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[illegible] liberal [illegible]

CHAPTER I

"And, indeed," says Nurse Crotty from her seat in the sun, "though I'm not one of those [illegible] and fuss in[illegible] Miss Joan, as you ought to be [illegible] of your mother so much [illegible] fretted and feverish and [illegible] she slept those two nights [illegible] a-wantin' all the attention [illegible]."

"Oh, for goodness' sake, nurse, shut up and [illegible]."

It was I who said that. I, Joan, the oldest of that family of six of whom Nurse Crotty had been the nursing. I lay there on the bed beside that quiet figure with the [illegible] and feverish eyes day by day with my aching heart and passion-[illegible] shoulder, for I hated the intruder whom [illegible] stood over and stamped on the floor of the fire-lit room, [illegible] with jealous, resentful pain for [illegible] upon the complacence of the cradle for disturbing its [illegible], for being of the same sex as myself, the oldest and the eighth [illegible] the gentle, fragile mother, whom I had [illegible] loved, and had kept and cherished over for fourteen years.

"I don't understand you, do I?" I asked my mother, resting, leaning my cheek beside the [illegible] face, that for months past [illegible] had been growing so pale and [illegible].

"No, not [illegible]," she answered tenderly. "But I am very sorry you are not pleased about the baby," she went on presently. "I thought you would have liked a little sister, something to petted and protected, and play with."

"I had the [illegible], and I had you," I answered [illegible]. "That was quite enough."

"[illegible] my child, you should try and remember that."

But I was [illegible]. I could not and would not [illegible] anything except that the [illegible] intruder; that none of [illegible] cared for her, that our mother was ill, my father [illegible] more attentive than his wont; that Nurse Crotty was a nuisance; that the whole house revolved about the [illegible] and that I was a [illegible] ill used and neglected [illegible].

"Do [illegible], please," I said at length. "Nurse says you are feverish, and ought to rest and sleep. Do try and get well soon, mother! If you only knew how we all miss you!"

With a swelling heart and clouded brow I closed [illegible] the stairs from my mother's room and proceeding along the hall, opened a spring door at the end of it, and in another [illegible] found myself in the nursery of the house, and bubbling with generous [illegible] myself in my mind, and [illegible] as part and parcel of "the boys."

Here they were, the whole four, making noise enough for eight.

Teddy and Hughie were playing leap-frog. Hughie was jumping over the forms [illegible] and inked, and long suffering [illegible] literature that we had dubbed "Tears of learning", and Alfred, the eldest of the four, was kneeling on the rug, a book in one hand and a toasting fork in the other.

"Listen, my [illegible] muse!" cried Ted, pausing in the act of accepting Teddy's "[illegible]" and waving his hand towards me as I entered. "Doesn't she look like it? What's the matter, old girl, and how's the kid?"

"Jolly [illegible] of joint," cried Hughie, vaulting on to the table instead of the forms, and [illegible] me with a broad grin, which by [illegible] beautified a naturally wide mouth. "Sir she's had a tussle with the nurse. Did you get the best of it, Jo? Have you seen the mater?"

"Yes," I answered curtly; "I've just left her. Is the tea ready? It's five o'clock."

"Poor Alfred is doing his best to burn the toast as per usual," said Ted. "And Teddy brought in the teapot some time ago, so I suppose it's ready. I know I'm jolly hungry, and quite ready for it."

I walked to the fireplace.

"Here, I'll help with the toast," I said, taking up another fork and quietly disbedding the book from the student's hand. "All! I do wish you'd give up trying to do two things at once."

"Does nurse say it's 'the beautifulest child she ever she missed?'" asked King Alfred, "you know she's told each of us that in turn."

"I don't know," I said, rising from my knees and carrying the huge pile of toast to the table, "and don't care," I added, ill-tempered.

"Our sweet sister's usually placid nature is ruffled," remarked King Alfred, folding me and taking his seat at the well-spread board. "Don't you mind," he added, patting me on the back, a process I hated; "we'll stand by you to a man. The intruder shall be relegated to the nursery, her musical voice will not penetrate these sacred regions, and we'll promise you to forget we ever had another sister."

"It doesn't matter to me," I said; "I shall be grown up while she's still a baby in the nursery."

"And married and settled. Who knows?" chuckled King Alfred.

"Pass the toast to Teddy," I said with dignity, waving aside these kindly suggestions. "The child hasn't had half enough. Look greedy you and Hughie are!"

"He's younger and smaller; he ought not to eat as much as we do," said Teddy loftily. "We're only acting for his digestive welfare."

"Hush!" cried King Alfred warningly. "I hear the tramp of feet. Listen! They come nearer. It is, it is—"

"Oh, quiet!" I cried, raising a white, scared face from the tea tray, and springing unceremoniously to my feet as the door opened.

"[illegible]," in a scattered chorus, as the laughing, boyish faces followed the direction of my own.

"Joan!" said the parental voice, which had never been ever and always welcome to our ears in that upward passage from childhood to indirection. "Joan, nurse says your mother is asking for you, and and—the boys."

"Asking for me?"

There was no mirth now on the young white faces.

There was nothing in my heart save one sharp pang of agonized dread, as, without another word or look, I rushed from the room, and up the stairs to the dear loved presence, which, alas, alas, dear heaven! would soon be a presence no longer—only a memory!

CHAPTER II

It is three years since my dear mother's death. How well I remember when father called us out of the school room to her bedside, where she lay so still, so pallid. Only once did she speak, and then her words were addressed to me in a faint whisper.

"For my sake, Joan!"

I knew what she meant. I was to be good to the babe whom I had determined to hate, whose coming was costing her her life. I pressed her hand in token that I had heard and understood her, that was all I could do. Then came her death, my swooning, followed by an illness which prevented me from attending the funeral of my beloved dead mother and kept me in my room for nearly three months.

When I was well enough to join the boys in their play they recalled to my mind the babe, whose very existence I had almost forgotten. I had, in fact, not seen her since the occasion I mentioned in my previous chapter.

I went to the nursery to fetch her, and as I looked upon her little white face, and saw her golden hair and dark eyes so like my mother's, all the resentment and jealousy I had felt against the child passed away, and then and there there came into my heart a deep, abiding love which nothing could replace. I took the tender mite from Nurse Crotty's arms and carried her in triumph to my brothers, followed by the nurse, and then and there, at Teddy's suggestion, we named her Darby, although rather had had her christened Dorothea, his mother's name.

"You are Joan," said Teddy. "Let her be Darby; then it will be Darby and Joan."

And Darby and Joan it has been ever since. We noticed now for the first time that the babe's eyes maintained a fixed stare, which did not change when brought into the brightest light or near the flame of a candle, and Nurse Crotty finally confessed that the babe had been born blind. And such it proved to be. The motherless little mite had come into the world wanting the sense of sight.

As I made this discovery the memory of my dying mother's dying words, "For my sake, Joan," rushed over me, and I unconsciously repeated them as I hugged the little one to my breast.

"I am glad mother did not know," murmured Teddy, "for how she would have grieved."

"I am glad mother did not know." These were Teddy's words, and at first I had echoed them thankfully, seeing only desolation and martyrdom in the darkened life of my little sister; but as time went on I found that she needed little of the pity and compassion that overflowed in our hearts. A brighter, sweeter little nature never developed itself. The child herself seemed quite unconscious of her loss, and when she began to walk, would bounce about, and feel her way from place to place in a staid little fashion of her own that caused us all to wonder.

All this time I have said little about my father; but, indeed, since mother's death, he had withdrawn himself from us more and more. We rarely saw him, except at the formal dinner at which I and the two elder boys were in duty bound to appear; but in course of time Alfred and Ted and Hughie were sent to a boarding school, and Teddy and I shared the instructions of Miss Gray, a somewhat antiquated governess, to whom, however, I was indebted for my limited stock of accomplishments, as it never seemed to enter my father's head that I needed more varied teaching. The misfortune of his youngest born won but a brief wonder and compassion from him. He called in eminent doctors, paid them their fees, and heard their decision stoically. And after that he seemed to trouble himself in no way about her, and rarely looked at her even when he saw her in my arms, or clinging to my side.

She slept in my arms, and was ministered to by me alone; and now, as I take up the thread of my story again, she was three years old—a little sunny haired, fairy like creature, who seemed to me the very embodiment of infantine loveliness.

It was nearly Christmas again, the snow lay thick upon the moors, and in the glow of the firelight I and Darby were sitting waiting for the boys. They were coming home for the holidays, and Teddy had gone in the dog cart to meet them, for the station was four miles off from our house, the old, gray, battered looking building that had come to us from some remote ancestor in the reign of William the Conqueror, and lay amidst moors and forests, in a wild district of Hampshire.

The child was sitting quietly on my lap, listening for the first sound of wheels, long before I heard them, as the little voice calmly announced, "They's comin'!" and she was quite right. A few moments, and there was a rush of feet, a shout of eager voices, and the schoolroom door burst open to admit the troop. They kissed and hugged me first, then lifted the little one on to the table and began to criticise her.

"How she's grown! And how much prettier! Isn't she a dis-kee?" and then they fondled her gently and tenderly, and King Alfred lifted her on to his shoulder, and marched about the room in that fashion, in order, as he said, to exhibit her to the best advantage.

"Isn't she a swell?" asked Teddy, admiringly, as the delight danced on the bright crimson frock, with its knots and sash of black velvet, that I had made for her.

"She is so!" agreed Ted. "Who dressed you up like that, little Darby?"

"Jo made my pitty fo-k," announced the little one; "and mo's dot a coat, and a muff, me has."

"How much she can say, she speaks!" said Hughie. "Does she [illegible]? Yes, I do; yes I will, like she used to!"

"Yes, I do!" answered the child, with an emphatic nod.

There was a shout of laughter from the boys. Then they brought the child back, and placed her on my knee, and grouped themselves around the fire, and for fifteen minutes there was a babel of questioning, chaffing and nonsense that was well-nigh deafening.

"I suppose you know Monk's Hall is occupied at last," said King Alfred, rising and ringing the bell for tea. "I noticed the blinds were up and smoke coming out of the chimneys as we passed, and Croft told me the people had been back a week."

"I didn't know," I answered [illegible]; "I haven't been out at all since the snow fell."

"Wonder if both uncle and nephew are there?" went on Ted the loquacious. "I say, what a sell for the young chap, wasn't it, the uncle turning up after every one had given him up for dead? I should think he felt rather savage."

"Who—the uncle or nephew?" I asked quietly.

"Nephew, of course. I wonder what the old fellow is like."

"You'll be able to see him on Sunday if you go to church," I remarked, smoothing the soft loose curls from Darby's pretty brow.

CHAPTER III.

Four days had passed, and Sunday had come, and this Sunday was Christmas day. It was a clear, bright, frosty day, with brilliant sunshine that sparkled on trees and hedges, and the diamond series that beautified their bareness.

Darby was standing by the window, ready equipped for church in crimson plaise and furs, out of which her golden head and sweet white rose face lifted themselves like a flower. The child knew perfectly well when I was dressed and ready for her. At times really it seemed to me as if she must be able to see, so keen were her instincts and so infinitely correct.

I was settled in the family pew, where generations and generations of Templetons had worshiped in their time, and Darby had nestled close to me, and with awe struck face, was listening to the deep rolling tones of the organ. As the clergyman entered and took his place I saw two figures appear in the great square pew opposite our own. At the same instant a nudge from Ted and a whisper of "The Rover" sent the color flying to my face and overwhelmed me with a sudden tide of shyness.

I could not for worlds have investigated the newcomers with the cool, critical stare of my brothers. It was not, in fact, until the service was half over that I summoned up courage to look in their direction. Then I saw a bright, handsome face, with laughing eyes, that met my own as if claiming acquaintance with me, and in renewed confusion I dropped my bewildered gaze upon my book, thinking to myself, "So, that is the nephew." I had not seen the uncle at all.

After the service we filed out of the pew and marched down the aisle a family procession, headed by father and brought up by Darby and myself. Close upon our heels came the lunatics of Monk's Hall. As we left the church porch and emerged into the bright, frosty air, I saw a tall figure push rapidly by and come up with father. He, in turn, stopped, then a pleased look of welcome broke over his face. There was a brisk shaking of hands, a crowd of questions. Then my father turned round and faced the group of sons and daughters with which Providence had seen fit to bless him, and we heard his slow, clear voice introducing to generally to his old and esteemed friend, Sir Ralph Ferrers. Sir Ralph shook hands with the boys individually, and then looked at me as I stood a little apart holding Darby's hand.

"My oldest and youngest daughters," said father, and the kindest, noblest face I have ever seen was looking down at me and as the big hand drawn slowly out of the little muff, and held towards him.

"And what is your name, my dear?" he asked, holding the wee hand in his great palm, and gazing with a little puzzled look in his keen gray eyes at the lovely little face, on which the winter sunlight fell so gadly.

"I is Darby," she says, in her pretty, plaintive voice; "and dis is Joan," taking her hand away and putting it in mine.

Sir Ralph looked astonished.

"Darby and Joan!" he echoed. "A new version of the old story, Miss Templeton?"

"It's only a nickname the boys gave her," I said hurriedly, for I saw the gathering cloud on father's face; "her real name is Dorothea."

"No, it not," affirmed the child, shaking her golden head; "I's Darby, and mo's his little husband."

Sir Ralph laughed outright, and as I met his kind, frank eyes, I laughed too, feeling as if his genial face put me on good terms with him directly.

"But I am forgetting myself," he resumed quickly; "I must introduce my nephew to you all. Here, Yorke, my boy, come forward and show yourself."

I did not need to look at the face, I knew it so well. I could have told to a shade the color of hair and eyes, the shape of the laughing mouth, with its sweep of fair mustache, the beautifully modeled, if somewhat weak looking chin, the lithe, careless grace of figure. There were more bows and hand-shaps, and then we moved on, our numbers increased by two, and I heard father warmly insisting upon these new acquaintances coming to take their Christmas dinner with us.

We all walked on together, father and Sir Ralph chatting in a friendly and familiar fashion that amazed us, Yorke Ferrers and King Alfred just behind them, and Ted clinging to my arm, schoolboy fashion, as I walked along with Darby.

Presently Yorke Ferrers and Alfy turn around and join us.

"Alfred," I ask, "did you notice that old Mrs. Bazebrook was in church? I wonder who that pretty girl was with her. Do you know?"

"That," says Yorke, quietly, "is her granddaughter, Miss Croft—Nettie Croft. I know her very well. What a horrid old woman the grandmother is! Do you, at least, I suppose you do know her?"

"She is one of our oldest and dearest friends," says Ted, rather and mischievously, and with a red-hot gravity of voice that would not misbecome father.

I glance at Yorke Ferrers's disconcerted face, and then at my brothers' surprised eyes. I feel indignant.

"Do not believe him, Mr. Ferrers," I say hurriedly. "She is nothing of the sort. We detest her—a mean, backbiting, spiteful old woman. I am sorry for her granddaughter."

"So am I," he says, looking at me gratefully.

CHAPTER IV.

The Christmas dinner is over. We have eaten of turkey and plum pudding, we have been astonished at father's genial appearance and conversation; we have taken notes of our visitors, and are rather inclined to be pleased with Sir Ralph. The young ones have gone off to bed, and Alfred and I and Yorke Ferrers are sitting with father and his friend in the dining room, and there partake of "a nice mixture cup."

"How jolly you must all be together!" remarks Yorke Ferrers, who is at my side.

"Jolly!" I say dubiously. "Well, yes, I suppose we are. But I should think you must find your uncle an excellent companion."

A black look I have before noticed shows in the sunny eyes.

"A man twenty years older than my self can scarcely be 'excellent company,'" he says, with a sneer.

"Twenty years?" I exclaim incredulously. "Is he really twenty years older? I should never have thought it. But then some people are young for their years, just as others are old."

And so I say it I sigh, remembering how heavily my seventeen years seem sometimes to weigh upon me.

"I suppose you think I am old for my years," says my companion huffily.

"You don't look twenty years younger than your uncle, certainly," I answer crushly. "But, then, no one would ever dream he was forty!"

"You have not had much experience in judging of age, I should think," is my companion's reply. "Your brother tells me you have lived here all your life, and for such utter, downright stagnation, give me a country life with its daily undeviating routine."

"Have you experienced it?" I ask coolly.

"Well, not exactly. You see, I've been at Eton, and then at college, and I only came home when—" He hesitates and his brow darkens.

"When you had exhausted?" I suggest.

He looks at me blackly, almost savagely. Evidently I have hit upon a sore point.

"You know, of course, every one knows, it is common talk, no doubt. That is one other advantage of country life; every fact and detail relating to one's neighbor's affairs is seized upon and discussed with the utmost avidity."

"I wonder, if you so dislike it, that you have come to live here," I remark, wondering what Sir Ralph is telling Alfy and father that seems to amuse them so much.

"I have no choice," he says gloomily; "I am dependent on my uncle."

It is on the tip of my tongue to tell him he ought to be more grateful than he seems, but I refrain. I am still lost in meditation when his voice recalls me.

"Well," he says, and like magic the clouds clear off, and it is his bright, sunny boy face that looks back at me again. "You have been studying me as if you wished to take me for a model. I know you painted your brother told me so."

"My brother seems to have told you a great deal about me," I say, trying to hide my confusion by speaking jocularly.

"Perhaps I asked him," he says in a low voice, and looking at me as never human being has looked yet.

"But to no likely," I say, in sudden anger. "Why should you interest yourself about me, of all? Why, you never knew of our existence till to-day."

"Perhaps when I did know of that existence the interest followed," he answers. "I have been here a week and had not a living soul to exchange ideas with, except, of course, my uncle."

"And Nettie Croft," I say, quickly.

He gives a little start.

"How do you know?" he asks.

"I only supposed it," I say, laughing at his confusion. "You know you told me this morning that she was a friend of yours, and they certainly don't live a stone's throw from Monk's Hall."

"That doesn't count," he says, hurried ly. "She's a sort of—of cousin, or something. We have known each other since we were children."

"You have quite cheered Yorke up among you all," here says Sir Ralph, addressing in most kindly fashion and coming towards us. "I have not heard him laugh for many a long day. I dare say," he adds, with compunction, "it is dull enough for him, shut up with an old fogy like myself. I hope, if it is not asking too much, that you will let him drop in now and then, the society of the young is for him, eh, Templeton?"

"Yes, sir," decidedly, "says father, with unusual cordiality. "Send him here whenever you like—whenever he likes. And and you must come yourself, you know. I should be glad to explain to you that new work I have been engaged on, and which I discussed a we postponed to night."

Presently I hear plans being laid for a visit to Monk's Hall. We are all to go, he insists upon it—father and all, and for the first time in memory I hear father accepting an invitation almost as heartily as it is given.

Then there is a vast deal of hand-shaking and speechifying, and finally our guests are off, and we watch them driving away in the frosty December starlight, and I go up to my room with Sir Ralph's hearty voice ringing in my ears:

"Thanks for a most happy Christmas!"

The next day we all paid a visit to Monk's Hall. We passed into the hall, Sir Ralph leading the way with father, I following them, with Yorke Ferrers on one side and Darby clinging to my hand on the other.

Monk's Hall was very, very old. I am afraid to say how old. I know there was a general air of gloom and moldiness about it that would have enraptured an archæologist. Father naturally was in ecstasies over it, and peered into moldings and carvings and gave dates of the architecture and mediæval decorations, that somehow seemed to interest the possessor of less than the informant.

"Come with me," whispered Yorke Ferrers hurriedly, "I want to show you the picture gallery. Leave the old fogies to prose to themselves."

"You are not very polite to your uncle," I said, following him as he led the through a [illegible] archway, and glancing back as I spoke to give a sign of invitation to the boys, which they promptly followed.

I found myself at last at the further end of the gallery, and standing before the portrait of one of the bygone generation of Ferrers. The face struck me at once by its extraordinary likeness to that of Yorke. It was a young face, too, and handsomer even than that living one by my side, but marred, as his often was, by the look of gloomy discontent that darkened the eyes and brows.

"Do you see the likeness?" asked Yorke abruptly, as my eyes turned from the portrait to himself. "Of course you do." I with an uneasy little laugh. "I can see it myself." He was a bad lot, that Ferrers, my great uncle, and came to a bad end. I often think they ought to have painted a black veil over the portrait, as they have done over that one of Marina Faliero in the Doge's palace in Venice."

"[illegible] been cruel." I said indignantly. "For a time his evil deeds might be forgotten, and fade away with his memory. There is no need to put up a perpetual tablet to revive them."

"I should not have thought you would be merciful to evildoers," he said, looking curiously at me. "Most women are hard on man's errors. I guess—at least, their eye is against themselves."

"Ah," I said lightly, "but you see I have had no experience in that line yet."

"Have your brothers always been so good to you?" he asked. "You see, it is a novel experience to me, meeting with a family party like yours. I never had any brothers or sisters."

"Had you not?" I exclaimed, [illegible] sympathetically. "What a pity! I think you would not be so."

"So what?" he questioned as I came to an abrupt stop.

"Well," I stammered, growing somewhat confused at my own plain speaking. "I was going to say so hasty. You know," I added, apologetically, "you do take undeserved very quickly."

"Do I?" he said, reddening. "I did not know. I suppose I do. They always said at school I had a beastly temper."

"I have not asked you for that ancestor's history," I said, with sudden irrelevance. "But I wish you would tell it me, some day."

"Certainly," he said, a little surprised. "But I warn you it is not a pleasant one."

"No matter," I answered, curtly. "It may be prophetic."

(To be continued.)

ONE DOLLAR OR ONE DAY.

Punishment that No Man Need Fear in the Police Court.

If any respectable person should happen to get into the hands of the police and be fined by a city magistrate, when he had no money and didn't want to make known his plight to friends, he might be benefited by knowing that some threats and terms of imprisonment are not so awful as they seem to be. This is due to the fact that the day of commitment and the day of discharge always count in law as full days, and that it is the custom not to put a person to serving out a sentence until the end of the day of commitment and to release him on the morning of the day of discharge.

A curious instance of how this works was witnessed the other day at the Charles street police station. A Sanitary porter had gone there upon some news errand, and while he talked to the sergeant at the desk he noticed that the main room was nearly filled with prisoners.

"We have had to make a raid upon a lot of the poor fellows," explained the sergeant.

Just then a policeman came in with two venders and reported at the desk.

"They were all fined $1 each or one day," he said, referring to the batch of prisoners then that he had taken to court. "These two men paid their fines and have come back with me to get their carts."

"All right," said the sergeant; "get some men from the back room and help them out with the carts."

While the carts were going out it occurred to the reporter, "these two men who paid their fines have saved only a few minutes, and if they had not been greenhorns they would have kept their money. The others, I guess, have been there before. The official day in court ends at 5 o'clock, when the court adjourns, and all the prisoners who have been fined $1 or committed for one day are released. It's time for the others to be here now."

Sure enough, as he spoke they came trooping in. They were smiling, and they glanced with quizzical looks at the men who had paid their fines and were going down the street. New York Sun.

The Worst of It.

President Lincoln's reputation as a humorist rests largely upon the good stories he could tell or invent to illustrate a point. Sometimes, however, he exhibits himself in a joker in another way, as in this anecdote narrated by Harper's Round Table.

One day Lincoln and Douglas met, an intimate friend, who hoped to see each other along across a crowded room. Finally Lincoln cried:

"Well, look here, judge. I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll make a horse trade with you, only it must be upon these stipulations. Neither party shall see the other's horse until he is produced here in the courtyard of the hotel, and both parties must trade horses. If either party backs out of the agreement he does so under a forfeiture of twenty five dollars."

"Agreed," cried the judge, and both he and Lincoln went in search of their respective animals.

A crowd gathered, anticipating some fun, and when the judge returned first the laugh was uproarious. He led, or rather dragged, at the end of a halter the meanest, homiest old starving mule ever seen. Blind in both eyes, that ever pressed turf, but presently Lincoln came along carrying over his shoulder a carpenter's horse. Then the mirth of the crowd was furious. Lincoln solemnly set his horse down, and calmly surveyed the judge's animal with a comical look of humorous disgust.

"Well, judge," he drawls out, "this is the first time I ever got the worst of it in a horse trade."

Since the death of Baron Hirsch his widow has been making her rich gifts to various charities in France, England and Austria. Besides the 2,000,000 francs which she has given for the building of a laboratory for the Pasteur Institute, she has recently given 2,000,000 francs for the pension fund of the Oriental railroads, in building which Baron Hirsch laid the foundation of his colossal fortune. Besides this, she has given 1,000,000 francs for the foundation of a hospital in London, and several beneficent institutions in Paris have just received large sums from her. It is estimated that within the last two months Baroness Hirsch has distributed 12,000,000 francs in charity.

ANOTHER LINK TO CHAIN OF LOVE.

An Expression of Deep Gratitude from the Citizens of Matanzas.

STRANGE CASE OF NINETEENTH CENTURY SUPERSTITION.

Majority of Philippine Congress Favors Annexation to the United States. Lord Roseberry's Scotland Speech. England Making Energetic Naval Preparations.

One of the most fervent expressions of gratitude which has yet been uttered by the residents of any of the Cuban communities that have fallen under the military occupation of the United States government, was that addressed by the people of Matanzas to the two officers of the United States Army, Captain L. Niles and Major Albert Decatur Nickern, who were charged with the distribution of relief supplies in that famine stricken community. The address in part is as follows:

"How can we command language to give utterance to the sentiment that sway our population? How can we faithfully represent and transmit the thoughts and ideas that vibrate in our hearts at seeing our fellow creatures redeemed from the horrors of famine by the inexhaustible charity of the great American nation, so worthily represented by you? In the name, then, of those that have been rescued from famine, in the name of the city of Matanzas; in the name of all that is holy and Christian, we give heartfelt thanks to the American people for their timely assistance, which is another link to the chain of love and gratitude which already binds us to them.

All in Favor of Annexation.

SAN FRANCISCO, (Special). The United States transport Rio de Janeiro, which has arrived here brought the following to the Associated Press, dated Manila, September 22: "The Philippine Congress has been in session, since Tuesday, September 13. The first thing decided was that the Philippine republic should not countenance any policy that should be agreed on, whereby Spain would have anything further to do with the islands, and would resist by force of arms any such measure. A vote was taken on the policy of annexation to the American republic, and annexation was decided upon by a large majority. Aguinaldo now expresses himself as personally in favor of annexation.

Lord Roseberry's Speech.

PERTH, Scotland (By cable.)—Lord Roseberry, the Liberal leader and former Premier, in receiving the freedom of Perth, referred in the most cordial terms to the "good understanding between Great Britain and our kinsmen in the United States." Continuing, the speaker said he believed the whole history of the ill-feeling which existed was one vast misunderstanding. Since 1776, by the madness of one government and the want of wisdom of another, Great Britian had waged two wars against the United States, in neither of which were we conspicuously successful.

Postponed for One Month.

Report received at the War Department from the American military commissioners in Havana, indicate that the season has not yet sufficiently advanced in Cuba to make it even reasonably safe to send any large number of American troops to the island just now. According to the last advices from Gen. Wade, president of the American commission, it will probably be December 1st before additional troops will be required in Cuba.

The Russians Suspicious.

Dispatches received in Berlin from St. Petersburg show that the Emperor's journey to the East is viewed with the greatest suspicion and it is fully believed that Emperor William is desirous of acquiring a portion of Ottoman territory. The Novo Vremya, writing in this sense, warns Turkey that even a slight session of Turkish territory will be the beginning of the partition of the Turkish empire, if not its ruin.

Five Killed in a Railroad Accident.

FORT WORTH, Texas, (Special).—A wreck on the Rock Island road, near here resulted in the death of five men. Three others will die, and two were seriously injured. A freight train broke in twoat the top of a steep grade. The rear portion could not be stopped and it crashed into the front section, wrecking and derailing several box cars. In one of the wrecked cars were ten men, evidently stealing a ride. Five of them were instantly killed and three are dying.

Restrictions on Traffic Removed.

The Louisiana board of health has issued a proclamation removing all quarantine restrictions on traffic, as far as the board is concerned.

Maritime Quarantine Extended.

Acting Surgeon General Railbache, of the Marine Hospital Service, has ordered the extension of the maritime quarantine service until November 15. The action is of a precautionary nature and designed to avoid any possibility of entry of yellow fever from the ports in the West Indies.

The French government has received Major Marchand's report, telegraphed from Cairo. It does not touch upon the Fashoda affair.

FROM PURGATORY TO HEAVEN.

Strange Case of Nineteenth Century Superstition and Gullibility.

An almost incredible story of nineteenth century superstition and gullibility comes from the town of Kempton, Bavaria, where a married couple, named Wohlfahrt, have been sentenced to imprisonment after having been convicted of an extraordinary series of frauds on a well-to-do farmer and wife, living near by, whose daughter, Crescence, recently died. The Wohlfahrts persuaded the farmer and his wife to believe that their daughter, Agnes Wohlfahrt, received frequent visits from the Virgin Mary, who told her that Crescence was not in heaven, but in purgatory. They further impressed upon the parents of Crescence that Agnes could arrange their daughter's release from purgatory if the farmer paid 250 marks. The latter paid the money and a little later Agnes was alleged to have received the news that Crescence had been married to an angel and advised to have her dowry sent to her, amounting to 1,000 marks. Then Crescence was supposed to have had a baby and the farmer gave more money to the Wohlfahrts. In short the farmer was filled in this manner until he was ruined. But news of the affair reached the authorities and the Wohlfahrts were arrested. During the proceedings in court, 52 letters which Agnes Wohlfahrt was said to have received from the Virgin Mary, were produced and the public prosecutor read a receipt "from the Mother of Christ," for 150 marks. Another document was a letter of thanks for a sack of potatoes and still another was an acknowledgement of receipt of 2,500 marks, which said that all the angels in heaven blew their trumpets when the money arrived. It was also developed during the court proceedings that Agnes actually gave the farmer a sofa, a milk leaf and other things, which she declared she had received from heaven, while the farmer's wife personally baked a fine tart for the Virgin Mary. Frau Wohlfahrt, as the guiding spirit in the frauds, was sentenced to two years' imprisonment.

Energetic Naval Preparations.

LONDON, (By Cable.)—The British admiralty has ordered every sea-going warship to have its crew made up to the full complement as ordered in case of mobilization. The order of the British admiralty practically means the complete fitting out, prospective, of every ship's company in detail. Four torpedo boat destroyers, which were about to be fitted with new water tube boilers, have had their orders countermanded and have been instructed to redraw their stores. Officers on leave of absence or unemployed have been notified to hold themselves in readiness to commission their respective ships if ordered.

Kaffirs Defeated by the Burghers.

PRETORIA, Transvaal, (By Cable.)—The Magoda kaffirs have been repulsed by the force of Burghers sent against them. The Burghers chased them into the mountains, killing several of the natives. The Burghers artillery did good execution and the Transvaal forces suffered no loss. The fact that the natives attacked the Burghers is regarded as a declaration of war.

Change in the Tone of the French Press.

The Paris correspondent of The London Sunday Times says: "The change of tone of the press is noteworthy. It is now certain that the Fashoda question is left out of all negotiations between France and England, and that both governments have grasped the double fact that England means to stick to her programme, while France is certainly entitled to facilities across the Nile."

Hanged Without Delay.

A special from Tompkinsville, Ky., says: "News has reached here of the lynching of Arch Baur, colored, who committed an assault on and attempted the murder of Annie Morrison, oldest daughter of Henry Morrison, a prominent farmer of Cumberland county. Miss Morrison received wounds that may prove fatal.

Recommends a Peaceful Settlement.

The Berlin National Zeitung says it learns that Count Muravieff, the Russian Foreign Minister, has recommended to the French government a peaceful settlement of the Fashoda question, as Russia does not consider that war will serve the interests of France.

Polavieja and the Queen Confer.

A special from Madrid, says: Considerable speculation has been caused here by the holding of a long conference between the Queen Regent and General Polavieja, former governor of Cuba and of the Philippines.

Departed from Constantinople.

The Emperor and Empress of Germany have left Constantinople for Palestine. They received an ovation from the crowds of people assembled to witness their departure.