

A SONG OF THE SAND-MAN.

Ho! for the Sand-man! jolly old fellow. With twinkling eyes and a gleaming smile. He comes when the candles flicker yellow.

UNCLE JACOB'S RUSE.

A Change in His Will Produces a Happy Effect.

Jenny and Lucy Bagley were the prettiest two girls in Bally Bottom. Their mother was very proud of them, and though a widow in straitened circumstances she strained her narrow means to put them at the new seminary.

The girls came home finished at last, and Uncle Jacob was teased into buying a grand piano, with half a cart load of fashionable music.

At last a star of the first magnitude set the firmament of Bally Bottom all ablaze. It was no less a luminary than Mr. Cleophas Brassey.

For the first time in their lives was there any jealousy between the sisters. For a time Mr. Brassey distributed his attentions impartially between the two.

But Cleophas Brassey was of a more practical turn of mind than the metaphysical donkey that starved to death between two haystacks.

From that time forth it ceased to be a question where Mr. Brassey's predilections lay. It was nothing but Lucy with him now.

the other, turning to resume his lecture with Lucy, and Hackler left. Uncle Jacob's ears had not been idle; and when, in the evening, it was disclosed in family council that Mr. Brassey had that afternoon proposed to Lucy, the old gentleman, instead of exploding as had been feared, smoked his pipe in silence.

Next morning Uncle Jacob was off betimes to town. Going straight to Lawyer Hackler's office, he sought and obtained a private interview.

"How mooch you sarch to write my will?" he asked. "Twenty-five dollars," replied the lawyer, blandly.

"Doo mooch," objected Uncle Jacob. "Shoost shdrick off der dwenty und it's a pargain."

Mr. Hackler expostulated a little, but finally accepted the amendment. "How do you wish to leave your property, Mr. Ransower?" he inquired, dipping his pen in the ink, and drawing toward him a sheet of paper.

"Vell, I was goin' to leave it to der two girls, szhare and szhare alike; put now Lucy, she's goin' to marry sooch a mighty rich feller dot she von't need some more; so I fe gonclooted shoov' to kiff all my leedle bile to Chinnny."

Mr. Hackler opened his eyes, but took down his client's instructions without comment, promising to have the document prepared as early as the press of other business would permit.

That same afternoon Mr. Brassey knocked at the Widow Bagley's door. Could he see Miss Jenny? he inquired.

When Jenny entered the sitting-room, where she found Mr. Brassey waiting, her face looked as much like a thunder-cloud as a pretty face could. And the thunder came near bursting when Mr. Brassey had the assurance to ask her to walk with him.

At the first lull he told about his interview with Lawyer Hackler on the subject of the will. There was a sudden dropping of scales from two pairs of blazing eyes.

For a time Mr. Brassey distributed his attentions impartially between the two. It would have puzzled him, indeed, to give a reason for a preference. In point of looks, neither sister had the advantage, and Uncle Jacob's money, it was understood, was to go to them in equal portions.

CHRISTIE.



EDARWOOD stood between the hills and the shore; a cheery place peeping out from its clump of cedars, and commonly known as the 'Captain's house.'

It had been the bachelor quarters of Captain Delancy for a dozen years or more; but now it had been refurbished and set in order, for the 'Captain' had gone South for a bride.

All Rockford was really nervous, so eager were they to get a glimpse of the Southern beauty vily enough to have snared Martin Delancy's heart; all but little Christie Burns.

She heard the gossip with blanched face and compressed lips, and her sweet dreams of Cedarwood vanished into the bitterness of the cruel awakening.

Only a week before the Captain had invited her over to see the new arrangements, and seemed so pleased with her warm approval.

And now—how would bring a bride from the southland to his cozy apartments! Of it was too much! Christie walked on the bright shore; climbed up the hills, high up among the silvery birches and straggling oaks to try to forget.

She clutched at the roots of a hemlock, but they eluded her frantic efforts, and with a cry Christie shut her eyes and went down—down.

"The water's mighty rough, 'pears to me; guess I'll pull ashore." And shoreward came the boat of old Lee, the fisherman.

His long, unkempt locks blowing in the breeze, his ragged jacket and general dilapidated appearance were enough to excite pity, but for all that he would have laughed the idea to scorn.

He gathered up his basket with its two pickered and trudged along over the wet sand, his hair flying in the wind and dreamy expressions flitting across his wrinkled visage.

"'Lor, what's this! Why! great guns, it's the little brown-eyed daughter of Widder Burns, as I'm alive!"

He stooped over the prone form and, seeing no signs of animation, he shouted to a boy some distance up the shore.

"'Aho! there, Marc!" The boy turned and came back. The spray from the incoming tide drenched the feet of the unfortunate girl, and a lacerated arm showed through the white sleeve as the old fisherman lifted the girl's face tenderly to his knee.

"'She's dead, I do b'lieve; must ha' fallen from them rocks up thar' som'ers," he muttered. "I wonder why in all natur people's got to go galivantin' up these pesky hills for, an' way!"

The boy knelt by Christie and took her wrist with trembling fingers. "She's alive, sir," he said, joyfully.

"'Aye, aye!" assented the old man, and he gathered up his unconscious burden and bade Marc run on ahead of him and break the news gently to the mother.

"'Don't go an' say she's dead, now," said he; "but say Christie's had a fall an' that I'm a bringin' her home."

Half Rockford knew of the accident before dark, and Madame Eumour painted the story in glowing colors. It was no accident, 'twas just as plain as day that Christie meant suicide; because—well, it was easy to see through it now, since the Captain was on his way home with a bride.

But Christie, unconscious of the scandalous gossip, lay in the spare-room of the little cottage raving in widest delirium of petty jealousies, bright carpets, sweet-scented cedars and of—decet.

But Jack continued. "And she wandered off 'mong the hills overlooking the bay—seemed she was thinking of the—May Roy."

"For God's sake, go on!" interrupted Delancy, sinking back into his seat.

"Well, the upshot of the matter is, Miss Burns is now at death's door from an accident among the rocks, though the gossip say Christie meant to—suicide."

"The Captain laid a heavy hand on Burgess's shoulder, and his eyes seemed to blaze with an agonized fury. 'Is it as bad as that? O, my God!' And Jack nodded in the affirmative.

"This is awfully cruel and sudden," said Delancy, and his voice seemed strange and harsh, even to himself. "You will excuse me, old boy, if I go in; I think I shall have to be alone; this is sudden, awfully sudden."

"Don't do any thing rash, Captain," said Jack, uneasily, as he wrung Delancy's hand at parting. "Remember she may get well; remember that."

"I will, God bless you, Jack, I will try to keep track of that," and Captain Delancy staggered into the house.

Jack Burgess went softly down the walk and shut the wicket carefully behind him, as if he feared he might disturb his friend.

Christie was convalescing, they said. She lay on a couch in the pleasant south room of the cottage from whose windows she could look across to the hills beyond Cedarwood.

The autumn coloring of the oaks, the silvery sprays of the birch and the dark pines above attracted her attention and she thought ran on and on; but presently she started violently.

"What is it, dear?" Captain Delancy had just entered the room and saw with alarm the flush deeper on the pale face, and that wild look of delirium creeping into the dark eyes again.

He had talked with her only yesterday in the glowing of the October sunshine, heid her thin white hands confidently in his own and felt sure that the pain and suffering were over. She had seemed so contented and hopeful, but now the thin hands fluttered wildly and the restless eyes failed in recognition.

"Christie, darling!" And the strong man knelt by the moaning girl and buried his face in the pillows to weep.

"The mother came and bent over the tossing, delirious girl. And all hope died out in both fond hearts as the mutterings of terrible delirium fell on their ears.

"I see a bride—the bride of Cedarwood, moaned the sufferer. 'She comes robed in white—in white; but her wedding gown doesn't fit. No; it is too stiff, and so narrow more like the robes of the dead.'

"'O, Father in Heaven!" wailed the mother. "In Heaven—Heaven," repeated the wild, incoherent lips.

The physician came and shook his head sorrowfully. "No hope; no hope," he said, sadly.

"Dressed in a shroud the bride cometh," and the restless eyes looked strangely from one loved face to the other as they bent above, keeping that last vigil in an agony untold.

The fever of delirium had burned out. Pale as a lily lay Christie in the sunset light; but reason had not returned, and the sands of life were about run out.

LAFE TURLEY'S WOOING.

How a Young Hoosier Popped the Question to His Best Girl.

Lafe Turley had been courting old man Hite's daughter, Heppie, for a long time; but somehow had never mustered up the courage to ask her to be his wife. One Sunday evening, however, as he and Heppie were spooning together out on the front porch, Lafe so far overcame his bashfulness as to make an attempt to come to some sort of an understanding in this matter.

"Heppie," he began, "it looks as though we wuz goin' ter have a right smart lot o' wheat arter all this year. That bottom field o' mine's ergoin' to pan out first-rate."

"I'm glad o' that, Lafe," replied Heppie, "but pap says our'n ain't ergoin' ter mount ter much."

"My co'n's er lookin' bully, too," continued Lafe; "don't b'lieve I ever seed it a-doin' so well afore at this time o' year."

"Well, Lafe," said Heppie as she smiled winningly into his face, "you're mighty lucky, 'rse you're a tip-top good farmer, I dunno which."

"Heppie," said Lafe, impulsively, "I'm both; I've allus been lucky, an' besides, I know as much erbout croppin' an' handlin' stock as ther next feller. An' that ain't all," he continued, "I've got forty acres of good farmin' lan' all paid fer, with a good house on in, an' I wuz a-thinkin'—"

Here he stopped and began whipping the dust out of his trousers with the riding whip which he still had in his hand.

"What wuz it you wuz er thinkin' of Lafe?" queried Heppie softly as she stole a mischievous, yet encouraging, glance at her embarrassed lover.

"Well," said Lafe, with considerable effort, "I wuz thinkin', Heppie, that considerin' as I am tollable lucky, an', 'sides, ain't no fool in farmin' matters, 'at you wouldn't mind marryin' a feller like me, speshully when he loves you so well 'at he kain't find words to tell you about it."

"Lafe," she answered softly, as she nestled closer to him, "I've knowed a long time that you thought more o' me than you did any one else. Yes," she continued, "I love you, Lafe, an' I'll be as good er wife as I can ter yer; but wuz er long time screwin' yer courage to the stickin' p'int."

"Well," said Lafe, boldly and utterly regardless of the lie he was about to utter, "I wuz sorter waitin' till I could git things licked inter shape afore I axed you. I don't b'lieve in a feller gittin' a wife until he's got a place ter take her to. Besides, I knowed yer pap wouldn't er let us git married till I'd got some kind of a start, anyhow."

"Lafe Turley, I don't believe you," retorted Heppie, poutingly. "You wuzn't certain I'd have yer, an' you wuz afeard ter ax me fer fear I'd say no."

"Oh, shucks!" said Lafe, as he hugged her tighter to his bosom. "I wuzn't afeard ter ask yer, Heppie, but if you'd er said no, that would erbout killed me. I'd er got outen old Indyanny in mighty short order, I'm er tellin' yer."

"Well," said Heppie, "you'd orter 'a' knowed I wouldn't 'a' let you come here so long er I hadn't 'a' keered a little fer yer."

"Yes, I know," rejoined Lafe, "but gals is such queer critters you kain't just tell much erbout 'em, nobow."

And so he told the truth at last; for had he known what Heppie's answer would have been, it would have saved him many months of torturing anxiety and uncertainty. She was an enigma to him, as are all girls to those whose hearts they hold enthralled, and who, like Lafe, are, as a rule, cowards in the presence of the woman they love.

—Ed. R. Pritchard, in Arkansas Traveler.

A Legend for Tea-Drinkers. There is a curious old Japanese legend which professes to account for the origin of the tea plant. Somewhere about the year 519 A. D., a certain Buddhist priest of great sanctity paid a visit to the Celestial empire, and, in order to devote himself entirely to the service of God, he solemnly vowed up on one occasion that he would not go to sleep for the remainder of his earthly life, but spend his time in perpetual meditation. Years rolled by, until at last one sultry day, nature asserted herself, and the poor devotee of Buddha fell fast asleep. So great was his remorse when he awoke that, in order to preclude the possibility of a repetition of slumber, he there and then cut off both his eyelashes and flung them on the ground. Passing by the spot next day, great was his astonishment at beholding each eyelash metamorphosed into a shrub and exhibiting "the form of an eyelid bordered with lashes, and possessing the gift of hindering sleep."

PERSONAL AND LITERARY.

—Mrs. Adeline D. T. Whitney, the authoress, is a sister of George Francis Train.

—Chauncey M. Depew recently did the first newspaper work of his life for which he received payment. It was an editorial on "The Fourth of July" for Frank Leslie's Weekly, and Mr. Depew was paid \$100 for it.

—W. Martindale, of the London Public Opinion and a Corsican by birth, has probably the most remarkably retentive memory in the world. Indeed, it is claimed that after listening attentively to a speech of thirty to forty thousand words, he can go to his desk and write it out verbatim, without the use of notes of any kind.

—Mary Gordon Duffee, the authoress, lives with her aged mother in a ruined frame cottage which sits perched on the very summit of a picturesque mountain near Blount Springs, Ala. Miss Duffee is now about fifty years old and is very eccentric. Of late years she has depended almost entirely on the charity of her kind-hearted neighbors.

—Gail Hamilton, whose real name is Miss Mary A. Dodge, prepares her manuscript for the press on odd scraps of paper, with a stub pen. One of her recent articles was entirely written on the inside blank pages of old envelopes which she had cut open and saved. Friends who send her letters of which one sheet is left clean furnish her with a large amount of her writing material. Miss Dodge's handwriting is a bold, round, masculine type, and no one would suspect that it was produced by a woman.

—The leading tenor of the world today, Tamagno, is about forty years of age, and originally assisted his father in the manufacture of mineral waters in Turin. He and his brother, a baritone, became members of a choral society of working-men, who used to give evening concerts in the public gardens, and in this capacity the tenor attracted the notice of Signor d'Albezio, who gave him a musical education. Three years later, in 1873, Tamagno made his debut in "Un Ballo," at Palermo, and has since been one of the most popular tenors in Italy and Spain, and particularly in South America, where he amassed a fortune. He has a powerful voice, extending two full octaves to the upper C.

—Probably the highest price ever paid for a book was £10,000, given by the German Government for a missal formerly given by Pope Leo X. to King Henry VIII. of England, along with a parchment conferring on that sovereign the right of assuming the title of "Defender of the Faith," borne ever since by English Kings. It was sold at auction some years ago. The book which secured the highest offer was a Hebrew Bible in the possession of the Vatican. In 1512 the Jews of Venice proposed to Pope Julius II. to buy the Bible, and to pay for it its weight in gold. It was so heavy that it required two men to carry it. Indeed, it weighed 325 pounds, thus representing the value of half a million of francs (£20,000). Though being much pressed for money, in order to keep up the "Holy League" against King Louis XII. of France, Julius II. declined to part with the volume.

—A pocket-book made of rattlesnake hide, which is so repulsive to ladies that they won't touch it, is bringing quite a sale among married men.—Pittsburgh Dispatch.

—Reporter—"What shall I say about Mulligrubs? He kicked me down-stairs." Editor—"Oh, just say that he declined, with much emphasis, to express any opinions whatever today."—Exchange.

—You say that cognac is the best remedy for colic? But I find it just the other way. My husband used to be troubled seldom, but since I have kept cognac in the house he complains of colic almost every day.—Fleigende Blatter.

—If a street-car would make any thing like the time after the passenger gets aboard that he is called upon to make in chasing one our dream of rapid transit would be realized. But cars don't run that way.—Boston Commonwealth.

—Insurance Agent—"But you must insure in one of these companies." "Oh, leave me alone; you can see well enough that I am going to the dogs." "The very thing! Here is a company to insure against the bite of mad dogs."—Fleigende Blatter.

—Office Boy—"There's a letter for you on the table, Mr. Spinks." (Spinks looks at it and finds that it is a bill for his wedding suit. As he has been married fifteen years he wonders how it happens to be on his table.) Spinks—"Who brought this?" Office Boy—"A messenger boy, sir."—Lawrence American.

—She (softly)—"I shall never forget this night—and the ball." He (zenderly)—"Tell me why." She—"And that last waltz!" He—"You delight me!" She—"And you!" He—"You entrance me! Then I have impressed you?" She (more softly than ever)—"Yes, you've about smashed two of my toes."—Boston Beacon.

—Editor Cheap Monday—"I tell you it makes a man feel good to do a noble action. I'll sleep well to-night." Admiring Wife—"Have you rescued some children from cruelty or saved a life, my dear?" "Well, no, not exactly; but to-day a young woman who has been furnishing us with matter for three years without charge came into the office and I gave her fifty cents."—Philadelphia Record.



"BLAMED IF I KNOW."



"'LOR, WHAT'S THIS?"

A GREAT CURIOSITY.

An Editor, Driven by Want, Disposes of a Wonderful Postal Card.

"I have something that I would like to sell you," said a man addressing the manager of a dime museum.

"What is it?" "A postal card. Here it is." "Is it from a noted man?" the manager asked, taking the card and glancing at it.

"No, very obscure man, I should think." "Look here, you must think I am a fool. What advantage can such a thing be to me? Is a postal card so rare that it will attract attention?"

"Oh, there is nothing more common than a postal card, yet there is nothing rarer than this one. Let me read it. 'Please send me a sample copy of your paper.'"

—I have just received," said the lawyer, breaking in on the company with the air of one on pressing business, "an offer of two hundred thousand dollars for your Florida plantation. What answer shall I give?"

—Julian Hawthorne has written twenty-nine books.

—"I understand you are one of the fair graduates, Miss Peace." "More than fair, Mr. Fleecy. I stood ninety-six in all my examinations."—Epoch.

—Minister—Ah, Mr. Pillar, the church is needy in need of funds. Parsonage—What's wanted? "I have started a subscription to buy the new organ and another for the poor of the parish."

—"I can't contribute to both." "Then subscribe to the organ fund."—Times.