# WEEKLY NEWS SUMMARY

### MISSOURI ITEMS

A PECULIAR and probably fatal accident occurred at the Niatic coal shaft, in Ma con county, Wednesday morning. The mine is mostly 400 feet deep, John Prill and mine is nearly 400 feet deep, John Prill and about twenty other men were at work, all with ighted lamps on their heads. Prill was in the lead, and while he was at work he struck a vein of sulphur that became igaited, and Prill was caught in the flame. He was rescued nearly burned to death and will probably die. He has a family. The presence of explosive sulphur was not known to the miners.

As unknown half-breed Indian boy, about 20 years old, died on the carly Wabash train Wednesday morning on his way home at Muskogee, I.T., between Liethfield and Raymond. By authority of the coroner of the county who was on the train, the body part of the Liethfield and an inquest beld. The boy had two companions, also held. The boy had two companions, also half-breeds, but they refused to stop off to testify. "In evidence was that the boy had div do consumption, and a verdiet was rendered accordingly.

WEDNESDAY afternoon M. M. Kistley, a Wednesday afternoon M. M. Kistley, a well-to-do groceryman and well known citizen of St. Joseph, while out hunting with two companions north of the city, near the water-works, accidentally discharged his gun while it was resting with the butt-end on the ground. His left hand, which was over the end of the barrels, was blown to pieces with duck shot. He walked over a mile to a farmer's house and was driven home in a burgy, being conscious all the time. The wounded member was amputated above the wrist. Kistler is 24 years old, and has a wife and two small children.

old, and has a wife and two small endoren.

Mr. Ben Harrison, of Crawford County, has struck a vein of coal on his farm in Liberty Township, at a depth of thirty-four feet, twenty-six inches thick and of superior quality. This adds another to the many wonderful mineral discoveries of that county. So far as prospected, the deposit seems to be a large and valuable

The most remarkable case of stubbornness on record terminated at the Pettis
County Poor House Wednesday with death.
Nine years ago a colored woman named
Susan Anderson became almost crazed
with anger at the keeper of the Poor Farm,
and so wild was she in her rage that she
was locked in her room alone, and left to
meditate until the following morning. At
that time the keeper of the place entered
her apartment and found her in bed. She
was not ill, but refused to arise. Days.
weeks and months pussed, but never once
did the woman leave her couch unless
draged therefrom. The medical fraternity
risited her, and without exception they
pronounced her perfectly well, but notvitustanding this fact she remained bedlast. Months were followed by years without change, but last spring the woman was
in reality taken ill. She lingered until
Wednesday, when death claimed her, but
not until she had made a record of remaining in bed for nine consecutive years
because of a fit of anger. Tag most remarkable case of stubborn-

Hos. James H. Walken, formerly of Cooper county, Missouri, and for two terms state senator from the Fourteenth district of that state, was recently elected to the legislature of New Mexico, to which the registrate of New Market, to which the territory he removed about two years ago Mr. Walker was a wealthy and prosperous farmer and served some years as judge of the Cooper county, court. His brother, John Walker, married a sister of Mrs. Senator Cockrell.

Chas. E. Stokes, editor of the Enterprac Messenger at Dexter, published the following card respecting his defeat for representative from Stoddard county: "The people in their vision have seen fit to heave us at home again, and we abide their division with as much grace as a defeated candidate well can. And as we don't have to be knocked down more than two or three times before taking a hint we have about concluded that the people don't want us and decided to retire from polities." CRAS. E. STOKES, editor of the Enter-

• Tue announcement of the probable can didacy of Col. J. R. Claiborne of St. Louis for nomination as governor has attracted considerable interest. Col. Claiborne re-ently served in the state. in the state senate and has just been re-elected proceeding attorney of the court of criminal correction. He is the president of theex-Confederate Association of Missouri, having served through the war in the Army of Northern Virginia, under Gens. J. E. B. Stuart and William E. Jones. Saturday night Col. Universe. Jens. J. E. B. Stuart and William E. Jones. Laturilay hight Col. Claiborne was unani-mously re-elected to the presidency of the Thos. A. Hendricks club. and in his speech of acceptance he virtually announced that he would shortly enter the arena of state

ADA CARR, of Holden, a prepossessing young lady of 16 years, and Leo Garrison, of Warrensburg, aged 23, were arrested at Sedalia Friday night just as they were about to board an M. K. and T. train for about to board an M. K. and T. train for kansas. The girl arrived there Thursday night and stopped at the City Hotel. Next morning she telegraphed her lover that she was there and he joined her later in the day. It was their intention to be wedded on their arrival in Kansas, but a telegram from the girl's father asking that she be detained knocked their arrangements silly. The couple have only been acquainted three weeks, they having first met at a party in Holden.

Washington Wingfield, son of J. S. Wingfield, of Salem, late candidate for Collector, was found dead in his room Friday aght. He was found lying in the middle of the floor with the whole top of his head blown off by a pistol shot, and fragments of bone and brain scattered in all directions. Deceased was but 17 years old, of a bright happy mood, with no care that any one knew ol. His death was first discovered by his mother when she entered red by his mother when she entered room to make up her son's bed.

—On the farm of Wm. Clouts, situated on Huzah Creek, in Crawford county. an apple tree of the Early June variety has borne two crops of apples this season. After the first ripened the tree bloomed in July, and the second crop nearly matured before trost.

Charles Hudson, the incestuous colored lather at Sedalia, who attempted suicide by sturating his cothing with oil, and then applying a lighted match, lingered in great agony until 2 o'clock Friday morning, when death claimed him. An inquest was held and a verdict rendered in accordance.

the prevalence of scarlet fever an attendant and an effort will be made to have the public schools closed for a sho

The grand lodge of Odd Fellows met in St. Louis last Tuesday, and the state ses sion was an eat luesday, and the state session was a most interesting one. The corner stone, with appropriate ceremonics, was laid on Wednesday afternoon.

-Maj. John N. Edwards, for several years editor of the Gazette at St. Joseph, has severed his connection with that paper. It is rumored he will take a place on the Kanasa City Times as editor. Another ramor is to the effect that he will return to Sed lie.

The Vernon County Circuit Court con vened at Nevada Monday morning. The docket is the longest ever known there, there being 275 cases, of which 31 are di vorce cases. Nine criminal cases are also on the docket, only one of them being for

The 3-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. Andy Shores fell into a kettle of boiling lard Fri-day, and was so badly scalded that he has since died. Mr. Shores hees a few miles in the country near Hannibal. The mother had her bands badly scalded in her at-tempts to rescue the child.

Maryville has been made a regular sta-Maryville has been made a regular sta-tion of the Salvation army, it being the 262d in the United States. Lieut. W. T. Best and Cadet Charles Parker are in charge, and they nightly attract a crowd by play-ing upon bones and ta...bourines and sing ing gospel hyans, after which they ex-pound the gospel after their peculiar man-ner.

Alliance at Sedalia Monday forenoon the work of the Salvation Army was discussed. While no official indorsement was given the While no official indorsement was given the band now at work, the pastors present expressed themselves as entertaining the belief that good will be accomplished, as the people attracted by the Salvationists can not be reached in any other manner. Capt, Parks, in command of the army, says the outlook is encouraging, and he anticipates many conversions in the near future.

THE dead body of Peter Livingood, a The dead body of Peter Livingood, a carpenter and well-known citizen, was found at his residence in Chillicothe. For many years he had been addicted to the excessive use of liquor, and his death, so the Coroner's jury decided, was caused by alcohol. He had been out riding Sunday, and went home some time in the night, pretty well childed through, and laid down on the floor, where he was found by his on the floor, where he was found by his wife when she arose.

Tom White, a stone mason, who broke Tow Willys, a stone mason, who broke his back at Lannar about a month ago, died Monday. On the night of October 15, while with a number of companions, who had been out having a little time, White went out in the public square, White went out in the public square, climbed up into the band stand and sat down on the railing, but lost his balance and fell to the ground, about twelve or fifteen leet. He sustained a dislocation at the third dorsal vertebra, and the physicians did not think he would live forty-eight hours.

Mr. Scully, a large landowner in Tipperary has abated 25 per cent, of the judicial rents saying that he is prepared to share inevitable loss with his tenants.

To: Wabash is the direct route between St. Louis and eastern cities.

FULTON GAZETTE: Jacob E. Ebersole, r., a farmer near Fulton, brought in a cry peculiar cluster of potatoes last Monday which he found among his crop. The bunch is something like a bunch of grapes, only much larger, with twelve potatoes in the cluster. He raised about eighteen bushels of potatoes from a haif bushel of

CENTRALIA Fireside Guard: The grand-father of James T. Stockton, the newly-elected constable of Centralia township, assisted in hewing out a walnut log into ceiffushape and ossisted in the burial of the first person who died in Boone county. His tather and mother now reside at Clark's Switch the former S3 years old and the Switch, the former S3 years old and the latter 71 years. There are eleven children, not a death ever having occurred in the family, and there has been a family reunion each year during thristmas for the past fifty years.

FULTON Gazette: W. C. Herndon showed Fulnor Gazette: W. C. Herndonshowed Jose, Cal. (which he received recently), out on a hunt with a deer tied behind him on his pony and a fine pack of hounds following. He left Cailaway in 1846 and is well known by all our old citizens. His wife was a sister of Hon. C. A. Bailey. Col. Snell recognized the picture on sight and was highly pleased with it.

NEW MADRID Record: Miss New Madrid Record: Miss Cluda Lesieur, daughter of our friend Mr. Raph Lesieur, has a novel and beautiful quilt which, if contested for would merit the blue ribbon. The quilt was shown a Record reporter, who counted 489 oblong pieces, observing no two pieces alike. The pieces are tastily arranged and the handsome article of domestic art speaks well for the excellent work of Miss Lesieur.

JEFFERSON City Tribune: Mr. J. M. Collett of Eiston Station was on the streets Wednesday. He stands six feet six mch es in his boots, and the ladies say that he is the finest looking man in the county. The Tribune agrees with them, and will wager a new hat that no other county in wager a new hat that ho other county in the state can produce a better specimen of physical manhood. Capt. Jack Maloney of the penitentiary force says he would like to stand up by Mr. Collett, and then have the ladies take a vote. Mr. Collett is a sound Democrat and a good citizen.

SAMUEL D. WHERRY, a prostockman of Warrensburg, who has been argely interested in Colorado ranches, as inned for the benefit of his creditors. Lia bilities and assets not yet known, however, but it is thought the former will exceed the atter by about \$55,000. He has always been considered one of the salest men that section of the State.

Hox. R. G. Manison, who represented Ste. Genevieve county in the legislature a lew years ago, was re-elected judge of the lefferson county court by a majority of

udge of the Thirteenth judicial circuit-ong held by Woodside—and Hale, a ublican, is said to have a majority

roximating 410. ARTHUR F. LOVE of Macon City is an ap plicant for clerkship of the legislative committee to visit and inspect the state insti-utions, which will shortly be appointed by

Hox. H. P. TATE, the old reliable repr

sentative from Lewis county, has been re-cle ted to the legislature by a majority far exceeding that of any other candidate on WALTER J. DAVIS, a brother of the edito

of the Marshall Progress, has been elected to the legislature by the Democrats of New Mexico from the city of Santa Fe. He has long been a resident of the territory.

BEST. WALKER, the Democratic candi-late for representative in Butler county, was defeated by only eleven votes, but he refuses to contest the election—a fact cred-table to his manhood, if not to his par-

ANDREW VAN WORMER, who represented owell county in the last legislature as a smoorat, was defeated at the recent elec-on by his brother J. H. Van Wormer, by s in a race for prosecuting attorney

HENRY C. GARRET, the representative n Pemiscot county, is a merchant awood Point. The old-timers will barly form of Hon. Geo. W. Carleton, who has for so many years represented that county in the legislature.

CONGRESSMAN Heard has just said that it is understood that District-Attorney Benton is to be reinstated, and that at an early date. This he gets from Senator Vest, who is daily looking for the President to carry out the promise he has made. Action may be looked for in a day or two.

Pursions to Missourians were issuedlast week as follows: Armstead Hill, Milan; James M. Wadlow, Golden City; Wm. Longuere, Mountain Grove. Increase of pensions—Wm. I. Pond, St. Louis; Theo-dore L. Molser, Treaton; Calvin Minton, Norbourne; Francis A. Bonner, Spickards-ville; Philip Farrall, Wakenda.

Apa Coy, of Holden, the 16-year-old girl And toy, of Holden, the 15-year-old gir, who was arrested at Sedalia Saturday night while in the act of leaving for Kansas to be married to Leo Garrison, was taken home Sunday evening by here latter, who came after her. Garrison who persanded the circle below how as will in Sedalia. came after her. Garrison who persuaded the girl to leave home, as still in Sedalia, and is emphatic in the declaration that he will yet be wedded to her; notwithstanding the objections of her father.

WM. WARREN GOODELL, the oldest lo WM. Warren Goodell, the oldest lo-comotive engineer in America, died at his home in Sedalia, Saturday, aged S3 years. He first began moning an engine in 1834, and followed the business continuously for fity years. Two years ago his eyesight lailed him, and since then he has resided with his children, who number eleven. Mr. Goodell was of an inventive turn of wind Goodell was of an inventive turn of mind and many years ago numerous patents for various parts of a locomotive were is-sued in his name. The body was taken to Backley, Mo., and the burial took place

SHERIFF CAREY, who was defeated by SHERFF CAREY, who was defeated by Joseph Audriano, republican, at the recent election, has served notice of contest on the ground that Audriano was not a bona fide citizen of the United States. Audriano came to this country with his parents when only 7 years of age and has lived in St. Joseph twenty years. He has twice been elected city collector and his to citizenship has never before been questioned.

Early Sunday morning Weirich's book bindery. Schneider's shoe shop, Chope's cigar factory and Noel's barber shop were burned at Macon. All were small frame buildings on Vine street, and the total loss will aggregate only \$3,000, with an insur-ance of about \$1,000, in small amounts. The city tax-books, both current and delinquent, were destroyed. Incendiarism is

Sunnay morning Mr. George Snyder, employed at the round house at Chamois, discovered fire and gave the alarm by sounding the whistle of the yard engine. The people aroused and repaired to the scene, which proved to be the two-story dwelling owned and occupied by Mr. Fred L. Linthorst. Although all worked like beavers, owing to scarcity of water the building was entirely consumed. The household goods were saved. The building was insured.

EARLY Sunday morning a fire started in the basement of the five-story building at the corner of Tenth and Mulberry streets, Kansas City, and owned by Chas. E. Gray. The watchman, John Alcorn, had left his lantern in the basement while he went a few blocks away from the building. When he returned smoke was issuing from the windows, and by the time the fire department arrived the blaze had spread pretty well over the basement and was fast climbing over the elevator shaft. The damage will not exceed \$1,000; the building was unoccupied. Wm. Craig, foreman of Hose Reel No. 1, fell from the third stry to the basement and was seriously, although probably not fatally, injured. He walked into the elevator shaft, the entrance to which was unprotected. Mr. Craig was reported resting easily and will have a speedy recovery. EARLY Sunday morning a fire started in recovery.

JOE HYLAND, who works for and is fore Jor HYLAND, who works for and is fore-man of L. H. Thomas, living six miles east-of Virden, went in as usual to clean out the hears' den. After finishing his work, and turning to go out, he was attacked and rightfully clawed by two of the largest orutes. His cries brought Mr. Thomas to his assistance, who beat them off. By Mr. Thomas' assistance he was helped to the town in a lacerated condition. Physicians were summoned and his wounds dressed. were summoned and his wounds dressed, but all to no avail, as he died during the night.

Denis a celebration at Knoxvill over the election of Gen. Post as Congressman from the Tenth District, a cast-iron cannon, with which a salute was being fired, burst, instantly killing Henry Arms, a young merchant who was walking on the sidewalk some 200 feet from where the cannon burst some 200 feet from where the cannon burst. A piece of iron weighing five and a half bounds struck him in the back, between shoulders. Quite a number of boys and men stan

# DOMESTIC.

WILLIE WILLIED colored, a 12-year-old school boy, fatally shot a schoolmate, mate, John Brown, aged 10. The deed

ISAAC T. Lawrence, a farmer of Mount on, Ind , poisoned himself yesterday under temporary mental derange

WATT C. ATWOOD, a prominent musician of Akron, suicided Saturday because a grass-widow, Mrs. Clark, refused to marry him.

Thomas Nicholas, a young married man of Walden, New York, was Saturday killed by the accidental discharge of a fowling

Tue Sebright divorce case was Lendon Saturday. Mrs. Sebright testified she had been intimidated into marrying

EDWARD STIELDS, an iron-worker, died Saturday in Pittsburg from a blow on the head with a beer glass received in a saloon brawl with Henry Ford.

A DELEGATION from a rival town in th same county broke into the Court-house at Lacqui, Minn.; and removed the County records and burglar-proof safe.

D. H. McConmack, aged 63, drowned nimself in his cistern at New York because a plumber had worried him by delaying a ob of repairs on the house.

It will pay all our readers to persue very

rarefully, the article elsewhere copied from the Scientific American, addressed to that dispassionate paper, and reproduced here-in because it is of very great value to every. one, containing some ifacts very plainly put. important scientifi

W. E. Coxxon, Jay Gould's old partner, expects to retire from Wall street January 1. MRS. JANE BERRYMAN'S large new resi nce at Marshall, Mo., was destroyed

THE fire in Townshend, Vt., Friday night as confined to one store, the post office end six dwellings. Two shocks of earthquake were experi

enced at Charleston, S. C., Saturday, no damage was done. A PROMINENT saloon keeper of Cincinnat has been heavily fined for not closing his lace at midnight in accordance with the

county, Texas, has disappeared. His accounts are all right and it is feared that has committed suicide while insane.

Heron's Nest. LY BERTHA M. CLAY. CHAPTER L. No matter where the Christmas stars should same monotonous, quiet, peaceful way.

or the Christmas spows fell, there was not in the whole world so desolate a girl as L. I had watched them, those fair stars, shining it a deep blue sky in a different clime from thisa clime where roses grow well-nigh all the year round, and the silver seas are rarely ruffled by storms. I had watched them from etween high gray valls, which I know now to have enclosed the court of a convent; and since then I have watched them from the grand old gardens of Heron's Nest. All through my lonely, desolate childhood, uncheered by the warmth and the brightness of the sun of love, the stars were as friends to me.

I remember, as in a dream, a journey over

stormy seas; I hear far-off echoes of a voice: and I have a faint recollection of a face bending over mine. But the first vivid impression of my life is of standing at the window of the housekeeper's room at Heron's Nest, watching the shadows grow darker and the snow fall one Christmas eve. There was no rejoicing in the grand old mansion. It was all dark and disnal. The snow beat fiercely upon it: the wind sobbed round it; but loud and sweet above moan of the wind came the chiming of the church bells. To me they spoke plainly enough. They said, "Christmas is come-Christmas is come!" I wondered if they said the same to had, Mrs. Paterson, the housekeeper.

"What do the bells of Heronsdale church really say?" I asked her. "Bells do not speak," she replied. smiling.

"You cannot say they are dumb," I rejoined. "Listen!"—and slowly I sang with them, \*Christmas is come—Christmas is come!" Mrs. Paterson shook her head.

"Gracia," she said, not unkindly, "you are too full of fancies."
"To tell you the truth." I answered, "I hard-

ly know what are fancies and what are not. Is it a fancy of mine that because it is Christmas Eve the snow falls more softly and the stars shine more brightly? Is it my fancy that quis real music into the chime of the bells—that fills the air with a strange sense of mystery! "Gracia," said the housekeeper solemnly,

"Oh, no!" I cried. "Do not send me away.

It is cold and dark in my room. Let me stay here in the warmth and light with you. I want to watch the sky and see if the Christman star shines to-night."

She murmured to herself a wish that Heaven would biess the child and her faucies, but

she was not angry.
"How fondly mothers will kiss their children
to-night!" I went on. "How warmly will old
friends clasp hands! If one man has wronged another, how freely he will be forgiven! I wish some one would kiss me."

"I will kiss you, Gracia," said the housekeeper.

And she did; but it did not seem to satisfy

the craving that I felt.

"Are you not happy here?" she asked kindly.

"How can I be happy when I belong to no one-when I have not a friend or relative in the world-when I have not even a name?" I said bitterly.

"You live in a beautiful house, you wear good clothes, and have everything a girl can wish for," she answered. "I want none of those things," of cried. "I

want some one to love me." "I have made a plum-pudding and some mince-pies," said Mrs. Paterson, with a view to diverting my thoughts. "You shall have a hot mince-pie for your supper, Gracia, if you will stop talking. You almost frighten me." But plum-pudding and mince-pies had no charms for me. I loved the pale moonlight, the softly-falling snow, the light of the stars. I longed to go out and see if I could penetrate the mystery that seemed to lie around. I wanted to hear more distinctly the bel's that seemed to chime, "Christmas is come-Christ-

mas is come!" That is my first vivid recollection. How the gray walls had disappeared, I could not tell. Here I was, a child of ten, and no one had the slightest knowledge about me. No one knew why I was at Heron's Nest; no one knew my parents, my name, my position. I might be the daughter of a peer or a peasant. I had not a friend. In the whole world there was not a

more lonely child than I. Everyone called me "Gracia"—the house keeper, the old butler, the headgardener, th Viear, his wife and daughter: I had no other name. When avyone said abruptly, what?"-as people often did when they asked my name-I could not answer. "Gracia," the simple name-nothing but "Gracia"! The keenest of all pains to me was having no name; and when I read the story of the shadowles man I believed that I understood what he had suffered. I was part of the place, just as the pictures and statues and carvings were; and

grand old place it was true. The Squire who owned Heron's Nest at the time of my first memories of the place was called Wolfgang-a name of which, though not by any means an attractive one, he was very proud, because many of his ancestors had borne it; and of this Wolfgang Dacre a story was told. When a young man he spent a season in London, and there fell madly in love with a Court beauty, said to be one of the loveliest women in England. He had not the Duke's daughter, and a great heiress; she wa a coquette, to false of heart as fair of face. The handsome young Squire, who worshiped her as though she were a goldess made a very agreeable addition to her list of admirers. had no intention of marrying him; but she en joyed the pleasant pastime of flirting with him and revelled in the sport. She liked to see the young man's face pale with emotion, flush with anger or love, just as she willed. She delighted in exercising her power over him, making his honest heart thrill with rapture, then sink with despair. He was the fa orite of all her admirers; but she never thought of marrying him. True he was of an tient descent, his name one of the oldest in England, his wealth great; but then he was only a country Souire, and she was a Duke's daughter. She accepted his homage, smiled upon him until her beauty almost maddened m, wore the flowers that he sent her, let him clasp her hand until every nerve in his frame thrilled with delight at the touch, waltzed with him when the very sweetness of the music dazed him; but she never dreamed of marrying him. Had anyone suggested such a thing, she would have been indignant. When the came that Wolfgang Dacre laid all he had in the world at her feet, she laughed at him and held him up to derision. He left London never to return. He shut himself up in the old manor-house, a man whose life was embit-

tered forever by the light love of a woman. There he lived for some years. Lady Milli-cent married and the tragical story of her death a little later created a great sensation. Soon after that he went abroad, leaving his beautiful home in the care of Mrs. Blencowe, his housekeeper. Twice every year Mr. Graham of Tharies Inn, the Squire's solicitor, went down Heron's Nest and remained for a week, dur-

house, ordered all that was needful, attended to the accounts, and made all arrangements for the next six months. Occasionally-but it was a rare event-a letter came from the Squire to the housekeeper; no one else however ever knew the nature of the contents. Everything went on from year to year in the ually the memory of the Squire died from the minds of his people; and then I came upon the scene-whence no one at Heron's Nest or in the neighborhood could tell.

It seems that one fine April morning a letter came for the housekeeper, Mrs. Blencowe.
After she read it, she called the servants together, and told them she was compelled to go away for a time, as a friend of hers was ill and required her services. The housekeeper made her arrangements, attended to all that would be required during her absence, and then de

blooming, bringing me. I was six years old when I came with Mrs. Blencowe to Heron's Nest. She never spoke to the other servants about me. She called me Gracia, and no one knew whether it was my own name or not-I was simply Gracia. So far as I can remember,

she was very kind to me.
At Heronsdale there lived a gentle, simple old man, the organist of the parish church, Michael Holt. He taught me music and the rudiments of Latin, and made me acquainted with the beauties of English literature-taught me for several years simply for love of me; for two years after she had brought me to Heron's Nest the housekeeper died suddenly. She was standing on the steps in the library, dusting some valuable books, when she fell down dead. The doctor who was summoned said the cause of her death was disease of the heart-disease of long standing. So I lost the only person who knew anything about me.

After she was dead, people did what they

never dared to do in her lifethre—they put innumerable questions to me. What did I re-member—what had I seen! Where had I cowe my mother, or was she my aunt? But I remembered nothing clearly, except the roses and the high gray walls; therefore I could not gratify their curiosity. It was possible that Mrs. Blencowe might be my mother, yet a proud instinct told me she was not. I was penniless, friendless, living at Heron's Nest on sufferance; yet I was proud as the daughter of any peer, and I do not believe that I ever lowered my

head for anyone.

No sooner was Mrs. Blencowe dead than there was quite a disturbance about me. Some of the servants said that the Squire's solicitor ought to advertise for Mrs. Blencowe's friends. He did so and they came forward; but none of

them knew anything of me.

It was suggested that I should be sent to the workhouse or to an orphanage; but Mr. Graham would not hear of that,

"The Squire would be angry," he said. "After all, the child will not cost much; she had better remain here for the present. I do not know the Squire's address, or I would write and ask him what is to be done with her."

Then a new housekeeper came-Mrs. Pater on; and she was as much mystified as the rest with regard to me. She was kind, and at times even indulgent to me. The general be-set of the whole household was that I was Mrs. Blencowe's daughter, and the servants treated me as such. They were familiar and kind; but they regarded me as one of themselves, and only laughed at my love of books

I led that life for some years. The only person who treated me with any degree of respect was the Vicar of the parish, the Reverend Ernest Sale. His wife never acknowledged me even by so much as a smile or a bow. She was highly connected, I believe, and was redaughter generally passed me by with a look of cold contempt. Miss Sale was ambitious of being considered a country beauty. She intended to marry well, and altogether was a young lady of some importance. To them such a person as Mrs. Blencowe's daughter was not worth a thought, and the only time that mother and daughter evinced any interest in me was when they both interfered to prevent a fine contralto voice, which, thanks to Michael Holt, had been well trained, and my dear old master was very proud of his pupil. He said I sang like a nightingale. The proudest hour of young life was when I stood up in the choir of the old church to sing, and my solo was-

"Hark, the herald-angels sing!"

I forgot-even now the remembrance brings tears to my eyes-the church and the people the Vicar standing so silent, the choir looking at me with wondering eyes. My very soul went out in the beautiful words, and I saw only Christmas stars shining in the blue sky; it

was to them I was singing.

After the service, Mrs. Sale, who at intervals had been exchanging angry glances with he daughter, whose voice was a sweet but weak girl in my position could not be too quiet of ch out of sight; therefore it would

So faded my only gleam of happines. I was not daunted however. The old piano in libeary was my best friend, and before I was sixteen I knew most of the popular operas, and was well versed in classical music.

When Mrs. Patterson found how fond I was of music, she told me that I had better give up what little housework I did, for it would spoil my hands.

"Some day," she said, "you will perh know who you are; then you will have to earn your own living, and you may do so by music. the-bye, Gracia," she added, "I want you to walk over to the Vicarage to-day to ask Mrs. Sale what butter she will want; and mind, i you meet Miss Sale, that you make a proper curtsey to her."

I! My eyes flashed with indignation. Yet, who was I that I should not bow to the Vicar's pretty daughter?-a question to which I was unable to give an answer.

When I reached my seventeenth year my mirror told me that I was not wanting to auty. I could not, and did not, associate with any of the servants; they had ceased to expect it. I spent most of my time in the li brary with the plane and books. There, three times a week, old Michael Holt came to give e my lessons; there all my dreams were loveless lot; there I hoped for a future that

As I was sitting in the library one day drea ng a day-dream one of the maid servants

hastily entered the room.

'Gracia," she said, "Mrs. Paterson says you hers. Mr. Graham has arrived, and he wil not like to find you here." Mrs. Paterso right. What business had a girl with name in that sumptuous library? I would have given worlds to check the bot flush that rose to my face. In silence I laid down by book and

In the hall, as I crossed it, I met a gentle-

"Why, who are you!" he asked. Strange will put you in the way of making a fortune, I that every one should ask the same question! I could make only my usual answer-

my surprise and delight, a look of admiration in his keen eyes. "Are you the young girl sup-posed to be the late nousekeeper's daughter!" My proud head drooped. What would I not have given if I could have said "No"? Before

I had time to answer he added quickly-"I, for my own part, do not believe that you are Mrs. Blencowe's daughter; but who you are is a mystery I cannot solve.

The words delighted me. It was the first time that any one seemed to think it precible that I might not be Mrs. Blencowe's daughter.
"The Squire is coming home," Mr. Graham
continued hurriedly. "I do not know on what day he will arrive, but it will be some time

next week." "Do you think he will let me remain here?" berse?" To you think he will let me remain never then said slowly—
"So you are Gracia?"—"Yes," I replied.

"I cannot answer either question," he replied. "The Squire has never mention in his letters. I wrote to him when Mrs. Bien owe died, and said that you would stop at Heron's Nest, unless I heard from him contrary; but he did not answer that letter."
"What shall I do!" I asked despairingly.

"Do nothing," he replied. "Keep out of his sight for a time. I wish I could be here when he comes, but I go to Scotland to-morr shall not be back for some weeks. I have no doubt that he will do something for you."

I felt more puzzled than ever that day as to

who I could possibly be. I must be of good birth, I thought, for everything about me betokened race. But to what family did I beknows who I am. The happy birds have a birth, I thought, for everything about tokened race. But to what family did I belong! Ah, that was a mystery!

There was great excitement in the house-

hold when it was known that the master was returning. Mr. Graham remained only a few hours. The housekeeper had told him about my singing, and he sent for me to ask me to sing to him. I did so. When I had finished my song he looked at me thoughtfully. "You need have no fear for the future, Gracia," he said; "you have a fortune in your

voice. I have heard cone more beautiful."
"A fortune!" I repeated dreamily; and then it occurred to me that I had never in my life had a shilling that I could call my own

He spoke very kindly, telling me that sooner or later something must transpire with regard to my parentage, that I was to take courage, and that he would always be my friend.

Nothing was spoken of now but the coming of the Squire. Quite an army of servants suddenly appeared; trim housemaids, cooks, foot-men, coachmen, grooms, all seemed to spring into existence at once. The state rooms in the great massion were thrown open, the picture-gallery was set in order. There I saw a portrait of the Soutre when he was quite a young man; and my wonder was that the Lady Milli-cent Branscombe could have resisted him, he looked so gallant and handsome. I loved the that the owner of it could never be cruel to me. There was a smile in the bonnie blue eyes that promised well; but then the picture had been

painted before he saw the Lady Millicent. Within three days after the announcement of the Squire's return, Heron's Nest was quite another place. It seemed to me a fitting abode for a prince. Now there was less room than ever for me. I could not mix with the crowd of servants in the hail; my feeling and in-stinct were against it. Into the renovated rooms I dared not enter. My favorite place, the library, was closed against me. My own little sleeping-room at the top of the house, whence I caught a glimpse of the sea, was my only refuge, and during the next week I lived

almost entirely there.

At last I heard that the Squire had come. I had pictured him always as he was in his portrait-smiling and handsome: but I had failed to allow for the havor that years of sorrow and

pain make. It seems that for some days no one mentioned me to the master of the house, nor did he make

any inquirles about me. One night, when I believed the whole house hold to be asleep, I went quietly down to the library to get a book, one of Richard Proctor's, called Other Worlds than Ours—a book in which revelled. There was no one there. I found but a bow of pink ribbon fell unperceived from my hair. As the Squire passed through the room early in the morning he saw it lying on the carpet and he picked it up. Just at that noment one of the housemaids entered the

"To whom does this belong?" the Soulre

"To Gracia, sir," answered the maid. She told me of the meeting afterwards, and said that when the Squire heard the name he recoiled as though he had received a blow.

"Whom?" he cried, in a loud voice. And the maid repeated--

"Gracia." "Send the housekeeper to me," said the Squire, after pacing moodily for some minutes up and down the room.

Mrs. Paterson bastened to him, uncertain

whether she was to hear praise or blame. The Squire, when she entered the library, standing before the great bay-window. turned to her abruptly.

"I understand you have a young person named Gracia here. Who is she! "No one knows, sir," was the reply. "I found her here when I came, and she is here

still."

"How did she come here?" was the next question. "I cannot tell, sir. I have heard the servants say that the late housekeeper was called away and lenly, that she was absent some time and black masses into cups for drinking. And to crown the feast, there is dried-

one in the house knows who she is." A look of relief passed over the Squire's "But that is improbable-impossible, I may y! Some one must know!" he exclaimed.
"To begin with, sir, I do not," returned the housekeeper, with a dignified air. "As Gracia had been in charge of the former housekeeper,

I took her under my protection. Mr. Graham

said he was sure that you would not like her to

be taken to an orphanage or a workh

to be Mrs. Blencowe's daughter."

She paused for a moment, while the Squire paced up and down the room angrily. length he came to a standstill, and said ab-

Send to me all the old servants in the

So the butler, the head-gardener, all the old servants who were in Heron's Nest before I came, were called before the Squire; but not this-that Mrs. Blencowe, after being absent for some time, had returned with me whence she had brought me no one could tell.

Was it anger or relief on the Squire's face when they were dismissed and he stood thinking so deeply? At last he rang the bell again, and, when one of the footmen answered it, he

"Tell Mrs. Paterson to send the-the young

person Gracia to me."

Mrs. Paterson brought me the message her-

"Go, Gracia," she said, "and do not be afraid. Let the Squire hear you sing, and he

But I went in fear and trembling to the li-"I am Gracia."

"Gracia?" he repeated slowly; and I saw, to myself in the presence of a tall stately gentle-

man, whose hair was white as snow, and whose face, though marked by lines of terrible pala, was still handsome, with the fire of his blue eyes undimmed. But they were no longer hughing eyes. They were stern, and cold, not at all like the eyes of the portrait. What was it that flashed into them when they fell upon me? I could not tell. Was it surprise, four, love, or what? I knew not; but it was a look

such as I have never seen on any human face We stood motionless for a while, each lookwe stood motioniess for a white, each jook-ing sleedily at the other; then he started, sighed deeply, and shuddered. He came a step nearer to me, then drew back; finally he bade me approach him. He looked into my eyes as though he would read my soul, and

"Nothing moref"
I had to pause, my heart was beating so fast.

I wondered what was stealing over me. My eves filled with tears; the sound of his volce scamed to stir the depths of my soul.

"I thought," he said slowly, "that Gracia was a child.

"I was a child not long since," I answered: "new I am growing up-yet nelpless as when I w, and | was a child." "And who are you?" he asked.

Always that same cruel question! I raised my eyes, blinded as they were by tears, to his

home, but I have none."
"Heron's Nest has been a home—has it not?" he asked gently.
"No one can have a home who lus neither

friend nor name," I returned bitterly,
"And you—"
"Have neither," I interrupted.

He looked at me for some momenta in silence, then asked-

"How old are you, Gracia?" "Seventeen," I replied.
"Tell me," he said hesitatingly, "what you remember of your past before you came here."
"It is so little that it is hardly worth telling," I answered. "I remember first being near

sea, in a land where roses grew even to the water's edge; and I can recall a face that used to bend over mine."

I saw the color leave his lips

"Nothing more?" he asked sharply. "Then I recollect high gray walls-convent walls I know they were, because I remember the sisters' faces—a stormy passage across the sea, and my arrival here. It was only when I reached Heron's Nest that I really seemed to

"Did Mrs. Blencowe know your history!" he

asked suspiciously. "I believe not." "She let fall no hint which might have proved a clue to your parents!"
"No," I replied. "I might have dropped from the clouds for all that anyone seems to

know about me."

He murmured something I could not hear distinctly, but it sounded like "Poor child!"
"Does it not strike you as a very strange
thing that I should return home and find in
my house a young lady"—how that delighted
me!—"who has been living here for years, and

of whom no one knows anything?" think it cruel," I snawcred. "I must have had parents, like other people. It is to Heav-en they must answer for their neglect of me."

He was still looking at me intently. "Do you know," he said, "that you are a very beautiful guild"

My heart beat with pleasure. No one had ever told me so before, and I knew so little of the outside world that I could hardly tell whether I was beautiful or not.
"Yes," continued the Squire, "you are beau

tiful as-

## tiful as—" He paused abruptly. "And what education have you had?" he asked [TO BE CONTINUED.]

# Diet of the Daddies. The people of the last generation.

Dr. Hodges says, "knew nothing luxury; they had the reg'lar and solid meals at noontime, which are said to be the foundation of the stability of character, and they enjoyed at least nine hours of sleep every day." How happy, indeed, are the men and women who are able to look back upon such state of life, and how unhappy by contrast are those who remember a differ-ent state of things as the practice of the older generations, and suffer in their own lives its effects! To these unfortunates the tables of their fathers and mothers appear in their recolle tion burdened with unwholesome and scarcely nourishing dishes. The chief dish there is one of salted pork, whose contents have been shriveled in the greasy frying pan into indigest scraps. There are potatoes, most frequently fried in the same grease as the pork, or else boiled; their starchy substance is expected to be chief feature of the meal. There is hot bread, made of a poor quality of wheat flour, which has been carefully deprived in the milling of its most nutritious properties. There is butter, which is generally good. There is tea which has boiled ong and long, its stewed leaves surging round and round in the teapot preparatory to being poured out in

# inoccuous baked beans, and with glutinous "flap-jacks" and griddlecakes .- Boston Post.

apple pie! This is the regular meal

that some mature people remember, though at intervals, to be sure, its monotony is varied with even

brown bread made of Indian corn, with

with excellent

A Great Man. Two men standing in the street. 'Do you see," said one," that party of

men over there on the corner?" "Notice the one in the center of the

Yes. He must be a great man." "No. "Then why do the others show him

"It is not respect." .What is it? "Flattery.

Why do they flatter him?"

so much respect?

"You see they are a lot of printers and he is the forman of a daily newspaper. If they were to stop flatters him they would be discharged. A co tain class of printers can only obtain work in that way."—Arkansaw Trace-

ceause the bottom is so near the top - I was