

A WOMAN'S HEART



JOHN GANT drew himself behind the pillar of the veranda and raised his slouch hat farther over his eyes as he felt the gaze of a passer by the little country inn, rest curiously upon his disfigured face.

The fresh spring morning had no charm for him for he felt that his life was ruined. He looked over at the tiny vine-trellised cottage, with a bitter sigh and a rebellious spirit.

He had come from the hospital to his old home, and for a whole week had been so near to Rose, his sweetheart, that twenty steps would have carried him to her side; and yet he had kept his room until the morning of his departure, fearing, by chance to meet her.

He had sent coldly polite notes of thanks for the many gifts of flowers and books which had come to him from her kind hands; and though his heart cried out in bitter protest, he resolved that he would never see her again.

Moodily, he smoked his cigar, and reviewed the past—the long years of toil and study in college, his admission to the bar, his first speech before a jury—a speech that had won the plaudits and bright predictions of his colleagues.

The explosion of a gun in his own hands had robbed his right eye of its sight, and torn his cheek so frightfully that he started in horror when he first saw its reflection in the mirror.

Suddenly, a sweet young voice rang out in a merry song, behind the tall thorn hedge, and in an instant the man was on his feet.

It was Rose. The desire to see her once more overpowered him. His cigar and resolution were alike forgotten. He ran down the steps, and sprang through a gap into a little flower garden, where a slender, brown-haired girl, on her knees, was searching among the wet leaves for violets.

"Good morning, John," she said, quickly. "See! I have quite a nice little bunch. Papa had his yesterday morning; these are for you. Kneel down here while I pin them on."

And the young fellow knelt at her side, and shut his teeth tightly together, while with dew-wet fingers she pinned the fragrant cluster on his coat.

How sweet she was! How dangerously kind and oblivious! He must not stay; he could not trust himself any longer.

They both rose, she blushing a little at her nonsense. "I have come to bid you good-by, Rose," he said, almost curtly. "I have sufficiently recovered, I think, to go back to work, and I leave for the city within an hour. Rose, I want you to know how deeply grateful I am for your many acts of kindness. I have seemed cold and unappreciative, but I have not been indifferent. Heaven knows I have not! I shrink so from meeting you. But I believe you will understand it all."

The girl looked at him with an aching heart. Yes, she understood. Oh, the pity of it all! That stalwart figure, so suggestive of power and strength; that noble heart, cherishing only kindness for every living creature; that bright mind, sharpened and cultivated by closest study; that indomitable will, which had overcome all sorts of obstacles and won success at last; all these attributes of a grand character to be shadowed by an external flaw.

She looked at the red scarred face. "How weak I have been!" and could have cried aloud in her anguish for him.

"Rose," he continued, "I had something I intended to tell you soon, but it will never be told now. God bless you, little friend; the thought of you will always be my sweetest pleasure and safeguard."

He wrung her hand in farewell and turned to go. "John!" He wheeled and came back a step. "What was it you had meant to tell me?"

"I cannot tell you now," he said, desperately. "It would not be right; you do not understand."

Squire Gulliwum, when he found waiting for him, exhalant an atmosphere of dignity that was positively oppressive.

"I demand an explanation of this outrage," exclaimed the prisoner.

"Have a care, young man," admonished the squire, "lest to your other crimes you add the still more heinous one of contempt of court."

"I may at least know of what I am accused," persisted Ray, mastering his anger.

"You'll have an examination to-morrow," replied his honor. "In the meantime it is my duty to commit you."

The mittians, already made out, was handed to one of the officers, and the line of march taken up for the jail in the order before indicated.

At the hour fixed for the examination a crowd had assembled, the like of which had never been seen in Gutchley since that memorable Fourth of July which Squire Gulliwum had rendered illustrious by delivering an oration on horseback, in full uniform, in the center of a hollow square formed of the "Gory Grays," standing at "present."

With some difficulty the prisoner was ushered through the crowd into the magisterial presence and confronted with his accuser—no other than his fair landlady, whom the very sight of him seemed to give a turn.

The magistrate begged her to compose herself, which she did to some extent, and after being duly sworn, and having chastely kissed the book, she proceeded:

It was not her nature, if she knew herself, to be suspicious. The late Mr. Peake (tears to his memory) had pronounced this the weak point in her character. Still, she noticed a marked want of openness in her behavior. She had observed, too, occasional symptoms of levity in his conduct. She would scorn to pry into other people's secrets, but when people will leave their letters lying about other people can't help seeing what's in them sometimes. It was in this way she had become informed of an atrocious plot against her own life. Here the witness quite broke down.

"Did you find that paper in the prisoner's apartment?" interrogated the squire, producing the letter before referred to.

"I—I—I—did—did—did—sobbing. Paper marked and read. "Dear Ray: Your idea of killing the widow is capital. Carry it out at once. Will see you in a day or two. Q."

A loud laugh in the rear of the crowd interrupted the proceedings. "Who's that contending the court?" shouted the squire.

"No offense intended," said a jolly, good-looking gentleman, pushing his way forward; "but this is too good!" "Hullo, Quarto!" cried Ray; "a pretty scrape that confounded letter of yours has got me into."

"Do I understand you to be the author of that epistle?" inquired Gulliwum of the stranger.

The latter owned up. "Arrest him as an accomplice!" commanded the squire.

"Beg pardon," interrupted Mr. Meek, the village pastor; "but I happen to know this gentleman. This is Mr. Quarto, the publisher. There must be some mistake here."

"Let him explain it, then," said the squire.

The stranger asked no better. Mr. Ray was an author who was writing a novel for him, the heroine of which was a young widow, whom it had been deemed advisable to kill off in the concluding chapter. And the "bloody business" referred to in the publisher's note "had that extent—no more."

Mr. Quarto was cut short by a roar of laughter in which everybody joined but the widow and the squire.

Had Faith. "One of the most remarkable cases of faith I have ever seen," said a well known physician recently, "occurred when I was a student in Philadelphia. I had a patient, an Irishman, who had a broken leg. When the plaster bandage was removed, and a lighter one put in its place, I noticed that one of the pins went in with great difficulty, and I could not understand it. A week after, in removing this pin I found it had stuck hard and fast, and I was forced to remove it with forceps. What was my astonishment on making an examination to find that the pin had been run through the skin twice instead of through the flesh."

"Why, Pat," said I, "didn't you know that pin was sticking in you?" "To be shure I did," replied Pat, "but I thought you knowed your business, and so I hit me tongue."

Clined the Matter. Paddy has been telling the story of a big pike he caught—too big to get into the boat, so that he had to be towed behind (with the gaff in it, it must be understood). Then followed this dialogue: "What weight, Paddy?" "Divil a know I know, but he was an ogous baste." "Was that the biggest you ever saw, Paddy?" Then a description of the "ogous." "What weight, Paddy?" "Sorra a bit I know—he was a terror." "How big, Paddy?" "Sare, I can't tell to a fut or two, but a man could walk down his throat." On his incredulity; but Paddy "clined the matter and silenced all controversy" by adding: "Wid his hat on."

A DOG ON THE ROAD.

OWNEY, THE RAILWAY MAIL CLERK'S CANINE FRIEND.

Starts on His Customary Winter Trip to the South—A Canine Adventurer's Story—Has Some Startling Human Instincts.



OWNEY, THE DOG tramp of the railway mail service, is still on his travels and was the guest last week of C. F. Cullberg of Jersey City, who carried him to Philadelphia and then turned the four-footed protege of the railroad postal clerks over to one of the boys bound for the south.

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take a royal Bengal tiger. He views the ever changing scenery through which he passes out of one eye. The other he left in Canada two years ago, after an unpleasant encounter with another dog. Owney has the postal car habit so thoroughly developed that he can rest in no other places, and sleep only comes to his tired eyes when he lies curled up on a mail sack. He wears a broad collar with a tinkling bell, and an inscription that tells an inquiring world that "I am Owney, the railway mail dog, whose dog are you?"



OWNEY, THE RAILWAY MAIL CLERK'S DOG FRIEND.

A Box Mystery. Harvey Huffer, who committed suicide at Fairbairn, Ind., recently, had among his effects a small box that he always kept locked securely. He showed it to his mother two years ago, remarking at the time: "Mother, this box contains my private affairs, and if I should die before you do, I want this box and its contents buried just as you find them." When found, his hand was resting on the box, which was still securely locked, and, it is thought, contained secrets which would probably unravel the mystery of his death and, perhaps, the peculiar source of his conduct for several years past. But the family took the box out into the garden, and, without opening it, committed it to the flames. The neighborhood is now rife with divers mysteries and unexplained schemes.

Next Epworth International Conference. The general committee, has located the international conference of the Epworth league, for 1895, at Chattanooga, Tenn. The dates fixed are June 27, 28, 29, 30. It was decided to hold the meeting in the south and Chattanooga forcibly presented the advantages of the historic surroundings of that city, as well as good hotel and railroad facilities, and has secured the conference. An attendance of 10,000 to 15,000 is anticipated. One open air meeting will be held on Lookout mountain. There are now 1,000,000 members of the Epworth league in the United States.

Not Master of the Language. A foreigner, not absolutely certain of all the shades of meaning in our English words, recently attended a reception at Vassar college, at which the young ladies of the institution were arrayed in all the bewitching beauty of evening toiles. Said he to the president: "I have never before seen so grand a sight as those young ladies in their nightgowns."

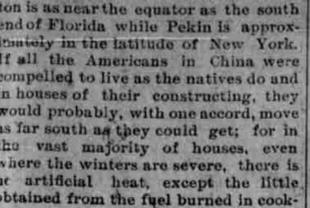
The Final Notice. A store keeper in Colton, Wash., goes after his non-paying customers through the village paper as follows: "All persons indebted to me on account will save cash and trouble by coming in and settling up, as I have spent all the money and shoe leather that I intend to. Take warning. Last notice."

Hermit of Mohankus. The Hermit of Mohankus, Maine, carries a shot-gun, but no ammunition. Using mostly on headnuts and hush.

A PRETTY CHINESE COTTAGE

Its Airy Structure Shows That It Was Not Built for North China Winters. This is a picture of a small and pretty Chinese residence in Canton. There are plenty of shade trees on the land side of this house, though the Chinese are said as a rule to be indifferent to trees around their habitations. If they need shade they seem to prefer to stretch mats on poles. China is large enough to enjoy a considerable variety of climate, and so airy an abode as this would hardly be found in northern China, where the rivers freeze over in the winter months. Canton is as near the equator as the south end of Florida while Pekin is approximately in the latitude of New York. If all the Americans in China were compelled to live as the natives do and in houses of their constructing, they would probably, with one accord, move as far south as they could get; for in the vast majority of houses, even where the winters are severe, there is no artificial heat, except the little obtained from the fuel burned in cooking.

It is so cold in winter in the houses of the common people of north China that they usually wear all the clothing they can put on. In the dog days in America the usual question, "Is it hot enough for you?" often gives annoyance to sweltering folks who haven't



PRIVATE RESIDENCE IN CANTON.

The Average Man. In the man of average stature the height of the body is ten times the length of the face; the face from the chin to the hair is as long as the hand; the arm is four times the length of the face; the sole of the foot is one-sixth the length of the body, and six times the thickness of the hand in the thickest place equals the thickness of the body.

A New Advertising Device. The latest advertising device is to decorate shop windows with what appear to be big cracks in the plate glass. This is called a decoration advisedly, for it is put on with French chalk and paint. Gray or bluish lines, radiating from a center, having a surprisingly likeness to a break, and the device serves its purpose of causing people to stop and look.

Wants to Change His Name. Little Coon, an intelligent colored hardware merchant in New Orleans, has made application to have his name legally changed. He is six feet high, weighs 220 pounds and says his name makes people laugh the moment they see him.

Is a Phenomenon in Strength. Willie Holmes of LaPorte, Ind., is a phenomenon in strength; and if he grows to manhood will undoubtedly surpass Sandow. Although but 4 years old he weighs eighty-five pounds, and easily carries his father, Charles Holmes, who weighs 175 pounds, across the room, and does other wonderful feats of strength.

Sheriff of London Town. Alderman and Sheriff Samuel, recently elected to the London shrievalty, is the youngest of that great city's magistrates, being only 41 years of age. The business of which the young official is now the head was founded in London in 1832, and consti-

tuted under its present style in 1878. The firm of Messrs. Samuel, Samuel & Co., Yokohama and Kobe, Japan, of which Marcus Samuel is also the head, is one of the leading houses in the Japan trade.

Saved Himself and Others. "Uncle Billy" Patterson, who died in West Philadelphia recently, had been for forty-three years an engineer on the Philadelphia railroad, and was never hurt in an accident.

Sold an Historical Farm. Judge John C. Creal recently sold the Kentucky farm upon which Abraham Lincoln was born. There are 110 1/2 acres of it. The purchaser is A. W. Dennett, who paid \$4,000 for the property, and will convert it in a park, free to all.

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