

MR. FORD'S FLIRTATION.

Mr. Emory Ford was a man whose striking appearance was a subject of general remark, and it must be conceded that the distinction was justified by a fine figure, and elegant carriage, a handsome brown beard, and dark, expressive eyes. To be sure, he had a haughty bearing, and a too evident consciousness of a generally irreproachable make up; but at thirty years of age he had been successful in his undertakings, stood well in business and society, and was blessed with a wife who was bright, good looking, sensible and true. Who shall say, then, that he was not justified in a certain amount of self gratulation?

But most men have their weak points, and Mr. Ford came under the general rule. His vulnerable spot was that which is most easily stormed by a pretty face, and he was possessed of the sincere conviction that no woman could successfully resist his arts of fascination whenever he chose to bring them into play. If Mrs. Emory Ford ever experienced moments of uneasiness on account of this foible of her husband's, she made no sign thereof; while Mr. Ford flattered himself that his discretion and fact were ample to deceive even the most penetrating eyes, besides laboring under the conviction in a general way that he could do no wrong.

On a certain August day Mr. Ford was in his office talking with a business visitor on an important subject. "Then you think my presence is required on Saturday," he said.

"Yes," replied the visitor. "That alone will suit the convenience of the other parties. If you cannot meet them Saturday, the whole transaction will fall through."

Mr. Ford mused. "I had arranged to go to Vernon on Friday and spend two days. My wife is there, visiting an old schoolmate who was married about the time we were and I promised to join them."

"Business before pleasure, you know," remarked his companion.

"Yes, certainly. Well, I will make my appointment with you for Saturday and change my other plans."

Later in the day (it was Wednesday) Mr. Ford wrote the following telegram to his wife:

"Will be with you tomorrow (Thursday) instead of Friday.—E. F."

And so the next morning Mr. Ford was on the train flying in the direction of Vernon. A ride of eighty miles through a pleasant stretch of country was before him. He scanned the occupants of the car critically, bestowing on one very pretty woman a glance of toleration which might have developed into one of approval had she not been encumbered with a four year old child.

He settled himself into a seat with every appearance of comfort and self satisfaction, bought a morning paper and began to scan the news.

"Tickets!"

Mr. Ford, in response to this call from the conductor, produced his ticket, and at the same time drew from his pocket a folded slip of paper. He examined it and uttered an exclamation of dismay. It was the telegram for his wife, which he had forgotten to send.

"What a piece of carelessness!" was his inward thought. Mr. Ford was a methodical man, and he was more vexed at his own forgetfulness than anything else. But after all no particular harm was done, and he turned this attention a few minutes later to a crowd of passengers who boarded the train at the station.

An artistic bonnet, a pair of perfectly developed shoulders, enveloped in some closely fitting summer material, and a remarkably handsome face soon caught his attention. He eagerly watched the approaching form, just visible between the shoulders of a crowd of passengers coming up the aisle. He had managed to keep an entire seat to himself, and now quietly ignored all suggestive glances at the satchel by his side until the woman who attracted his attention drew near.

"Will you accept this seat?" he said, with some eagerness, at the same time removing the satchel and rising to his feet.

"Thank you."

"Allow me—" and Mr. Ford received her of two or three small packages without ceremony, and deposited them in the rack above. "Perhaps you would prefer to sit next the window—there is such a refreshing breeze, and the scenery is quite picturesque."

The lady took the place designated with a pleasant smile, which Mr. Ford returned with interest. This in turn excited a mirthful twitching at the corners of his companion's mouth, which was, however, quickly suppressed. She bestowed one full glance upon Mr. Ford's face, and then withdrew her gaze.

Mr. Ford immediately began to exert his conversational powers, which were considerable, and his remarks were received with a polite composure that was half fascinating, and half vexatious. This spurred him on, and he introduced a variety of topics calculated to excite in interest. Then he became inquisitive, and ascertained that his fair companion lived in Vernon, his own place of destination.

"I am somewhat acquainted there. Do you know the Sutherlands?"

"Oh, yes, quite well," was the reply with something of a start.

This was the married name of the old schoolmate whom Mr. Ford's wife was visiting, but whom he had never seen.

"They are quite elegant people, I believe," was the next remark.

"Oh, they live in good style, though rather quietly."

Mr. Sutherland, I understand, is connected with a western railway which demands a large share of his attention."

"Do you know him?" asked the lady, with an air of interest.

"Only by reputation in a business way."

"Indeed, well, yes, he is kept away from home a good share of the time by his railway business."

"It must be lonely for his wife?"

"It no doubt is. But she has a good many friends. A most charming lady is visiting her now—a Mrs. Ford."

"Ah!" Mr. Ford was inwardly greatly amused, and congratulated himself on a tact which concealed his own identity and artfully led to a subject in which he was immediately interested. But in another hour he would be in Vernon, and sagacious prudence suggested another line of inquiry.

"Then Mrs. Sutherland is rather secluded in her manner of living?"

"I suppose she is at home now, entertaining her friend."

"Yes—but no—come to think of it, she is not at home just now. I saw her depart on a train this morning."

The lady's eyes sparkled as if in amusement at Mr. Ford's inquiring mood.

"And did her friend go with her?"

"No. I heard someone remark that Mrs. Ford was confined to the house by a headache. But you seem to take a strong interest in Mrs. Sutherland and Mrs. Ford."

"Oh, not particularly. The subject seemed to interest you, and so it interested me." Without waiting to observe the effect of this sympathetic remark, Mr. Ford added: "Of course you know Mrs. Sutherland."

"I hardly know whether I do or not. I do not speak to her once a year."

The lady's eyes had a curious sparkle, but she immediately continued: "To know one is something that can hardly be defined, I think. We can recognize features, but to truly know, even an intimate friend—I mean his or her inward thoughts, motives and purposes—is something quite rare, I think."

"Ah, you are inclined to be philosophical."

Then the conversation drifted and finally lagged. The lady gazed abstractedly out of the window, while Mr. Ford again looked over his newspaper. The eagerness of pursuit was upon him, however, and he finally folded his paper and introduced topic after topic with a view to enhancing the interest of his companion.

He had not yet reached the point of inquiring her name or of offering his own card when the train drew up to the Vernon station. Then a few thoughts passed through his mind. His wife was probably sleeping off her headache, her hostess was absent from town, and the forgotten telegram had failed to give warning of his arrival. Why should he not take advantage of these circumstances and of the fact that he was a stranger in Vernon, and devote a few hours to his own amusement? His mind was quickly made up.

When the train stopped he assisted the lady to alight, but retained her small packages in his own hands.

"My bundles, please," she said.

"Allow me to carry them," he pleaded.

"By no means!" she exclaimed, and he surrendered them reluctantly.

"Many thanks. Good morning."

"Must it be good morning?" he asked, insinuatingly.

"Certainly," she replied, with a slightly annoyed look, and speaking in such a decided tone that he was forced to submit.

Then she tripped away, his eyes following her regretfully. He himself also followed her at a respectful distance, keeping her moving form constantly in view.

Truly, M. Ford was infatuated. Once free from the throng at the station, he stepped to the opposite side of the street, but never once lost sight of the waving plume which adorned his late companion's hat. Like a beacon light he kept it in view, and he was led first up a business street, then through a shaded avenue, and finally past a park and into a side street bordered on either side with elegant dwelling. It did not occur to Mr. Ford that he might be committing an indiscreet act. He hastened nearer the tossing white plume and its owner, and finally reached a gate just as the lady had traversed a short path and was ascending the stoop of a house.

Why will she not look around? Ah, she turns her head.

Mr. Ford lifted his hat, smiled benignantly, and made a profound bow. Yes, he had caught her eye. Would she smile?

Suddenly Mr. Ford was frozen with horror. A look of awful dismay came over his face and he stood as if petrified, gazing at a face which appeared at the window.

There sat his wife, looking at him with a pleased, surprised and puzzled expression of countenance. He remained for a moment in a statuesque attitude, much to the bewilderment of the lady whom he had followed, and who now stared at him in surprise not unmixed with amusement.

Mr. Ford thought with the rapidity of a drowning man. This must be the house where his wife was visiting. Refuge in flight was impossible, and he quickly made up his mind to take the only course left. With a desperate effort to assume a self possessed air, he waved his hand to his wife and hastened to the porch where stood the lady with her hand on the door knob.

"In heaven's name," he whispered, "say nothing of our meeting in the railway car." Then he spoke aloud and in the most suave tone he could command. "Is this the residence of Mrs. Sutherland?"

"It is," responded the lady, shrinking back a little, as if she suspected a lunatic was addressing her.

"I am Mr. Ford, and I think my wife is a visitor under your charming roof."

"Is it possible?" exclaimed the lady. At this moment his wife appeared.

"Oh, Emory, what a surprise! We did not expect you until to-morrow."

"No, I hardly expected myself—that is, I—Mr. Ford was in a lamentably confused state.

"This is Mrs. Sutherland, my old school friend. This is my husband, Fanny."

Mrs. Sutherland put out her hand with due cordiality, and Mr. Ford grasped it mechanically. The three entered the house. Mr. Ford heartily rejoiced that the parlor was partially darkened, as he had no desire to have

his countenance scanned closely, for a time at least.

He explained his business engagement and the forgotten telegram, but said nothing of the companionship of the railway journey. He ended his narration with a furtive look of appeal to Mrs. Sutherland, to which that lady responded by the slightest perceptible elevation of her nose."

"You looked so queer on the sidewalk, bowing in such a formal way," said his wife.

"Well," replied Mr. Ford, who was gathering his wits together. "I saw a lady on the steps, and I was not quite sure of the house, and I had to introduce myself in some way."

His wife's only response was a meditative look, as if some problem were not clear in her mind. As for Mrs. Sutherland, she suddenly hastened from the room and when out of hearing burst into convulsions of laughter.

What further explanations Mr. Ford vouchsafed to his wife I do not know. But Mrs. Sutherland, at the first opportunity, gave him a little womanly advice which was not entirely free from plain speaking. The future result was noticeable, for the flirting proclivities of Mr. Emory Ford seemed to have received a sudden check, and his immediate friends wondered what had happened to cause a withdrawal of those eager attentions to fair faces of strangers. His wife, too, had reason to rejoice, but being sensible and true never alluded to the episode on the railway train and its sequel, though I suspect that she had a pretty clear idea of the whole affair.

About Natural Gas:

From the Chicago Inter-Ocean.

The earliest use of natural gas on record is in China, where for centuries it has been conveyed through hollow bamboos from fissures in salt mines to the surface for burning purposes. Near the Caspian Sea, in Asia, there are also places where natural gas is seen to exude from the earth, and a similar phenomenon is to be seen in the Szalatua salt mine in Hungary. Natural gas was first discovered in this country in the neighborhood of Fredonia, Chautauque County, N. Y., early in the century. Here it was first put to use by some enterprising citizens in the year 1821. A small well was bored in the village to the depth of 27 feet, and the gas was conducted through pipes to the houses, where it was used for illuminating purposes alone. It is said that in 1824, on the occasion of Lafayette's visit, the village was illuminated with natural gas. This well, which was drilled in 1850 to the depth of only seventy feet, continued to supply the village with illuminating gas until the year 1858. It is a noteworthy fact that although this interesting discovery was widely known it did not lead to any further experiments, either in the neighborhood or in other places, till fully twenty years after 1821. In the early part of the present century it was found that the wells which were bored for salt in the Kanawha Valley yielded large quantities of gas. In 1841 this gas was first used as fuel for boiling the brines obtained from the wells. Nearly all the wells drilled for the purpose of obtaining petroleum afforded natural gas in abundance; it was, in fact, a considerable inconvenience to those engaged in sinking the wells, and often a source of serious danger. In 1865 a well which was sunk for petroleum at West Bloomfield, N. Y., struck a flow of natural gas. An effort was made to utilize this, and it was carried in a wooden main to the city of Rochester, a distance of 24 miles, in 1870, for the purpose of illuminating the city, but the experiment was a failure. So, though it was obvious that this gaseous product constituted an inexhaustible supply of excellent fuel, no attempt was made to put it to use in manufacture until during the past decade. In 1873, a well in Armstrong County, Penn., was so arranged that the gas could be separated from the water with which it was discharged, and conveyed through pipes to several miles in that vicinity, where it was used in the manufacture of bar-iron. From that time to the present day the use of natural gas has increased very rapidly. It is estimated that the gas used in 1885 for heating and illuminating purposes was equivalent to 3,131,000 tons of coal, having a value of \$4,857,000. The consumption of gas during the last calendar year very much exceeded this quantity; the total value estimated on the basis of the coal which it has displaced probably amounted to more than \$6,000,000.

The Work of a Beaver.

Said a Main college professor: "I know of a naturalist down in eastern Maine who wouldn't be convinced that beavers could build dams till he saw it done with his own eyes. He is an incredulous fellow, any way. I bought a baby beaver of a hunter who traps them, one day, and sent it to my skeptical friend. He grew greatly attached to the little fellow and kept him in the house, but he often wrote me that his beaver didn't show any propensity at all for dam building. One Monday, washing day, his wife sat a leaky pail full of water on the kitchen floor. The beaver was in the kitchen, he was only a baby then, too, and he saw the water oozing out of a crack in the wall. He scampered out into the yard, brought in a chip and began building his dam. The naturalist was summoned. He watched the little fellow, thunderstruck. He said: 'Leave that pail there, wife, till doomsday, if need be, and let's see what the little fellow will do.' The beaver kept at it for four weeks, until he had built a solid dam, clean around the pail. My naturalist friend is quite a beaver man to-day. They say, you know, that way down East there is a beaver dam that \$200,000 couldn't build the like of. Oh, men don't know everything. The wash knew how to make paper before we did."

"THREE TIMES AND OUT."

It was a very little house, poor, unpainted, altogether out of place in a street which had such growing pretensions to fashion as Cyclamen avenue, which had recently been redeemed from the waste places of the earth and made to blossom as the rose with pretty lawn-girdled, vines-draped villas. The inmates of these stylish residences were wont to denigrate the little house a shanty, and its owner, a grasping old witch, who was waiting till the exasperated neighbors would pay her six times the worth of her property. Aristocratic souls revolted at their close proximity to a creature so lost to all sense of propriety as to grow cabbage in her door-yard, and to adorn the flower beds thereof with clam shells. I myself was one of Mrs. Mulvany's most clamorous detractors, until I read the chapter which her life made in

"The short and simple annals of the poor."

I lived at some distance from the objectionable little cottage, but frequently had occasion to pass it, and I never did so without casting a covetous glance at the mingled glories of the mille-fleurs and mignonette, sweet alyssum, myosotis and pansies, which flanked the obnoxious cabbages. One lovely June morning as I walked by with lingering step and glance I heard myself called.

"Miss! Miss!"

Now as I am a matron of several years' standing, it is needless to say I was flattered by this appellation, and, pausing, I turned a beaming face upon the speaker. As might be expected in the proprietor of such a tumbledown little house, she was a dilapidated little woman, very lame, and with the scar of a frightful burn disfiguring her cheek and neck. One eye was swollen—nearly shut; but this, it was easy to perceive, was a mere temporary blemish. She wore a no-colored calico dress, and her hair, once golden, but now faded and gray, was loosely knotted at the back of her neck.

"Ye break the tenth commandment every time ye go by," she said pleasantly; "an' this time I want ye to have flowers. Came in an' help yerself. Take all ye want."

I thanked her, entered the garden willingly and gathered the buds and blossoms as sparingly as she would let me.

"Your flowers must be a great delight to you," I said presently.

"They're all the comfort I've had for 10 years," replied Mrs. Mulvany.

I looked at her blankly—I, who constantly bore in mind Cleopatra's words:

"There's not a minute of our lives should pass without some pleasure now!"

Here was a woman to whom pleasure had been a stranger for ten years!

"Oh, dear! I'm sorry for you," I said. "Have you had an unhappy life?"

"Sit down here an' wrap up yer posies, or they'll wilt before ye get home," returned Mrs. Mulvany. "and I'll tell ye me history if ye like."

Of course I was anxious to hear it, and when she had brought me a newspaper and I had sprinkled the flowers with water we sat down on the door-steps. A trellis covered with a grape-vine sheltered us from the sun, and through it a flagpole of light and shade fluttered over my white dress.

"There's two things been agin me all me life," said Mrs. Mulvany, impressively. "Have ye never seen dogs—they're yellow ones mostly—wid an eye clawed out or an ear chewed off, an' but a stump av a tail, an' wan leg gone, an' maybe the hide scalded off wid hot wather? Ivery one has a stone or a curse for the poor crayture, an' the longer it lives the more wretched it gets. That's how it's been wid me; for there's two things been agin me, as I said."

"Yes," said I, deeply interested, "and what are they?"

"Bad luck and whiskey!" she answered promptly. "Wan alone is bad enough, but when ye have to fight the two ye might as well give it up. Not that I drink whiskey meeself. No; I say nothin' agin beer, an' I don't think a pint av it after a hard day's washin' will hurt any woman; but I've let whiskey alone. It's me men folks whiskey's played the mischief wid; first me father, then Larry, an' now Mickey. It always seemed as if the only reason they iver got out av bed sober was so they cud go to bed drunk."

"How dreadful!" I murmured.

"Me father," said Mrs. Mulvany, with emphasis, "was the devil and all!" She paused to let this startling statement have due weight, then resumed: "We lived near Lewiston—ye know the place?"

I knew it well—a lovely village by the broad Niagara river.

"I had three younger sisters, an' whin we were childer," continued Mrs. Mulvany, "there was niver enough to eat nor to wear in our house; we had nothin' in plenty except blows an' hard words. An' about wanst ivery six weeks the year round the old sinner, me father, would turn us out, mither an' all, to spind the night in rain or snow, frost or thaw, just as it chanced. We used to snuggle up agin the pigs to kape from freezin'. I've had a tenderness for pigs iver since; there's a couple av them now in the back yard."

Their presence was, indeed, faintly perceptible to the olfactory organ.

"I was 13 whin the cholera broke out," proceeded my hostess. "Wan by wan me little sisters died, an' father an' I carried them in their little coffins to the graveyard. This father himself came down wid the sickness, an' got so wike he cudn't even scowl, let alone swear; it was the first time in his married life he had iver been sober so long, as it was a blessed relief to me mither."

"At last, wid the help in the saints, we pulled him through, an' thin as there wasn't so much to be done at home any more, I went out to service. I worked several years an' had saved a good bit o' money, whin one day I got word that me mither was awfully sick. I gived up my place an' went an' took care av her; an' it's me

late to this day that she might have got well if she'd tried to; but she was just worn out by the hardness av her life wid that brute."

"Wan night, in the midst av a terrible rain an' wind, whin I was all alone wid her, she says:

"'Kathleen, I'm dyin', an' ye must go for yer father.'"

"Well, I cud see by the stare av her eyes an' the black av her poor stubby finger nails that she 'as dyin' for a fact; but as for gittin' me father!"

"Mither, ye're out av yer h-wad, ye know ye are," says I. 'Av fath-r was here he wouldn't let ye die in pace!'"

"I mane what I say," said she, quite calm. "I can't die without givin' him all his diviltry, the black-guard, an' lavin' me blessin' for him. An' ye may git the praste an' some av the women while ye're out."

"Well it seemed to be cruel an' haythenish to the last degree to lave her alone on her death-bed; but she would have it so an' off I started in the storm. I might have gone through the fields, but there was a shorter path, an' along this I ran, over the brow of the mountain, as we called it, wid the river rolling along almost straight down 200 or 300 feet below me an' the wind an' rain tearin' an' howlin' in me ears. I found me father an' sint Larry Mulvany, a decent, sober lad I was kapin' company wid in a boat over to Queenstown to fetch the praste, an' some women promised to come to our house wid the praste an' Larry. I wouldn't have dared let me father walk along the river path if he'd been stupid drunk, but he was only drunk, and that means as clear-headed as a lawyer, so I thought there was no danger—an' no more there wasn't for him. Well, we got along about half way, wid him cursin' mither for dyin' an' me for not dyin', whin he gived me a fearful shove in the back, an' over I went, an' the breath was knocked out av me body before I had time to scream."

"Well, whin at last Larry an' the praste an' the women came over the fields an' got to our house, they found me poor mither had got tired av waitin' for us, and had died alone, wid no one to say a prayer or close her eyes. Thin they were scared an' went back over the river path. There they found my father snorin' like a hog, an' carin' no more about mither an' me than nothin' at all—perfectly unconcerned. It was an hour before Larry got down to the brink, wid his hands bleedin' an' his clothes in rags, an' found me lyin' across a rock, drenched wid the rain, an' me feet hangin' in the wather. It was part av me bad luck that I hadn't rolled off an' been drowned, for whin, after hours av hard work, they got me up an' put me on a bed, I was bruised from head to foot by the stones and trees I'd dodged against, an' wan av me legs was that broken an' twisted an' swollen that ye cudn't tell shin from calf. Me mither was buried before I came to me senses, and me father was buried along wid her—he'd caught a cold an' a fever out in the rain an' so he died, an' a good thing, too."

"Well, I went to the hospital, an' the docthors said I'd niver stand nor stand nor walk again. It's my belief that thim docthors mended me leg a dozen times an' thin broke it for the pleasure av curin' it over again. Annyhow, there I stayed for two long years, whin Larry was mourning me as good as dead, an' gittin' in a terrible way av drinkin'. Whin I had a bad spell he'd drink to drown his grief; whin I was better he'd drink from joy; an' between the two he kept at it pretty much all the time. But at last I was well, barrin' the hurt leg wassix inches shorter than the other, an' thin Larry said if I'd only have him niver another drop would he touch. So wan day near sunset, whin the clouds were as yellow as butter an' the river the color of gold, we rode across to Queenstown an' were married. Larry looked as handsome as a picher."

"And you, too, I've no doubt," said I.

"May be so," admitted Mrs. Mulvany. "I had a white dress on, an' it's lucky I had, for comin' home Larry was a bit screwed, an' managed to upset the boat. We cud both swim, an' we got out all right, boat an' all; but if I'd worn a stiff dress it ud been spoiled."

"Well, Larry an' I lived together almost a year in peace and quiet. He drank a little all the while, but it niver made him hateful, and nary a cross word did I git av him as long as he lived. That was the happy time of my life. It was June that Mickey, me baby, was born, and whin he was three days old he was christened an' we had a grand party in the evenin'. Larry was quite wild wid pride an' whiskey, and whin the women had fixed me an' the baby up comfortable for the night an' iverybody had gone home, nothin' would do the poor drunken loon but he must dance another jig. An' all I cud say wouldn't stop him, an' wid a little glass o' lamp in his hand he began whoopin' an' jumpin' like a crazy man. Whisht—go, roof! all av a sudden he stumbled an' fell across the foot av me bed, and the lamp exploded an' the burnin' oil flew all over me face. Ye can see the mark av it to this day."

"I covered the baby wid a pillow, an' smothered the flames out av me hair an' nightdress wid a blanket. An' thin I tried to pull Larry out of the fire and smoke; but he was heavy an' I was wike, an' it took me a long time to git him on the flure an' put out the blaze. He cudn't open his eyes nor his mouth, an' ivery hair was singed off his head."

"The neighbors heard me scream, an' came in as quick as they could. Larry lingered along five days; the docthors said he had breathed the flames clean to the bottom av his lungs. I meself was at death's door for weeks, what wid the burn and shock an' sorrow. Whin me poor husband was gone I cudn't stand Lewiston any longer; I thought I'd try Buffalo for a change."

"Lewiston's charming, but it lacks excitement," said I.

"Troth, that wasn't exactly the fault I found wid the place," said Mrs. Mulvany, grimly. "Well, some good people

gave me some money an' I bought this little house an' piece of land. This was twenty years ago, an' it wasn't worth much, for there was no house widin a mile. I used to go into the city washin', carryin' Mickey on me back while he was little, though me poor leg niver stopped achin' from morin' till night. I might have married again, but I wouldn't have anny man after Larry, not if a murcule brought him to me—not if he came out av the taypot wid the tay. Mickey was me joy and trissure, wid his blue eyes an' tangle av yellow curls. But whin he was about tin years old he began runnin' away from school, an' fightin' an' smokin' an' jerkin' at me scar an' me limp; an' after a year or two he knew the taste av whiskey better than milk. He's been gettin' worse iver since, an' that's why I say me pacher av a garden has been my only pleasure these tin years. God knows where it will end. His grandfether robbed me av me stringth, his father av me beauty, an' now I suppose Mickey'll take me life."

"Oh, don't speak so!" I cried, quite shocked.

"It's more than likely," said Mrs. Mulvany, with resignation. "I've had a close shave for my life twice, ye know, and they say three times an' out. Mickey'll finish me, I expect. Ye see me black eye? He gived it to me the other night."

"The wretch!" Why did he do such a thing?" I cried.

"Oh, we had a bit of dispute," said Mrs. Mulvany calmly. "He wants me to sell here, an' I won't. I'd like to, for I'm lonely; ye're the only lady round here who's iver given me a good word or look. I'd like to go down to Lewiston among me old friends an' neighbors, though they're mostly dead. I'd like to sit by the river at sunset, whin the clouds an' wather are both yellow together, an' fancy meself a girl again, rowin' over to Queenstown with Larry to be married. But Mickey ud git ivery dollar away from me."

"No, no! I'm sure it could be arranged," I said eagerly. "My husband is honest as the day is long, and he's in a bank and understands all about money, and I'm certain he could tell you how to sell your property and buy a house and lot in Lewiston without letting Mickey know a word about it. Please come up and see him about it to-night!"

"I will—I will, an' thank ye kindly for yer interest in me," said Mrs. Mulvany, with something like hope in her eyes.

And then I gathered up my flowers and once more thanked her for them and went home.

Of course it would be easy to do, I thought; she should be free from the haunting terror of Mickey, which I could see embittered her life, and she could go and sit on the river's brink, dreaming herself back in that happy hour when, had she known them, she might have sung Falconer's pretty lines:

"Float! float! into the glowing sunset float! All golden is the river now, and golden is our boat!"

But that afternoon's paper contained this item:

"As we go to press word reaches us of a shocking murder in Cyclamen avenue. Michael Mulvany, a young man who lives in the only shabby house in that beautiful thoroughfare, came home to dinner intoxicated, and asked his mother for some money. She replied that she would give it to him as soon as she finished cutting the bread, whereupon he snatched the knife she was using from her and stabbed her to the heart. Full particulars and stories of eye-witnesses given in next edition."

How They Penetrated His Disguise.

A defaulting official in one of the Western Territories endeavored to make his way out of the country disguised as a woman, but was arrested and brought back before he had gone two miles. When asked how his disguise was discovered he said:

"Disguise! Why, I was er dog gone fool ter fix up in them drabs. Lemme tell yer, ef ur man wants ter travel in er quiet and unobtentous style in these parts he wants ter hev es little ter do with women's fixins es possible. Wy, there very first man I met was the coroner, an' though he was in a dretful hurry to go an' sit on one of the boys-down to Higgleto's grocery he jes' stopped right thar an' insisted on walkin' down by ther s'loon with me with his hat off. I hed three offers of marriage betw' I got outen sight of the court-house, an' jes' er mile t'other-side of ther town I vna slap onto ther sheriff an' er lot av ther boys startin' out with ther does av er hoss, thief. I thought I'd give 'em ther slip, but 'twas no go. I hed on three thicknesses of musketeer bar fer er veil, but fer all that mer whiskers pricked ther sheriff's lips like peggin' awis-wen he kissed me, an' that's ther way they penetrated mer disguise!"—Arkansas Life.

A horse with goggles was one of the attractions of the Clinton square market place in Boston, recently. The Manlius farmer who owned him said he discovered recently that the animal was very near-sighted, and an oculist took the necessary measurements, and, sending to New York, had a pair of concave spectacles made expressly for Dobbin. When the farmer tried them for the first time the horse appeared to be startled, but recovering from his surprise manifested every symptom of pleasure. They are made so as to be firmly fastened in the headstall, and cannot be worn without that piece of harness. "When I turn him out to pasture," said the farmer, "he feels uneasy and uncomfortable without his goggles, and he hung around the barn and whinnied so plaintive like that I took out the bit and put the headstall and goggles on him, and he was so glad that he rubbed my shoulder with his nose. Then he kicked up his heels and danced down to the pasture. You ought to have seen him. I hate to let him wear spectacles all the time, though, for fear he will break them."