TRIBUNE.
...ROS., Publishers.
... : : IDAHO.

...RAIS, the Sioux chief, is ...very quick at figures. He is ...dian summer, so to speak.

...JEFFERSON is sa'd to have ...00 head of cattle, mostly ..., on his big Louisiana ...ion.

MARION CRAWFORD has been spend...g the Summer at Vallombross, near Florence, and has completed the sequel to "Saracinesea."

...NA DICKINSON refuses to recog... the existence of the last twenty ...ears. There is a good deal of the wo...n about her after all.

...prince of Wales is about to go ...unting in Transylvania, ac...anied by twenty-five royal shoot...s and a Hungarian brass band.

...TOM KING, who fought Heenan, ...les ...n his own house in ...nsta... made a considerable ...page...rf as a book-maker.

...s ar...n discovered in the ...rick... of Helena, Montana. ...es; ... can run its own gold ...se... its expenses without ...

... Louise Michel of ... England to lecture ... further retaliation ... Britain should be ...mericans.

...ASSEY has arrived in ...ving completed his tour ...orld. He will lecture at ...ollege and is thinking of ...g some of his poems.

...HE ancient language of Asia Minor ... Purygian, or Semitic, of which ...gian, Syriac, Hebrew, Phœnician ...lects. Beyond the rivers, to... Indu, dialects of the Sanscrit ...na appear.

... of Austria is a great ... prefers a bad cigar to ... He uses the cheap cigars ... cabmen affect. Doubtless ... that as a man of rank he ...smoke rank cigars.

...GRESSMAN WILLIAM WALTER ...PS, of New Jersey, has a fortune ...2,000,000, which is invested about ...lly in real estate and railroad ...s and bonds. He is a large hold... Washington real estate.

...R H. C. BUNNER of *Puck*, who ... the graceful verse he has writ... author of several successful ... 27 years old. Fred Opper, ...chief cartoonists of the pa...d has a salary of $10,000.

...RY WARREN of Ansonia, ...bly the oldest newsboy ... He is in his 80th year ...ps and delivers his ... regularity as any ...h much less fuss.

...man in the national ...ves is Congress... Pennsylvania. His ...ch $30,000,000, the ...made from mines ... Scott is also noted ... best dressed men ...

... tomb of St. Flavier ...ered near Toulon, ...s murdered in that ...sigoths in 512 A. D. ... where the sarcopha... it is believed that ...he inscription on ...me.

... widow, in erect ...e dear departed, ... of the opportu... the tomb: "Sac... Mathusin Bezu...ted this life, aged 58 ...g the necessity of part...arming a woman."

...ROPIC Mme. Batifol es...e time ago an annual ...0 francs to the most de...industrious young woman. ...been awarded this year ...ointed jury to M'lle Ter...o has for years kept her ...er and half a dozen broth...s by being a "cutter out" ... shop.

...OUSE's summer house, ... Lenox, it is said, ...r American palaces ...cost, when finished ...un into millions. ...stinghouse, while ...ght a title and an ...d heir, now a lad, ...n, dressed after the ...of the Princes ...g with his

... Sag Harbor, ...aims to be a ...nger. He has ...rs. He is a ...enchman who ... world well in ... letters and ... He goes by ... among his ...til recently ...p to Boulan...he is either ...g to play a ...

... authorities ... startling discovery ...go they purchased ...le bust of the Em... a very reasonable ...pride they invited a ...ished foreigners to ...ceded that it was a ... of antique art. ...ors, however, was a ...reek diplomatic ser... declared that he ...bush... the Royal ...otified ...

MURDER OR MERCY.

A Story of To-Day.

It was half-past four, and the morning room at Minton Court was dotted with confidential groups. Huge logs blazed in the two fireplaces, but no lamps or candles had been brought in to disturb the intimacy of the twilight hour. Tea at Milton Court was always drunk by firelight on winter afternoons. "Darkness is such an aid to scandal," Lady Minton used to say; "how can we pull our neighbors to pieces in the glare of those odious lamps? Half the best things I have ever heard have been told me in the dusk."

The hour of tea was a sociable one, and the surroundings were thoroughly feminine. The morning room was furnished in that heterogeneous manner which is the characteristic of our time. There were many screens, and palms in brass pots, Indian mats and Japanese tables, Turkish divans and Smyrnese carvings, while a number of Rajon etchings, framed in black, made a sad note on the Pompeian red walls, giving the otherwise over-luxurious room that touch of studied pathos which is ever present in the complex and many-sided life of to-day. The curtains were not yet drawn, and far off, apart from the group of dainty fingers who were clustering round the tea-table and the fire, stood a young girl with her face pressed against the window. It was a cold, melancholy afteroon, and outside a heavy white fog was gathering over the frost-bitten ground, making a fine contrast to the gay and cheery scene within doors. Suddenly she turned with a cynical little laugh from the window. "What a fool I am!" said the girl to herself. "I have been standing at that cold window for exactly twenty minutes. And for what reason? Because Dr. Brooke chose to go out for a walk oves the moors on a particularly impossible day, and hasn't come back yet. Is that a reason why I should go without my tea, not to mention the awful possiblity of catching a cold in my head, and having a red nose? Oh, thanks, Capt. Egerton, I should like some tea, awfully"—and repeating the last sentence aloud, Alison Bligh came forward into the fire-light.

Even in the flickering fire-rays she revealed herself as a very striking girl. There was an unmistakable touch of sensuousness in the full lips and in the clear-cut nostrils, which were the best part of a nose which was somewhat too thick for a woman, and in the fine curves of her shoulders and bust. But intellect was not wanting, as her broad, well-marked forehead proved; nor determination, which was revealed in the square lines of her jaw and chin; nor a certain amount of ideality, which looked out of her somewhat dreamy eyes—dark, Southern eyes which were in direct contradiction to the twists of pale red-gold hair which crowned her head. In sum, a very dangerous young woman, whom Lady Minton was wont to declare she would not trust with her own husband, although Sir Francis was past 70, and a model of the conjugal virtues.

Miss Bligh felt her spirits rise suddenly as she took her place in the cheery round and fire, and she smiled when she thought of her watch by the window just now. How cold and miserable she had felt—how ridiculous to have ceded to such a sentimental impulse! That was not her way either; she who had long ago made up her mind to snatch every moment of happiness—every pleasureable emotion even—life could offer her. And then the soft voice of Lady Minton was heard saying: "Alison, when you have quite finished with Capt. Egerton and those muffins, pass them both on. And do, like a dear child, sing us something."

Miss Bligh thereupon sprang up and went to the open piano.

"I will sing you," she said gravely, "a little romance which I heard once at the Varietes. I believe it has a moral. Judic used to sing it," and striking up a quaint accompaniment, she sang some words familiar enough on the boulevards.

While the room was echoing with plaudits on her rather risky performance, the door opened and a man of about 35 came in and sat down in a rocking-chair at the far end of the room.

"Awfully good, by Jove!" cried Capt, Egerton, who was leaning on the piano. "I could have sworn it was Judic, herself, only you aren't fat, you know." The last part of the gallant captain's sentence was a tender whisper intended for Miss Bligh's ear alone, but, like many other soft speeches, was audible to the rest of the room. Dr. Brooke frowned as he moved from his seat near the door and, coming forward into the firelight, asked Lady Minton for a cup of tea.

"So glad you're back, Doctor! We all thought you were lost on Exmoor," said Lady Minton purring over her guest as she poured him out some tea.

"Yes, we were all looking forward to seeing you brought home stiffly frozen on a shutter!" cried Allison, who seemed in the highest spirits. Had she forgotten her impatient watch by the window only half an hour before?

"Ah, the gods don't love me. I shall not die young," said the Doctor, whose keen eyes were riveted on her face. Then the party broke up in to small groups, and it was either by choice or by chance that she found herself, only a few minutes later, standing alone with him at the same window at which she had watched half an hour before.

"I am glad you are back," she said at last, half-shyly, as the young man stood and gazed at her in the dusk.

"Are you! You knew I was out then?"

"Yes."

"None of the others missed me, I should imagine. They were playing some game which looked uncommonly like 'kiss-in-the-ring' when I left. ...n one of that lot?" ... my room ... vor of his ... much if ... have been rather—disappointed. I should have thought very little of you if you had."

"Well—I wasn't. But I am afraid it is not a sense of the outraged proprieties which kept me from playing 'kiss in the ring' in the hall. If it could possibly have amused me I should have done so. I bel... ...how or other, that sort of thing doesn't entertain me. P...aps I am too old—or not old enough; anyhow, I don't care for the infantine pastimes which are the fashion now. I suppose when I am getting on for forty I shall like them."

"No, I don't think you ever will," said Brooke, smiling down at her charming upturned face.

"But I am afraid you don't understand me," she said quickly; "you think me better than I am. I have no moral aim, no aspirations, nothing of that kind. I simply enjoy the present. I suppose, if I wanted to pose, I should call myself an epicurean. It is strange, but 'to-morrow' has absolutely no meaning for me; I believe in 'to-day.' I mean to enjoy every hour of my life. After all, what do we know of 'to-morrow?' Nothing. But we do know that roses are divine!" And pulling a hothouse flower from her waist belt, the girl pressed it, with a pretty, unconventional gesture, to her lips.

"At that rate," said the Doctor, "if you were to have some great misfortune—to lose all your money, for instance, or catch the smallpox—you would have very little to fall back upon. You might feel the want of the 'consolations of religion.'"

"No, I don't think I should. If any great unhappiness," she added dreamily, "were ever to befall me, I should not want to live. I did not ask to come into the world, and why, forsooth, should I not go when I am tired of it? Life after all, is very like a party to which some one else has insisted on our going. If we are bored, we are surely not bound to wait till the very end. We leave when we please."

Dr. Brooke looked steadily at her.

"You are a very strange girl, Miss Bligh. Not one woman in a thousand would dare to say such a thing as that. But I think yon are right. There are cases when death is a release from torture, mental and bodily."

"How did we get on such a lugubrious topic?" said Alison, shivering slightly and turning away from the dark landscape.

There was a pause and then the young man said suddenly:

"Why did you sing that song just now?"

"I—don't know," said Alison with drooping eyes.

"Do you know what it means?"

"Do you?" she said, raising her eyebrows innocently.

"I walked the hospitals in Paris for two years. I understood every word."

"Oh, I am sorry. I thought, with my accent and an English audience, that I should be perfectly safe."

"Don't do it again," he said; "for heaven's sake, don't. You can't imagine how dreadful it is to see you do a thing like that."

"Thank you for saying that," he answered, gravely. "Sing something for me now, will you?"

Miss Bligh answered by moving away to the piano. Brooke stood still by the window, looking out over the snow-covered grounds and waiting to hear what she would sing. Allison's fingers strayed tentatively over the keys, as if seeking the strain which suited her mood best. Presently her clear young voice was heard in Handel's immortal air, "Lascia Ch'io Pianga."

"Handel, instead of boulevard songs"—Duncan Brooke smiled to himself—"that will do. Allison loves me. I know it—I can see it in her eyes."

II

It was a passionate yet half-paternal feeling that Dr. Brooke had for this beautiful girl; a feeling akin to that which the tiger cherishes toward its cub, and yet with a yearning tenderness, too. He felt that he would gladly have thrown away his life to save her pain, but as it was, he meant to devote his life to her pleasure. Nothing should be spared that could give her pleasure—this little epicurean who believed so devoutly in the Now! There was nothing, too, which could stand in the way of an immediate marriage. Duncan Brooke had already made a brilliant reputation and a large practice, and Alison being an orphan, with a fortune of her own, there would be no difficulties about their settling down at once. His house in Grosvenor street was a fair-sized one, and with Alison's taste in furniture and pictures, might be made one of the prettiest in London. He smiled as he saw a vision of her radiant face at the head of his dinner-table, smiling at his guests, perfect in her young matronhood, Somehow he always thought of her in connection with beautiful and pleasant things; with flowers, and picturers, and music, and the sparkle of dinner-table wit. She had told him that day that she loved roses; well, she should have roses on her table every day of the year. And then Brooke remembered that pearls were another hobby of Alison's. He would telegraph to town to-morrow for the finest necklace he could get.

That night, when Lady Minton had sent her maid away, a pink robed figure knocked at her door and knotted a pair of soft arms tight round her neck.

"My dear child, what is the matter?" she grasped in the midst of this impetuous embrace.

"It's all settled—and I'm so happy!"

"Indeed," said Lady Minton, laughing. "And may I ask who is the lucky man?"

"Oh, Dr. Brooke, of course. How can you ask?"

"My dear, all the men in the house are mad about you. I listen to their confidences—you know my way."

"Well, you shan't be bored with any more, you dear thing. Please let them know that I am the happiest woman in the world."

III.

A weak later Lady Minton and two or three of her guests stood at the hall door to see the Doctor and Miss Bligh mount the dog-cart for a drive. Lady Minton was profuse in her advice.

"Now, mind you take care of Alison, Doctor. That mare is rather frisky and the roads are slippery to-day. You've got to bring Alison back safe and sound. We don't want to have a 'case' for you down here."

The doctor smiled as Miss Bligh came down the wid... ...ase. A week'... ...ed a ha... ...dess. ...ents. and the soft furs at her throat, she looked the personification of youth. Her eyes—always fine—seemed twice as large and had acquired a soft expression which was irresistible; the cynical little laugh, which had formerly been one of her characteristics, had disappeared.

Another two minutes and the girl was snugly tucked under a fur rug on the front seat of the high dog-cart, and Brooke, touching the mare with his whip, sent her flying down the long carriage drive.

How ridiculously those people are in love with each other!" said Lady Minton, with a little sigh. "Upon my word, it is quite Acadian. I wonder how long it will last?"

"About six months, I take it," drawled Capt. Egerton; "at least I hope so. Miss Bligh won't look at any other fellow than saw-bones. But it can't last, that sort of thing. Quite uncivilized you know."

"Well they are to be married in six weeks," laughed lady Minton. "So this time next year we shall see 'you making the running' with the beautiful Mrs. Brooke?"

"Nothing more likely in the world," replied Capt Egerton, who had a royal idea of his own powers of fascination.

At the luncheon table two chairs were vacant. "I wonder where our two young people have got to?" said Lady Minton. "I wish Dr. Brooke would not take her these long expeditions, it makes me very uneasy."

"They are probably lunching somewhere a deux, dear Lady Minton," suggested the "frisky matron" of the party.

"I don't know where they will lunch out on Exmore—and I don't feel at all sure about that mare. She is getting a regular jade."

The afternoon closed in and there were still no signs of the girl and her lover. Tea had been brought in and Lady Minton was trying to hide her growing alarm as she chatted with guests and did the honors of the tea table.

"I am sure I heard wheels at the front door of the house," she said suddenly.

"Yes, but it is not the dog-cart, said Capt. Egerton; "those were cart-wheels I heard."

"Go out and see what it is, for goodness' sake. No carts ever come up to the court after dusk!"

The young man hurried out of the room and a minute later a scared footman came and whispered to lady Minton. Hurrying into the hall she was met by Egerton and Brooke. The Doctor's face was destitute of every vestige of color and his eyes seemed to have sunk far back into his head.

"There has been a bad accident —"

"Where is Allison," cried Lady Minton; "she is not—"

"No, not dead; but she is very seriously wounded. Can you bear the worst?"

"Take me to her, my poor darling!" wailed Lady Minton.

"We have carried her here, into Sir Francis' study; and she must not be moved any more. Don't look at her face, Lady Minton. I want you to be strong—to help me."

A motionless heap lay on the sofa, and that heap was Alison Bligh. Piteous groans came from her lips, and one side of her face was carefully bound up with a man's white silk handkerchief.

"Make up a bed quickly here. Call her maid—if she has strong nerves—to help you take of her clothes. I can tell you nothing definite till I have examined her. Bring some brandy."

These orders were briefly given by the Doctor as he hurried from the room to fetch his case of surgical instruments.

An hour later the worst was known. The girl's spine was badly injured that she would never be able to rise again. One side of her face had been so terribly crushed that she was hardly recognizable, and her sufferings were acute. She might live, the Doctor thought, but her life would be so many years of mental and bodily anguish.

IV

The house party at Minton Court broke up immediately, and by noon the next day the last carriageful of guests had swept down the drive. Silence reigned in the large rambling house, Lady Minton and Miss Bligh's maid taking their turn in the sick room. As for Duncan Brooke, he hardly left his patient's bedside. Always a reticent man, not even his hostess ever guessed what he suffered during those long days and nights of anxious watching. At night, particularly, he would let no one else sit up with her, even if he snatched an hour or two's sleep during the day. For a whole fortnight she lay almost unconscious on the bed, unable to articulate, and only showing by her low groans that she was still alive—and suffering.

Then came a change, and Alison was able to speak again. One day the Doctor was alone with her in the room where they had laid her down on the day of the accident. The great house was hushed into perfect stillness, and not a sound was to be heard but the occasional fall of a cinder on the hearth.

"Duncan," she whispered suddenly, with a very little sigh.

"What is it, my darling?" said the Doctor, bending his head to listen.

"I—I want to go to sleep."

"So you shall, dear. I will give you an opiate to-night."

"Oh, but I want to go to sleep for —always. I cannot bear it any more. It is all over for me now; all over, and I am only 22? I should go mad chained to a bed all the years I may have to live. * * * And you would learn to hate me—how could you help it? I know I am a horrible, maimed mass, although you have never let me see my face since. * * * Oh, Duncan, and the pain! I cannot bear it. I always hated pain; I am sure I feel it more than other people do. And what I suffer now is inhuman! What have I done that I should have to bear this terrible agony? We would not let a dog suffer what you all look on and see me endure! It is cruel—cruel!"

"Alison, I would give my life to save you one pang."

"Would you!" she said eagerly, "I know you are brave and good. Have you the courage to help me now? Oh, Duncan! when you give me that chloral to-night give me enough to send me to sleep for always. No one will ever know. Oh, my darling, do me one last service!"

"I cannot do it," he whispered back, some inward voice telling him, even as he spoke the words, that here was the merciful euthanasia for this poor maimed girl. He knew that her life—even if she lived—would be henceforward a martyrdom, and that never again would she rise from her mattress grave."

As night closed in Alison grew worse. She was evidently suffering frightfully. "I shall not leave her an instant to-night," said Brooks to Lady Minton, who stood with scared, white face at the bedside. "I cannot tell what may happen," he added at the door, having persuaded his hostess to teke an hour or two's rest. "She might succumb now—from the shock—or she might live for years. I shall give her a strong opiate to-night she must have sleep."

"Thank heaven for one thing," said Lady Minton "and that is that you are here in the house. Think if we had been obliged to rely on the local practioner! It is simply a mercy that you are here!"

"A mercy!" repeated the Doctor gravely. "Yes; perhaps it is."

When the day dawned the house was all astir. Swiftly moving figures hurried up and down stairs; and the Doctor, meeting Lady Minton in the cold, gray light, at the door of the sick room, took her hand and led her away.

"Allison is gone," he whispered. "She passed away last night without pain. I was with her; she died in my arms."

"Poor darling! It is a merciful release," sobbed the kind-hearted woman.

"Yes, a merciful release," repeated Brooke, pressing his hostess' hand.

Next day Lady Minton went with a sinking heart to the Doctor's door. He had locked himself in ever since Alison's death, and had refused all food on the plea that he wished to sleep; but she found him sitting dressed at his writing table, having obviously never been to bed. Some medical books and sheets of manuscript lay about, he seemed to be writing.

"I am so pained to speak of anything connected with this awful affair, but you know there are the usual formalities to be observed. Poor Alison had no near relations living, so we must arrange all the last sad offices. Here is the Registrar's certificate. Will you, as you were her only medical attendant, fill in the—cause of death.

"The cause of death!" cried Brooke, rising from his chair, "I—I—cannot say—how should I know?" he shouted, throwing up his hands.

The next instant he was lying in a senseless heap on the floor. * * *

Six months after, the following paragraph appeared in an evening paper:

"A HERO OF THE HOSPITAL.—Once more one of our most eminent physicians has proved that heroism is not confined to the winners of the Victoria Cross. It is with the deepest regret that we record the untimely death of Dr. Duncan Brooke of Grosvenor street, physician to the Whitechapel Hospital. It appears that an impatient—a boy of eleven years of age— was suffering from acute diphtheria. The physicians agreed that there was a chance of saving the child's life if the operation of tracheotomy could be successfully performed. It will be remembered that in this operation the patrid and poisonous matter has to be sucked by the operator through a tube. In spite of the opposition of the other doctors, Dr. Brooke insisted on performing the operation, which was highly successful, the boy being now nearly convalescent. Dr. Brooke (who, it appears, received a severe mental shock some six months ago) was taken ill shortly afterward, and expired this morning in the hospital. Deceased was widely known and highly respected.—[E. Hepworth Dickson, in the Woman's World.

Dangers at the South Pole.

From the London Daily News.

It appears to be probable that Prof. Neumayr, of the Hamburg Marine Observatory, will succeed in getting a South Polar expedition organized. It might have been supposed that until some greater measure of success had attended similar adventures in the arctic regions the most ardent advocate of such schemes would have doubted the wisdom of exposing human lives and treasure to the risks of antarctic seas. All the best authorities are agreed that the difficulties to be encountered in the South are much greater than in the North, and the hideous stories which gained currency after the return of the last artic expedition might well have sickened the boldest of this generation sufficiently to deter them from any assault upon the stronghold of King Winter in the South. In comparing the difficulties of arctic and antarctic adventure Sir Wyville Thompson says: "We can only anticipate disaster, multiplied a hundred fold, should the South Pole ever become a goal of rivalry among nations." For various reasons the great lone land under the Southern Cross is more difficult of access than the North. It is much colder there than in the artic circle. There seem to be no such warm currents as are to be found in the North—such, for instance, as the Labrador current, or that round the south coast of Spitzbergen. Such emanations from the torrid regions of the earth do much to mitigate the rigors of the northern seas at certain points and bring about the most striking variations of temperature, breaking up the ice at certain seasons, and opening the way to navigation far beyond points otherwise obtainable. Any enterprise of this kind will, of course, be pushed on during the summer months—during January, February, and the early part of March, that is. But even in the height of summer the temperature of the air in antarctic regions is always below the freezing point of sea water, and bitter tempestuous winds and fogs and blinding snow storms are all but incessant. No arctic explorer has ever gone beyond the bounds of vegetation. At least lichens and seaweed have been found wherever northern navigators have penetrated, but in the awful solitudes of the South Sir James Ross found not the faintest trace of vegetable life, either on the land or in the sea, yet he never came within less than 700 miles of the south pole. The magnetic pole has been approached within 150 miles, and it seems possible that important scientific results might be attained by covering that further distance; but even this is doubtful.

No More Big Timber Rafts.

From the Bangor Commercial.

Mr. Leary, who has built the great timber rafts at the Joggins, Nova Scotia, has instructed his agent to sell the timber used in frames and other materials on h... ...Finger B... ...he w... more raf... structing... rafts ren... more exp...

Curiosities of Currency.

From Texas Sitings.

Almost every nation and tribe, as well as every epoch, has its peculiar currency. Not only gold, silver, copper, brass, iron, lead and paper, but glass, shells, beads, books, stones, soap, bits of various colored cloth and numerous other articles have been used to represent money. The Burmese, Karens and Ghans have coined money, lead and silver in bullion being the ordinary tender in trade, weight and purity being the standard of value. It must be a curious spectacle to see a Burmese out on a "hurrah" with a lot of pig lead to spend at bars.

Salt was, for a long time, the ordinary money of the Abyssinians, which rendered it difficult for them to get a fresh supply when they were broke. Fish has long been and is now the legal tender of Iceland. "Shad scales" as money probably originated there.

The Carthagenians were the first to introduce a stamped leather currency. Leather coins with a silver nail in the center were issued in France by King John the Good in 1306, but they are not good now.

In the interior towns of Northern China slips of the bark of the mulberry tree, bearing the imperial "chop" and a stamp to denote their worth, have long been used as we use bank notes, and malefactors who conterfeited them got the imperial "chop" also. Marco Polo found this kind of money there in his time, and they have still an extensive local circulation.

In some small villages in Scotland laborers formerly carried in their pockets nails in place of coin to "pay on the nail" for the day's supply of bread and ale, just as a native Australian divests himself of a string of beads for the purchase of some coveted luxury.

A Scotch missionary to a little group of islands in the South Pacific found bits of red flannel circulating as money, when they were not needed to tie up a sore throat. This came about in a curious manner. The body of a shipwrecked sailor had drifted ashore, and to these untutored savages, who had never before seen clothing of any description, his red flannel shirt was an object of wonder and admiration. By common consent they cut the garment into shreds, which thenceforth became the currency of the island. A savage destitute of flannel was said to have "nary red," we suppose.

A Finnish Girl's Farewell.

At Tavastehuus I saw a group of eight or ten women, all well dressed, on the platform of the railway station. One of them was a rosy faced, pretty girl fo 20. She carried a magnificent bouquet. She was the recipient of much attention from the others, who kissed her twice around. When the last warning bell rang she was locked in the arms of an elderly woman, who, with streaming eyes, strained her again and again to her heart, and I saw, asked the good God to bless her child. I knew they were mother and daughter. As the train pulled out the girl stood upon the car platform and bade them adieu with wet cheeks. But I thought I saw a ray—a gleam of cherry hope shining through her tears. I asked a man where she was going. Till America—till Minnesota," was the reply.

Ah! I then read that hopeful light in her tearful eyes. She was leaving friends and kindred to go all alone to the far off land, where her lover had gone before, and to fill the nest he had built up for his coming mate. Who knows what places high in the world the young to be hatched in that free nest may fill in the lake state of the north.—Carter Harrison in Chicago Mail.

Eli Perkins on Bed Bugs.

A remarkable case of the death of a woman was reported recently from Franklin township, Beaver county, Pa. The death occurred while the woman was suffering from a violent attact of the heahache, to which she had been subject for nearly three years she has been living in a house which has been badly infested with bed bugs. Shortly after moving into it she began to be troubled with a strange type of a headache which seemed to increase in violence with each returning attack until at times she was renderd unconscious by the severe pains, which she often described as resembling a heavy weight or presure on the top of her head. The peculiar nature of the case and his inability to render relief aroused the attending physician's curiosity and with the consent of the bereaved husband he cut open the skull after the woman's death. He found firmly lodged on the top of the brain in a clotted mass, a number of bedbugs. How they got there baffles all who have heard of the case.

No Wonder He Felt Old.

"The singular mistake," explains the editor of a Texas paper, "by which our leading editorial appeared at the bottom of a column on the third page was caused by our having intrusted the setting up of the same to a long slabsided Yankee jour printer who happened along and wanted a job. We told him to make up the forms and work the papers off while we went home to give our wife some much-needed assistance in making her apple-butter. The article was in relation to the recent act of the governor in pardoning a sheep thief, and was headed 'Crowning Folly.' The blundering tramp set it up 'Cranberry Jelly' and chucked the article in the department of 'Useful Household Recipes.' It is such things as these that make the life of a journalist one of constant care and anxiety and make him an old man before his time."

As To Smoking.

Albany Journal: An Albany physician, who is something of an investigator, says that smoking is not good to relieve mental depression; that it does so simply by diverting a man's mind from objects that worry him, "Nothing," said he," requires more devotion to it for its enjoy... ...t than a cigar. It is not ...o ... one enjoys. ... mechanic of ... inhaling ... off the ...

Miss Ewald's Protege.

...turday Night.

"He is handsome, he speaks correct... and there is a kind of superb in...dependence about him that I admire. ...hat a pity he is only a farmer!" ...iss Ewald mused, looking over the ...nce at the reapers in the wheat field, ...d singling out Brian Jeffrey's ...raight, well knit figure, in its cool ...ue cotton overalls and blouse.

How easily and lightly he swung ...e scything cradle around, the yel...w grain falling before the glitter...g blade.

Miss Ewald had been at Grass...nds a week. She was twenty-six ...nd thoroughly disgusted with the ...orld, or so she imagined when she ...as elected to spend the summer in ...e country, instead of going with ...r friends on the usual round of ...ayety at the watering places.

"I am tired of folly and fashion, of ...ciety—of everything," she had said, ...d packing her trunks went away ... the loneliness, the cool, deep, ...ades, and the simple, primitive life ... Grasslands, bewildering Farmer ...ason and his comely wife with her ...auty and grace and city toilets, ...d making acquaintance with Brian ...ffrey, the father's nephew.

"He is probably as old as I am, ...t with as little worldly knowledge ... I had at sixteen," shifting her ...ite linen parasol a little, her eyes ...ll fixed on the blue clad figure in ...e field.

A brilliant idea had shaped itself ... her mind during the week. She ...uld help the young man to a ...gher plane of life—point into the ...ellectual world.

"Why not?" she had reasoned. "Of ...urse my friends," with a slight ...l of her lip, "would deride the ...n; but I see no harm in it. He is ...e, shut off from the world with ... examples to stimulate ambition ... make him desire culture."

The morning that she stood by ...e fence, looking into the wheat ...d, she decided to speak to him ...out it—offer, with tact and deli...y, to loan him books and papers, ...d her aid in turning his thoughts ...o higher channels.

That evening, as she stood on the ...randa, gathering a bunch of creamy ...es for the bosom of her light blue ...wn, he came and leaned against ...e column near her.

The fading daylight seemed to ...ther about her golden head and ...ely purely-colored face, and the ...ung farmer's dark gray eyes were ...ed steadily on her. It was a good ...e and place to unfold her purpose. His face flushed, and he looked ...wn at his shapely, sunburnt hands, ...ile she gently explained that all ... books and magazines were at his ...vice, and that she would be pleased ... have him read with her sometimes.

He seemed to catch instantly at ...r full meaning, and the light in his ...y eyes almost startled her.

"Would you indeed be so kind to ... ignorant, poor wretch?" he mur...red.

Her face flushed.

"It is no great act of kindness, Mr. ...frey. I understand the limitations ... your surroundings, and if you will ...ept—"

"I do, most gladly, gratefully!" he ...ckly interrupted. "In a country ...ghborhood, where all, or nearly all, ... on the same level—where an ...manac and a Bible constitute a ...rary—there in not much hope for ...erary advancement."

It was a strange summer to Rosa...ond Ewald—one utterly out of the ...e of conventional experiences.

Never had teacher so apt a pupil, ...d the lines of study took a much ...der range than she had imagined. Favorite authors were invested with ...w interest, and she found all her ...n mental faculties stimulated and ...ickened. She had ever been weary ... life.

It was delightful to have such an ...telligent, sympathetic protege.

"I never knew before that such a ...mple act of kindness could give one ... much pleasure. I felt like a differ...t creature from the languid, en...ied woman who came up here."

One evening she was surprised and ...elighted at the sound of a fine tenor ...oice singing "My Queen" with an ...oquence of expression unexpected. She stepped to the parlor door and ...w Brian Jeffrey sitting before the ...mall, almost tuneless old piano, ...laying and singing.

He stopped instantly at sight of ...er.

"I did not know you could sing. ...r. Jeffrey," advancing into the ...imly lighted room.

"Only a little, Miss Ewald," he ...aid, hastily, looking as guilty as if ...e had been detected in a crime.

"You sing extremely well, and with ...wonderful expression."

Her frank, warm praise overmas...ered the self control he had been ...utting upon himself for days.

He looked at her, a passionate fire ...aping to his gray eyes.

"I ought to sing that song well, ...ith you always in my thoughts," ...e said, in a low, quick tone.

Her startled eyes met his; she ...urned away, but he caught her ...and.

"I know what presumption, what ...adness it is, but I love you. Miss ...Ewald—Rosamond, my queen!"

She flushed and paled.

"It may seem a poor return for all ...our goodness to give you my heart, ...ut it is an honest heart and—"

All the haughty Ewald blood flam...d up. She snatched her hand from ...is grasp.

"Sir, you surely forget your sta...ion! You presume unpardonably ...pon my favor. Let me pass."

He grew white as death, bowed, ...nd stepped aside, and she went ...roudly away to her own room, only ...o throw herself on the bed when she ...rrived there, sobbing like the weak...est schoolgirl.

Never in her life had such contend...ing emotions possessed her. Hot waves of crimson swept over her throat and face as she recalled his words, the passion of his eyes.

But she had taught him a lesson. He treated her with perfect courtesy; but there were no more delightful talks and readings. He held gravely aloof, meeting her only at their meals, and she found the time hanging heavily on her hands.

A feverish unrest took possession of her, and as the time for her return to the city drew nearer, she grew graver and graver.

One day one of the children ran breathlessly in, crying:

"The cotton gin's bus'ted, an' I 'spect Cousin Brian's killed!

Rosamond started to her feet and ran bearheaded out into the yard, through the gate and down the lane toward the gin. Killed! Brian Jeffrey, in all his strength and youth, killed!

The hot sun beat upon her fair head, dazzled her eyes; she grew faint.

"Miss Ewald!"

She stopped, looked up with a low cry, then held out her hands.

He stood before her, untouched, unharmed.

"Oh, Brian, Brian, they told me you had been killed! Forgive my wicked pride, my cruel words, for I love you!"

The truth was out at last—the truth she had been learning ever since their estrangement.

He caught her hands and kissed them passionately.

"Forgive you? What would I not forgive you for those words, my dearest? As no lives were lost I thank heaven for the accident that has caused the betrayal of your heart."

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Miss Ewald was at a reception, gowned in creamy silk and with diamonds at her throat. It was the first reception of the season, and her friends gathered around her, declaring that the summer had mysteriously changed her, but the vivacious, laughing hostess bore her off to a pretty music room.

"I want to introduce you to a friend of my husband's, a fine musician, wealthy, cultivated, who has traveled and studied abroad as well as in America. If you were not so flinty-hearted Rosamond, I should hope to make a match between you."

Miss Ewald laughed softly as she thought of Brian Jeffrey, and turned the simple pearl ring he had placed upon her finger.

What would her fashionable friends say if they knew she had promised to marry a farmer and loved him?

The music room was deserted save for a solitary figure standing before the grand piano. Not until the gentleman turned, and her hostess said: "Mr. Jeffrey!" did she realize that it was Brian himself who stood before her in faultless evening dress, his face and hands still showing the sunburn of his labor at Grasslands.

"You deceived me!" she cried, pale with conflicting emotions, when they were left alone.

"My dearest, you decieved yoursels by taking it for granted that I was an uncultivated tiller of the soil, and then it was too tempting to learn all your sweet nature as my benefactress. I made the family promise not to undeceive you. Are you angry, darling? I called at your home this evening to tell you of your mistake, to ask your pardon for the deception; and learning you were here, came on determined to see you. The owner of Grasslands is indeed my uncle, and I went out there to work this past season because I needed outdoor exercise, and because I liked farming. Rosamond, it was the happiest summer of my life."

"And of mine," she murmured at last, her lips meeting his.

Then he sang "My Queen," in a way that drew half the guests to the room; and, with a happy smile, Miss Ewald thought that her protege would do her great honor.

Buffalo Bill's Plucky Daughter.

From the Denver Republican.

Miss Arta, the eldest daughter, was away at Lincoln when the reporter called, but from a photograph she appears to be a tall, handsome girl, very much resembling her father. She is also said to possess a number of her father's traits of character, and some very pretty stories of her pluck and determination are told, one of which is that while she was quite a girl, Cody had a very treacherous and dangerous bronco in his stable. This horse Arta determined to ride. After having him securely saddled the girl mounted him, but in a trice she was thrown to the ground, severely bruising her face. Enraged at the conduct of the horse she jumped up, exclaiming: "I'll ride him now if he kills me," and jumping into the saddle again, and by frequent applications of the whip, she soon had the broncho as docile as a lamb. Her last exploit was to travel all alone from North Platte, Neb., to London, England to meet her father, and later traveling alone through Italy and Spain. She is said to be quite a scholar in German and French, as well as being somewhat "up" in the arts.

The Age of the Writer.

From the Pall Mall Gazette.

"In my opinion," said M. Renan the other day, "France will perish in a literary sense, because of her young writers. It is impossible to write well before the age of 40. The saying is a striking one; and in this age of premature ambitious and hasty production it is worthy of much acceptance. But it is hardly true. Rousseau did not write the "Nouvelle Heloise" indeed, until he was 52; but Pascal wrote the "Provincial Letters" when he was 33. Herrick did not publish his "Hesperides" till he was nearly 60; but Shelley died at 30. Dante did not finish the "Inferno" till he was 50; but Goethe had written much of "Faust" before he was 27. "In seed time learn, in harvest time teach;" but different minds mature at different ages.

High, but Made Higher.

A prominent legal firm in this city which does a great deal of business for a rich mercantile concern lately rendered a bill which the senior partner of the mercantile establishment, who was accustomed to liberal charges, thought was too high. He therefore took the bill to the law firm and asked the chief to look it over and see if it was a'l right. The account was subsequently returned with $10 added for "advice as to the reasonableness of the bill."—Boston Journal.

His Reason for Asking

Billy Bliven is very generally and generously indebted. "By the way, Brown," said he to a friend the other day, "can you tell me how much I owe you." "Certainly," replied his friend with expectant anxiety, "just $17.50." A pause follow... which was broken by the remark: "I thought you might have some reason for asking?" "I had," replied Billy, "I was in hopes you had forgotten it."—Merchant Traveler.