

FOR LOVE'S SAKE.

When John Jackson returned, after a three year's absence, to Weyland, he found that both his ancient home and himself had undergone more changes than he knew. The place struck upon him with a changed aspect, and had no answering welcome to give that which he extended to it. There were new names above the low-browed doors in the straggling High street, and new faces beneath them. The deep peace of the once tranquil fields which ringed the little town was troubled by the incursions of navigator and collier. Coal had been found upon the Heath estate, and blackened pits frames and heaps of unsightly refuse made hideous the heart of rural solitude. The purring brook in which he had bathed as a lad was now an evil-smelling sewer. Many of his old acquaintances, at whom his heart leaped, failed to recognize him, and were painfully different in their greetings when his identity was recalled to their minds. His old sweethearts were all either married, engaged, and, oppressed by the dignity of present or coming matrimony, would flirt no more. Some were even dead. All these things saddened him, and the happy boyhood of three short years ago seemed to be centuries away.

or, at least, Mr. Sampson pays it for me. "You will never be anything but what you have always been, Amy, the dearest girl in the world." Simple and chivalrous soul as he was, he could not have conceived a more cruel torment than the tone of voice and form of words wherein he spoke. Gratitude and tender regard and playful affection were all expressed there, and yet the tears welled up in the girl's heart as she listened, and, but that they were held fast by her, would have dimmed the eyes that regarded their idol through the fast-gathering gloom. She was silent, fearing to trust her voice—and Jack, too, held his peace for a little time. "You were always my confidante in the old time, Amy," he said presently. "A man must have somebody to tell his secrets to, at least I must, and should really like to tell you a little story." She waited, more than ever afraid to speak, and he went on, taking her silence for consent: "You have heard of Mrs. Farnaby, the authoress? A friend of hers took me to one of her evening receptions and introduced me, and she was kind enough to give me a standing invitation for the season. It was the one house that was open to me in London, and I cannot tell you how dear those evenings were to me, and how they stood out from the rest of the dreary week. One night I found myself seated next to a young lady whom I had not seen before. She struck me particularly by reason of a strong likeness I saw, or fancied I saw, in her to you. I spoke to her on some commonplace topic, and we fell into a conversation that lasted the whole evening, until she went away in the company of an elderly lady, who seemed to be her chaperone, or guardian, or companion, whatever the phrase is. She was there the next night and every night after, and we were there together a good deal. I assure you honestly, Amy, that until the season came to a finish, and Mrs. Farnaby's receptions ceased for the year, I had no notion of my real feelings toward the girl. But it struck me suddenly, as I was dressing for the last of the evenings, that I was in love with her. I went to the house with the intention of doing something decisive—what, I did not know myself. She did not come. I waited the whole evening, hoping for her appearance, long after all reasonable chance had passed, and at last went home feeling as I had never felt before. I could not work or sleep for thinking of her. "Nearly four months passed before I saw her again. I was walking in the Regent's park, late one afternoon in December. There was half-frozen snow on the ground, and more in the sky waiting to fall. I was thinking about her, and I felt dull and miserable. I sat down upon a bench and lit my pipe, and tried to drive her from my mind by thinking of a story I was writing at the time. But I could think of nothing but her. The night was closing in, and a park-keeper came and told me that the gates would soon be closed and I must go. As I rose to obey, a woman's figure flitted by me. The light was dim under the trees, and she passed quickly at some distance. But I knew her. It was she—the girl I had lost. "I could not tell you, Amy, how the story she told moved me. It was a common-place story enough, I suppose. Her aunt, the lady who had accompanied her to Mrs. Farnaby's, had lost the income on which they had lived by a piece of heartless rascality. The injustice was so flagrant that I cannot conceive how the law of any country could countenance it. But legal redress was impossible, according to the highest opinions, and they were ruined. They had never been rich, but they had had enough for comfort, and now they were reduced to complete poverty and were subsisting as best they could. A far-away relative had discovered them—a successful man of business with whom they had never had any communication for many years. He had offered their assistance, and for some time their burden had been greatly lightened by his aid, though they still worked for themselves and preserved their independence as much as they could. Their relative's help had been continued for some time, when one day he proposed to the aunt for the hand of the girl. The aunt made no definite reply, merely promising to use her influence on his behalf. The offer was refused—and refused, I believe, Amy, for my sake—and he withdrew his assistance and left them to fight their way as best they could. She told me all this quietly and calmly as we walked together. I can tell you she said, and what actor could hope to imitate her calm, despairing resignation of her voice and manner? I told her that if she would put her destiny into my hands she should never know a want I could supply. I told her that I loved her, and had loved her since the first moment I had seen her. I pleaded hard—all in vain. Her place, she said, was with her aunt, to whom she owed everything, and she would never consent to cripple me by adding the burden of their poverty to my own. I argued against her resolution—all in vain. She was adamant. She said, frankly and freely, that she returned my affection, but she begged me to believe that any renewal of my proposal would only increase her trials. I longed to offer her assistance, but I dared not do it, and she left me, begging me to make no attempt to follow her. For days after I haunted the spot on which we parted, and at last I saw her. She told me she had secured an engagement as companion to a maiden lady, and she left London next day. I renewed my pleadings—still in vain. I asked for a souvenir—some little trifle by which to remember her—and she gave me a photograph. I have never seen her since. "There was silence for a moment, broken only by the twitter of the leaves in the garden without. "A woman worth loving," said Amy, when she could trust her voice. He heard the words, and knew nothing but what they told him. Filled with his own thoughts, he had none to read the heart of the woman who spoke—and speech is surely, in many ways, the weakest dialect of human language. "Have you the photograph with you?" she asked, presently. He took it from his pocket and gave it into her hand, which trembled a little as she took it. She walked to the window to examine it by the faint light that yet filtered through the leaves. "What is her name?" she asked. "I should never speak her name again, Amy. Do not ask me."

will you tell me or shall I tell you?" "Tell me." "What do you say to Ada Stanley?" Jack rose to his feet thunderstruck; but before he could speak a light step was heard advancing along the gravel of the garden path, and a female form darkened the window. "The lady herself," continued Amy, "just in the nick of time." Miss Ada Stanley, Mr. John Jackson. A light knock came at the door, and a neat and rosy-cheeked country lass entered the room, bearing in her hand a lamp. She was followed by a middle-aged man, tall and strongly built, and dressed in dark gray broadcloth. A noticeable man, with a peculiar set expression on his face. "Good evening, Mr. Tescam," said Amy. "You know my cousin, I think." Mr. Tescam bowed and extended his hand toward John, who took it mechanically, without removing his eyes from Ada, who stood trembling just within the window. "I was just thinking of taking a stroll in the garden, Mr. Tescam," went on Amy; "if you would favor me with your arm, I've no doubt my cousin and Miss Stanley will be able to amuse themselves for a little time without our help." The stranger offered his arm with a formal and rather old-fashioned courtesy, and they left the room together and passed up the garden walk in silence. They reached the rustic bench beneath the drooping branches of an aspen, and here Amy quitted her companion's arm and took her seat. "You have something to say to me," she said, presently. All the brightness of a moment ago had vanished. "Yes," said Mr. Tescam, slowly. "I have something to say to you which is soon said; I have come to say 'good-by.'" She could see that the set expression of his face, dimly discernible through the evening gloom, had deepened, and that the hand which held the lappet of his coat clutched it. "Why good-by?" she asked. "It is best," he said simply, struggling hard with some powerful passion which he could scarce express. "So long as I remain here, so long as I see you, I must speak, and I know that there is no hope; I must get away from you and fight it down. I am trembling now, only at the pressure of your hand upon my arm, the sound of your voice." The clutched fingers tightened in their grasp as if they would have stilled the beating of the heart below. "When I think," he went on, with his gathering passion battling with the strong restraint he had put upon himself; "when I think that another suitor might appear who should be more fortunate and who should become to you all that I dream, day and night, of being to you; when I think that I should stand by and see you happy in his love, nursing his children, I feel as if I should go mad. I am mad now, at this moment, when I think of it." Had his successful rival whom his heated imagination had conjured up stood before him in veritable flesh and blood, as he stood there with extended hands clenched before him, his life would have been worth a pin's purchase. With a strong effort he controlled himself and went on after a vain attempt to moisten his dry lips with his drier tongue. "You see," he said. "If the mere thought of such things has such an effect upon me what would their reality be? I must get away and leave you. It is the only thing to be done. I have no right to persecute you with my protestations, and so long as I remain here I must speak." He paused, perhaps expecting some answer, but she was silent. "Good-by," he said, extending his hand. "What if I will not say good-by?" He withdrew his hand with a quick catch of his breath. "What if I asked you not to go, but to remain?" Again he made no answer, but stood looking at her through the dark, breathing heavily. "I do ask you to remain," she said, rising, "and to forget the answer I have given you." She had expected some wild outbreak of passion in answer to these words. But all he did was to throw one arm about and press her to the heart whose quick throbs was audible in the utter stillness of the night, and so for a moment they stood. "There is one thing of which I must warn you," Amy continued. "If I come to you, it is with no more than the clothes I wear. I do not do you the injustice to think that you love me for what you think I shall bring you; but I must, in justice to myself and you, tell you this. This property is mine so long as I remain single. When I marry it passes to the next of kin, John Jackson. You knew my uncle, and how strange his ideas were upon many subjects. If you choose to take me, penniless as I am, I am yours." He bent over her, murmuring inarticulate words of passionate love. What did he care for lands or money? "I have enough for both," he said. "Let it go without another thought." "Egad," said a voice, at which they both started. "I seem to have got out of the frying-pan into the fire." "Good evening, Mr. Quodling," said Amy, calmly. "You couldn't have come at a luckier moment." "I am glad to hear it," returned Mr. Quodling, with a short pat laugh. "I was beginning to think I was very much in the way. There's a couple in the parlor, your cousin John and Miss Stanley, in a state of most complicated misery, chiefly due, I think, to my appearance. So I relieved 'em of my company and came out here; and, by Jove! what quarters the moon in, Tescam?" Mr. Quodling was the one solicitor and land surveyor of the district, and was a widower and misogynist, having expended the whole of his admiration of the fair sex, at least according to local report, upon the composition of the epitaph of Mrs. Quodling, deceased. "Mr. Tescam," said Amy, ignoring the solicitor's sippancy, "has done me the honor to request my hand." (Mr. Quodling whistled.) "I have accepted his proposal, and have informed him of the clause in my uncle's will which provides that the property I at present hold goes, on my marriage, to my next of kin, my cousin John, of course." Mr. Quodling said blankly at the speaker. "Mr. Tescam is quite content with the arrangement," proceeded Amy, with a calmly business-like aspect; "so that you will consider the matter settled and take the necessary steps." "Why, what on earth—" began Quodling, with a bewildered face; but Tescam cut him short. "Miss Quodling has stated the case quite correctly," said he, "and I hope there will be no more delay than necessary." "But I protest," said Mr. Quodling, "against my client robbing herself

"Don't trouble yourself to protest at all, Mr. Quodling," said Amy. Then in a rapid undertone: "Be quiet and say nothing. What business is it of yours?" She moved away with Tescam, and left Quodling plant in la. "Is the woman mad?" gasped the lawyer, "or is it a dream? There's no such provision in the will at all—I know it by heart." He stopped as though struck by an idea which aided him in the solution of the difficulty. "Well, I'm blessed! this is a go!" he exclaimed. And, having thus relieved his feelings, he followed the couple into the house. "Jack," said Amy, as she entered on Tescam's arm, "I have something to tell you which concerns us both. Sit still, Ada—I am by no means sure that it doesn't concern you too." With this preface she repeated what she had already communicated to the lawyer, upon whom Jack turned for assurance. Mr. Quodling, with his hands thrust to the bottom of his pockets and his eyes examining the ceiling, backed Amy's statement with the internal addition, "Lord, forgive me!" Jack sat glaring at him, stunned by his sudden accession in fortune. "Am I mad?" he asked, unwittingly quoting Mr. Quodling. "Oh, no," replied that worthy, "you are not mad." He bestowed a glance on Amy, as though to say, "That way madness lies," and turned his eyes again to the ceiling. Jack crossed the room to where Ada sat, the color of a peony, and took her hand. "Amy," he said, "confidence for confidence; you have introduced me to your future husband. Let me make known to you—my future wife."—Belgravia.

SACRAMENTO. It was an odd name for a girl—Sacramento. So the girl herself thought as she stooped down beside a spring at the foot of a cottonwood tree and lazily dropped her hair into the water. "It ought to have been given to a boy, if it was a fit name to give to anybody," she said, quite aloud. "But I am more boy than girl anyway." This last was added rather bitterly, as she looked at her brown, round hands and her bare ankles, and thought of the "boy's work" she had to do. And it was hard to believe that this was the best kind of a life for a young girl like Sacramento. Here she lived alone, for her father was down at the mouth of the canon all day. The garden work she was obliged to do, and the care of the cattle fell upon her. It was not often that she saw any person but her father, although now and then, in spite of herself, she came in contact with the rude men of the mining camp up above. Yet Sacramento had her dream—one that she "scarcely dared to own"; but it came to her often as she went about her work. She knew that down at Santa Barbara and in the towns along the coast, and far, far away across wide stretches of the continent to the great East, there were girls who lived very different from her life; and she dreamed of such a life for herself. "Oh, if I could only go away from here!" she cried out, almost as one cries for help. "If I could only go down to San Francisco and go to school there for a single year! Ah, if I only had \$500!" Suddenly there was a step—not of a man, but a horse—on the bank behind her, and then some one spoke. She knew the voice without looking up. It was Pete Larrabee, a fellow who lived down on Hahmemann's plantation, two miles along the trail. He sometimes rode by all yet strangely enough his own were a repetition of them. "Five hundred dollars, Sac," said he. "Five hundred dollars in gold! D'ye want ter earn it? There's yer chance," and he threw down to her a bit of paper crumpled into a ball. \$500 REWARD.—The above amount will be paid for information leading to the arrest, dead or alive, of Walter Somers, who has worked for some time past on Maxwell's ranch. Said Somers is about 25 years of age, and has a hat of high, rather good looking, with light, curly hair, blue eyes and a light mustache. When last seen he had on a black slouch hat, gray business suit with blue flannel shirt, and boots with red tops marked with the maker's name. The name of the county Sheriff was signed at the bottom of the bill. Sacramento, having glanced it through, looked up. "He's been stealin' horses," exclaimed Pete, "got off last night with four of Max's! Best somewhere. That reward won't do much good, though. Ther Regulators'll lasso him and string him up long 'fore ther law'll git started. They're hev'in' a meetin' now up at the Gulch. I tell ye, they are mad. They'll make quick work if they ketch him. Yer father's there. Ye needn't look fur him home afore night now." Then, after a word or two more, the man rode on; and presently Sacramento took up her hair, and, with the Sheriff's bill still in her hand, went slowly up the bank and across the trail toward the house, thinking very seriously about the \$500 all the while. It was some hours after this, and the afternoon sun was going down behind the tops of the mountains, that Sacramento, having finished her housework, was preparing to sit down on the porch to do her sewing, when she was met in the doorway by a young man she had never seen before. And yet he was no stranger. The girl knew him instantly, although the slouch hat was pulled down over the faxen hair and blue eyes, and the gray pants, torn and muddy, had been drawn out of the boot legs so as to no longer allow the red tops of the boots with the maker's name to be seen. It was the horse-thief. She did not, however, express any surprise as she saw him. She was accustomed to the sight of rough, evil men, and at the first glance she had felt that this one could not be either very wicked or very dangerous. He was not much more than a lad, and had an air of gentleness and good breeding about him that six months of Western life and the miserable plight he was in at the moment had by no means destroyed. He seemed to be short for breath, too, and he was trembling as if he had been running. Instinctively he raised his hand toward his hat and trim, bethinking himself, and dropping it again. "Could you give me something to eat and drink?" he asked in a hesitating way. "Anything will do. I am very hungry. I—I have had nothing to eat since last night." "Come in," said Sacramento, gravely. In her voice was neither kindness or unkindness. She was trying to realize the situation she was in. "Come in and sit down." Then she went into the closet near by and began taking down from the shelves milk and bread and meat, as she slowly did so turning over the matter in her mind. Here was this man, who had been stealing horses, and for whose capture \$500 was offered, in her kitchen. Five hundred dollars! Exactly the sum she had been wishing for—the sum that would take her down to San Francisco to school and help her make a lady of herself. And this sum might be hers if she could in some way secure this stranger, sometimes felt keep him in the house until help arrived. Help! Why, she hardly needed help. He was weak and exhausted, and in the drawer of the kitchen table there was a loaded revolver which she knew well how to use. She came out presently and set the things before him, bringing also a teapot from the stove and pouring for him a cup of tea. Then she went and sat down by the window and watched him furtively as he ate. In spite of his caution he had taken off his hat while he was eating. She could better see what he was like. It was an almost boyish face, worn, but not wicked, with the curling hair lying in damp clusters upon his pale brow. In the hands, small and well-shaped, and in all his motions and manners she felt that she could read something of his young life. She had heard before this how young lads in the East, filled with romantic notions about Western life and adventure, sometimes felt their way out to the ranches of the Pacific slope. Perhaps he was one of these. As she looked at him, fancying all this, and realizing the terrible trait he was in, and the probable dark fate that was before him, her heart yearned with true womanly sympathy; and her feeling found expression before she was able to restrain herself. "Oh, how could you do it? How could you do it?" she suddenly exclaimed. Her voice onita full of what she felt.

He looked up at her in wonder; but as his eyes met hers he understood her. "I did not do it. Upon my honor I did not!" he said. "It was that man Dennis." Sacramento breathed a great sigh of relief. Horse stealing was held in that section to be a crime worse than murder; and she was by no means free from the popular estimate of its grave nature. "Oh, I am glad of that!" said she. "But—" She hesitated, and then went on, doubtfully. "But then how was it? Why did you say it was you? And why did you run away?" "It was Dennis' doings, their laying it to me. He did that to clear himself. And after that, you know as well as I do, there would have been no use in trying to prove myself innocent. They always hang a horse thief first, and then consider his guilt afterward. I had to run to save my life." "Do you know that there is a reward offered for your capture?" "I know the Regulators are after me," answered the young fellow, suddenly. "They came pretty near catching me, too, this noon. I just escaped them and came down the canon by the mountain trail. I have had a hard run for it, and what with no sleep or food for twenty-four hours I am about used up. I felt as though I could not go another step when I saw your house. You—you have been very good to me. I shall never forget—" "But what are you going to do now?" interrupted Sacramento. "You are not safe here." "I know it. But I threw them off the track at noon, and I do not think they are within five miles of me. Now I have had something to eat I will take to the woods again. I hope I may get away. If I don't"—his voice trembled and tears came into his eyes. "If I don't, I shall get a hanging, I suppose. Oh, what a fool I was not to prefer home to this sort of thing. And yet, I would not care so much either, if it wasn't for my father and mother." And then the poor fellow fairly broke down. "Hark!" Sacramento exclaimed. She had been crying, too; she could not help it. They both listened. In a moment they heard plainly the sound of horses coming down the trail. The girl turned with instant self-possession. "Go in there! Quick! Quick! There is not a moment to be lost! Here, take your hat!" And handing his hat to him she half pushed him across the room and into her own little room that led off from it. Then she hurriedly cleared the table again, barely finishing the task as the horsemen halted at the door. There were three of them. One was her father. Sacramento knew the other two men by sight. They were rough, but of the better sort of those who made up the dwellers in Kelly Gulch. The faces of all three were stern and forbidding, and they evidently had been riding hard. They dismounted together. "Sac," began her father as he entered the door, "hev ye seen anything of a young chap, afoot or a-horseback, coming this way?" Sacramento had expected the question and was ready for it. And she meant, if it were possible, to answer it without a lie. "A young chap 'bout 18 years of age and five feet and a half high, rather good-looking, and with red-top boots on?" replied she. "Yes! yes! That's him!" cried one of the other men, eagerly. "Have you seen him? Has he been here?" "I was only quoting from this hand-bill," said Sacramento, taking the paper from the shelf where she had laid it. "Then you hain't seen him at all?" asked the father. "I have been right here all day, and nobody has gone by except Pete Larrabee. It was he who gave me the bill. Are you sure he came this way, the—the—horse-thief?" "No; but we didn't know but he might. The chances is that he sloped off to the mountains, meanin' ter go through Stovepipe Pass. They'll git him, though, afore sundown." "It's sundown now," observed Sacramento. "Then they've got him now," was the sententious response. "And we should be too late for the hangin' if we sh'd go back. Leastways"—this was added to his companions—"you'd better come in and have a bite afore ye go." So presently the three men sat down to the supper that the young girl quickly prepared for herself. And while they were eating she held, at her father's bidding, went out to take the saddle off Bueo's horse, and give him his feed. As she approached the door once more, a few minutes later she heard words which caused her to stop and listen. "I don't like ter say anything against that kid of yorn, neighbor," one of the men was saying, "but he kinder seemed ter me all ther while's though she sorter hed some 'at on her mind like. Ye don't s'pose she knows anything 'bout ther young feller, arter all?" Sacramento's father laughed at this as though it was too absurd to be considered. The other, however, was not to be laughed out of his suspicions. "Fur all we know," persisted he, "she may hev him hid here somewhere on the premises." "It's easy enough to see," returned the proprietor of the said "premissis," testily. "Where d'ye think she's hid him? In her bedroom?" As he said this Sacramento, who was now near enough to see into the kitchen, saw her father rise from his chair and step to the door of the room where she had concealed the fugitive. Her heart almost stopped beating as she saw him push open the door and enter the room, followed by his companions. "We'll make a chus search of it while we're about it," she heard him say. And then she stood there in terrible suspense upon the porch, expecting every instant to hear the shout that would follow the discovery of the fugitive. But no such shout was heard; and instead of it, a moment after, the two men came out again, her father still laughing at his friend. "What could it mean? Had the young man been able to conceal himself in the room and so evade their search? That was not possible. Then she thought of the window. Could he have escaped from the room by that? The window was so small she could scarcely believe that he could have crept through it. And yet he must have done so. She went hurriedly to the back of the house, and then down beyond the horse shed. No one could be seen. She halted a moment under a live-oak tree just at the edge of the garden. The evening was very calm and still, and the twilight shadows were deepening fast. Was it the rustling of the wind in the boughs overhead that caught her ear? She listened. "Hist! I am here—in the tree." "The words came in a distinct whisper from directly above her. She stood and thought a single mo-

ment before replying. Then she said, "You must get away from here at once," in an eager whisper. "One of the men suspects something, and they may at any moment make a search of the place. I am going into the house a minute. Get down at once and go through the garden and across the trail to a spring that you will find there. It's at the foot of a big cottonwood tree. Stay right there until I come." Then she went back hurriedly to the house. The three men were still sitting at the table, and Sacramento felt rather than saw that one of them still regarded her suspiciously as she came in. She did not speak to them at all, but went directly through the kitchen to her own room, and in a moment came out, went about her work in the kitchen, and took up a pail, apparently to go to the spring for water. Ten minutes later, standing in the shadow of the cottonwood, young Somers heard a step, and then Sacramento, leading Bueo all saddled and bridled, appeared. He started forward. "Fush!" she said, "they may come at any moment. Listen to what I say. Your life depends upon it. You must ride straight down the trail for a quarter of a mile. Then close by a big cottonwood, just like this, you will strike a path to the left. Bueo will know it, once you get him in it. It will bring you out, half a mile on, at a corduroy road that crosses the swamp. This end of the corduroy has got out of order and there are some logs laid. Lead Bueo across and then pull the logs away. If you can do that it will make trouble for those who follow you. Beyond the swamp is a big plain. Strike straight across it, keeping the moon square on your right—the moon will be up by that time—and three hours riding will bring you to the new railroad. After that—God help you to get safe away!" Sacramento paused, and put out her hand. "Can you remember?" she demanded. "I can, but I can never forget—" "Never mind that. Here, take this. It is a little money. You will need it. Now mount and ride—slowly, a little way, and then for your life." The young man still had hold of her hand. The tears came into his eyes. The next moment he was gone. The next morning Sacramento told her father the story and coaxed him into forgiving her. And the following afternoon a man brought Bueo over from the railroad town; and then she knew that the fugitive was safe. Six weeks later a lawyer from Santa Barbara appeared with a letter from Walter Somers. He was with his friends at New York, and he begged Sacramento to accept, as a gift of gratitude, at least the amount of the reward that had been offered. And so it was that she went down to San Francisco to school that winter, after all.—Youth's Companion.

New York Notes.

Frank M. Pirkley writes to his San Francisco Argonaut that the hotel-keepers of New York are the colossal bandits of the age. A hotel in that city is by him deemed "an organized conspiracy, perfect in all its details, audacious beyond any conception of medieval baron or Highland cattle-thief. Robin Hood and his merry foresters were gentlemen compared with the New York inn-keeper and his associates of clerks with diamond breastpins, his extortionate hackmen, his boots, and porters and obsequious waiters." He was brought to that frame of mind by paying \$12 a day for two persons in a seven by twelve parlor and a bed-room like a dry-goods box, with extras and fees raising the cost to about \$15, and then getting very ordinary fare.

A Good Scheme in Schools.

In a public school at Waukesha, Wis., an ungraded department has for more than two years been maintained with satisfactory results. Dull, truant, feeble and vicious children are relegated to it from the other departments—all those, in fact, who are not able to go on with the work of the regular grades. Special methods are adopted in teaching these children, and after a few months in this room they not only regain their lost standing, but are often able to enter a grade in advance of their former classmates. The teacher in charge of this school attributes this result chiefly to the pupils getting rid of the drudgery of the graded departments. There could hardly be a stronger argument in favor of more lively and intelligent methods in our public schools.—Exchange.

Imitation Gems.

Those now produced in Paris by chemical means so nearly resemble the genuine article that even connoisseurs cannot readily distinguish them without the use of scales or files. The following oxides supply the coloring substances employed: Gold, for purple; silver, for yellowish green; copper, for bright green; iron, for pale red; cobalt, for blue; tin, for white; manganese, in small quantity, to make the glass devoid of color—in a larger to give it an ane-thyst lue—and in great quantity to make it black and opaque; antimony, for reddish, hyacinth color.

Comet Seeking.

The number of comet seekers is so few, compared with the amplitude of the tracts of sky to be explored nightly, that it is probable that many celestial visitors escape detection. Several observers may be simultaneously at work upon one region, while larger areas may be left entirely unexplored. To prevent such unintentional waste of time and labor the Science Observer suggests a mapping out of the heavens and an allotment of special tracts to particular observers, who shall agree to explore them nightly.

A GERMAN painter once obtained permission to paint some great court ceremony in which the Emperor William and his son Fritz were the central figures. The Emperor asked the artist to show him the sketch of his picture. On examining it he noticed that the Crown Prince was represented standing with one foot on the steps of the throne dais. He at once asked a bystander for a pencil, and altered the sketch, which was returned to the audacious artist with the significant words "not yet" written under the figure of the Prince. Go to the head, Victor Hugo. What living man could say more than this in four lines? "Man is master neither of his life nor of his death. He can only offer his fellow-citizens his efforts to diminish human suffering, and to show his unshakable belief in the extension of freedom."

In 1830 John Forbes was Collector for Vermilion county, Ill., which then included Chicago. Rather than incur the expense and trouble of a journey over the prairies to that town, he paid Chicago's taxes out of his own pocket.