THE DEAR OLD WORLD.

My dear old world, I love you so!
Your rain and frost, and dew and snow,
And rock and river, lake and sea,
Are like familiar friends to me.

I love your mountains, tall and grand,
Your lonesome caves and wastes of sand.
The flowers and ferns that deck the sod
Are all the generous gifts of God.

The other worlds are faint and far,
Each one a point, a speck, a star;
I know them not, their thronging hosts
Are strange and dim, like dreams or ghosts.

But you, my world of light and shade,
I know you well, your beams are laid
Plain in my sight; beneath your dome
I live, and love, and feel at home.

Here was my cradle rocked, and here
My mortal frame shall disappear.
Some blessed hour, in slumber deep,
Back to your heart your child will creep.
—Ellen M. H. Gates, in N. Y. Examiner.

BLACK BEARD, THE CURSE OF THE COAST. BY H. E. SCOTT.

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CHAPTER XXIV.

"IN MY CASE, THE SEA GAVE UP ITS DEAD."

At ten o'clock on the morning of the 10th Hugh Gordon and Tom boarded the steamer for Wilmington, where they arrived at noon.

Tom had stated at home "that he was going up the river on the steamer, but would be back before the time set for the marriage ceremony."

His father and mother supposed that his errand to town was to procure some present for one or both of the brides.

Arrived in Wilmington, the two gentlemen proceeded to the Carolina hotel to dinner, and at two o'clock stood on the piazza of a brick residence on Chestnut street.

Hugh Gordon thumped on the old-fashioned knocker, and a colored girl opened the door.

"How is the colonel to-day?" asked Gordon.

"De doctor say he much improved; he in de office; come dis away."

They followed the girl into the office. A smooth-faced gentleman, whose silvery hair bespoke the fact that he had passed the meridian of life, was seated in a large rocker before a table on which were arranged before him numerous papers and law books, while from the array along the wall it was evident to Tom that they were in the office of an attorney at law.

"Good day, gentlemen; will you be seated? Hester, will you place chairs for the gentlemen near the table?"

"Colonel," said Gordon, "I trust I find you much improved."

"Very much, Mr. Gordon, thank you."

"Allow me, colonel, to introduce my friend Lieut. Thomas Hill

"Indeed, young man, I am glad to meet you. I have had the pleasure of lifelong acquaintance with your father, but I suppose that he now thinks I am at the bottom of the sea."

"I remember seeing you often, at our home, when a boy, and can assure you, my father greatly regretted to hear of your loss at sea; if I remember it was at the time the Media went down."

"The same, Tom. You will excuse me for calling an old friend's children by their given names."

"I should wish to be called no other, colonel."

"Well, Gordon, how did your snare operate? I suppose Tom is conversant with the matter, or he would not be here in your company?"

"He is fully so, colonel, and together we listened to admissions by Lathrop of his guilt."

Here Gordon related all that had transpired, the night before, in the library at Kendall.

"He is evidently filled with remorse at this time," said Col. Strange, for he it was.

"So much so, that I doubt even if the justice of the law is meted out to him."

"You fear suicide, then?"

"I should not be surprised at any time to hear that he had taken his life. I feel almost certain that he will attempt it, when he is confronted with the charge of murdering his uncle."

"Far better should he die by his own hand," said the attorney. "My poor friend, Loyd, distrusted Herbert, but little did he think that the youth he educated and raised would prove his assassin."

"Colonel, will you please state to Mr. Hill, the circumstances in regard to the will of the banker."

"That is soon done: On the 29th day of October, 1829, at just about this hour, John Loyd sat where you now sit, and at his dictation I drew up his will. He desired to have me act as his administrator, in case of his death. I had all arrangements made for a trip to Europe, and stated that sometimes people were lost at sea, and suggested that he select some one else, or leave a vacancy, until I returned.

"He replied: 'Leave the name vacant, Jim; you know more as to my affairs than does anyone else, and I guess I won't peg out before you return.'

"'No, John, I trust not,' I said, 'or for many years to come, but should you, the name being absent would not invalidate the will, and the court would see that your daughter was properly protected. In the will was a clause leaving Herbert Lathrop $5,000, and Mr. Loyd seemed to think that he was treating him very liberally. He said as much, and added: 'If at his age he cannot succeed in life, with the education I have given him and $5,000, he probably would not with more.

"'Of course, should I live for years and see proper to make his bequest larger, I can do so, but that is enough money to place in the hands of a young man of his age.'

"Andrew Bligh, passing as I had concluded writing the will, I called him in, and he and myself signed it as witnesses; but poor Bligh went down with the ill-fated Media, while in my case the sea gave up its dead, that I might aid in bringing to justice the murderer of my old friend.

"Herbert Lathrop altered that will, either directly before or after the murder.

"It was an easy matter for a man proficient with a pen to add a cipher, and change a five to fifty, and it was done. Then seeing that the provisions of the will required no bond, what easier than to insert the name Herbert Lathrop, and the handling of John Loyd's fortune was in his hands.

"The fortune may have suffered much, but I trust not. He was so anxious to call your sister wife that he has hardly dissipated much of it, and then, doubtless he was held in check by a knowledge that your father and Clarence would have an eye on him.

"I congratulate you most fervently, young man, on the escape of your sister."

"It has been, indeed, a narrow escape," said Tom. "Then Herbert Lathrop is responsible for the creation of Black Beard?"

"It would seem so, but I have not yet concluded. Two months after drawing John Loyd's will, I took passage on the Media for Europe; we were wrecked but 100 miles from our destination, and 40 miles from the coast. Passengers and crew were with but three exceptions lost. I was one of the three, a New Yorker, named Murray, and Griswold, the purser, were the other two. We stuck to the wreck, and after four days of the most terrible suffering, were rescued, all others on board trusted to the ship's boats, and were overcome by the tremendous waves, and lost.

"My mind had become so affected by the strain that until three months ago I was an inmate of an asylum in England, but fortune eventually smiled on me, and I have regained my reason. I have now been home two weeks, but it is not generally known, as my physician counsels rest of mind for yet another year, and I do not care to take up the law again. Now it is only necessary for you to go to the courthouse and make affidavit of the facts which you have learned. Warrants will be issued for the apprehension of Lathrop, and officers accompany you back and apprehend him."

At five o'clock Gordon and Tom, with two officers, boarded the Sunshine, but it was yet a good half hour before she cast off lines; she delayed as long as could be done with safety in order to give those who desired to attend the weddings an opportunity to do so. However, at 5:30 the little steamer got under way, and it was expected that she would easily reach Orton in two hours, but by a bad stroke of misfortune, she broke the shaft of her propeller when off Town Creek, and yet a good nine miles from Orton.

"The jig is up," said the captain, "here we lay all night, unless we send a boat back for a tug to tow us back to town, we're here for three or four hours certainly. I am sorry, but you'll all miss the double marriage, unless I put you ashore, and you walk, and I haven't time to do that, as I must dispatch a boat for help."

"Captain," exclaimed Tom, quickly, "will you kindly put this party on shore? I must be at my brother's wedding."

"Why, yes, Tom, if you can struggle through those swamps; it's past six now, you have an hour and a half to cover nine miles of swamp and sandy ridges; it is impossible."

"I think not, captain, if you will do so quick. Horrell lives but three miles from here. I'll get a rig from him to carry us from there on."

"True, you may get there in that way, but you'll be worth looking at before you get out of the swamp.

"Mate, send these four gentlemen ashore, then take four good oarsmen and pull back to town for a tug."

The lieutenant, Gordon and the officers were soon struggling through the swamp in the direction of Horrell's, and there we will leave them and return to Orton.

CHAPTER XXV.

NOT A DOUBLE WEDDING.

At 7:30 on the night of the 10th, the little chapel was brightly illuminated, and a number of neighboring planters, with their wives, were seated and waiting the arrival of the contracting parties to the two marriages that would soon take place.

The first dozen seats in the chapel as one entered the door were filled with a number of the old family servants of the Hills and of John Loyd.

Uncle Job was there, and felt his importance much, for had he not belonged to Squire Hill's father before him, and had he not trotted on his knee, in their childhood, all of his master's children?

Dinah was there, rigged out in furbelows and ribbons, her round, black face beaming with smiles, and aside from those on the inside of the chapel there were a good number on the outside, waiting to catch a glimpse of young master and miss when they entered the door.

At 15 minutes to eight a carriage rolled up and the clergyman, Rev. Elliot Chambers, with his wife and daughter, descended from it and entered the chapel.

Placing his wife and daughter in seats well advanced, Rev. Chambers entered the vestry, from which ten minutes later he emerged clad in the robes of the Church of England.

At this moment two carriages dashed up from opposite directions.

From one descended Squire Hill, his wife, Clarence and Clara; and from the other Fannie, Herbert Lathrop and Aunt Mag.

"I wish Tom were here," said the squire, "and the guests from Wilmington. Something must have delayed the steamer. It can't be helped; they may be here to join us in the wedding supper.

"The time has arrived, Clarence. See the clergyman is waiting. Let there never be delay in a marriage."

A moment more and Clarence and Fannie stood before the man of God.

"If there be any here who know of any impediment why this man and woman may not lawfully be joined together in wedlock, let them now speak, or hereafter hold their peace."

There were none who spoke.

"Who giveth this woman to be married to this man?"

Herbert Lathrop looked both pale and nervous as he placed Fannie's hand in that of Clarence, and in a moment more Clarence led his blushing bride one side, and Herbert Lathrop and Clara Hill stood before the altar.

Clara appeared as lovely as ever, but the expression on her face was not one to denote happiness.

But a short distance behind Lathrop, and leaning against one of the pillars of the chapel, was Aunt Mag.

Her quadroon face was nearly as pale as Herbert's, and she had been glancing nervously toward the door ever since she had entered the chapel. Now the time had come, and he who was to attend to the balance was not there.

"Da fails me! Da fails me!" thought Mag, "but ole marster, I done swar the man what murdered you shall never marry Clara Hill. A nigger's oath don't count, marster, but dis do," and she clutched tightly the handle of the knife that her dress skirt concealed.

"If there be any present who know of any impediment why this man and this woman may not lawfully be joined together in wedlock, let them now speak, or hereafter hold their peace."

"I knows, marster!" and the tall quadroon stood erect.

Every eye in the chapel was turned towards her with astonishment.

She knew that to pause would be fatal to her purpose, as she would be ejected from the chapel as insane, and before the onlookers could recover from their astonishment, she hastened on.

"Herbert Lathrop murdered his uncle. I saw him strike the blow. It was not Angus Bruce."

At that moment steps were heard on the piazza of the chapel.

"He struck the blow from behind the back of Angus, and 'cused him of the crime. I was the only witness, an' a nigger's oath don't go; but Herbert Lathrop killed ole marster."

All seemed paralyzed. Herbert's white face was whiter yet, and his hand dropped towards his hip pocket.

Clara had turned towards her father, and was hysterically ejaculating: "Home, father; take me home!"

Fannie was leaning on the arm of Clarence, speechless.

"She is crazy!" suddenly exclaimed Herbert; "always was crazy!"

"Certainly," said the squire; "you were foolish to bring her here. This is very unpleasant. All know who killed John Loyd. He fled as a result

"I saw him strike the blow."

of the crime, and has become notorious the world over. This poor creature is insane. Remove her, Corbett."

"Poor Aunt Mag," said Fannie; "she has surely lost her mind," and she tried to go to her, but Clarence restrained her.

"I will proceed," said the clergyman.

As Corbett stepped towards Aunt Mag her shawl fell from her head and shoulders, and her long black hair fell to her very waist. "Mag ain't forget, marster!"

A step nearer Lathrop, and one long arm was raised on high; from the hand gleamed the glittering blade of a dirk knife. "Mag won't fail!"

"Hold!"

It was a voice of command. Even Mag stood still, with the knife-blade poised in the air, as Hugh Gordon and Tom, followed by the two officers, strode down the aisle.

"I forbid the marriage of Herbert Lathrop and Miss Hill," said Gordon.

"What mean you?" exclaimed the squire. "You are a stranger here. What impediment can you know of to my daughter's marriage?"

"None, Squire Hill, to your daughter's; many to Herbert Lathrop's. Aunt Mag has told the truth. John Loyd died by the hand of his nephew. Lathrop is a self-confessed murderer.

"Last night in the library at Kendall Lieut. Hill and I heard his admissions of guilt.

"He altered his uncle's will, inserted his name in a space left vacant for that of your friend, Col. Strange, and then committed the crime that holds Angus Bruce in exile, for under the very arm of Bruce did he thrust the keen blade that let out the banker's life, and then the monster placed the crime on Angus—Aunt Mag saw it all, and none else.

"Lathrop had Bruce at his mercy. When Miss Loyd entered the library, Angus, in horror, had just drawn the fatal blade from the banker's breast.

"Col. Strange was not lost when the Media went down, but has returned. He drew the banker's will, and has stated wherein Lathrop altered it.

"Your son knows it all. But look at Lathrop, squire; his appearance speaks for itself."

Herbert's eyeballs were almost starting from their sockets. In that terrible moment he had forgotten that he stood by the side of Clara Hill, the girl whose hand to obtain, together with his uncle's wealth, had caused him to dye his hand with blood.

"The dead return to thwart me! Aunt Mag turned traitor, too!"

Fannie lay unconscious in the arms of Clarence, while Clara, leaning on the arm of her father, stood white and silent as a statue.

"Officers," said Gordon, "do your duty."

The officers started towards Herbert with the handcuffs.

All in the chapel were on their feet.

The spell that bound the assassin seemed suddenly broken. "All, all goes wrong! but Mag, the traitor," and before the officers could reach him, he raised his weapon and fired.

The quadroon fell in the main aisle of the chapel, and with one frantic cry Herbert leaped on the chancel, vanished through an open vestry door, thence out into night and darkness, and after him the two officers of the law.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A FIGURE OF SPEECH.

Mrs. Jimson Wanted to Know the Meaning of a Common Saying.

"What does it mean about letting the cat out of the bag?" asked Mrs. Jimson meditatively making imaginary letters with a forefinger.

"Oh, it's just a figure of speech," answered Mr. Jimson.

"Do you mean a cat's figure?"

"Bless the woman, she's gone daft on cats."

"No, really, Cyrus, 'the cat' must mean some particular one. Now, what cat has been let out of a bag?"

"Polly, you've got me there! I haven't an idea whose cat it was."

"Well, it sounded mysterious and queer. I heard some one say, just as I was going on a car this morning: 'The cat's out of the bag.'"

"You don't imagine, Polly, they were talking of you?"

"But, Cyrus, it was only yesterday I sent that old black cat that came into our cellar away in a bag."

"O-ho, Polly! The cat's out of the bag with a vengeance."

"But how did it get out? I told Henry to carry it down to the river and mercifully drown it in a bag."

"It evidently got out."

"But how did anyone know whose cat it was?"

Mrs. Jimson was beginning to cry, and Mr. Jimson's face relaxed a little of its severity.

"Polly, it's all right, only you were born a decade too soon. You'll catch on some of these days, and then you'll be able to distinguish between a joke and a sermon. Now, just remember this. Next to letting a cat out of a bag the worst thing is to try and crowd it in again. S'long, Polly."—Chicago Times-Herald.

SHE TURNED UP AGAIN.

Raft Proved to Be a Poor Conveyance for an Elopement.

"I rode up to a cabin in Knox county, Ky.," said John Williams, a traveling man, to a Star reporter, "and as I approached the man of the house, inquired:

"'Stranger, did yo' see a red-headed gal with a yaller sunbonnet comin' from town?'

"'No.'

"'I reckon she'll be hyer termorrer.'

"'Expecting company?'

"'No; jess my darter. She's been down ter Frankfort. She tuk in her head ter git married an' run off with a no-'count feller, Tim Hadley. They stole a raft o' mine an' floated down the Kaintuck ter Frankfort.'

"'Did you stop them?'

"'No; mail gits ter Frankfort quicker'n a raft, so I writ ter Jim Wakefield down thar ter buy th' logs, put Tim in jail fer stealin' th' raft, an' send th' money back hyer with Sal. I reckon she missed the stage.'

"At that moment a girl turned the corner of the road, and the old man said:

"'Waal, Sal, yo' got back?'

"'Yaas, dad.'

"'Tim in jail?'

"'Yaas, dad.'

"'Bring back th' money fer the logs?'

"'Yaas, dad.'

"'Waal, go in an' cook supper, an' nex' time yo' git married, run off with a man who has more gumption than ter try ter git away on a raft.'

"'Yaas, dad,' and the girl went to the kitchen as though she had never left it."—Washington Star.

Scene in the Paris Salon.

When the fashionably dressed members of Parisian society, who attended the "Vernissage," were surveying the pictures of the newly opened salon, sounds of smashing glass were heard in one of the rooms. A search was made in that direction, and the excited onlookers saw an elegantly dressed young lady vigorously poking her sunshade through one of the pastels. She was removed by the guardians present, and it then transpired that the mischief doer was the wife of the painter whose picture was destroyed. She said she had committed the act because her husband had persisted in displaying on canvas the charms of a lady whom she regarded as a rival. She also promised to recommence these vigorous remonstrances on the first opportunity.—London Telegraph.

Sounded Like It.

Two little boys in knickerbockers were gazing through the gate of a North River ferryboat at an ocean liner as she forged majestically up stream.

"What's the name on her stern?" said one little boy.

"I don't know, Johnnie," said the other. "I can't read it."

"The name is Cevic," volunteered a fatherly-looking man with gold-bowed spectacles.

Both little boys looked puzzled.

"What name did you say it was?" asked Johnnie.

"Seasic, I though he said," replied the other little boy. "That's funny, ain't it?"—N. Y. Sun.

Had Earned It.

Togg—Who gave you that black eye?

Mildew—Nobody; I earned it! I called a man a liar.—Tit-Bits.

FOR LATE SPRING AND SUMMER.

Seasonable Suggestions Concerning Ladies' Costumes.

Summer models this season give the effect of being very simple, even though they are lavishly trimmed. The frills and furbelows are laid on in masses, so that they do not offend our artistic sense.

Favorite frocks for general summer wear will be of black taffeta, trimmed with bias folds, set on at equal distances, all about the skirt and bodice. A small Botticelli decolletage, with several guimpes, both silk and muslin, a bright girdle and a bright silk lining, will complete this with distinction, perhaps a double frill of lace and taffeta crossing the bodice down one side. The bodice will, of course, blouse scantily all about.

Blouse waists of white satin are to be the smartest in a large wardrobe of fashionable waists and shirts. Built with a tucked yoke, and tucked sleeves, having a small pouch atop, a stock of satin or of lace will be worn, and a ribbon belt, very narrow and very tight. They will be fashioned again with encircling shingles, and a stock of bright taffeta tied in front, or will be very full and shirred across the bust, and just above the belt, with a cluster of tiny puckers.

Some of the prettiest summer frocks will be of embroidered French lawn, the skirt in Victorian flounces of various arrangements. The bodices will be of lawn muslin, laid in lingerie tucks and blouses, and will be decorated sparsely with applique motifs of embroidered lawn. Elbow sleeves with ruffled shoulders and a round, chokerless neck, will be modish, if one's throat and forearm can stand so trying a fashion.

Colored muslins and lawns, cashmeres and crepe de chines come in pattern sets, the skirts having borders and bands about the knees and hips, the bodices having empiecements in various yoke and bolero effects, the sleeves being very small gigots of the all-over embroidery.

The popular manner of building a bodice of any material, from cloth and silk to muslin and chiffon, is en blouse. It bags not only just in front, but all about above a very tight and very slender girdle or belt. Hardly a woman in Paris but sports two or three, and hardly are two just alike, although they are almost inevitably fastened down one side of the front.

Even trimmed bodices will be bloused all about above the belt, one such being specially stunning, of bright green cashmere, fashioned of five plisse frills, which encircle the figure from throat to just above the tight belt of violet moire silk.

Hip yokes of lace are to be fashionable for summer frocks, those on foulard being the smartest. A red and white silk, with a cream lace yoke, is dainty with a pointed yoke of rose plisse mull on the bodice, this framed with a broad bias strip of red taffeta, from which falls a frill of cream lace.

A white foulard almost covered with figures in gray and black is lightened admirably with a cream lace jacket with hip skirts. This is worn over a plisse bodice of pink muslin, red velvet ribbons forming double girdle, choker and straps to gather up the fullness of the sleeve draperies. These sleeves end at the elbow very cutely with a turned-up frill of lace held in place by a band of red velvet, tied with a crisp bow on the outside of the arm.—N. Y. Sun.

GRANDMAMMA CRITICISES.

Girlhood of the Period Sadly Indifferent to Old-School Etiquette.

"When I was a young lady," says grandmamma, "we were not allowed to help ourselves in our walk with our arms, in the jerky, ungraceful way that girls do nowadays, and which gives such a particularly ugly gait. Only apes and monkeys use their arms to assist locomotion, I used to be told. With man arms and hands should be only the servants of the brain, and when they are not in use they should be taught repose. Girls especially were trained to cultivate a quiet demeanor. What were then called 'fidgets' were never allowed, and acting on the principle inculcated by Dr. Watts that 'Satan finds some mischief still for idle hands to do,' the latter were always provided with some sort of occupation.

"When a young lady went out in the evening she invariably carried a fan and a lace handkerchief. In the street she had her muff or her parasol, and at home she had always some dainty bit of work in the drawing-room that she could take up at odd times.

"As for crossing our legs or sticking out our feet in the way they do nowadays, we would have as soon thought of flying."

"No one will ever make me believe," said another venerable grande dame of the olden school, "that that Miss Parvenne, whom they all think so charming, is a lady. She called on my granddaughter the other day and had on only one glove, the other hand she kept in her muff, but I could see that it was actually bare."

That gloves should be put on and neatly buttoned at home is another time-honored precept that is taken little heed of at present, but which in the good old days, when everything was as it should be—according to our grandparents—was an unwritten law equal to those of the Medes and Persians in strictness. A well-bred woman would have no more thought of leaving her house ungloved than unbonneted.

"Thank heaven that we are rid of such primes and primsy nonsense!" exclaims Miss Fin de Siecle; but it's a question whether the girls of the period would not be more attractive if they had a little of the sweet primness of yore.—N. Y. Tribune.

—Cattle from the United States sold higher in England last year than those from South America and Canada. The English, it seems, prefer to buy American cattle, but the Germans do their best to keep them out.

HUSBANDS' FAULTS.

Mrs. Beecher's Advice to Young Married People.

In writing of marital worries and pleasures Mrs. Henry Ward Beecher said:

Did you never tell your husband of some great excellence of virtue in your friend's husband, purposely to remind him of some shortcoming or fault which you had seen in his own habits or character?

Do you ever treat your husband, when in company, with inattention or impatience, while you politely and cordially accepted the attentions of other and less noble men?

Do you ever impatiently blame him in the presence of a third party? What woman is more sensitive to blame in the presence of others than a husband, when the censure comes from his wife's lips?

Are you ever cross and silent in your own home, with no one to entertain but your husband, yet full of life, wit and amiability in company?

While it is just that husbands should listen and receive this counsel, and by the lesson it teaches endeavor to augment the joys of home, should not wives also take its truth into their own hearts? Are we not equally likely to trespass in the same way? Aye, more so. For home is our kingdom, where we may reign supreme if we have wisdom to hold the scepter with a judicious hand.

I have seen young people begin life with every promise of the most perfect happiness, yet make entire shipwreck of it by their own unguarded words, impatient looks and unrestrained tempers.

A talent for spicy and brilliant repartee may enliven a party and give the highest zest and piquancy to social intercourse, endowing its possessor with a certain position, enviable or otherwise; but in the home circle it is a dangerous gift, and, unfortunately, more frequently bestowed upon the wife than upon the husband.

How often have we recoiled, as from a blow, when hearing those who should be one in heart draw comparisons prejudicial to their own companion and to the credit of another, and we grieve to say that such remarks are quite as often heard from the wife as from the husband.

Do they ever recall that when they gave the marriage vow they took the care of each other's honor and respectability into their own hands to cherish or destroy? God has made that bond so inseparable that all honor bestowed on the one passes over and is shared by the other, and all disgrace or error that is charged to the one is equally injurious to the other.

I fully understand all that is said of man's rough, abrupt, overbearing ways. There is too much truth in it. I think there is, naturally, a little spice of tyranny in every man's composition, and perhaps from the days of Queen Bess up to the present time we might find enough of the same quality in our own sex to establish our claims to sisterhood.

But, admitting that these are purely masculine elements, do we not know how to conquer or soften these uncomfortable and undesirable characteristics?

By gentleness and love woman may, if she will, assert her power and find men most willing subjects. But arrogance and impatience will find rough and stubborn opponents. Man is nowhere found so true to his natural impulses as in the sacred precincts of home. If one would be sure of his true character, go to the domestic circle unexpectedly.

It is not when away from home or in the pursuits of business or pleasure that one sees him in natural condition. In the bosom of his family he will be found exercising his true spirit.

There you will learn the strength of conjugal ties, and there his true character will stand before you, glowing in excellence or shrinking into insignificance.—Philadelphia Press.

FRONTIER JUSTICE.

A Texan Judge Whose Influence Is Widespread.

Texas is a big state and has a large population, including many men of great prominence. But there is no man in that whole sovereignty with a more refulgent glory than Judge Roy Bean, of Langtry, who declares that he is the "law west of the Pecos." And he is. West of the Pecos river in Texas there are no limitations to Judge Bean's jurisdiction, and he does not, it has been hinted, let mere statutes, "as in such cases made and provided," influence him to any great extent in his desire to make the punishment fit the crime. There is an anecdote told of him when he sat as coroner and held an inquest on the body of a man who had met a violent death by falling from the great railway bridge that spans the Pecos river. An examination showed that the man had a revolver and $40 in cash in his pockets when he was killed. After swearing in a jury and looking over the effects of the dead man, Judge Bean said: "Gentlemen of the jury, there ain't no doubt how this man came to his death; that's all plain; but what I would like to know is why in the name of thunder he carried that gun. Now, gentlemen, it's agin the law to carry a concealed and loaded gun in the state of Texas, and jist because this gentleman took it into his head to get killed I don't mean to let him offend the peace and dignity of Texas. I fine him $40." This is an example of Judge Bean's efficient administration. Some day his decisions will be published, and then we will have for the first time a clear understanding of the law of the frontier.—Leslie's Weekly.

—A generous swain in Chicago, after paying one dollar for a marriage license, manfully said as he threw down a second dollar: "There! give me another license. I want one for the girl, too."