A LITTLE BISMUTH.

A Story of Artist Life in Munich

An artists procession in Munich has caused suspension of business for the day. Toward dusk an elderly appearing woman, blackcloaked and veiled, enters a drug shop in a street a little removed from the business por tion of the town.

The clerks of the establishment are among the thousands viewing the pageant then pass ing a few streets away. When the heels of the woman's boots rattle upon the marble flooring the proprietor of the shop comes forward from the back of the long room, where he has been brooding under the single gas jet lighted in the place. He is a young man, white of face, and wild of eye, looking as though he were undergoing a severe mental strain.

"What is your wish?" he asks in a voice that has an English ring in it.

The woman was fumbling at her pocket a though in search of her purse.

"I should like a small quantity of bismuth," she answered, when he had addressed her a

second time.

The druggist picked up a horn spatula, went to the back of the shop, returned with the spatula filled with a white powder, put some ofit in the silver scale upon the polished counter, wrapped it in a bit of fine paper and handed it to his customer. She did not immediately take it from his

hand which caused him to look at her and note her apparel; thus he was able to de-scribe her appearance to the police a little later on. He also noted that the eyes back of the veil were fixed upon him. This, in his then frame of mind, irritated him.
"Here is your bismuth," he said almost

harshly.

Then she caught up the little package, toss ed down a piece of money and walked rapidly to the door. The knob in her hand, she paused

"Is there anything else?" he asked.

She opened the door and was gone. A band in the procession was playing the liveliest of tunes; wisps of the melody entered the shop. The druggist groaned, and picking up the spatula went to put it in the drawer from which he had taken the powder left over from the quantity he had weighed out for the woman. When he came to the place he started back with an exclamation. He had neglected the shop for several days and during his absence a clerk had taken the bismuth from the drawer where it had always been kept and substituted for it a newly discovered drug, one of the deadliest and most subtle poison the pharmacopæia. He had properly arked the drawer with the name of the poison, but the druggist had automatically gone to the usual receptical of the bismuth and had not noticed the change. He had given the unknown woman enough of the poison to kill her.

He flew to the door. The woman was no

where to be seen. He ran to the corner and looked up and down in the gathering gloom, but no one was in sight. He retrasteps to the shop and found on the threshold the label marked "Bismuth," which he had placed upon the woman's purchase and which the must have torn off as she agitatedly put she must have torn off as she agitatedly put the package in her pocket. This label bore his name. His first sensation was al-most of relief. The mistake might not now betraced to him if the poor creature swal-lowed the drug he had given her. Where was the happiness of life? Here was an elderly bowed woman whose mourn-ing weeds bespoke sadness and loss. Might he not have placed within her reach relief from care and memory? Then he revolted

from care and memory? Then he revolted from this morbid reasoning and the enormity of his responsibility flashed across him. He went to the parlor back of the shop, Here he found his mother reading-a stern, woman, in whose eve was a power of will un possessed by her son.
"Let me tell you what I have done," he

She slowly closed her book. What do you mean?" she asked leighroly as though she expected some extravagant story of an escapade. He told her what had occured. Her brow contracted.

"Blame your own weak self," she said.

"No, I blame you," he retorted.

"How me?" she demanded rising to her

said in English.

"Have you not made me as I am?" he

said, unfit for business, unfit for anything 'I have not," she auswered, "but the act-

ing woman has."
With a stride he was beside her, his hand "Do not touch me," she said, shaking him
off "and listen to me."

"You have not for days allowed me to

I shall speak now. His insolence of manner cast a glow in her

face and made her harsher than she meant

"I say that you should blame Lilli, the actress, if aught of harm comes from your reprehensible carelessness, "she said. "I have told you that she maddened you—you knew

that no good could come of your intimacy "I know that I love her."

"I know that I love her."
"A woman barely knowing her name, a woman acting upon the stage! You are of irreproachable descent, your dead father was a gentleman, your Mother is a lady. Could I brook?" anhance which should bring into heads of half the youth in Munich? Let her marry one of her own fraternity, one who views her trade from the art standpoint. A marriage with you was simply impossible. From the first I told you how it would be. From the first I told you now it would be. Did you take warning? You but allowed yourself to be all the more carried away by your infatuation, and were on the point of declaring yourself to her when I came to the "And how did you come to the rescue?"

"Tell me that."

"By appealing to the woman herself," she answered, "as you know."
"Yes, by going back door of a theater, asking for her your purits, cal ideas, to such a degree showing her your distaste for her that she needs must see in me the weakest of men be cause of your presumption, and so she gives me up. And this is the woman you say is not fit to enter our poor family that sends its sons to foreign countries trying to eke out an existence on a beggarly income which at home would not keep us according to tradiwe call our own. In go tion and in the "set" ing to Lilli as you did you showed that she was equal to the highest womanhood; a woman less than a lady would never have re-sented your visit as she has done—would never have given up the man who loved her.'

She was putting on her bonnet.

"You are scarcely accountable for what you are gaying," she said. "I did that for you for which you will yet thank me. Lilli—"
"Is as true a woman as you are."

She raised her chin. "As though I should have gone to her had she not been," she said: "as though a Clark would harbor a feeling of admiration for a woman who is not as in reproachable in every respect as the ladies of his own family. She is a good woman, but so are there many good women of unfortunate parentage, and with miserable ways of earning a living. A ballet dancer, a waitress in a case may possess all that the Fraulein Lilli has ascribed to her; but would you marry the dansuese or the waitress? It is all over, and happily over; to-morrow night is her last in Munich. In Berlin she will renew her early triumphs, while you will have grown calm enough to recognize the force of my reasoning—especially when the fraulein marries a title." She had not mean tto say that.

"What is that?" he cried quickly.

"Your violence has prevented my telling
you all. Your love, as you persist in
terming your insane infatuation, has made me somewhat fearful of the consequences were I to tell you all that the fraulein told me; but I to tell you all that the france told me; but the name of the drug as a catch word. your mistake in the selling of poison proves Many wise heads declared that it was all a

that nothing you might know could make you more reckless. Lilli informed me when I last saw her, two days ago, that she had been asked in marriage by the Baron Vol-

"She had not given him an answer yet."
"Then she shall not," he cried. "I will orce her to see what my love is worth to

force her to see what my love is worth to her."

He made for the door.

"Stop!" his mother said, ringingly.
She took off her bonnet and reseated herself. Her son looked at her.

"You have something else to do before that," she said with an effort. "I was about to try to assist you in its performance; now I remain here. You have yet to rectify the mistake you have made in your shop. Neglect for a minute what devolves upon you to do in this matter and see if the Fraulein Lilli will listen to the suit of the most effectually ruined man in Munich." ruined man in Munich

She picked up her book.
At that moment her son realized to the fullest his own weakness and her strength. She had always governed him with her love until she had destroyed him in the will to op-

And now the strongest feeling of his life swayed him—his love for Lilli. He knew the actress other than his mother knew her delicate sensitiveness which contact with the world had not blunted. It was this delicate sensitiveness which gained for her the chivalric respect of gentlemen, which often made her impersonations on the stage too refined for the general taste.

His mother's last blow was the hardest—

Lilli would blame him for an instant's delay in the adjustment of the terrible mistake he had made; she would blame herself for it! No, he must not go to her until he had done what he could to find the woman he waited

on in the shop.

He hastened to the station. Here he notified the police as to what had occurred.

There came to him an awakening from the low morbid condition into which he had been plunged these last few days, a horror of the outcome of it. All that night there were vain attempts to discover the elderly woman in a black cloak and vail who had asked for a small quantity of bismuth. Every minute Clark became more anxious. The finding of the woman seemed to be then iver wom which the woman seemed to be the pivot upon which hung his future happiness or unhappiness—it seemed almost as though Lilli said: "Find her, and I am yours; find her not, and take my blame." Criers were sent out who ran

my blame." Criers were sent out who ran about the streets, proclaiming the incident. All night long Clark did what he could to rectify his mistake. At day break, haggard and worn, he left the station and went home. His mother met him. She had heard of all that he had done. With a shock she realized that his task was undertaken for love of the actress—it had not been mereinfatuation with him. She knew that she herself was placed aside forever, that henceforth he was removed from her control. And she had loved him as the only thing left her to love; she had come from her native land for his sake. If she had only thought that more than infatuation for the actress had been the source of his admiration! But no, she could not bring herself to say that her son's wife should be as Lilli was—and Lilli had spoken coldly to her, had smil! with an ennuied air and mentioned the Baron Volrath! O, her noor boy!

poor boy! When he came in she dared not sympathize with him, she dared not say a word to him. She could only question him with stricken

eyes.
"I am doing what I can," he said to her, and passed on to his own chamber where he locked himself in and where she feared to go

to him.

That day red placards were placed on the bill boards; "Extras" were thrown about the city with sensational headings—"A Life Endangered," "a case of poisoning," "Wanted all women who bought bismuth last evening," and the like, until the whole city was excited and everybody was hunting for the elderly woman in a black cloak who had purchased a small quantity of hismath. The station a small quantity of bismuth. The station was crowded with people who wished to have their medicines examined; women became hysterical and declared themselves poisoned, and were dissatisfied when it was proven that they were mistaken. It would have taken a barrel of bismuth to have given even the smallest quantity to each of those who claimed that he or she might be the unfortunate victim. The day went on to noon, evening came and the elderly woman in the black local variation with the control of the control black cloak remained undiscovered.

The Fraulein Lilli naturally heard of the

commotion. Her maid spoke much of it when she carried the chocolate to her bed side in the morning.
Greta thought that her mistress looked

these two or three days, and that her acting last night showed a perceptible falling off. So with the chocolate she carried fresh news of the strange excitement in the city and hoped that it might provoke a the fraulein asked her to be silent and read the items in the morning pa-

Greta set the tray and the chocolate jug on the stand in reach of her mistress and picked up the paper. She had little more than un-folded the sheet when she uttered an exclamation.

"Fraulein," cried she, "what do you think? The mistake took place in the shop of your American friend, Herr Clark." Liffi gazed blankly at her. Greta went on

Tread the paper's account of the affair in all its minutia. The Fraulein Lilli arose and slipped on a

peignor of rosy silk. She crossed the room to a box on the table at the further end; she raised the lid of the box, only to let it Where is the letter I wrote to the Baron

Volrath?" she asked.
"I posted it while you were at the theatre last night—when I came home after taking you there," answered Greta. "Did you not tell me, fraulein, always to post the letter I

found in that box?" The actress turned her back to the maid. Her acceptance of the baron, then, had gone to him and she had meant to recall it.

Why?
The story which convulsed the town told her more than it told the town, and she owned to herself that she loved but one man, and that was not the one whom she and accepted as her husband, but he who had made a deadly mistake through thought of her. If that letter she had placed in the box was posted there was another to be posted at once, she fumbled at the pocket her peignor. "Greta," she said, "the letter that was

"I found it when I hung up the dress last evening," answered Greta. "It was stamped, so I posted it along with the other." Lilli laughed. The second letter went to Clark; in it she told him she had accepted the Baron Volrath. Well, it was right that it should go after the other letter; and yet she would have

given the world to have had them both in her hand at this moment.

"Greta," she said, "Why do sit there reading nonsense? Do you not know that we leave Munich after the performance tonight?"

Greta threw down the paper.
"But, Fraulein," she cried, "I thought we should wait until to-morrow, when the Baron Volrath would come to Munich and go to

Berlin with us."
"We leave Munich to-night."

"Yet they say the baron will not be here till to-morrow." 'We leave to-night."

"Greta could not understand her mistress that day; she was tyrannical, nothing pleased her and she started at the slightest noise, refused to see any callers, and grew more un-bearable each moment. She was glad enough when it was time to go to the theater. Even here her mistress brought that day's mood with her; nothing was right, her costume was complained of, she was curt to the manager and delayed the rising of the curtain much beyond the usual time The house was packed from pit to dome on the occasion of her farewell to Muuich. Moreover it was an especially jolly house for the affairs of the drug-gist had assumed ludicrous proportions and

people were accusing one another of wishing to purchase a small quantity of bismuth. The gamins of the city were already using

shop. In the theater there were small jokes bandied from one to another, and all touch-ing upon the topic that absorbed that days' attention in the town.

Therefore when the curtain arose and the

favorite actress came forward, she faced a good humored audience. Yes, they were merry and happy even saying farewell to her: a tragic incident made them cheerful as need

Had they known of the tragedy in her own breast would they have been as cheerful?
She enacted the role of a merry maiden with a puzzling number of lovers from which to se-lect a husband, coquetry in her smile and on her lips; and all the time she was thinking that she had made herself vile in the eyes of the man she loved and whom she had let see that she had made herself vile in the eyes of the man she loved and whom she had let see that she loved. And yet his mother had proved to her that she was nothing to him, had begged that she would set him free from her "toils." Her toils? She had told the anxious mother that her son was free, had promised that she would write to him and tell him of her engagement to the baron. And she had done so, and by this time he must be thinking her the basest woman in the world. And here she was time he must be thinking her the basest woman in the world. And here she was making people light hearted with her piquant making people light hearted with her piquant acting as a worldy maiden with more happiness than she knew how to dispose of. She got through her part and made a tableau of joy and beauty as the green cloth rolled down at the end of the performance,

When she was called before the curtain, over her correcus gown she had slipped on a

over her gorgeous gown she had slipped on a long black cloak. For she had tried to escape from the theater without responding to the

recall.
As she smilingly bowed her acknowledgment of the plaudits, a boy. referring to her cloak, sepulchrally murmured, "Bismuth!" and the people roared. She hastened from the stage, brushed past admirers who waited to give her a last greeting, and reached her carriage

with Greta in it. was silent all the way home. She sought her room at once, and bade Greta to leave her alone. She sat before her mirror and regarded the reflection of her face therein. It was a beautiful face, a pure woman face, And that other woman had as much as said she was not fit to be the wife of her son!

The man she loved did not care for her and she had promised another man to be his wife! She had been used to depict grief and agony on the stage; now she called the suf-ferings of art trivial, when she thought of those of nature. She felt thoroughly alone, a homeless, friendless creature, whose will had raised her to where she was, and whose love told her that she had tolled in vain. She contemplated her life, its privations, its struggles, until there had come into it agreat light and warmth—her love for the American. And the light and warmth had been as false to her as any represented on the stage. And she must be as worthless, as far beyond the pale of worthy society as that woman has let her feel that she was, when she could accept the good and true Baron Volrath for her unloved husband. Pride, wounded ten-derness, had urged her to make a victim of a guiltless man. What had her life done for her when it had all ended in this dismal failure? She had befriended many, the poor blessed her, she was a rising artist, a woman with ripening intellect; and yet at this hour she was the meanest, most humiliated creashe was the meanest, most numinated creature she could imagine. Humiliated! She started and turned ghastly; she had been selfish—there was a further humiliation for her—she must set at rest the troubled mind of the man who loved her not. Yet why should she?-why should she not let him

have his share of suffering?
"O, God!" she thought, "but I love him. Dare I tell him that I hungered for a sight of him? that I passed by his place of business in last evening's dusk and saw him in there? that, insane as I am at this moment, I en-tered the shop just for a parting near look at him? that once inside I realized my posi-tion, and calling my art into requisition I be-came an old woman before him and asked for a drug; that it was to me he gave the poison which has caused him so much anxiety? I might tell him this to-night; I shall be away before he knows it; the glamour I have thrown over him will have paled, and he will know that I am nothing to him. But he must not say I caused a possible death."

She fiercely rang the bell on her dressing

"Greta," she said, "the carriage?"
"It is waiting, fraulein, to take us to the station." "First I must write a letter. You shall post

it while I put on my hat.

She sat down and wrote the note to Clark which should relieve his mind of all anxiety whom she had in her "toils.

maid to host. Then Fraulein Lilli put on the gown she had worn last evening when she had gone out in the dusk. Slipping her hand in the pocket

she came upon the small package Clark had given her when she asked for the bismuth. She went over to the fireplace, and unfolding the paper looked down on the little heap of white dust, preparatory to throwing it into

Ah! the tender days when she had thought that she was loved as she loved!—the days when she deemed she had found a heart that throbbed responsive to hers, and looked into a man's eyes seeing more there than flattery and misknowledge of the cravings of her hungry soul. She was called a coquette; the flattery of the world forced her to assume the character it assigned to her. But had she coquetted with this man? No, no, a thousand times no. And yet his mother as much as told her that he regarded her only as the rest did. There arose before her possibilities of a future with him, of a future without him.

till she felt that she grew wild.

How long she stood thus she did not know.
Suddenly she heard a man's voice in the adjoining drawing room. Almost with a shriek she recognized it—the Baron Volrath's ne must have started to find her as soon as e had received her letter. And-what! Another voice in the drawing room—a second man's voice—the voice of the man she loved! For Clark had been overwhelmed by her letter, telling him of her acceptance of the baron; all that his mother had said concerning her was proved true. And he had seen in her love for himself if ever a woman let a man

see her love for him! It had all been simula-tion, art, then.

He took the letter to his mother. "Forgive me," he said. "You will understand when yon have read this." She could say not a word; she could only carry the letter into the privacy of her own room and have her agony beyond the sight of

humanity. Clark was well nigh crazed that day, was jeered at for the excitement he had raised in the city, and people were doubtful raised in the city, and people were doubtful if there had been an elderly woman who wanted a small quantity of bismuth and who, instead, received a deadly poison. He got through the day, busy with the authorities and the crowds around his shop. And all the day there was but one absorbing thought—Lilli. When the night came he thought of her in the theater, her last appearance a triumph. When it was about time for the performance to be over he left for the house. False as she might be, he loved her—he must look upon her just once more before she left him forever. But the theater was dark when he got there; he could not see her go to her carriage surrounded by the youth of Munich.

Then a rage seized him; he would go to her house, upbraid her for all her falsity to him. He tore along the street in which was her bijou residence. Greta was coming down the

steps.
"Herr Clark," she cried, "I was about to post this letter for you."

A letter! He snatched it from the girl, tore it open and read it in the light from the hall.
Lilli had not written why she had not come to his shop, but he was a lover, and he read between the lines—he read all that she had thought and had not put down in her com-munication to him. She loved him!

He rushed up the stairs to the drawing room. "Lilli," he cried, rapturously, "Lilli

A gentleman confronted him. "You are speaking of my betrothed wife, sir," he said. Clark with clenched fist looked at him.

Clark with clenched fist looked at him.

"You lie!" he thundered. The baron strode up to him. At this moment the door of the dressing room opened and the actress with a face like marble stood on the threshold.

"Lilli, my loved one," said the baron, and went to her and saluted her.

For a moment Clark gazed stupidly at the pair, and then without having said a word to her went from the room, from the house, reeling like a drunken man.

"Come!" said Lilli. "We shall be late for the train. Come!"

"But that man?" queried the baron.
"The American druggist who has made
Munich laugh to-day," answered she. "I
have frequently met him; he came presumably to bid me adieu!" "I am glad," soberly returned the baron "that public life will soon be over for you."

"Come she said. In the train she shivered as though from e baron wrapped a rug around her. Then she was drowsy.
"Lean thy head upon my shoulder," he

She would have refused to do so, but he drew her pretty head down to his arm.
"You have worked to hard," he said lean ing tenderly over her. "But now you will soon be at home and at rest."

"Yes," she returned, and closed her eyes.
"Yes,"
He drew her closely to him and

she did not resist. He held his arm around her. After a while he thought her sleep was very peaceful and looked smilingly down upon her upturned face. Then he crie out. He tried to wake her and could not. The powder she had taken in her dressing room had given her a sleep from which she would never awake in this world.

Thrift And Waste in Married Life.

Writing in the Quiver, the author of "How to Be Happy Though Married" says: I quite believe in marrying for gold and working for silver; but there should be a reasonable chance of getting work to do, for it is nothing less than criminal folly to marry on nothing a week, and that uncertain-very! On the other hand, there is some truth in the saying that what will keep one will keep two. Show me one couple unhappy merely on account of their limited circumstances, and I will show you ten who are wretched from other circumstanc-

es. There are bachelors who are so ultra-prudent, and who hold such absurd opinions as to the expense of matrimony, that, although they have enough money, they have not enough courage to enter the state. Pitt used to say that he could not afford to marry, yet his butcher's bill was so enormous that some one has calculated it as affording his servants about fourteen pounds of meat a day each man and woman! For the more economical regulation of his household, if for no other reason, he should have taken to himself a wife. Of course a young man with a small income cannot afford to marry if he smokes big cigars and gives expensive drinks to every fool who claps him on the back and calls him "old man." He must be particular, too, in choosing a wife to select one who is economical and who can keep house with the least amount of waste. Swift's saying about nets and cages is well known. He thought that one reason why many marriages are unhappy is because women spend their time in making nets to catch husbands rather than in making cages to keep them which should relieve his mind of all anxiety over his mistake of the evening before. But she did not tell him of the feeling which actuated her going into his shop, she could not tell him that she loved the man who was 6ndly infatuated with her as an artiste, the man whom she had indicate "trule". shom she had in her "toils."

She stamped the letter and gave it to her husband. She should remember, that conquests have to be kept as well as made, and that for a woman to fail to make and keep her home happy is to be a "failure" in a more real sense than to have failed in getting a husband. "Why don't the men propose, mamma?" One reason is because they are afraid that the girls of the period will make extravagant wives. The other day a girl was talking with a middle-aged bachelor; the girl was of a by no means shy disposition, so she began to "chaff" him about his wretchedly unmarried condition. "Why don't you marry? Can't you afford to keep a wife?" "My innocent young friend," was the reply, "I can afford to support half a dozen wives, but I can't afford to pay the milliner's bills of one." And you mothers think not always about getting good husbands for your daughters, but think sometimes how to make your daughters, fit to be good wives.

A Point of Etiquette.

The "point of etiquette," in regard to not sealing letters sent by the hand of a friend, is to be considered, undoubtedly, as settled by the usage of polite society, And yet there are two sides to the question. To intrust to a friend an unsealed letter to a third person is a compliment to a friend; but why should it be thought necessarily uncomplimentary if the letter be sealed? On the other hand, the sealing of a letter may be deemed always advisable, for one good reason at least. The contents of an unsealed letter are never safe. They are safe so far as the honorable friend is concerned, but not safe in any other sense. They may be lost from the envelope easily and innocently. They may be abstracted and read by the servant to whom the note is delivered at the door, or by any prying individual who may find the missive lying on the hall table awaiting the owner's arrival. Especially unsafe it is to place an unsealed package articles of money value. Would any sane man send a \$50 bill in an unsealed envelope by the hand of a friend or anybody whomsoever? The friend himself if he knew the nature of the inclosure, would be very apt to protest against this sacrifice of common sense at the shrine of eti-

A DINNER OF NETTLES.

Joe Bunker, with his family joined a wagon train going overland to California in 1852. He had a canvas-covered wagon, and a span of the wickedest, most forlorn looking mules that you could well imagine. In the wagon was packed all his earthly possessions, including wife and four children.

There was also of his party an Irish lad named Kelly, who had been but a short time in this country, and who left a life of misery in Ireland, in hopes of bettering himself here. Bunker's load had been too heavy at the

start for the mules to draw, and keep up with the rest, so at the first stoppage he auctioned off what could be best spared, for any sum he could get.

After that all, went well for many days, Then one morning when they were preparing for a start, one of the mules gave an exhibition of temper that was apalling. He kicked and plunged about, biting and kicking at everyone who tried to approach him, ending the matter by throwing himself in such a way as to put one shoulder out of

put it in place, but when the harness was put on him, and he was hitched to the wagon he absolutely refused to pull a pound, and after bothering for several honrs, Bunker was forced to stand and see the rest of the train disappear in the distance without him.

The children cried loudly, Mrs. Bunker quietly wiped her eyes, while Tom Kelley, who had emphatically refused to go on with the rest, muttered, "Bad cess till the bother-

in' creature. Av we lave our bones between this an' the big rocks, it's him as will be till Bunker himself looked glum, and blamed the trainsmen for leaving him. But provivisions were getting scarce, and the Indians had driven pretty much all the game from

their route. Grave fears were entertained of suffering from hunger ere their destination was reached, even at the best rate of speed they could make.

As soon as the train disappeared. Tim and Bunker fixed their camp for a comfortable stay. There was a scant growth of timber, and a clear stream of water ran merrily by.

It was July, and the weather was fine.

Four days passed quietly and uneventfully, and by constant application of cold water, the beast's shoulder was so far improved, that, though doubtful of the wisdom of the move, Bunker hitched up, and slowly started

move, Bunker intened up, and slowly started along the trail.

For two days they journeyed on, then the folly of starting so soon became apparent. The mule's shoulder became badly swollen, and the third morning he laid down when Tim and Bunker tried to harness him, and all their efforts were of no avail to induce him to rise.

They had camped for the night, a long

They had camped for the night, a long ways from water, and our travelers were about discouraged. What they used that day was brought by Tim from a little lake nearly a mile away.

Next morning they managed to remove to the vicinity of the lake, made themselves as comfortable as was possible and waited with

comfortable as was possible, and waited with as much patience as they could for the time when they could make another start.

More than a week went by. Rain fell heavily for two days, and you can well anderstand how uncomfortable our friends

no game about. They had reached a region no game about. They mud reached a region where there was timber, not heavy, but continuous, and when one day the children asked for food and there was none to give them, Bunker put the harness upon the mule The day was overcast and cloudy, and

without much thought, he started upon a course he was sure would intersect the trail followed by the train. But after traveling all day, and not finding it, he became alarmed. A solitary jack rabbit furnished them with

a meal, and next morning he undertook to retrace his way.

His wagon was lightly loaded, and the ground very hard in places, so no impression was made, visible to inexperienced eyes, and after a few hours Bunker was forced to acknowledge himself homelessly lost. the rail to the knowledge himself hopelessly lost.

He knew he had gone south of the trail to encamp near the lake, so when the sun came

he took his bearings, and turning due out, ne took his bearings, that north, journeyed on.
So for days. A few birds, shot now and then, kept life in their bodies, but at last it

day of their wanderings, "I shall kill one of the mules." His heart was wrung by the sight of his

children's sufferings, and although he knew upon the mules depended their ever getting to a place of safety, he determined to sacri-fice them, rather than to see the little ones starve. All the forenoon, he and Tom tramped the woods on each side of the route pursued by the wagon, on the alert for any thing which would do for food.

Ten o'clock.

Bunker looked at his watch and a look of stern determination came over his face, but he continued on, gun in hand his watchful eye searching every grove and thicket as he

They were just entering a small clearing, and Bunker was assuring the poor children that they should soon have food, when a great shouting was heard in advance, which caused the mules to quicken their pace, and aroused the attention of all. "Och, disther Bunky! but here's the foine atein' indrely! Faithen we'll not be stharvin' now! Make haste wid a foire, an' get the

pot forninst it, en we'll have a faste fit for a He was capering and shouting so excitedly that all peered eagerly about for a sight of the promised food, but there was apparently nothing visible near him but an imme

Close by was the ruins of a log cabin, its blackened condition showing plainly by what agency it had been destroyed. A beautiful spring of water bubbled from among the roots of a towering pine, and danced away across the clearing. It was a lonely but beautiful place. and had been a happy home perhaps, one day.

When the children could see no food they when the children count see no tool diey began to cry in a disappointed way. "Arrah now hush up wid ye! We'll soon have ye filled to your mouth wid good ate-

Then while they all looked on in bewildered surprise, he quickly built a fire, and hung a kettle over it. Then he put in some water from the spring, a handful of salt, and proceeded to crowd the kettle full of the tenderest shoots of the nettles, poked the fire until it blead sight same in tooked. it blazed right merrily, then leaving his "greens" to cook, sat down beside the fret-ting children and began telling them wonder ful stories of life in "Oireland," until ir laughing at his droll speeches, they almost

forgot their hunger. This he kept up for half an hour, peeping occasionally into the kettle, whose contents steamed right merrily, and keeping the fire roaring. At the end of that time, he dished out a quantity of well-cooked greens, and invited them to partake.

All did so, and found the queer food very satisfying, if not very palatable. When asked by Mrs. Bunker how he knew nettles were good to eat. Tim replied, mournfully: Dear lady, ye never stharved in Oirland, or ye wud never ask!'

ye wud never ask!"

Camp was made, and in the afternoon Tim electrified all by bringing in a hatful of potatoes, which he had found in what had once been a garden, and Bunker shot a jack rabbit. Poor children! How greedily they watched the food as it cooked, and how eagerly the little thin hands were outstretched to clutch a share when offered.

Next day refreshed and re-invigorated they started on their way, and a half-day's travel brought them to the camp of a long wagon train, which was stopping for a day to rest and recruit their stock. rest and recruit their stock.

Without the Middleman's Aid.

Every morning there comes to the house in which I live a fine hale, old man, with the fresh scent of country lanes about him, who brings an abundant supply of vegetables, of a quality one can only find in the most expensive green groceries and fruit stores. He makes a business of serving the products of his little market garden across the North river to a choice list of customers in certain apartment houses of the better order. He sells all that he can deliver, and the prices he gets, while reasonable enough to satisfy his patrons, are sufficiently liberal to compensate him handsomely There are other men, I notice, who make a specialty of milk, eggs and other fresh table commodities, which they deliver after the same fashion, directly from their farms or poultry yards. They pay no tribute to a middleman, nor are they under any expense for a city shop. They begin by drumming up custom in good houses, and, as they serve the best of material, are not long in establishing a profitable connection. After this it is plain sailing with them.

The business of putting up preserves and jellies seems also to be extensively followed by rural housewives who seek their industry in much the same way. Some of them advertise in the family papers. The majority employ a drummer to beat up custom in town. The fact that they can afford the expense of advertisement or the salary of an agent, and still make a greater profit than if they sold their products to the shops, may serve as a slight hint of the proportions of gain that fall to the middleman or retailer. A man in Fordham who has quite an extensive fruit farm which, thanks to his passion for improving varities, produces some of the finest fruit in the country, informs me that he now gets nearly, three times as much for the product of his orchard, which he retails himself, than he did when he sold it to a fruiterer. And still his customers get it cheaper than they did from the fruit shop.—Alfred Trumble in New York News.

The Flight of a Cannon Ball.

To untutored hearers a formula set down in algebra would convey less idea of a hindered though not vanquished cannon ball than would the simple speech of a savage who, after tracing its course (as only savages can), has called it "a demon let loose." For not only does it seem to be aimed with a mighty will, but somehow to govern its action with ever-ready intelligence, and even to have a "policy." The demon is cruel and firm; not stupidly, obstinate. Against things that are hard and directly confronting him he indeed frankly tries his strength, and does his utmost to shatter them and send them in splinters and fragments to widen the havoc he brings; but with objects that are seemed they must starve.

"If no food is found by noon to-day," de"If no food is found by noon to-day," declared Bunker on the morning of the tenth ways compounds, being ready on even a slight challenge to come, as men say, to "fair terms" by varying his line of advance, and even, if need be, resorting to crooked, to sinuous, paths. By dint of simple friction with metal, with earth, with even the soft, yielding air, he adds varied rotatory movements to those first enjoined by his mission; he improves his fell ed by his mission, he impro-skill as he goes; he acquires a strange nimbleness; can do more than simply strike-can wrench, can lift, can toss, can almost grasp; can gather from each conquered hindrance a new and baneful power; can be rushing, for instance, straight on in a horizontal direction, and then, because of some contact, spring up all at once like a tiger intent on the throat of a camel. -Kinglake's "Crimea."

A Black Hills Dramatic Critique. From the Custer City Chronicle.

Her voice was a cross between the hum of a cyclone and the screech of a locomotive under full steam. It trembled away in cat-like cadences and rose again like the wail of a hound in distress. Again it rose in mellow tones not unlike the wind dallying over the mouth of an empty jug. Stopping only long enough to take wind, she rose slowly to her tip toes, and with gyrating arms and heavy chest gave a fair imitation of the road that fortells a Dakota blizzard. Old Jim Baker's pet panther, chained to a post in the lot back of the opera house, heard some of her high notes and they skeered the poor beast out of a year's growth. It was the first time our town was ever visited by a genuine female calliope, and we hope she,ll come again."

The Treatment of Wine.

There is probably no greater delusion in the modern gastronomic art than the notion that age enriches wine illimitably. If a three or five year wine is better than the crude juice, the process must go on forever, and the wine of 500 years must be the veritable nectar of the gods. It is a myth of the poets. Wine is an organic product, and to everything organic there is the immutable law of growth and decay, life and death. There is no exemption. Dosing with foreign substances, fortification with brandies and alcohol, care of temperature and other devices may stave off the fatal decline, but for only a little.-Home Journal.