when he said to the arrested priest "You represent two great principles—opposition to unjust action in regard to rent, and fidelity to the confidences of your flock."

At the Dublin station the police were obliged to get out of the way, the crowd made such a determined onslaught, and the prisoner was lifted up and carried to the lord mayor's carriage, which was in waiting, and he was then conveyed to the Royal Hotel, where the lord mayor also

made an address. Next day he was taken before Judge Boyd, of the Bankruptcy Court. When he faced the judge and was asked to tes-tify in certain matters relating to him and his flock, Father Keller refused to do so on the ground that he would be betraying confidences.

Thereupon Father Keller was committed to Kilmainham for contempt of court. His was a remarkable journey from court to jail. Archbishop Walsh, Lord Mayor Sullivan and Mr. Timothy Harrington, M. P., accompanied the priest to the jail. The crowd in the street unharnessed the horses and drew the carriages themselves, singing as they went, "God Save Ireland" and "We'll Hang Judge Boyd on a Sour

Apple Tree."
The priest was worthy of the honors thrust upon him, for he was singularly modest and unassuming through it all. In the jail he does not occupy an ordinary cell, but a small cell which is provided with a fire and is more comfortable. He is a first-class misdemeanant, and will be allowed to provide his own food and such articles of furniture as he may desire, and to have a servant. He will not be required to wear the prison dress (although the rule is that misdemeanants shall wear it), nor will he have to perform the same labor, and special privileges may under the prison rules be al-lowed him by the visiting board if they think it can be done without risk to the discipline of the prison. He is allowed to have two hours' exercise in the day, and will not associate with criminals.

Not Quite Alike. "Good morning, Mrs. O'Raherty. Where have you been so early?" "Faith, an' I've jist come from the bornin' his head. down at Mrs. Murphy's."
"Ah! A new baby there?"
"Two, faith. She has two twins, and they

be so near aloike that ye couldn't tell one from the other to save yer loife." Boys or girls?"

"One's a boy and the other's a girrul."Kentucky State Journal.

Not So Very Dreadful. Mrs. Sardonicus-I see here in the paper that many poor children have to go barefooted in the winter. I think that's dreadful. don't you? Sardonicus-Why, not very. I go baretooled at least a third of the time mysel

Mrs. Sardonicus—I wish you'd just tell me when you ever went barefooted in the winter Sardonicus-Why, I go barefooted o' nights.

George Growing Great.

"I saw an article in the paper yesterday," remarked Mrs. Gabble to Mrs. Vain, her next-door neighbor, "stating that nearly all great men were bald."

"Yes; it is a shame, too. Now, my poor dear George's hair is coming out so fast I scarcely think he will have any left soon," scored Mrs. Vain.—Chicago Ledger.

"The Duke's Revenge."

BY FANNY FOSTER CLARK.

"Well, who is it?" Pennington, the great New York publisher, asked of his clerk as I stood for the first time on the threshold of the sanctum. The clerk, not knowing that I had followed close upon his heels from the outer office, replied: "A very slim young man with a very stout manuscript."

Hardly relishing this pithy sarcasm, I scowled at the fellow, who was pale, dark and had a disagreeable, introspective man-ner. Then I stepped up briskly to the publisher's desk, and laying down a parcel, said: "This is the first part of a historical romance "The Duke's Revenge."



Mr. Pennington was a bald man. amused me to trace the line at which his wrinkled forehead ended and the skinny smoothness began. It amused me, also, to see a teaspoon and sundry bottles of dyspepsia remedies on his desk. He touched the manuscript nervously, made deep furrows of distress all across that seamy forehead, and

in a beseeching, fretful tone said: 'Really, I-I don't know what to-what to do with it."

"Read it and then publish it," I answered promptly and cheerfully." Mr. Pennington looked thoroughly miserable as indicating the unpleasant familiar he said: "The reading is done by Mr. Bell," and then put the manuscript into his hands. "But, really, young man," he continued, 'you ought to be at better work than book-

making. It's a vice." Laughing outright, I said: "Somebody has to write 'em." "But everybody writes 'em," said Penning-

ton; "that's the trouble. How old are you?" "Twenty-two. Name, Nelson Floyd." "Pity!" he exclaimed softly; and gave a nod in my direction and went on with his letter writing. Taking this for a publisher's polite dismissal, I walked out. Passing Bell at his desk I scowled at his back cranial development and noted that it was particu-

Ned Russell, my chum, admirer and good friend was waiting on the stairs. Ned was the Irish League plan of campaign, which | twenty-one, had very small means and a fresh from college, he had heartily supported me in the opinion that a book-a great book, "a stunning book," as he phrased it, would be my only fit introduction to fame and fortune. Ned had smoked away many hours beside my desk in reverential silence, and his opinions were certainly delightful. What came short of impressing him as "wonderful" or "dramatic and deucedly touching" made him shake his head, look very solemn, take out his pipe and ejaculate; "Deep, by George! Nelse, that's deep—profound."

Well, there outside stood Ned, all excitement, hope and fidelity. I told him of the fidgety, uncomfortable publisher, and then I described Bell, the clerk, his averted eyes and dark face. Ned's own frank countenance flushed with interest and anxiety, and he formed a conclusion at once.

"That fellow's a sneak-a sneak and a scamp. Look out for him, old chappy. Now strike while the iron's hot and polish off the second vol." Ned had a mercantile fashion of using abbreviations. "I'll sit by," he added cheerfully, "while you twistify that political plot and bring the cardinal up with a round turn in the end."

Sit by he did, every evening, in a sort of enthusiastic hush, and at last, after six weeks, he could exclaim, throwing up his hat and deftly catching it: "Vol. two done. Hurrah!" Ned insisted upon carrying the precious parcel in his own hands, only delivering it over to me at the threshold of Pennington's outer office. As I passed Bell his head was leaning on his hand, and hardly glancing up, he made me what Ned, observing from the hallway, designated as a "sneaking, hang-dog sort of a bow."

"The second volume of 'The Duke's Revenge," said I to Mr. Pennington, holding out the bulky roll. His forehead amused me more than ever.

It wrinkled up like a piece of crape as he

stammered: "Ye-ye-yes, but-you see, the first part has been read and it's of no use-no use at all. I'll try to tell you why. Many faults in writing may be, under proper criticism, quickly atoned; but your work is crude, and crudity can be overcome only by years of hard experience. Here, Bell, bring that first part." Bell came softly and laid the first installment of manuscript on the desk beside the second. "You can't understand me," Pennington went on, looking the picture of woe, "because," and he drew a deep sigh, "because you are crude, too," and he added deliberately, with marked emphasis, "A

"Then there's no chance for the book?" I asked, trying to keep a steady voice. He glanced up. I must have looked very boyish, for I was beardless and slim, and had a mobile, eager face. He slowly shook

very crude young man."

Just then I saw there was another person in the room, a young girl; a school girl, she seemed, with long braids of fair hair hanging to her waist, and a childish face with childish blue eyes. With that second self, that other consciousness which can be busy over trifles when the everyday faculties are absorbed by some great perplexity, I took note of her while I asked of Mr. Pennington:

"Won't you give my book your personal attention?" "Bless me!" Pennington exclaimed, fresh-

ening up with surprise. "Why you-you publishing houses." "Well," I drged with emphasis, "I am sure the work only needs fair and impartial

consideration." "Oh," answered the publisher, "you think the people who risk their money in putting out books are governed by personal prejudices? Yes, all young writers think so. If I showed you our accounts and proved that good work brings gain and bad work brings loss you would still believe we had some fiendish delight in trampling down genius."

Then touching the manuscript charily with the point of a finger, as if it were an infected thing, he said, shortly, "Leave it."

As I passed out I saw the young girl's blue eyes fixed upon me steadily, and I wondered what could bring such a bright creature to that misty office.

"Ned," said I, as the good fellow met me with smiling expectations, "Pennington seems not quite pleased with the first vol-ume." I couldn't bring myself to repeat to a stanch admirer the publisher's frank criticism in full.

"Ain't pleased? Hah!" exclaimed Ned. with friendly violence, "didn't that sneaky, downcast-looking cur, that Bell, read your vol. one?"

"Yes." "That's it," said Ned; "that's just what's the matter." The inelegance and inaccuracy, of my friend's speech I always pardoned in view of its hearty good nature. "Now," he went on, "you carry that m's (he pronounced the letters separately), Nelse, to a publisher,

that's got a decent reader.

"But," I answered, "I haven't another copy, and the original scrawl was destroyed bit by bit."

Ned went to his business, and I went where I received \$20 on my watch from a Rebrew gentleman. Nothing remained of the \$2,000, my whole patrimony, with which I had launched into life and literature some thing over a year before. I was an orphan, without friends and possessed of the most genteel and uplifted idea about the sorts of labor consonant with a young gentleman's

dignity.

In two weeks I presented myself at Pennington's, asking: "Have you read the second part, sir?"

"N-no," he answered, "it wasn't just at hand the day I had leisure and— Well, well, it's quite useless. Mr. Bell found the first part unavailable, but—but—come in to-mor-

To-morrow, accordingly, I came.
"Mr. Bell," said Pennington—only mildly fretful when he spoke to this uncanny person—"did you find this young man's manu-

son—"did you find this young man's manuscript?"

"No," answered Bell, "the day he brought the second part I laid the first on your desk beside it. I've not seen either since."

"You don't mean to say"—and I was rather glad to use asperity toward Bell—"you don't mean to say that my book is lost?"

"I can't find it," Bell replied. "Haven't you a copy?"

you a copy?" "Not a copy of a single line."
His wondering eyes dwelt on me for a moment with a show of sympathy (I hated him for that pretense), and he said, "Come in

After I'd sold my seal ring I did come in again, then again, and yet again, after various other trinkets had gone to keep it company, until at last one day Bell declared:
"That manuscript is hopelessly lost."
"What persons have access to this office?"

I asked, with stern meaning.
"Let me see," Bell answered, and I felt that he was trying to appear unconscious of my searching glance; "on that particular day, which I happen to remember well, hardly any one came in.'

"Yes," - Pennington added, speaking to Bell, "I remember the day, too, because my daughter was here and" — He stopped sud-denly, coughed and scrawled a line in the letter before him, while I said to myself So the pretty schoolgirl is his daughter. Bell seemed agitated, and if ever guilt were written on a man's countenance I read it in

"We issue a printed notice," explained Pennington, "stating that we are not responsible for rejected manuscripts. However, if yours turns up we'll send it to you.'

Ned Russell dropped in as usual that night and tried to comfort me by offering to insult Bell in the open street. The poor fellow left me \$5, which I knew he would have to save out of his frugal lunches for a month to

Well, I tried writing stories, poems and squibs for the papers, and these productions were invariably returned. Ned's \$5, a dress suit and other garments all melted away, gradually converted into two meals a day and sundry sops to my landlady, who with her capacious figure used to bar my passage on the stairs. It seems strange that through all this stress I never thought of lowering the standard by which I measured the employment that I could accept. I was suffering from pride, sensitiveness and all those mental diseases, which, in turn, spring from a misapprehension of the value of a unit in the universe. In short, I was a well-educated young gentleman, who finds getting on in the world very different from getting on in his college classroom."

The winter set in particularly severe, and my Hebrew banker, after loud deprecation of an excellent overcoat, had announced with a desperate, suicidal gesture: "Vel, I gif you four dollar on dot old goat." By January the last penny of that last money had vanished, and one night I went supperless to bed. In the morning, awaking very hungry and very cold, I wandered out into the streets. There was snow on the ground, and I walked briskly across a small up town park, buttoning up a thin frock coat. Passing out of the park gate a snowball hit me fairly in the back. There were boys at play all about, so I never looked around. But presently I was struck again in a particularly vicious way, right on the neck, and I wheeled about sharply to see what small boy might be the culprit. To my surprise the guilty rascal seemed to have been already captured and that by a young girl who was

saying:
"Frankie, you naughty thing, papa has forbidden you to throw snowballs," while the child vociferated, after the manner of his kind: "I didn't hit him, Pussy; I didn't, I



Just then the door of a large house facing the square opened, and there came out an elderly man, to whom the young girl at once made a complaint.

"Oh, papa, Frankie has been throwing snowballs again, and I'm afraid this gentleman is hurt."

"Bad boy—must apologize—where's the gentleman!" I caught these words and drew near, not because of them, but because recognized in the father of my small enemy Pennington, the publisher.
"Have I—haven't I—at least I believe I have seen you before," he said. "You have," I answered, trying my pinched and shaky best to look him through

and through. I've called at your office about twenty times to recover a manuscript." about twenty times to recover a manuscript."

Mr. Pennington began to edge away, and after putting a little distance between us he asked: "Is your address unchanged?" I nodded sternly. He said to his daughter, "Good-bye, Pussy," and then coming back and touching my sleeve with an inquiring forefinger he remarked, examining my face:

"You look rather—rather—pale. Are you troubled with—with—dyspepsia?"

I returned to Mr. Pennington's question a gunshot of a "no!" and then raising my hat

gunshot of a "no!" and then raising my hat stiffly to the young girl I passed on, bitterly resenting my position, yet proudly satisfied

that nobody could suspect from my look or demeanor that I was suffering the pangs of hunger. At the same time I was reflecting. "He called her 'Pussy! Pussy! What as absurd little nickname!"

Cold and famished I walked the streets; cold and famished toward afternoon I went to my fireless room and sat down to decide what sort of brute labor I should apply for. Pride was fairly starved out, and I was ready for anything to appease the fiend of emptiness. By chance my eye fell upon the table; a letter lay there. I opened it, and the words that set my brain whirling were these:

"There is a clerkship now vacant in our

"There is a clerkship now vacant in our lower calesroom. By presenting this you can secure the place. Yours, &c., "LEMUEL PENNINGTON."

Judge whether I did secure it. Judge whether I eagerly threw myself into the work and came home every evening in a re-deemed overcoat to a paid-up and smiling landlady. Ned Russell was delighted in sympathy, but with his usual acuteness he advised me:

advised me:

"Keep your eye on that Bell."

But the house was so large, the departments so various and the employees so numerous that six months passed and I had never seen Bell, except the few times when he had chanced to walk through the sales-room. Always with downcast or restlessly wandering eyes, and generally with bowed head, he looked like a creature under some wicked spell. He had not been very long in with the firm, and not a man down stairs knew him.

knew him.

At last, after a year's service with Pennington & Co., came some events of the sort that invest the most meagre history of the most meagre life with a little glory. My love story began in this wise:

Mr. Pennington was ill and I had to carry some papers to his house. Wishing to make some memoranda he called out toward the open door leading into an adjoining room: "Pussy, bring my inkstand."

"Yes, papa," was the answer. "Yes, papa, I'll bring it to you." Presently Pussy came into the room, balancing the pen in one hand and demurely looking down at the link carried in an open glass stand in

the ink carried in an open glass stand in the other. She came very carefully, very the link carried in an open glass stand in the other. She came very carefully, very steadily, with a grave little mockery of responsibility lurking about her lips. I had seen Pussy before—twice before. I had remembered her, ton—remembered her, so to speak, with my mind. I knew just how pink her chin was; just how brown in the shadow and golden in the sunlight the pretty, clear line of her eyebrows; just what a waxen little nose she had, what pearls of teeth, and what a willowy figure. But from that minute, when she crossed the sunshiny room, watching the treacherous burden in her hand, then as she reached us and put it safely down, looking up with a playful triumph—from that minute I remembered Pussy with my heart. Why from that moment I can't tell. Possibly because—but who ever found a logic for love? While life lasts, when I shall have grown a trembling, gray old man, so I shall see her always—so in the morning sunshine, coming toward me in the morning sunshine, coming toward me slowly, steadily, then looking up with a bright smile. And after this world's sights and sounds are over I'll ask no fairer vision than the dear figure coming toward me once again, no purer joy than such warmth, such hope, such ecstasy as woke that day in my povish heart.

Several weeks of dreamy unrest passed by before I dared to think of pushing an acquaintance at the publisher's house. There was no matron to encounter to be sure, for among the big army of little men down town. I had lost my sense of personal importance. Yet there was Pussy's smile, there were Pussy's eyes and Pussy's shining braids of hair; so somehow one evening, armed with a business question for the father, I boldly rang the bell and asked for Miss Pen-

nington.
She came into the parlor and showed her understanding of the situation by saying, with proper gravity, "I'm so, sorry papa is

Before I went away that evening, very discreetly, very early, if you please, Pussy and I were established friends. She was eighteen vears old: her name was Priscilla. you see," she explained, "they began by calling me Pussy, thinking I'd grow up to the solemn Priscilla, then I never did grow up very much so." "So Pussy is Pussy still." I finished out the phrase for her.
"Ye-yes," and she laughed, but looked

rather scared as I pronounced her name so familiarly, and yet with so capital an excuse. To tell the truth # could feel a great heartbeat at my own daring.

I found out what her tastes were, what girls were her "very, very dearest friends," what young men were allowed to visit the house and that she knew "Mr. Bell in papa's

"What sort of a fellow do you find him?" I inquired with a depreciating sneer.
"Oh, very nice," she answered in that cheerful monotone that women use when

they are particularly puzzling, "very nice indeed." If anything could increase my dislike to Bell it was that Pussy should esteem him. "And has he," I asked sarcastically, "any particular spite against the human race that ne carries the countenance of a baffled

"Oh," said Pussy impulsively and with anxiety, "do you think he looks so very badly; so very unhappy?" "Then he isn't happy, eh?" And I spoke grimly enough, "why isn't he?"
"How should I know?" exclaimed Pussy in a sort of fright and striving to hide some emotion. But the color would come surging into her delicate face and words could have

told me no plainer that I had a rival in Bell. Next day I expected nothing less than to be called to account by Pennington. But the summons never came, and so after a fort-night had passed in safety I tried the delight-ful experiment of a second visit.

From that time I called regularly every

week, becoming always more and more in love with Pussy and confiding everything to

"Hah!" he would exclaim indignantly, "if that rascal Bell hadn't got your ms you'd be a rich man to-day and could offer yourself. Such a romance as it was! Full of—full of—well, it was deep, by George,

My feelings toward Bell naturally grew more and more bitter, as, I heard his name mentioned, from time to time, by Pussy. At last one evening we met. Chancing in rather early, I surprised him in close conversation with Pussy, sitting next her on the sofa. He hardly greeted me, but left the house at once. I don't know how I mastered my voice to say: "You and Mr. Bell are old friends, it "Oh, yes; rather old friends," she answered

"Oh, yes; rather old friends," she answered indifferently.

When I thought the matter over I understood that Pussy could not see Bell as I saw him; the snurly, sneaking, scheming rogue. At any rate, her choice should be made with open eyes, and I resolved to make a scheme that must expose and unmask him. The very next day I entered Bell's office, walked up to his desk and began curtly:

"Mr. Bell, where is my manuscript?"

As usual, his head was on his hand and he hardly stirred or looked up as he answered:

"Tm sure I don't know."

"I'm sure I don't knew."
"Sir," said I, "though a year has elapsed
I am still determined to sift that villainy. I
shall know who has robbed me. I shall find

the thief; the thief, sir."

He smiled and slowly and quietly surveyed me. Irritated past endurance, I hissed: The door opened, Pennington appeared.

The word "coward" was on my lips, but some last glimmer of sanity saved me, and I flung out of the room.

Being in this overwrought condition, I could delay no longer to learn just how. Pussy stood with this fellow, and vowed to go that very night and hear my doom from her own lips. In the afternoon Ned Russell found me, but in a state of fearful nervous excitement. Somebody had loaned Ned a you. The word "coward" was on my ups

excitement. Somebox turnout and he said:

ever now—the shock, the hurt, long past—I can live through the agony again)—there were—Bell and my Pussy!

"God help me!" I cried out. "It's all over, Ned; all over! Take me home."

The good fellow took me home at once. He had seen them, too, and in his own fashion of solace he swore dire oaths of vengeance, until I begged him to go away and let me fight it out alone. When evening came I determined to see Pussy just once more, to put aside my selfish claims and tell her that if ever she needed a friend, a defender, a man to die for her, a word or look would bring me to her side. I forgot to eat dinner and entered her house looking very pale and wild. Pussy stared up at me in amazement. I began apruptly: matement. I began apruptly:
"I met you this afternoon, so there is noth-

ing to disguise."

"Met me?" she faltered; then coloring deeply, added, "With—with—Mr. Bell?"

"Yes, alone in a close carriage, your hands clasped in his. Of course I know what to think."

think."
Pussy's lips began to quiver, her eyes filled, and burying her face in her hands she cried bitterly, but very softly. I had seen her so bright, so happy, so childlike, that this repressed grief touched me to the quick. I forgot my own trouble. I saw only her fair head bowed, her slight figure convulsed with anguish. "Darling," I cried, flinging myself on the sofa beside her, "darling, you may need a friend some day; when you do, a word and I am with you."



"I don't want your friend—friendship," sobbed Pussy, viciously twitching away the hand I had seized. Then, becoming more coherent, she said; "I was afraid I might be seen, and nobedy would—would understand: I was afraid you'd think—think all sorts of things."
"Have you," said I gravely, "chosen that
man for a husband?"

This ceremony of questioning came with rather tardy propriety, for Pussy was in my arms at that moment. I never could tell how she came there, but I knew, by an instinct, that appearances had lied, and that she was all mine. My lips were on her shining braids when I asked again: "Are you engaged to Bell?"

"No," she answered—a delicious, fragrant, dewy "no" melted in a first kiss.

She never said "yes" at all as she often takes occasion to remind me even now.
It was a long hour before I thought of my gain, and then my little amance wife told me his story something after this fashion.

"Why, you dear, jealous, silly old thing, you ought to love poor Mr. Bell. The day we first met in papa's office I had come there "Well," I broke in, growing uneasy again, "that's not pleasant to hear."

"Don't be a goose," said Pussy. "Mr. Bell married Mamie Scott, my dearest friend." "Married! Why on earth, Pussy, didn' ou tell me the man was married?" "Couldn't," Pussy answered, shaking her

"His wife, poor Mamie!"-Pussy dropped her voice to a whisper—"is in the lunatic asylum at Bloomingdale. There was a taint of insanity in her family, and while she was still a bride she lost her reason hopelessly. I go up and see her sometimes and bring her husband news of her condition. Sometimes we go together, and to-day—oh, it was so sad!—we found her much worse. Coming

home I felt very sorry for poor Mr. Bell, and I suppose I laid my hands on his."
"Ah!" said I, with a great sigh of relief. "Ah!" said I, with a great sigh of relief.
"You see," she went on, "Mr. Bell was an
editor, and has great literary taste and judgment, but under this sorrow he lost courage and dreaded responsibility, so he undertook to help papa for a while. Oh, se loves Mamie so dearly! His life is blighted; he broods over his grief all the time, thinks of nothing else, cares for nothing else."

"Poor fellow!" I said; yet there were still perplexing facts, and I added: I never told you before, but a

mine was stolen from your father's office."
"Indeed!" exclaimed Pussy, cheerfully.
"And you suspect him? Then she instantly started up and ran out of the room. In a minute she was back again and, laughingly merrily, laid in my hands a heavy bundle—my manuscript—"The Duke's Revenge."



"I took it, dear," she exclaimed breathlessly; "I'm the thief, and I'm so glad, I'm so glad." Then she clapped her hands in delight.
"But why did you do such a thing?"

demanded in amazement.

"To help you," she replied simply, as if the matter were perfectly plain. "My heart ached for you, Nelson, dear; you turned so white when papa called you 'a crude young man.' Then, of course, the manuscript was good for nothing, because Mr. Bell said so, and I just snatched it up and carried it off."

Wincing a little under Pussy's frankness, I stammered out some further questioning.

"Don't you see," she explained, "poor papa has dyspepsia, and people worry his life out, but he's really very kind-hearted, and can't bear to see anybody suffer. I knew if your book were lost in his office he would do something for you, and he did; he gave you employment, and he'll do more—he'll give you advancement, for he says you can write a very respectable business letter." demanded in amazement.

can write a very respectable business letter."
"Thanks," I responded, a little drily. "And papa will give you more still,"
Pussy continued, "he'll give you" (this with
a coy, loving action), "give you—me." I—well, it's not necessary to state what I did at this juncture, but when Pussy had gotten free again I reproached her playfully. "Oh, Pussy, all these schemes, when I thought you so artless!"

"I'll confess the whole, now I'm in the humor," she declared. "Frankie was really throwing snowballs that day you crossed the park, but he never threw the one that hit you." well, it's not nece

turnout and he said:

"Come, Nelse; come take a drive and shake off the blues."

I went gladly. The air and exercise were soothing and pleasant, but as we were trot-

"You're no base flatterer, my dear," said I.
"But who knows perhaps you can write
down some everyday matter in a fair,
straightforward way," she suggested.
"Yes," Ned chimed in enthusiastically,
"confound cardinals and spectres and murders. Let's have facts—good, homespun

So here they are; for now that poor Be young wife is dead and his sorrow been more placid and natural. I have ventur with some changes of names, to jot dow for the benefit of scribbling youngsters, true history of "The Duke's Revenge."

TERSE OPINIONS.

THE REV. DR. JOHN HALL: "As crime breeds misery, so misery often breeds crime. We should take note of this fact and try to

THE REV. DR. McCosu on secret societies among college boys: "We encourage literary, scientific and religious societies, but we do not wish them to be under oaths or obligations of secrecy, which always encourages deeds of darkness-at times of mean ness."

THOMAS BAILBY ALDRICH: "I recollec being much struck by the placard surmounting this tent—'Root beer sold here.' It occurred to me the perfection of pith and poetry. What could be more true? Not a word to spare, and yet everything fully ex-

pressed. Rhyme and rhythm faultless.' John Ruskin on the study of languages: "If they want to learn Chinese they should go to China, and if they want to learn Dutch, to Amsterdam, and after they've learned all they want, learn wholesomely to hold their tongues, except on extreme occasions, in all

languages whatsoever." THE REV. PHILLIPS BROOKS: "God will only punish men for wickedness and not for holding opinions. That is the truth which cuts into the knot of sophistry and ends that great error, that error itself is guilt. The church should be more intolerant of selfishness, cant and hypocrisy, and less indignant with original opinions. The minister should be the pattern of intolerance of all that is immoral and the model of tolerance of what is honest doubt and honest belief in what

differs from himself." MAYOR HEWITT, when asked: "Do you think Sunday oratorie would conduce to aid or weaken the cause of Sunday morality in New York?" "As I am not an expert in music, I ought not to have been asked this question; but I should say, on general principles, that it depended upon the character of the music and the character of the audience. If the music were bad and the audience intelligent, I should think it would conduce to morality on the part of the audience. If the music were good and the audience were bad. I fancy that they would be awfully bored by the performance."

A MONSTER BALLOON.

One That Will Take Up One Hundred Passengers at a Time. It is reported that the next International Exhibition to be held in Paris in 1889, is, like that of 1878, to be adorned with a captive balloon. It is to be of enormous size and, as in 1878, the maximum altitude reached will be about 3,250 feet. But whereas in M. Giffard's balloon only fifty passengers were taken up at one time, the projected scrostat will carry 100 passengers. An engine of 600-horse power will be employed to pull the enormous mass back to mother earth. It will be remembered that the bal-

loon of 1878 was torn to pieces in a high wind, owing to the fact that it was not kept full of gas. In the new balloon a special precaution is to be taken to preserve the precaution is to be taken to preserve the tightness of the envelope, so that the wind can find in it no hollow or wrinkle. A smaller balloon, filled with atmospheric air, is to be placed inside the large one, and the volume of this smaller balloon can be increased or diminished by means of an air pump worked by an electric engine in the car. By this means variations of temperature, with the consequent alteration of bulk in the gas, can be compensated for.

Not That Sort of a Relie. The widow of a distinguished professor was visited by a rather shabby-genteel sort of gentleman, who expressed great admiration for her deceased husband, and who finally "I revere the memory of your husband

and would like very much to have some relic to keep and cherish." "The only relic I can offer you," replied the disconsolate widow, sighing heavily, "is myself. If you will love and cherish me for his sake, you may."
But the relic hunter had silently stolen away before she could finish the sentence.—

Texas Siftings.

The Little Judge in Bad Company. Judge Duffy had a rough time of it the other day with a prisoner who had been repeatedly arrested. 'You are incorrigible," he said, "and I shall have to give you three months this time. This is what bad company has led you to."
"I seem to spend most of my time in this court with you," humbly replied the pris-

the next case is not recorded. Only Partly Reconciled.

The sentence that the little judge passed in

"How long did you say you had been a widow, Mrs. Frank?" 'About two years, sir." "And have you become reconciled to your

"Well, partly, yes, sir."
"Partly? How am I to explain that?" "Why, I mean that I am reconciled to the loss of my first husband, but not to the loss of that companionship which I might have from a second?'—Yonkers Gazette.

"Why do you wear your low-necked dress in the theatre?" asked a sensible woman of her butterfly sister. "To please the men, of course," was the

vain reply.

"And don't you think you would succeed better," said the other, "if you removed your hat instead of your waist?" Must First Put Up His Money.

Dumley (registering in hotel)—"I suppose I an put up here for a day?" can put up here for a day?

Clerk—"Oh, yes, sir. Any baggage,
Mr.—er—Dumley?"

Dumley—"No."

Clerk—"Then you may put up \$4 for a
day."—New York Sus.

Six Thousand Easter Eggs. Over 6,000 Easter eggs were distributed among the poor from the lower sections of New York city by Rev. Henry S. Kimball.

Douglas Jerrold remarked that it was bet-ter to be witty and wise than witty and