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THE

SWAMP SECRET.

A STORY OF THE FRONTIER.

By EBEN E. REXFORD

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CHAPTER V.

CONTINUED.

"Curse you!" cried Wayne, managing to get upon his feet. "I'll pay you for this! I never forget a blow, and I swear I'll make you repent the day you laid your hand upon me!"

"You needn't make a point paying for what you've had," said Dick, quietly. "You're welcome to it, and there's more to be had just like it, where this came from, whenever you want it."

"Fool!" hissed Wayne, furiously, with livid lips, which seemed all the more livid because of the contrast between them and the blood upon his face. "I wish I could kill you!"

"I don't doubt that in the least," laughed Dick, taunting'y. "But I would't advise you to say much about it, if you don't want to get hurt worse than you are now. You won't be in very good trim for singing-school, as it is."

Wayne sprang at him like a tiger.

But Dick was too quick for him. He stepped aside, and as Wayne struck at the place where he had stood, Dick grappled him by the shoulder and his trousers and slung him over the rail fence into the road.

"There, that solves your difficulty about getting past the gate," he said, in a tone that was steady with concentrated passion. "I don't care to have any further trouble with you; but if you don't let me alone and keep out of my way, I'll give you something you won't forget for many a day to come."

"Curse you! Curse you!" cried Wayne, through bloody lips, as he struggled to his feet, his eyes full of a dangerous fire. "I'll make you sorry for this before we've done with each other!"

Then he turned and walked away, while Dick went back to his house and upstairs to bed, feeling more at ease with all mankind than he had for some time past.

CHAPTER VI.

THE SINGING-TEACHER SCORES ANOTHER CONQUEST.

When Dick saw Wayne's face next morning, he had to smile. It was purple between the eyes, and there was a bad bruise running up the fore head where his knuckles had cut into the flesh.

"It'll be some days before you get rid of my mark, my fine fellow," Dick thought, as he looked his antagonist over coolly.

Wayne gave him one black look, and that was all. But it was sufficient to convince Dick that the trouble between them had just begun. Wayne was not a man to forget or overlook an injury. He would repay debts of that kind with interest, if possible to do so.

"I wonder what's happened to the singin'-teacher?" Samanthy called out to Dick, across the road, when he came to the field opposite Mr. Porter's, to plough.

"What do you mean?" asked Dick, pretending to be in ignorance of her meaning. "Has something happened to him?"

"I sh'd say there had," answered Samanthy, with a broad grin. "He looks as if he's run agin suthin'. His face is jest the color o' my black calicker dress, after I washed it the fust time—in spots. Neither black nor blue, but kind o' betwixt an' between. An', my goodness, don't he look sour, though? Ezra, he asks him what the matter was, and he growled out suthin' about a fall. I didn't know what kind of a fall it mought be', be'n, but I thought o' things you did."

"I shouldn't wonder if I did," answered Dick. "He did run up against something—this—" and he held up his clinched hand. "And he did have a fall. He fell over the fence. Ask him about it, Samanthy."

"I will so," answered Samanthy, with twinkling eyes.

When Nannie came home from school that afternoon, she gave Dick one scornful, indignant look, and then took no more notice of him.

"Wayne has filled her head with plausible stories about our quarrel, I suppose," thought Dick. "Of course, she considers me the one to blame. I am the villain, and he is the angel. Well, I don't know as I care very much what she thinks about it, one way or the other."

Mr. Wayne and Nannie went to the singing-school together, and Dick concluded to go, too. He felt sure that there would be much comment also on the condition of Wayne's face and he wanted to hear what was said.

"I'll go 'round by Rhoda's," he made up his mind, and so he set off across the woods by the path leading to the Stevens's place. Rhoda was just starting for singing-school when he came out to the road, in company with her ten-year-old brother Ned. She said: "Good-evening!" pleasantly to Dick, and he took the path beside her, while Ned, glad to get a chance to get away, like all small boys under similar circumstances, ran on ahead and left them to come at their leisure.

"How do you get along learning to sing?" asked Dick, presently at a loss for anything else to say.

"Oh, ever so much better than I expected to," answered Rhoda. "Mr. Wayne is so kind. He takes so much pains to help me. I—I wonder where he has been all day."

And then Rhoda looked rather confused, as if she had come near betraying a secret.

"I don't know," answered Dick. "Why do you ask, Rhoda?"

"Oh, I haven't seen him, and—and I didn't know——"

Then she paused abruptly, for Dick's eyes were upon her, and she felt as if he were reading her thoughts.

"Does he come to see you, Rhoda?" asked Dick.

"Yes, once in a while—to help me along about my singing," answered Rhoda, rather reluctantly.

"Is that all?" asked Dick. "Are you sure he doesn't come to say sentimental things, and try to make you think he has a particular friendship for you?"

"I've told you what he comes for," said Rhoda, with an air of petulance. "He said that I have naturally a very good voice, and with proper cultivation of it I can become a very fine singer. And he kindly offered to give me extra lessons, and I think it would have been very foolish in me to have let such a chance slip."

"Be careful, Rhoda," said Dick, soberly. "He isn't the kind of man I'd like to have a sister of mine very intimate with. You haven't any mother——"

"I know I haven't, but I think I'm able to take care of myself," burst out Rhoda, indignantly. "You don't like him, I know that, and I know why. You blame him because Nannie has given you the cold shoulder. Now I know that he doesn't care a feather for her, but she does for him. Boarding at her uncle's, as he does, he has to be agreeable to her, of course."

"I suppose he told you this?"

"It doesn't matter who told it to me," answered Rhoda. "I know it to be the truth. I think Nannie Boone ought to be ashamed of herself."

"He has told you this story to make you think he is attentive to Nannie under compulsion," said Dick. "Now she may have been to blame in the matter—indeed, I know she has been—but I know, too, that he is not obliged to be as attentive to her as he is. He is deceiving both of you. That's the long and short of it. So long as he talks sweet to Nannie he is sure of keeping her blind to the truth. He tells you what you have told me to throw the responsibility of his going with Nannie upon her, and I presume he gives you to understand that he would greatly prefer your society to hers, but circumstances obliges him to be more or less attentive to her, and in that way he thinks he throws dust in your eyes about his attentions to her. Am I not right about this, Rhoda?"

"I won't be questioned in this way," cried Rhoda. "Mr. Wayne is my friend, and if I like him it's nobody's business but my own. I know that you don't like him, but I never supposed you would try to work against him in this way. He is too much of a gentleman to talk about you behind your back."

"I am very sorry that you are so blind," said Dick, earnestly. "I don't say a word against Wayne because I don't happen to be on friendly terms with him, but for your sake, Rhoda. It's out of friendship for you."

"You are quite sure about that?" asked Rhoda, with an incredulous smile.

"Yes, quite sure," answered Dick. "If Nannie sees fit to throw me by and take Wayne, that is her privilege. She was bound to me by no verbal promise. I don't blame him for what she has done, I blame him for his own actions, and I am honest when I tell you that if there had been no ill-feeling between him and myself, I should feel that I was doing no more than my duty to tell you what I have, and advising you to be careful of the influence you allow him to gain over you."

"Dick Brayton, I won't listen to anything more of that kind of talk from you!" cried Rhoda, angrily. "I am not such a bad creature as one would take me to be, from what you are saying."

"I beg your pardon if I have said anything that leads you to infer that I think there is anything bad in your conduct," responded Dick. "What I meant by what I said about his influence over you was simply this: He does not care a farthing for you. If he tells you that he does, he lies. He is amusing himself at your expense, and Nannie Boone's, for he really cares no more for her than he does for you, and before either of you know it, your hearts will become entangled in the web of deceit he weaves to snare them in, and in proportion to the confidence you put in him, and the influence he gains over you, will be the pain which will surely come when you find out that he has fooled you. Be careful, Rhoda. I am talking to you as I would if you were my sister—as I would talk to you if Wayne had never laid a straw in my way."

"Perhaps you are," responded Rhoda, "but it looks very much to me as if you were doing it out of spite."

"Well, if you think that, there's no use in saying anything more about it," said Dick. "Time will prove that I am right. I can afford to wait till that time comes."

He watched Rhoda closely when they had reached the schoolhouse and she was in Wayne's presence. And he was satisfied from what he saw, viewed in the light of what she had admitted in the conversation which had taken place during their walk to the schoolhouse, that she was fascinated by Wayne. His influence over her was already sufficient to make her blind to the real condition of affairs. Whatever he might tell her she would believe implicitly. To others it was quite evident that he was more interested in his flirtation with Nannie, but to Rhoda, who believed what he had told her, Nannie was the aggressive party, and he suffered her to monopolize a share of his attentions simply because he couldn't help himself. He knew well enough the extent of his influence over poor Rhoda.

Many were the remarks made about the appearance of Wayne's face. Many conjectures were rife regarding the cause of its disfigurement. Before the evening session was over the truth had leaked out, and Dick heard it whispered on all sides that he and the singing-teacher had had a "set-to," and that Wayne had got the worst of the encounter.

"I don't countenance sich doin's," said Deacon Snyder, shaking his head in stern disapproval. "I never got into fights in my young days, an' I hain't no patience with them thut does."

"P'raps nobody tried to cut you out when you was sparkin'," suggested a man. "Mebbe you'd 'a' fit if they had."

"Nobody interfered 'twixt me an' Sary Ann," said the deacon; "so I can't say what I would ha' done under sich circumstances. For my part, I think *Dick's* to blame. If the singin'-teacher cut him out with Nannie, he'd orter grin an' bear it an' not try to git even by thumpin' him. Let he go, an' good riddance, I sh'd say. If Sary Ann had been foolish enough to give me the slip, I'd ha' let her went, an' told the feller that got her to make the most on't. He'd 'a' had the worst on't, I reckon." And the deacon chuckled as he wouldn't have dared do if Sary Ann had been there to hear him.

When the session was over, Dick went up to Rhoda, who was standing by the door.

"May I walk home with you?" he asked.

"No, sir," she replied curtly, and turned her back on him.

"Poor, foolish girl!" Dick thought, and walked away through the starlight, alone.

CHAPTER VII.

A MYSTERIOUS NOCTURNAL EXCURSION.

That night was an extremely warm one. No wind was stirring in the tree-tops, as Dick went home. The air was singularly still and oppressive, and after he had got to bed he could not sleep.

He lay there tossing restlessly about for some time. Then he got up and sat down by the window. The moon shone with great brilliancy, and he could quite distinctly discern objects farther away than the house of Mr. Porter, toward which his window looked.

As he sat there, he saw a figure appear at the window in the gable of Mr. Porter's house. The moonlight fell full upon it, and he could see that it was a man. This man stood by the window, leaning out, as if listening, for some minutes. Then he made his way out upon the roof of the kitchen built against the end of the main building, and dropped from that to the ground.

"Wayne sleeps in this end of Porter's house," thought Dick. "I wonder what he is up to now, climbing out of the house in this way at this time of night? I'll keep an eye on the gentleman."

After reaching the ground, the man stood in the shadow of the shed for a few minutes, as if to make sure that the coast was clear. Presently the sound of a night-bird's call came from the woods near by. It was repeated three times, at regular intervals.

The man—Dick knew well enough that it was Wayne—crossed the garden and climbed over the fence into the road. Then he walked rapidly away in the direction from which the sound of the night-bird's call had come.

"I'd like to know if that sound came from a bird with feathers and wings," thought Dick. "It might, but I don't believe it do! I think the singing-teacher expected to hear it, and was waiting for it. If such a sound just like any other night bird I ever heard, it seems to me."

Dick was tempted to follow Wayne and find out where he went.

"But perhaps I had better not," he concluded. "It would look too much like playing the spy. I'll wait till I have a better excuse for acting in the capacity of a detective."

But he sat by the window and watched for Wayne's return.

A half-hour went by.

An hour.

Still he did not return.

"He's up to some deviltry, I'll warrant," thought Dick. "I'd give a good deal to know what took him out of bed at this time of night, and off in that direction."

For Wayne had taken a road leading back into the unsettled forest. A few sycamore logs had been hauled there from, for shingles, by the settlers at Brownsville, and for the purpose of getting these logs out, the road had been roughly cut through the heavy timber, but it had never been used for any other purpose. Why should Wayne have taken it?

"I'm bound to see this thing through, now, if it takes all night," said Dick. "I'll sit here till morning, if he doesn't come before."

[To be continued.]

WOMAN'S WORLD.

STOPPED ASKING QUESTIONS.

A Mother-in-Law's Practical Advice to Her Son's Wife.

"And if I were you I would never ask him where he has been if he should come home very, very late. I had an experience in that line with his father many years ago, and I learned then that if I was to have any respect for him I must never ask him any questions, and especially when he was late."

This was the admonition of a mother-in-law to the new wife of her son. The new wife concluded to make use of it early in the house, and told it to her husband. The latter caught his father at the club in Brooklyn and told it as his mother had told it.

"William came in quite late, or early, as you prefer. I had not slept a wink. I had worn out my slippers walking, wandering, waiting and thinking only as a woman can and will. Of course it was a comforting relief when he did come, and I had made up my mind that I would not upbraid him. Never do that unless you are very sure. If you can corner a man all right, but if he thinks you only suspect he expands in importance. So when William came up that morning, for it was after 2 o'clock, dear, I met him kindly and took off his hat and wrap. But somehow while I was giving him the little attentions which a man likes, and which I trust you will always give to my boy, I could not restrain a little curiosity, and without intending to claw or to seem hypercritical, I just asked in a young wife's solicitous way: 'William, where have you been?' You know, if he had railed at me, or snapped me up, as I have heard of men doing at such times, I think I should have taken my portion and said nothing. But he said in his quiet way, which I have always noticed in him:

"'Mary, you wouldn't believe me if I told you.'

"Of course, dear, you will know and understand later in your life how an appeal of that sort will put magnifying lenses upon a woman's curiosity. When he said that I put my arms around his neck and replied as honestly as any woman ever did in her life: 'Yes, I will, William. If, you will only tell me where you have been I will believe every word you say.'

"He sat down and then he shook his head solemnly and said: 'No, Mary, I know you would not believe it. If I thought you would I had as lief as not, but you are so suspicious, so full of curiosity——'

"I fell upon my knees, but it was the only time I ever did, and I said to him—oh, how earnestly: 'William, I will believe you; only trust me to do so; tell me where you have been, and I promise you I will believe every word you utter.'

"Then he placed one hand on my head, and he looked into my face and said: 'Mary, I have been lecturing to the Young Men's Christian Association.'

"From that morning until the present, dear, I have gone on with a mental grubbing hoe, and whenever an interrogation point has showed itself I have hit it. It is the upas plant in the garden of domesticity."—New York Sun.

Used All Season.

Lace waists are to be used all season with cloth skirts as well as with silk, and most of them are extremely smart. They are made over silk or satin, with a satin yoke and vest. The newest model turns back from the shoulders with pointed revers, has a straight piece down the front held in by a black belt, and the back is cut like a man's cutaway coat. It is very odd in effect, but exceedingly smart, particularly if made of the heavy yellow lace. Such a waist is worn with a black silk or black cloth skirt, thus making two costumes from the one. Black lace waists are not so smart as the white ones, but still are used. They are made up over white, and trimmed heavily with black satin and little rochings of chiffon. Chiffon, by the way, is to be used again on everything, even more than lace. Some of the new silk waists have the body of lace, the sleeves of silk shirred or tucked and with deep lace cuffs. This is a more becoming fashion for a stout woman than when the waist is made all of lace. A pale blue is very effective made with a belt and collar of blue mirror velvet. Heavy black lace put on over white satin looks best with black cloth skirts, and a very smart model has the body of black guipure lace, tight-fitting at the back, and in front cut in double boleros over a white vest. The sleeves are of black satin, with deep cuffs of white satin with lace over and edged with black chiffon. This same chiffon is put around the edge of the bolero jackets. This is exceedingly becoming, and a very useful style of waist. Some waists—so-called lace waists—are nearly all satin and silk, with deep lace collars of lace and cuffs to match. The collars and cuffs can be taken off and the waist worn plain. In buying a collar of this kind it is best to buy one that has very long points. Some come with points so long that they reach to the belt. There can be two shorter points over the sleeves, one in front and one back, the one in front forming a tight-fitting vest. The cuffs should cover either the upper or lower part of the sleeve. Some people prefer having the upper part covered and the lower part plain, with a ruffle of lace at the wrist.—Harper's Bazar.

Conversational Tact.

"Women who regard it as their chief end in life to attract admiration will spend hours before the looking-glass and devote days in dress, not realizing that one-half this time spent in cultivating their minds and in acquiring the ability to talk well would accomplish the same purpose in a far greater degree," writes Mrs. Moses P. Handy in the Woman's Home Companion when discussing "The Art of Conversation." "In the first place, in order to talk agreeably it is requisite to have something to talk about. You cannot draw water from a well where no water is, therefore you must cultivate your mind through reading and observation. Accustom yourself to talk about what you see and read. It is a mistake not to talk to the people of your own family; many a one has grown taciturn from considering it not worth while to entertain the home-folks. Let the habit of story-telling be cultivated; you cannot lack for auditors while you have children among your acquaintance. You will find that by so doing your mental and lingual faculties will be strengthened. Keep yourself in touch with the questions of the day; to do this give a few moments to the newspaper every morning. Always find out whether the person whom you are to entertain prefers to speak or to listen, and govern yourself accordingly. Avoid as far as possible all unpleasant subjects, and endeavor to discover what is most interesting to your companions. With some persons this faculty amounts to intuition, with others it is laboriously acquired, but it invariably grows by exercise. Talk of things and not of people; gossip is not conversation. Never talk much of yourself nor your own affairs; it is in bad form, and generally it bores your hearer. Avoid, also, naked and censorious observations about other people, and never, if you can help it, make personal remarks, unless they are something in the nature of a delicate compliment, thus you will avoid 'treading on your neighbors' corns.'"

Public Monuments to Women.

One more public monument is to be added to the few—too few, as many think—that have been raised in different parts of the world to the memory of women. Queen Victoria and Joan of Arc have been more often immortalized in this way than have any others of their sex, and it is proposed to erect, at Budapest, in the Austro-Hungarian Empire, a statue to the late much-lamented Empress. The Hungarians are said to be more than pleased that their city is to be so honored, especially as to make way for the marble effigy of the Empress the statue of General Hentzi, an Austrian officer whose memory is hated by the Magyars, will be removed.

It is not decided yet in what form the statue will be made, but various suggestions have been submitted. The beautiful statue of the ever-admired Queen Louise of Prussia, which stands in the Thiergarten at Berlin, is said to be one of the finest monuments to a woman that has ever been raised. It is the work of Encke. Not less beautiful, the tourist is apt to think, is the recumbent figure of this beautiful Queen, depicted as lying in the well-known costume of soft draperies and partly veiled head in which she is most often painted. The girlishness of outline in the figure and the youthful face make this monument over her tomb in the chapel seem particularly pathetic. Her husband's monument occupies the opposite niche and the son of this royal couple—Emperor Wilhelm I., who died in old age, is portrayed in the marble as a soldier of many wars, his lined face being a great contrast to the smooth faces of his parents.

One of the statues of Queen Victoria was executed by Edgar Bohm, a sculptor of Hungarian origin. This monument stands at Windsor. There are also monuments of the Queen at Liverpool, Glasgow, Aberdeen and Edinburgh, and at Bombay and some of the Australian towns.—New York Tribune.

Fashion Notes.

Marabout tufts tipped with jet, pearls and rhinestones are pretty ornaments for the hair.

For those who do not carry muffs gauntlets of fur are worn to match the boa or coat trimmings.

Gold thread is worked in with chenille in many of the new embroideries, and braid mixed with lace and chenille is another combination in trimming.

Red mousseline de soie over red, trimmed with cream applique, makes a stunning evening gown, with a touch of black, which may be tulle, in the corsage.

The latest hat in Paris is shaped very much like a square breastplate, with a narrow turned-up brim and narrow crown, and loaded down with flowers of all sorts and kinds.

A bolero bodice with a novel finish shows little straps of velvet caught at each end, with a small button fastening the bolero to the belt all around the waist. This straps is usually two inches wide, and some contrasting color shows underneath between the straps.

Every woman wants a black skirt to wear with separate waists, and what to get seems to be a puzzle, now that satin is not so fashionable. Moire, which has no shine, seems to be the latest fancy in Paris and the skirt is made with a trimming edged around with a band of silk velvet.

One novel feature of the new evening sleeve is the open space just below the point of the shoulder, where a long or elbow length transparent sleeve is worn. A narrow strap extends over the shoulder, and the top of the sleeve is cut away in a small half moon to show the prettiest part of the arm.

India has more than 400 Christian Endeavor Societies.

GOOD ROADS NOTES.

Effect of Roads on Population.

The Hon. Martin Dodge, the present director of the Road Inquiry Bureau, makes the following comments on the influence which the character and condition of the common roads have on the distribution of population. As reported by the Washington Star, he says:

"Some ten years ago I became satisfied that the agricultural industry in this country was passing through a period of decline, especially in the Eastern and Middle States. When the census report for 1890 was published, it was more apparent than ever before that the agricultural industry had not only declined as to its prosperity, but that relatively to other industries it was losing its place. This was manifest by deserted villages in the rural districts, abandoned farm-houses and an absolute decrease in the rural population.

"In studying the causes of this decline in agriculture I soon observed that those communities which had the best and cheapest means of transportation had suffered the least, and that those communities that were poorly provided with the means of transportation had suffered most. This rule seems to hold good as to large sections of the country and as to small areas in different localities. For instance, the agricultural States in the trans-Mississippi group are supplied with the cheapest means of transportation for long distances by the steam railroads and the steamships upon the great lakes; therefore, they have suffered a less decline than any other large body of agricultural land in the United States.

"On the other hand, the local communities who are dependent upon animal power to move their products have suffered the greatest decline where the wagon roads are poorest, and the least decline where wagon roads are best. So it seems apparent that the most important factor in producing the changed condition of population and the decreasing value of agricultural land is the item of transportation. So absolute is this fact that the value of agricultural land can be accurately estimated by its distance from easy means of transportation, the price of land falling in proportion to its distance from cheap means of transportation. And by cheap means of transportation I mean something better than an ordinary wagon drawn over an ordinary unimproved road by animal power.

"The cost of moving tonnage 1250 miles by steamships upon deep water, 250 miles upon steam cars, or twenty-five miles upon electric cars, is no greater than the cost of moving tonnage five miles by animal power upon a common road. Having noticed this great difference in the cost of moving the productions of the country by different means of transportation, and having noticed also that those who were destitute of the cheap means were the greatest losers by means of the falling prices of their lands and their products, as well as the loss of their population, it seemed to me imperative that everything should be done to supply the rural districts a cheaper means of transportation than they have ever enjoyed and restore them as much as possible to equal terms in the cost of transportation. And this can only be effected by the construction of first-class, permanent, hard highways.

Christianity and Good Roads.

The duty of Christianity to the people involves the expenditure of energy to make living better and sweeter, and it this way, according to William Henry, in the New York Commercial Advertiser, imposes an obligation to improve means of transportation and make the roads better. He says:

"Does the average churchman ever think of the intimate relation between Christianity, rapid transit, cheap car fares, good roads in the country and the city slums? I think not. The slums of a city are crowded largely because rents are high as compared with incomes, and the people are obliged to live in small apartments. Now, if we had real and comfortable rapid transit, cheap car fares, and good suburban roads, the people who could afford it would remove to the suburbs, and finding good roads in those would remain, and this would make the city property owners reduce their rentals, and the people would naturally take larger or more rooms, and the tenements in the slums would be less crowded, the people healthier, and an improvement in morals would follow. Christianity, therefore, I respectfully submit, cannot be better employed than in the direction of reducing car fares, increasing traveling speed, and in making good country roads, as Christianity's best work is in making this earth and this life sweet, respectable and moral."

The Crowning Glory.

A well-built road seems shorter and lasts longer than a poorly-constructed one.

As soon as we get deeper into the science of road-building we shall go less deeply into the mud.

One-half of the population of the older States is concentrated in the cities, and the country districts are being depleted in proportion to their lack of facilities for easy and cheap means of transportation.

The building of brick-paved country roads appears to be growing in public favor. In Cuyahoga County, Ohio, the commissioners are building sixteen foot brick pavements in the country in all directions from Cleveland. The new roads are said to be very popular. The commissioners propose that they intend to pave in the same manner all the principle roads in the county.

MOTHER'S SONG.

When the [illegible] and
[illegible] the silver;
When the [illegible] Isles and
leaves [illegible]
When [illegible] mountains misty
and [illegible] far away
in [illegible]

When the path where gentle rustles, and
the timid [illegible]
And the west wind, [illegible] scents
from the [illegible]
When the peewits [illegible] plaintively
by brook and river—
Then it is that I [illegible] song that
my mother used to sing.

Round my neck I feel the pressure of her
[illegible]
And [illegible] and waking I have
[illegible]
Just [illegible] to that ditty,
Till [illegible] above us
[illegible] the rhymes:

Anyone [illegible] and quickly as I
hear it [illegible]
Yours [illegible] visions,
Earth [illegible] —sky, and
To [illegible] never-before
[illegible]

—Chambers's Journal.

PITH AND POINT.

A glass eye is the memorial window of the soul.—Philadelphia Times.

"A lady [illegible] subjects, Mrs. Tompkins." "Oh, Mr. Tompkins, for a gentleman never gives her occasion."—Life.

"How much time has you wheel?" asked Lige Hopkins. "About forty feet, I think," answered the man who is learning.

Little Rodney—"Papa, at what age do men usually commence to be bald?" Mr. Henpeck—"Marriage, my son."—Judge.

"Married yet, old man?" "No, but I'm engaged, and that's as good as married." "Give it up, if you only knew it."—Truth.

Amateur fisherman after missing a nibble—"Well, you bonte, if you prefer to be lazy, I also got you just as well at the bottom."

Women rarely generally protest vehemently against the class of music that is produced by means of a crank.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

"You and Hardby are dear friends, aren't you?" "Well, he has been dear to me. But I have never cast him anything."—Chicago Record.

"When would you consider the climax?" "A woman who could make good bread, but not bread pudding."—Indianapolis Journal.

"Mr. Jenks looks even more dismal than usual since the marriage." "Yes; he must have found wedded life less enjoying than he expected."—Chicago Record.

Minnie—"I wonder if she takes something for her smooth complexion?" Jessie—"No, I think she gave something for it."—Indianapolis Journal.

Chester—"Yes, several years ago I fell desperately in love with a girl, but she wrecked me—made a regular idiot of me." Dooly—"And you never got over it?"—Life-Bits.

A Swell—"So in your last place you were in charge of a mount? When did you have to call him in the morning?" "At half past 7." "Call me at a quarter to 7."—Fliegende Blaetter.

Mother (putting the boy out of the pantry)—"How many more times will I have to tell you to keep away from the preserve jar?" Small Boy (sobbing)—"No more, mamma; they're all gone."

"A man can't carry on a reasonable argument with a woman," said the married boarder. "Of course not," assented the Savage Bachelor; "because a reasonable man never tries to argue with a woman."—Indianapolis Journal.

Hotel Accommodations in San Juan.

San Juan, the capital, is better provided with hotel accommodations than any other city in Porto Rico. The leading house occupies the second and third floors of a three-story building on one of the principal streets, with its office room on the street floor. On the next floor are the little office, the parlor and about two-thirds of the sleeping rooms. More than half of these open into the square parlor, and, like it, have no windows to the outer air. The parlor, however, is virtually a rotunda, extending to the roof, with a great skylight and ventilators above. On the third floor the dining room occupies the east side of the house, with a balcony outlook over ocean and harbor. A gallery encircles the parlor-rotunda at this level, and the most desirable sleeping chambers are on this gallery, with windows and private balconies overlooking the harbor.

Accustomed to the Spanish style of cooking and serving food, the rooms at first noted are excellent. The table is amply provided, vegetables and fruits forming a much larger part of the bill of fare than is the case in any other part of the island. There is European cooking at the house, which is not true of any other hotel in Porto Rico. People dress for dinner, there are flowers and silver and white linen, and altogether no one need complain of life among the detail of Spanish cooking makes it impossible for him.—Chicago Record.

A Portland Wreck Story.

Here's another coincidence with the loss of the Portland. A sea captain tells that right after the steamer was built he was given a large picture of her. It was framed and covered with glass and quite heavy. He hung it in his parlor and never took it down during three years. The Sunday when the Portland went down he and his wife were sitting in the parlor reading when suddenly the picture fell with a crash, smashing the glass into a thousand pieces.—Portland (Me.) Express.