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Alice knew precisely the point at which uto yield to the general request, and taking up her mandolin, which happened to be close at hand, she sang the following Bacchanalian ballad, in a low sweet volce, to a witching accompaniment -

AT PLEASURE'S SHRINE

Let others walk the thorny path And drain the buter cup of life. While they view Dame Fortune's wrath And hower on in constant strife; But give to me a path of peace. Agioway out of golden wine. I care not when this life shall cease PH live and die at Pintaure's shrine-At Pleasure's sunuy shrine.

Why lead a life of pain and woo,
Why wrinkie brow and check with care, Why sink in sorrow's undertow, then all the world is bright and fair? Let others, if they will, be sad. But I will never more repine. For Nature bids the heart be gind,

And I will live at Pleasure's shrine-At Pleasure's spony shrine The gentlemen expressed their delight

with Alice's song, and her singing of it, he extravagant terms. That they were evi dently impressed with the sentiment, wa seen in the hearty manner in which they quaffed the wine while they "toasted the fair singer.

Then the game was resumed. Clarence Carson was eager to have Alice remain and take a hand, and her presence was so agreeable to all the others, that they united in the request,

Alice was no novice at the game. Her mind was clear, her nerves steady, and she felt that the great moment had come which Dick and herself had so often dismanaged to keep in that condition when keen eye darted a swift glance at Alice, who sat at the table as demure as a boarding-school girl.

The game at first began rather tamely, but interest in it increased as it progressed. It is unnecessary to go into details, since it is the result that interests us. time there was a sensation in the gambing-room when Alice Dawson "called" Clarence Carson with a hand worth hoenty thousand dollars. Carson, who was warm with wine, had grown reckless, and more in a spirit of good-natured ban tor than anything else, ran up the stakes to the rainous figures at which his fair opponent firmly brought him to time. He was dazed. He scarcely knew what to say or do; yet there was the inevitable staring him in the face, and, as he was a man of honor, he would meet it or die in the attempt.

The other members of the company looked in amazement at Alice, who smiled sweetly, and simply said:

"Fortune seems to favor me this time. "I haven't that much money with me, Miss Dawson," said Clarence Carson, rising "but if you will excuse me for a few minutes I shall be back with the amount.

"Ob pertainly, Mr Carson," said Alice graciously, and only too glad to know that Clarence didn't want to be trusted

The latter, taking up his overcost and has hastened off, and after he left the room further interest in the game suddenly collapsed. It seemed as if the clubroom had become a plague spot, and shose who had been enjoying the occasion with so much gest but a short time before, were now anxious to leave the pinon But they were impelled by a strange fascination to remain and see whether Carson would return, according so promise, and pay his debt.

Time dragged heavily, and the conver sation had grown stilted. Every one won dered whether Carson would come back but no one breathed a word of suspicion Alice was anxious, but she showed no excitement, and tried to rally the party by her smiles and bright sayings. Dick appeared to be unconcerned, but after the lapse of about three-quarters of an footsteps. The face he saw reflected in hour he, too, began to think that Carson the glass was a familiar one, but there was a long time away.

In the excitement of the time, Edith drugged sleep in an adjoining room, was him.

forgotten. Presently there was a sound of footsteps in the hallway, and the next moment Clarence Carson entered the place as pale as death, and trembling with emoisemens.

"I ran so fast to get here that I am out of breath," he said, trying to force a amile, but the effort to appear gay was a ghastly one. Then, with a show of ogreless indifference, Clarence Carson pulled a hundle of bills from his pooket and laid them on the table before Alice. As he did so she noticed that his hands

were bloody, and she uttered a little scream. The sight of the blood unnerved Oarson himself, and he speedily thrust his hand in his pockets, and said to Alice:

"Please count the money, and see that she amount is right."

she began to turn ever the large bills, many of which were of a demonination such as she had never seen before, and as she did she noticed with dismay that some of them were wet with blood-stains.

What could it mean! Can it be possible," she thought, "that I played for a human life?"

But further contemplation was out short by the sudden appearance of Edith

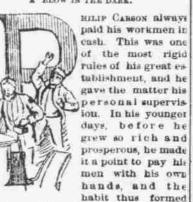
ame like an apparition, and was no ooner in the place than a powerful voice as heard from without, calling, "Edith! Edith! Speak. Where are you?" The voice rang out with clarion clear

ess on the still night, and struck Dick Dawson and Alice with dismay. Their starting up from the semi-stupor occasioned by the daugged drink, auswered with all her might: "Here! I am here!"

Dick Dawson grew desperate, and was about to rush at Edith, for the purpose alarm, said: of silencing her by force, when she spared him that trouble by falling in a dead faint The great exertion she had just but forth, the giare of the gamblingroom; and the joyous thought of being liberated from a place which had become so detestable, were too much for her surcharged heart, and all her senses col lapsed at the very moment when she had most need of them.

CHAPTER VII.

A RLOW IN THE DARK.



It was now a physical had clung to him. impossibility for him to pay all the men bimself, but it was a feature of the business to which he gave close attention, and from which he derived great pleas-

Mr. Carson always looked forward with keen interest to the monthly pay-day at the mill. He was a man of dignified reserve, who rarely gave vent to his feel ings, but those who knew him best appreciated his kindness of heart and sin cerity of purpose. He shared in the

satisfaction which his workmen felt on drawing their pay, and delighted in picturing to himself the happiness which sussed. Dick was sober, He always the well carned monthly recompense would bring into the humble homes of superintending his club-room, and his the hardy tollers. He was happiest when his men were contented, and his intimate friends often heard him say: I would rather have one hundred men who are satisfied with their pay and positions, than five hundred malcontents; and the best way to make them happy, is to ascertain what they need, and make entitled to.

The day of the explosion at the Grims by Steel Mill was pay-day, and on the day previous. President Carson, as had been his custom for many years, drew enough money from the Grimsby bank to pay his great army of workmen. The ever and put off pay-day. No one thought of wages when every home in the neighborhood of the dismantled steel mill was the scene of grief.

After his disagreeable experience his nephew and with Noel Edwards, Mr. Philip Carson repaired to his study for morning at the mill, but not more so than by his strange encounter with Noel, and the grim story the blind man told him concerning Clarence.

Mr. Carson sat a few minutes in front of his desk musing over the stirring events of the day and night. Then he suddenly thought of pay-day, and of the fact that he had placed the box containing the money for the men's wages in a small safe near his desk the evening previgus. In obedience to some random impulse, or possibly to find occupation for his troubled mind, he went to the little safe, unlocked it, took out the cash-box, and was about to place it on his desk, when he saw reflected in a mirror the shadow of a sinister face.

The vision disappeared like a flash, but it gave Mr. Carson such a severe shock box from his grasp.

What could it be? Placing the box on the desk, Mr. Carson speedily turned around and made a thorough search of the room. He looked out into the hallway, but could see nobody, neither could be hear a sound, such as he might expect, of retreating was a look of infamy depicted in it that made the old man's heart throb quickly Rdwards, who had been left in the for a few seconds, and almost unnerved

servants, when the musical tone of a the startled Zelda, her sister, and the sweetchimed clook, whose note was soft gervants. er than silence, diverted his attention than he had expected.

"Pshaw!" he muttered: "I have never | kind?" been a coward, and it is too late in the day for me to begin to play that char-

Saying this, he shut the room door gently, and returning to his desk, took up the cash-box, and proceeded to replace it in the safe. Just as he did so he was struck a tremendous blow across the Zelda called. That's the villain who head, which almost stunned him; but he done this awful crime." was a powerful man, and rallied instant-

The box fell from his hands on the Quick as a flash, the robber struck Mr. Carson another heavy blow, and he fell

to the floor with a stifled moan. The most desperate of men stand appalled in the presence of a great crime his debt of twenty thousand dollars to committed by their own hands, and when Mr. Carson fell at the feet of the gasassin, the latter was so horrified that he source-Edwards, who was now, pale and hage ly knew what to do next. While he confidential book-keeper, who said:

ard, in the gilded gambling-room. She stood there irresolute, he heard the immediately turned off the gas that by the band. burned above the desk, leaving the room in darkness, then retreated to a distant would happen, and fearing lest he might onsternation was increased when Edith, prepared to sell his life dearly in case of great excitement, which he struggled

> palpitating ruffian in the corner heard ing. some one open the door. Then a wo-

"Father, father! Are you here?" It was the voice of Zeida Carson, who had been lying awake, thinking over the exciting scene which occurred earlier in the evening, and in the stillness of the night heard the struggle in her father's She pushed the door of the study open,

She called her father repeatedly, in the loneliness of the place, she was about to return to her room, when a low moan committed in Grimsby to-night, it will be sent a chill to her heart, and filled her my duty to see that the police have hold mind with a thousand fears.

Her first impulse was to enter room, but the dark, lonely, and mysteritablishment, and he ous situation caused her to shrink, and gave the matter his on second thought she resolved on rous- Dick Dawson's?" personal supervis ing her sisters and the servants, and ion. In his younger bringing them to the scene.

> wail of some lost spirit, and Zelda Car- was gone. son almost fainted when she heard it, but she rallied all her strength, for she placed his lost lucre before Alice Dawson, had a foreboding that it would be need- who greeted him with one of her fascinated before morning. Then she ran off to ing smiles. She was a beautiful woman, procure help.

The assassin, who had been crouching in the corner, experienced a great sense of relief, as he heard her retreating footsteps hurrying along the hall, and when he thought she was gone a safe distance, reasoned with himself, "Now is my cash-box which lay on the desk.

The sweet-toned clock indicated that a millionaire lay insensible to sound. How and fell in a dead faint as she heard Ned great is man's power of enjoyment; how trivial athing it is that ends it all !

The assassin moved softly in the direcbe a great amount of money in the cashbox, and that if he could only get away with it he would be rich. This thought nerved him and gave wings to his soul. Stealthily he groped his way to where the desk stood. He knew every nook often been there before, but he did not mawer him. quite realize the direction in which the body of his victim lay, and when he struck his foot against it, the contact sent a thrill of horror to his guilty heart, This fear was intensified ten-fold by the deliberate opening of the room door.

The assassin moved as lightly as a cat, and quickly stepped back to the corner he had just left, and where, owing to a disaster upset all his arrangements, how- friendly book-case, he would be partly concealed, even if the gas was lighted. It startled him to hear some one moving about the place. Then there was a pause of a few seconds, but no light, and

presently the sound of footsteps in the room again. The robber was amazed. Could it be that Philip Carson, to whom rest and reflection. He was deeply dis- he had given his quietus, had come back turbed by the sad occurrence of the to life, or was it simply the effect of imagination.

The door of the study made a creaking sound once more, and then some one passed out and moved quite rapidly down the hall

Now the robber was interested in knowing if Philip Carson still lay where he fell. a little to the right of the desk, and he groped about for the body. This time its touch had no terrors for him, and he experienced a real relief on ascertaining that the millionaire was really dead. Just then there was a commotion in the

hall, and the robber heard a woman's voice calling loudly

"Clarence. Clarence. There's some thing wrong in father's study. Come with us."

The assassin waited to hear no more He seized the cash-box, snatched it from that he almost dropped the heavy cash the desk, and for a moment hesitated as to whether he should run the gauntlet of the hallway, and take the chances of escaping with his life and his plunder.

Instantly a new idea occurred to him. There was the window! To open it was but the work of a few seconds, and the thief was gone.

He had gone but a few yards from the place, when the room was filled with light, and he heard the cry of horror which escaped from Zelda's lips, as she beheld the prostrate body of her father. Now the assassin was in the shadow. He had left the window open, and he He was about to ring for one of the could hear distinctly what was said by

"Oh, dear God, my poor father has for a moment, and, glancing up, he beenkilled!" exclaimed Zelda, as she noticed that the hour was much later knelt beside the body. "Who could have done such a cruel deed to one who was so

The servants looked at each other in amazement and grief, then the coach-

"Why didn't you stop that man what run out as we came along the hallway?" What man?" asked one of the women.

"Hush," said the other, "That was Clarence Carson."

"Why the man what run when Miss

"Oh, heavens! my cousin!" oried Zelda, desk, and he turned to grapple with his in despair. "It cannot be-it cannot be," assailant, and seized him by the throat. and the heart-broken girl covered her father's face with kisses.

Meantime, Clarence Carson was running with all his might in the direction of Dick Dawson's gambling room, to pay the fascinating Alice Dawson.

About midway he was hailed by an old acquaintance, Tom Eckert, his unole's

"Hello, Clarence! I have not seen you | pile? Did you detect any counterfeits in sound of footsteps in the hallway, and in a dog's age," and shook him effusively

Clarence Carson was evidently in an advanced stage of intoxication, but not corner of the room, wondering what so far gone that he did not know what he was doing. His face was white, and be discovered, but at the same time he was evidently laboring under some hard to control, but he made some kind The footsteps drew nearer, and the of a forced answer to Tom Eckert's greet-

They had been boon companions upon man's voice in a tone of half-suppressed many an occasion over a social glass, and had met frequently in an exciting game at Dick Dawson's gambling rooms, It was near a street lamp that they met now, and after shaking hands, Clarence said:

Why, confound it, Tom, your hands are wet!"-then holding his own up to study and wondered what it might be. the light, he added-"and bloody, too! Why, what can this mean, old fellow? and was amazed to find the room in dark. Have you been in some rash and hazardous enterprise?"

"Oh, come now, Clarence," answered quick, nervous tones, but there was no Eckert. "It's your hands that are wet response, and then becoming awed over and bloody, and I can see you have stained mine. If any crime has been of you in the morning," and Eckert the laughed hoarsely.

"Oh, fudge!" replied Clarence, "I don't like such fun. Are you going over to

"I expect to do so after a little while." Well excuse me, I am in a bit of a That pitiful moan sounded like the burry. I will see you later," and Clarence

It did not take him long until he the time her sway over him was as absolute as is that of the spider over the silly fly that he has entrapped in his fatal web. The sight of the blood upon Clarence's hands, and upon some of the bills, gave Alice a slight start at first, but she speedi time," and started to help himself to the ly overcame the shock. Besides, there were other matters of an exciting nature her attention, when Edith Edwards, quarter of an hour had passed since pale as death, and wild with delirium, ap-Philip Carson noted the time. Now the peared in the dazzling gambling room

When Ned Nedcomb failed to find Edith tion of his plunder. He knew there must in the wretched shanty where he had left her, he wondered what fate could have befallen her in so short a space of time, and vowed never to return to his own home till he had found her again, alive or dead

Newcomb calling her name from with-

And so it was that he wandered about and corner of the room as well in the the neighborhood, calling her name at dark as if it was day, because he had intervals, and wondering why she did not

known her, his heart had gone out to her he knew not how nor why, nor could he say whether it was pity or love tha prompted him to feel such a deep inter

The great strong man spurned the cold moved about uneasily, scarce knowing what to do, or say, or think, to bring her back, and many a time he thought he could see her tranquil face, in fancy, as it appeared to him whon she lay in the rushing flood, with her white forehead turned appealingly to God's glistening stars in heaven's deep dome of blue.

> CHAPTER VIII. THE MASKED MARRIAGE.



DITH EDWARDS was speedily removed from the gamb ling-room by the ser vants, and placed in the apartment from which she had wandered in her halfdazed condition. The incident of her

weird appearance vas soon forgotten in the burst of revelry which followed Clarence Carson's pay ment of his large gambling debt to Alice

The voice of Ned Newcomb was heard at intervals from without, calling the name of Edith, but it passed unheeded as the crazy cry of some demented or drunken person, who was offending the silence of 'be night with his wild and

meaningless . . ving. Edith was in a fever of excitement in her eager desire to go home, and the servants reported the case to Dick Dawson, who called and told her that she would be removed to her house as soon as pos

Lest she might suspect the nature of the establishment, he told her that it was the Grimsby Hospital; that she was placed there shortly after she was rescued from the river, and that he was the principal doctor.

The poor girl's senses were so confused that she readily believed this man's plausible story. She remembered falling in the flood, but had no recollection of her rescue, and she realized nothing whatever of the real nature of the trap into which a most unlucky accident had thrust her. So far as she could ascertain. she received nothing but kindness from these people, and she could not account for so much attention until Dick Dawson assured her it was the Grimsby Hospital.

"And I can go home soon, doctor, to see my dear father?" she said, to Dick Daw-"Certainly; as soon as we consider it afe to do so," was the reply.

Dawson left her with a servant and proceeded to rejoin his guests. At the door he met Alice, who looked pale and frightened. "You look as if you had seen a ghost

he said, in a whisper; "you should wear your brightest smile to-night," 'And I feel as if I had seen one, Dick, she answered. What strange notion could have en ered your head?" he asked.

"The money, Dick."

"No! but worse than that, Dick!" "Why, what could it be?" "Blood! There was blood on the bills, handed me the amount; and his hands woman." were bloody also. I fear he must have committed some great crime, and if he Dick. has he will be traced here, and we shall

be discovered and destroyed." "Nonsense, lass! What thoughts are these? You have not been drinking, I hope?"

"Not I. indeed. But if you doub ome and see the money.

Saying this, she led him to another room, where the amount of her winnings lay upon a table over which the gas was burning. "See," she said, taking one of the blood-

stained notes in her hand and holding it up before him. "Isn't that proof that I am right? And look at the stains upon my fingers." Dick was nonplussed. He saw at a that I will gain her consent."

glance that Alice was not laboring under adelusion, and he scarce knew what to Alice spoke first after they had looked

carefully over the money. "I fear," she said. ' that this is the result of some great crime." Dick Dawson laughed, and said with a

"Well, suppose it is; what have we to do with it? Didn't you win the money honestly? And why should you worry

about things that don't concern you?" "Recouse if this mun has done a deer of blood he will be traced here. Isn't that enough to make one worry? Do you suppose if he has taken any one's life, in his eagerness to get this amount, that the authorities will not be aroused at once And if this is done, who can tell what will follow? We are not safe, Dick, as long as he is here. Now, mark me, our best course is to get rid of him at once.

Her eager, carnest manner had a sober ing effect on Dick Dawson who knew what it was to be hunted by the nuthorities, and he said:

There's a good deal of truth in what you say, Ade, and I had not thought of that before. I'll try and make some pretext for inducing our customers to go home earlier than usual to-night." With Dick Dawson it was always

night" until nearly moon of the next day. "Alice," he added, "you take care of the beautiful factory-girl; see that she does not expose us by escaping at this unseasonable hour, and I'll devote my attention to the promising Mr. Carson." Just then who should come along the narrow haliway but Clarence Carson His voice was thick, and his gast rather

unsteady. "Twe been looking for you, Dick" he said, slapping D. wson on the shoulder. romance in the case, and I don't believe She had won a fortime from Clarettee, but she feared him because of the blood on the bills, and she did not like to meet him again face to face

"Well, Clarence, old man," said Dick of the chilling winter's night, as he in a careless tone of friendly familia-ity, such as he always assumed when young Carson was in his cups, but at no other time, "what can I do for you?" He feared that Clarence was about to ask him to return the money Alice had won from him, but in this he was mistaken,

"Hang it all, Dick," said Carson, "I'm in trouble, and I want to dig out. I want to leave Grimsby on the first convenient train. I've money enough, but I don't want any of those drunken dogs in the gambling-room to know anything of my intention. I have committed a great crime to-night-one that will make all Grimsby ring with excitement to-morrow-and I must not remain here any longer. What do you think I had best

'I should leave the country until the storm blew over," said Dick Dawson. promptly, anxious to have him out of the

"I thought that was the right thing myself, but wanted your judgement. Yes, I'll go. But how, in the name of Lucifer, Dick," he added with a leer, "did you obtain possession of the modest beauty for whom I incurred the knock-down You must be a fascinating old sport.

What? You refer to the factory-giri? said Dick, adding. "Well, yes, she's beauty and no mistake, but she is here not by choice, or by design, but by mere accident. I assure you."

Dick thought if Carson had been mixed up in a crime, he was certainly very little concerned about it, and hardened as the boss gambler was, he did not like to see a man so callous.

That's all very well for you to say, that the little beauty is here by accident; but you cannot get this particular chicken to believe such nonsense. No; people don't wander into Dick Dawson's den by accident-especially such unsophisticated ties of blood and friendship. creatures as this distrusting damsel. I tell you she is pretty, and no mistake, but hang me if I can understand why she took to an alligator like you, when she might have had me for a sweetheart without asking."

"I tell you again you are mistaken. aching for a good opportunity to send her home," said Dick Dawson, somewhat amazed over Carson's unworthy suspi-

"Don't do it," said Clarence. her fall in the river to-night, and to all intents and purposes she is drowned. If you don't care for the girl, I will make her my wife, and take her to Europe. I like her, and once on the other side, I'll be a good husband to her. Now what say you? Is it a bargain?"

You are crazy, man. Such a thing is

"But I tell you it is, and I'll show how. Come, let us step into this little room and have a quiet bottle," added Carson, "while I tell you a scheme." When they were seated at a small

wife and take her with him to Europe, "I will pay you well to help me out," he said to Dick Dawson, "and, confound it, why do you hesitate? I mean no harm to the girl, and I'll try to be as good Dick. I noticed it when young Carson a husband to her as I would be to any

"But how can I help you?" asked "Just mention the matter to her.

know her name. It's Edith Edwards. She's the daughter of a fellow named Edwards who was nearly killed in our mill to-day, and who labors under the haliucination that I caused the accident. But let that pass. Go and talk to her. Tell her I want her for a wife, and that she'll never regret going away with me from Grimsby

Dick paused, revolving the absurd proposition in his mind. Carson, seeing his hesitancy, said:

"I'll give you a thousand dollars for this service, or if you don't want to do it, let me see the girl myself. I'll wager

Clarence Carson was in the condition of one who has imbibed freely, and thinks the most fantastic suggestions perfeetly logical. He could not see any good reason for Edith refusing what he considered a most generous offer on his part, in fact a great condescension, the

offer to make her his wife. Dick Dawson, who had not drank freely, saw the matter in a different light, and knew there would be a terrible scene in case Clarence carried out his wild idea. There was a thousand dollars in the scheme, however, and Dick was not the man to let go so good an opportunity to make so much money.

He finally said to Carson: No, it would not do to have you spring this sudden offer on the girl. Let me manage it. I'll accept your offer to see you through for a thousand, and you shall start out in the 430 train in the morning for New York

"Good!" exclaimed Carson, who clasped his benefactor by the hand, and poured another glass. But how are you to be married? Who

will perform the ceremony? It will not do for you to run away with her unless you are married." "As to that," said Carson, draining the contents of his latest glass of wine "I think I see my way clear. I shall ask my

deal happier than myself, to perform the "Just the thing; but will he do it?" said

friend, the judge, who is feeling a good

"I have a most eloquent advocate in my pocket," rejoined Carson, "and as it will assume the nature of a lawful fee for legitimate services performed, why should his Honor object? I think not, He will be captivated anyhow by the see the girl and find out if she will join me in this romantic adventure; then I'll see the judge.

[To be Continued.]

A Grave Mistake.

Yes, I repeat it is a grave misake, young ladies, to let men spend so much money upon you in various ways. It cheapens you in exact proportion to what they pay for

Very often they can't afford it; and not frequently they don't wish to do it, and only yield to custom and what they suppose you expect or beauty or even manner; but she

Girls could of en learn a lesson for themselves by noticing how their brothers talk about the excenses of escort duty. As they talk to you, so do your escorts speak of do; and her first question, after you

It would be a wise and righteons measure if society girls would form leagues among themselves to instiute a reform in these things, and bring these wholesome pleasures of social intercourse within the honest reach of men whose salaries are

Don't allow men to give you expensive suppers and expensive flowers and the like. And as to more personal things, why a sense of delicacy and personal dignity out to place impaesable barriers tion, with the varied outside infigbetween you and gifts from men ences that set vibrating the harmos

How well I remember the instruc tion of the best woman I ever knew, whose advice to ber daughter was: "Never take presents from men or allow them to spend money upon The girl is here by accident, and I am you; even when you are engaged. limit your lover's gitts to flowers handsome presents when you are

"Yes, I know; wasn't it a good round over his proposition to make Edith his divorce court!-Presbyterian Review. wilderment.-Oliver Wendell Holmes

Bill Nye's Appreheusions

Bill Nye was lecturing in Pennsylvania a short time ago with James Whitcomb Riley. At one of his appointments Mr. Nye, so it is said, felt very much depressed. It is a peculiarity of humorists to be melancholy at times, and he was in this mood at the time. One of the committee went back of the scenes to see him, and the depressed humorist welcomed him as a scene of unusual good sunshine. They shook hands-Nye earnestly, the committeeman decorously.

"Mr. Nye," he said gravely, "you will find this an unusually healthy city."

"Ah!' said the humorist.

"Yes, the death rate is only one a

At this juncture Nye took the committeeman by the arm and hurriedly asked

"Is he dead !"

"Dead!" ejaculated the committeeman. "Who dead ?"

"Why, the man for to-day," was the grave reply. The committeeman stared with

all his might into the immovable face of the lecturer "Isn't there a clerk or register or coroner, or something like that, of whom you could find out whether a

man for to-day has died?" "Wby, yes, I suppose so," slowly

eplied the committeeman. "Would you be so good, then, as to find out, and before I commence the lecture, if possible, whether the man is dead? If he is dead . I . am all right, for we are to leave the city early to morrow morning; but if he is not dead, I cannot but feel uneasy about myself, as I am not well to-

night." The kind-hearted committeeman

harried away to get the information. When Nye and Riley were in their room that night a bellboy told Nye that a gentleman wished to see him. He went down into the par lor of the hotel and there met the

committeeman. "I am sorry to disturb you, Mr. Nye," be said, "but I could not find the information any earlier. It is all right. The death rate I spoke of was only an average, and a man died this morning."-New York Evening World.

Woman The woman who does not please is a false note in the harmony of nature. She may not bave wouth must have something in her voice or expression, or both, which it makes you feel better disposed toward your race to look at or listen to. She knows that as well as we have been taking your soul into

her consciousness, is, 'Did I please ?' A woman never forgets her sex. She would rather talk with a man than an angel any day. Womanly women are very kindly critics, except to themselves, and now and then to their own sex. The less there is of sex about a woman the more she is to be dreaded. But take a real woman at her best moment-well-dressed enough to be pleased with berself, not so resplendent as to be a show and a sensar who are bound to you by the clesest | nic notes of ber nature stirring in the air above her, and what is social life to compare with one of those vital interchanges of thought and feeling with her that make an hour memorable f

What can equal her tact, her delicacy, her subtlety of expression, her quickness to feel the changes of and books. It is time enough for temperature, as the warm and cool currents of thoughts blow by turns? married; and if anything should At one moment she is microscopicinterfere with your marriage, why, ally intellectual, critical, scrupulous you will be spared the mortification in judgement as an analyst's balof having all sorts of things to send ance; and the next as sympathetic as the open rose, that sweetens the The longer I live the sounder wind from whatever quarter it finds this advice becomes. Ah, in those its way to her bosom. It is in the days mothers were so careful in the hospitable soul of woman that a way they taught their daugh- | man forgets he is a stranger, and so ters, and trained a race of women becomes natural and truthful, at who were fit to be wives and moth. the same time that he is mesmertable, and the champagne was sparkling ers and who learned no lessons ized by all those divine differences in the glasses before them, Carson seem- whose ultimate sequence is the which make her a mystery and be-