A day in June, of light, of fragrance rare, A bride brought to a home, a bride as fair As angels be, as sometimes women are. Loud sings the blithe canary in its cage.

Falls faint on a babe's face a mother's kiss. Loud sings the blithe canary in its cage.

A woman, fair and young and pale, at rest, A dead babe laid on the dead mother's breast, A preacher murmuring: "All is for the best." Loud sings the blithe canary in its cage. -Chicago Tribune.

A GUILELESS ROGUE.

BY LUCY BLAKE.

I was traveling third-class from Rosencompanions in the coupe who in the least interested me was an old man, wiry and round her neck, half hidden in her lace hair that lay over the collar of his coat, | deny." and the testimony of seventy years at least written on his furrowed forehead. His dress, that of a well-to-do Bavarian peasant, first attracted my attention; kneebreeches, shiny and smooth from long wear, and with delicate tracery in colored silk needlework at the seams; a leather-fronted waistcoat; a blue coat of antiquated cut, with scollop shells ornamenting it instead of buttons; and what most struck my eye, trained to note and copy such details in my pictures, was a leather belt about six inches wide, covered thickly with the most skillful embroidery, also in colored silks of mellow and beautiful tints. The device was very grotesque; harpy-like creatures smothered in flowers which could have grown only in some dreamland garden. The belt shut with an antique silver clasp, a serpent catching its own tail in its fangs, and was evidently an heirloom in the family.

Conversationally, I found the old man rather dull, even lacking, it would apnear, as he rambled along a disjointed narrative in which the name Erika recurred at intervals. He frequently caressed his belt just below where his dinner lay, mumbling half to himself: "Erika will be the happier for that-yes, far happier. She little guesses what is

I was in doubt as to what the old fellow alluded to; evidently some mysteriued: "It was not wear and tear that broke the stitckes I asked Erika to mend -she had no suspicion of what she was sewing up safe inside," I decided it must be the belt.

Certainly Erika, whoever she was, made a great mistake in letting this weak-minded old man come alone to a busy, crowded city like Munich.

My reflections were cut short by our arrival at the huge station, where a chattering party of friends took me into custody at once. I saw the old peasant walk briskly away with the rest of the stream, armed with a stout stick, and I straightway forgot his existence for the

When a not unattractive and still young widow invites a man to go to the cemetery with her to contemplate her late husband's grave, he is apt to be unprepared with a suitable reply. To say briskly he accepts with pleasure, sounds heartless and unfeeling, while a dismal deportment and speech befitting the occasion may be construed into a reluctance at going.

Into such embarrassment my landlady, Frau Mollhaupt, plunged me soon after my installation at the "Pension Mai-

While I assisted her to hang wreaths of tin pansies, and numerous unknowu flowers done in black-and-white beads, round the railing which held down the defunct Mollhaupt, it struck me that the sorrowing relict was prepared to find conbehind which, according to Munich law, tainty which were upon her as much as the dead are exposed for two days-the the disgrace of her present situation. coffin-lids lifted so that all the living

embroidered belt which I had noticed so theft. sired," was attached to the clothes.

predicted! I wished I-had listened more were only here to swear to that!" attentively to the name of the village he had mentioned as his home. I would away?"

they told me the old man had fallen dead I managed all this very quietly, as I did and candid. The peasant woman's dress

they would be sold.

Should this sale take place, I resolved the day is long."

shelter of the "Pension Maifeld," it was metropolis, he would insure his beloved borne in upon me that unless I wished to grandchild's happiness-little guessing be married off-hand, without regard to the misery his act really cost her. He my own inclinations, I had better not had hidden the jewel in his belt; whether various classes of the community, for tarry longer. Fate intervened to spare the belt was to be found, and, if so, with artists declared that mummy powder me yet a little while.

Lerchenfeld, where my sister, Dorothy, should call me back to Munich the next paring the perfumes and spices found inwas visiting. Dorothy was ill, and ex- day. pressed a desire to see me. Ever since better, but much depressed by an illness that was more mental than bodily.

"I'm fretting myself to death, Tom, dear," she said. "And you must help me; you always do, you know."

Lying in a hammock in a sheltered nook in the beautiful garden, my sister began to pour her tale of woe into my mars. The sympathetic tender little heart was breaking itself over the troubles

age, the Frau Baronin's maid, who had garments in question "at a contemptible been arrested for theft.

"Pm sure the poor girl is innocent," stone."

Dolly declared; "but I must tell you the "Do you happen to know the address whole story. Baron von Glasow has—or. of these gentlemen?" I continued. rather, had, until last Wednesday, when "One of them, Herr Bossel, has A day in June again; what greater bliss the loss was discovered—a very curious dio in Rosen Strasse, 39; I don't know On earth may be, mayhap in heaven, than St. Andrew's cross, old as the hills, I betroducing a new shape of beer-mug, or and can prove it." for killing a Frenchman, or some heroic its intrinsic worth, which was not at all you a very good morning." to be sneezed at—solid gold, beautifully wrought, with a splendid diamond, dering up five flights of dark dirty stairs, pure as a dewdrop, set deep in the gold. found Herr Bossel busy at work with a Baronin asked for it to wear to a dinner in his labors to be in a good-humor. access to her mistress's jewel-case. Some as he liked, without strange fellows inseen the maid in church with the cross questions.

> "It looks very much as if they had arrested the right person," I replied. "Now, Tom, you are not to think anything of the kind," answered my tyrant. That poor girl is innocent, I'm fully convinced, and you must share my conviction. She is so pretty and modest, and with such a winning manner."

"The most dangerous kind," I murmured to myself.
"She pleaded her innocence with such dignity and straightforward honesty that she won my heart completely."

"So it appears." "Now, you flinty-hearted creature, you must look into this case and get the girl pardened," continued my relentless taskmistress, "I shall never know a moment's peace or health again if she is condemned to the two years, imprisonment they talk about." "Really, my dear Dolly, how can I

hope to find-

"No objections, if you please, sir. You can surely get lawyers to find her innocent. Poor thing, this is not her only trouble. The one relation she had in the world, her old grandfather, of whom she was very fond, disappeared from his home lately, and no trace of him can be found. Erika-that is the girl's name; it means health, you know-fears he has come to some bad end, and it looks very likely. They come of a very reous booty in his belt, but as he contin- spectable family in Distelberg, the little village yonder, of which you can just see the church-spire through the trees, and

"Erika - Distelberg - that was the name of the village the old fellow said he lived in-very odd:" I exclaimed; "and Erika, the girl's name." "What old fellow?"

"Oh, nothing, nobody-only I fancy I can tell Erika something about her grandfather."

"In that case you must go to the prison at once; admission will be easy to get, and the poor girl will be so glad to have your news. You can tell me about it after-

I feared my communication would scarcely cause joy if my conjectures were right. As soon as it could be arranged, I visited the prisoner, accompanied by the housekeeper from the Schloss. She protested her innocence in a way that, I coufess, won me over in spite of my better judgment. She bewailed her wrongdoing in wearing her mistress's property to church that morning; but it was St. Basil's Day, the patron saint of some one she loved very much, and she wished to honor the festival by saying her prayers with that beautiful cross in her hands. It had been but a foolish fancy, perhaps, and she had been bitterly punished for it.

A new suspicion began to shape itself in my mind, and I turned the conversation upon the subject of the missing solation for her loss in unworthy me, grandfather. It was soon proved beyond The tearful sentimental tenor of her con- a doubt that he and the old man I had versation causing me great uneasiness, I met on the train were identical. I hated proposed, as diversion for us both, a to tell Erika the whole truth about him, stroll toward the rows of tall windows but even this was better than the uncer-

ful friend gone: But I'm thankful he woman, after ali .- Frank Leslie's. There lay the silent testimony of that cannot see me here," she added. "I day's sad mortality; the rich surrounded never saw him in better spirits than the by a pomp of burning tapers, velvet last day he came to visit me at the drapery and fragrant banks of flowers. Schloss. He laughed like a little child Saddened by this spectacle, I was whenever he looked at me, and kept refish market from time immemorial, says turning away, when I saw lying in the peating over and over again that he a correspondent of the San Francisco plainest of pauper coffins an old man would see me happy before he died, and Chronicle, and the northern scafarers arwhose face was very familiar. A mo. that fortune was nearer than I supposed. rive day after day with their heavily ident's reflection recalled the peasant in You see, sir," she said, with a blush, "I laden "jaegter," picturesque old vessels, the blue coat, my traveling companion was engaged to a forester on the Herr still retaining the shape of the ancient from Rosenheim. Poor old fellow, that Baron's estate in Styria, and my poor old dragon ships, the Vikings. Fish here, journey was but the preliminary to a grandfather was always fretting at the as in other Norwegian towns, are always very much longer one which he had thought that he would die before we had sold alive, and I felt somewhat embar-searcely expected to take so soon. His saved enough money to marry on. Ah rassed on timidly demanding a cod to scarcely expected to take so soon. His saved enough money to marry on, Ah garments were suspended on hooks above me! Basil must let me go now, since all have a lively paipitating creature, folded his head, conspicuous among them the the world believes me guilty of this in paper, laid confidingly in my unwill-

church, or before?" I asked.

recognize it if I heard it again, but un- "On the balcony outside the Frau aided, my memory could not recall it. Baronin's boudoir; I often let him come Perhaps I, in all the city, was the only one who knew a word of the dead stran- had given me permission. I might also ger's history. And what I knew was give him a cup of coffee sometimes. barely more than a word-a woman's That very morning I went down stairs to get him some, leaving him in charge of I went to the Police Bureau, where the Frau Baronin's room while I went. and pleasant as their manners are simple in the street from a stroke of apoplexy. not like the other servants to know he No paper or letter had been found upon was there. They were often jealous of him, and no inquiries had been made for what they called the Frau Baronin's parhim. His clothes would be exposed for tiality for me. I did not tell my master, a week, after which, if still unclaimed, either, for fear suspicion might fall upon my dear grandfather, who was honest as

to buy the belt, chiefly on account of its The day in this instance must have artistic value, and also because I felt been very short, with its supply of honcurious to know if its half-imbecile esty run low, for I now felt convinced wearer had any reason for his mysterious that the old man was the thief. His allusion to something stitched within it. weak brain had reasoned that, by taking as if they had been put on for the first Returning to the rather too friendly this cross and selling it in the great its contents unmolested, was now my beaten up with oil, gave richer tones of Lying on my table I found a telegram duty to ascertain. I kept my own coun- brown than any other substance, and summoning me at once to Schloss sel, arranging that pressing business modern perfumers found means of pre-

Arrived in town, I went straight to the ceedingly attractive to the ladies. Paper she was a tiny, blue-eyed baby, I had Police Bureau to ask if trace could be manufacturers found that the wrappings obeyed and waited upon my sister with found of the old man's clothes, which of the mummies could be converted into willing, dog-like devotion, and there was no reason to hesitate now. My destinated young man, with a stutter, to the cloth and rags were sometimes used tion lay about four miles distant over the whom, as compensation for his physical as clothing-at least, so we are told by same Rosenheim route which I had lately defects, a good memory had been granted, a traveler of the twelfth century. followed to Munich. I found Dorothy arose, and with much difficulty informed Is it not pitiful to think that all the me that the unknown man's entire outfit skill so lavishly expended by the sages

> named Schmier, in the Thal Strasse. I repaired there at once and found the years, end in this? And, in truth, the breeches and leather waistcoat still on mummies thus dealt with had less sale, but the blue coat and the precious reason to complain of their lot than the belt were gone. Did Herr Schmier posmultitude which were broken up and sibly remember who had bought these solo at so much per ton to fertilize the articles?

of somebody else; a very humble person- feetly; two young artists had bought the

price, sir, that would wring tears from a

"One of them, Herr Bossel, has a stulieve, given to a remote ancestor for in- way, sir; I came honestly by the clothes,

"Pray do not distress yourself, sir; I deed of that kind. At any rate it was have not the remotest idea of calling very valuable, for its antiquity, and for your integrity into question; and I wish

On Wednesday evening, when the corkscrew, and not far enough advanced party, lo and behold, it was not to be Yes, he had bought that blue coat with found! Suspicion fell at once on the the shells on it, of an old-clo' man, and Baronin's maid, the only person who had he supposed he might buy as many coats

heim to Munich; the only one of my of the other servants swore to having truding upom him to ask impertment I pacified the gentleman by telling vigorous-looking, in spite of the white scarf-an accusation which she did not him as much of my story as I discreetly could, omitting all allusions to the gold

> He believed Collins had bought an emproidered belt, but was not quite sure. He might be in town still, and he might be gone to the country. One never knew what a fellow would be up to this beastly hot weather.

I sought out Mr. Collins, only to find that he had sold the belt the previous day to a comrade who was to wear it at a costume dance at Garmisch.

Weary, but still undaunted, I betook myself per train and diligence to Garmisch, and by a Macchiavelian astuteness I got an invitation to the dance at which Mr. Collins's friend was to appear. At last my delighted eyes rested again upon the old peasant's belt, round the sturdy form of a jolly young Irish tourist. There was no mistaking those brightwinged harpies in the embroidery and the curious old silver clasp. I could imagine I saw the outline of the St. Andrew's cross faintly silhouetting itself through the needlework; but this was,

of course, only exaggerated fancy. How to get the belt into my possession would be, I feared, the most difficult part of my task; but this turned out to be a very simple matter. Over a bottle of Markgrafler, we began to talk of the belt, Collins's friend bewailing the fact that he had been weak enough to spend money he couldn't spare, to have it for the ball. Collins had asked such a big price, too. Now the dance was nearly the tourist began to wish he had not been so particular about the details of his costume. In an offhand indifferent manner, I said I often found such knickknacks handy in my studio at home, and if he chose to part with the belt, I didn't mind taking it for the price he paid Collins.

The tourist seized upon my offer with delight; and my feelings when, after the ball, I retired to my room with the belt, my lawful property, can be more easily

imagined than described. How eagerly I tore open the stitches so neatly taken by the dutiful Erika! The belt was wadded and lined, till, with the embroidery, it was about half an inch thick. I felt no hard substance inside, nor did anything fall out when I shook it. A horrible fear seized upon me lest, after all, I was mistaken. But no, I was quite right in my suspicions. Under the body of the fattest harpy, held in place by a bit of wax, and well covcred by wadding, lay an antique gold cross with a superb diamond sunk deep at the junction of the bars. The crafty old man had secured his booty well.

As I had never in my life disobeyed a command of Dorothy's, it did not seem She had restored the cross safely to its to me in the least surprising that I was case afterwards, and had never seen it able to execute this last one of hers to rescue Erika from prison. There were great rejoicings at Lerchenfeld, the wedding of the fair prisoner with her beloved Basil among them. A purse had been made up for her, and the prudent Basil might be well satisfied with his bride's

suddenly acquired dowry. My mission over, I returned to the 'Pension Maifeld," and in the autumn its proprietress is going to marry me. I could see no way out of such an arrange-"My poor grandfather, my last faith- ment; and she is really a nice little

A Norwegian Fish Market.

ing arms. Gossip seemed to be the order particularly. A printed notice, with the words, "Unknown—Identification De after you had worn the cross at the sired," was attached to the clothes.

"Did your grandfather make this visit of the day, and a bevy of fish women stand at every corner, discussing the afchurch, or before?" I asked.

"Did your grandfather make this visit of the day, and a bevy of fish women stand at every corner, discussing the afchurch, or before?" I asked. Poor Erika, I thought, her heart will scarcely be made glad, as the old man the cross safely away in its case. If he skirts—and droll little beings they are, with shawls pinned across their chests "Where was he when you put it and handkerchiefs tied tightly round their flaxen heads, shyly offering plates of wild strawberries and cranberries they have gathered in the woods, themselves, to every passer-by.

The Norwegians are not a particularly well-favored race, and the majority have faded colorless skins, and dull, tow-like hair. Yet their expressions are as frank is singularly pretty, and even the plainest cannot fall to look otherwise than ing in the neat, dark, plaited skirts, bright, red, heart-shaped bodices and white chemisettes and in caps which are simply marvels of the knitting art. Al, though the most thrifty people imagina-ble, the Norwegians are lavish in the matter of washing. Certainly you never see a soiled cap or crimpled strings, go where you may. These snowy frills always look

Mummies in Trade.

The mummy trade was supported by side the bodies, so as to make them ex-

had been bought by an old clothes dealer of ancient Egypt in rendering their bodies indestructible, should, efter 3,000 fields of a far-distant and insignificant Yes, Herr Schmier recollected per- islet peopled by barbarians !- Neneteenth

MR. AND MRS. BOWSER.

THE OLD GENTLEMAN TAKES HIS WIFE OUT FISHING.

Mrs. Bowser Gets Seventeen Fish are well-nigh universal.

Sun-Bass, came home to supper he began to empty his pockets of fishhooks and lines and sinkers and bobbers and reels, and I naturally asked him what was going to hap-

"We are going a-fishing, Mrs. Bowser." "When?" "To-morrow."

"But I can't go. You know mother "Your mother be hanged, Mrs. Bowser! You can take baby over there and we'll go off for a little recreation."

"Do you-you suppose we'll catch anything?" "You probably won't, for no woman knows how to fish. There might be a thousand bass and pickerel within a foot of her hook and she wouldn't get a bite. However, you look worn out and a day

off will brighten you up."

"Will you catch any fish, Mr. Bow-"Humph! What do you suppose I invested \$5 in fishing takle for? I don't want to give the exact number I shall catch, because there may be one more or less. You had better tell the girl to clean

out one of those kegs to-night and have it all ready to salt down our fish in." Mr. Bowser was in excellent good humor that evening. His talk ran to bass, pickerel, wall-eyed pike and perch, and he spent two hours with fish line and sinkers. He gave me a long and entertaining lecture on the habits of the pickerel—the pickerel weighing from three to fifteen pounds—and he followed that with some choice anecdotes of black bass -their powers of sight, voracious appetons daily, was only \$5,000. tites, etc. Fearing that he was oversanguine, I felt it my duty to observe:

catch a fish?" He looked at me with such an injured air that I felt very sorry for him, but I continued:

"Suppose I should catch 'em all?" on his face, placed his hand on my head in a fatherly way, and kindly replied:

you haul out a wagon load." We went up the lake next morning small to be detected from them. and began fishing from a private dock. Mr. Bowser got his fish-line tied to the pole before we were within 40 rods of the dock, and when we were yet 100 feet away he put a minnow on the hook and jumped out and ran for the dock, leaving me to hitch the horse. It looked a bit selfish to me, but I have since ascertained that all husbands who go fishing with their wives do the same thing. He had been fishing 20 minutes before I got

"Bites? Of course not. You don't think I telegraphed the fish what minute in an hour and a half you'll do mighty

No sooner had I thrown in my hook than I felt a yank, and the line was carried off to the left. I called Mr. Bowser's attention to it and he replied:

"It's probably an old boot or an oyster can. Don't get excited and fall off the dock." After feeling a heavy tug at the line I

made a pull, accompanied by a yell, and lo! I landed a three-pound bass on the planks. I just danced up and down and yelled to Mr. Bowser to come and help me. He came over and growled: "Humph! Fish was making for my

bait when you happened to pull up. Nice way that is to fish!" "But the hook is in his mouth." "Well, don't startle the people in the

graveyard! By some "hook or crook or blunder you've caught a poor old worthless sheepshead, but don't break the dock down over it!"

Bowser said:

my hook."

"I feel a bite, Mr. Bowser!" "Bosh!" "But I surely do!"

up your line and scare my fish away!" ser, and he replied: "Are you a baby or a grown woman! hundred years.

Are you the only person on earth who ever caught a poor, starved perch, which suicide!"

"But come over and fish is this place." "Never! There isn't another fish within forty rods of you!" another perch. Then came a rock bass and a third perch. I didn't say a word to Mr. Bowser, and he whistled to himself and pretended not to see anything. At the next cast I got a tug on the line which made the pole bend like a whip, and I called to Mr. Bowser to come and

dozen times, and then I ventured to pull day, carrying it back to its old place at him in hand over hand and lift him up. Arlington Heights. The act of a boy It was a magnificent pickerel. I called to Mr. Bowser, but he wouldn't come. I important historical work for years, but had added three more perch to my the Bible is at last restored to its owner, string before he came over and said:

"Mrs. Bowser, we are going home!" "But it isn't noon yet." "Makes no difference. I can't neglect important business to fool around here. It isn't the right sort of a day for fish,

other perch. and brag about this I'll-

"But I won't." "You can own up to catching a perch or two, but---' "You can claim all the rest if you'll

We stayed. I caught seventeen fish, great and smail, and Mr. Bowser got one little sun bass. On the way home he held

"Who? Well, Mrs. Bowser caught one experience." The next morning he actually claimed to me that he caught all but one, and when I rebuked him, he hotly re-

marked: husband into fooling away a day or so Queen Elizabeth, and was in the shape of

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

The bacteria of water and ice have been found in hail by Prof. L. Maggi, an Italian physiologist. Such organisms

and Mr. B. One Solitary Little It is said that the Belgian glass workers are now preparing to make glass into The other evening when Mr. Bowser various shapes and patterns by running sheets of it, at just the right temperature to work nicely, through steel rollers.

A new artificial cork has been made by Potel, a German scientist, from a mixture of glue, glycerine and tannin. It is clastic, impervious, strong and durable, and very cheap. The mass is also applicable to other purposes.

Of the various geological collections in the British Museum, the oldest is the Sloane collection, which was acquired by purchase in 1753. The fossils were then regarded as mere curiosities, and the original manuscript catalogue, still preserved, contains many curious entries to ramind the reader of the rapid progress of the science of geology during the re-

One of the latest attempts to harness the forces of nature for the service of man is the adaptation of a windmill for the turning of a dynamo, the electricity thus obtained being stored in suitable batteries, and afterward used in lighting beacons for the benefit of the maritime interests. There is a station of this kind near the mouth of the Seine, and consid-

erable success has been obtained. The plan of utilizing coke dust by making it into briquettes has been successfully adopted by a gas company at Lyons, mixing each ton of fine coke with about two hundred pounds of coal-tar pitch and then passing through a compressing machine. The total cost is \$4 per ton, and the product readily sells for \$5.50 to \$6 per ton. The expense for the plant, with a capacity of sixty-five

Forty-five years of observation have shown that the fifty-three stars cata-"Mr. Bowser, suppose you shouldn't logued by Bessel in the Pleiades nearly all have a drift in space opposite to our own. This drift is doubtless only apparent, being due to the motion of the solar system. Six of the stars do not partake of this backward movement on He looked startled for a moment. Then account of their extreme remoteness, he came over to me with a pleasant smile while two appear to move more rapidly than the others on account of their nearness to us. The former are so distant "My dear, I hope you will catch every that the path, moderately estimated at blessed fish in Lake St. Clair! Nothing 21,000,000,000 miles in length, traversed would give me more pleasure than to see by the sun during the forty-five years since Bessel's measurement, becomes too

The California Pioneer Society has a section of timber taken from the side of the Powhatan, including a portion of the skin, which is four inches thick, and a piece of the abutting knee, which is mine inches thick. Transversely through the whole a swordfish has dashed his sword, and the portion broken off is still left imbedded in the timber. The sword pierced through fourteen inches of solid oak, and the fish was going in the same down, and I asked if he had had any direction as the vessel, which was under a good head of steam. An idea of the strength which must have been exerted can be obtained from the fact that a we'd be here, do you? If you get a bite rifled six-pounder could not have done more than pierce that thickness of wood. From archæological evidence, an Eng-

lish writer contends that the human race is growing taller, the increase in average stature appearing to be about an inch and a quarter in each 1,000 years. Measurements of old armor show a decided increase in the height of the English aristocracy within 500 years. Ancient coffins found in Great Britain indicate that the Romans could not have greatly exceeded five feet five inches in average stature. Twenty-five Egyptian mummies gave an average of 61 inches for males and 58 inches for females. The mumy of Cleopatra measures about 54 inches, and the most ancient known mummy of an Egyptian king is only 52

General Lee's Bible.

Twenty-five years ago a regiment of Maine soldlers was encamped on Arling-He was so anxious to eatch the next ton Heights, and the boys ransacked the fish that he wouldn't stop to take mine old Lee mansion pretty thoroughly. off, but I finally got it loose, rebaited They captured old pipes and cigars and the hook, and as I dropped it in Mr. wines and pictures and everything that was portable. Of course, they did not "It isn't likely that another accident need many of these things. Such artiwill occur, but if it does don't canter cles which belonged to General Lee had around like a lunatic. Your actions a peculiar interest and were very desirfrightened an immense fish away from able. One soldier, who arrived late, after the desirable articles had been taken, found the old family Bible, and sent it down East to his home in Maine. There were Bibles in Maine, but hone "Mrs. Bowser, don't you dare to pull like this. After the war was over this soldier returned home, and found to his I knew I had a fish and I pulled and surprise that the Bible contained, belanded a pound perch. I couldn't help tween the old and new testaments, a but clap my hands and call to Mr. Bow- complete family record, giving the history of the Lee family for the last two

The soldier was sorry that he had taken the book, but too proud to acknowledge no doubt took this means of committing the fault and so he held his peace. In the meanwhile biographers were at work on the life of General Lee and certain dates regarding the birth and marriage of his ancestors were wanting. If an I dropped my hook in again and got old family Bible could be found it would afford the necessary information. Advertisements were inserted in all the papers, and by and by came a letter from Maine saying that the Bib'e was in the possession of a soldier's widow, who would gladly restore it to the owner. Before the property could be recovered however, the widow died, and then came "I'm not fishing for dog fish!" he another long wait until the estate was called, as he boble I his line in a vicious settled. But at last the book was fully identified and turned over to a messen-The fish played back and forth half a ger, who passed through Boston vestersoldier has hindered the completion of an and the biographer can now complete his task .- Boston Globe.

The Mute Musician.

The other day, at the Neuilly fair in the environs of Paris, a tall Bohemian, "Isn't it?" I replied, as I landed an- emaciated and in rags, went about from table to table before the cafes and restau-"See here!" he said in a hoarse whis- rants, under the trees, with a violin under per, as he came nearer, "if you go home his arm. The majority of the guests preferred to give him a couple of sous to having their conversations interrupted. At one - however, he came upon a stout gentleman, who, being fond of music, signed him to go on and play. The poor fellow did not move. The stout gentleman insisted. At last the beggar took his violin from under his arm and showed his would-be patron it up the string to every friend, and when had no strings. "What do you carry it they asked who caught'em, he invariably about with you for; it has no strings?" asked the astonished amateur. "Monsieur," replied the beggar, with a philoand had two more bites. It's her first sophical acuteness of definition that experience." cian, "it is not an instrument; it is only a threat."—Argonaut.

The first English newspaper was the "That's it! That's it! Dragoon your | English Mercury, issued in the reign of fishing, and then call him a liar because a pamphlet. The Gazetta, of Venice, you didn't happen to have any luck!"— was the original model of the modern newspaper.

A STRANGE AFFLICTION

A YOUNG GIRL TRANSFORMED INTO A PEEVISH OLD WOMAN.

Her Vitality Destroyed by an Accidental Shock Received in an

Electric Light Establishment. On the Beeksville road, about six miles from the town of Lorraine, Ohio, lives a farmer named Max Harman, who came from Pennsylvania about a year ago, Harman's family consists of a wife and three children. The oldest, named Mary, is a young lady nineteen years of age, who has passed through one of the strangest and most painful experiences which ever fell to the lot of a human be-

A short time ago she was a plump, rosy-cheeked girl, in robust health and of a sunny disposition. To-day, through the influence of a most peculiar accident, she is in all but years a shrunken, peevish old woman. The story of this strange metamorphosis is as follows:

Mary was engaged to be married to a man named Jacob Ebertin, who worked for Mr. Harman and made his home with the family. About two months ago the young couple came to Cleveland to make some purchases and see the sights. One of the young man's friends worked in one of the electric light establishments

at the time. Ebertin proposed to take his future bride through the place and show her the machinery. It appears that a broken wire of her panier or bustle, had, unperceived, worked its way through her dress. While passing along the wire came in contact with one of the powerful electric machines, and her hand, resting on an iron bar at the time, completed the current, and she received a severe

shock, and fell insensible to the floor. In a few moments she revived sufficiently to be removed from the place, and was taken to her home. Medical aid was summoned, and for four days the girl lay in bed in a paralyzed condition. Then she regained the use of her limbs, but immediately began to lose flesh rapidly, the hair on the left side of her head turned gray, and began falling out. After four weeks Miss Harman was able to be about, but in that time she had been transformed from a young, handsome girl into a feeble old woman. Her form, which had been plump and rounded, was thin and bent, and the skin on her face and body was dry and wrinkled. She had been a sweet tempered, affectionate girl, but is now peevish, irritable and selfish. Her voice is harsh and cracked, and no one to look at her would imagine that she was less than sixty years of age.

The Harman family are horrified and well nigh heart-broken by the fate of their once handsome daughter, while young Ebertin is almost frantic over the change in his affianced bride.

The physicians claim that the electric current communicated directly with the principal nerves of the spine and left side of the head, and that the shock almost completely destroyed their vitality. Instances in which a person's hair has turned white in a single night from fright, grief or some excessive nervous shock are not rare, but this is supposed to be the first case in medical history in which a person has been known to step from the bloom of vigorous youth into the decrepitude of old age within a week .-- New

York Graphic. Zeal Without Knowledge.

A well-known New York lady, whose

name is the synonym for all that is benevolent and charitable, especially regarding the helpless and poverty-stricken of her own sex, has her summer home in one of the most beautiful spots on the Hudson, surrounded by forest trees of great age and magnificence. It occurred to her last autumn that it would be kind to give to a party of city working-girls an opportunity to go "chestnutting" upon these grounds. But as a matter of fact the chestnuts were then very scarce; yet, not to disappoint the girls, a servant was sent to the city with instructions to purchase a bushel or two of the nuts and scatter them around under the chestnut trees, where they would be most likely to be found by the visitors. They were found by the merry-hearted young women, and their hostess would have derived great satisfaction from their enjoyment and the success of her benevolent little fraud if she had not chanced to come upon several of them sitting under a tree that clearly was not a chestnut, and heard one of them, who must at some time have lived in the country, disdiscoursing after this fashion as they

nibbled the nuts: "I say, girls, I can't understand how

these boiled chestnuts came to grow on an oak tree?" They don't say "chestnuts" in that household now; they say "boiled oak-

A Test of Courtesy.

De Musset cordially detested dogs. When a candidate for the Academy he called upon a prominent member. At the gate of the chateau a dirty, ugly dog received him most affectionately and insisted on preceding him into the drawing room, De Musset cursing his friend's predilection for the brute. The academician entered and they adjourned to the dining room, the dog at their heels. Seizing his opportunity, the dog placed his muddy paws upon the spotless cloth and carried off a bonne bouche. "The wretch wants shooting!" was De Musset's muttered thought, but he politely

"You are fond of dogs, I see?" "Fond of dog!" retorted the academician. "I hate them!

"But this animal here?" queried De Musset; "I have only tolerated it because it was yours, sir.' "Mine!" exclaimed the poet; "the thought that it was yours alone kept me

Food of the Canary Islanders.

from killing him."-Cassell's.

The splendid physical development of the Canary Islanders gives special interest to their peculiar food. Five-sixths of the inhabitants, according to Dr. C. F. Taylor, subsist almost exclusively upon a fine flour made by grinding roasted wheat, corn or barley. This is called gofio. Being already cooked, it requires no preparation for eating except mixing to any desired consistency with milk, soup or any suitable fluid. Gofio is delicious, wholesome, highly nutritious, and very convenient to use. For these reasons, and the important one that it seems to remove a tendency to acidity of the stomach, Dr. Taylor recommends the addition of this food to our own already large variety.

Hugh Whittell, a forty-niner, who died recently at Alamenda, Cal., at the age of seventy-seven years, erected his own monument some years ago. It is a splen-did marble shaft, bearing his name and the dates of his birth and death, and this epitaph: "He traveled over the first railway ever built in England and crossed the Atlantic in the first steamship that ever plowed the ocean. He explored many lands and died in the fullness of the faith. Amen."

PRAIRIE MEMORIES.

A wide o'er-arching summer sky; Sea-drifting grasses, rustling reeds, Where young grouse to their motherscry. And locusts pipe from whistling weeds; Broad meadows lying like lagoons Of sunniest water, on whose swells Float nodding blooms, to tinkling bells

Of bob-o'-linkums' wildest tunes. Far west winds bringing odors fresh From mountains 'rayed as monarchs are

In royal robes of ice and snow, Where storms are bred in thunder-jar; Land of corn and wheat and kine, Where plenty fills the hand of him Who tills the soil or prunes the vine,

Or digs in thy far canyons dim. My western land! I love thee yet. In dreams I ride my horse again, And breast the breezes blowing fleet From out the meadows cold and wet, From fields of flowers blowing sweet,

And flinging perfume to the breeze. The wild oats swirl along the plain; I feel their dash against my knees, Like rapid plash of running seas. I pass by islands dark and tall

With painted poplars thick with leaves; The grass in rustling ripple cleaves To left and right in emerald flow; And as I listen, riding slow, Out breaks the wild-bird's jocund call. Oh, shining suns of boyhood's time!

Oh, winds that from the mythic west Sang calls to Eldorado's quest! Oh, swaying wild-bird's thrilling chime! When loud the city's clanging roar Wraps in my soul, as does a shroud, I hear those song and sounds once more, And dream of boyhood's wing-swung cloud. -Hamlin Garland, in American Magazine,

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

The humbug has no wings at all; but

he gets there just the same. The reason why truth is stranger than fiction is that it is much rarer. - Life. The home stretch-fixing up a story

to tell your wife at 1 A. M. - Washington The Emperor of China has a wife named Kan Di. She must be very sweet.

If some of the keys of a piano were, utilized to lock it up, this world would be a little brighter.

dently dosen't expect to be "continued in our next .- Tid-Bits. Edward Hanlan, the oarsman, is said to have been trained by his young wife. He is not the first bridegroom who has had this experience. - Life ..

Betwixt the hen and an incen-

more Herald.

A Mr. Story is lecturing against the,

doctrine of a future life. This Story evi-

Diary you inquire The difference! Well, one set on eggs, The other sets on fire. -Yonkers Gazette. In Costa Rica there is not a single millinery store. Married men who want tickets to Costa Rica should step up to the office before the rush begins -- Balti-

There is a man in Illinois who has never heard a piano. What do the Illinois girls do when they want to arouse the wrath of the neighborhood? Courier-Journal. NOT THAT KIND OF MATCH.

"Maybe you did make a good match," She flung back in angry scorning? "But not a match that will get up And light the fire in the morning." -Harper's Bazar. A correspondent wants us to tell 'him "which is the proper attitude for a

fisherman, standing or sitting?" Neither,

innocent one; lying is the only position

in which he feels entirely at home.-TO HIS BOOTMAKER. Every boot you e'er made for me pinches, You destroy an existence once sweet; It is tough to be dying by inches,

But it's worse to be dying by feet! -Tid-Bits. Mr. Palette-"Will you allow me to paint that picturesque old building back of your house?" Mr. Wayback-"No, I reckon I won't go to that expense; but I wouldn't mind a coat o' whitewash, mister, if ye'didn't tax me too much fer

it .- Tid-Bits. Curious Methods of Catching Otters.

A New York furrier described to a Mail and Express reporter the curious way. otters are caught by California cowboys: "They put on the high and very widelegged boots. They fill the space between the sides and their legs with gravel. Then they wade in the river. The moment an otter sees a man coming toward his home, he gets angry and snaps at the intruder's legs. When once he catches hold he never opens his jaws until he is dead. After he once grips the boot it is easy enough to kill him

ous sometimes?" "Sometimes it is," returned the merchant. In the lower Klamath country no man has ever yet been brave enough to tackle an otter from Lost River, which runs through that reigon. They are too big and too ferocious for any except a sheet-iron boot-leg, which, besides being inconvenient, would be rather cumber-

"I should think it would be danger-

without harming his fur."

some. Lost River otters, therefore, are generally shot or die of old age." The Latest Idea of Dudes. The latest idea imported into dude-

dom is to wear two side chains instead of one. Last winter one chain, attached to a bunch of keys carried in the trousers pocket and fastened to the suspender button above, was the "proper caper." This year no dude will be complete without a chain on each side. To the second one is attached a stout ring on which are hung a coilection of more or less useful articles. To be quite right these should be of silver and handsome in design. They include such conveniences as a match safe, car or dog whistle, penknife, pencil, cigar cutter and in extreme cases a miniature corkscrew. When an undersized dude drags forth this remarkable bunch of trinkets the effect is apt to be startling to the person unfamiliar with the latest development of modern

civilization .- New York Commercial. The Art of Expression.

A New York photographer prints a circular containing the following advice: "When a lady sitting for a picture would compose her mouth to a serene character, she should, just before entering the room, say 'bosom,' and keep the expression into which the mouth subsides. If, on the other hand, she wishes to assume a distinguished and somewhat noble bearing she should say 'brush,' the result of which is infallible. If she wishes to make her mouth look small she must say 'flip,' but if the mouth is already too-small and needs enlarging she must say 'cabbage.' If she wishes to look mournful she must say 'kerchunk;' if resigned she must forcibly ejaculate 's'cat."

Philadelphia Call. A congress of German women is to be held at Augsburg to discuss the extension of avenues of employment for fe-males, their higher education, civil equality with men, etc.