WHAT THING HAVE YE THAT WAKE?

What thing have ye that wake for us that dream?
What hour that is more fair than those that seem?
What pleasure that shall vanish not in pain?
What bliss to come that shall not pass again?

In dreamland wave lie all things fain and fair;
There music lulls the sorrowing heart of care;
There she, whom love may name not, silent stands
With eyes unwondering and imploring hands.

The touch of lips that here shall never meet:
The strange, fair blossoms flowering at our feet;
Voices well loved that stir the heart to tears
With thought of old and unreturning years.

There song so sad in triumph that we weep
That its whole joy shall pass; there, perfect sleep,
Long rest laid heavily on aching eyes,
That weary of the sunset and sunrise.

What thing have ye that wake for us that dream?
Long life and little laughter. Ye that deem
The crown of life sad wisdom and despair,
We know this only, that our dreams are fair.

—Herbert Bates in Boston Transcript.

"SEEIN' IS BELIEVIN'."

ABOUT the time Lysander Whiting, coming into a small property and a little ready money very unexpectedly, made up his mind to leave the sea, which he had "followed," to use his own expression, ever since he ran away from home at 14 years of age, it also occurred to him that it was incumbent upon him to choose a wife for himself—one who should cook his dinners, iron his shirt bosoms, keep his house in good order, darn his stockings, and go to church with him on Sunday. It was very well, as he said to himself, for a sailor to have a sweetheart in every port, but a landsman with property should cultivate the domestic virtues. Accordingly he proposed to Esmeralda Archer and was accepted.

It was not a love match. Esmeralda had given up the idea of matrimony years before, and had settled down as the village tailoress. She could, however, turn her hand to anything, and coming to Mrs. Connover's one morning, had helped her to get breakfast. Lysander Whiting boarded at Mrs. Connover's, and as he sat at table he watched Esmeralda going to and fro with her light, true step and bright smile. Her face, flushed from the warmth of the kitchen, out of its usual paleness, and that satisfaction in serving a meal to hungry folk that is as natural to some women as their love for babies, giving her a pleasant, homelike look.

"She'd make a good wife," he said to himself. And the proposal was the result of the conviction.

The tailoress said to herself that the ex-sailor had a good-humored face, and would be kind to her. He had also a home to offer her, which she could make comfortable for him. The domestic affections seemed very beautiful to the lonely, middle-aged girl, who had no relatives; and if there was no romance in either heart, there was no fear of the future.

However, the Widow Bedott was right when she declared that we "kant kalkulate on nothin' airthly." Before a year had passed over their heads the newly wedded pair began to find themselves unhappy. What happened exactly it is hard to tell. The man's code of morals and manners was not that of the woman. She, a Puritan of the Puritans, brought up in a village, could not understand the sea-faring man, with his nightly glasses of grog, his desire to throw the parlor windows wide and let the sun in, his unconventional disregard of neighbors and his horrible habit of kissing pretty girls. She tried in vain to force him to be "genteel" and proper. He strove with disastrous results, to induce her to be "jolly," or at least to allow him to be so. At last he secretly wished that he had never left the sea, and she that she were still a tailoress.

It was just about this time that the old well gave out. It had not been sweet for a long while, and there could be no doubt that there should have been a new one long before. Esmeralda was anxious to send for certain men whose mission it was to dig wells, and have all done in a good and workman-like manner; but Lysander was resolved that he would dig it himself. The two argued over this, as they argued over everything, and could not agree as to the site of the well, or whether it should have one or the other of certain improvements of the pump sort attached. And at last Lysander began his work in utter ignorance of all precautions taken by well-diggers, in the very worst spot possible.

He dug a great deal, and accomplished very little; and Esmeralda, indignant at his want of consideration for her comfort, and his carelessness of her approval, never went to inspect his work. In fact, that well seemed to be the straw that broke the camel's back; the one reed too much.

"I'm going to get up early and finish the well," said Lysander, one morning at five o'clock, as he pulled on his shoes. "I'll expect breakfast at 7."

"Very well," said Esmeralda, crossly; "I'll be up in time to get it; but I shall take another nap now."

She turned on her side and drew the counterpane over her face. Afterwards she remembered that he drew down the shade, and went out of the room softly, as with a kindly wish not to disturb her.

Such a little kindness comforts a woman. Esmeralda began to think that her husband might have banged the door, or been cross about her taking another nap, and she resolved to get him a very good breakfast; and thinking what it should be, fell into a pleasant sleep, and forgot all about it. When she awakened with a start, the sun was high, and a tall clock on the mantelpiece pointed to the hour of 10.

"It couldn't be!" she said to herself, as she jumped out of bed and hurriedly dressed herself. She had never slept so late in all her life; and what would Lysander say? He had a right, she thought, to be very angry this time, and in quite a meek spirit she set to work at the kitchen fire, and stirred the batter for flapjacks, and sliced the bacon. While she was doing this she watched the door for her husband's entrance, and listened for his step upon the porch; but no shadow fell on the clean, white floor, and no sound was heard except the chirping of the birds or the chatter of some sociable squirrels. Breakfast was ready; still Lysander did not come, and throwing on her sun-bonnet she set forth to call him. Skirting the house, she came to the spot where the well was dug. Lysander's jacket hung upon a branch of an old pear tree, but where was he?

Suddenly Esmeralda began to be aware of the fact that the well hole was not there; the earth had filled it to overflowing; that there had, in fact, been a "slide," and that in all probability Lysander was down at the bottom of the well under a ton or so of earth.

With her heart beating, and her knees trembling, she ran all about the place, screaming her husband's name. Then, with ashy lips and tongue cleaving to her mouth, she staggered to the nearest neighbor's house, just managed to say: "The well—Lysander," and fell upon the floor in a dead faint.

For hours after this several neighbors worked very hard digging away the earth, with better knowledge of its propensity to return whence it came than the sailor had had.

They came to his hat at last. Then they came to water—or rather mud and water. They could do no more.

The general verdict was that the ground was soft there below, and that Lysander had sunk in it and stuck there. Finally, after a week's excitement and much dragging and probing of the hole, they decided to fill the hole up and mark the place as a grave. This they did. A slab setting forth the virtues of the departed, covered the spot, and Mrs. Whiting put on widow's weeds. Three month's afterward a baby boy—Lysander over again—was born into the world: and Esmeralda, as she nursed him on her shoulder, began to believe his departed father a model of all perfection.

"She lived," she said, "and would live for her boy;" but life was worthless without her excellent and devoted husband. He had been so kind. It was in digging a well for her that he lost his life. And she told all who cared to listen how he had drawn the shade down and gone out softly to his work that she might not be disturbed.

Finally she began to believe that he had said something very kind as he went out, and she repeated that. The boy was taught, as he grew able to understand, that he had had a very saint for a father, and all poor Lysander's queer ways that had troubled her much, were forgotten. She had his broad-faced tintype, taken when he was only half sober, and grinning from ear to ear, enlarged, and finished in pastel, very pink and white, with a ministerial gravity of demeanor, and an angelically subdued smile, and taught the boy to call it "Dear Papa;" and meanwhile she cared for the farm, and prospered. Now and then somebody proposed to the widow, but she always gave a gentle negative.

"Her heart is down that there well," said an appreciative friend who had never seen Lysander, "and if Mr. Whiting was as handsome as that there picture, I can't wonder, for he looks like the wax figures in the Institute fair, if not prettier."

Most of the suitors, being widowers, took their refusals easily; but one forlorn youth of immature years, who had remarked to the widow that "it was her dignitude that fetched him," fell into the depths of despair on receiving a decided negative, accompanied by a reference to his early years, and left the town to "ship for a sailor and get drownded," with a view of haunting the widow afterward; and coming to the city docks where vessels lay met a seafaring man of jolly aspect, to whom he put a few questions.

"You see," he said, "I don't know jest what to do. I've never followed the sea. I've kept grocery in Togginstown all my life, and I don't know as I'll get took onto a ship anyhow."

"You'll go back and keep grocery, if you'll take my advice," said the sailor. "Togginstown! Why, I used to live there once. Do you happen to know Lysander Whiting down that way?"

"Sakes alive! Him! Why, he's dead long ago; five or six years ago!" cried the boy. "I never saw him, but I've heard enough of him. She goes on about him continual. It's enough to make you sick."

"Agin him?" asked the sailor.

"No; praisin' of him," said the boy; "How awful good he was, and how han'some. Well, he was han'some. There's his pictur to prove it."

"You don't say so," cried the sailor. "But his goodness!"

"I don't believe he was such a saint. You couldn't get me to," the boy went on. "To see her sitting there holding the boy."

"What? Who?" shouted the sailor.

"The young son that was born, I'm told, after that—I mean after Mr. Whiting got smothered in the well hole. I don't want to be disrespectful to the dead but—well, you can hear too much of 'em. She is all in black, 'my poor, dear, good Lysander, that killed himself working for me,' every minute."

"Jonah! I want to know!" cried the sailor, "And how does she look?"

"She lovely," cried the Cupid blinded youth, "so matoor, and has such dignitude."

"Boy, you are sweet on her," said the sailor fiercely; "don't deny it!"

"What's that to you if I am?" retorted the lad.

"That!" said the sailor, as he knocked him down.

He was gone when Billy got his breath back and scrambled to his feet again.

Esmeralda Whiting, with her boy beside her, sat in her kitchen peeling peaches for preserves, when a shadow fell upon the floor. She looked up and gave a scream. A sailor, with a bundle on his shoulder, stood there looking at her. The red peach dropped out of her hand, and rolled over the white boards. The knife dropped glittering into the pile of peelings.

"Lysander, or his ghost!" she panted.

"Esmeralda!" cried the sailor, and took her in his arms. "I never thought I should get back to you, my dear," he said. "I left you in bed, you know, and and went out to finish the well. Well, as I jumped in there was a crash; down I went everything black around me, and I knew it was a slide. I didn't know anything more until I found myself splash into the water, and yelled. When I yelled somebody else did, and I felt myself pulled up by my feet. I expected it was some of the neighbors, but, bless you, when I got the water out of my eyes, there I was standing amongst a crowd of Chinese, and instead of our house and the barn, a pagoda there and a jos house here. It took me ten minutes to understand it. Then I remembered how the dominie had told us in one of his sermons about the antipodes, as he called 'em, and how China was jest under our feet, and I saw I'd gone clear through the world and landed by good fortune in a Chinese well. Well, I knew you'd be skeered; so I hunted up the consul and stated my case. He allowed it was singular, but he stood by me. After a while I got a chance to go home, but it takes a good while to go round the world, and I've sometimes thought I'd never get here. It's over now, thank goodness. And so that's the boy!"

He put one arm about his wife and one about the child, and at that moment the two middle-aged people mutually, though silently, vowed to live happily together.

How much of the story her husband told her Esmeralda believed, it was hard to tell, but certainly, as she declared, China was right where the dominie said; and Lysander was back again, and "Seein' was believin'," as everybody knew.—N. Y. Ledger.

The embroidering of bath blankets is a fancy work which occupies feminine sojourners at the sea-side.

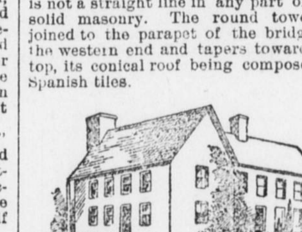
MILFORD'S GREAT TIME.

THE OLD CONNECTICUT TOWN CELEBRATES ITS BIRTH.

Founded 250 Years Ago—The Oldest Inhabitable House in the Country Within Its Boundary—Relics of the Well-Known Poet, Fitz-Greene Halleck—Commemorative Tower.

The quaint old Connecticut town of Milford is now in the midst of the celebration of the 250th anniversary of its founding, and each and every inhabitant feels that an added importance now attaches to the quiet little place; but the Milford of to-day, in spite of one or two thriving industries, is as peaceful, as primitive, as contented a community as it has been any time within the memory of living men—or of women either for that matter. The basis of its modest thrift is husbandry of the rich bottom lands on which Rev. Henry Whitfield and his ship s company pitched their tents 250 years ago, and husbandry of those harvests that the diurnal seasons of the sea brings to their shores.

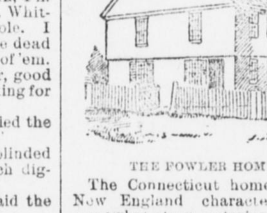
According to the records, Capt. Thomas Tibbals discovered the present site of Milford, the river Wopowage, the narrow gorge and its cascade, during the Pequot war, the Indians retreating to the Fairfield swamps in 1638. A party of settlers started from New Haven during the following summer under Tibbals' guidance, and founded the town of Milford, August 28, 1639. The bridge and tower that have been erected to commemorate this event are of undressed granite. The bridge spans the swirling rapids at the gorge in a single arch. The stones are keyed together, so that there is not a straight line in any part of the solid masonry. The round tower is joined to the parapet of the bridge at the western end and tapers toward the top, its conical roof being composed of Spanish tiles.



OLD STONE HOUSE—1639-40.

A huge buttress continues beyond the tower, completing the curve of the parapet, and descends gradually until it ends in the old millstone used by William Fowler in the first grist mill ever erected in the colony. This stone serves as a seat for the wayfarer, and bears an inscription telling its history. Incorporated in the masonry are the memorial stones, each bearing the name of a founder.

The keystone of the arch over the tower door bears the head of an Indian in war costume, and over it the word, "Wopowage," and the inscription, "Wopowage River." Near by is a tablet announcing that it is placed there by Wopowage Lodge No. 14, I. O. O. F., instituted July 11, 1844. At the east end of the bridge is another millstone which once served Governor Jonathan Law as a door step, and it is so inscribed. At the western extremity is a huge block of granite in memory of Peter Prudden, the first pastor of Milford's first church. He preached his first sermon in the colony April 18, 1638, at New Haven, and died in 1656. The tower door is ornamented by an ancient knocker, and a tablet stands beside it to the memory of Robert Treat, who was for thirty years governor and deputy governor of Connecticut colony.



THE FOWLER HOMESTEAD.

The Connecticut homestead, like the New England character, presents a somewhat stern exterior, which hardly hints at the wealth of good humor and good cheer within. Even in their housebuilding these otherwise eminently practical folk, our Puritan forefathers, went to no slight extra expense and labor to invert the natural pyramidal processes of architecture, and made their rising floors overlap, as if to serve notice on passers-by, "No lodgment here."

Of this feature in construction, so common hereabouts, the Fowler mansion, erected on Moose Hill, some three miles from Milford village, affords a fair example.

Milford and its vicinity are rich in souvenirs of Connecticut's great poet, Fitz-Greene Halleck, and the present hotel of the town was for many years the residence of the man of whom the "Nutmeg State"—and pre-eminently those of the town now celebrating its birth, is so proud. Among others, perhaps, the bellows illustrated herewith [illegible] as quaint a relic of the poet as could be [illegible] and the greatest [illegible] present owner.

FITZ-GREENE HALLECK'S BELLOWS.

Milford's [illegible] distinction is its possession of the oldest inhabited house in the United States. This is the stone mansion which every intelligent pilgrim will turn aside to inspect, as he makes the distance of half a mile on Whitfield street from the very primitive Shore Line railway station to the village center.

Until recent years one house in St. Augustine, Fla., outrivalled this in age, but that was happily demolished in good time for the purposes of the Milford celebration.

The "Old Stone House" was erected at some period in 1639-40 by that man of prominence in the affairs of this world good Parson Whitfield, and is still, although the oldest house in the country in a fair state of preservation.

The receding gunwale is a favorite feature in the German warship.

A DUEL UNDER WATER.

Revenge of One Diver Upon Another With Whom He Quarreled.

One of the best divers I ever met was old Captain Compton, who was murdered at the bottom of the sea, says a writer in the Pittsburg "Dispatch." We were working at the time on the wreck of an East Indiaman, in the Atlantic side of Cape Cod, the peninsula of Massachusetts. Among our crew was a huge Haytian negro known as "Nigger Jack," who had for some reason taken a violent dislike to Compton. He never lost an opportunity of picking a quarrel. Time and again they had tried to settle the matter with fists, the negro invariably getting the worst of the conflict. On the occasion I mention Compton, Jack and another diver were sent down together.

After working a short time the negro suddenly drew his knife, and, springing at Compton, made a vicious plunge at his right side, hoping to cut through the canvas coat and dispose of him. The old captain was too quick for him, however. He caught the assassin's arm and threw him off, at the same time drawing his own weapon. Then began a battle for life beneath the waves. The captain glanced into the blazing eyes glaring at him from behind the negro's helmet and knew that the life of one or the other would soon pay the penalty of the feud.

Again and again the negro sprang at Compton, only to find his blows parried; around they circled, jumping here and there, and we above grew alarmed at the strain on the air pipes and life lines, until suddenly a rush of water into Compton's pump told us that his pipe had parted. Quickly I sprang to the hoisting ropes, intending to raise him before the air in the helmet gave out, but, to my horror, they were slack, showing that they, too, had parted. At this instant came the "quick hoist" signal on the line of the other white diver, and, wild with fear, we grasped the ropes and soon had him in the boat. Quickly we removed his helmet and plied him with questions. For a moment he could not speak; then he gasped: "Compton's dead; the nigger killed him; he cut the pipe and lines," and fainted. The shock of the submarine murder had been too great for even this strong man.

We tested the negro's lines. They were still taut, and arming ourselves with clubs we hoisted the murderer to the boat—he offered no opposition as we removed the suit and securely bound him. I instantly dressed and descended after Compton's body. The water around him was tinged with blood and as I bent over him I noticed, with horror, that the front of his jacket had actually been cut to pieces, no less than a dozen wounds being afterward found upon his body. The negro was tried and convicted, but committed suicide by choking himself with the sleeve of his shirt.

Remarkable Will Power.

Three stories were told in Boston over after-dinner cigars the other day, showing the power of man's will. One was of a young officer in the English army who was peculiarly stubborn and irascible. He had been confined to his bed after a severe attack of the heart and was unable to move. His physicians asked one of his fellow officers to warn him that he would never get out of bed again, that he might arrange his affairs before death. When the sick man was told what the doctor had said he arose in bed excitedly and said: "I will never get up again, eh? I will walk to the doctor myself and show him." He jumped to the floor, walked across the room and fell dead.

The other was about a sheriff out west who, when arresting a man, was stabbed through the heart. He seized the man by the shoulders after the blade had struck him, pressed him to the ground, drew his revolver, and deliberately thrusting it down the struggling man's throat, pulled the trigger at the instant he himself died.

The third story was regarding another officer who was hunting down a thief. The man thought that he had given his pursuer the slip, but just as he entered one door of a railroad car the officer appeared in the other. The thief instantly fired, the bullet penetrating his pursuer's brain. The officer returned the shot, bringing his man to the ground. He then dragged himself along the aisle of the car, firing as he crawled, until his revolver was empty. He was dead when he was picked up a second after he ceased to shoot.—New York Star.

Statistics of Pedestrians.

A recent statistical publication of the city of Berlin gives information concerning the number of persons who daily pass along the most crowded thoroughfares of Berlin, London, and Paris. In the Leipziger strasse, Berlin, between the Leipziger Platz and the Wilhelm strasse, in February, 1878, were 43,614 persons every eighteen hours; on the Jannowitz bridge during every eighteen hours in December, 1883, were 36,000 persons. At the same time some 80,000 persons were passing over the Oranien bridge. In April, 1884, 58,743 passed every sixteen hours through the Munz strasse between the Granadier and the Kaiser Wilhelm strasse.

In the same month the number of pedestrians in a short stretch of the Getraudten strasse was 47,506 every sixteen hours. The daily travel of pedestrians over the London bridges is estimated to be: Over London bridge, 110,525; Blackfriars, 78,198; Westminster, 44,460; Waterloo, 32,815. In the work, "Les Traveaux publics de France," Paris, 1874, the number of persons daily crossing the Pont Neuf, in 1842 already 80,000, is estimated to be about 150,000.—N. Y. Sun.

The Homes of the Cabinet.

All of the cabinet officers have rented houses for next winter, and the official season is expected to far surpass that of the Cleveland regime. Mr. Blaine had some difficulty at first in finding a house to his choice, but at last decided upon the old Seward mansion on Vermont avenue and right across from the White House and state department. It is large and old-fashioned, with green blinds to the windows.

Postmaster-General Wanamaker has the finest house of the cabinet. Soon after his appointment he purchased the house of Secretary of the Navy Whitney, and decorators and carpenters have been busy all summer. Secretary Tracy has bought the large house occupied by the postmaster-general of the late administration. Secretary Windom has not yet decided upon his house, but it is more than likely that he will occupy the same one he had when senator.

Uncle Jerry Rusk has the house on Massachusetts avenue formerly occupied by Minister Lincoln when secretary of war. Secretary Noble is the last cabinet officer to rent. He has leased for three years the fine house formerly owned by Ben Holliday. Taken altogether, the cabinet is well provided for.

The black ribbon collars now seen on light dresses are fastened with small Rhine stone buckles.

THE LADY OR THE TIGER.

The clock struck nine, and Pontifex was studying what to do.
Five dollars was his worldly wealth—his marriage set for two.

"Which shall it be?" he pondered, as with the cash he played;
"The girl against my luck at cards—the tiger or the maid?

"Five dollars pays the parson, but when the knot is tied
My rope is run, there's nothing left to give the new made bride,

"But with a glorious winning, culled from the tiger's lair,
No present were too handsome to give my lady fair

"Yet, if I lose—ay, there's the rub—'tis a far easier thing—
The bride-elect may wait in vain the lover and the ring."

He tried his luck, the tiger won, and yet, I think, the maid
Was happier far than if the youth in better luck had played.

—Chicago News.

GERTY'S ELOPEMENT.

I UNDERSTAND, then, you mean an elopement? Oh, surely, surely, Gerty, you never can be in earnest?"

Gerty Fane sat on a fallen log, whose mossy cylinder was half hidden in tall, plumy ferns, and where the trembling July sunbeams rained down through soft summer foliage like a cascade of gold. An artist would have painted her as a wood nymph, with her hair of braided sunshine, her deep, limpid eyes, and the beach-like bloom upon her perfect cheeks.

And yet this dew-eyed beauty was neither more or less than a factory girl, who worked a machine in the big shop whose gray stone chimneys rose out of the hollow below, at a dollar a day; a girl who had grown up on a diet of yellow-covered novels, and dreamed of knights and ladies and perilous adventures.

"Yes," said Gerty, lifting her dew-blue eyes, "an elopement. Isn't it romantic? And isn't he handsome?"

Sarah Willis looked sadly down into the eyes that were so like blue flowers.

"Gerty," said she, "I beseech of you to think twice about this business. Have you forgotten Francis Tryon?"

"Francis Tryon! Only a cutter in the shop!"

"An honest, honorable man," said Sarah, impressively.

"Why don't you take him yourself, since he is such a paragon?" retorted Gerty, saucily.

"Because he loves no one but you."

"Then he may leave off loving me at his leisure," said Gerty. "I don't care a fig for him, and never shall. I am going to marry Mr. Montressor; and I never would have told you of the elopement if I had supposed you were going to be so ill natured about it. My father is as unjustly prejudiced against him as you are, and so I am driven to it."

And Gerty Fane tried to vail her exaltation beneath a tone of injury as she rose up and began to make her way through the tall ferns. Sarah looked wistfully after her.

"A spoiled, harmless little beauty!" she said to herself. "But Mr. Tryon was kind to me when I came here friendless and alone; and Mr. Tryon loves her; for his sake I will not stand quietly by and see her rush on to ruin."

"You see," Gerty Fane had told her, confidentially, "I am to go to the shop on Wednesday, just as usual, so that my father will not suspect anything, and then I am to feign a headache, just at train time, and leave work, step quietly on board the train, and go to Pittsburg; there I stop at the Hapgood house. He comes there the next day, and we're married; and then we shall go to Saratoga, or Newport, or Long Branch, or some of those aristocratic places; and won't it be charming?"

But Sarah Willis shook her head dubiously.

"I don't like Mr. Montressor's looks," said she.

"He's just exactly like that picture, 'Lord Byron,' in the 'Poets of England,'" retorted Gerty, triumphantly.

"He is only a traveling salesman."

"But he's to be a partner in the firm in the fall. He told me so himself, and he showed me the photograph of his employer's daughter, who is madly in love with him."

"Why don't he marry her, then?"

And now Gerty dimpled into radiant consciousness.

"I suppose because he likes me best," said she.

"Oh, Gerty!—and you believe all this farrago?" sighed Sarah, despairingly.

"You're only jealous because you haven't such a lover yourself," retorted Gerty, frowning under her curls like a lovely, willful child.

And then Sarah Willis abandoned the task of remonstrance. But for all that, the thought of Frank Tryon's heart-break lay sore and heavy at her inmost soul.

"She may go to ruin her own way," thought Sarah; "but she shall not drag him down with her. Montressor—Montresser—I know I have heard the name somewhere—it carries a disagreeable remembrance with it. I remember now! It was a Mr. Montressor that boarded so long with Aunt Polly Parker, and then went away without settling his score. George Gordon Montressor! that was the name! I'll go see Aunt Polly this very night. I can easily get there on the train by 9 o'clock, and back again in time for work tomorrow morning. And if there is anything to be found out, I'll find it! Francis Tryon was good to me once, and I shall never forget it."

"Can I speak to you tonight, Gerty?"

Gerty Fane was hurrying away from the great workroom where the buzz of wheels was gradually decreasing, and the girls were beginning to look for their hats and shawls, when Francis Tryon advanced toward her.

"No!" she retorted, petulantly. "I'm in a hurry!"

"Then I will walk along toward home with you."

"I'd rather go alone!"

He cast one sad, reproachful glance toward her and stepped back.

"Gerty—" began he.

"I'm not Gerty, I'm Miss Fane." said the girl half defiant, half frightened. "And I'll trouble you to keep your distance."

And away she flew like an arrow out of a bow.

She was just in time for the train that paused a minute at the solitary little depot in the woods, and, leaning back in the seat, reflected joyfully that she was already beginning the elopement.

Pretty, blossom-like little fool! How little had she calculated the end of her rash experiment! And yet to her it seemed that she was beginning to live romance.

It was toward 10 o'clock at night when the train stopped at Pittsburg. The Hapgood house was nearly opposite the terminus, a comfortable, old-fashioned wooden structure, its windows gleaming with lights, like the shine of friendly eyes; and thither Gerty bent her footsteps.

"Oh!" said the plump, motherly landlady, "it's the young lady from Wardham village as a room was engaged for by Mr. Montressor. Number 16. Yes, it's all right, Miss. Please to walk up. The lady's there, waiting for you!"

"The lady?"

"Mrs. Montressor, you know," said the landlady. "And a fine, handsome person she is, only a trifle stout, as we all is, when we gets toward 40 odd."

Gerty stood as still and white as if she was turned to stone.

"His mother, I suppose," she told herself, regaining courage. "How kind of him to send her here to welcome me!"

At the same moment the landlady flung open the door of number 16, a small cozy room, with a bright lamp burning on the table.

"It's the young lady, mem!" said she, dipping a courtesy.

And a fat woman, gayly dressed in cotton, velvet and imitation lace, waddled forward.

"Oh!" said she, "good evening, my dear. So you're the gal that's goin' to marry my husband?"

"Your husband?" echoed Gerty.

"Don't be alarmed," said the fat woman, busying herself with the strings of Gerty's hat. "We was divorced eight years ago. He couldn't support me, and I wasn't goin' to support him. He's had two wives since. But don't worry. He's got bills from both of 'em. One of 'em drank, and t' other one said he drank. I guess they was both true! And now he's shined up to you! Well, I guess you'll get enough of him, a great lazy, drinkin' vagabond, as was raised in Pork Hill workhouse, and served two terms in the penitentiary for forgin' Lawyer Oderley's name to a check for $50."

Gerty stood pale and shocked.

"It is false!" gasped she. "You are inventing these lies to estrange me from him."

"Bless your heart, my dear, no I aint," said the fat woman, with a comfortable, chuckling laugh. "What should I gain by estrangin' you from him? I don't care. I've my marriage lines to show, and my papers of divorce, and Gordy's welcome to marry as many new wives as Bluebeard, for all I care."

Gerty turned to the landlady.

"How early does the first train for Wardham start in the morning," said she.

"At 4 o'clock," said the landlady. "The railroad hands go down on it."

"So will I," said Gerty.

"And how about the gentleman as engaged the rooms?" questioned Mrs. Hapgood.

"I'll never speak to him again!" said Gerty, with spirit.

She was at her machine the next morning, as usual, and when Frank Tryon came past she looked up shyly into his face.

"Please, Mr. Tryon," she said, "won't you forgive me for being so cross with you last night? I—I am very sorry. And if you can walk home with me tonight—"

That was enough for Mr. Tryon. They were engaged before the moon was an hour high that night!

For Gerty's fancy could not endure the idea of being fourth or fifth wife to a man who had once graced the penitentiary, and Mr. Montressor never beheld his pretty fiancee again.

And Sarah Willis kept the secret of her elopement well.—N. Y. Ledger.

Ghosts in the Sanctum.

Augusta, Ga., has an editor who was scared into several weeks' illness by a ghost, says the Atlanta "Journal." One of the reporters of the paper tells of it in print. The sickness is over with now, and the cause of it has leaked out. The name of the editor who suffered himself to be so badly frightened is not given, but it is a pretty good ghost story and is given for what it is worth.

During reconstruction times a resident of Augusta was arrested by the military authority, and put under guard at the Palmetto house, which stood then where the "Chronicle" office now is. One guard kept an eye upon the imprisoned citizen. During the night the muffled tread of the sentry was brought to a halt by a fatal knife thrust. After a brief struggle the guard was dead and the prisoner liberated. To this day it has never been learned who did the killing.

It happened one night some few weeks ago that one of the "Chronicle" editors found it necessary to remain at his desk after the rest of the force had gone home. He was engaged busily writing when he heard a low muffled noise. Thoughts of the story of the Yankee's murder came back to him. He listened intently. He heard the almost noiseless step of the avenger. Then he heard the noise as the guard was borne down, the death cry as the knife blade reached a vital part, the hurried steps of the fleeing liberator and liberated—the editor was in a delirium.

It was more than the poor newspaper fellow could stand. Weary with work, frail in mind and body after hours of labor, he gave completely away. In his helpless condition visions of his whole life came up before him. He reached home, but was thrown into bed, where he remained for weeks. The incident had nearly killed him.

An Eagle's Attack on a Boat.

Our senior editor, "Old Nat," spent several days recently on the sea coast with his family, where he met Louis Demilly, Bailey Mathis and Willie Walker, says the Crawfordville "Times." The gentlemen met with a single adventure which perhaps will not occur again in the next decade.

While out in the bay fishing one day they espied a large gray eagle flying directly toward them. Not dreaming that the "national queen" would condescend to make war on her subjects, they quietly continued to throw out their lines; but surprises never cease. Just as it reached the boat in which they were fishing, it took an upward flight for a goodly distance, when all at once down it came with a tremendous swoop, striking at Mr. Demilly, who sat in the bow of the boat, missing his head only by a hair's breadth. It made several other attacks, but was vigorously beaten off by the use of their fishing poles.

Killed by Lightning in a Hollow Tree.

Frank Stevenson, colored, aged 17 years, a resident of Williamsport, was overtaken by a storm and took refuge on a recent evening in a hollow tree along the Conococheague. Lightning struck the tree and young Stevenson was instantly killed. His lifeless body was found the following morning standing upright in the tree.—Baltimore American.