

# In A Hollow OF THE HILLS

CHAPTER VI.—(Continued.)

"Listen to me," said Key, passionately. "I am thinking only of you. I want to and will save you from any blame—blame you do not understand even now. There is still time. I will go back to the convent with you at once. You shall tell me anything; I will tell you everything on the way."

She had already completely restored her features to their normal expression. With the putting on her coat she seemed to have extinguished all the joyous youthfulness of her spirit, and moved with the deliberateness of renunciation toward the door. They descended the staircase together without a word. The walls were white, and the floor was of polished wood.

When they were in the street she said, quietly: "Don't give me your arm—sisters don't take it." When they had reached the street corner she turned it, saying, "This is the shortest way."

It was Key who was now restrained, awkward and embarrassed. The fire of his spirit, the passion he had felt a moment before, had gone out of him, as if she were really the character she had assumed. He said at last, desperately:

"How long do you live in the hollow?"

"Only one day," she said, looking at him with a smile that was almost a sneer. "I was once here to school, but in the stage coach there was some one with whom he had quarreled, and he didn't want to meet him with me. So we got out at Skinner's and came to the hollow, where his old friends Mr. and Mrs. Barker lived."

There was a hesitation or affectation in her voice. Again he felt that he would soon have doubted the words of the sister she represented as her own.

"And your brother—did you live with him?"

"No. I was at school at Marysville until I took my degree. I saw little of him for the past two years, for he had business in the mountains—very rough business, where he couldn't take me, for it kept him away from the settlements for weeks. I think it had something to do with cattle, for he was always having a new pair of horns all about him. But that, too, I had no other relations; I had no friends. We had always been moving about so much, my brother and me. I never saw anyone that I liked, except you, and until yesterday I had only heard you."

Her perfect beauty almost thrilled him with pain and doubt. In his awkwardness and uneasiness he was brutal.

"Yes, but you had must have met somebody—other men—here even, when you were out with your schoolfellows, or perhaps on an adventure like this."

"I never wanted to know anybody else. I never cared to see anybody else. I never would have gone out in this way but for you," she said hurriedly. After a pause she added in a frightened tone: "That didn't sound like your voice then. It didn't sound like it a moment ago, either."

"But you are sure that you know my voice," he said, with affected gaiety. "There were two others in the hollow with me that night."

"I know that, too. But I know even what you said. You reproved them for throwing a lighted match in the dry grass. You were thinking of us then. I know it."

"Of me?" said Key quickly.

"Of Mrs. Barker and myself. We were alone in the house, for my brother and her husband were both away. What you said seemed to forewarn me and I told her. So we were prepared when the fire came nearer, and we both escaped on the same horse."

"And you dropped your shoes in your flight," said Key, laughing. "And I picked them up the next day when I came to search for you. I have kept them still."

"They were my shoes," said the girl quickly. "I couldn't find mine in my hurry, and hers were too large for me, and dropped off." She stopped, and with a faint return of her old gladness said: "Then you did come back? I knew you would."

"I should have stayed then, but we got no reply when we shouted. What was that?" he demanded suddenly.

"Oh, we were warned against speaking to any stranger, or even being seen by any one while we were alone," returned the girl, simply.

"But why?" persisted Key.

"Oh, because there were so many high-waymen and horse stealers in the woods. Why, they had stopped the coach only a few weeks before, and only a day or two ago when Mrs. Barker came down. She saw them."

Key with difficulty suppressed a groan, they would not have been so near, and he was scarcely daring to lift his eyes to the decorous little figure hastening by his side. Alternately touched by mistrust and pain, at last an infinite pity, not unmingled with a desperate resolution, took possession of him.

"I must make a confession to you, Miss Rivers," he began with the bashful haste of a very boy, "that is, he stammered, with a half-hysterical laugh, "that is—a confession as if you were really a sister or a priest, you know—a sort of confidence to you—your dress. I have seen you, or thought I saw you before. It was a dress which brought me here, that which made me follow Mrs. Barker—my only clue to you—to the door of that convent. That night in the hollow I saw a profile at the lighted window which I thought was yours."

"I never was near the window," said the young girl quickly. "It must have been Mrs. Barker."

"I know that now," returned Key. "But remember it was my only clue to you—I mean," he added awkwardly, "it was the means of my finding you."

"I don't see how it made you think of me," she said, looking at him with another woman's profile, "she retorted, with the faintest touch of asperity in her childish voice. "But," she added more gently, and with a relapse into her adorable naivete, "most people's profiles look alike."

"It was not that," protested Key, still awkwardly; "it was only that I realized something—only a dream, perhaps."

She did not reply, and they continued on in silence. The gray walls of the convent were already in sight. Key felt he had achieved nothing. Except for information that was hopeless, he had come to no nearer understanding of the beautiful girl beside him, and his future appeared as vague as before. And, above all, he was conscious of an inferiority of character and purpose to this simple creature who obeyed him so submissively. Had he acted wisely? Would it not have been better if he had followed her own rankness, and—

past the gate. I cannot leave you in this uncertainty."

"You will know soon enough," she said gravely, evading his hand. "You must not go further now. Good-night."

She had stopped at the corner of the wall. He again held out his hand. Her little hand passed over his, and she turned away.

"Good-night, Miss Rivers."

"Stop!" she said suddenly, withdrawing her hand and lifting her clear eyes to his in the moonlight. "You must say to him—it isn't the truth. I can't bear to hear it from your lips, in your voice. My name is not Rivers!"

"Not Rivers—why?" said Key, stammered.

"Oh, I don't know why," she said, half despairingly; "only my brother didn't want me to use my name and his here, and I promised. My name is Riggs—there it is—a secret—you mustn't tell it; but I could not bear to hear you say a lie."

"Good-night, Miss Riggs," said Key, sadly.

"No, not that, either," she said, softly. "Say Alice."

"Good-night, Alice."

She moved on before him. She reached the gate. For a moment her figure, in its austere, formless garments, seemed to him to even rise up and bend forward in the humility of age and self-renunciation, and she vanished within as into a living tomb. Forgetting all precaution, he pressed eagerly forward and stopped before the gate. There was no sound from within; there had evidently been no challenge or interruption. She was safe.

CHAPTER VII.

The reappearance of Chivers in the mill with Collinson, and the brief announcement that the prisoner had consented to a satisfactory compromise, was received at first with a half contemptuous smile by the leaders, and probably a conviction that Collinson's famous operation with Chivers would be safer than his wrath, which might not expend itself only on Chivers, but imperil the safety of all, it is probable that they would have informed the unfortunate prisoner of his real relations to the captor. In these circumstances, Chivers' half satirical suggestion that Collinson should be added to the sentries outside, and guard his own property, was surely assented to by Biggs, and complacently accepted by the others. Chivers offered to post him himself—not without an intention of meeting glances with Riggs—Collinson's own gun was returned to him,

"While I would not give you false hopes, Mr. Collinson," he said, with a bland smile, "my interest in you compels me to say that you may be over-confident and wrong. There are a thousand things that may have prevented your wife from coming to your illness, possibly the result of her exposure, poverty, misapprehension of your place of meeting, and, above all, perhaps some false report of your own death. Has it ever occurred to you that it is as possible for her to have been deceived in that way as for you?"

"What yer say?" said Collinson, with a vague suspicion.

"What I mean, you think yourself justified in believing your wife dead because she did not seek you here, may she not feel herself equally justified in believing the same of you, and he had another purpose now. His full lips twisted into a suave smile.

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He Again Glanced Up and Down the Length of the Shadowed but Still Visible Wall.

and the strangely assorted pair left the mill amicably together.

But, however humanly confident Chivers was in his companion's faithfulness, he was not without a rascal's precaution, and determined to select a position for Collinson where he could do the least damage in any alteration of trust. At the top of the grade above the mill was the only trail by which a party in force could approach it. This was to Chivers obviously too strategic a position to trust to his prisoner, and the sentry who guarded its approach, 500 yards away, was left unattended. But there was another "high" trail or cutoff to the left, through the thickest undergrowth of the woods, known only to his party. To place Collinson there was to insure him perfect immunity from the approach of an enemy, as well as any confidential advances of his fellow-sentry. This done, he drew a cigar from his pocket, and handing it to Collinson, lighted another for himself, and leaning back comfortably against a large boulder, glanced complacently at his companion.

"You may smoke until I go, Mr. Collinson, and even afterward, if you keep the bowl of your pipe behind a rock, so as to be out of sight of the sentry, whose advances, by the way, if I were you, I should not encourage. Your position here, you see, is a rather peculiar one. You were saying, I think, that a lingering affection for your wife impelled you to keep this place for her, although you were convinced of her death."

Collinson's unaffected delight in Chivers' kindness had made his eyes shine in the moonlight with a dog-like wistfulness. "I reckon I did say that, Mr. Chivers," he said, apologetically, "though it isn't just now to interfere with you usin' the shams' jest now."

"I wasn't alluding to that, Collinson," returned Chivers, with a large rhetorical wave of the hand and an equal rhetorical admiration in his companion's evident admiration of him, "but it struck me that your remark, nevertheless, implied some doubt of your wife's death, and I don't know but what your doubts are right."

"What's that?" said Collinson, with a dull glow in his face.

Chivers blew the smoke of his cigar lazily in the still air. "Listen," he said. "Since your miraculous conversion a few moments ago I have made some friendly inquiries about you, and I find that you lost all trace of your wife in Texas in '52, where a number of her fellow-immigrants died of yellow fever. Is that so?"

"Yes," said Collinson, quickly.

"Well, it so happens that a friend of mine," continued Chivers slowly, "was in a cabin which followed that one, and picked up and brought on some of the survivors."

"That was the train wot brought the

news," said Collinson, relapsing into his old patience. "That's how I knowed she hadn't come."

"Did you ever hear the names of any of its passengers?" said Chivers, with a keen glance at his companion.

"Nary one! I only got to know it was a small train of only two wagons, and it sorter meited into Californy through a Southern pass, and kinder petered out, and no one ever heard of it again and that was all."

"That was not all, Collinson," said Chivers lazily. "I saw the train arrive at South Pass. I was awaiting a friend and his wife. There was a lady with them; one of the survivors. I didn't hear her name, however, but I think my friend's wife called her 'Sadie.' I remember her as a rather pretty woman—tall, fair, with a straight nose and a full chin, and small slim feet. I saw her only a moment, for she was on her way to Los Angeles, and was, I believe, going to join her husband somewhere in the Sierras. I don't think she should have now have to seek her instead of her coming to him; it would never be the same meeting to him away from the house that he had built for her. He strolled back and looked down upon it, nestling on the ledge. The moonlight that in its windows, but the sounds of laughter and singing came to even his fastidious ears with a sense of vague discord. He walked back again and began to pace before the thick-set wood. Suddenly he stopped and listened.

To any other ears but those accustomed to mountain solitude it would have seemed nothing. But, familiar as he was with all the infinite disturbances of the woodland, and even the stimulation of intrusion caused by a falling branch or lapsing pine cone, now and then by a recurring sound unlike any other. It was a musical, nasal, but always returning in regular rhythm whenever it was audible. He knew it was made by a canting horse; that the intervals were due to the patches of dead leaves in its course, and that the varying movement was the effect of its progress through obstacles and underbrush. It was, therefore, coming through some "blind" cut off in the thick-set wood. The shifting of the sound also showed that the rider was unfamiliar with the locality, and sometimes wandered from the direct course, but the unflinching and accelerating persistency of the sound, in spite of these difficulties, indicated haste and determination.

He swung his gun from his shoulder and examined its caps. As the sound came nearer, he drew a young spruce at the entrance of the thicket. There was no necessity to alarm the horse, or call the other sentry. It was a single horse and rider, and he was equal to that. He waited quietly and with his usual fateful patience. Even then his thoughts still reverted to his wife, and it was with a shudder that he saw the thick underbrush give way before a woman, mounted on a sweating, but still spirited horse, who swept out into the open. Nevertheless, he stopped in front of her and called:

"Hold up there!"

The horse reared, nearly unseating her. Collinson caught the reins. She lifted her whip mechanically, yet remained holding it in the air, trembling until she slipped half struggling, half helplessly, from the saddle to the ground. Here she would have again fallen, but Collinson caught her about the wrist. At his touch she started and uttered a frightened "No!" At her voice Collinson started.

"Sadie!" he gasped.

"Set!" she half whispered.

(To be continued.)

covered a piece of dress goods of a very gay pattern; again she saw a doll's bag sticking out of a parcel, and then she concluded he was a good husband taking a bag full of presents home to his family. She knew this must be so when she saw him take a photograph from his pocket and kiss it shyly when he thought nobody was looking. At last, after examining his watch, half dozen times and holding it to his ear to discover if it had stopped, he turned to the gentleman at the other side of the car and inquired the time. The gentleman told him, and then he wanted to know if the train wasn't late? No, it was not late.

"Somehow I thought it was late," said the stranger.

"You're pretty anxious to get through, I imagine," returned the gentleman.

"Yes, and the train's so slow; it seems to me it will never get there. I've been five days on the road. Come through from San Francisco?"

"Do you live there?"

"No, I live in New York," he returned, "but I've been gone two years and I'm getting pretty nervous. Someway it don't seem possible I'm back."

"Have you a family in New York?"

"Well, I should say," he exclaimed, rubbing his hands and smiling. There was a pause for a moment, when he took the photograph from his pocket and passed it over for examination. "That's my wife," he said. "It was taken ten years ago and looks kind of old-fashioned, I guess, but it's all the one I've got."

They looked at it with interest. It was a pleasant face, a hopeful face—a face to trust in and depend upon.

"Have you children, too?" queried the lady, strange what trivial things interest and attract us on a railway train.

"One," he replied, "a girl eight years of age; we had a little boy, too, eighteen months old, but he died a year ago."

"Ah, that was too bad," said the lady.

"Yes," he replied, "she had written me so much about the child, just as if I'd been with the little fellow right along. I declare when she wrote me he was dead somehow I had to sit down and cry over it just as if he had been grown up, you know. I couldn't help it; but I think it was more on her account than the baby's that I felt bad. She was so wrapped up in him and had worn herself out trying to save him. And alone, too, and poor, you know; it was mighty tough."

"And you have been gone two years," said the lady. "Won't she be glad to see you, though?"

"I guess so," he replied, confidently. "And I've got some good news for her I tell you. He hesitated a few moments, then said:

"It was a hard struggle to live in New York best, and when the times grew worse I went west on a contract to work at my trade at Glendale. Much as they were putting up buildings for the railroad and steamboat lines. After a while wages were reduced there and when the World's Fair opened I went down to Chicago looking for a job. I finally went to work helping to make the big frames they used in the fire-works. You know, but it was discouraged and I didn't know how I was ever to have my family with me again. One day while I was sitting on the pier a gentleman came walking down a little way from the influence of liquor, I guess, for his legs seemed to be tangled. He was looking toward the city for a boat. I suppose, when suddenly he leaped to one side and went plump into the lake. The water waten or fifteen feet deep where he went in, but twenty-five feet nearer shore a man could touch bottom. I was sitting close to where he went over and without a thought I just slid in, grabbing a loose board on the pier as I went, and when he came up I pushed the board under him, and waded him into shallow water. It was all done in two or three minutes and didn't attract much attention from the people, though many a hundred gathered round as he came out.

"He asked me to get him a chair and have him wheeled to the nearest exit, and I hurried up, and when I got it, I waded him out myself. Then I got him into a carriage, and as he got in he asked my name and address, and handing me ten dollars told the driver to go to the Auditorium Hotel. A few days afterward a man came and requested me to call on the gentleman. I went there and he asked me a lot of questions, and finally said he would like to have me go with him to California. I didn't hesitate long. When we got to San Francisco I found he was a big gun—no like Mackay and that, but you know, but worth a lot of money. He was pre-

paring to build a row of houses, and he put me in charge. In a week he took me off and said he was going away for his health, and I must go with him, and in three days more we were on our way to Honolulu. He was a strange man, and as he got relatives he would have no one but me near him. He had no family, but plenty of other relatives. "After a while we returned to San Francisco and a few weeks ago he died. I felt blue and lonesome enough then, but what do you think—when his will was opened he had left me \$20,000. It couldn't be paid to me just then, and I was so afraid there might be some slip about it that I never wrote home a word of my good luck, but just said I was coming back. Ten days ago they paid me the money, clean stuff, you know—I've got three drafts for it in my pocket—and then I thought, 'I'll just wait and surprise her, and so my wife don't know a thing about it and won't till I tell her to-day. But good heavens!' he exclaimed, wiping the sweat from his face, 'it has seemed as though we'd never get here! I've been afraid the cars would run off the track and hit me, but then I says, 'Well, if I think I'm not going to get together safe, that's a sure sign I will, and so here I am. I got a letter from her in Chicago, and telegraphed her to meet me.'

"And is she well?" queried the lady.

"Oh yes! but good Lord you don't know what she's been through! She's been darning clothes and scrubbing herself to wash the little girl to school, and taking in washing to get along. Even the money I sent her she has hoarded for fear of sickness. I know how it is! She'll come down to the depot shivering in clothes made for last summer, but not thinking anything about that—only thanking God that I'm back at last. I tell you what it is, boys," he continued, looking round at those who listened, "there's nothing on earth like a faithful wife! and some of the passengers turned away their heads while their lips trembled. And the train sped on! Newark was left behind and then amid clanging bells the train entered the depot of Jersey City. The stranger was sitting at the window, silent and rigid. He was looking for the familiar face, but the train was too far down the track to recognize people in the waiting crowd, and he glanced his bags and bundles, and was at the door when the car stopped. The passengers who had heard his story followed him with eager eyes. They saw him gawking up the platform looking right and left. Away up at the head of the train as if pushed and shouldered back by the well dressed throng, was a little woman thirty-five or thereabouts in a well worn black frock and a dress faded and poor, but neat-fitting and well brushed.

She had a look almost painful in its intensity, filled with both hope and fear, and the eagerness of suppressed excitement. She was looking half bewildered at the approaching throng of passengers, but did not recognize the broad-shouldered man who elbowed his way toward her. Nor did he see her until a few feet away, and then he just dropped portmanteau, valise, bundle and everything and made a dash for her. The little woman gave utterance to a suppressed "Oh!" as she saw him, and put her thin hand nervously to her face, and that was all; they simply stood holding each other while the passengers went by. The

gentleman and his wife who had talked to him earlier at the ferry entrance until the couple came up radiant and happy.

"Well, my friend, you found her, didn't you?" they said, smiling.

"Yes, found her, thank heaven!" returned the stranger, "and there's going to be a rejoicing such as she never dreamed of. You see, I've got something to tell you, my dear," he said, pressing her hand. "Something to tell you," and then they passed on with the great throng out of your sight and out of mine, but into that realm of tribulation, that season of joy that comes now and then, thank God, to even the humblest of his creatures.

GILBERT A. PIERCE.

HOW THE CLOWN CREASES HIS TROUSERS.

Wherever You Go the World Over the Diameter Is the Same.

(Indianapolis Journal.)

In various ways the circus of the present day differs from that of the past, but the ring remains unchanged; it is always 42 feet 9 inches in diameter. Go where you will, search the world from China to Peru, with diversifying trips to the Frosty Caucasus and the desert of Sahara, and never a circus will you find without a ring 42 feet 9 inches in diameter.

There is reason for this remarkable uniformity. Circus riders and circus horses are nomadic; wherever their wanderings bring them they find the ring always the same. The fact is that generally by their performance, not really rendered incapable. Trained in the 42 feet 9 inch ring, the horse and his rider have grown used, worn, one might say, to the exact angle of declivity toward the center of the ring, which the radius of twenty-one feet and a given speed profits.

The circumference of the ring always has on the inside a level, so to speak, of earth, at the same angle as that into which radius and speed throw the rider. As for speed, that, after the horse has gone around two or three times and is warmed to his work, is the same through the ring. The fact is that he holds his head so that he cannot get beyond a certain pace.

The ringmaster snaps his whip, the clown shouts, the band plays louder and louder, but the horse knows just how much this empty show means, and jogs on at the old pace, but with a little jump through a tissue balloon, the act is ended.

# The Turn of The Wheel

By Gilbert A. Pierce

(Copyright, 1895.)

The passengers smiled.

For the twentieth time the man in the middle of the car was rearranging his luggage. A dozen times before they had supposed he was preparing to leave the train, but he had stayed on.

"Do you think he is going this time?" said a lady on the opposite side of the car to her husband.

"I give it up," he responded. "It looks like it, but it has looked like it before."

And he didn't go. Stations came and went but he remained, only seeming to get more nervous as we neared New York.

"I think the man's crazy," said the lady.

But he did not look like an insane person, though his actions were certainly queer.

Sometimes he would drop his head on his breast in deep thought. Then he would smile softly at first but the smile would grow wider and broader and finally threaten to become a burst of laughter; but before it broke out he would suddenly remember where he was and put his hand over his mouth, or turn and look out of the window.

Once when he opened his big portmanteau and the lady observed that it was filled with parcels and when he peeped into one of the packages with a satisfied smile, she dis-

covered a piece of dress goods of a very gay pattern; again she saw a doll's bag sticking out of a parcel, and then she concluded he was a good husband taking a bag full of presents home to his family. She knew this must be so when she saw him take a photograph from his pocket and kiss it shyly when he thought nobody was looking. At last, after examining his watch, half dozen times and holding it to his ear to discover if it had stopped, he turned to the gentleman at the other side of the car and inquired the time. The gentleman told him, and then he wanted to know if the train wasn't late? No, it was not late.

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paring to build a row of houses, and he put me in charge. In a week he took me off and said he was going away for his health, and I must go with him, and in three days more we were on our way to Honolulu. He was a strange man, and as he got relatives he would have no one but me near him. He had no family, but plenty of other relatives. "After a while we returned to San Francisco and a few weeks ago he died. I felt blue and lonesome enough then, but what do you think—when his will was opened he had left me \$20,000. It couldn't be paid to me just then, and I was so afraid there might be some slip about it that I never wrote home a word of my good luck, but just said I was coming back. Ten days ago they paid me the money, clean stuff, you know—I've got three drafts for it in my pocket—and then I thought, 'I'll just wait and surprise her, and so my wife don't know a thing about it and won't till I tell her to-day. But good heavens!' he exclaimed, wiping the sweat from his face, 'it has seemed as though we'd never get here! I've been afraid the cars would run off the track and hit me, but then I says, 'Well, if I think I'm not going to get together safe, that's a sure sign I will, and so here I am. I got a letter from her in Chicago, and telegraphed her to meet me.'

"And is she well?" queried the lady.

"Oh yes! but good Lord you don't know what she's been through! She's been darning clothes and scrubbing herself to wash the little girl to school, and taking in washing to get along. Even the money I sent her she has hoarded for fear of sickness. I know how it is! She'll come down to the depot shivering in clothes made for last summer, but not thinking anything about that—only thanking God that I'm back at last. I tell you what it is, boys," he continued, looking round at those who listened, "there's nothing on earth like a faithful wife! and some of the passengers turned away their heads while their lips trembled. And the train sped on! Newark was left behind and then amid clanging bells the train entered the depot of Jersey City. The stranger was sitting at the window, silent and rigid. He was looking for the familiar face, but the train was too far down the track to recognize people in the waiting crowd, and he glanced his bags and bundles, and was at the door when the car stopped. The passengers who had heard his story followed him with eager eyes. They saw him gawking up the platform looking right and left. Away up at the head of the train as if pushed and shouldered back by the well dressed throng, was a little woman thirty-five or thereabouts in a well worn black frock and a dress faded and poor, but neat-fitting and well brushed.

She had a look almost painful in its intensity, filled with both hope and fear, and the eagerness of suppressed excitement. She was looking half bewildered at the approaching throng of passengers, but did not recognize the broad-shouldered man who elbowed his way toward her. Nor did he see her until a few feet away, and then he just dropped portmanteau, valise, bundle and everything and made a dash for her. The little woman gave utterance to a suppressed "Oh!" as she saw him, and put her thin hand nervously to her face, and that was all; they simply stood holding each other while the passengers went by. The

gentleman and his wife who had talked to him earlier at the ferry entrance until the couple came up radiant and happy.

"Well, my friend, you found her, didn't you?" they said, smiling.

"Yes, found her, thank heaven!" returned the stranger, "and there's going to be a rejoicing such as she never dreamed of. You see, I've got something to tell you, my dear," he said, pressing her hand. "Something to tell you," and then they passed on with the great throng out of your sight and out of mine, but into that realm of tribulation, that season of joy that comes now and then, thank God, to even the humblest of his creatures.

GILBERT A. PIERCE.

HOW THE CLOWN CREASES HIS TROUSERS.

Wherever You Go the World Over the Diameter Is the Same.

(Indianapolis Journal.)

In various ways the circus of the present day differs from that of the past, but the ring remains unchanged; it is always 42 feet 9 inches in diameter. Go where you will, search the world from China to Peru, with diversifying trips to the Frosty Caucasus and the desert of Sahara, and never a circus will you find without a ring 42 feet 9 inches in diameter.

There is reason for this remarkable uniformity. Circus riders and circus horses are nomadic; wherever their wanderings bring them they find the ring always the same. The fact is that generally by their performance, not really rendered incapable. Trained in the 42 feet 9 inch ring, the horse and his rider have grown used, worn, one might say, to the exact angle of declivity toward the center of the ring, which the radius of twenty-one feet and a given speed profits.

The circumference of the ring always has on the inside a level, so to speak, of earth, at the same angle as that into which radius and speed throw the rider. As for speed, that, after the horse has gone around two or three times and is warmed to his work, is the same through the ring. The fact is that he holds his head so that he cannot get beyond a certain pace.

The ringmaster snaps his whip, the clown shouts, the band plays louder and louder, but the horse knows just how much this empty show means, and jogs on at the old pace, but with a little jump through a tissue balloon, the act is ended.

THE LAW OF THE TRAMP.

Professor McCook Finds Him the Result of Natural Causes.

Professor McCook in the Boston Journal sets forth what his investigations convince him are the causes of "tramp" life. He says: "There is no animal so thoroughly domesticated and tamed as to have quite lost its taste for the original freedom. Even a canary bird, with an endless line of caged ancestry, will fly out, if it gets the chance, and refuse to return, though prolonged existence in the open air is to it an impossibility. And man is like his brother animals. He is pretty well broken in at present, but he still wants to break out now and then. A picnic or short outing suffices under normal circumstances. But more is required whenever the original instinct has, by accident, been brought to the top again."

Professor McCook quotes from gentlemen familiar with the life and habits of Indians, who have written him in answer to inquiries whether converted Indians or their offspring showed a well-defined craving for savagery, so called. The answers, with one exception, show that this tendency has been noticed, and it is usually manifest in the springtime. Continuing, Professor McCook says:

"There is another law of human nature responsible largely, as I think, for vagabondage. The average human animal, like his brother the bear, has to be trained to work, and naturally prefers not to work—except on occasions. We read now and then of people possessed with the 'mania' for work. The word is, perhaps, closer to the facts of the case than is intended. Such people are probably abnormal. People work because they think they must in order to live. When they find, by an accident, that they can get on without it, they cheerfully resign themselves. Men lose their jobs from sickness or hard times, and find themselves launched out into the world with no savings, or with a hoard which diminishes rapidly for food, lodging, if contentiousness, the theater, officer for drink, by chance, by precept, no matter how, but nearly always through misadventure, softened kindness, or ill-judged, misdirected charity, they make the discovery that they can get enough to eat and drink and wear, and even to gratify the still greater animal instincts, together with a tolerable shelter for the night, though doing nothing, or nothing more serious than odd jobs. And in a large number of cases that discovery is fatal."

"In 1873, and again in 1893, there have been two times of great business depression, followed by gradual recovery. And in each of these we have had a sudden and great increase of vagabondage, with a subsequent falling off. But in neither case has the former level been reached. In 1874 there was a daily rise in Massachusetts in the public lodging places from 241 to 422. In 1893 there had been a subsidence to 378, and then there was a rise for 1894 to 621. Private information from the inspector of institutions shows that the rise has not lost its impetus. There is an additional 247 per cent. for 1895. There was an almost equal rise from 241 to 422 in 1873. In each case it was like a stream that had passed its banks. The waters continue to swell after the cause of the flood has ceased, though at a diminished rate."

"Next year we shall almost infallibly witness what followed after 1875. But it is safe to predict that we shall never go back to where we were in 1892. These recruits will have found out that they can do well enough where they are, and many of them will act accordingly. There are really only two happy men in the world," said a bright, healthy-looking tramp to me one day, "the tramp and the millionaire. And was partly right. I am not. But why am I so positive in my prediction that things will repeat themselves in this decade? Simply because there is no reason to think that the world will change much in respect to the following things:

1. Prodigality in flesh and fish.
2. Foolish charity.
3. Legal stimulation of chronic misdeemeanor.
4. Toleration of the drink nuisance.

"This is the quadrilateral of vagabondage, within whose safe lines the tramp plays hole and corner