DELAYING SUMMER.

"Farewell!" she says; and yet again, "Farewell!"
And turns to go, and yet returns again,
With flying feet, desirous to remain,
Though in the songless coverts of the dell
The hawthorn reddens, and the brown nuts swell;
Down the spent field the ploughman drives his wain;
And desolate are left in wood and lane
The happy nest, the wild bee's fragrant cell.
And yet between the sobs of wind and rain,
Between its tears, the sky is blue again
As August harebells, and the winds are mute;
A blackbird runs the gamut of his flute;
A buttercup's in bloom; and one believes
A swallow broods beneath the sunny eaves.

KATE CARTER.

THAT CAROLINY GAL.

THE TWO GIRLS.

Ransom, Oct. 28.—"Simps to me," said Mrs. Winslow the next morning at breakfast, "simps to me Thodor didn't stay's long's usual last night, Marietta. I heerd him git out his hoss 'n' go away. I didn't sleep a wink myself, anyhow."

Mrs. Winslow was not now eating crusts, but partaking freely of the best there was on the table. The fact that her daughter's beau had resumed his visits in some mysterious way released her from the necessity of chewing crusts for nourishment.

Marietta did not reply. She industriously and silently stirred her coffee. Her father looked at her anxiously. He tried to restrain any comments until he and she should be in the wood-house.

"I didn't sleep a wink myself," repeated Mrs. Winslow in an aggressive tone. The inference to be drawn from her manner was that if Mr. Graham had made a visit of the customary length, she should have enjoyed her customary repose.

"I wish you'd pass me the bacon," said Mr. Winslow in a melancholy voice.

His wife passed him the bacon. As she set the dish down rather emphatically on the table again she remarked that "Marietta didn't look's if she'd slept a wink, nuther."

The girl flushed sensitively as she protested that she was as well as she had ever been in her life. Again her father looked at her, and again he wished they were in the wood-house, so that he might try to comfort her if she were in trouble.

No one noticed the proclamation of the fact that Mrs. Winslow had not slept. She was in the habit of asserting that she had not closed her eyes during all the dark hours. Mr. Winslow had been known to make the counter assertion that "at any rate, she had snored awfully." But he was always sorry when he had been so indiscreet.

When they rose from the table, instead of beginning to gather the dishes together as was her custom, Marietta said she was going to run over and see Dally a few minutes. She did not ask permission. She quickly put on a jacket and hat.

Her mother stared in astonishment. She said: "The work wa'n't done up yet."

"Let the work stand," said Marietta, and walked out of the house.

Mrs. Winslow told her husband that "she didn't know what she'd done to have such a gal's that: Marietta was jest like her father. But William took after his mother's side of the house."

As soon as he dared, Mr. Winslow went to the barn. He saw his girl walking rapidly across the upland pasture through which a path led "across" to Mrs. Jacobs's house. She was almost running.

The man watched her until she had reached the ridge and disappeared below it.

He turned heavily toward the barn.

"It's goin' to be awful tough here when she's married," he said in a loud whisper. "I d' know how I'm goin' to stan' it."

Marietta actually broke into a run as she went down the slope. The brown sweet-fern which she crushed beneath her feet sent up its odor: the juniper bushes gave forth their perfume which always made the girl think of the old gin-bottle in the kitchen closet, although she did not know that juniper berries were ever put into gin. It was yet too early in the morning for the late October mist to have left the meadows and low places, but the sun was shining through it and it was growing less and less dense. The crows were flying—"Flying to the left," thought the girl, recalling the saying that when crows fly to the left it is a sign of bad-luck. The chickadees were calling. Marietta had a dim sense that the world was lovely and full of promise.

When she had started she felt that she could not reach her destination quickly enough. Now, when she saw the roof of the widow's house, she began to move more slowly. She was panting. Her mind was confused. She wondered what she should say to Dally. Though she had hastened, now she shrank.

She leaned against a chestnut-tree and tried to become composed. Her heart was very sore. She wished she might see Bill a few moments. It might be a comfort to see him. If her mother were only different! But, as her father so often said, her mother "was jes' 's she was."

As Marietta stood thus, she saw Dally and the hound come round from the back of the house. Dally had no covering for her head. She had evidently come out for a moment to look about over the hills, and see the mist and the sunlight. Her hair was loosely fastened, as usual. The morning light shone on it and made it radiant. Marietta was near enough to see her friend's face, and the sight of it gave her heart that throb of almost impassioned tenderness which was so ready to be awakened by this presence.

Did Dally guess what she had always been to Marietta? The New-England girl's life had been in a measure restricted and meagre. She turned thirstily from the very first to Dally, who suggested vividly the dreams and the enchantment which are the birthright of youth, though the youth of many is so austere as to be deprived of such romance.

No one else had ever caressed Marietta as Dally had done, and Marietta felt that she could have received such caresses from no one else. For her they were a part of Dally's personality.

Now, as she looked down at the girl and her dog, in the bitterness that was natural in such a position as hers, there was still her love for Dally. But there was bitterness. Why had such a thing happened to her? She had looked forward with satisfaction and happiness to a home with Graham. She should make him an excellent wife: they would have a pleasant home: the arrangement was precisely right in every way. But now she was rejected, and rejected because of that girl who was standing there with the October sunlight on her, with the dog who seemed so joyous just to be with her.

If it had not been a grand passion she felt for her lover, Marietta was convinced that it was something which justified her in thinking of marriage with him. She must bear that disappointment, besides the wound to her vanity, and it is surprising how deep a hurt one may receive simply through one's vanity.

When Dally had gone into the house Marietta slowly climbed the wall and crossed the road. Sam, who had remained outside, gave a bark of welcome. Immediately the porch-door was opened by the Widder Bijah, who had grown a little heavier and her hair a little thinner in the passing years. But she looked happier than she had ever looked. She had gradually increased her monthly contribution to foreign missions. She bought more tickets for all the entertainments to raise money to get the church painted, or to procure a new organ. She had paupers, who thought they needed a change from the poorhouse, to stop with her for a week at a time oftener than used to be her custom. Children found her even more generous with cookies and apples than in former times.

"If I can't do a hand's turn for anybody," she said, "I must be a ruther mean specimen. I've been blessed mightily."

She would look at Dally as she said this, and Dally's glance in return warmed the woman's heart.

The widow had not been called upon to endure the trial of seeing Dally taken to New-York by Mrs. Lander, and so being lost to her country home. Mrs. Lander had tried to take her, but Dally had resisted strenuously that the lady could not have her way in this.

Two or three times when Mrs. Lander had been in feeble health the girl had stayed with her for several months, and had not yet outgrown the charm which this woman always exercised over her. But there was something of the savage in the Southern girl, something which was fretted and chafed by what seemed to her the imprisonment of life in a city, and her love and gratitude to Mrs. Jacobs clamored for her return to her home. No other place was home to her. The simplicity and singleness of her nature made it impossible for any roots to strike into other soil.

Marietta entered the kitchen, which seemed very warm to her after her run across the pasture. The room also had a strong odor of coffee and sausages. In a corner by the cook stove sat an old woman whose head trembled all the time, and who, when she inquired after the girl's mother, laughed a good deal. She laughed a good deal every time she made any remarks, and as she made remarks almost constantly she was a very confusing member of a family circle. This was "Old Aunt Judson," whose habitual dwelling was the almshouse, but who was now in the second week of a visit to the widow.

After she had asked for Mrs. Winslow she gave a more than usually significant giggle, and said she "s'posed Marietty hadn't got through fixin' yet."

"No, ma'am," said Marietta, and hurriedly turned to ask for Dally.

But old Aunt Judson went on to say that she considered that Marietta "had got one er the best ketches anywheres about." She counselled her "to hold on to him." She began to enter garrulously into a description, garnished by much laughter, of what a "ketch" Joe Judson had been considered when she married him, "more'n fifty year ago."

What with laughing and trembling and eagerness to talk about "beaux," this pauper gave Marietta a feeling that she must turn and run out of the house.

Mrs. Jacobs had opened a door into "a chamber-way" and called "Dally!" up the stairs, and the girl appeared almost immediately.

She glanced at Marietta, then said she must come to her room, she was just making her bed.

Once in the room, with the door shut behind them, Dally led Marietta to a quaintly draped "barrel chair" by the window, and as her guest sat down in it, Dally knelt at her side.

Marietta suddenly bent her head forward on her friend's shoulder and exclaimed:

"He told me last night!" Dally's eyes seemed to suffuse, not with tears, but with some poignant emotion. She became red, then white.

She did not ask what he had told. She sat quite still, pressing Marietta's head to her shoulder and resting her cheek on her hair.

"He was there two hours. He never talked of anything but you."

Marietta's voice was muffled by her position. After a moment she said:

"Did you know it?"

Dally replied with characteristic directness and truth:

"Something in his manner made me guess it. I do not think he meant me to know it."

"You had guessed it that morning you came for quinces, and he had brought you part way?"

"Yes."

"You were troubled?"

"Yes."

"I remember how you looked at me," said Marietta more excitedly. "I kept wondering what that look meant. You were sorry for me?"

"Yes; and for him, too."

"For him? Oh, yes, of course, you were sorry for him!"

Marietta was yet more excited. She raised her head. She kissed Dally vehemently.

"I wouldn't misjudge you for all the world!" she cried, and clung faster to Dally, who, though capable of much deeper and more violent emotion, did not yield herself up so readily.

There had been but one resolve clear in Marietta's mind when she had started out this morning. That resolve was to ask Dally if she loved Graham. But now she found it impossible to put the question. Dally's nature was as pellucid as the clearest lake, but yet Marietta could form no guess upon this subject. It was natural, however, for her to think that she did, or would, return Graham's overwhelming passion. And how she would love! Thus Marietta thought as she sat looking at her friend, who was still on her knees beside her, holding her hands closely with the touch and the tender grip of one who has the wish and the power to comfort.

And Marietta was comforted, though not through any spoken words. She could not help thinking how strange it was that the girl who had supplanted her in her lover's heart was the one to whom she should look for sympathy and strength.

"I don't know what I should do without you," she said, with a sob. "Mar's worse 'n' nothing, and I can't go to par in this kind of trouble, somehow. He'd pitch into Thodor horrid, and I don't blame Thodor. 'Tain't in me to blame any one for loving you. But it's all awful. And only think, he went to see Bill and told him all about how it was."

A kind of vibration passed through Dally, but her gaze did not flinch.

"Bill told him to come and tell me. He said I was the right kind of stuff, and would do right about it. Bill always did believe in me," with a forlorn kind of pride. "And I hope I shall do right. Thodor offered to stick by our engagement and try to get the better of—of this love for you, but I wouldn't have that. No, indeed; I guess I wouldn't. He's just as free as if he'd never met me."

Marietta felt her lips suddenly closed by a tremulous and penetrating kiss. To her surprise she felt tears on Dally's face.

"He isn't worthy of you," whispered Dally.

Marietta lingered another half hour in the little chamber. But very few words were said. Sometimes Dally's hand stroked her friend's face softly. It was inexpressible comfort to Marietta to look long in Dally's eyes. Those eyes were at once so soft and strong. Above all, they were simpatica.

When Marietta went down into the kitchen again old Aunt Judson roused from a nap and called quaveringly after her "to be sure 'n' hold on to her beau."

Marietta tried not to slam the door. As she was shutting it the old voice could be heard saying shrilly,

"You won't find no such ketch nowhars else."

LIGHT-ABSORBING DIAMONDS.

From The Manufacturing Jeweller.

"The Journal of the Franklin Institute" for October contains a paper on precious stones by George F. Kunz, who describes some exceedingly interesting and beautiful experiments on phosphorescent diamonds which he was enabled to make in Paris during the Exposition, through the courtesy of prominent scientific men. A dark room was provided in which was placed a collection of over a hundred and fifty diamonds. In a side of the wall a lens was inserted, and outside of the room a new alternating arc lamp of the Thomson-Houston system was hung. The lens, which was employed to concentrate the light, was covered with a violet-colored glass, so that only ultra-violet rays fell on the gems, of which but three of the entire number proved to be phosphorescent. All the others assumed a beautiful violet tint. The two stones whose phosphorescence was most marked were perfectly transparent white stones, one having a bluish tinge. Mr. Kunz says: "The phosphorescence exhibited by these stones was extremely beautiful; it remained visible when a metallic cap was put over the lens—gradually losing its intensity, however—for fifteen minutes after the exposure." All the other stones were invisible in the dark.

The experiment was also made with pure white light, and though less beautiful, the fact of phosphorescence was not less obvious. As a whole the test, in Mr. Kunz's opinion, fully demonstrated the fact that some diamonds possess the power of absorbing light, and emitting it in the dark; and they possess it in different degrees of intensity.

These experiments invite the attention of scientists to a most attractive field of inquiry; and it will be curious, indeed, if the searching rays of the electric light shall not reveal new treasures of science in that mystic field.

A DOCTOR CHATS ABOUT POISONS.

From The Pittsburg Dispatch.

Dr. William H. Greene, demonstrator of chemistry of the University of Pennsylvania and one of the most scholarly chemists of our time, sends the following interesting letter:

"In reply to your questions, I would say: First, the most painless poison is probably morphia or some similar narcotic. Second, hydrocyanic or prussic acid is the most rapidly fatal of all poisons in its action. Third, chemical and physiological tests may now be applied with such certainty to detect poison in food and drink and in the human body after death that if scientific examination and judicial inquest be possible the administration of almost any poison is attended with the risk of possible detection.

"The poisons which would be most likely to escape detection would be those most closely resembling the ptomaines of poisonous fungi. I do not believe, however, that there exists a poison or that one can exist that could not be positively identified after death either by the lesions produced in the organs affected, or by the extraction from the corpse of the victim of the poison itself, and by the study of its properties.

"I do not think that the people of any other age could have taught us anything in this matter. The crimes of the Borgias were well known at the time of their perpetration, and the Borgias were well known to be poisoners, but their power protected them. Except under conditions that would now be only of very rare—almost impossible—occurrence, such murders by poison could not be perpetrated. A Borgia would most inevitably be detected, exposed and punished at the present day."

HOTEL CLERKS AND THEATRES.

From The Milwaukee Sentinel.

"You have no idea how much good advertising the clerks of a hotel can do," remarked an attaché of the Plankinton yesterday. "The theatres know what valuable advertising mediums they are, and the most of them keep the hotel clerks supplied with passes. The Academy is the only exception to this rule, and I doubt whether they make much by it. Every evening there are from ten to fifty travelling men in the house who want to go somewhere, and the first thing they do is to go and ask the clerk what is the best attraction at the theatres, or if there is anything else going on in the city. In this way the clerk practically decides where the strangers will go. It is customary in almost all cities for the hotel clerks to have admission to the baseball parks, but I notice it is not so in Milwaukee. It doesn't make much difference with the Plankinton, as nobody here cares particularly for baseball, but I have known the time when a word from the clerks would have sent a number of men out to the park, but the word was not forthcoming, as there was no object for the clerks to help along the baseball people. I tell you the hotel clerk is a very important factor in these things."

HE PRINTED THE FUNERAL CARDS.

A WESTERN EDITOR WHO THINKS THAT TACT WILL UNTIE GORDIAN KNOTS.

"You men who get out newspapers in the East," he said, "don't know what trials are. Out West, where I am running 'The Dogtown Liar,' with the best job printing establishment in the country, we have problems to meet that are problems. Of course I don't know much about the real, genuine newspaper business. I went out there on a 'bluff,' started the concern on a 'bluff,' and have run it ever since on the same 'bluff.' But I have tact, and that is what is needed by a Dogtown editor. Between you and me the people out there think that the paper is a wonder, and if ever they get the chance they will send me to Congress.

"We were speaking of problems and tact, though. Let me give you an example. I am editor, business manager, superintendent of the job office and everything else. As I said before, I don't know much about any of these callings, but I make my little 'bluff,' and generally pull out with flying colors.

"A little woman came in one day, and asked me if I were the editor. I put my pen behind my ear with a pretty big flourish that she might see for herself and answered that I was.

"'Well,' she said, 'my husband is dead.'

"'Madame,' I answered politely, for it is my policy always to be gracious to every one, 'you have my sincere sympathy. You have come to ask where the undertaker's shop is, I suppose?'

"'No,' she replied, 'I've been to see him.'

"'Ah,' said I, 'I see. You wish an obit—er—a nice sketch written of your husband. 'The Liar' will be delighted—a man of sterling integrity, honorable to a fault, generous in the extreme—something like that, eh?'

"'Ye-e-s,' she said, doubtfully, 'but what I came for was to see about getting some funeral cards. You see, we were just about at the head of Dogtown society, and I want to impress the people of this place with our knowledge of society.'

"'Hem,' I said, thoughtfully.

"'I suppose you know about what I want?'

"'Oh, certainly, Madame,' I answered. 'You want some cards like—er—just as—ahem—like we have in the East.'

"'Yes,' she said eagerly, 'that's it. I suppose you can get them up for me?'

"'Certainly, madame; "The Liar" job printing establishment, is complete in every detail.'

"'I'd like to have them this afternoon.'

"'Of course' I said, 'in work of this kind, delicate and high-class, and all that, you know, we require more time; but if you wait until I step into another department I will consult with my foreman and ask him to attend to this personally.' I bowed very low and she tried to drop me a courtesy to show her savoir faire.

"The foreman and I are the whole of the establishment. He is a first-class printer and a general all-round handy-man, and between the two of us we run the concern.

"'Jim,' I said, 'could we get up some funeral cards this afternoon?'

"'Funeral cards? What are they?'

"'Oh, "Charles Smith died. His wife presents her compliments," etc. Hanged if I know myself just how to get them out, but I guess we can fix 'em some way, can't we? Get some slugs and rules and we'll make mourning lines. I'll get up the design if you can set it.'

"'All right,' he said, 'go ahead. We've got forty-three cards left over from that lot we made for the plumber.'

"I went back to the widow.

"'Madame,' I said, 'I am happy to say that with an extra effort we shall be able to accommodate you; but this class of work, as I said before, requires such skill and care that we shall be able to furnish you only forty-seven cards to-day.'

"'You will have them first-class?' she queried anxiously.

"'Of the very best, I assure you,' I answered, graciously.

"'Then I will call for them at 6.'

"'Very well, madame.'

"I had a long tussle with my brain tissue over those cards. We managed with slugs and rules to get a black border around the cards and a black line down the centre. The card read something like this: 'Thomas Fisk, aet. 56; ob. January 14, 188—. Mrs. Fisk, relict, at home Thursday, at 3 p. m.'

"The foreman wanted to have, in small type, down in one corner, 'The Liar Job Printing Establishment,' but I coaxed him away from the idea. He got so much interested in those cards that he fairly heaved when he picked the first one up in his inky fingers and read it off, spelling out slowly the 'o—b, ob' and 'a—e—t, aet.' He pronounced it 'eat.'

"When the 'bereaved and loving wife' (extract from my half-column obituary) came for the cards I handed them to her with a grave smile.

"No other office in the country can do this kind of work, madame,' I said. 'You will no doubt see at once the superiority of the work. She examined them with pride. I took one from her.

"'You will notice,' I said, 'the "ob—died," the "aet—age" and the appropriate mourning border.'

"She scanned the 'at home, Thursday at 3 p. m.' with wrinkled brow.

"'And I hastened to put it, 'you will also notice the 'at home'—the hour for the funeral, of course. Her face cleared and then was wreathed in smiles. She looked long at the cards.

"'Don't you think,' she asked, 'that we ought to have a coffin or tomb or something like that on them?'

"I knew that we could not get up any such thing and that if we could we had no more cards.

"'You see,' I stammered, 'the—that is—oh yes—you see, coffins were in style on funeral cards a short while ago, but they are not being used in the best society at present. Fashions change so rapidly you know.'

"'I would like coffins on them' she said, with a sigh, 'but if they are not in style now'——

"'Of course if you prefer them,' I said, for I saw that she would not have coffins now under any consideration.

"'No' she answered a little stiffly, as if I were urging them, 'they are not in style.'

"Now that's what I call tact. Those cards were the envy of the town and they got me the county printing. Come out to Dogtown and see me run a newspaper."

BURDETTE'S WINE SUPPER IN AMHERST.

From The Chicago Tribune.

"Bob" Burdette left the Palmer House and Chicago yesterday with a mournful expression upon his usually jolly face. The joke was on "Bob." It has been on him for four years, but he didn't find it out until yesterday. Not that Robert J. doesn't enjoy a joke as well as anybody else. But this one was—well, the joke will speak for itself.

Four years ago—that was in 1886—Burdette lectured in Amherst, Mass. He has not lectured there since. Why? Because he has not been invited. There's where the story comes in. The college boys gave him a complimentary supper after the lecture. It was a private affair—only a few of the boys and "Bob." The landlord of the principal hotel in town did the catering. It was a wine supper.

Amherst is a prohibition town, or as nearly so as any in the old Bay State. The supper passed off gayly. "Bob" was at his best and so were the boys. So was the wine. The wine got a little the best of it toward the end of the ceremonies, sad to say. But boys will be boys, especially while they are in college.

The news spread around town the next day that three or four of the college boys had been seen—or heard—going to their rooms the night before in a condition that was "perfectly scandalous." An investigation was made. The hotelkeeper was indicted for selling intoxicants and there was consternation among the participators in the little affair—all but poor innocent "Bob," who was far away and knew nothing of the aftermath.

The boys held a secret conference and decided to make a scapegoat of "Bob." He had gone and it wouldn't hurt him, they said, and it was the only way to rescue their friend and landlord. So the young men unblushingly declared that Bob had brought the wine with him to Amherst and that the landlord had nothing whatever to do with it. The landlord got off, so did the young men. The latter are all scattered far and wide now, and to any of them who may happen to see this "Bob" wishes to say that the end does sometimes justify the means and that they have his entire forgiveness.

SLEEP FOR SCHOOL CHILDREN.

From The Popular Science Monthly: Professor Axel Key.

We all know how much greater is the need of children for sleep than of grown persons, and how necessary for their good it is to be able fully to satisfy this need; but how great it is generally at any particular age of the child is very hard to define exactly. The amount varies under different climatic conditions. In Sweden, we consider a sleep of eleven or twelve hours necessary for the younger school children, and of at least eight or nine hours for the older ones. Yet the investigations have shown that this requirement lacks much of being met in all classes, through the whole school. Boys in the higher classes get but little more than seven hours in bed; and as that is the average, it is easy to perceive that many of them must content themselves with still less sleep. It is also evident from the investigations that the sleeping time is diminished with the increase of the working hours from class to class, so that pupils of the same age enjoy less according as they are higher in their classes. It thus appears constantly that in schools of relatively longer hours of work the sleeping time of the pupils is correspondingly shorter. In short, the prolongation of the working hours takes place for the most part at the cost of the time for sleep.

A SENSE OF JUSTICE.

"Thus fobbed by the rusty curb of old Father Antic, the law."—Falstaff in "Henry IV."

All the people of Yoakum and of the country district round about were going to court. It was the day on which the case of Hobley versus Dutton was to be tried.

The plaintiff, Deacon Silas Hobley, and his wife were on their way to town in an old farm wagon. They did not lack a better vehicle, but the deacon was anxious to impress upon his neighbors the fact that the cart, in which they had for years seen him jogging about the country, was no more. It was on account of the smashing of this cart that the suit had been brought.

The plaintiff and his wife were laboring under too much excitement to feel inclined to talk. Mrs. Hobley had asked Silas several times whether he thought the case would be decided in his favor. At last he answered:

"Well, I dunno. Sometimes I kinder wisht I had took the fifty dollars compromise that they offered. Course we know the cart wasn't wuth no two and a half which I'm asking for damages. And I allow Abner—Jedge Peck—he knows it well enough; but then he has a sense of justice, and knows Colonel Dutton he can better afford to give two-fifty than I can to take jest fifty for that cart. So it reelly all rests with the jedge—'n' we can't tell what he'll do."

"Well, I jest don't b'lieve," said the deacon's wife, "that Abner would go 'n' decide against us."

The defendant, Colonel Miles Dutton, his daughter Ethel, and Mr. Ralph Elliott, esq., his attorney, came to town in a very swell turnout—the horses whereof wore tan-colored harness and large, clanking nickel chains. On the box sat Peter Martin, the coachman, who had been responsible for the breaking up of Deacon Hobley's cart. Miss Ethel, who would come in spite of the fact that the colonel had declared she should not, wore a taking light-green frock and a smart hat, and over her shoulder jauntily swung a checkered parasol. The country people whom they passed from time to time along the road could not but admire her, although they made various unpleasant remarks about "the way them Duttons was always puttin' on dog."

"Confound it! they are all coming," growled the colonel, as the high-steppers distanced one bob-tailed caravan, consisting of a farm-sulky and a gig; "the people of this infernal place seem to have a veritable passion for litigation."

"They must be interested in something, papa," said Miss Ethel; "of course they don't have any of the things to go to that we have in the city; so why shouldn't they make the most of these court things—decisions and cases and all that, you know?"

These last few words were delivered in a confidential fashion to Mr. Ralph Elliott, at whom she darted, from time to time, when the colonel was not looking, an arch side-glance. There was an understanding between the two—a little ambiguous as yet, owing to the fact that the colonel did not much approve of the young lawyer.

"To be sure," assented Elliott; "and it is plain that Hobley versus Dutton is destined to be one of the greatest events of the Yoakum season."

"Fudge!" exclaimed the colonel, who was in a very bad humor indeed; "it all comes from their insane admiration of that ancient alcalde, Judge Peck. He has been justice of the peace in the Yoakum Township for the last twenty years, and the people hereabouts regard him with the same awe that you might a whole benchful of lord chancellors and chief-justices."

"Does he know much law?" inquired Elliott, passing his hand over the pile of calf-bound volumes on the seat beside him.

"About as much as a lizard," answered the colonel.

"He reminds me of Sancho Panza," said Ethel; "they say he has a sense of justice and tries to be fair—and you ought to see what a funny round pink head he has, with fuzzy hair on the back of it."

"A sense of justice," roared the colonel, while Elliott began to laugh: "I have never seen any manifestation of it. No sooner had I bought this place, Elliott, than these people began to take advantage of every excuse to drag me into court. And I have been worsted every time. Of course I can appeal——"

"But it isn't worth while?" said Elliott.

"Yes, partly that. However, as no one ever appeals from Judge Peck's decisions, I don't wish to run the risk of being mobbed for what they would consider an outrageous insult to their judiciary."

"From what I hear," said Elliott, a faint trace of anxiety showing through his careless good-humor, "this honorable court is not likely to look with much favor on the efforts of a stranger in the bailiwick—such as I am."

"Oh, no," replied the colonel, grimly; "he will size you up at the outset as a city dude lawyer, and you won't be in it at all."

"You are so encouraging papa!" cried Ethel. Then, when the colonel turned to speak for a moment with the driver, she put her hand in Elliott's and whispered: "I know you will win; and just think, if you do——"

"I hope so," whispered the other; "but just think, if I don't——"

The room where the famous Judge Abner Peck held court, in and for the Township of Yoakum, was over "The Store"—a small hall, lighted by several curtainless windows which stared through the grimy white walls. The floor was bare; there were plenty of benches for spectators, and a few chairs. The lawyers had a long pine table, the edges of its top serrated with many ancient whittlings by jackknives. The court occupied an exalted position on a broad platform at one end of the room. Above the judge's chair and desk there hung a canopy of thick red damask, violently suggestive in shape and general appearance of a pair of old-fashioned window-curtains. A part of this drapery, weighted with dust and cobwebs, had pulled loose from its moorings above, and hung down over the judge's seat, so that, as he moved about, the frayed edge not infrequently tickled his bald crown.

At a few minutes before 10 o'clock, the eyes of the hundred spectators that crowded the court-room turned toward this platform, to behold the eminent jurist Abner Peck formally take his place upon the bench. He ascended the steps with a slow and dignified gait, sank back in the big arm-chair, and leaned his head against his hand. As he gazed benignly into the faces of his assembled friends and neighbors, he seemed to them the very personification of a Sense of Justice.

One-half of the lawyers' table was taken up by Judge Bellows, who represented the plaintiff. On his right hand were Deacon Hobley and his wife. The law-books of Mr. Ralph Elliott were spread out over the remaining half of the table. After a brief wrangle with her father, in which she, as usual, came out victorious, Miss Ethel had accompanied Mr. Elliott into the court-room and now occupied a seat at his side. The colonel sat behind, and with him was Peter Martin, the unlucky coachman who was accused of responsibility for the smashing of the deacon's cart.

"The judge is looking at us," whispered Miss Dutton: "did you ever see such funny woolly hair in all your life?"

"Never mind his hair," answered Elliott; "what I want to know is how to get at him. If you could only catch his eye and smile sweetly on him——"

"Tell me when it is the right time for him to decide our way, and I'll do it," said the young lady.

"There is no use in having a jury, you understand," said the colonel, leaning forward: "the old mandarin will sit there and gravely tell them what their verdict must be."

"Well, we will make the best defence that we can, and throw ourselves on the mercy of the court."

"Small mercy it will be," growled the colonel: "he has it in for me—they all have. I suppose I must pay the two hundred and fifty dollars and costs, as prayed for—— And the d——d cart wasn't worth the fifty that I offered as a compromise."

The case opened with Deacon Hobley on the witness-stand. He told how he had left his cart hitched in the road, and how the runaway colt and buckboard had smashed it into shoe-pegs.

"Did you see all this yourself?" inquired Mr. Elliott.

"No: I wasn't there," answered the witness; "but my da'ter, she told me about it."

"I move that that testimony be all stricken out," said Elliott.

"Look here, young man," said the deacon, "if you mean to 'sinuate that my da'ter——"

"Deacon!" cried the court, reprovingly, and the plaintiff was silenced. Then, turning toward Elliott, the judge said, with very distinct emphasis:

"That motion ain't passed."

The young attorney, who had risen to his feet, gave a gulp of astonishment, looked about him for a moment, as if to take his bearings anew, and then resumed his chair.

The deacon continued his testimony. He had come now to the matter of the value of the cart, which he placed at the modest sum of $250. When called upon to give a reason for putting it at this figure, he stated that Ike Convers had said it was worth it.

"We object," cried Elliott, starting up again; "if the plaintiff wants to introduce the testimony of Ike Convers, as an expert on carts, why does he not subpoena him?"

There was a sudden and awful hush in the court-room. The judge turned slowly around in his chair and leaned forward across his desk toward Elliott, saying:

"Because he is dead."

"Well, we object to such testimony as this," continued Elliott, with a recklessness that caused some of his hearers to fairly hold their breath; "it is incompetent and immaterial."

"Ike Convers incompetent!" exclaimed the deacon: "why, young man, he was the best wagon-maker——"

"Deacon," interrupted the judge, "let me answer this objection." Then he continued, in solemn judicial tones: "This court knew Ike Convers well, and it holds that his judgment in a matter of this kind was better than that of any man now living in this county. The witness may proceed."

"You see it's no use," whispered the colonel, as Elliott, silenced and aghast, dropped back into his seat; "you may as well take it easy. The more you object, the more you will inspire the old fool's prejudice."

"Well, where does that sense of justice come in?" asked Elliott.

"Tell me," interrupted Miss Ethel, "is it time for me to begin to flirt with the court?"

"Not yet," answered Elliott. He pondered on the situation a few moments. Was there a sense of justice in that round, pink head? If so, how was he to get at it? There was something about the flaxen poll that reminded him of Polonius, and he began to mutter absently to himself the phrase so dear to the heart of the fat-witted diplomatist:

"By indirections find directions out."

In that moment he bit upon a plan.

By this time the witness was telling the court and the spectators generally his opinion of Peter Martin, Colonel Dutton's "hired man," as a tamer of colts. Elliott sprang to his feet and objected. He was promptly crushed by the court. The deacon went on. When he had finished a short dissertation on Colonel Dutton and other men who came down from the city and tried to run things in Yoakum, Elliott moved to strike the testimony out, on the ground that it was argumentative. The motion was denied.

So it continued through the remainder of the deacon's occupancy of the witness stand. Elliott rose up at the end of nearly every sentence and offered some objection. The deacon got mad, Judge Bellows, his attorney, got mad, and even the court showed evidence of the great internal struggle that was necessary for him to keep his temper under control. Elliott assumed a dogged and insolent air, that astonished Ethel and her father, and exasperated everybody else. There was no longer any doubt that he had excited the prejudice of the court against him to a lively degree.

Mrs. Hobley was the next witness. Before she took the stand Elliott objected to her testimony on the ground that she was the wife of the plaintiff. When this was overruled, he began systematically to fight every question that was put to the witness and afterward to move to have the answers stricken out. Often he would argue the points at great length, quoting decisions in cases which, it is needless to remark, were largely imaginary, rattling off Latin phrases which had nothing to do with the matter in hand, and occasionally reading from the law-books which he had brought. It was all in vain: every motion was denied, every objection overruled. To any one looking on, it would have appeared that the attorney for the defence was exerting himself to the utmost—fighting the case inch by inch—but that it was a struggle against hopeless odds. Presently an air of discouraged indifference began to show itself in his speech and conduct. He made his points in an aggrieved fashion that plainly said: "Of course, you will decide against me, but I must do my duty."

At last he dropped back into his chair and settled himself, as one does who has no expectation of rising again very soon. His face wore a look of complete resignation.

"He is clean beat out," said the Yoakumites. It was a triumph for their fellow-townsman, and added lustre to the glory of the court; at the same time, many of them felt no little sympathy for the young man who had fought so hard and had failed.

"Don't give it up, please, Ralph," whispered Miss Ethel.

Elliott shook his head. Every one, including the court, noticed the action and divined what the young woman had said. The colonel also leaned forward with a similar remark, but again the attorney made a motion of discouragement.

"It is all right," whispered Elliott to Miss Dutton, a moment later: "whenever the old chap glances in this direction, look sorrowfully and appealingly at him."

A number of witnesses for the plaintiff now followed one another upon the stand, and were allowed to give their testimony pretty much as they pleased, assisted by occasional suggestions from Judge Bellows. The particulars of the accident were recounted several times, and a number of residents of Yoakum swore to the extraordinary value of the ruined cart. The attorney for the defence maintained a dogged silence. At last, when one witness began an extended argument in favor of the deacon's claim for damages, the court glanced at Elliott as though he expected to hear an objection. When none was forthcoming, the judge himself interposed, and declared that "there was gettin' to be too much of that. The lawyers should do all the arguing."

"Ah! ha!" exclaimed Elliott to Miss Ethel, in a triumphant whisper: "the sense of justice is awakening. Now is our chance!"

"That concludes the testimony for the plaintiff," said Judge Bellows, as the last witness left the stand.

All eyes were turned upon Mr. Ralph Elliott. The court looked in this direction, but saw only the countenance of Miss Dutton. Her bright orbs were saying, as plainly as though the words were written out in big letters: "Dear Mr. Judge, please don't be horrid to us any more." He blushed and fumbled with the papers on his desk. At last he said: "The defence will go on now."

Elliott rose slowly to his feet and stood a moment before he began to speak. Finally he said, hesitating at the end of every phrase: "May it please the court, I had intended at this stage of the proceedings to make a motion which I had hoped your honor would grant. Although, perhaps, it may not—well, I will make it. I will move for a non-suit, may it please the court. Possibly this may seem to the court a matter of small importance, yet it is a point in our favor, and one that I conceive we have a right to demand. In this connection, I am impelled to crave the indulgence of the court while I venture a few remarks of a somewhat personal nature. I am a stranger in this court and am not versed in all of its methods of procedure. I have done what I could in support of my client's case, yet the fact is painfully evident that my efforts have thus far been in vain. Every motion has been denied, every objection overruled. Not a single point has been allowed in our favor. I do not complain of any prejudice on the part of the court. The Latin adage occurs to me: 'Quousque tandem, Catalina, abutere patientia nostra,' which is 'The judge who seemeth most severe hath often at heart a true sense of justice.' All I ask is that the court, in passing upon our motion for non-suit, shall take into consideration the unbroken line of decisions in favor of the plaintiff which have marked the progress of this case up to this time."

The court was looking intently at Miss Ethel. Miss Ethel was looking at the court.

"Say," whispered Judge Bellows to Elliott, as the latter took his seat, "there ain't no use in that, you know. He don't savvy 'non-suit.'"

"No?" said Elliott, with a bland smile; "I suspected that he did not."

"I don't believe the court needs to hear from me on this point," Judge Bellows said, aloud, with an air of easy confidence; "this motion of my learned brother from the city will be denied, of course."

Judge Peck gazed thoughtfully at the ceiling a moment and then took up his pen. He wrote a few words on the book before him. Then he motioned to the clerk, and the latter, after noting the words which he had written, proceeded to enter them on a much larger book which lay on his desk. There was dead silence in the court-room.

"The motion is allowed," said the court, with startling firmness.

A buzz of approval ran around the court-room. "That's only fair," said the people; "he orter give the young fellow some show."

Elliott rose from his chair and began to gather up his books and papers.

"Why, what is the matter?" exclaimed Ethel.

"Nothing is the matter," he answered, "except that the case has been decided in our favor, and we may as well go home."

"Great Scott!" cried the colonel: "that was neatly done, Elliott."

Judge Bellows and Deacon Hobley were both on their feet protesting vigorously. It may be suspected that the court, to whom all technical law was the veriest abracadabra, was not a little astonished when he discovered what he had done, but he was too shrewd to make that fact public. For once Judge Bellows was snubbed, and even threatened with a fine for contempt of court.

The Duttons and Mr. Ralph Elliott made their way through the crowd out of the court-room. Peter Martin followed behind, his arms full of law books. In spite of the fact that all the Yoakumites were watching them, Miss Ethel and Mr. Elliott whispered and laughed a great deal, and looked at one another in a way that seemed to indicate that the "understanding" between them was now perfectly clear.—(Charles Dwight Willard, in "The Argonaut."

TAKING ONLY "CAT-NAPS."

From The Baltimore News.

Boucicault was so anxious to get as much out of life as possible that during the last four or five years of his career he denied himself proper sleep, going to bed at 2 and rising at 6. The time passed in slumber he considered wasted. More rest than this he did not seem to require.

The other day I read of a man in London who never sleeps, as we understand the word. He is the janitor of a large building to which people resort at all hours of the twenty-four. This Cerberus volunteered for a double salary to do the watching day and night, and so he does, sitting in a chair and opening a gate every time the bell rings. There is never a longer interval than fifteen minutes, and yet he contrives to snatch sufficient sleep to serve him. His health is good and his happiness apparently complete. He looks upon himself as fortunate in having this exacting place, which most other people would not accept at any price. The amount of sleep is to a considerable degree a matter of temperament. Napoleon, according to the life of Josephine, recently published, was a prodigious sleeper, taking nine hours when he could get it. His active brain required this amount of rest. On the other hand, Emile Littre, the author of the dictionary, needed only four hours. He went to bed at 4 a. m. and got up at 8. All the rest of the time, except a few minutes at his meals, he spent at his desk. He lived to be eighty-five, and enjoyed perfect health.

AN OLD REBEL UNIFORM.

HOW IT WAS BROUGHT THROUGH THE LINES.

THE ADVENTURES OF A WELLKNOWN NEW-YORK MERCHANT WHO WAS FORCED INTO THE CONFEDERATE ARMY.

The lobby of the old St. Nicholas Hotel, in Broadway, was filled with a curious and interested crowd one night in January, 1862. Several hundred people had their eyes riveted on a man who was dressed in a rebel uniform, much the worse for wear. Their glances were not unfriendly, however, and the man himself, who looked as if he had seen as hard service as his clothes, was being congratulated and welcomed on all sides. If Kodak cameras had been discovered then there would surely have been some enterprising amateur in the crowd who would have taken a snap-shot of that picturesque central figure. Perhaps somebody might have upbraided him for his impudence, but it would have been interesting to compare the result of his shot to-day with the original, Alfred W. Ladd, the well-known dealer in supplies, whose office is at No. 44 Broadway, and who lives at No. 11 Radde Place, Brooklyn.

For Mr. Ladd the man in the seedy rebel suit was, and those of his friends who saw him then often laugh at the figure he cut that day, and it was Henry S. Wells, contractor for the Brooklyn Waterworks, who persuaded him to come down into the office of the hotel and show himself to the people who were curious to see one of the first Yankees to escape from the rebel army and make his way North. The uniform itself was much of a curiosity in those early days of the war, and the story Mr. Ladd had to tell of hardship and abuse was so interesting to thousands of people that his friends kept him busy telling it for years.

CAUGHT IN THE SOUTH.

When the war broke out Mr. Ladd was in the South on business in connection with his London house, and also with sawmill interests which he held in partnership with his brother Daniel, who lived at Jacksonville, Fla. Being a Northerner, he found himself to be at once a marked man. Moreover he was known to be a relative of Hannibal Hamlin and that was enough to brand him as an Abolitionist of the rankest kind. The first overt act of hostility he experienced, however, was when a band of "fire-eaters" came down the St. John's River from Enterprise and adjacent towns for the purpose of stirring up animosity against Northerners living in Jacksonville. These men persuaded a man named Darby, who had sold a ship-load of naval supplies to Mr. Ladd, to get the Sheriff to seize and unload the cargo, although Darby had already received advances on it. Mr. Ladd went to see Darby and the Sheriff about the seizure at a hotel kept by a Mr. Spaight. He went unarmed, but the men who were to meet him came to the hotel with loaded shotguns, swearing that they would shoot the Yankee at sight. If Mr. Spaight had not stood up like a man for Mr. Ladd the Yankee would never have seen the North again. He threw himself between Mr. Ladd and his would-be slayers and said that if they shot Ladd they would first have to shoot him, for he was a friend of Daniel Ladd and would not allow a brother of that stanch Secessionist and worthy gentleman to be harmed in his presence.

Mr. Ladd got safely back to his own hotel, which was on the site of the present Everett House and was kept by O. L. Keene, now a merchant in Jacksonville, and formerly of Maine. This hotel was owned by the ship-building firm of Day Brothers, of Damariscotta, Me., and for this reason all its guests were objects of suspicion.

HIDING IN A GRAVEYARD.

It was not long before Mr. Ladd had to hide himself to avoid arrest for treason. The foreman of his own sawmill hid him in the attic of his house for two weeks, but fearing that the house, which is still standing on Forsyth-st., Jacksonville, would be burned over the head of his faithful employe, Mr. Ladd preferred to take all the risk on himself; so he left it one night and made his way to a graveyard just outside of the city, where he hid among the tombstones until the first gray streaks of morning appeared. Then he made his way to the river, and took a steamer for Fernandina, where his firm was building a warehouse and docks.

From there he went to Savannah, and soon had occasion to visit some mills ninety miles out of Savannah. He boarded a lumber train to return, but the engineer in some way learned that his passenger was a Northerner, so he put him off the train in the woods, and Mr. Ladd had to walk all the way back.

His hotel in Savannah was the Gibbons House, and the feeling of animosity on the part of the Southerners became so intense toward all the guests of the house that the vigilance committee of the city arrested them on charges of treason.

FIGHT OR GO TO JAIL.

Mr. Ladd now found himself in an ugly fix. A long and horrible imprisonment in Castle Thunder stared him in the face. But the demand for able-bodied men in the Confederate Army was so great that an offer to enlist was made him as the only alternative. He accepted it with the determination never to fire a single shot against the North, and to embrace the first opportunity of escaping to the Union forces.

The seat of war by that time was at Manassas and Centreville and the new recruit was sent forward at once with others, among them seventeen convicts who had been released from the city prison on a pledge of service in the army.

While in Richmond Mr. Ladd frequently visited Libby Prison, where he recognized some of his old schoolmates from Maine shut in behind the bars, and any qualms he may have felt about wearing the rebel uniform were speedily dissipated by witnessing the misery of their state. By undergoing similar torture he could not benefit the North, and so long as he did not fire upon the Union forces he would do them no harm. Speaking the other day of the way in which families were divided oftentimes over that bloody issue, Mr. Ladd said:

"Mrs. Abraham Lincoln's youngest brother, Samuel Todd, was a member of our company while we were in Richmond, and slept in the same tent with me. Captain Todd, an older brother, had charge of the prisoners in Libby Prison, and during the five weeks of our stay in Richmond he was said to have ordered seven prisoners to be shot for disobeying a rule which forbade them to look out of the prison windows. There was still another brother of Mrs. Lincoln in the Southern army, making three who were actively engaged in the rebellion."

LEARNING TO NURSE AND COOK.

Mr. Ladd was soon put to work nursing the sick and wounded and cooking for them, no light or pleasant task, and one which gave him few chances of escape. Fortunately the brave boys of the 2d New-Jersey Infantry, on the night of December 4, 1861, cut up the Georgia Hussars, Mr. Ladd's company, so badly that all the officers who knew Mr. Ladd were sent back to Savannah for medical treatment. In their absence Mr. Ladd was sent on vidette duty to the Northern line to watch the movements of McClellan's troops. There was no one to utter a word of warning against sending an impressed Northerner to the front, and Mr. Ladd jumped at the chance, only afraid that his alacrity to accept the arduous and dangerous duty might betray him.

The Southern army used cavalry for outer pickets. It was not long before Mr. Ladd, who had some money with him, bought enough whiskey to get his companions gloriously drunk around the camp-fire one night, and then saddling his horse, he rode away about 2 o'clock in the morning, on the fifth day of January. About 3 p. m., at a curve in the road, a welcome sight met his eyes, that made his heart jump up into his throat and his eyes water. There waved the dear old Stars and Stripes which he had not seen for twelve months. He gave himself up as a prisoner to the 38th New-York Regiment, Colonel Hobart Ward, and when he told who he was they sent him, still a prisoner, to McClellan's headquarters in Washington, where he was examined for three days before the provost marshal as to the strength of the Confederate army behind their fortifications around Manassas and Centreville. He reported them to be exceedingly strong, and this information may have had some influence on McClellan's subsequent course. Mr Ladd was then allowed to return to his family. He sold his horse for $10, and that was all he ever received for his services in Stewart's cavalry.

The horse should have brought more, if only on account of its rugged picturesqueness. Charles Secor, of New-York, who died a few years ago, used frequently to twit Mr. Ladd on the rare figure he cut riding through the streets of Washington, a prisoner in rebel uniform, on that tall, raw-boned black horse. He had seen the sight and the memory of it made him laugh immoderately every time he met Mr. Ladd afterward.

A Disease Unaccountably Prevalent.

The prevalence of ailments attributable to miasmatic poison in the air that people breathe, and the water they drink, is well nigh unaccountable. Not alone in pestilential swamps, badly drained suburban districts, and marshes exposed to the sun's rays by the receding tide, is this scourge of humanity found. Even in great cities, healthfully located, skilfully sewered, well looked after in every respect in a sanitary way, we find malaria. Its presence is often inexplicable, but its attacks are always preventable. The protector is Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. The eradicator bears the same name—a name known to thousands throughout our broad land and elsewhere as a synonym of relief, prevention and cure of the insidious disorders in its abominable phases—chills and fever, bilious remittent, dumb ague and ague cake, as well as others. Nor is the Bitters less effective for indigestion, kidney complaint, biliousness and rheumatism.